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IF NOT CHRISTIANITY, WHAT?

by

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Eight addresses delivered in the Catholic Hour, produced by
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(On Sundays from November 3 to December 22, 1935)

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DEDICATED
WITH ADMIRATION
TO ALL THOSE MILITANT DEFENDERS OF RELIGION
WHO SEE WHERE THE FIGHT IS HOTTEST
AND WHO FEAR NOT
TO DO BATTLE
WITH OUR MOST POWERFUL OPPONENT
SHEER ATHEISM.

INTRODUCTION

When England threatens Italy or when Germany develops once again as a menace to France, Russia looks on with delight. Communism stands to profit from the dissensions of Capitalism. Similarly when one Christian creed attacks another, Atheism watches the conflict with malicious satisfaction. It is time, therefore, that all who hold to the first principle of religion, belief in God, should avoid internecine warfare and combine against the common foe, Atheism. The antagonist is big enough and strong enough to demand all our attention and the union of all the forces that fight for faith.

ATHEISM: NO GOD, NO RELIGION

Address delivered on November 3, 1935

When a clergyman confronts the subject, "Atheism", the chances are a thousand to one that he will launch forth upon a proof of the existence of God. This time I follow a different procedure. Proof of the existence of God is wasted on those who are perverse enough to deny God. King David in the *Book of Psalms* spoke none too vigorously: "Only the fool hath said in his heart 'There is no God'." Cardinal Newman, a kind of modern prophet, says that the existence of God is as plain as one's own existence. If any man question that fact, set him the task of explaining how there can be a man if there be no God. That sweet little problem will keep your atheist busy for the rest of his life and, being busy, he may be silent, "a consummation devoutly to be wished." In fact you can embarrass him quite as much if you ask him to explain the origin of anything, a grain of sand, a drop of water, a speck of dust, an atom of hydrogen or what you will. You need not quite overwhelm him by demanding to know how the seven seas, the seventy times seven mountain ranges, the dome of heaven with its incomputable number of universes, came into being. Give the poor fellow not an ocean to explain but a pebble on the shore of the ocean, not the Milky Way but only as much star dust as you could pick up on the point of a needle. Then sit back and watch him squirm and strain and burst a blood vessel as he wrestles with the real Riddle of the Universe: How did something, anything come out of nothing? Don't let him wander; don't let him orate, don't let him fool you with hifalutin' psuedo-scientific verbiage;



don't let him throw dust into the air unless he first explains where he got the dust and the air.

Almost all atheists seem to imagine that a group of theologians met together in secret session and said to one another, "Let us concoct a dogma and impose it on the people". And lo, they came forth from the hall of conspiracy with a formula which they taught men, women, and children, to say: "I believe in God." But theologians didn't invent God. Man—simple man, not perhaps the man in the street for there weren't any streets, but the man in the woods, the man on the mountain, the man under the starry sky, the man on the shore of the sea—came to the instant conclusion that there must be a God, for the self-same reason and by the same instinctive logic as Robinson Crusoe came to the swift realization that there must be a man on the island because he saw a human foot-print. God didn't make the world, couldn't make the world, without leaving all over it hints, suggestions, tell-tale evidence that He had been here. "The heavens shew forth the glory of God", says the Psalmist, "and the firmament declareth the work of His hands."

Man, primitive man, as yet unspoiled with curious, intricate, impossible philosophies, had a firm grasp on the fundamental principle of science: "Nothing comes from nothing; whatever is made had a maker."

And it is significant that after Immanuel Kant had rejected that simple reasoning as proof of the existence of God, his disciples went straight on from where he left off and rejected it as proof of the existence of man. "If any man", said Cardinal

Manning, "pretends to doubt his own existence, he is trifling with me"; but the logical outcome of the denial of God's existence is the denial of one's own existence. And that, I think, is what the other great English Cardinal, John Henry Newman, had in mind when he said, "The Being of God is as certain to me as the certainty of my own existence."

However, I don't intend to follow that line of thought today. But I am going to embarrass the atheist in the most effective way possible: by agreeing with him. For the sake of the argument, I am going to give up the argument. I surrender; I yield, lock, stock, and barrel. The atheist is right; there is no God. Then what? "Then what?" echoes the atheist; "Then nothing; that's the end, it's all over, we're through." Well, the atheist may be through, but I am not. My mind is differently constructed. It refuses to stop dead and cease to function when some *cor* cries "*Finis*", as a horse stops when his master says "Whoa!" The mind of man is a contrary animal. If one tells me that there is no God and that is all, that is the end of the mental process on the subject, my mind rebels, becomes fractious; instead of stopping or slowing down, it runs on with leaps and bounds, trying to answer the question "What then?"

The difficulty is that God has so woven Himself into the warp and woof of civilization; has so built Himself into the fabric of human institutions; has so deeply ensconced Himself in the heart and mind of man, in our thoughts and affections, our manners and habits and customs, that you can't get rid of God without setting the whole world askew, without wrenching the heart of man and emptying his life of

almost all that it contains. It would be a mistake to imagine that if God goes, nothing happens but that churches fall into ruins and priests perish. A great many more institutions than churches depend upon the fact of God. I don't mean merely schools, colleges, hospitals, orphan asylums, and multitudes of other appendages of religion. I mean courts of justice, bulwarks of law and order; I mean nations, governments, and all humanitarian organizations; I mean the family, the nucleus of society, and society itself; I mean art and music and literature: understand, not merely "Christian" art, Giotto and Mantegna and Raphael and Leonardo and Michelangelo, not merely primitive art or the art of the Renaissance, but *all* art; not merely sacred music, the austere chant of the Church and the polyphony of Palestrina, but Mozart and Liszt and Brahms and Beethoven; I mean *all* music; not merely religious literature, the psalms of David, the book of Job, the prophets and the Gospels; I mean *all* literature; and when I say colleges I don't mean Catholic colleges or denominational colleges, I mean *all* colleges and all universities, all education, all culture, all civilization.

I hope that no one will think it necessary to remind me that art and music and literature are produced by men who profess no belief in God, and that educational institutions exist in which God is ignored or ridiculed or rejected; nor need I be told that there are men who either neglect or refuse to pray, but who none the less live what is usually called a moral life. But these persons are one and all worshippers of God. God is the True, the Good, and the Beautiful. Whoever seeks the Truth or

loves the Good, or strives in prose or in verse, in bronze, in marble, on canvas, or through the insubstantial, ethereal, elusive, evanescent medium of melody and harmony, to express the Beautiful, is really, though he know it not, striving for God. The flower is not aware that it turns to the sun, the river doesn't know that it rushes to the sea, the entire universe, plunging along through space at inconceivable speed, is not aware that it is progressing towards a Goal. And so man, who should know, may not know that in the very attempt to produce poetry or art or music he is seeking to evoke God.

Now if the atheist could indeed exile God from the Universe, with God would go all Beauty, all Good, all Truth. I will not say that these things accompany God into exile, for they are not accompaniments, not companions, not expressions of the Being of God, they are the essence of God. If God goes they go, just as inevitably as body and soul, the essence of man, go wherever man goes.

The atheist doesn't see these inevitable implications of the rejection of God. But then the atheist is notoriously superficial in his thinking. He doesn't even realize that if you get rid of God, *ipso facto* you get rid of the Ten Commandments. I speak of the sincere but deluded atheist, not of the immoralist who consciously aims to abolish the moral law by getting rid of God. The innocent atheist (so to speak) may imagine that when God goes, "Thou shalt not kill, and Thou shalt not steal" will remain behind. They can no more remain than the smile on the face of the Cheshire cat can remain after the cat is gone. Men may talk of a naturalistic ethics,

ethics based on reason alone, and there may be such an ethics for Seneca or Marcus Aurelius or Eppistetus, or Ralph Waldo Emerson or Henry Thoreau. But your naturalistic ethics simply won't do for the mass of mankind. If you say to the ordinary man, "Thou shalt Not!" he answers "Says Who?" If you reply "Says Epictetus!" or "Says Hammurabi", or "Says Lao Tse", he will laugh in your face. Even if you refer the Commandments to Moses, that too will be ineffective. For mankind at large (and I don't mind admitting that includes *me* and I dare say *you*) there is only one sanction that is in the last analysis valid. "Thus sayeth the Lord", the Lord God, Judge of the Living and the Dead, the Awful Infinite Ruler of our Eternal Destiny. Remove that final sanction and you tear down the fabric of society. Tear down the fabric? Say rather tear up the foundations.

For those who love bare hard cold logic, I present the argument in skeleton form: No God, No Law of God, all law is of man; if all law is of man, why should man obey? Must I, a man, bend my head and crook my knee to another man? Not if I *am* a man. Do you tell me: not to another man but to a body of men. To a legislature? To an aggregation of moral philosophers? To a board of university professors of the science of ethics? To some sociological society? But to us, or to any independent thinker, what competency on morality has a legislature which can be packed with certain mental and moral mediocrities, low grade politicians whose only virtue is "regularity". Do you think to capture my intelligence and compel my will by the mandates of such a legislature?

Or with some more pretentious group of self-styled humanitarians, or professors of moral philosophy? But I think I would rather obey a low-brow legislature than a highbrow university body. There is a chance that the legislature, though composed of men of mediocre mentality, might still retain some modicum of common sense, but your university group would very likely be in favor of such ethical monstrosities as birth control, free, easy and frequent divorce, sterilization, eugenics, and euthanasia. Believe me, the people at large maintain whatever degree of moral sanity they have, because they recognize the absurdity and the immorality of their would-be mentors from the universities.

No! let's delay no more upon this point. Here and now I declare my own conviction and, I believe the conviction of millions of my fellow-men, not all of us being unintelligent: if there is no divine sanction behind a human law I will feel myself free to disobey that law whenever and however I please. In my morality as in my religion, I refuse like the Israelites to bend the knee to Baal. Baal, you understand, was a false god, an intruder in the place of the true God. So, any law-making body, any group of men high or low, philosophical or political, that pretends to take the place of God, commands my obedience, and limits my liberty as a substitute for a banished God, is to me a usurper and a blasphemer. I would then no more obey a senate and a house, or any court, high or low, than I would conform to the behavior-maxims of Confucius, or the moral mandates of Zoroaster. If there be no law of God I will not obey the law of man, because the

only reason I now obey the law of man is that I admit it to be an expression of the law of God.

But I have a wider and deeper problem for the atheist. If he take God away from man, he must give man something to take the place of God. Taking away God leaves an enormous vacuum not only in the world but in the human heart. You might better take the sun out of the heavens or the earth from under man's feet than take away his God. Again and again we quote that profound and utterly true sentence of St. Augustine, "Thou hast made us for Thyself, O God, and our hearts are restless until they find rest in Thee." At first hearing that utterance sounds mystical, but it is not mere mysticism; it is in epitome the history of man. It may seem at first blush theological, but it is really psychological. Nothing satisfies the human heart but God. True, in times of decadence as it is written, "the people sat down to eat, and drink, and they rose up to play". There are rollicking songs about "Wine, woman, and song", and there was the cry of the degenerate mob in the days of the later Caesars, *Panem et circenses!* "Give us food and entertainment!" But did not the Wisest of Men say, "Man doth not live by bread alone"? If man were content and happy when filled with food, or for that matter wine; if he sought no further joy than the satisfaction of lust; if a house and a home and a family could answer all his requirements; if he would even remain quiet when surfeited with riches or with power, the history of our race would have been much more ignoble than it is. But man has always hungered and thirsted for something besides meat and drink, and though he does, to his shame, seem for awhile to be

content with the base pleasures of the flesh, they don't satisfy him for long. His most important craving is really for intangible, immaterial, spiritual things. Otherwise there would have been no art, no music, no poetry, no high literature, no culture, no civilization. Indeed if you seek another axiomatic utterance as profound, as beautiful, and as true as that of St. Augustine, you have it in the 41st Psalm, "As the hart panteth after the fountains of water; so my soul panteth after thee, O God. My soul hath thirsted after the strong living God. . . My tears have been my bread day and night, whilst it is said to me daily: Where is thy God?"

Now, there is no wisdom quarreling with that trait of human nature. One who finds fault with an elementary passion of the human heart, denies it and attempts to frustrate it, is guilty of unnatural crime. But the sin and the blunder (who was the epigrammatist who said it was a sin? it was worse; it was a blunder), the sin, the crime, *and* the blunder of atheism is that it attempts to tear out of the heart of man his craving for the spiritual, his hunger and thirst for the Infinite, and that it gives, and can give, no substitute for God and religion.

The true God being abolished, men turn to sticks and stones in place of God. They have worshipped a sacred bull, a cat, a crocodile, a black stone fallen from the heavens: they have even been guilty of the unspeakable depravity of worshipping a Nero or a Domitian or even Domitian's horse. We have seen in our own day that since the Russians peasants were forbidden to worship God they have filed in a never ending procession into the tomb of Lenin in Moscow to worship (for that is what it means, it

is not a mere pathological curiosity: it is religion) to worship an embalmed body of a man who hated most of his fellow-men, slaughtered the helpless imperial family, father, mother, and children, like so many sheep in a shambles, deluged his own country in blood, erected and perpetuated the most galling tyranny the world has ever seen, and left behind him as a legacy the command to conquer the world in the name of class hatred. A pretty god indeed, but that is the kind of god you get when you abolish the good God.

