than any other; it might be better. It would make mistakes, like the others, but different ones; chiefly economic mistakes, being guided by the stereotyped economic fallacies of Socialism. Eventually it would perish from internal dissensions.

I put out these anticipations as a tentative sketch, but without insistence on details. What I am certain of is that we shall have revolutionary changes, not effected without much tribulation and a period of adversity. There will be demolition before there is reconstruction. Perhaps a plain exposure of the prospect may have the effect of modifying events.

A. SHADWELL.

THE RETURN OF RELIGION

BE our cast of thought favourable to Faith or Unfaith, no one who reflects ever so little on the issues which this World-War has raised can imagine that it will leave Religion where the twentieth century found it. If we stand at the 'consummation of the age' then Christianity does so too, and in the foremost line. Dimly the people, even outside all Churches, discern so much; and they accept the strange word Armageddon as denoting not only the field of strife but its significance in history. Now, Armageddon is called in the Apocalypse of St. John, 'the battle of that great day of God Almighty.' And we can be sure that the God here spoken of was not the same with him celebrated by a late eloquent professor as 'the ancient, mighty deity of all the Teutonic kindred,' Odin the War-God, supposed to be 'looking serenely down upon his favourite children, the English and the Germans, locked in a death-struggle.' He is not Odin, for the simple reason that He is the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. And the English have not lifted on high the dragon-flag of Ragnar Lodbrog, first cousin to the Prussian Black Eagle, but the Red Cross of St. John of Jerusalem. Our British and now American armies deserve to be named—it is an entirely right description of their aims and objects—the ambulance corps of Humanity. They are marching to its aid, so that if they win the Germans themselves will be saved. I have no hesitation in affirming that the Allies, however divided in points of dogma, nay, though some among them profess to have done with Religion altogether, are yet in fact fighting for the very heart and essence of the Gospel. If that be so, Christianity is returning and will return. We may look forward to a new, a more glorious period of the reign of Christ.

Fully to comprehend what is happening, let us throw a glance backward over the time, now separated from us by world-shaking events, out of which we have escaped as in an earthquake, through torrents of flame and with disaster all round. I write the word 'escaped' advisedly. For the years leading up to Armageddon we spent in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. I seem to remember when we entered it. Great changes are commonly associated with great names; and here the name is Darwin.

Undoubtedly Charles Darwin acted the part of a modern Lucretius. Instead of ether, atoms, and chance, he gave the world Natural Selection. Himself without a tincture of metaphysics, innocent as any country gentleman who took to pigeon-fancying, this most amiable naturalist appeared to have banished mind from the world's development, and so to have made God a needless hypothesis. In such a connexion his private beliefs matter little or nothing. Darwin had, in fact, been a sort of Unitarian; his prevailing mood as life went on was agnostic. But the immediate gain of which Natural Selection furnished the capital to unbelief I term Lucretian, because it seemed to prove that life in all its varieties, including man and his works, could have arisen, flourished, and spread over the globe, with no intellect whatever to set it going. That is the philosophy of the Roman poet who 'denied divinely the divine' in his marvellous and gloomy verses *De Rerum Natura*. But Darwin was the crowned, the acknowledged, King of Science after his *Origin of Species* came out in 1859. The sum of these things is a paradox, science calmly showing us all that its Everlasting Father was nescience. But men of paramount authority hailed this mirk midnight as if it were the rising dawn. Such a formula gave them leave to reckon Theism among the mythologies. In a 'Belfast Address,' which once called up innumerable echoes, Tyndall read decorously the Burial Service over it, where no hope of resurrection was held out to God or man.

I touch the lighter and literary fringes of a theme so formidable because I do not wish to die unread. Few comparatively are willing, but neither is the average man mentally robust enough, to read and study arguments on the First and Last Things with such concentration as the subject requires. This general condition of a very faint 'Enlightenment,' or, as the Germans say, *Aufklärung*, equally diffused and not less equally confused, gave enormous encouragement to the physical and biological theories, cunningly 'wrapped up in facts,' in presence of which any doctrine not ending in Materialism had little chance of a hearing and hardly any of acceptance. For Materialism was the ready money or the cash kept for its customers' use at the Bank of Nescience. Among its chief cashiers T. H. Huxley played a famous part. An arrogant yet attractive man, he knew as well as the most orthodox of his opponents that an agnostic could no more doff his cap to the Mud-god Matter than to the Blessed Sacrament of the altar. He declared as much, in stinging terms, with an emphasis aided by his lively language. But the agnostic can declare no assets; yet the people must be paid their dividends somehow. They were paid in scientific notes and cash. The old estate of Humanity was bankrupt. God, Christ, Church,

