

AS LATIN AMERICA SEES US

BY ISAAC GOLDBERG

OUTSIDE of diplomatic interviews, we Americans of the North are not generally liked by that America which speaks Spanish or Portuguese. The Latin-American mind, which takes so much better than ours to the study of history, forgets far less easily than we do such episodes as the war with Mexico, the rape of the Isthmus, and the conquest of Haiti and Santo Domingo. If now, to this historical suspicion, which dares even to question the boons of the Monroe Doctrine, you add the lurking hostility bred by the difference in racial origin, you have an excellent foundation for mistrust and dubiety. Physical and material inferiority, as everyone knows, has a habit of translating itself into a sense of spiritual superiority; hence that mistrust and dubiety tend to become transformed, in Latin America, into the assumption of a lofty mission among the nations of the Western hemisphere. We of the North are visioned as the incarnation of a gross materialism, while they of the South become paladins of idealism. We are vultures, birds of prey; they are swans, symbols of grace and culture. We are heavy-footed prose; they are light-winged poesy.

These are all lies of self-defense, but in them dwells a core of truth. Translate these metaphors into the language of contemporary economics, and they mean simply that, with the sure instinct of the weaker, the South Americans sense in us a predestined enemy. I do not say that such an enmity is necessary; in fact, I deplore the notion and can only hope that the vision of the approaching juggernaut is a mirage. I am merely stripping the case of

its tropes and trimmings and attempting to reduce it to its lowest terms in fact.

On our own side, we are, even when not frankly belligerent or diplomatically oblique, just as one-sided in our views as the South Americans. Our moving-picture Mexican is hardly an exaggeration of what the popular mind, by the newspapers and other agencies, has been taught to regard as the Latin-American reality. When that mind thinks of it at all, it thinks of South and Central American life as a nightmare of bull-fights, bandits, revolutions, guitars and ogling señoritas. By way of return compliment, we, to the Latin-American mind—and altogether too often, alas, to the really cultured mind—become a complex of money-grubbing swindlers, materialists with the hides of rhinoceroses, divorcing our wives every Monday and Thursday, lynching Negroes between dinner courses, and lighting our cigars with thousand-dollar bills. And so, across the gulf of antagonistic race and creed, we stretch a bridge of misunderstanding. Try to cross that bridge from either side and one finds that it holds no weight; something stronger is needed.

South America is nearer right as to our economic position than it is as to our culture. In the latter department it is blinded by that same indifference which we show to its own budding higher life. The fable of the swan and the eagle must and should be forgotten. As we shall see, this truth has already dawned upon a few inquiring and rebellious Latin spirits. But for the most part the old defensive lie is still fondly believed and remains as fresh as ever, confused with the economic fears

and racial differentia which gave it birth.

In its simplest form it takes the shape of the stereotyped distinction between Ariel and Caliban, with South America, of course, in the rôle of Ariel, and the United States as Caliban. This view attained classic expression in Rodó's "Ariel," a remarkable essay, for all the gaudy attire in which it moves. Yet I doubt whether the Latin youngsters who have enrolled themselves behind Rodó's standard have read "Ariel" aright. His Ariel is the winged spirit of man, as his Caliban is the symbol of stupidity and sensuality. But Rodó, in creating that distinction, is addressing it to a youth already impassioned for Caliban:

So it happens that the vision of a voluntarily de-latinized America, without compulsion or conquest, and regenerate in the manner of its northern archetype, floats already through the dreams of men who are sincerely interested in our future, satisfies them with suggestive parallels they find at every step, and appears in constant movements for reform or innovation. We have our *mania for the North*.

Rodó's objection to North American culture, for the rest, is at one with the objections that have been raised by our own intellectuals:

... the North American has not yet replaced the inspiring ideality of his past with any high unselfish conception of the future. He lives for the immediate reality of the present, and for this subordinates all his activities in the egoism of material well-being, albeit both individual and collective.