To conclude: the two fundamental wrongs done in the name of atheism are, first, the obliteration of the only effective moral code, the Commandments; and secondly the annihilation, or since it cannot be annihilated, the distortion of the religious instinct in the human heart. One is a crime against society, the other a crime against man. It is futile to ask which is the greater crime; the important fact is that you cannot destroy God without ruining society and demoralizing **man**.

PANTHEISM: THE WORSHIP OF NATURE

Address delivered on November 10, 1935

I had occasion to say, in the first talk of this series, that man peremptorily demands a God, and that if you take away from him the true God, he will fashion to himself a false God; if you deny him a holy God, he will substitute a wicked god; if you drive out of his head the idea of a God of majesty, he will turn to some base thing and worship it as God; if you persuade him that there is no living God, he will manufacture a god with his own hands, fall upon his knees and worship what he himself has made. Isaias, prophet of the one true God, found it necessary to use every rhetorical device at his command (and be it said in passing, he was the greatest master of eloquence that ever lived) to warn his people away from the worship of false gods, foul gods, obscene gods, bloodthirsty gods, ridiculous gods of the heathen. On one occasion he cried out in magnificent wrath, "How long do you halt between two ways; if Baal be God, serve Baal; but if the Lord be God, serve the Lord!" His daring them to serve the devil-god Baal was of course merely rhetorical, he would have blasted them with scorn if they had taken him at his word.

Another time he flouts idolatry with ridicule: "The smith", he says, "hath wrought with his file, with coals and with hammers he hath formed it. . . the carpenter hath stretched out his rule, he hath formed it with a plane. . . he hath fashioned it round with a compass. . . he hath cut down cedars, taken the holm and the oak that stood among the

trees of the forest, he hath planted the pine tree which the rain hath nourished, and it hath served men for fuel; he took thereof and warmed himself; and he kindled it and baked bread; but of the rest he made a god and adored it. . . with part of it he dressed his meat, he boiled pottage and was filled and was warmed and said 'Aha, I am warm'; but the residue thereof he made a god. . . he boweth down before it. . . saying: 'Deliver me, for thou art my God.' "

By dint of such mordant sarcasm as this, alternating with straight denunciation and exhortation, the chosen people were kept from the worship of gods made by the hand of man, and worse, gods conceived in the foul imagination of degenerates who had forgotten the All-Holy God of the primitive revelation. Indeed a god of iron dug up from the clean earth and wrought on the forge by the smith, or a god of wood cut from some particularly fine oak or cedar and fashioned perhaps by a carver of no small skill, was a thing of beauty and dignity compared with other objects animate and inanimate before which the degraded heathen abased themselves, a cat, as in Persia, a crocodile that crawled out of the muddy Nile and found itself guarded with as jealous care as a king, fed with choicest foods, not infrequently with live human beings; or a sacred bull, or a white elephant, even an itching scratching lousy ape; or a black stone, possibly a meteor fallen from the sky at Mecca centuries before Mohammed. Men even fell so low as to incarnate their lusts, personify their own passions, deify them and worship them. Venus was the goddess of lust, Mars the god of war, and Jupiter of murder and

adultery. One of the many historians who record the utter decay of decency in the late Roman Empire says that the Romans were guilty of "the incredible baseness of deifying the man". He might have said not the man but the monster, Caligula, Commodus, Vitellius, Elagabalus were worshipped even though they were incredibly bloodthirsty and addicted to unnatural vice. Some of them indeed so befouled themselves that they became the prey of worms while still alive.

In our disgust we might perhaps be tempted to exclaim, "Since the passion for religion can be turned to such base uses, let us by all means root out that passion from the human heart." The better logic would be to purify religion. Love, human love as we all know, though at its best the sweetest thing in nature, can when misdirected become abnormally filthy. It would be bad psychology, to say the least, to attempt to tear out love by the roots and cast it away forever. As with the love of man for woman, so is it with the love of man for his God. It is essentially a noble passion; potentially it is both transcendently beautiful and abysmally ugly. It may be exalted or degraded, purified or debased, but it cannot be eliminated, still less annihilated. If man's religious instinct sometimes leads him into the morass, the proper thing to do is to lift him and direct him to the heights.

One thing is certain: the human heart is incurably religious. If by coercion or ridicule you compel man to surrender belief in the One True Holy God, he will, as we have seen, create for himself a hundred, or a thousand other gods, filthy gods, monstrous gods, gods of lust, and blood, Molechs, Baals,

Venuses, Astarthes. If you take away Ormuzd, the god of light, man will turn to Ahriman, the god of darkness.

Good God or bad god, true God or false god, kind God or cruel god, man will have *some* god. The God-idea is indestructible. Believers in God may take heart in that fact; unbelievers should take warning. You can no more blot out God than you can snuff out the light of the sun as if it were a candle. We hear nowadays of rockets being made in which madmen plan to project themselves to the moon. If ever these projectiles are perfected I dare say that some insane adventurer will call for a volunteer army to be shot forth from the earth, pierce the atmosphere and assault the sun. Crazy notion? Delirious fancy? Yes, but not more absurd than the assault of the street corner atheist, or for that matter the university atheist, upon the impregnable God or even upon the idea of God in the mind of man.

Do I say street-corner, soap-box blasphemers and class-room propagandists? Add politicians. A former French premier, Viviani, made the bombastic pronouncement, "We make war on God! We will extinguish the lights of heaven." Well, Viviani has been extinguished; but as late as last night, as I looked aloft, the lights of heaven were still there. However, the impossibility of the success of atheism does not lessen the guilt of the atheist. He is like some drunken lout who should stumble into a laboratory and start fumbling with chemicals that may blow him and all about him to atoms. Indeed the atheist is fooling with a force more mysterious and

more powerful than anything that can be contained in a test-tube; more mysterious than the Death-Ray of Science, or if you prefer, of scientific romance. What would ensue if the atheist really did extinguish belief in God cannot be imagined; in all the tragic history of this planet there has been no event that could serve, I will not say as a parallel, but even as a symbol of that universal cataclysm.

To return to our more immediate topic—not Atheism but Pantheism.

As I have been trying to say, if you take away God from the universe, you leave an enormous void, a vacuum. But man, like nature, abhors a vacuum. The vacuum must be filled, and since it is a huge vacuum, in fact limitless, infinite, its place can be taken only by something immeasurably vast. To take the place of God there must be something as big as God. So, a happy thought seems to have struck some philosophers: God being gone from the world, why not let the world be God? It isn't a new idea. There are no new ideas. In fact it is as old as the history of thought, for, be it understood, since thought began, thought has fought against thought, ideas have been in a battle royal in which only the most powerful could survive. But Pantheism is a powerful idea. It is more than an idea, it is a philosophy and the philosophy has been beautifully aided and abetted by poetry. No small part of the noblest, purest, profoundest poetry is the poetry of pantheism, or poetry that smacks of pantheism. Even saints have written poetry that could be interpreted in a pantheistic sense; witness that of St. John of the Cross. He was poet, mystic, and at

the same time an exact theologian. But he writes,

“My beloved (God) is the mountains
The solitary wooded valleys
The far islands
The murmuring rivers
The whisper of the amorous winds.” *

One of the most powerful outbursts of the poetic instinct in any literature, sacred or profane, is that of David in the 148th psalm, a poem in which, though the royal prophet does not identify the universe with God, he addresses Nature as if it could hear and speak, sing, shout, and praise God.

“Praise ye the Lord, O ye sun and moon; praise Him, all ye stars and light.

“Praise Him ye heaven of heavens and let all the waters that are above the earth praise the name of the Lord.

“Praise ye the Lord from the earth, all ye deeps, fire, hail, snow, ice, stormy winds. . . Mountains and all ye hills, fruitful trees and all cedars.”

In the exuberance of his imagination, the royal poet in another psalm (97) declares, “The rivers shall clap their hands and the mountains shall rejoice.”

Now all this is of course the familiar poetic device of apostrophe. David apostrophizes fire, hail, snow, ice, rivers, mountains, as another poet apostrophizes Mont Blanc, or another the west wind,

“Wild Spirit which art moving everywhere,

* It seems a pity to be obliged to offer so crude a translation of the melodious original:

“Mi Amando las mantanas.
Los valles solitarios nemorosos.
La rios sonorosos.
Las insulas extranas.
El silbo do los aires amorosos.”

Destroyer and Preserver, hear Oh hear!"

"Oh lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!"

Poor Shelley! Mad Shelley! He was or thought he was an atheist. But even the atheist must pray. So he prays to the wind. Significant. Symbolic. The prayers of the atheist are wafted not up to God but away into space. Praying to the wind is like writing one's name in water.

Poets are entitled to this license. But pantheistic philosophers take poetry as sober fact. And so you find Spinoza and Fichte and Hegel, serious systematic thinkers, solemn as owls, and like owls preferring darkness to light, declaring not by way of figure of speech but as the literal truth that God is eternal substance; that the universe is God; that He is identical with the world, that God is all that is (a true proposition truly understood) but that—and here is where their logic plays a trick on them—since God is all that is, all that is is God, a monstrous and blasphemous falsehood. St. Paul speaks of those who are wise in their own conceits and says that being wise they become fools. He must have had such pompous philosophers in mind. There were sophists in his day, as in ours. For let us see: If all that is is God, then the savage Indians in our northwest country were philosophically and theologically correct when they referred to Rainier (I think they called it Tacoma) as "the Mountain that is God". And the sunworshippers, ancient Parsees and modern Arabs, who prostrate themselves before the orb of day and make their prayers to him; and the fire-worshippers, and the ancient Druids who assembled the people in groves, wor-

shipped the oak and the mistletoe; and the idolators of Mecca who grovelled before the black rock—all were right.

Now I do confess that in all this there is more beauty and dignity than in the gross idolatry of which we have previously spoken. It does seem noble at first sight to worship the sun, the moon, and the stars, or a handsome, venerable oak, or a giant sequoia, or a meteorite shot down from heaven in a blaze of glory. But if all that is is God, we have to go further than oceans and suns and groves of trees. A toad, a rat, an earthworm, or other vermin, even the maggots that infest a running sore or devour the carcass of a fallen beast, these too are God if all that is is God. The Scotch poet Bobby Burns, a coarse fellow as everyone knows, wrote a poem to a field mouse, and made the poor little timorous beastic rather pathetic, but he wrote also to a louse on a lady's bonnet. He made these vile creatures the subject of his song; but the pantheist if true to his creed must address not poems but prayers to them.

Such an outcome of the notion that all is God, is repulsive. But when you come to think a second time, it is quite as abominable to adore a mountain or an oak tree as a rat or a toad or a cobra. After all, pantheism *is* idolatry and idolatry is a crime against reason as well as against God.

Really, there is no excuse for Spinoza. He should have read St. Augustine—perhaps he did. Then why did he not take to heart the familiar passage from the tenth book of the Confessions? Augustine finds nature beautiful not so much in itself but as a hint and shadow of the beauty of God.

He values nature in itself but still more because it leads to God. "I asked the earth and it said 'I am not He'. I asked the sea and the depths and the creeping things that have life and they answered, 'We are not thy God, look above us'. I asked the breezes and the gales, and the whole air with its inhabitants said to me 'Anaximenes is in error, I am not God.' I asked the heaven, the sun, the moon and the stars. 'We too', said they, 'are not the God whom thou seekest.' And I said to all the creatures that surrounded the doors of my fleshy senses, 'Ye have said to me of my God that ye are not He; tell me somewhat of Him.' And with a great voice they exclaimed 'It is He that hath made us'."

If Spinoza, who was a Jew, didn't know Augustine, at least he might have read the still more ancient rabbinic legend about Abraham: "When Abraham began to reflect upon the nature of God he at first took the stars for deities, because of their lustre and beauty. But when he realized that they were outshone by the moon, he thought of the moon as Deity. The moon's light, however, faded before the light of the sun, and made him think of the latter as Deity. Yet at night the light of the sun also disappeared. There must be something in the world greater than all these constellations, mused Abraham. Thus gradually he rose from the deification of Nature to the God of Nature."

Man therefore must not mistake Nature for God, but must rise from nature to God. If I stand by the cataract of Niagara I am at first stricken silent with awe but when I catch my breath and can pray, I shall not pray to the cataract but to its Creator. If while walking in the woods, I hear the wind whis-

pering and am reminded of the Pentecostal coming of the Holy Spirit, I shall pray to the Holy Spirit and not to the wind. If in the wilderness "I lift up mine eyes to the hills from whence my help shall come", I will not pray to the hills but to the God Whose throne is upon the everlasting hills. For what I am seeking is God, not His handiwork, not His footstool, not the fringe of His garment; not His smile on the face of creation but the Creator Himself.