together with conscience, immortality, the soul itself, had been liquidated into zero. When the Macrocosmos had no need of Mind to bring it into being or to keep it on its course of evolution, too plain it appeared that man, the Microcosmos, needed it still less. Matter and motion, both strictly defined, measured, manipulated in the laboratory, were the only realities admitted to be aboriginal. 'Perhaps hardly any living writer,' said Mr. H. Coke in 1883, 'has contributed so much to the common scepticism, the crass unbelief of the day, as Dr. Huxley.' Yet, on being challenged as if holding this widespread view, the Professor rejoined in high dudgeon that he never had given it a moment's credence. He was a disciple of Hume, in whose eyes the postulates and conclusions that go beyond our instant experience—and such is the system of Materialism—can never be more than hypothetical. In Hume's own words, 'the mind never perceives any real connexion among distinct existences'; and 'all our reasonings concerning causes and effects are derived from nothing but custom.' To the pure phenomenist the dogmas of a Materialism such as Haeckel preaches in his *Riddle of the Universe* would be not less repugnant than the Athanasian Creed, and he would say for a like reason—because they transcend experience.

When, a good many years ago, the present writer summed up Professor Huxley's first principles after this fashion in the *Quarterly Review*, the Professor declared himself well-pleased on being thus at last understood. The public, I venture to think, did not understand him; but, as Dr. Stirling wittily observed, they took the affirmation of a real and absolute Matter to be the genuine teaching of science, and the Idealism which transformed it to a mere 'state of consciousness' 'as the tongue in the cheek.' Science and Matter were palpable truth to the crowd; from which it followed that Religion and Dogma were fictions, now exploded by the dynamite of Natural Selection. For the entire range of the Knowable could, and indeed must, be developed from physical beginnings in time and space. True it was that H. Spencer admitted likewise the Unknowable. As in the school which Huxley championed Matter was apparently the cause of Mind, yet was itself only a form of mental perception, so in like manner Spencer's Knowable was all that really concerned us, yet we were told that 'the interpretation of all phenomena in terms of Matter, Motion, and Force is nothing more than the reduction of our complex symbols of thought to the simplest symbols; and nothing more than symbols.' For the Absolute existed; it was the Unknown Reality which underlay Spirit and Matter. But as it also was, and ever would be, absolutely beyond knowledge, we were debarred from exercising in reference to it either intellect or

will; we could not love, hate, fear, venerate, or long for it. Now that concerning which we are unable to put forth any act whatever is of necessity just nothing to us. And in this Nothing Spencer was sanguine enough to think that he had reconciled Science and Religion. The agnostic's 'worship mostly of the silent sort' at the altar of a never to be known Deity provoked some satire. From a different point of view we might observe that the Spencerian theology resembled a Japanese constitution in which the Mikado should never have the power of quitting his sacred retirement and the Shogun was the only visible and effective sovereign. In such a world it is not hard to guess whither prayers and worship would flow. Speaking enigmatically, the Absolute that does everything but appears nowhere in effect does nothing. This Absolute of Spencer's and that Relative of Hume both overthrow Religion and leave the empty space for superstition to occupy it. In any case they destroy Christianity.

There had been suggested a way of deliverance by going back to Kant, when he said 'I was compelled to remove knowledge that I might make room for faith.' The German words are strong: 'Ich musste das Wissen aufheben um zum Glauben Platz zu machen.' At such a hearing the pure mystic rejoices, for he is prone to be sceptical of information about the highest things conveyed by channels of mere reason. So, too, should Huxley have been glad of the Kantian philosophy thus far, since he affirms that 'the ground of every one of our actions, and the validity of all our reasonings, rest upon the great act of faith which leads us to take the experience of the past as a safe guide in our dealings with the present and the future.' But if science and religion are both ultimately resolvable into acts of faith, why accept the one and reject the other? Countless millions have shaped their lives on the belief that Nature was not strictly uniform; that a Power existed by which its ordinary course might be suspended or reversed. Nor is the intellect bewildered by such a limit to uniformity, as J. S. Mill frankly conceded, if we grant with Christians an Almighty Creator of heaven and earth. It is far more difficult, if not impossible, to conceive of mind as the product in any intelligible sense of mindless matter. I can easily believe in miracles, provided there is a Disposer of all things who wills to work them; but in blind Chance or eyeless Necessity I cannot so much as discover a positive meaning at all. And I am convinced that the agnostic's razor-edge between Aye and No on this subject will never afford safe walking. But since faith must be our portion, and men like T. H. Huxley refuse to have faith in God while making it the guarantee of what they term Nature, let me ask where does the difference lie that justifies their double attitude? Clearly in the evidence which proves one act of faith