Yet here Rodó seems himself to have forgotten his own indorsement of a saying by the sage of Concord: "There is deep truth in Emerson's paradox that every country on earth should be judged by its minorities and not by its majorities." He has forgotten what some of his eager followers seem never to have learned.

I open, for example, one of the latest numbers of the *Revista do Brasil* (May, 1924) edited by Monteiro Lobato. Lobato is of the few realistic editors on the southern continent; he began his career with a scientific pamphlet calling for more hy-

giene and less rhetoric and has continued as a straightforward, hard-hitting, soundly destructive critic of his nation. Yet in his magazine a young writer, Saul de Navarro, writing of "The New Mentality of Latin America" (the sub-title reads, "The Spirit of Ariel and Yankee Pragmatism") disports himself amidst the same old waves of splashing verbiage. "The spirit of Ariel, which flooded our minds with light through the solar eloquence of Rodó . . . has conquered at last the maleficent influence of Caliban, that monster incarnated in Yankee pragmatism." To be sure, by the time he has reached the end of his article he has forgotten Ariel; he launches, indeed, into an account of Brazil's material progress—its "delirium of civilization," its centuplication of railroads, its acquisition of a merchant marine and of ships of war, the expansion of its commerce, its rising industries, its growing ports—that reads more like "Yankee pragmatism" than any booster's speech ever delivered by a Babbitt. But his beginning is in the same old tone.

It is just such humorless self-revelation, such high riding upon the crest of melodious but vacuous language, that gives the Latin-American case away. For another example, I turn to one of the best of the Spanish-American magazines, *Nosotros*, published by a lively and generally cosmopolitan group in Buenos Aires. It is also the May number, and Señor Gastón O. Talamón is discussing the musical season at the Argentine capital. His complaints read strangely familiar. Native musical talent is being flouted or neglected; the Teatro Colón again, despite its indifference to native art, asks a municipal subvention; musical taste in Buenos Aires is at such a low ebb that after sixty-seven seasons the Opera must apply for help to the city. Things, in a word, are so bad that the facts deserve "to be set down for the amazement of future generations and the shame of our own." Whereupon, forgetting the Opera, Sr. Talamón proceeds to discuss the pianists of the season, singling

out for special praise the returning quondam infant prodigy, Horszowski.

For the rest, art inspires me with so deep a respect that I am shocked and outraged to see it converted into mere prowess for the stupefaction of fools and anaesthetic creatures who seek in music the satisfaction of a clownish curiosity *worthy of Yankilandia*, the nation of *records*, and not the intense emotion of those sublime souls, Mozart, Beethoven, Chopin, Schumann, Debussy. . . .

There are more bugle-blasts in the same key. In one breath the critic berates his city for its lack of a musical soul, and in the next echoes the conventional diatribe against Yankilandia, as if it were New York, and not Buenos Aires, against which he is inveighing!

The truth of the matter, rather than lying in the middle, is at both ends. To revert to the symbolism of Rodó (which, by the way, in "Ariel," as well as in other books, he took from those Saxons of which he taught Latin America to be wary), Ariel and Caliban are not neat separable entities; they are twin aspects of a single continental personality, whether above or below the Rio Grande. Havelock Ellis, who knows his Rodó, sees farther than the Uruguayan essayist. As late as the *Forum* for September of this year I find him writing in his "New Impressions":

I note that García Calderón, in his excellent book on Latin America, seems passingly to suggest that he regards Ariel and Caliban together as the symbolic representative of the English spirit, much as we may regard Don Quixote and Sancho Panza together as the complete symbolic representative of the Spaniard. Whether in the vast jungle of Shakesperian commentary this idea has ever been worked out, I have no knowledge; it may have been, even to the last detail. At all events, it seems an idea that is worth bearing in mind. Most nations have two totally unlike aspects. A nation that failed to do so would probably fail also to play any great part in the world.

