

believe it was you at first; and then you called out my name, and I ran to you—and oh, thank God, you are not dead!"

How lucky once more that it was so early and the square so empty!

"Nettie," said Lamont, slowly, as all the past day or two began to struggle back into his memory, "look at me. Do I look in any way strange to you?"

"No, not strange, Arthur. You look worn and pale, but not strange. Oh, not strange. Not like yesterday!"

"Then I did look strange yesterday, Nettie—you are certain?"

"Oh yes, Arthur. I can't tell how or why, but you looked unlike yourself. You seemed like one enchanted."

"So I was enchanted, Nettie," Arthur said, with a sigh of profound relief. "The lines into which I had moulded my face in order to play that confounded part remained there, and my whole nature changed with the expression of my face! I had read of such things happening, but this was my first

experience, and, by Jove! it shall be my last."

"It must be that," Nettie exclaimed. "I knew it was not *my* Arthur Lamont, his real and very self, who was so strange and cruel to me yesterday. Oh, how miserable I was then, and how happy I am now!"

"Your coming here saved me," he said. "The shock of delight on waking and seeing you startled my unlucky features back into their original mould."

"Arthur dear," Nettie said, as they were leaving the square, "please don't mimic bad expressions of face any more."

"Never fear, Nettie; I have had quite enough of that, my love. If I want to imitate any expression that is not quite my own ever again, I'll look into your face and try to copy that expression if I can."

Which Nettie said was nonsense; and as they could not be found ranging the streets when the morning life of New York set in, they had to part presently, but went their several ways very happy.

THE REPUBLICAN MOVEMENT IN EUROPE.

By EMILIO CASTELAR.

[Fourteenth Paper.]

III.—THE GERMANIC PEOPLES.—(Continued.)

RELIGIOUS IDEAS.—VI.

IN face of the rationalist criticism the Protestant apology established itself. The entire school of apologists, composed of many writers, furiously attacked the school of the critics. At this time, as if the capital work of the eighteenth century were to sow an idea, leaving it to be fecundated by another age, Frederick II. died, and with him died toleration. His cousin Frederick William II. succeeded him. Narrowness succeeded to breadth of view; intolerance to the humanitarian spirit; routine to idea; a king of red tape to a king of the spirit; a bureaucrat to a hero; a Protestant who wished to carry Protestantism, through official means, to every conscience succeeded a philosopher who allowed ideas to spread, to mingle, to combat, and to form of themselves the great chemical combinations of the intellectual life, to have the same spontaneity which nature enjoys in its creative work.

The Protestant apologists, after all, could advise nothing more than the reading of the Bible. I can not comprehend how the Protestant peoples of Europe delay so in embracing the republic. Often in my reflections upon history I have maturely considered that vivacity with which the Latin peoples comprehend and the rapidity with which they realize the most advanced ideas, especially in the sphere of politics. Here all the elements are employed to keep the people in complete ignorance. In my travels

through Switzerland what most astonished me was the quantity of liberal ideas which there descend from the pulpits, mingled with the aroma of religious ideas and eternal hopes. When I heard in the Church of St. Peter, at Geneva, a sermon full of allusions to the spirit of the age, the genius of liberty, to the God of the Gospel, the Book and Code of democracies; involuntarily there passed through my memory the sermons I had listened to in my parish church, filled with threatenings, with terror, with pictures of hell, with all the rhetoric calculated to belittle the mind and cast it into dejection and despair, which can only end in the slavery of the conscience and the soul. If the Latin peoples could read, if they were obliged, at least every Sunday, to turn the pages of their Bibles instead of hearing the chants of their priests in a strange and unintelligible language, would they not have been two centuries ago republicans?—because the Bible is a book full, from the first page to the last, I will not say of republican ideas, but certainly of republican sentiments, and sentiments, with their poetry, have greater influence than ideas among the people.

The Nile, the river of mysteries, caressing the stones of sepulchres, bears on its warm waters, which wind through the desert, like the Milky Way through the sky, the osier cradle of the enemy of kings, the savior of peoples. One of the first and most beautiful songs of the Bible is devoted to cele-

brating that rout of Pharaoh and his horsemen, drowned in the waters of the Red Sea. As soon as the tribes established themselves in the promised land they founded a republic, ruled by magistrates called Judges, and whenever any tyrant arose the sentiments of liberty and the eloquent speech of tribunes were heard even in the hearts and on the lips of their women. Jael with her hammer drove the nail into the temple of the tyrant Sisera. Deborah sings beneath the palm-tree the victory of the humble over nine hundred war chariots mailed with iron, and all whelmed in the wave of the rushing Kishon. At the feet of Gideon fell the golden diadems and the purple mantles from the temples and the shoulders of the princes of Midian, and their soldiers fell in the field like the grain before the sickle of the reaper. Jephthah avenged himself upon his people, who had forsaken him for the son of the harlot, by saving them from conquerors and tyrants.