to be reasonable and the other unreasonable. Behold us, then, brought into the jury-box after we had been sent home as mystics who needed not knowledge upon which to frame a verdict in religion; still are we driven to the exercise of understanding just as before Kant wrote.

Professor Huxley rejected with scorn 'the wonderful fallacy that the laws of nature are agents, instead of being, as they really are, a mere record of experience, upon which we base our interpretations of that which does happen, and our anticipation of that which will happen.' Here is more than a summer day's task for the intelligent British jury, called upon to decide whether experience has been always uniform, without shadow of turning in the immeasurable past, nay in the immediate present. For they will have heard rumours of telepathy and perhaps have taken part in psychical research. At all events, they know that the historical religion of Europe is committed to belief in the Resurrection of Christ from the dead—a fact, if it be true, which no one would cite by way of illustrating the uniformity of Nature. What, then, is the real drift of Huxley's appeal to Kant? Did he propose to give unto Faith a plenary indulgence whereby it might believe as it listed? Not at all. He meant to banish from thought and discussion the whole religious problem with whatever it implied. Now Kant, so far as method is concerned, was apparently anxious to transfer that problem from the ground of 'pure Reason,' where it could never in his opinion be solved, to another and a higher, the realm of conscience and conduct, where life demanded its solution. But Huxley, who had gone with him one mile, stopped dead when invited to travel a second, of which the goal was Religion Regained. He replied to the philosopher who was for advancing along this open road by retorting on him in Kant's own style, 'The limitation of our faculties renders real answers to such questions not merely impossible, but theoretically inconceivable.' In later years, as I ventured once to say, the Professor contented himself with assigning all these problems to the Unknown, 'leaving the Unknowable in sole charge of Mr. Spencer.' Yet the sentence I have just quoted occurs in an article on 'Agnosticism,' dated 1889; and I marvel in what more stringent language we could have been told to discharge from our minds every hope of attaining the facts, without which Religion becomes the emptiest of dreams.

No doubt the heyday of this fierce unbelieving movement is over; we may watch Darwin with his train of scientific demigods going swiftly down the sky. Spencer himself, most combative and unyielding of benevolent souls, ends his *Autobiography* in a key of elegiac sadness, regretting the burden put upon him of prophesying about an Absolute whose one unquestionable attribute

is final despair. When a man of boundless self-conceit—and such, intellectually considered, Spencer was—can desire the churches with their dogmas and priesthoods not to vanish too quickly from the scene, 'What,' in the words of St. Paul, 'shall we say to these things?' Much more powerfully than a retractation on bended knees, or any palinodia prescribed by prelates, do the last pages of Spencer's writing bear witness to the 'deep heart of man,' which enshrines his most consummate Reason, not to be defeated by ten thousand denials of its faculty to plant a sure step in the world beyond phenomena. I have been calling up the names of stars of the first magnitude on that impenetrably dark vault where the Unknowable rayed out blackness. Let me add one more, the curiously variable light, known to some of us in both his aspects, of J. G. Romanes. This chief of science, whom no small company reckoned as Darwin's successor (though of course not his equal), once published anonymously under the signature of 'Physicus' a startling challenge, which he designated *A Candid Examination of Theism*. The volume dated 1878—just on forty years ago—is lying open on my desk; but I could almost rehearse without consulting it passages that have lingered in memory, so bold and pathetic was their tone in the very height of 'victorious analysis' then prevailing. Romanes, in his character of man of science, felt bound to declare that, if the experience-philosophy were valid, most assuredly there was no God; for 'the hypothesis of Mind in nature is as certainly superfluous to account for any of the phenomena of nature, as the scientific doctrine of the persistence of force and indestructibility of matter is certainly true.'