Therefore, even though some "grave and reverend signors" of philosophy present the ancient idolatry of the earth and the elements in the disguise of learning, or even though some of the poets forget that they are writing poetry and would have us imagine that their pantheistic expressions are a veritable divine revelation, we must not be deceived. Idolatry is idolatry whether offered in the jargon of the primitive men of the mountains and the jungles or in the profoundidion—sometimes so profound as to be all but unintelligible—of some high reputed philosopher. My common sense tells me that though a poet or an artist, as we say, "puts himself into his work", the poem is not the poet, the art is not the artist, the music is not the musician; and by the same logic, creation is not the Creator. Seeking for God we rest not in nature: we rise through Nature to Nature's God.

HUMANISM: MAN HIS OWN GOD

Address delivered on November 17, 1935

I hope we may presume, after the address of last week, that Nature is no adequate substitute for God. It is shameful to bend the knee to a sacred bull, a holy snake, or a crocodile-god; and it is hardly less repulsive to fall on one's face and pray to a mountain, a waterfall, a tree, a sunset, or to the sun itself as if it could hear and pity and love and reply.

But is there not something in visible nature that has a better claim to be divine, something sentient, intelligent, something conscious of its own existence and of ours, something capable of sympathy, pity, mercy, love, something in a word godlike?

What of human nature? What of man? Does not the very juxtaposition of the two words "god-like" "man" bring to mind that magnificent passage of Shakespeare's:

"What a piece of work is a man!
How noble in reason! how infinite in faculty!
In form and moving how express and admirable!
In action how like an angel! In apprehension
how like a god!"

And, not to go back to the classics, do we not see almost any day in current literature such a paragraph as this which I have found on the editorial page of the New York *Times*:

"Man has searched out many of the things about which the Voice in the Whirlwind mockingly inquires of Job. He has constructed mechanical behemoths mightier than the monsters whose bones were like tubes of brass and who counted iron as

straw. He has found his way to the dwelling of light, quintillions of miles away. He has literally walked in the recesses of the deep and has comprehended the breadth of the earth. He has entered the treasure houses of snow and hail, and has become acquainted with the father of the rain and the mother of the ice. . .

“‘Many wonders there be,’ sang the chorus in the *Antigone* of Sophocles, ‘but naught more wondrous than man.’ Yet this was because he had made his way over ‘the surging sea,’ and had furrowed the earth with his plow-share: because he had trapped the light-witted birds and tamed the savage bull and the shaggy rough-maned horse; because he had learned speech and the ‘wind-swift speed of counsel and civic wit.’ . .

“Far beyond these ancients have the moderns gone. . . The scientist has constructed a telescope that will give sight of innumerable stars never seen before by inhabitants of our planet; he has discovered ‘cosmic-rays’ which are as powerful in the darkness as in the sunlight and which give information of an elemental creation that is still going on in outer space; he has perfected films and instruments for giving voices to shadows and for making television an everyday reality; he has developed aviation to such an extent that flying is no longer looked upon as an adventure but as a method of locomotion; he has prevented certain diseases from becoming epidemic; he has lengthened the past by a half billion years. . . he has generated a higher potential of electricity than was ever before obtained and has discovered that the earth is 47,000 light-years from the centre of our universe.”

Man has indeed, to an amazing degree, made himself master of this planet. And if he has made himself master of Nature, has he not won the right to be thought of as Nature's God? There have been some who answered "Yes" to that question, and they have not all been savages or imbeciles. In ancient Egypt and Persia and Syria and India, and (when Oriental thought had made its way westward, after western arms had made their way eastward) man was apotheosized. Nations and tribes and peoples turned away from sticks and stones, from beasts and stars, and worshipped Man, after first deifying him and placing him upon a throne on high Olympus. Indeed, so natural and so powerful was the impulse to make a god of man that many religions degenerated like Buddhism, which commenced with a noble and lofty theology and fell into idolatry and man-worship as soon as it got out of the hands of the Gautama himself and came into contact with the popular mind. Moses, as every Bible-reader remembers, fearing that the people might adore him, arranged before death to conceal forever the place of his burial. Yes, there has been a tendency, and I dare not call it an altogether ignoble tendency, upon the part of man to make gods of his heroes.

Unfortunately not all who have been exalted to the skies and given divine honor have been of the hero type. Men have made gods of tyrants, monsters, addicts of abominable and unnatural passion, exemplars of inhuman cruelty. Edward Gibbon, historian of *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, always brilliant, always eloquent and almost always reliable when not concerned with his *bete noire*, Christianity, speaks of "The dark and un-

relenting Tiberius, the furious Caligula, the stupid Claudius, the profligate and cruel Nero, the beastly Vitellius, the timid and inhuman Domitian" as Roman emperors who he says, "are condemned to everlasting infamy."

Yes, condemned to everlasting infamy by the Christian conscience which Gibbon so deeply despised, but these monsters were one and all worshipped as gods under Greco-Roman paganism, the passing of which was so much lamented by Gibbon.

Julius Caesar was perhaps the first of the man-made gods in Rome. There are those in present-day Italy who still seem to consider him, if not as a god, as the paragon of human excellence—those who love to be photographed at the base of Caesar's statue and who look up to the effigy of the conqueror with frank admiration, not to say adoration. And indeed if military genius, an insatiable thirst for conquest and the construction of a vast empire by means of pitiless, remorseless bloodshed entitles a man to be worshipped as God, Julius Caesar was divine. But the fact remains that he was murderous, lecherous, a profligate and spendthrift, an extortioner who again and again refilled his depleted treasury—depleted because of his mad extravagances—with loot taken from innocent peoples. How the ancient Romans, pagan though they were, could call that man divine, build temples and altars to him, burn incense and offer sacrificial victims to him, is a puzzle and a scandal to the Christian conscience. How any modern Roman who has inherited from the days of St. Peter and St. Paul the pure worship of Jesus Christ, can prefer Julius Caesar is incomprehensible. Friedrich Nietzsche, of course,

based an entire philosophy upon his preference for the bloodthirsty Gothic gods over the gentle Nazarene. But Neitzsche, as all the world knows, was mad. Shall we then solve our puzzle by supposing that any modern who turns away from the God of Peace and worships a conqueror god gives symptoms of madness?

From Julius Caesar, who was assassinated in the year 44 B. C., to the Emperor Diocletian, who died in 313 A. D., there were 53 deifications; 38 men declared gods and 15 women, wives or relatives of emperors, declared goddesses.

Hadrian, though one of the best of the Roman emperors, lived in unnatural intimacy with the boy Antinous and when the youth in an excess of love offered himself as a human sacrifice to Hadrian as if Hadrian were a god, the emperor declared him a god, erected statues and temples to him over all the empire and commanded all men to adore him. When Caesar was slain, a noble Roman senator took oath that he saw the soul of Caesar ascend into a star. So also after Antinous' suicide, there were found astrologers to declare that he had been taken up to his eternal abode in one of the stars of heaven, which the emperor thereupon named with the name of his beloved, departed, divine Antinous.

Nero, foul, vicious brute that he was, declared himself a god, after the example of his father Domitian who had been in the habit of signing imperial documents, "Domitian Lord and God." Nero's wife Poppaea also was declared divine. Wives were often deified, mothers sometimes, mothers-in-law never—as far as I know.

Caracalla, another of the line of monsters who

polluted the imperial throne in the days of Rome's decadence, killed his brother and when he saw his mother weeping over the murdered boy, warned her that if she didn't suppress her sighs and stifle her lamentations she too would be killed. This same bloody tyrant being in Alexandria took a safe seat in the balcony of a temple of Serapis and, from that vantage point, directed, witnessed and fiendishly enjoyed the massacre of several thousand citizens. His own time came, as it did to all these mad tyrants, "They that take the sword shall perish by the sword." He was assassinated, but once the senate and the army had got rid of him, either from superstition or from a sense of perverse irony, they declared him a god and worshipped him.

Commodus, the son of the philosopher-emperor Marcus Aurelius, was as unlike his father as Nero was unlike his tutor Seneca. He had the strength of a bull, the skill of a trained gladiator and the ferocity of a tiger. He called himself Hercules, appropriated the traditional costume of the giant-god, club and lion skin, descended into the arena, killed elephants, rhinoceroses, and men. Later he gave up the character of Hercules and took to himself the name of Paulus, a popular Secutor, a champion swordsman who in that day enjoyed the idolatrous admiration of the mob like a favorite toreador or picador in modern Spain. Gibbons says that Commodus aroused "the contempt and hatred of every man of sense and virtue in the empire." No doubt. But none the less he was worshipped as God, alive and dead.

Naturally in all this god-making and god-worshipping there was a great deal of skepticism

mingled with the superstition. In Greece, the great Demosthenes said: "If Alexander thinks himself divine, the son of a god, let him by all means be the son of two gods, Zeus, god of heaven and earth, and Poseidon, god of the sea!"

And since, as always happens, what we call graft was associated with such religion, Mark Antony, the same who made the tearful speech over Caesar's dead body, the same who later lost his chance to be emperor because he couldn't tear himself away from the embrace of Cleopatra, when in Athens, called himself Dionysus or Bacchus, god of drunkenness, and demanded the dowry of Athene, the goddess of the city whom he declared he would take to wife.

We need not, however, go back to classical or biblical times to find an example of the megalomania that induces powerful persons to imagine themselves God and to demand divine honors.

In Paris in 1793 the revolutionists dethroned God and in His place inaugurated the worship of Reason, personified in a prostitute. But six months later Robespierre reestablished the worship not indeed of the One True God, but of what he was pleased to call "The Supreme Being." He burned the statue of Atheism in the *Champ de Mars* and replaced it with one of Wisdom. The tyrant himself acted the part of supreme pontiff in an elaborate religious ceremonial. But he couldn't make the new religion seem anything but ridiculous. The French historian de Presseuse calls the ceremonies in honor of Wisdom a "comic opera religion." One of Robespierre's colleagues risked his head by exclaiming "You weary us with your Supreme Being." And

there were suspicions that what Robespierre was really aiming at was the apotheosis of himself. But instead of deification came decapitation. His head rolled into the basket with those of other victims of the guillotine. The Romans killed Caesar because they thought he wanted to be king. The Parisians killed Robespierre because they thought he might perhaps imagine himself God. So it goes, Caesar, Domitian, Nabuchodonosor, Antiochus, Epiphanes, Robespierre.

Now I cannot but be aware that these instances of the aberration of the religious instinct may be seized upon by atheists as an argument in their favor. Since such abominations are the product of the tendency of man to deify nature or his fellow man, some will say that the only wise conclusion is to smother out the religious instinct altogether.

But to me the logic points in a different direction. The horrible examples I have cited do not tell against religion. They are a warning of the danger of the perversion of religion, the consequence of an attempt to frustrate the religious instinct. Let us have a comparison. We often see the ugly consequences of the perversion of love. The love of man for woman, in itself, is beautiful, mystical, sacred; but when thwarted, misdirected, corrupted, it becomes obscene and perhaps murderous. Any psychologist can tell you (you need no Sigmund Freud) that a natural passion gone wrong becomes unnatural. Ages before we began to babble of psychology, all the race knew the maxim *Corruptio optimi pessima*, "Spoil what is best and you have what is worst." The more sublime the good, the more base the evil which is the perversion of the

good. If, therefore, we are wise we shall not aim to obliterate or annihilate love but to direct it, enoble it, sublimate it.

As of love, so of religion. It is woven into the fibres of man's heart. To tear it out would be a crime if it were not an impossibility. There can be but one rational conclusion therefore from the dismal and tragic evidences of the perversion of religion, and in particular the perversion that takes the form of the deification of man. Let man be content to be man. Don't mock him by telling him that he is what he knows he is not. You cannot really deify him, but you may demoralize him. If he believes you, the belief will go to his head. That way lies madness. The attempt to make a god of man results neither in a man nor in a god but in a monster, like any other unnatural, grotesque, repulsive hybrid. That, I think, is the conclusion forced upon us by the Neros, the Caligulas, the Commoduses, and the Caracallas. They are an historical demonstration of the futility of the attempt to put man where he doesn't belong, on a throne in heaven. We have it from Divine Revelation that God became man, but we need no revelation, we need only reason and experience to teach us that man cannot become God.

HEGELIANISM: THE STATE AS GOD

Address delivered on November 24, 1935

The statement made in the preceding discourses of this series that man must have some kind of God, and that if you deprive him of the True God he will fashion to himself a false god, is not an arbitrary declaration, but a conclusion from the experience of the race; not a bookish opinion but a fact from life, not a pious sentiment but an historical truth. Turning from God, man has thought to find a substitute either in Nature or in himself (himself in the concrete—this man or that; or himself in the abstract—Mankind). Both nature and humanity failing him, man has accepted the state in place of God, and this is perhaps his most tragic religious blunder.

In the French Revolution, for example, Christ was cast out, but the reds of that day, mad though they were, knew they had to have a god of some sort, so they made a god—or goddess—of *La Patrie*. Raynal, an apostate abbe, declared "The state is not made for religion; religion is made for the state. . . The state is supreme in all things. When the state has spoken, the church has nothing to say."