Demosthenes never spoke against the kings of Macedon as the last of the Judges speaks against the kings whom his misguided tribes demanded. Even yet when we wish to condemn the servile tendencies of the masses we must repeat that sublime language and announce the same punishments. The discourse of Samuel is reiterated from age to age as well in the imprecations of Danton against the kings of France as in the songs of Schiller which paint the birth of the republic of Switzerland. Every tribune may say to every people the same. Do you seek a king? Your free tribes shall be slaves. Your sons shall be chained to the cars of the king like beasts. You shall be born with the mark of your ignominy, and from the womb of your mother to the womb of the sepulchre you shall be the property of another, like the clods of the field or the cattle of the pasture. You shall go, some before him like harnessed beasts, and some behind him like herds. He shall dispose of your horses and your riders for his pleasure and for his court, for his hatred and his wars. You shall moisten the earth with your sweat, and the fruit shall be his. You shall drench the fields of battle with your blood, and the victory shall be his. You shall sow, and he shall reap. You shall gather in the vintage, and he shall be drunken. You shall beget, and he shall dispose of your sons. No longer shall you call yourselves the elect of the God of Israel, but the eunuchs of the seraglio of the king. Your daughters shall anoint his body, and deliver themselves over to his lusts. You shall be parted, like a flock of sheep, among his courtiers. Your life and your pleasure shall only depend upon his caprice. You shall make soft the cushions upon which he reposes, you shall lick the feet with which he crushes your necks. Your blood, your hon-

or, your heritage, your daughters, and your wives, all shall be the property of the monarch, the lord of Israel, which shall be his domain. And when you ask for this you ask for a gag for your lips, a bridle for your mouths, a collar for your necks, handcuffs for your hands, manacles for your feet, night in your intelligence, death in your hearts, humiliation before God, and dishonor before the world.

These terrible prophecies are fulfilled. The history of the monarchy confirms, from its first to its last pages, all the warnings of the prophet. The king chosen by that people, oblivious of their religion and their republic, grew austere and full of pride as a rebellious angel. He made himself a god. Not contented with the simple political and civil magistracy, he aspired to the religious and sacerdotal magistracy, to oppress under its iron hands body and soul of his imbecile vassals. In vain do the greatest kings rise to that Oriental or pagan throne where God is absent. David alone shines for a moment, but he is a contradiction of the monarchical principles of hereditary transmission and Oriental caste. For David is a shepherd, whom not his birth, but his morality, has exalted. When the hereditary principle appears, there appears with it the crime which is innate in the monarchy, an institution radically contrary to justice. Solomon is the king par excellence. All the gifts of beauty have fallen upon his person, and all the fire and light of science upon his understanding. Distant peoples praise him. The wise men of the East seek him. The kings feel the need of him. Beneath his sceptre rises the Temple of the Living God, crowned by the woods of the cedars of Lebanon; formed of stones cut by the workmen of Tyre; adorned by the iron and bronze and silver and gold of Hiram; sanctified by the Ark of the Covenant; inaugurated by the holocaust of twenty-two thousand oxen and one hundred and twenty-two thousand sheep; enriched by presents brought in ships through the Red Sea from Ophir, in the Orient, from Tarsus, in the West; illuminated by the wisdom of its founder. But as there is nothing in the world so corrupting or so fatal as absolute power, this king, almost divine, corrupts his artist heart with the abominations of vice, weakens his warrior force with the enervation of idleness, stains his cultivated intelligence with the fables of magic, obscures his believing faith with the errors of idolatry, and furnishes another proof that the greatest among men can not be raised to the height of the throne and converted into a species of god without being changed, through this derogation from the laws of nature, into something brutish. And thus the monarchy, from failure to failure, from defeat to defeat, with the first representatives of the dynasty of David de-

stroys the unity of Israel, defeats and disperses the tribes united by the republic, and, with the last, delivers the kingdom to the foreigner, the race to captivity, the Holy City to destruction and sack, the Temple to the flames.