Could the gentle David Hume have read these words, a smile, I think, would have passed over his countenance. 'Persistent force' and 'indestructible matter,' as known by experience to creatures of a day, may serve our little schemes of 'interpretation and anticipation' very well; but how can we possibly ascertain that matter and force are eternal, except by transcending our experience? A forbidding 'if' stands on the threshold; 'if' things were ever as we now think they are; 'if' the record of their action which we term their 'laws' never was different; and 'if' we had any means of finding out the condition of existence, or whether anything existed, in the infinite past. To affirm Eternal Being is, indeed, to plunge into deeps beyond sounding. But to affirm it as pure Unreason—which is the necessary implication of Romanes, with his mindless force and matter—appears to me the sum of all possible audacities. And is 'science' bound by an indissoluble ligament to this Siamese twin? So surely as we have knowledge—thus runs the conclusion—so certain is it that the First Being, Cause, Reality—names will not alter the case—

has none. I set down words that shock by their violent assault on our powers of belief. Yet this, or nothing at all, is what Romanes intended to assert. The man of science could not pause until he had reached that absolute negation. But the man of sense revolted, and he wrote:

> With the utmost sorrow I find myself compelled to accept the conclusions here worked out. . . . Whether I regard the problem of Theism on the lower plane of strictly relative probability, or on the higher plane of purely formal considerations, it equally becomes my obvious duty to stifle all belief of the kind which I conceive to be the noblest, and to discipline my intellect with regard to this matter into an attitude of the purest scepticism. And forasmuch as I am far from being able to agree with those who affirm that the twilight doctrine of the 'new faith' is a desirable substitute for the waning splendour of 'the old,' I am not ashamed to confess that with this virtual negation of God, the universe to me has lost its soul of loveliness. . . . There is a dreadful truth in those words of Hamilton—Philosophy having become a meditation, not merely of death, but of annihilation, the precept 'Know Thyself' has become transformed into the terrific oracle to Oedipus—
>
> 'Mayest thou ne'er know the truth of what thou art.'

It is consoling to remember that this victim of science falsely so-called was rescued in time out of the dungeon of Giant Despair, and found the Divine Master who had never been far from him. Professor Romanes lived to understand that his reasoning to the perfect Unreason of all things was a pure sophism. It made the universe a riddle indeed of Oedipus, but Oedipus himself was the solution; and when he defined his own nature truly the Sphinx of Materialism flung herself headlong down from her rock. We must—I would repeat after Descartes—first inquire, 'What is man?' before we attempt the harder question, 'What is not man?' The light that never was on sea or land is the true light and shines in us, 'Lux in tenebris lucet.' That in our incompleteness it should be dimmed and often clouded over is not wonderful. But that in the myriads upon myriads of star-clusters, entrancingly fair even to human eyes, moving in measures which our finest mathematics cannot cope with, yet on laws reducible to the formulas of Kepler and Newton—that in such music of the spheres no Reason should be, or ever have been, the master-player, is out of all possibility; and those who give in to a superstition so enormous deserve to be told, reversing the well-known words of Polonius, that there is madness in their method. Of the philosophy which affirms phenomena to be the only certainties, and mind to be the 'epiphenomenon' of matter, we may say what Horace writes of Love:

> Haec si quis tempestatis prope ritu
> Mobilia et caeca fluitantia sorte laboret
> Reddere certa sibi, nihilo plus explicet ac si
> Insanire paret certa ratione modoque.

But why, it may be asked, did men of rare intellectual ability take delight in sceptically denying its source and standard, which can only be Mind? The reply given by Sir Oliver Lodge, himself a scientific man of vast achievements, is that their very success in one province of knowledge so absorbed their thought as to induce a partial oblivion of the whole. In other words, analysis though a good servant is a bad master. Goethe warned his own age, in verses too familiar for quotation, that to dissect the living might yield all its parts to the experimentalist, but not the spirit which was fled. The intellect, like the dyer's hand, although it has safeguards of its own, may be subdued to what it works in; for not the proudest genius can reflect all the lights innumerable of Being. There is, however, something more to be added, which struck me in reading the American Lester Ward, whose comprehensive treatise on *Pure Sociology* appeared in 1903. The passage now in my view appears to me so frank and significant that I may be allowed to transcribe its main portion. Professor Ward says:

> Most psychologists, and also the world at large, regard consciousness as something that differs *toto coelo* from all other things. They are scarcely willing to admit that it can be a natural thing at all. The testimony on this point is so nearly unanimous that it seems almost presumptuous in any one to attempt to stem such a torrent. It is not confined to persons of a theological bent, but extends to the most outspoken evolutionists, like Spencer and Huxley. But it is difficult to see why this should be so. It practically amounts to a recognition of discontinuity, and seems to me virtually to give away the whole evolutionary or monistic hypothesis. If at this particular point where psychic phenomena begin there is an absolute break, and something is introduced whose elements are not contained in anything that preceded it, I do not see why we should find any fault with the introduction of any number of such external elements or factors, and there seems to be no reason for stopping short of the most arbitrary theological explanation of all the phenomena of the universe.[1]

I cannot extol Professor Ward's English as equal to that of Hume or Huxley; but it serves to bring out a point of supreme interest and I submit his contention to thoughtful readers. If matter in motion, unaided and alone, with no other properties or powers, but simply the phenomenon as we know it, could bring forth Mind, or turn into Mind, then the universe of thought as we know it would require no intelligent Cause, and Materialism to the extent of sheer Atheism would be the sole philosophy credible. Hence the tremors which assail our Washington denier of 'theological explanations,' when he perceives the captains of evolution rising up one after another to declare that, as Huxley says, besides Matter and Force there is a third thing in the universe, namely, consciousness. This importunate third thing stands like a gateless barrier to check the march of sincere

[1] *Pure Sociology*, p. 123.

Materialists who would conquer the world without deceiving it, and of such, I believe, was Professor Ward. He wrote, for instance, that 'there can be no psychic force where there is no mind, no vital force where there is no life. There can be no mind where there is no brain or nerve ganglia, no life where there is no animal, plant, protist, or protoplasm,' and he will admit nothing more than that 'the universe possesses the potency of life and mind.' I call this intellectual honesty. Men of a character so straight do not put forward the doctrine of mindless matter as the whole of truth when assailing orthodoxy, and of matter as a mere 'state of consciousness' or 'symbol of the unknowable X,' when assailed in their turn. For the sleight of hand is so far from being sound philosophy that it is not even good manners. We must drive the logic and fact of the situation home. Either Mind is the origin of Matter, or Matter is the origin of Mind, or both alike are derived from that which is neither as we apprehend them. If I may recur to my Japanese illustration, since the agnostic does not know whether the Mikado exists, he is debarred from affirming that the Shogun however disguised is the one supreme ruler by whose fiat all things happen in the Kingdom of the Rising Sun. Professor Ward denies the Mikado; and his Shogun will consequently be required to explain how certain enactments—let us say touching the temple-services—are within his power. If he has solemnly declared, and indeed proved by evidence, that he does not so much as know what is meant by a temple or by religion, being himself altogether secular in views and principles, those who have trusted in his universal jurisdiction may well feel unhappy.

The vital issue turns on consciousness and conscience; in other words, on human knowledge and human action strictly so-called, known to us by immediate experience, but disclosing the eternal order in which they find their only true place and bearing. Negatively, these realities are not the product of physical forces; and positively they lead us into a universe of spiritual being. Mind has no position, is not a mode of motion, nor an energy transformable into or out of any of the phenomena classed as energy; its presence or absence cannot be detected by mechanical experiment; and when we draw inferences respecting it we do so by analogy with our own mind of which we are conscious, not from physical phenomena taken alone. It has been said that 'Matter is annihilated if it be identified with Mind.' But if the converse be maintained, and all our seeming knowledge is nothing except a fluid and transient state of molecular motion, with what face can we talk of certitudes, laws of nature, intelligent 'interpretation and anticipation' of things past or things to come? The foundation and test of truth would alike be

wanting. Let me draw the conclusion. First, physical science, though a product of mind, can by physical observation make nothing of mind. And secondly, it is impossible to conceive a beginning of Thought. These two negatives unite in a great affirmative, viz. that Eternal Being is Eternal Reason.