It is salutary to remember that Uruguay, which produced Rodó, also produced Carlos Reyles, the author, I believe, of a crassly materialistic book which even Roosevelt, reviewing it in a French translation, found condemnable for its rampant Calibanism.

II

But any investigation, however summary, into the status of United States culture among the Latin-American nations must at the outset collide flatly with the Ariel-Caliban complex. It must be prepared to encounter an ignorance of us which may be paralleled only by our ignorance of Latin America, and a corresponding prejudice comparable only to our own.

Let us begin with the so-called A B C nations (Argentina, Brazil, Chile), not necessarily because they represent literary supremacy, but because, having attained to leadership in economic expansion, they most nearly resemble that United States which Latin America's æsthetic representatives abominate. In Argentina my own observations are supported by those of the well-known novelist and publisher, Manuel Gálvez, whose "Nachta Regules" lately introduced him to English readers as, in part, an Argentine Upton Sinclair. Gálvez, who reads English, is better informed than most of his countrymen, and confesses that our literature is almost unknown among them. To be sure, there is that enterprising newspaper, *La Nación*, which has popularized Spanish versions of James Fenimore Cooper, Bret Harte and others and which has printed numerous informative articles about our contemporary writers by Ernesto Montenegro, a Chilean writer at present living in New York as the correspondent of *El Mercurio*. Montenegro, at home in our tongue, has thus enlightened the Argentine élite with studies of Poe, Whitman, Sinclair Lewis, Theodore Dreiser, Willa Cather, Vachel Lindsay, John Burroughs, Hergesheimer and Edgar Lee Masters, beside translating a stray poem or story. This is, of course, exceptional, but all beginnings must be so. Whitman is not too widely known in the Spanish version by the Uruguayan poet, Armando Vasseur; yet his spirit, somehow, has filtered into the literary consciousness of Latin America. "Although his poems have not been read," Gálvez tells me, "the contents of

his writings are known and he is admired. He is considered to be the revealer of modern life and the writer who best incarnates the spirit of the United States." Better known is Emerson; while, though the name of the woman who wrote it is unfamiliar, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is general property.

These are read, of course, in Spanish or in French; readers who know English are rarities. Our present literature, barring the interpretative essays of a Montenegro, is less known than that of the last century. A single name stands out, in Argentina as in Russia: that of Upton Sinclair. Public opinion is decidedly unfavorable to us.

Here it is believed that you people lack feeling, and that North Americans think only of amassing wealth. You are not credited with sensibility, elegance, kindness. The admiration which you feel up there for so secondary and so superficial a writer as Blasco Ibáñez is to us beyond understanding. Nevertheless, we imagine that since the country is so vast, there must be excellent writers whom we do not know. I can affirm that there is a desire to learn of the better American literature. You Americans are to blame for our unfavorable attitude. You take no interest in us, and I believe this is to be deplored. Our literatures and our writers would gain by mutual understanding. One thing alone is needed. . . that your books be translated and published in Spain.

Yet, so far back as 1868, we of the North had begun to take an active interest in the work of Sarmiento, president of the Argentine republic and advocate of North American ideas in education. His book, "Facundo," was put into English by the wife of Horace Mann; at home his advocacy of our educational notions was resented.

Brazil, "the United States of the South," speaks Portuguese; yet it would hardly be exaggeration to say that, like its Spanish-speaking neighbors, it thinks largely in French. There is a strong reaction against this fact, it is true, which ultimately may produce results of importance to the cultural autonomy of the neo-Latin nations. Meanwhile, as to North American influence, perhaps Senhor Hilario Tacito, in a frivolous moment, struck as near to the

truth as one may come. He said that Singer sewing-machine catalogues and countless fox-trots constitute the major articles of cultural importation into Brazil from the United States, seconded by almanacs and movie films. Every Brazilian knows Rudolph Valentino, Wallace Reid, Pearl White and Mae Murray. But Monteiro Lobato informs me that Hawthorne is unknown, while Longfellow, though he is to be had in Portuguese, is but little read. Poe, of course, is read in French translation, and "The Raven" is also widely known in Portuguese, having been twice admirably rendered, by Machado de Assis and by Emilio de Menezes. As to our later writers, Mark Twain and William James divide honors with Nick Carter. General opinion in Brazil has it that the United States possesses no literature.