Read the prophets. Isaiah cries: Corrupt generation, ye have left the temple of Jehovah to seek the temple of idols. The head and the heart are sick, the feet are swollen, the members in pain. Children of Israel, ye are all one sore which no ointment can cure and no oil can heal. God desires no burnt-offering. Weary Him not with the smoke of your sacrifices. Jeremiah weeps in desolation: The populous city is solitary. The spouse of kings is a widow; the queen of the peoples is subject to tribute. The soldiers which should roar like lions to defend Zion run like deer. The virgins which praised her with their songs have gone, with shackled hands and feet, captives to the seraglios of the East. Ezekiel sings: Thou wert a vine planted by the waters. Thy leaves gave shade to peoples, and thy stalk was so strong that the kings took it for their sceptre. But the wind of summer has burned thee up as the fire consumes the dry grass. Daniel exclaims: Thy tyrant has raised his image in a golden statue seventy cubits high. The herald calls thee in a loud voice to fall down and worship it upon thy knees. Hosea hears the strident sounds of the trumpets of angels, and the earth moves as if it bore dead offspring in its womb. Joel looks forth and sees no fields. The caterpillar has destroyed the trees, and the locust the crops. The old men sleep no more except for drunkenness, and the women wake no more except for pleasure. The priests are clothed in sackcloth, and the prophets in mourning. The wrath of Heaven has consumed the red flowers of the pomegranate, the fig-tree with its ripe fruit, the vine loaded with grapes, the palm-tree of the desert and its dates of gold. Amos chides Israel because Jehovah had preferred it among all nations, and Israel had denied Jehovah among all gods. Jonas announces the fall of Nineveh after the fall of Jerusalem, and invites the mourners of the world to the burial of the proud cities and the haughty kings. Micah complains that where God placed his house of prayer the children of Jacob have made a house of debauch; where God placed the tables of the law, the children of Jacob the carved stone of Samaria. Nahum sees Jehovah passing with His army of angels. The mountains tremble, and the hills are leveled; at a word the sea is swollen with the tempest, and the rivers forsake their bed. Habakkuk cries, and God hears him not. He seeks God as vainly as incense the heavens. There is no pity for Israel. Zephaniah despairs in a night of thick darkness. The stars are

turned to ashes, and the sun to cinders. The clouds have wept fire. The earth, agitated like a reed, touches the deepest gulfs. Men die like fishes on dry land. Thy wrath, O Jehovah, has passed over Israel. Haggai sees the cars stumbling upon the stones of the highway. The riders lose their horses, and Israel is drowned, like Pharaoh, but in a sea of tears. Malachi curses the people because, after offering voluntary sacrifices to their idols, they wish to offer forced sacrifices to Jehovah. Zachariah sings the hope of Judah, and believes that from the loins of his tribe shall come a just man, and the Lord shall sit once more upon the mountain of Zion.

What becomes of all these prophets, with their souls full of wrath, their lips full of cursing, and their hands full of lightning? They are the defenders of the republican spirit against the tyranny of kings. The king wishes to unite by alliances his people with the idolaters, his God with the pagan deities, his life with that of aliens. But the prophets oppose this. They bear the divine spirit in their minds, they know the divine mission of Israel, destined to guard only one idea, the idea of the unity of God, against the snares of all idolatries, to serve as the root of the religion and the morality of the future world. Thus all their eloquence is employed in cursing the kings and the idols, which are the true gods of kings. Thus they flee to the deserts, they shut themselves up in caverns, communing there with infinity in nature, forging the sharp blade of their speech. They issue forth, clad in sackcloth, into the highways and crossroads, protesting against the tyranny of kings, and causing the light of God to shine upon the peoples. The pages of the Bible have thus poured forth great republican inspirations. Not only has Michael Angelo drawn from them the sublimity of the figures in the Vatican, and Palestrina the cadences of his music; the republican poet Milton, the republican general Cromwell, the republican tribes which were formed in the great cities where the books of God were read, the bands of the Puritans, were indebted to these magnificent maledictions of the prophets, hurled against the kings and the people who worship the kings, for the greater part of their marvelous eloquence.

And thus I say, bringing all these reflections to bear upon my thesis, that the most orthodox schools of Germany, the most Protestant, those who confine themselves to the purest tradition and assume the most uncompromising character, could go no further than an earnest recommendation of the Bible. In the Bible they were recommending a book essentially religious, it is true, but also essentially republican. Besides, all those so-called pious circles, which promoted the religious reaction in

opposition to the criticism of the eighteenth century, were formed of thinkers who agitated the depths of the soul with their religious problems, and who surpassed the orthodox ideal with their hopes of progress. None of them wished to maintain an ignorant people at the foot of an immovable altar, whence the warmth and the light of life had departed. On the contrary, all strove to elevate the soul to the summit of the ideal, rosy and brilliant with a life which certainly did not come from the sun of the sanctuaries. To see this we have only to open any one of the books of the Protestants at this time, or any one of the histories based upon these books. The most recent, for example, is that of the learned Lichtenberg, who, with Reuss and others, has been an ornament to the faculty of theology at Strasburg. It will be seen that the most pious are not the most intolerant, nor those most wedded to the routine of a selfish dogmatism. Bengel ranges himself against tradition, and believes that the knowledge of history is not enough for Christian faith, which takes its nourishment from eternal realities. Oettinger is a mystic rapt in the contemplation of religious ideas. He deprecates the theory of original sin, and recognizes not pure reason, but common-sense, as an organ naturally possessed by man for the comprehension of the eternal and the divine. Common-sense has formed this amphitheatre of celestial ideas, which rise from the lowest to the sublimest things. Zinzendorf reforms the Moravian Brothers, and renews the theories of John Huss, the victim of the emperors and the popes. His adoration for the Second Person of the Trinity leads him almost to regard the human race as divine. Lavater, physician, philosopher, and poet, born and educated in Switzerland, glorifies in his religious effusions the human conscience, and raises liberty to the divine. Pontius Pilate is abominable in his eyes, because he represents qualified skepticism, and because he dares to ask, "What is truth?" But passing for a mystic in the eyes of the rationalists, Lavater turns angrily against miracles, and exalts the laws of nature. The republican poet has songs of democracy mingled, as in the stanzas of the Hebrew prophets, with his prayers to God. Amann was called the Wizard of the North on account of his obscurity. His life was devoted to reconciling the books of divine reason with the natural teachings of human reason; and in his eyes all beings, even those which escape the furthest reach of our telescopes, are, like Christ, at the same time human and divine—*omnia divina et humana omnia*. History is the realization of the eternal thought of God, and from this point of view there can be no people absolutely perverse, as an intolerant orthodoxy would contend. There can be no religion