An immediate corollary which bears with it endless consequences must be noted. Where objects are quite incommensurable we cannot make them the subjects of a single and identical science. The method by which we ascertain the pressure on a surface in foot-pounds is not calculated to throw a strong light on Shakespeare's design in the character of Hamlet. 'Can anyone,' says Hume, 'conceive a passion of a yard in length, a foot in breadth, and an inch in thickness? Thought therefore and extension are qualities wholly incompatible, and never can incorporate together into one subject.' Of mental and sensible experiences he writes: 'These objects and perceptions, so far from requiring any particular place, are absolutely incompatible with it, and even the imagination cannot attribute it to them.' Whatever, then, be the relation of Matter to Mind, it is not one of identity, nor does Mind in any way proceed as an effect from Matter as a cause. There is a science of Thought in which the world of physical phenomena finds no place, and on which it can exercise no influence except as a possible field for the manifestation of spirit called art, whether ethical, esthetical, or instrumental. In the volume of Thought a crowning chapter is rightly termed 'Religion,' or the 'Binding,' for it is occupied with the relation of our minds to the Mind from which they came. Unless the Materialist can justify himself at the bar of Reason—and we have seen that he never can—another form and principle of Knowledge than his demand our study. Religion is therefore not only a legitimate but a necessary branch of science, possessing its own axioms, involving undeniable postulates, furnished with methods appropriate to its subject-matter, and issuing in conclusions, practical no less than theoretical, on which reflection sets the seal of certitude.

'Man,' it has been profoundly observed, 'is by nature a metaphysical being; the fact of Death would by itself make him so.' Perhaps we shall bring out the exact truth by subjoining as a gloss, 'The fact of Death apprehended, questioned, and dared for the sake of an end to which life is sacrificed.' Death is not known to any creature save man; in the animal world, so far as we can judge, it is an event, not an apprehension; for the hunted stag flees without more than a vague dread of evil impending. But man has looked Death in the face and asked him 'What art thou?' None would say that submitting to Fate is self-sacrifice. But the voluntary death of a man on behalf of his fellows,

however little the hero reasons about it or is capable of analysing his own motives, I would define as a supreme appeal from Matter to Spirit. More than a tribal instinct enters into the great act of self-immolation; deep within it we perceive the Primal Source from which it springs; here at last we have plucked out the heart of the mystery which we call Life, and behold it is Love. Not blind Chance nor eyeless Necessity created so marvellous a thing; what laws of mechanism could be invoked to explain by physical attractions and repulsions the Divine Friendship latent, yet most thrillingly effective, in a simple lad's rushing upon death for a cause greater than himself? That may be all he knows; but it is enough. Advantage or profit to the man who falls thus in battle, where is it? He has flung away all whatsoever, on the supposition of Materialism, he had at any time, and now he is no more. He has perished and with him a universe of thought and feeling in the same moment. Can we believe this, once we have allowed that Humanity is not an exile in an alien solitude, an accident or a bye-product of mere energy, but at home in the all-enfolding Mind whose light streams over our path? To defy death as our friends do in the thousand scenes of carnage is to refute Materialism; and we may reply to every one of its proposed enigmas by a phrase grander than the proverbial saying which it imitates, *Solvitur moriendo*. Death is the teacher of true philosophy.

And hence it was to be anticipated that, when the reign of sceptic, agnostic, phenomenist, had risen to the height of power, it would meet with a check outside the lecture-room and the laboratory, as tremendous in onset as the evil to be stayed. Men are always dying; but not in enormous crowds, or deliberately and in the prime of life, or summoned from every rank and profession in the name of the brotherhood. The Great War is a War of doctrines and ideals. It is fought in the unseen world and is the clashing with one another of invisible hosts. It will bear Humanity onward to religious altitudes yet undreamt of, or throw it back into the steaming valley of moral despair and aimless luxury. Once more, surely, it is time to remind ourselves of Plato's noble saying, repeated by his far-off disciple, Ruskin:

> Wherefore, our battle is immortal; and the Gods and the Angels fight on our side; and we are their possessions. And the things that destroy us are injustice, insolence, and foolish thoughts; and the things that save us are justice, self-command, and true thought, which things dwell in the living power of the Gods.