The new religion had its catechism, its bible, its blessed sacrament, its altars, its priests, its liturgical worship, its ceremonial. Its catechism was the Bill of the Rights of man, its bible was the Constitution, carried in procession by twelve old men, imitation apostles, under a canopy like the Host in the Monstrance on the feast of Corpus Christi. The legislature decreed that "in all the communes an altar shall be raised," and instead of I. H. S. or I. N. R. I. "there shall be engraved on every altar the in-

scription, 'The citizen is born, lives and dies for *La Patrie*,' " the State. Another apostate to the revolution, Malie-Joseph Chenier, declared: "The only dogma of the new religion is Equality; in place of preachers we have lawmakers, magistrates are pontiffs; the human family burns its incense only at the altar of *La Patrie*, common mother and divinity." There was prepared a ritual for civic baptism, civic marriage, and civic burial. "The religion of the state had its hymns and prayers, fasts and festivals." *

This attempt in France to substitute the State for God was not by any means the first adventure of the sort. A state religion which the citizen was compelled to practise under penalty of death dates as far back at least as Nabuchodonosor, 600 years before Christ. In the Book of Daniel we have a picturesque account of the command of the king that all should worship as the state decreed, or die:

"King Nabuchodonosor made a statue of gold, of sixty cubits high and six cubits broad, and he set it up in the plain of Dura of the province of Babylon.

"Then Nabuchodonosor the king sent to call together the nobles, the magistrates, and the judges, the captains, the rulers, and governors, and all the chief men of the provinces, to come to the dedication of the statue which king Nabuchodonosor had set up. And they stood before the statue which king Nabuchodonosor had set up.

"Then the nobles, the magistrates and the judges, the captains and rulers, and the great men that were placed in authority, and all the princes of

* C. J. H. Hayes, *Essays on Nationalism*, p. 103.

the provinces, were gathered together to come to the dedication of the statue, which king Nabuchodonosor had set up.

“Then a herald cried with a strong voice: To you it is commanded, O nations, tribes, and languages:

“That in the hour that you shall hear the sound of the trumpet, and of the flute, and of the harp, of the sackbut, and of the psaltery, and of the symphony, and of all kind of music; ye fall down and adore the golden statue which king Nabuchodonosor hath set up.

“But if any man shall not fall down and adore, he shall the same hour be cast into a furnace of burning fire.”

Notice, I beg you, the statue is not said to have been one of Baal or Astarthe, or Bel or the Dragon, of Gog or Magog. The idol was Babylon, the State. Refusal to bend the knee to the image of the State was held to be treason and atheism—both. The children of Israel, Sidrach, Misach, and Abdenago, were thrown into the fiery furnace, not so much because they were faithful to Jehovah as because they were nonconformists to the state religion. Up to the moment of their refusal to worship the golden statue they were the king's favorites. The Scripture says: “. . . they stood in the king's presence. And in all matters of wisdom and understanding, that the king inquired of them, he found ten times better than all the diviners, and wise men, that were in all his kingdom.” The king had admired them, loved them, and protected them. But he, like all his subjects, was bound by the laws of the Medes

and the Persians, the laws that may never be altered; and the first of those laws was that all should worship the State-god. Travellers from other lands, captives or sojourners in Babylon, might worship their home gods, if they pleased, but worship the national god they must.

So it was in Rome. To those who forget this fact it must seem an anomaly that although every god in the Empire and even the gods from beyond the boundaries of the Empire found a welcome in Rome and a shrine in the Pantheon, the worshippers of Jesus Christ were threatened, judged, tortured, driven under ground, dragged out, put to the sword, burned alive, torn to pieces by wild beasts. Zeus, Poseidon, Isis, Osiris, Baal, Astarthe, Diana, from the east; and the multitudinous gods that the barbarians, coming to Rome first as captives and later as conquerors brought with them from the west and the north—all were welcome. When St. Paul arrived in Athens, he saw statues to this god and to that god, hundreds of them, and lest one be inadvertently neglected, a statue to the unknown god. So he said, "I see you are *too* religious."

Like the Athenians, the Romans were not intolerant of strange gods. It flattered their sense of cosmopolitanism and their claim to philosophical liberalism to welcome gods from everywhere. Similarly today, in New York and Chicago and San Francisco, you may bring along your Buddha, or your Bab or your Krishna Murti, build him an altar in your home, or a temple in a public street and worship him with whatever fantastic rites you please.

What then was the crime of the Christians in

pagan Rome? Not that they worshipped Jesus Christ, but that they would *not* worship Caesar. They were condemned, outlawed, persecuted, butchered, because being in Rome they would not do what the Romans did, worship the State as God.

Now it may seem that we in modern times have universally got rid of such heathenish idolatry of the State. But I am not sure. In Russia and Mexico and to a slightly lesser degree in Germany and in Italy the State has been declared supreme, and, to all intents and purposes, divine. True, they do not literally deify Stalin or Cardenas, nor do they place Hitler and Mussolini on a pedestal, light candles and burn incense before them. But none the less, in all these countries the State is held to be preeminent, paramount, absolute. Under modern dictators as under the ancient Caesars, there is an alleged toleration. Russia and Mexico protest to the world that they do not interfere with the practice of the Christian religion, or any other. In Germany and Italy there is actually a concordat with the Church. But let a Catholic or a Protestant or a Jew under any dictatorship declare that his religious convictions prevent his accepting the State as supreme in all things, and he will quickly discover the insignificance of "legal" toleration. Whatever be your religion, whoever be your god, you must bend the knee, prostrate yourself, heart and mind, body and soul before the idol of State supremacy.

In ancient Babylon "the nobles, the magistrates and the judges, the captains, the rulers" and all the others in that long catalogue, as well as the people had to bow down before the symbol of the State. At the sound of the trumpet, the harp, the flute,

psaltery, down they went upon their faces to worship the golden image of Babylon.

Today in place of a visible golden idol there is an invisible abstraction, the State; and in place of the psaltery, the sackbut, the symphony, and the other obsolete instruments, in the lands where dictators rule, the press, the platform, too often the pulpit, the radio, the legislature (dummy legislature if any at all) echo the dictator's command, "Down on your knees before the principle of State supremacy; think as the State thinks, do what the State orders. Conform, obey, submit your body and subject your mind to the State. What the State declares to be good is good—what she calls evil is evil; the State will decree right and wrong, true and false. Resist and reject as treason any opinion contrary to the policy of the State."

In Russia priests had little chance to protest against this monstrous idolatry, but if they did they were promptly murdered, and if they did not, they slowly starved.

In Mexico there was no priestly rebellion. The hierarchy submitted a polite formal plea for justice and right, but they were none the less driven into exile; the clergy are still insulted, tortured, murdered, and their numbers reduced to the vanishing point.

In Germany, Catholic priests and the more loyal type of Protestant ministers have declined to join in the general fanatical adoration of the State Power and have in consequence been compelled to endure a teasing, aggravating, and not always unbloody, persecution.

In Rome the Pope, try as he would to be con-

ciliatory, was compelled to cry out, "We see a concept of the State. . . which is not a Catholic concept because it makes the State an end in itself and the citizens mere means to that end, absorbing and monopolizing everything." Fascist authorities do not disclaim the totalitarian state. The lately deceased Signor Rocco, chief philosopher of the movement, says: "Society is an end, individuals are the means"; whatever liberty the individual has comes to him not by nature, not from God, but "as a concession of the State"—a flat contradiction of Catholic doctrine. According to our theology it is blasphemy and idolatry to give to a creature the prerogatives of God. God and only God is the end of man. Not the State, not the Church. State and Church were made for man, not man for the Church or the State. The Church has often been accused of arrogance but, though She holds in Her hands the keys of eternal life, though She has the warrant of Christ to speak in His name, She has never been guilty of the madness of saying, "I am the end of man; for me man was created, through me man has obtained his inalienable right to the possession of his own soul." Only the State has made that mad claim. The State that usurps the place of God and assumes the prerogatives of God must consider itself equal to God or superior to God, and this is the ultimate in sacrilege.

HEDONISM: THE RELIGION OF PLEASURE

Address delivered on December 1, 1935

“The Religion of Pleasure” may be only a metaphor. Perhaps no one consciously makes a god of mere enjoyment, erects an altar to it, genuflects and prostrates himself before the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life, or before that other earthly trinity, wine, woman, and song. However, it is a sad fact, sad and strange that some religious leaders, even in Christian times advocated the pursuit of sensual pleasure as if it were a part of divine worship. That fact, though, is not evidence of the existence of a religion of pleasure.

There has been no such religion since Christ. In ancient Greece, Aristippus of Cyrene taught a philosophy of pleasure, Hedonism, according to which pleasure is the chief good, the purpose and the end of human life, the only fit occupation of a wise man. Certain Romans, notably Epicurus, from whose name of course come our words “epicure” and “epicurean”, refined and developed the teachings of Aristippus. The Poet Lucretius made it popular by setting it before the people in excellent verse. Horace in his odes not so systematically but perhaps even more effectively advised men to “Seize pleasure e’er it flies”, meaning by pleasure such things as decent Christians hold unspeakable.

Furthermore, Romans, Greeks, Egyptians, Babylonians worshipped carnal passion deified in Venus, Ariadne, Isis, Ishtar, Aphrodite and other variously named goddesses. In temples and groves abominable orgies were held under the aegis of re-

ligion. Drunkenness too was deified in the person of Dionysus or Bacchus. And there was the very popular mythology of fauns and satyrs as an incentive to lasciviousness.

But with the coming of Christ, as John Milton writes :

“Peor and Baalim,
Forsake their Temples dim,
With that twice-batter’d god of Palestine,
And mooned Ashtaroth, . . .
The Libyc Hammon shrinks his horn,
In vain the Tyrian Maids their wounded Thamuz
mourn.

And sullen Moloch fled,
Hath left in shadows dread,
His burning Idol all of blackest hue,
In vain with Cymbals’ ring,
They call the grisly king,
In dismal dance about the furnace blue;
The brutish gods of Nile as fast,
Isis and Orus, and the Dog Anubis haste.”

Since the descent of the obscene deities into the eternal pit, there has been no official worship of sin or vice or carnal pleasure. But even within the borders of Christendom there are individuals, not a few, who take pleasure if not as a religion at least in place of a religion. I knew one man, an apostate from Catholicism, a poet of rare genius, who said: “Sacrament? Sin is my sacrament. I find religious ecstasy in the act of sin”. But that poor fellow like many another blessed—and cursed—with genius was mad, clean mad, and ended, as might be anticipated,

with suicide. Such abnormal instances apart, pleasure is sought by those who have no religion as a relief from the intolerable loneliness and weariness of a heart that has been emptied of God. Deprived of the only food that can satisfy the soul, they hunger and thirst for they know not what; so with the fierceness of a famished wolf they run hither and thither, hoping to find something that can still the interior craving. They do not succeed. It needs no pious moralizing to tell them, for ten thousand years of human history could teach them, if they would listen, that man doth not live by bread alone, that the eye is not filled with seeing nor the ear with hearing; that hunger in the heart cannot be appeased with meat and drink, nor the cravings of the soul quieted by surrender to the passions of the body.

Pleasure therefore would be a very inadequate god. Also a very tyrannical god. It is like "the horse leech which hath two daughters that say, Bring, bring," or like "hell and the mouth of the womb which are never satisfied", or like "The fire which never saith, it is enough".

Not even Moloch was as insatiable a deity as pleasure. The hideous Phoenician god demanded that youths and maidens, and infants snatched from the breasts of their mothers, be flung as a holocaust into the arms of his iron statue, white hot upon a fiery altar, and his priests ran in a frenzy amongst the worshippers crying hysterically "More! More!" But pleasure, especially carnal pleasure, is a crueller Moloch than Moloch. It will burn a man up, devour him flesh and blood and bones, and yet be unsatisfied. The devotee of pleasure may give body, mind,

heart, soul, good repute, honor, career, his prospects here and hereafter, but he can no more propitiate his relentless god than you could extinguish a fire by feeding it fuel. Yes, many a cruel god has been invented and adored by miserable man, but there is no more terrible god than pleasure. Only a sadist, one who revels in the pain of others, could preach that religion; only a masochist, one who loves to inflict pain upon himself, could practise it.

But whether or not we call it a religion, the pursuit of pleasure has been, to all appearances, the principal object in the life of myriads of unfortunate humans. A few of them, having the twin talents found only in the creators of literature, the talent to read their own heart and the talent to tell men what they find inscribed on its fleshy tablets, have handed down their experience in words of tragic eloquence.

St. Augustine is chief of them; his little book *The Confessions* is a masterpiece of self-scrutiny as well as a supreme specimen of imperishable literary beauty. He describes the uneasiness, restlessness, fretfulness of a soul that runs away from God and thinks to find solace in sin:

“Whither do they fly when they fly from Thee . . . Where was I myself when I was seeking Thee?” Here, I venture to think, is particularly profound psychological insight. He flees from God, yet he seeks God. He seeks God, madly, in carnal delights, in the embrace of a woman. This statement, I cannot but recognize, will smack of sacrilege to the innocent. But it is quite orthodox theology as well as good psychology. All who sin in the flesh (though they would laugh a ribald laugh if you told

them) are seeking in their sin what God alone can give, and so, unconsciously they are seeking God. In their heart as in the heart of the saint is implanted a craving for infinite happiness. They think to find it in the fierce joy of carnal commerce. The craving that impels wise men to God drives the fool to the foulest of pleasures. The consequence is disillusion, and—unless they recoil from sin and seek God—disgust, hatred of human life, pessimism, cynicism.