Sporadic attempts there have been, of course, to introduce our novelists, but they have been of no lasting effect. In the Romantic days, for example, Cooper was read by Alencar, author of the perennial "Guarany." The general ignorance of Hawthorne and Emerson is deplored by a number of my correspondents, one of whom, indeed, Senhor Manoel Oliveira de Lima (at present professor of international law at the Catholic University, Washington) is frank enough to say that it is Poe's "Raven" which alone saves the reputation of North American letters in Brazil. For the rest, the country is in much the state of enlightenment of the politician in one of Eça de Queiroz's novels. Hearing the names of Shakespeare and Byron mentioned, he inquired in surprise, "Has England any poets?"

There are Brazilians who do not read even Brazilian books, and they have spiritual brothers farther north. Some ninety per cent of the country is illiterate; of the remaining ten per cent, but one tenth know English. From Senhor Gilberto Freyre, of Pernambuco, I have a letter which is all the more important since he is one of the few Brazilians who has made a study of our contemporaries upon the scene. His case,

of course, is exceptional; like Montenegro, he too, during his sojourn in the United States, sent informative and interpretative articles back to his home newspapers. These and the books that grow naturally from them are the seeds of the future literary entente. Senhor Freyre says:

Relatively, French and American literature, and even English, are little known in Brazil. . . . Imagine the almost complete ignorance of the English poets, essayists and novelists! This is the situation of nine-tenths of our élite.

The paradox is that even the public which knows English lacks the mentality to appreciate English letters. As to its acquaintance with our writers:

Some are known by name, or by an occasional fragment; at times, even by a whole book: Poe, Longfellow, Mark Twain, William James, Cooper. More intimately, perhaps, Emerson. [This contradicts information from other quarters.] Among law students, Hamilton, Madison, Wilson and a lesser name. And lately the stands have displayed a translation of a book by—Orison Swett Marden!

This, I may interpose, is by no means Marden's first appearance in South America. Already in "Ariel," Rodó was condemning in his placid way the frankly utilitarian moral of Marden's "Pushing to the Front," published in Boston in 1894 and praised, as he complained, "even in church circles, and compared to the 'Imitation' of à Kempis! . . ." Freyre continues:

Our grandfathers read the novels of Cooper and even the verses of Longfellow. Our last Emperor was a Longfellow enthusiast. He translated "Robert of Sicily" into Portuguese and the author, who knew our tongue, was highly pleased with the version. . . . The new generation in Brazil is no longer enthusiastic over Longfellow. There is a certain enthusiasm for Emerson, but it's an Emerson in French or Spanish. I don't know whether you've noticed that Emerson, in French or Spanish, seems deeper than in English.

As to acquaintance with contemporary United States letters, I may say that my case is a thing apart. Those I most esteem are O'Neill, Sandburg, Amy Lowell, Dreiser, Sinclair Lewis, John Macy, Spingarn, Hergesheimer, Vachel Lindsay and Tarkington. Vachel was once my guide through the Metropolitan Museum. I dined one afternoon with Miss Lowell in her Brookline home, and I can still see her before me, stout, pink, be-goggled, giving the false impression of a German governess, only to surprise me soon with the

elegance and youthfulness of her spirit. At Columbia the courses by Carl Van Doren were a delight. . . .

Freyre's other admirations,—Santayana, Randolph Bourne, Van Wyck Brooks and James Huneker—reveal him as well-informed even for a native-born "United Stateser."