Now, if Materialism, which in this country is the practical and daily outcome of agnostic tendencies, be the sum of all possible fallacies, then the price which our dear friends are paying

with their lives to ransom us from it is at once sacred and inestimable. They die that England may live. Admirable; but tell me, what kind of life, and on what level? Darwin, whose merits in his proper department are greater than can be expressed, has had his day. Not that so modest a man of genius thought himself ever the prophet of Humanity. He abandoned that office to Mr. Spencer whom he called 'our great philosopher,' and to the lords of synthesis, contented in his own person, or at least compelled, to be ignorant how life had arisen and to what goal it was moving. But Darwinism had reigned for a good half-century, taking much of the power not only which the Christian Faith had hitherto wielded but also that which systems of ideal forms might still claim. The social order, construed until then in theory as an embodiment of ethical rights and duties, now ran no slight risk of appearing to depend on force—the sheer strength of material resources guided by secular interests. To believers in the better part of man this change could not seem anything but decadence. A sharp cynic in Mr. Mallock's *New Republic* maintained, not without effect, that in reducing virtue to expediency the coming atheism would make vice much less attractive, and indeed altogether meaningless. The 'new man,' created by mechanism, himself a machine which had only some physical motive-power inside it, could not hope to be treated, like his human predecessor, to love in which tenderness might win depth by a touch of delightful mockery, or to anger which was noble and kind, or to pity because of the contrast between his lofty aims and inadequate performance. How is it possible to give your heart or to break it where a piece of clockwork is the sole object in front of you? But all these considerations, well-founded, nay inevitable, on the hypothesis of vulgar science, became an excuse to cultivate power and pleasure to the utmost. The Darwinian Era may have been worse or better than ages going before; calculations in this region are of little value; but the instinct which the agnostic and the materialist encouraged was one of lawless Hedonism. And earlier ages differed from it precisely in this, that they recognised the Higher Law even in the act of breaking its commandments. Their very sin held, so to speak, of the infinite and eternal.

Arguments which have never been answered were brought from many sides against the Lucretian idea of evolution, when the great wave came swelling on our shores. But they served chiefly by the manner in which current opinion rejected them to mark how the flood was bursting the ancient dykes and barriers of tradition. It is true that Professor Huxley, before quitting our mortal stage, changed his tone of defiant security, and in the Romanes Lecture at Oxford raised the flag of the revolt of man against the cosmic order. He was charged with want of logic

and a sentimental Humanism. Reserving, however, for the present our study of this unexpected transformation-scene, which has had, and will have imitators, we may endeavour to strike a balance between the 'old Faith' of the Christian and the 'new Faith' of which science, exalted into a complete philosophy of life and conduct, was taken to be the herald. Witty persons have talked of 'Worldliness and Other-Worldliness.' These are pretty clear terms, better than the 'isms' which ruin a good style and which require to be constantly watched lest they turn with Hegelian dexterity into their opposites. I think, also, that Secularism, in spite of its abstract termination, is a working equivalent of the real tendency now under review. Death is the line which divides the Christian faith from the Secularist assumption. The question cannot be stated simply as if it concerned our mortal span, whether we shall seek to light it up with an ideal, or to shape its course on the principle of Aristippus and get as much variety or pleasure into it as we find possible. It is a different problem from either of these. We must try to ascertain if our individual life, as we know it, under the conditions of time and space is or is not the prelude to another stage of existence when those conditions have fallen away from us. If it is, then our aspirations and duties ought to conform to 'other-worldliness'; but if not, whether we please ourselves in the ideal or batten on the real will signify nothing to us next week or next year. Of the noble and the ignoble it must then be said when their time comes that all alike they 'are made one with Nature.' But since Nature has neither soul nor mind, it will be to the letter true, even of the saint, hero, poet, thinker, friend of man,

> That all we loved of him should be,
> But for our grief, as if it had not been,
> And grief itself be mortal.