This is the very theme of *The Confessions* of St. Augustine. Out of the depths of his own disillusioned soul, he cries to his fellow sinners: "Why will ye still, still tread these steep and stony paths? Ye are seeking for rest where no rest is to be found. Seek what ye seek, but it is not where ye seek it. Ye are seeking a happy life in the land of death. It is not there!" And again, "Woe to the rash soul which hopes by forsaking Thee, O God, to find something better. It tosses and turns upon back and side and belly, but the bed is hard, and Thou alone art rest." He was not speaking out of some dry bloodless manual of moral axioms; he was reading the lesson off from a heart that had been torn with passion, the most urgent, imperious of all passions, lust. "I was beloved", he says. "I attained my wish, the bondage of clandestine fruition, and proudly riveted round myself the chain of woe: then was I scourged with red hot iron rods".

A very wise student of *The Confessions*, Charles Bigg, in an illuminating introduction to the little masterpiece says "Experience is always the same", and he quotes the Roman poet Lucretius "*Medio de*

fonte leporum surgitamari aliquid", which Lord Byron in *Child Harold's Pilgrimage* translates:

"Still from the fount of joy's delicious springs
Some bitter o'er the flowers its bubbling venom
flings."

Byron, of all men, had reason to know. If ever there was a profligate, a renegade from virtue, a rebel against religion, an enthusiastic devotee of licentiousness, it was the handsome, talented, English nobleman who has painted for us his own portrait and written his own life in *Childe Harold* and *Don Juan*. *Childe Harold* is a kind of Ulysses "always roaming with a hungry heart", except that Ulysses roamed in search of adventure, whereas *Childe Harold*, that is to say Lord Byron, wandered over a continent seeking joy in carnal pleasures. Did he find it? Listen:

"And now *Childe Harold* was sore sick at heart,
And from his fellow-bachanals would flee;

.

Apart he stalked in joyless revery,
And from his native land resolved to go
And visit scorching climes beyond the sea.
With pleasure drugged he almost longed for woe,
And e'en for change of scene would seek the shades
below."

But in vain did he travel, for
"What exile from himself can flee?
To zones, though more and more remote,
Still, still pursues, where'er I be,
The blight of life—the demon Thought.

.

Through many a clime 'tis mine to go,

With many a retrospection cursed;
And all my solace is to know,
Whate'er betides, I've known the worst.
What is that worst? Nay do not ask—
In pity from the search forbear:
Smile on—nor venture to unmask
Man's heart, and view the HELL that's there."

Byron was also his own Don Juan, who in consequence of his amatory escapades becomes a misanthrope, hater of mankind. Byron suffers, as one critic has said "the anguish of a baffled will", or as he himself puts it "the passion of a bleeding heart."

So! they don't come off very well, these eager votaries of pleasure. They turn from God, they barter their soul like Faust to the devil in exchange for what they might have had free from God, interior joy, and if they had the genius of the saints, ecstasy, even here below, such ecstasy as belongs of right to the blessed who enjoy the beatific vision.

They blunder, for they imagine that the life of religion is dull and drab. With Swinburne, another lascivious pagan, they complain that the world has grown gray with the breath of the "pale Galilean". They want no gray world, but a scarlet world. The contentment of good simple people they scorn as insufficient. They must have a riot, an orgy, an ecstasy of joy. So they fare forth on their Don Juan adventures. And presently their mouth is filled with ashes, their heart and soul with bitter poison.

Augustine could have told them: "Seek what ye seek, but it is not where ye seek it", and again "I attained my wish, clandestine fruition, but I was scourged with red hot iron rods". And long before

Augustine, Solomon had given the warning. He speaks indeed of the harlot but the goddess of pleasure is a harlot. "Her lips", he says, "are like a honeycomb dripping, and her throat is smoother than oil. But her end is bitter as wormwood and sharp as a two edged sword. Her feet go down into death and her steps go in as far as hell." And again he speaks as one who has had experience, "We wearied ourselves in the way of iniquity. . . and have walked through hard ways."

Such is the history of the pursuit of pleasure. The outcome is always the same; out of the heart of the fountain of joy comes poison. The flowers at the rim of the pool *Fleurs du Mal*.

Curiously the famous phrase of St. Augustine explaining why man cannot be happy in sin, "Thou hast made us for Thyself, O God, and our heart is restless until it finds rest in Thee", is found in slightly different form in a man of much less talent, Jean Jacques Rousseau. He too had gone deep into the mire of impurity. He confesses his sin, but he seems to do so with apparent insincerity. But he does say in all earnestness to a lady: "This internal void of which you complain is never felt but in hearts made to be filled; contracted hearts are never conscious of a vacuum, because they are always full of nothings; while, on the contrary, there are some so craving, that they can never be satisfied by the miserable being surrounding them. If nature has made you the rare and fatal gift of a heart too sensitive to the necessity of happiness, seek nothing out of it; it must feed upon its own substance. . . That moral sense, so rare among men; that exquisite feeling of the beautiful, the true, and the just, which

always reacts upon ourselves, holds the soul, so endowed in a continual state of rapture, which is the most delightful of enjoyments."

In that passage, a noble piece of thought and expression, Rousseau makes one mistake. He tells the lady to turn within to her own heart, rather than to outsiders. That indeed may be wisdom. But he says also that her heart "must feed upon its own substance". If she attempts to put that advice into practice, she will, as we say, "eat her own heart out."

No the better psychologist and the wiser director of souls is Augustine. Revolting from carnal pleasure as only a mockery and a torture, the saint turns not to himself; he knew himself too well to think that he could find comfort in his own heart, but to God the Infinite. True, to find God, he looked within. Seeking in his own soul and finding God, he turned from base pleasure and found not only solace but ecstatic joy in the possession of God. In his happiness he cries out, "O Lord, Thou hast burst my bonds in sunder; to Thee will I offer the sacrifice of praise. Let my heart and my tongue praise Thee and let all my bones say, 'O Lord, who is like unto Thee?' Let them speak and do Thou answer, 'I am thy salvation'. . . O Christ Jesus, my Helper and my Redeemer! How sweet did it seem to me in a moment to taste no more the sweetness of folly; it was joy to cast away what I had feared to lose. For Thou didst cast it out. Thou true and sovereign sweetness. Thou didst cast it out and fill its place. Thou art sweeter than any pleasure, though not to flesh and blood; brighter than any light, though hidden behind the inmost veil; exalted above all honour,

though not to them that are exalted in their own eyes. Henceforth my soul was delivered from the gnawing anxieties of ambition and gain, from wallowing in the mud and scratching the swinish itch of lust; and I prattled like a child to Thee, O lord my God, my Light, my Wealth, my Salvation.”

There is the religion of joy as far above the religion of pleasure as the heavens are above the earth, as the shining stars are above the morass or the hog-wallow of sin in which foolish men think to find delight.

AESTHETICISM: THE RELIGION OF ART AND MUSIC

Address delivered on December 8, 1935

Just about twenty-five years ago there came from the press a little volume with the fascinating title *Comfort Found in Good Old Books*. The author, George Hamlin Fitch, had suffered great bereavement in the loss of his son. The young fellow had been all in all to his father. When he was taken away with shocking suddenness, it seemed to Mr. Fitch that "the keystone of the arch of his life had fallen and that everything lay heaped in ugly ruin". All the things he had hitherto valued had now little or no worth. In his grief he turned for consolation to his books, especially to the classics. And he wrote "those old favorites of all ages can still beguile me, though my head is bowed in the dust with grief and my heart is as sore as an open wound touched by a careless hand".

It is evident therefore from the experience of this good man, and I dare say of many thousands similarly stricken and similarly comforted, that literature can be in its own way and its own measure "a very present help in time of trouble". But can it be an adequate substitute for God? Can the cultivation of literature or for that matter of art or music be a religion? The sorrowing father who opens his heart to us, in that little book, confesses no particular religious belief. He does not say whether he had faith in God, or any lively sense of the presence of God. He does indeed call the Bible the first of the great books in which he found consolation. Out of his own experience he promises

others that the reading of the Bible will, as he says, "gradually transmute your spirit into something which the worst blows of fate can neither bend nor break". The same assurance comes to us from a very different type of man, indeed one of the most enigmatical and contradictory of human beings, John Cowper Powys who, though I don't know and he himself seems not to know if he has any faith in God, selects the Bible as the first in his list of the Hundred Greatest Books and says specifically that the Psalms of David are "the most pathetic and poignant as well as the most noble and dignified of all poetic literature" and that "the rarest spirits of our race will always return to them at every epoch in their lives for consolation, for support and for repose".

Yet another man of a spirit more akin to that of Mr. Fitch than that of Mr. Powys, Rowland Prothero, in a book in which I myself have found great illumination, *The Psalms in Human Life*, says: "The Psalms are a mirror in which each man sees the motions of his own soul. They express in exquisite words the kinship which every thoughtful human heart craves to find with a supreme, unchanging, loving God, who will be to him a protector, guardian, and friend. They utter the ordinary experiences, the familiar thoughts of men; but they give to these a width of range, an intensity, a depth, and an elevation which transcend the capacity of the most gifted. They translate into speech the spiritual passion of the loftiest genius; they also utter, with the beauty born of truth and simplicity, and with exact agreement between the feeling and the expression, the inarticulate and humble longings of

the unlettered peasant. So it is that, in every country, the language of the Psalms has become part of the daily life of nations, passing into their proverbs, mingling with their conversation, and used at every critical stage of existence."

To Prothero the Bible is an inspiration and a consolation because it helps us to communicate with "the supreme unchanging living God". To Fitch it seems to be rather a comfort in itself, and to Powys, as I judge from his other books, the Bible is a beautiful literature "pathetic and poignant", noble and beautiful and as such is a joy forever, God or no God.

As with literature so with art and music. I dare say that many a man who says no prayers, subscribes to no creed, and frequents no church, turns for spiritual soothing or stimulus to some masterpiece of painting or sculpture, be it, according to his taste, a Raphael Madonna or the Venus de Medici, the Pieta of Michelangelo, or the Perseus of Benvenuto Cellini, or some classic fragment of the great Phidias.

Again some who ignore God or neglect Him and who see in our sublimest liturgy nothing but mummery, turn to music for the gratification of their spiritual instincts. They lose themselves in an ecstasy of joy and wonder and apparent adoration at a soul-stirring symphony. I am not surprised at this substitution of music in place of religion nor do I profess to be shocked. Though the veriest amateur, less than a tyro in the scientific understanding of music, I can feel its hypnotic power. Stepping into a concert hall from a noisy tumultuous city

street, I can be quickly transported into another world, a world of silence like that of which St. Augustine speaks: a world in which "the tumult of the flesh is hushed, hushed these shadows of earth, sea, sky, hushed the heavens and the soul itself, so that it passes beyond itself and does not think of itself: all dreams are hushed and all sensuous revelations and every tongue and every symbol". For music, high music, divine music, though it commence with symbols and sensuous revelations, carries the hearer into a world beyond that of sound and symbol, and all sense impression.

The sensitive listener to a noble concerto or to some gorgeous symphonic poem may appear to be rivetting his gaze upon the conductor gesticulating on the podium and to the orchestra under his baton, yet he really sees nothing; he is dimly aware of a certain agitation amongst the strings, the woodwinds, and the brasses, but he doesn't really hear them. His spirit has gone floating away on the wings of sound; his senses undergo a kind of hypnosis. If you could be guilty of the profanation of gazing intently upon the face of a worshipful music-lover in the moment of his ecstasy, you would come to realize that he is unaware of his surroundings: his real self is not there beside you, but away in some realm of dreams and visions, some world wherein is shining the light that never was on sea or land. In a word he is transported: if you touch him he comes back to himself and to earth like a somnambulist suddenly startled awake, and when he finds voice he may repeat with no intention of sacrilege St. Paul's enigmatical utterance, "I know a man. . . (whether in the body, I know not, or

out of the body, I know not. . .), such a one caught up in the third heaven”.

When in the midst of some two or three thousand music lovers gathered for a recital by a master of the violin, or for a concert by a band of virtuosi, as one European critic has called the best of our American orchestras, I have recognized upon their faces as the music was about to begin the spiritualizing effect even of anticipated joy; I have felt the hush that falls upon a great audience at that expectant moment, the quiet that takes possession of otherwise restless persons; I have understood that not only the senses but the soul within these people has been stilled, and their heart enthralled with pure delight; and I have said to myself, “This is their religion, this their temple of worship. Perhaps music is their god, the only god that many of them acknowledge; perhaps the trance into which they are cast is their prayer of quiet, their mystical experience, their divine rapture”.

So too with art. It would be absurd to attempt to define or to describe a genuine masterpiece of painting. One critic of international reputation being asked, in court, on the witness stand, under oath, to explain how he could know an “old master” from a copy or a counterfeit, confessed that he didn’t know of any rule except to live in the house with it for six months. Let us go further and say that we do not feel certain that any given painting is a true master work until we have lived with it and looked at it for say some three or four or five hundred years. If what John Cowper Powys says of the Psalms may be said of a painting: “the rarest spirits of our race will always return to them

at every epoch. . . for consolation, for support and for repose", we may safely consider that painting an everlasting masterpiece.