Traveling South to Chile, we find Dr. Marden still in the ascendant, with Elbert Hubbard as archpriest of the American faith. The Chileans share a greater or less familiarity with Poe and Whitman with the rest of the continent, the most famous version of "The Raven" in Spanish being that of Pérez Bonalde. Poe's tales have made the rounds of Latin America in the magazines. Add to this "Evangeline" and excerpts from Washington Irving's Spanish impressions, and the early literature of the United States is practically exhausted. A Chilean, Arturo Torres Riosco, sometime instructor in various of our universities, is the latest to translate Whitman. Armando Donoso, who is the critic of the Chilean intelligentsia, years ago discovered the Good Grey Poet to his countrymen. I quote Mr. Montenegro:

As to Whitman . . . the spiritual leadership of the French caused his verses to be fervently deciphered, commented upon and imitated as soon as Bazalgette and our gallicized Rubén Darío revealed him to the Latin peoples. His was more than an individual influence. Just as Poe was held among us as a prophet and a martyr of pure art, fallen among a nation of merchants and Pharisees, so Whitman loomed up all of a sudden as the people's own poet—the messiah of democracy. I think that what singled them out to the admiration of Latin America was: in Poe the intellectual appeal; in Whitman the spiritual freedom, both so dear to the Latin mind.

Emerson's persuasive eclecticism appealed also to a restricted circle of our philosophical dilettanti, but his message seems a little cold to the restless soul of our time. Of the Romantic period in the United States, a volume of Bret Harte's gave him popularity through the library issued by *La Nación* of Buenos Aires. Mark Twain is universally known as a jester, but of his more penetrating analyses of child, village and mob psychology I doubt if anything has been translated yet into Spanish or Portuguese. An élite undoubtedly knows of the modern poets and novelists of the United States, but all the general public is receiving from this source is an occasional story by Jack London, Booth Tarkington

or O. Henry that finds its way into the miscellaneous department of the daily press.

There are furthermore a few doctrinaires to be considered. In his time, the educational ideas of Horace Mann were implanted by the zeal of Sarmiento, only to be swept aside by the Germans. Henry George has converted a fair percentage of our cranks to his single-tax theory; Ingersoll gave ammunition to many of our free-thinkers; Edward Bellamy's forerunner to Wells' Utopia was at one time the favorite feuilleton of our radical papers.

For the immense majority of the Latin-American public, the genuine representatives of North American thought are Elbert Hubbard and O. S. Marden. Some of our literary Homais wished us to believe that in these names was embodied the spirit of the American people. Every time I open a Latin-American newspaper I am prepared to see the announcement that Dr. Frank Crane and Arthur Brisbane are henceforth to provide us with our daily dose of North American wisdom—which, in fact, a newspaper in Cuba and another in Mexico have already accomplished.

III

So much for the A B C. The other nations to the southward show the same outlines, with here and there a divergent detail. In Peru, the home of the partly Whitmanian poet, Santos Chocano, the work of Prescott naturally looms up, as does, largely through the influence of Pedro Zulen, the philosophy of William James. It is Zulen, likewise, who has familiarized the more critical Peruvian public with our contemporary culture. In Mexico, always alert to foreign stimuli, a closely-knit educational group, enlisted from the wandering youth of all Latin America, keeps in close touch with the intellectual doings of the North. In Costa Rica, Emerson is held in highest esteem, and Thoreau is well known for his "Walden," while the ever-recurring Poe and Whitman share honors with Longfellow (whose "Excelsior" and "Psalm of Life" are learned by heart), Irving ("Legends") and, by a welcome exception, Hawthorne ("The Scarlet Letter"). Amy Lowell has penetrated in the company of the educational authority, Dewey; William James divides attention with Woodrow Wilson.

Both Señores Jorge Mañach and José Antonio Ramos of Cuba know us well from study and residence. But the former, as much an exception in Cuba as Freyre is

in Brazil, declares that our classics are not read by his countrymen. He says:

Save for those Cubans, like myself, who have lived and studied in the United States, the reading public here is ignorant of or ignores your old literary values. Every now and then, you find a scholarly fellow who has read Emerson in Spanish or Hawthorne in French; but he is rare. Poe is fairly known through Baudelaire and his Latin-American translators, such as Pérez Bonalde. Whitman is indirectly known to us Cubans through Martí's fine essay on him. Longfellow is but a name. Perhaps the best-known American writer of the immediate past is Mark Twain, who goes so far as to have—shall we say fans?—on a par with Anatole France and Éça de Queiroz. . .