absolutely erroneous, and no epoch absolutely reprobate. The Hebrew may see in the gods of Greece the courtiers of the king of hell; the Greek may see in the Jews a legion of obscure fanatics; in the eyes of the Roman patrician the Nazarene in the Catacombs may be a rebel deserving to be devoured by the beasts of the circus; in the eyes of the Nazarene all beliefs but the evangelical may be abominations of an understanding darkened by sin. The Catholic may see, from the altars of the Escorial and from the Basilica of St. Peter, in Luther a sensual and drunken monk; and a Protestant from the bare churches of Geneva and Berlin may regard the Pope as the apocalyptic Antichrist who is to destroy the world. Each religion may believe itself absolute truth, each sectarian a perfect man, and amidst all this intolerance, all these wars, all these irreconcilable contradictions, all the hostile schools, all the people in arms against each other, will contribute to realize the thought of God in history, as two armies in war may serve to enrich with their corpses the fields where they fell, because of all their hatreds and angers Mother Nature knows nothing.

Wizenmann goes further still, and renews the thought of Origen. His theology admits no eternal punishment. The spectacle of human suffering would serve to convert Satan. The angel of darkness would share our pains, would drink our tears, and partake of the thirst of the infinite and longing for heaven, and would stretch forth his hands to God, his eyes to the light from which he fell, his thought toward immensity, his heart toward the good, and the breath of the Divine pity would quench the fires of hell, and the angels of darkness would return, crowned with stars, into the ether of heaven. Claudius, the most original and poetic of all these writers, is also a partisan of human reason. He calls it a glow-worm which drags itself over the ground, but from which, sooner or later, will spring forth the angelic and mysterious wings by which it will fly to the infinite.

Compare these theories, full of humanitarian and progressive sentiment, with the theories of our neo-catholics. For these, absurdity and reason are one. The human race outside of the Church is more despicable than the beasts. The three last centuries have been nothing more than ages of ignorance and error. The revolution which promulgated the rights of man has done nothing but continue the works of Satan—pride and rebellion against God. Science, which has shed such light, has done nothing but fill the frail human heart with vanity. The Reformation has been a retrogression, the Renaissance the apotheosis of the sensuality of paganism, Raphael an idolater, civil monarchies the reactionary des-

potism of the East, and the democratic republics a demagogy without God and without restraint. There can be no salvation for the world except by returning to the Middle Ages, with their theocracies on the throne, their people in the dust, their cloisters full of penitents, their crusaders receiving from the Church their word of war and sword of battle, their popes raised to demi-urgic gods, kings between heaven and earth.

VII.

The eighteenth century continues the work of the education of the human race, a work which must end, whether the reactionists like it or not, logically and naturally, in the universal republic. Two books fascinated this age—two books which may be belittled by modern criticism, but which can not be judged except in view of the moment in which they appeared, the situation of the world, and the state of the public mind. The philosopher Kant was a kind of mechanical man. Ideas had calcined his bones, and human passions had never penetrated his breast. He never knew any love. No woman with her tenderness ever illuminated this man, strong but cold as iron. Every day at the same hour he went for his walk with the regularity and precision of the automatic figures of a clock. Once during two or three days he did not leave his house. Was he ill? As passions never attacked his soul, sickness never attacked his body. He had a health which in view of its solidity might be called mineral. For two or three days he did not leave his house because he could not lay down a book then just published, the *Émile* of Rousseau.