No wonder that Shelley, after uttering this lament, puts the question to himself, 'of what scene' are we 'the actors or spectators?' Emphatically, it is the Human Question. To leave it hanging doubtful in the air of scepticism, which was thought wisdom during the Darwinian Era, is to condemn all except a few despairing idealists to live without rule or compass. For what would any 'aurea aetas ventura' much signify, when doomed inexorably to end in death and mere oblivion? Already deep down in our secret heart we have knowledge more than enough of the Living Eternal to whom we are akin—to take from a limited existence on this floating clod of earth its desirableness. If the dream of life is just a dream, never to wake into a fresh morning as the sun sinks to rise again, can we mind greatly how the dream goes? And so it came to pass that many modern voices have

been asking the world, is Life worth living? Its root and stay, its value and meaning, were in the Unseen or nowhere. To be a sceptic towards God, it appeared by free trial and experiment, was to empty our own personality, our very self, of the something which gave it a real being. 'The wonder and the beauty and the terror,' apart from which man is weariness all day long, must then be aspects caught and reflected in our consciousness of an Eternal Love. For they are qualities at once most human, yet in their infinite power and majesty most divine. To deny their transcendent worth, reducing them to secondary passing effects of our small experience, is at a single stroke to degrade them into a nursery tale, or as Montaigne speaks, to make of them 'phantoms that amaze people,' but are all the while hollow and impotent.

Have we come back, then, to the tired Preacher who was King in Jerusalem, with his 'Vanity of vanities, all is vanity'? Yes and no, according to the judgment we form to ourselves of life and death. Since the finite and contingent do, in fact, suppose and depend upon the First Cause who is not Chance, or Fate, or the Unknowable, but the Living and Seeing God—'Deus vivens et videns,' said St. Augustine—if He be denied or ignored, the rest is, as it will prove itself to be, vanity indeed. If history, life, character, the social order, be cut off in our philosophy from that creative and sustaining influence, then Ecclesiastes, who for the moment was dramatically taking that point of view, is justified. And on its wide acceptance there must follow—will any man conversant during the last fifty years with society and literature deny that there has followed?—a notable paralysis of the more spiritual instincts, emotions, aims, efforts. E. von Hartmann, no contemptible witness, described his own time as a 'most irreligious age.' In England, the unbelief of the artisan class, the apathy of the agricultural class, in all that concerns Religion would be portentous, were it not so familiar. Apologists have written with pathetic fervour that the 'empty tomb' proves the Resurrection; what does the 'empty Church' prove except that the majority, without distinct knowledge of the reason why, have cast aside hope in the Risen Christ and look on Religion as the means by which the clergy earn their living? And on this has ensued the 'transvaluation of all values,' which we may perceive in poetry, novel-writing, music, painting, conversation, journalism, and in the verdict of society on social institutions like marriage and the family. Further consequences of a sinister kind are *taedium vitae*, frivolous amusements, race-suicide, the growth of deliberate self-murder, increase of mental maladies, and an almost universal unrest. The literature of many days past, English and foreign, reflects in the same looking-glass the

phenomena so closely related which, in our newer jargon, are labelled Realism and Pessimism. The author of Ecclesiastes did not know that language; but he saw 'all the works that were done under the sun, and behold all was vanity and vexation of spirit.'

Our laughing and dying heroes answer with a shout of glad defiance. They have no conscious philosophy; but they will do their duty and scorn the consequences. Of religion itself most of them know little; for they were born in the Darwinian Era. But man, despite agnostic and materialist, is and will ever be irretrievably a metaphysician. He looks through appearances to the light beyond. He has in himself the answer of life. He has come at a sudden call from the foolish decadence which held him a prisoner—come, as Richter says, to the 'great sighing and singing tree of true Knowledge which points the way to the open battlefield and the city where we shall be crowned.' What is the 'seeming' of word-spinners to a man who has given up all he had and is marching straight to Death? He would have died hereafter; but this moment he dares and chooses to die. I am thinking of one I knew well, whose thoughts and desires were all beautiful, his whole nature moulded on the lines of a pure humanity. But, before the summons of war, the Darwinian cloud had overtaken him and he was perplexed. In that last advance no doubt held him back; from the depths of his being there rose upon my friend a light clear as the dawn, and he gave himself with a ringing cheer to the supreme sacrifice. He had never denied the Truth, never doubted that the soul is captain and the flesh must obey. Shall I commit the act of high treason to mind and heart of supposing that when Death took him there was nothing save a piece of machinery shattered and broken, while he who sprang forward over the top with a spirit never to be daunted was now even less than its least fragment? If that tenement of clay was henceforth to be made one with Nature, what of the spirit which had given it life and motion? It had never simply been absorbed into a world of matter, and from matter it was now set free. Would it not find its way Home? On the field where such men die Religion lives again.

WILLIAM BARRY.