Our *suspicion*—that is what it is—of your literature is a reflex of what we generally think of your national life. That is to say, we still are towards it in the picturesque prejudiced era, just as you are towards us. We have not ceased entertaining the iniquitous dollar-chasing-sky-scraper notion of American effort. Few among us know anything of Edith Wharton, Robert Frost, James Cabell, or Sinclair Lewis—or even of Hergeheimer, who has written that beautiful "San Cristóbal de la Habana." It's a shame, but it must be confessed.

The reason for it is not so much the above prejudice against your "materialism," as a lack of time. . . . Of course, this is regrettable. A little more propaganda on your part and a little more varied attention on ours would do much to bring us wholesomely together—and keep us safely apart.

In a recent article by Ramos in the *Figaro* (Havana) I find the realistic antidote to such romantic rhodomontade as we met with in the Brazilian, Saul de Navarro. "Why Do We Publish Books?" is his title, and he proceeds to contrast the lot of the writer in "idealistic" Latin America with that of the author in the "materialistic" United States. Literature in Cuba, as he describes it, appears to be a very precarious profession, whereas farther north even critics acquire an independent income! I do not mean to imply that Ramos is blind to the external and internal defects of our civilization, any more than are our own more serious novelists and critics, who, though their vocabulary and their approach may differ, launch against their countrymen the selfsame accusations that filter up from South America. He does know, however, that there are Calibans at home and that there are Ariels up here. He knows that literature in the United

States sinks its roots deeply into the national life, instead of, as in Cuba, simply furnishing a respectable path to political preferment. He says:

"Main Street" owes its triumph exclusively to the fact that it is a protest, though it is somewhat softened, and at the close conforms to the canons of the happy ending. If the heroine had slipped a little lower in her adventure, according as experience in American life permits one to suppose would have been surer and more human, the novel would never have attained to its popularity. James Branch Cabell, a fine, cultured novelist, is not reckoned in the first rank for this very reason, despite his having had the honor of being persecuted by the famous anti-vice league, which tried to suppress "Mlle. Maupin." Nevertheless, the North American novel is achieving definite affirmation. The theatre already possesses masterpieces. Essay and criticism carry on the tradition which it would be a ridiculous provincialism on our part even to try to deny is the legitimate pride of the Saxon North. James Harvey Robinson and John Dewey, to name only gentlemen from the philosophical camp, are worthy successors to Emerson. . . . The authors of the United States . . . at the same time that they acquire material wealth, live intensely, pursue a new sense of contemporary life and will discover it! The future belongs to them.

And we?

With what pain, with what grief I detect that disdain which certain of our writers affect when they refer to the realm of the spirit in North America!

Here, unless I am greatly mistaken, is an indication of what we may expect from Latin-American critics as soon as they replace rhetorical platitude with placid investigation of the facts. While they have been invoking Ariel, Caliban has been thriving lustily in their midst; while they have been sneering "Caliban" at us, Ariel here has been airily at work.

IV

In view of the fact that the numerous nations of Latin America barely manage to keep in touch with one another, despite the identity or similarity of their tongues, it is hardly to be expected that they should maintain close intellectual communion with a people from whom they are divided by distance, race and language. Yet the southern intelligentsia are closer knit than might appear. Articles are freely reprinted

from magazine to magazine, and a good poem fast makes its way from Venezuela to Uruguay and back again. Letters from the United States are at last beginning to bring news of the northern literary renaissance.