The blind malice of party may say what it likes against the author, but it can not take away from him the unfading glory of having agitated with maternal sentiments the hardest hearts of his age. From the time of Plato no one had spoken so eloquently, so passionately, so luminously. His ideas took shape in that form of beauty which, according to the sublime founder of the Academy, is the eternal splendor of truth. The French language appeared under the pen of Rousseau like the marble of Paros under the chisel of Phidias. From that golden cup overflowed the intoxicating wine of great revolutionary sentiments. Humanity came together as in the first day of our religious redemption, as in the Christmas at Bethlehem, around the cradle of the Child, fragile, tender, and little, but carrying in his rosy hands the world of the future, and reflecting in his heavenly eyes the horizon of new and redeeming ideas. The mother, lost in social life, rejecting her maternal duties through a false idea of morals and of health, came with her full breast charged with natural nourishment to feed her children, and, with her heart all love,

all poetry, and all religion, to rear and educate them for the work of life and the priesthood of liberty. Regenerated nature rose from the tomb where theocracy had held it for dead, and in its resurrection, as beautiful as the resurrection of butterflies in spring, it declared that evil was merely an accident, and that it had the right to call itself the holy mother-soul, the supreme good, as God is the supreme justice. Above all this scale of ideas, the greatest, the most enduring, the most divine, rose the idea, almost denied in the different religious sects through the semi-fatalist principle of grace—the idea of moral liberty, which gave strength to man, hope to progress, life to science itself, the doctrine, the ideal, of the revolution and the republic. This marvelous book, with all its errors, defects, and imperfections, put before the world the humanitarian question of education.

The other book which powerfully impressed the eighteenth century is the book of Daniel De Foe, an unfortunate writer whom the intolerance of the times had even imprisoned for his writings, after having barbarously cut off his ears in the pillory. His book, *Robinson Crusoe*, has passed, like that of Cervantes, into the common thought of the human race, and the proverbial language of all peoples. It is the poem of nature conquered by the force of labor. In Robinson's struggle with the sea there is nothing of the epic legendary character of those combats described by Camoens in his *Lusiad*. It is a real struggle, coolly described, based upon calculation, proved by documents—the struggle of a prosaic English merchant who is merely seeking gold for himself, goods for his family, furniture for his house, support for his old age, in his conquest of the ocean. And one day the wind beats him, the sea seizes him, the tempest throws him upon a desert strand, and there he is, alone, abandoned, without any resource except the strength of his arms, without any hope except in the God of his Bible. He grapples with nature as he has always done. He tears up the trees, he polishes the stones, he weaves the filaments of plants, and moistens the ground with his sweat. He trains animals, and makes hostile forces useful. He opens channels, he carves boats, he chains wild beasts, he sows and reaps and grinds. He accumulates continually, never counting the difficulties, never yielding to perils, sure of his divine right over creation, and of the unquestionable force of his will. And thus this man, exploring the pathless woods, plowing the virgin seas, taming untamed animals, subjugating rebellious creation, shows the invincible force of individual liberty and the sacred legitimacy of his authority over the earth. De Foe's hero is no fantastic one. When we pause to contemplate that poor

Quaker, reared in the wilderness, born in a cabin, with no patrimony but his liberty, and no education but his Bible, the wood-chopper in the primitive forests of North America, the boatman on the waters of the Ohio and the Mississippi, who, through the force of his sovereign will and a miracle of his democratic republic, burst the fetters of circumstance, and rose through the obstructions of society to the summit of the modern world, the Capitol at Washington, to be there the Moses and redeemer of the negroes, to bury the last remains of a barbarous patriate, and to break the last fetters of slavery, we can not but recognize that the hero of the novel of the eighteenth century, the solitary worker who creates an existence for himself by inner struggles, and who subjugates nature to his hand and law to his thought, is a living reality in the glorious history of our modern liberties. The book could not fail to impress its time and the generations which received, and devoured it, because its message was that there are no elements strong enough to resist the human will when it is employed with energy and educated with perseverance.

Education began to be at that time a great problem in Germany, and to assume an essentially republican character. The first name which is indissolubly connected with this new impulse of the modern spirit toward liberty is that of Basedow. Very different judgments have been written and entertained of this man. While Michelet calls him illustrious, Herder says that his whole secret consisted in saying that he could create in ten years forests which needed a hundred, and that for his part he would not give him men or oxen to educate. Goethe adds, "Basedow, who regards the whole world as ill-educated, is himself a man of the worst possible education." There were certainly great defects in his intelligence and vices in his life, but the pedagogue who began the revolutionary work of republican education had two merits: first, that of awakening in the soul the idea that it had within itself sufficient to enlighten and moralize it and lead it to good; and second, that of carefully preventing superstition from taking possession of the understanding and of perverting it in its earliest years, so that man should be compelled to pass half his life in destroying the work and the belief of the other half. Thus Basedow peremptorily prohibited the instruction of children in any revealed religion, limiting himself to awakening in them the moral conscience, and to strengthening their bodies by gymnastic exercises and their characters by liberal sentiments.

This impulse which modern education had received from the works of Daniel De Foe and of Jean Jacques Rousseau, and from the labors of Basedow, was fruitful in books,

in plans and projects, which all tended to the education of infancy, and to fixing in children the idea of liberty. Salzmann strove heroically for the new ideas. Although a priest, he thundered with great eloquence and justice against the narrow orthodox education which crushed the understanding of youth under the weight of tradition, loaded their memories with innumerable verses of the Bible, and perverted their character by religious observances of no importance to religion or life. Campe, the imitator of De Foe, freed education from the sentimentalism apparent in Salzmann. He turns against poetry, calling it a lantern lighted in the face of the sun, and desires that men should have the faith of Robinson Crusoe in his rights, in his strength, in his command over nature.