But apart from a test that requires centuries, I suppose we may say that a painting is not great if you see in it, I mean to say if the practised sensitive eye sees in it, only what is on the canvas—color, form, composition, the likeness of some person, the representation of some landscape, or the graphic record of some event, some historical happening. That is not art. An image on the retina of the eye or an impression on a photographic film is not art. Art is not reproduction. Art is revelation. If a painting shows only what is there, it is not art. Art like fine music or high literature must carry the beholder beyond this world and all that appears in it, transport him to the shores of the eternal world and enable him to see and to hear things not given to the tongue of man to utter.

One of the young undergraduates of Oxford who had attended the sermons of John Henry Newman in St. Mary's, said in after years, "he revealed ourselves to ourselves and the revelation startled us". That is to say, the sermons were art. If the students had heard only words, seen only a man in a pulpit, if only their ears were captivated by the sweet music that flowed from that eloquent mouth, if their minds rested in the thought drawn from the well spring of that deep rich intellect, the sermons would not have been art or, as we have them now on the printed page, literature. Later when Newman was made cardinal, he chose for the motto on his coat of arms "*Cor ad cor loquitur*", "Heart speaketh unto heart", and I believe these words are graven

on his tombstone. He intended them, I am sure, as a description of intimate personal religion: the heart of man in prayer speaketh to the heart of God, with words or without words, indeed as all the saints tell us better without words than with words. But I venture to suggest that Newman's motto, together with that of the psalmist, "deep calleth unto deep", is a key to great art and literature and music as well as to religion. A master-genius somehow tears an emotion or a vision of beauty out of the depths of his own heart and by some incomprehensible magic contrives to project a personal spiritual experience from his soul into ours. Written words, musical notes, the painted canvas, the sculptured marble, the musical instrument, even though that instrument be the human voice, are only a medium through which an intangible, invisible, imponderable, immaterial soul-experience passed from one man to another. When once the soul of the one who sees the painting or hears the music has been awakened and becomes active, there is no more need of eye or ear, of canvas or printed page, or stone or bronze, or strings or drums or brasses. The soul is away out of the body on a quest of its own in a world that eye hath not seen nor ear heard nor the mind of man conceived.

Now, therefore, if this be art, isn't it remarkably like religion? Isn't it identical with religion? Like religion? Yes! So like religion, so closely akin to religion that the Catholic Church has always used art and music and sculpture and architecture and literature as sacramentals; that is to say, instrumentalities for the production of high and holy thought, steps that lead like Jacob's ladder up to

heaven, a help to him who would leave this sordid world behind him and commune with God "out beyond the shining of the farthest star".

To such an extent has the Catholic Church encouraged art of all kinds as an adjunct to religion that it has been said even by those who are not themselves Catholics that all great art is Catholic and that without the Catholic faith there can be no great art. Arthur Machen, for example, in *Heiroglyphics* has written: "Literature is the expression, through the aesthetic medium of words, of the dogmas of the Catholic Church, and that which in any way is out of harmony with these dogmas is not literature. . . unless you have assimilated the final dogmas. . . the eternal truths, you can never write literature. Catholic dogma is merely the witness, under a special symbolism, of the enduring facts of human nature and the universe; it is merely the voice which tells us distinctly that a man is not the creature of the drawing room and the Stock Exchange, but a lonely awful soul confronted by the Source of all Souls. . . to make literature it is necessary to be, at all events subconsciously, Catholic." Perhaps Thomas Carlyle had all that in mind when he said that the Elizabethan era, the golden age of English literature, is "attributable to the Catholicism of the Middle Ages". One anonymous commentator upon that text remarks that the Catholic Religion was abolished as far as Parliament could abolish it before Shakespeare, but that if all traces of Catholicism were blotted out, its influences and ideas, its customs and practices, there could have been no Shakespeare.

As of Shakespeare so of John Sebastian Bach.

His *Chef d'oeuvre* is the Mass in B Minor. And a metropolitan critic, Pitts Sanborn, speaking with unrestrained enthusiasm of that Mass, declares that its only counterpart in painting would be one of the supreme masterpieces in the *Salon Carre* at the Louvre and that even there its "illimitability would be cramped". He goes on to say: "It is rather to the cathedrals of Chartres, of Bourges, of Amiens that one must look for the true analogy, with their soaring Gothic inexhaustibility and the uncabined universe as their background. . . This Mass in B Minor transcends the ordinary confines of human endeavor until, though the suffering and the hope of humanity are its theme, it suggests less the work of a man than some divine homiletic pronounced from on High for man's comfort and salvation."

Now be it noted: these masterpieces in the Louvre, these cathedrals, and this superb Mass in B Minor are Catholic. The Church has created or fostered, appropriated, developed, purified, ennobled, sanctified literature, music, and art—has made them Her own.

Well then, why are not the arts a good substitute for religion? The answer need hardly be given. It is too obvious. Unless there be Ultimate Reality, that is to say God, behind the surface beauty of a painting or a poem, inside—so to speak—the sculptured bronze or marble, if there be nothing beyond the bounds of this world, if when the soul seems carried away in rapture it actually remains fastened to this dull earth, if in fact there is no soul and no eternal world, then all art and literature and music are illusion. The first fine careless rapture of the genius is a trick of his imagination, and all men and

women who have been carried aloft on the wings of poetic or artistic inspiration are destined to fall back to earth wounded and bewildered. If man, striving with might and main to release himself by means of the arts from the miseries of this poor planet, soaring aloft on the wings of inspiration, finds when he pierces the empyrean that the object of his quest and his sublime adventure is not there, that the *flamantia moenia mundi*, the fiery battlements of the world in the sky are only a mirage and that beyond the mirage there is no home of Imperishable Beauty, no abode of Infinite Truth, then indeed the artist, the poet, the music maker are the most deluded of men, the most miserable of mortals.

All art that uplifts and inspires and thrills, all beauty that catches the breath and stops the heart—all is mockery if there be no Supreme Beauty beyond this heavy dreary world of matter and force. If the poet and all other makers of music, either the insubstantial music that is wafted away on the air, or the imperishable music caught and held forever in the soaring columns or in the miraculous mediæval glass of a Gothic cathedral; I say if all art and music and literature exalt the soul only to cast it down again, it were better that art and music and literature had never been born.

For the ultimate purpose of all aesthetic striving is not merely to play with the imagination but to reach out and touch Reality, to lay hold upon God and to experience the ecstasy of the Divine Embrace. This is religion, this is mysticism, and this too is the purpose of art. Art therefore *without* God would be an unthinkably cruel illusion. Art with God is a companion and a fellow-adventurer

with faith: Art is no substitute for Religion, but an aspect, a phase, a help to Religion.

DETERMINISM: SUBMISSION TO FATE

Address delivered on December 15, 1935

Some weeks ago an American novelist, known for his choice of sordid themes and the coarse realism of his style, Theodore Dreiser, made the point-blank statement that man is a machine and nothing more. The notion is not new. Others have offered a mechanistic interpretation of human life. Those others, however, were largely professorial persons, psychologists or biologists. They had not the ear of the people. But by some strange quirk of the popular mind, when a writer of fiction with a flair for the obscene snatches a sensational theory from the atmosphere of the class room and flings it out into the big world, the theory takes on an importance that the pedagogues cannot give it. Where John B. Watson or Ivan Pavlov slay their thousands, Theodore Dreiser slays his tens of thousands.

The mechanistic theory, whether academic or popular, is not important in itself. But it is significant as an indication of an ever increasing contempt for poor human nature. A generation or two ago our Christian forbears were shocked at the Darwinian doctrine that man is an animal and nothing more. But now after some seventy years, we are asked to believe that man isn't even an animal but a mere machine. It would seem to have been degrading enough to be called a brute, kin to the baboon and the gorilla and through some still missing link related in the collateral if not the direct line to the tiger, the wolf, the hyena, the wart hog, and other ferocious or repulsive beasts. But certain "advanced" thinkers have of late said worse things

than that about us. They pass the word to the sensation-seeking professional writers who in turn broadcast it to all who can read that man is too low in the scale of being to be dignified with the name "animal". It reminds me of a side remark made by the late lamented O. Henry, who comments upon the name of one of the characters he had himself created and nicknamed "Piggy". When this fellow was called "Piggy", says O. Henry, "a foul aspersion was cast upon the noble family of swine". So it seems that when Darwin called man a mere animal, he slandered the brute creation and paid human nature too much honor. Man, it seems is, after all, not a living, moving, breathing organism, self-contained and self-directing; he is only a piece of machinery. Alas, poor human nature! We are slipping rapidly down in the scale of creation. Once man, then animal, now machine!

Somehow (as perhaps the tone of these remarks betrays) I am not really impressed with the opinions of these self-constituted calumniators of human nature. In fact they seem funny to me. Years ago when in Ernst Haeckel's *Riddle of the Universe* I read the sentence, "Man who thought himself a child of God turns out to be only a placental mammal of no more importance than a bacillus or a microscopic infusorium", I confess I was amused rather than shocked or scandalized. I could think of nothing but Daniel O'Connell's famous encounter with the Dublin fishwife who had great local fame as a termagant. No one of her cronies dared swap Billingsgate with her. But along came O'Connell and quite overwhelmed the old dame with a vocabulary of epithets such as she had never heard before. "You

miserable rhomboid", he shouted. "You shameless hypotenuse! Every one knows that you keep a parallelogram in your house", and he continued pouring forth a flood of geometrical words until the voluble old woman for once lost her tongue and stood bewildered.

Now I dare say that Haeckel, who wrote for the ignorant mob that reads what is called "popular science", knew he could bowl them over with a barrage of biological terms. But those of us who do a bit of thinking on our own account are not embarrassed. We are wise enough to see that behind a smoke screen of ridicule and contempt Haeckel retires without having explained the essential difference between man and any other placental mammal. We know that man is a mammal (the word placental is thrown in to impress the ignorant), and we know that the ape is a mammal. In that respect man and the ape are alike. But you don't explain man when you affirm his likeness to the animal world. If you are going to account for him you have to explain his unlikeness to the beasts. As one excellent writer, Andrew M. Fairbairn, has said very shrewdly:

"The man-like ape, as far as history is concerned, is an older being than man; he can boast a more venerable ancestry; he is a more ancient inhabitant of our planet, and has had, therefore, a longer course of time in which to develop the resources that are in him and achieve his man-like apehood. But he stands today precisely where his most ancient ancestor stood; he cracks his nuts and feeds himself in the ancestral manner; he practises the old aboreal architecture; he lives in the old home in the old

way, swings himself from tree to tree by the same organ and with the same dexterity; he emits sounds of alarm or ferocity or affection, cries of defiance or of solicitation, which men may try to imitate but can only understand by ceasing as much as possible to be men and becoming apes. In a word, he began as a brute and a brute he remains."

So, the problem is not how is man linked with the ape, but how did man break away from the ape? For after all, if the two are alike they are also much more unlike. What makes man are these unlikenesses. Apes, for example, do not build Gothic cathedrals or Taj Mahals or Alhambras or even Pyramids. Apes do not compose and produce Shakespearean drama, or Wagnerian opera. Apes do not write Shelleyan Odes to a Skylark, or paint Raphael Madonnas. And most of all, apes do not build themselves a noble religion. As I have said, the crucial question is not where did man begin, but where has he arrived. As Principal Fairbairn says further on in the same passage:

"Man may have started on his new career as a being with a capacity for religion, one who feared powers invisible impersonated in a blasted tree, a rude stone, a whitened bone, or a running stream, but he has not stood fixed in that rude faith. . . he has come to think of a God majestic, sole, holy, ineffable, who inhabiteth eternity."

Now, when you start in to explain the progress of man while the ape has stood still, you can't go far without finding an essential difference between the two. The essential difference is reason and will, and reason and will point to a specifically human soul.

So in his popular manual of materialistic evolu-

tion, with the catchy title, *The Riddle of the Universe*, Haeckel leaves the principal riddle of the universe, man, unexplained. There is no key in the epithet "placental mammal". A whale is a mammal and so is a walrus and so is a cow and so are some ten thousand other species, but not any one of them or all of them have produced a school or a legislature or an ethical code or a religion, or for that matter one single poem or song or play. Unless you explain how man has done these things you have contributed nothing to the solution of the riddle. Nor will the added epithets "bacillus" or "infusorium" help the matter. They only accentuate the mystery and provide a more bewildering puzzle. I am afraid we shall have to await another "Key to the Riddle", and it will be no key unless it tells us how the bacillus grew to be Shakespeare, how the infusorium developed into a Dante or a Demosthenes or an Isaias.