Out of such intellectual intercourse only good can come. I pick up a recent number of the *Repertorio Americano*, published at San José, Costa Rica, by Joaquín García Monje,—a fine scholar who knows the United States from having served his country at Washington,—and I find across the first page a "Message From Waldo Frank to the Writers of Mexico," translated into Spanish and sent originally from Madrid to Señor Alfonso Reyes, of the Mexican Legation there. I am attracted not so much by Frank's actual "message"—he advocates an artistic solidarity that shall fight Philistinism on both sides of the frontier, recognizing in independent spirits a minority that must combat machine-made civilization in Latin as in Saxon America, and upholding the ideal of cultural variety—and not because we can really create today an intellectual union of Americans, North and South. What attracts me is simply the fact that Frank's letter, written in English to a Mexican during a sojourn in Spain, comes to me in the United States by way of Costa Rica, in Spanish! Here, indeed, is a circle of print. The excuse for intellectual insularity has gone. Inertia, rather than ignorance, rather than prejudice, now keeps the minds of the Americas apart; and minds, like water, seek a common level. The natural channel is print. What is needed for the immediate present, more than speeches and compliments, is a wholesale blasting of diplomatic vacuities, a purely æsthetic consideration of each other's accomplishment. This should be conducted well outside the precincts of institutions that lend themselves to propagandistic exploitation, by men of both North and South America who are above provincialism. The Americas have nothing to lose by closer communion, and commercial advantage is the least of the things to be gained.

THE BURDEN OF THE CROSS

BY DON C. SEITZ

WHILE not all of Christ's teachings seem humane or just today, nowhere in them can be found any warrant for the choice of the cross as the emblem of Christianity. As a symbol it compares very poorly with the crescent of Mohammed. The slender arc of the new moon has in it the element of hope; it will wax into a great and glowing orb. But the cross can suggest only torture and death.

For two thousand years the western world has been striving to conquer under the banner of the cross. It has overcome its heathen enemies and driven them out of Europe, save for a small corner of Turkey, but it has never conquered itself. Europe and America alike remain workshops for armorers. We preach peace, and we prepare perpetually for war. Yet all the western nations accept Christ and profess His teachings, and every one of them upholds the cross.

Whatever may be said to the contrary, the world is, and always has been, influenced by human sacrifice. The Hebrews deplored the barbarities of Baal and marveled at a Daniel who could survive unscathed a stay in the lion's den, but they sacrificed the young Jesus upon the altar of their creed and became outcasts from that day, while a new and great religion grew into mastery of the growing civilization that accepted it. The nations that refused it vanished. Not the Titans, but the thunders over Calvary, swept the gods from Olympus.

Under prayerful auspices, ten million lives went into oblivion to make the world safe for democracy, and today it

very gingerly toys with the result, but so far it has failed to get any profit out of it. The United States is the most backward of all. Only Russia has rejected the cross,—perhaps because the symbol of Greek Catholicism is a double one! May it not be fairly argued that the failure of the faith to achieve what its Founder taught is due to its mistaken adoration of the cross? Is there not a psychological relationship between that adoration and the perpetuation of human hates? Has not its selection as the crest of the Prince of Peace made Him instead a potentate of war?

Christianity deplores fetish worship and sends missionaries into the jungle to combat it, yet all the Christian sects, including the most liberal, preach the doctrine of blood atonement. "We Are Saved by the Blood of the Crucified One" is an especially popular, though infamous, hymn. They even start it with "Hallelujah," as if pleased at profiting by a horror. To be literally washed in blood, I fear, would throw the average Christian into convulsions, but to be spiritually bathed is rather exalting and intoxicating. All this, of course, is based on the idea of sacrifice rather than on the code of living prescribed by Jesus. It makes life easy for sinners, which perhaps explains its popularity. "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you" means a lot of bother. It is simpler to take a dip in blood.

We are taught in the churches to "bear our crosses" as Christ bore that upon which He died. But the weight of evidence is that He did not carry His cross to Calvary. St. Mark says that the mob into whose hands Pilate gave Jesus after wash-