The man who personifies most justly this great pedagogic revolution is the immortal Pestalozzi. Fichte, in his address to the German nation, presented as the regenerated school of his race the system of this saint. And, in fact, no one has so distinguished the individual faculties which predominate at each age, nor has seen so clearly the shortest road to arrive at these faculties, to increase them in daily exercise, and enlighten them with the currents of science. If, when sentiment predominates in man, at the age when he is attached to nature and home, you educate the intelligence; if when, as in the youth, the fancy predominates, while the fervor of the blood and the restlessness of the spirit lead him to passion and combat, in opposition to every thing that surrounds him, from the necessity of creating a world of his own—if at this critical time you educate the reason, and when the age of reason arrives, and with it the often bitter fruits of life, when the flowers are dried and the butterflies have ceased to flutter around them, if you strive to educate the sentiments and the imagination, you will make of the man an artificial being without succeeding in subjugating the inaccessible, unteachable, mysterious nature. As fruits are first seed, germ, and flower, ideas must be sensations and notions before arriving at their absolute unconditionality. And if you educate in the child, the child and not the man, the faculties of the child by symbols within his reach, by narrations which please and refresh him, you plant in his individual soul with certainty the germs of the universal human soul.

Who is it that truly educates the child in humanity? Who possesses this divine ministry? The mother. She is the prophetess who foresees the future life, the sibyl who sounds the mysteries of the spirit, the Muse who brings to the heart human inspirations, the sorceress who fills with sweet and pious legends all our fancy, the priestess who

raises the conscience to the regions of infinity. From the moment when she feels her child beneath her heart it appears as if spirit and nature revealed themselves to her mind to assist her in her divine office, and thus she appropriates all ideas to the child, as the bird weaves all the rustic objects gathered in the fields to form the soft nest of her beloved offspring. The mother knows instinctively the laws of health by which to preserve her child from the inclemencies of the world, the medicine with which to treat its constant infirmities, the morality which is to sustain it in its future struggles, the literature which is to embellish its days, the religion which is to convert it into a being superior to all others of nature, and which is to bear it to the bosom of the Infinite. All the child needs in its early years the mother bears in her intelligence, as she bears in her breast its only nourishment. Let us make of the school a mother. This is the thought of Pestalozzi.

Such a man could not be born, nor live, nor be educated, except in a republic. The republican cities are those which have contributed most to the education of the human race. If we survey all the ages of history, we shall find that the human race has been formed by those cities. Every one of them brought its treasures to the common riches of humanity; Athens her statues, Rome her laws, Florence the arts of the Renaissance, Genoa the bill of exchange for commerce, Venice the compass, Palermo the telescope, Strasburg the printing-press—all of them the idea. Modern nations would never have arrived at their perfect development if Providence had not scattered, like grains of salt, these little republics among them. All the intellectual movement of France in the sixteenth century would have been lost had there not been a Geneva to receive Calvin. Perhaps England would have fallen into the hands of the Catholic reaction, as a fief of the Stuarts, had Holland not been there to produce the House of Orange. And in the intellectual life of Germany a powerful influence has been exerted by the republican cities of Switzerland, and especially Zurich. There Schelling and Fichte lived; there Klopstock and Gessner wrote; there Lavater formed a species of intellectual centre, the focus where many rays of light converged; there Pestalozzi was educated. But his first school was founded on the banks of the Lake of the Four Cantons. This beautiful object has that additional splendor in our eyes, and that additional sanctity in our memories. Once seen, it is never forgotten. At the extreme north Lucerne, with its Gothic towers, its pictured bridges, among which the Saar hurls its green and foaming waters; at one side Pilatus, severe, abrupt, seamed with chasms, as if its barrenness could only give

birth to storms; opposite Pilatus the Righi, peaceful, tranquil, covered with orchards and villas, like an Italian mountain sung by Horace or by Virgil; between these two peaks, like an amphitheatre of gigantic diamonds, the range of the Oberland, which reflects and repeats in the crystals of its eternal snows the light of day; and in the distance the lake, full of coves and ports and villages which lie scattered among green meadows and the woods of Alpine pine—a marvelous spectacle, indescribable, whose like does not exist upon the planet; for nowhere else are seen in so narrow space contrasts so great, and nowhere are the beautiful and the sublime brought so closely together. And when sailing upon the heavenly surface of its waters you hear the tinkling of the herds mingling with the song of the shepherds, the cry of the boatmen, and the echoes of the village bell, imagination transports you to the time when those peasants and those boatmen swore, as if inspired by all this grandeur, to establish independence, democracy, and the republic. And they founded them, directed by William Tell, more living still than all that life, grander than all these Alps, and more poetical than that incomparable lake, because his hand placed there above the miracles of nature the greater wonders of liberty.