I have delayed upon the futility of materialistic evolution, but I have not forgotten that our immediate question is not man the animal but man the machine. The one argument will do for both. The answer to Dreiser and all other "mechanists" is the same as to Haeckel and all other materialists. If you cannot explain man by calling him a beast, you certainly cannot explain him by calling him a machine. In fact if you call him a mere machine you get into a frightful maze of impossibilities and incredibilities. If, for example, man is a machine, all men, having the same anatomical and physiological makeup are simply replicas of the same machine. As far as physical construction is concerned, we are as much alike as two Fords or two hundred million

Fords. Even if you say that one man is made like a Ford, another like a Lincoln, another like a Cadillac, another like a Rolls-Royce, it still remains true that every man is as much like every other man as every automobile is like every other automobile. But if we are all machines and hence all alike, how is it that one human machine produces *Hamlet* or *Macbeth*, the *Divina Comedia* or *Paradise Lost* or the *Ninth Symphony*, while another cannot so much as string together a line or two of good grammatical prose, or conceive, not to say compose, the slightest phrase of melody or harmony. Once you admit a non-mechanical spiritual element in man, personality, soul, or that intangible something called genius, you will have the key to your riddle. If you persist in thinking that man is only so much bone and muscle and sinew, a few ounces of this, a few pounds of that and such and such a percentage of horse power, you will never explain personality; and unless you tackle that mystery you don't even approach the problem of man.

Furthermore, no automobile is any good (except as an alluring exhibit in a show window) until man gets in, puts his hands on the wheel and his foot on the accelerator. The machine may be complete with chassis and engine and magneto and all its hundred other components, but until it feels the magic touch of the human hand guided by the human brain, the car might as well be so much useless junk. Man is not the machine. Man makes the machine, directs the machine, makes use of the machine as a kind of extension of his hands, his arms, his feet, his legs, an adjunct to his entire physical self.

I have indeed read of a machine, a weird and

wonderful mechanical robot that walks the streets, turns corners, shakes hands, answers questions, pulls out a watch and tells time. But of course it isn't the machine that does all this; it's the man behind the machine, the man that invented and manufactured the robot. And I have heard of an aeroplane sent out for a short cruise over the ocean with neither pilot nor mechanic. But let there be no misunderstanding, the brain of a man, the mind of a man, the will of a man, was somewhere directing that plane. If the day ever comes when a number of passengers shall step into a plane, take their seats, give the word "all ready" and some one shall touch a button somewhere and the plane rise of itself, fly a thousand miles and return with never a hand on the stick, the exploit will be a triumph not for the steel and canvas of which the plane is made, but for some keen human brain. We shall not congratulate the machine but the mind that visualized and created the machine. Some history-making planes have been placed in museums, but those who go to gaze upon these interesting relics must realize that the real marvel is Wilbur and Orville Wright, or Charles Lindbergh or Wiley Post. The machine is only a machine, the miracle is man.

Now I know this is all so elementary as to be silly, but what else can you say but something elementary when an atheist who happens to have influence with a portion of the public comes out with the statement that man is a machine and nothing more? "Answer a fool according to his folly", says the Scripture, and so I suppose we have to answer a simpleton with something a simpleton can grasp.

But there is a much more important conse-

quence of the idea that man is a machine. The notion is not only absurd but immoral. In fact if man is only a machine there is no such thing as morals. That too is A. B. C., though certain advocates of a mechanistic psychology still talk of "ethics" and "morals". Obviously a machine can have no morals. If a buzz-saw cuts off a man's hand, you don't penalize the buzz-saw. If a guillotine drops unexpectedly and chops off the head of the executioner instead of the head of the criminal, you don't throw the guillotine into jail or give it forty stripes on the bare back. You don't erect a second guillotine to execute the first guillotine.

Similarly, if man is a machine you must not blame him, no matter what horrible thing he may do; and you must not praise him, no matter what heroic or magnificent act he may perform. If he deliberately plans a murder, and when the chance comes commits the crime as planned, you must not say "The villain!" If another man at the risk of his life, or at the cost of his life rescues some fellow man, you musn't say "fine work, old man!". If, as your Theodore Dreisers and your John B. Watsons tell us, man is a machine, physically compelled to do whatever he does, then the hero is the same as the villain, the villain the same as the hero, or rather there is no hero and no villain. Under a mechanistic or behavioristic psychology, good is bad, bad is good; there is no good or bad. The murderer and the martyr are equally worthy of praise or of blame, or equally unworthy, as you please. Benedict Arnold is just as much a hero as George Washington. Statues should be erected to Wilkes Booth as well as to Abraham Lincoln. Booth was a machine, no

more responsible than a locomotive that runs over a grasshopper, Lincoln was a machine no more noble than a plough or a clock or a spinning wheel. Aaron Burr fired the bullet that killed Alexander Hamilton, but Aaron Burr was no more to blame than the bullet. The insidious schemer who comes into your home as a guest, sits at your table and takes advantage of your hospitality to corrupt your wife or betray your daughter has done no wrong. Take his hand in yours. Call him friend. Ask him again to your table and beg him again to accept the hospitality of your roof. He is a good fellow. As good as any other fellow. No one is good, or bad. He is a machine. You are a machine. Your wife and your daughter are machines. And shall one machine impute blame to another? Shall the buzz-saw say to the guillotine, "How can you be so cruel?"

In Eugene O'Neill's play *Dynamo* the morbid and fanatical hero looks upon the machine as a god, talks to it and makes prayer to it, but when he sticks his hand in the dynamo it tears his arm off. The dynamo has no soul, no feelings of affection, no sense of right or wrong. According to the mechanistic psychology man is a dynamo: if he tears your arm off or pokes your eye out, or cuts the heart from your breast, it is not his fault. The knife was in his hand and he could no more control the knife than the knife could control him. When a soprano on the amateur hour murders a high note, or does hideous execution on some beautiful lyric, the impressario says, "All right, all right". So when the bandit kills a citizen we must say "All right! All right!" Everything is all right. Nothing is wrong. Right

and wrong, good and bad, do not exist in a world of machines.

My friends, I know this is not dignified philosophy. But why should I waste either dignity or philosophy on a theory that can be exploded by common sense?

But believe me, today, in a hundred universities, in ten thousand novels, in many a play and in multitudinous private conversations and arguments, the idea is broached—and believed—that man is not master of his actions, that he is not captain of his soul, for the simple reason that there is no soul. The current philosophy, the prevalent ethics, is that man is either a brute or a machine, that all his thoughts and words and actions are predetermined, that he has nothing to say about what he shall think or what he shall do; that right and wrong are obsolete words that should be dropped from the dictionary; that conscience is a superstition, that we must say of the whole wide world what Kipling's soldier says of the region east of Suez "There ain't no Ten Commandments and the best is like the worst".

Don't imagine that this mad immoralism is held only by sensational writers of sordid novels. Dreiser said aloud what the professors who teach Determinism (and like the swine at Gadara, their name is legion) are inculcating but don't dare put in plain every day speech: Man is an animal and nothing more. Man is a machine and nothing more.

The only refuge against this nonsense, this lunacy, this moral nihilism, is the Christian doctrine that man is no mere piece of mechanism but a living self-determining organism, no mere brute animal,

something more than a placental mammal, a bacillus or a microscopic infuserium; a soul made in the image of God and responsible to God, a kind of God upon the earth.

SHALL WE LOOK TO GENEVA OR TO BETHLEHEM?

Address delivered on December 22, 1935

It is a trite saying that when Christ came the world was badly in need of Him. Whether it needed Him more then than it does now is a question. Perhaps a foolish question. At least it does seem ridiculous to say, as chroniclers in every century have said, "The world is worse off now than it ever was." That sentiment has been repeated like a refrain in thousands of speeches, letters, official documents, biographies, histories, and even in purely literary works, for generation after generation. King Solomon 2900 years ago had grown weary of it: "Say not, what thinkest thou is the cause that former times were better than they are now? for this manner of question is foolish."

So, let us simply say that the world into which Christ was first born had sore need of Him and that the world in which He is now re-born has plenty of reason to welcome His coming. Perhaps, however, I had better not dissemble but declare my conviction that badly off as we are in a hundred ways—politically, socially, morally, economically—our condition is not nearly so desperate as that of the world "when Christ our Lord was born on Christmas Day".

This is not the place in which to attempt anything like an adequate résumé of the condition of that "hard pagan world" as Matthew Arnold called it, or of the degenerate and desperate Jewish world.

But briefly, consider the political condition of

Palestine. It is typified in King Herod, monstrous, preternatural combination of athlete and sybarite, tyrant and sycophant, religious fanatic and skeptic, soldier and politician, adept both in diplomatic chicanery and bloody terrorism; extortioner, blood-sucker, spendthrift, parricide, Bluebeard. One might be tempted to say that no such incredible assemblage of qualities could ever have been found in any one man. But for good or bad "there were giants in those days", Caesar and Pompey and Octavius: it was only a generation or two since Marius and Sulla, who had staged the cruelest civil war in all history; and in half a century more came Nero and Caligula. King Herod may seem impossible and unthinkable but authentic history vouches for him as actual. We have no such human-inhuman monstrosity on the earth nowadays. In fact I doubt if we could synthetically produce another Herod if we were to combine all the dictators and warriors and persecutors now alive. Such cruelties as the Calles-Gil-Cardenas regime has perpetrated in Mexico are child's play in comparison with Herod's bloody deeds, and such multiple murders as those of the Bolsheviks were every day occurrences in Palestine. The royal monster killed his wife, his three brothers-in-law, his wife's mother, his two sons by his first wife and a third son by his second. He bribed the Romans with a vast pile of gold to leave him master in Jerusalem, and thereupon closed the gates and slaughtered all within them who failed to meet his pleasure. Such was the ogre into whose hands the infant Jesus would have fallen were it not for the miracle of the warning to the Wise Men. But as political rulers went in those days, he was no wild

aberration. There were others of much the same type.

As for the Romans, Herod's masters, they winked at all these enormities. They exacted prodigious tribute from the puppet king, and cared not if he bled the poor people and assassinated the rich to secure it. The ancient motto of the Romans *Fiat justitia ruat coelum*—"Let justice be done though the heavens fall"—looks well in a copy-book and doubtless sounded noble to the Romans who, like other conquerors, propagated beautiful myths about themselves. But there was little justice in Rome.

So much for the masters. As for the people, we simply cannot visualize the horrors of their lot. Hundreds of thousands of them were slaves. Millions of others were subjects and subjects were little better off than slaves. Even so-called citizens had no rights that a ruler must respect. Constitutional limits to royal and imperial power were unheard of. It would have been treason to present or even to conceive a Bill of Rights. All kings were despots. They did what they pleased. When drunk or crazed with power, they became "impossible" and somebody stabbed them—simple system but a slow method of rectifying abuses. And then they were not rectified. The next king was as absolute and generally tyrannical as the last king. An occasional exception occurred like Trajan or Marcus Aurelius. But Trajan, the most humane of them all, prepared for the people the slaughter of 10,000 gladiators who fought one another over a period of 135 days until all were dead. Marcus Aurelius, phrase-maker, philosopher, moralist, cultured gentleman, killed some hundreds of thousands of Christians. Christ-

ians of course were not "people". Neither were subjects, nor slaves, nor captives, nor gladiators. "Citizens" proud of the title and jealous of its privileges were abused, impoverished, imprisoned, murdered with impunity. St. Paul was a "citizen", and as such claimed the rights attached to citizenship, but it didn't save his head.

In modern times we sometimes explain the wretchedness of certain races or local populations by recalling that their land was fought over again and again by multitudinous armies. But in those days the common people were, so to speak, the terrain upon which kings fought one another. Rivals like Marius and Sulla, Caesar and Pompey, Octavian and Mark Antony, decimated the population again and again and again. At the precise moment when our Savior appeared there was peace, and there had been peace for a few years, but before that and after that wars were incessant, and endemic in all lands.

But it wasn't political justice or social regeneration that the world needed most when Christ came. It wanted above all religious and spiritual reconstruction. It has been remarked that the religion of Israel underwent a change during the Babylonian captivity. Before the Jews were led away into Babylon they had been forever falling back into idolatry. But strange to say, when they came back from the land of idolatry they were cured of idolatry. Perhaps the near view of the abominations of idolatrous worship produced disgust and loathing and removed the temptation, just as amongst ourselves a man may recoil from drunkenness or impurity if he sees its consequences in their real hideous-

ness. But in place of idolatry came something quite as bad, a dead ritual. Pharisaism grew stronger and with Pharisaism the practice of mechanical routine in place of deep fervent warm-hearted religion. Cunningham Geikie in his *Life and Words of Christ* describes the kind of "piety" our Savior was to see. He says:

"Among the many figures whom our Lord passed in the streets of Jerusalem, and elsewhere, he must often have met those to whom the by-name was given of Schechemite Pharisees—who kept the Law only for interest, as Shechem submitted to circumcision simply to obtain Dinah; or the Tumbling Pharisee who, to appear humble before men, always hung down his head, and shuffled with his feet on the ground, so that he constantly stumbled; or the Bleeding Pharisee who, to keep himself from seeing a woman, walked with his eyes shut, and, so, often bled his head against posts; or the Mortar Pharisee, with a cap like a mortar over his eyes, to shut out all that might shock his pure nature; or the What-more-can-I-do Pharisee, who claimed to have kept the whole Law, and wished to know something new, that he might do it also; or the Pharisee from Fear, who kept the Law only for fear of the judgment to come."