Through these beautiful scenes passed the war of 1798, and left its desolation and its horrors. It was the month of September. The French wished to impose a unitary constitution, which these federal regions rejected. A powerful resistance was organized. The peasants went forth to defend their liberties and their rights, as the Alpine eagles defend their nests and their young; but the French were implacable. One-fourth of those who went out to bar their passage remained dead in the fields; the rest fled, and were scattered through the forests. Among the corpses were found two hundred women and twenty-five children. The church was violated; its altars were reddened with blood, its vault torn by discharges of musketry. Seventy-five of the faithful who had taken refuge there were barbarously slaughtered. The priest who said mass was laid by a shot at the foot of his altar and his chalice. The city was sacked, and five hundred and eighty houses in the suburbs reduced to ashes.

In the midst of this desolation, in the month of October, fifteen days after the catastrophe, Pestalozzi appeared among those smoking ruins. His heart was as full of sadness as the soil at his feet. And in truth the state of these regions could not be worse. Villages torn up by the roots, as if Attila had passed that way; forests of living trees transformed into forests of charred stems; farm-houses and workshops completely destroyed; herds of domestic animals con-

sumed or scattered; solitude every where, for the inhabitants had fled from that land of disaster; the church sacked and violated; unburied corpses rotting in the fields, attracting carrion birds. There, in one of these half-ruined buildings, blackened with smoke, without doors or windows, still stained with blood, Pestalozzi brought together the children, hungry, pale, sick, full of sores, trembling in their rags with cold and with fear. But this man was like Jesus, delighting in the company of children, in contemplating their clear eyes and drinking their innocent smile, divining the future man contained in their little bodies, and the future world which this man was to create, devoted with all the anxiety of a mother to infancy and innocence.

An Italian by race, his soul contained the contrasts of the Italian soil in the Alps, where the ferns of the North were mingled with the orange blossoms of the South. German in his language, in his intellectual culture, and in his German birth-place, Zurich; republican by birth and conviction, a revolutionist and a reformer, always at war with the privileges of the aristocracy, and always devotedly attached to the human principle of equality; reared by a loving mother, at whose side his infancy was passed, and who had infused in him a part of her delicate feminine soul; married in early life to an heiress whom he had ruined in works of charity and beneficence; sustained in his adversity by two old servants of his father's house who loved him like mothers—this redeemer went from town to town seeking out the ignorant and poor, educating and supporting them, adopting orphans, begging, if it were necessary, for means to feed the hungry: the philosopher of action, the poet of life, the tribune of infancy, the divine and immortal child of nature.

He was no student. His book was the universe. No printed letter could be compared with a golden star. No poem wrapped in the shroud of its paper leaves could be compared with the poem of the Alps when their silvery summits were gilded by the light of dawn or the rosy reflex of the evening twilight. No book was there so grand or so profound as the human conscience, no poetry so fine or so tender as that of the heart in its sympathy for the unfortunate. To unite them in one school, which should be as loving as a mother, as careful as Providence, as holy as the Church; to separate them, first, from every artificial revelation which should not proceed from the conscience and from the universe; to annihilate in them the sentiment of privilege and the ideas and traditions of caste; to open a wide field for every soul to realize its destiny, to oblige some to be the teachers of others, and all to communicate their ideas mutually, as the stars communicate their light through immensity; to

make them labor in spring and summer in the fields, to cultivate plants and flowers, and to harvest the fruits, and in winter to enter the workshops and practice manual arts by which they could learn all the difficulties and the satisfactions of labor; to teach them to sing in chorus hymns of gratitude to the Creator, and of devotion to liberty and to country; to lead them to form with the mould of the garden and with the bits of timber rejected from their work outlines, first of their school, then of the village, then the canton, the country, Europe, and the world; to give them ideas of number and denominations, first through symbols, until their minds were mature enough to define and classify ideas; to remind them that they lived in nature to make it beautiful, in society to be of service, and in the hand of God to imitate Him and repeat Him in His works: to attempt all this and to accomplish all this without any motive but good, without any end but justice, nor other hope than the satisfaction of the conscience, or perhaps a word in history: to transfigure in this way himself and all around him was to create with a word the germ of the new social world, and thus he well merits the eternal memory and the everlasting applause of grateful humanity.