Hand in hand with these hypocrisies went such puerilities as always spring up when religion commences to decay. And with the puerilities a belief in foolish and fantastic miracles. To illustrate, several rabbis were holding a dispute over some picayune matter of ritual observance. "One cried out, when his opinion was disputed, 'May this tree prove that I am right!' and forthwith the tree was torn up by the roots, and hurled a hundred ells off. But his opponents declared that a tree could prove nothing. 'May this stream, then, witness for me!' cried Eliezer, and at once it flowed the opposite way. Still, his opponents urged that water could

prove nothing. 'Now', said Eliezer, 'if truth be on my side, may the walls of the school confirm it!' He had scarcely spoken when the wall began to bow inwards. The Rabbi Joshua threatened them: 'What is it to you if the sons of the wise dispute? you shall not fall'; and, to honour Rabbi Joshua, the walls did not fall wholly together; but neither did they go back to their places that the honour of Rabbi Eliezer might not suffer, but remain slanting to this day."

Now what sort of Savior must Christ be to deal with such a world, a world of cruelty, social injustice, and religious superstition? The people, poor blind people led by blind guides, expected a Christ who would be, as it were, a composite of Alexander, Darius, Attila, Genghis Khan, and Mohammed. The Jerusalem Targum says: "How beautiful is the King Messiah, who springs from the house of Judah! He girds His loins, and descends, and orders the battle against His enemies, and slays their kings and their chief captains; there is no one so mighty as to stand before Him. He makes the mountains red with the blood of His slaughtered foes: His robes, dyed in their blood, are like the skins of the purple grapes. The beasts of the field will feed for twelve months on the flesh of the slain, and the birds of the air will feed on them for seven years. The Lord will revenge us on the bands of Gog. At that hour will the power of the nations be broken; they will be like a ship whose tackling is torn away, and whose mast is sprung, so that the sail can no longer be set on it. Then will Israel divide the treasures of the nations among them—a great store of booty and riches, so that, if there be the lame and blind

among them, even they will have their share. The heathen will then turn to the Lord, and walk in His light."

No wonder they didn't recognize the Christ when He came. The difference between their picture of Him, a ruthless merciless conqueror, and the actual Jesus is immeasurable. The greatest tragedy in all the long eventful history of the people of God is that they did not recognize their Savior when He came. "He came unto His own and His own received Him not." They had been taught to expect a rich Messiah and He came poor, the poorest of the poor, born in a stable, very nearly born in the street. They looked for a king who would destroy all other kings, and He had to flee from the wrath of the king of His own people. Contemporary prophets, false prophets sadly degenerated from Isaias and Jeremias and Malachias, had pictured for them a world conqueror and here was only a helpless babe on a pallet of straw with no cradle but the feeding trough of the cattle and with the most hastily improvised swaddling clothes. As king, conqueror, avenger of the rights of His people, He was a dismal failure in their eyes.

I say their misconception of the character of the Christ was tragic. But what of our own? We have a half dozen world shaking problems today, problems economic, problems social, problems in international relationship; war in progress in Africa, greater war threatening in Europe, and perhaps the greatest of all wars preparing between Europe and Asia, and has any one the courage and the faith to say to the diplomats and the generals, "Come to Bethlehem! There you will find the Solution of all

problems, the Settlement of all controversies. Venite, venite, in Bethlehem!" If some one did say it, would the generals and the diplomats pay any heed? No, they look not to a Baby in a manger in a stable with a peasant mother, a poor country carpenter as foster father, and a group of illiterate shepherds who just happened in from the fields to see the strange sight of a human baby born like a sheep in the straw. The big-wigs of the world would think it a jest if you told them "The answer to all the problems and puzzles that bewilder you and bedevil you is in the mind of that new-born Child. The day will come when He will speak out His mind. Follow Him and the world will be saved." To them such language would sound like superstition, fanaticism, religious hallucination. The world looks not to the Babe of Bethlehem. It thinks to find salvation elsewhere—at Versailles, or Geneva, or Locarno. It still thinks that wrongs are to be righted by the method of Julius Caesar, armies, wars, conquests of barbaric peoples. It believes paradoxically, madly that the cure for war is more war and that we must extricate ourselves from the maze in which diplomatic maneuvering has placed us by more diplomatic maneuvering. Some there are who look neither to Bethlehem nor to Geneva but to Moscow, not to a new-born Babe in the manger, but to a dead statesman, embalmed and on exhibition in a glass case, and back of him to a philosopher of a century ago who taught the dictatorship of the proletariat, which means, translated into simple terms, the exchange of the domination of the poor by the rich for the domination of the rich by the poor, the curiously insane doctrine that peace be

tween man and man can be brought about by means of a war between class and class.

Those who seek salvation listen to an American journalist who says that we cannot have peace until one nation becomes powerful enough to dominate all the rest, an opinion he seems to have learned from a general, also an American, who adds "as long as people want to eat and have possessions they must compete for these things with others." And competition is war. Or they look to an English Philosopher who in the face of all recent experience still doggedly thinks that peace and all other earthly benefits can be obtained by conferences and congresses. Or to a much advertised but erratic clergyman who says sententiously "Men and nations are saved, by good will, not by political machinery", but who in his public utterances for a quarter of a century has taken every occasion to destroy good will by fostering nationalistic and racial antagonisms. Or they look to a popular writer who reassures us with the statement that we are only 12,000 years away from the Stone Age, and that we have hundreds of millions of years yet to go before the earth explodes.

Or they look to a psychologist who offers them a scientific theory that man is driven by an irresistible interior impulse, which he calls "the innate blind force of aggression", to conquer his environment. They even ask the opinion of a Chinese philosopher who recommends to them Lao Tse, and tells some millions of people through a popular literary medium that we must have more catastrophe, universal moral corruption, and arrive at complete cynicism before we can be saved.

Yes, man, bewildered man on this unhappy planet, looks here and there and everywhere, everywhere except to Bethlehem, for light and solace and salvation.

Such is the dark and dubious side of the present condition of the world. But a brighter aspect of things is brought to view by the recurrence of Christmas. The very fact that after all these centuries the birth of Jesus is celebrated by perhaps one-third of the human race, that the eyes of some 500 millions of people turn towards the Holy Land, "Holy" because He was born and lived and died there, is immensely comforting. On Christmas Day if not at all other times we realize—many of us dimly but the elect souls intensely—that Salvation, not merely the eternal salvation of the individual soul but the salvation of society and of all the races and nations of mankind, must come out of Bethlehem. "Can any good come out of Nazareth?" asked the critics and the skeptics, and I suppose they would add "or out of Bethlehem?". They were laboring under the ancient obstinate delusion that all benefits must come from kings, palaces, mansions, the homes of the rich; from powerful rulers and not from a poor disconsolate little village. Today, at least in our country, we have learned that a man of genius, a statesman, a martyr, a benefactor of mankind, may come out of a log cabin in the most poverty-stricken corner of a half-savage country. But still the temptation remains to doubt that a helpless Baby born in a hole in the rock, in a tenth-rate village amongst a despised and downtrodden people, can succeed in saving the world, when kings, emperors, statesmen, philosophers, parliaments,

congresses, leagues and all manner of human devices, have failed. But on the other hand the world, which thinks nothing of contradicting itself, quite generally admits that if the Babe of Bethlehem Jesus Christ could have His way, good will would come to all the earth and with good will salvation in time and eternity.

We say quite commonly that the Gospel has not been tried and found wanting but that it has not been tried. The wisdom is there but we haven't the wisdom to make use of it. We haven't the wisdom, we haven't the courage, we haven't the faith, or the divine grace, to give the Babe of Bethlehem a chance. Only lately an Indian philanthropist, called by his people a Mahatma, a man not technically a Christian but more Christian than many who call themselves Christian, arose to rebuke us, gently but effectively: "It is my conviction that the root of the evil is want of a living faith in a living God. It is a first-class human tragedy that peoples of the earth, who claim to believe in the message of Jesus, whom they describe as Prince of Peace, show little of that belief in actual practice."

On Christmas Day therefore it would seem proper to resolve that He who was born of Mary in Bethlehem should be invited to exercise His divine vocation as Savior of the world and that no obstacle be placed in His way.

There is a song usually sung on Palm Sunday but quite as appropriate to Christmas, "Jesus comes! The people at His voice recover the liberty they had lost. Humanity restores to every man his right."

The obvious comment upon that sentiment is that it is idealistic, not realistic, a hope and not a

fact. But at Christmas time we are in an idealistic mood. Now if ever, we believe that ideals can be made real and hopes be transmuted into facts. Christmas comes but once a year, alas. But if the spirit of Christmas could remain every day in the year—and why should it not?—this poor, old, weary, disconsolate world could be made over not indeed into a paradise—that can come only hereafter—but into a home for man where peace and contentment and happiness might reign.

CARDINAL HAYES STATES AIMS OF THE CATHOLIC HOUR

(Extract from his address at the inaugural program in the studio of the National Broadcasting Company, New York City, March 2, 1930.)

Our congratulations and our gratitude are extended to the National Council of Catholic Men and its officials, and to all who, by their financial support, have made it possible to use this offer of the National Broadcasting Company. The heavy expense of managing and financing a weekly program, its musical numbers, its speakers, the subsequent answering of inquiries, must be met. . . .

This radio hour is for all the people of the United States. To our fellow-citizens, in this word of dedication, we wish to express a cordial greeting and, indeed, congratulations. For this radio hour is one of service to America, which certainly will listen in interestedly, and even sympathetically, I am sure, to the voice of the ancient Church with its historic background of all the centuries of the Christian era, and with its own notable contribution to the discovery, exploration, foundation and growth of our glorious country. . . .

Thus to voice before a vast public the Catholic Church is no light task. Our prayers will be with those who have that task in hand. We feel certain that it will have both the good will and the good wishes of the great majority of our countrymen. Surely, there is no true lover of our Country who does not eagerly hope for a less worldly, a less material, and a more spiritual standard among our people.

With good will, with kindness and with Christ-like sympathy for all, this work is inaugurated. So may it continue. So may it be fulfilled. This word of dedication voices, therefore, the hope that this radio hour may serve to make known, to explain with the charity of Christ, our faith, which we love even as we love Christ Himself. May it serve to make better understood that faith as it really is—a light revealing the pathway to heaven: a strength, and a power divine through Christ; pardoning our sins, elevating, consecrating our common every-day duties and joys, bringing not only justice but gladness and peace to our searching and questioning hearts.

THE CATHOLIC HOUR

Coast-to-Coast on NBC

Every Sunday at six o'clock New York Time

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	Fresno	KMJ,	580	ke
	Los Angeles	KECA,	1430	ke
	Sacramento	KFBK,	1490	ke
	San Francisco	KPO,	680	ke
	Stockton	KWG,	1200	ke
Colorado	Denver	KOA,	830	ke
	Pueblo	KGHF,	1320	ke
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	Miami	WIOD,	610	ke
	Tampa	WFLA-WSUN,	620	ke
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	Terre Haute	WBOW,	1310	ke
Kansas	Pittsburg	KOAM,	790	ke
Kentucky	Louisville	WAVE,	940	ke
Louisiana	New Orleans	WSMB,	1320	ke
	Shreveport	KTBS,	1450	ke
Maine	Portland	WCSH,	940	ke
Maryland	Baltimore	WFBR,	1270	ke
Massachusetts	Worcester	WTAG,	580	ke
Michigan	Detroit	WWJ,	920	ke
Minnesota	Minneapolis-St. Paul	KSTP,	1460	ke
	Duluth-Superior	WEBC,	1290	ke
Mississippi	Jackson	WJDX,	1270	ke
Missouri	Kansas City	WDAF,	610	ke
	Springfield	KGBX,	1230	ke
Montana	Billings	KGHL,	780	ke
	Butte	KGIR,	1340	ke
Nebraska	Omaha	WOW,	590	ke
New Mexico	Albuquerque	KOB,	1180	ke
New York	Buffalo	WBEN,	900	ke
	New York	WEAF,	660	ke
	Schenectady	WGY,	790	ke
North Carolina	Asheville	WWNC,	570	ke
	Charlotte	WSOC,	1210	ke
	Raleigh	WPTF,	680	ke
North Dakota	Bismarck	KFYR,	550	ke
	Fargo	WDAY,	940	ke
Ohio	Cincinnati	WSAI,	1330	ke
	Cleveland	WTAM,	1070	ke
	Columbus	WCOL,	1210	ke
Oregon	Portland	KEX,	1180	ke
Pennsylvania	Allentown	WSAN,	1440	ke
	Philadelphia	KYW,	1020	ke
	Pittsburgh	WCAE,	1220	ke
Rhode Island	Providence	WJAR,	890	ke
South Carolina	Charleston	WCSC,	1360	ke
	Columbia	WIS,	560	ke
	Greenville	WFBC,	1300	ke
Tennessee	Nashville	WSM,	650	ke
Texas	Dallas-Ft. Worth	WFAA-WBAP	800	ke
	El Paso	KTSM,	1310	ke
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