Like all extraordinary men, he was also the victim of extraordinary misfortunes. The Catholics persecuted him from their cantons on account of his Protestant origin. The Protestants charged him with a neglect of religion. Illustrious men despised his simple science. His own disciples, like those of the Saviour, were ungrateful. The pietist reaction which began under the empire, and in the early years of this strange nineteenth century, surrounded, besieged, suffocated him. The great Michelet has related in his inimitable style the last days of this genius. Unable to endure the tyrannies of the theocratic reaction and the enmity of hypocrites, he went from his last establishment, Iverdun, to the mountains of the Jura, to live alone with his conscience, with God, and with nature, that mysterious trinity to which he had offered the sacrifice of his life. One day, when he was more than eighty years old, he descended to the school founded according to his ideas and his method. The children of both sexes, who owed their new soul to the ideas of this man, went out to receive him, singing hymns and begging his holy benediction. One of them advanced to offer him a simple crown of oak. Not for him, he said: crown with it innocence, the only thing holy upon earth. No, this is not true. There is something holier than innocence, something grander than paradise here in this world. It is the man who has known all the seductions of life and has despised them to consecrate himself to the worship of humanity, who has

made of truth his religion, of charity his love, of justice his inseparable choice, and of the unfortunate and the oppressed the sole objects of his thought and his desires. This is what is holiest and divinest in history. The men whose conduct is like this may suffer in life and in death, but they suffer because Providence wills that they shall be like their brother geniuses in the succession of ages—martyrs and redeemers.

"ON THE CIRCUIT."

DÉSIRÉE pulled her hat down over her face—a fair round little face, with a delicate bloom upon it—and leaning farther over the low gate, looked in a troubled, pathetic sort of way up the white dusty road. It was a hot summer day, and so the road looked especially white and dusty. It was far too hot to be pleasant, Désirée thought. The roses in the garden seemed to burn upon the bushes; those climbing upon the arch over the gate actually flamed and panted when a faint breath of air touched them: at least this was Désirée's fancy about them; but then the truth was, Désirée was not quite herself this afternoon. She had been happy enough this morning when she had risen. Life had looked a different matter to her then. She had gone to her small window and thrown it open with an indrawn breath of delight. The roses had been heavy and wet with fragrant dew; the thick long grass had sparkled with it, the carnations and sweet old-fashioned clove-pinks had worn crowns of it, the bluebirds and swallows had seemed to shake it from their joyous wings. And Désirée, leaning from her bedroom window, and drawing in that ecstatic morning breath, had felt the fine, subtle influence of dew and sweet air, fragrance and song of bird, actually tingling in her young veins.

"I will finish my work early," she had said softly to herself. "I will have the churning over and the house tidy in good time, so that I can dress as soon as dinner is out of the way. And then," with a sigh of innocent anticipation, "I shall have all the rest of the day to myself if he comes; and he said he would. Besides, didn't Bart give it out in meeting?"

She had arranged her own room for the day before going down stairs; it was so early that she had time to do it. And after she had set every thing in order she had gone to her trunk and taken out the pink gingham to lay it ready upon the bed. Perhaps, too, she wanted to take a last look at it. It was so pretty, so fresh, and, in a way of its own, so suggestive of the day's coming happiness! She had never worn it before, and it was so nice to think of first wearing it on this particular day, when there would be somebody to see it who could appreciate its prettiness—some one who had said a few weeks ago,

"Désirée, you are like a blush-rose in its first bloom." She had thought of that speech when she chose the pink dress rather than a blue one. Would not a pink dress make her look more like a rose than ever? So there it lay upon the bed, and Désirée stood and regarded it with growing pleasure, feeling a little excited in prospective, her little brown head on one side, like a robin's, her brightest bloom upon her soft round cheeks.

But before half the morning had passed over every thing had changed. She had got the churning out of the way, and cleared the kitchen, and was just standing at the back-door feeding her pet brood of chickens—round, plump little downy things, a little like herself in type—when her grandmother came out on to the porch and spoke to her.

"Desire," she said, in her plaintive, melancholy tone (she never called the child by her pretty French name—the name her young mother had chosen out of one of her secretly read romances: Mrs. Reid was inclined to regard every thing French as dangerous and worldly)—"Desire," she said, "you are trying to tan yourself again."

"But I might try a long time without succeeding," answered Désirée, cheerfully, her happy mood defying even grandmother to disturb it. "You know I don't tan, granny."

Mrs. Reid regarded her discontentedly.

"Bart says—" she began.

Désirée's cheeks caught an extra glow of pink all at once. She did not want to hear about Bart.

"Bart is always saying something," she spoke up, a trifle pettishly.

"Desire," returned Mrs. Reid, in a monotonous sort of disapproval, "I am afraid you are growing very worldly and unbridled of speech. You were not always so uncharitably minded toward Bart. It is not becoming to you either. What he said was nothing concerning you; it was only about the young man from Hamlinford—that Mr. Ruysland."

Désirée bent lower over her chickens. She quite felt her heart beat in her throat. Oh dear, how sharp and bad-tempered she was, and what a mistake she had made! What might she not have missed hearing, all through her own evil tendencies! It would be a just punishment if granny kept the rest to herself. She felt almost tearful about it. She was such a sensitive, childish little creature that the tears were never very far from her dark soft eyes.

"Now, Blackwing, don't be greedy!" she faltered, faintly, to fill up the pause, as it were; "Brighteye and Speckle want some."

"Bart only said," ended Mrs. Reid, "that he had been called away."

Désirée forgot her chickens that instant. She stood up, with her eyes wide open, the picture of fear and wonder.