

"Not yet." She shrank, abashed, from the proposition.

Frau Mittler, large-hearted, if cramped by worldly circumstance, did not fail distressed innocence, but welcomed Elsa to her domain, including shop, children, sour-kROUT, and beer.

Christmas comes again in the guise of a royal bride, wearing robes of unsullied ermine and gems of icicles. The song birds have vanished; but for our Lohengrin the swan boat, dim, mysterious, an unseen presence, is drawing near. He has fought the battle, so poor in detail, so noble in aim, and laid aside his weapon. The studio is barren, his very couch a mean pallet; but there is a wedding-ring on Elsa's finger, and in

her heart she may wail, with that other Elsa, "*Mio sposo!*"

There is triumph in the fading eyes as he murmurs, "The money will take you to Leipzig. I always meant it for that."

Mr. Fitzroy Hammond has played his part in the tragedy by purchasing the picture "*Vergissmeinnicht*," without knowing the painter in the transaction. Frau Mittler stands by the door sobbing audibly.

"He needed bread more than once," says the photographer.

Nearer comes death over the swan path, and pauses at the threshold for the precious freight. Where shall we find our Lohengrin, except as a stainless soul that has gained immortality?

THE REPUBLICAN MOVEMENT IN EUROPE.

By EMILIO CASTELAR.

[Fifteenth Paper.]

III.—THE GERMANIC PEOPLES.—(Continued.) RELIGIOUS IDEAS.—VIII.

THE eighteenth century had completed its work in founding democratic education, which in subsequent times was to bring forth its necessary results. The beginning of the nineteenth century was marked by a shameful reaction. It is not in our power to change certain social laws, whose reason our intelligence does not comprehend, but whose fatal force we feel. The French revolution had had, like humanity, its paradise; 1789 will always be the date of this marvelous time. All hopes smiled upon it, all hearts saluted it, all thinkers saw infinite horizons filled with light. But progress does not pursue a straight line. Humanity does not advance regularly. Revolutions are succeeded by reactions, as if the world were a pendulum. There are in society forces which impel it forward, and others which pull it backward. There is steam and restraint, as in our locomotives. As a general rule, the philosophers are those who drive forward, without regarding obstacles, forever following an ideal plan. But statesmen are those who restrain, having to realize their plans, and needing for that purpose much time and space, because the world which we have to deal with is occupied by ancient institutions, often strong and deep rooted. New ideas have, therefore, their inconveniences, the new life its weakness, and it is with new institutions in society as with new beings in nature—they are liable to sudden death. Thus the French revolution brought with it the evil of demagoguery, that is to say, an excess of democracy. The kings, who hated equally democracy and demagoguery, sought in the errors of the latter the pretext to destroy the rights of the former. When war broke

out, democracy was forced to go to war. Going to war, it became military. Becoming military, it had to give itself a chief, and this chief restored the monarchy as a punishment of demagogic sins, and dethroned the kings to punish the sins of the monarchy. Germany was conquered. The kings had wished to keep their people slaves, and slaves have no sentiment of patriotism. The great revolution had only gilded with its rays the summits of intelligence. The philosophers, the kings of the understanding, comprehended that it was necessary to convert abstractions into social realities, to leaven with ideas the daily bread of the peoples. The hereditary kings understood also that to create soldiers it was necessary first to create citizens, and that the divine principle of liberty alone had creative force. Promises of reform fell from the throne during the war of independence, promises which were recalled or forgotten after victory. The tyrants broke the faith they had promised and sworn to the dead, to those who had fallen contented, not only for the political father-land, but also for the ideal father-land of right. The only result of the war of independence was the reign of the Holy Alliance, an ignominy as shameful as the conquest.

Then came a religious reaction. Many believe that these misfortunes were due to the neglect of the Protestant religion. Hence came a mysticism which took possession of all minds. From this came singular and incomprehensible results, like, for instance, the *Genius of Christianity*, a book of excellent literary style, and of no scientific value. But hands were raised to heaven imploring peace and pity for the world. A multitude of sophistries aided the political reaction. There are similar eras in history. When

the ancient civilization fell, more through its internal rottenness than through the assault of the barbarians, the priests all at once returned to the temples of the gods, opened them once more, showing the porches without offerings, the altars without victims and without fires, attributing to the decay of faith the decay of power and of victory. Thus the antique was again brought before the modern world. The power and the social forces of the ancient religions, with all their symbolism, were again brought forward. But others were not satisfied with this archaeological reaction in the mere sphere of science. They wished to bring reaction through science to life. There were those who held that souls might be separated from their bodies and live by themselves, returning when they chose to the earth; that the belief in ghosts was perfectly legitimate. Others still more demented tried to prove that phantoms were as numerous and as actual as human beings, and that one might distinguish the condemned souls from the beatified, because the former were green and the latter yellow. The nineteenth century began mournfully. From those lofty heights where the ideas of right and of justice shone, where the idea of humanity and the universal spirit had birth, it had fallen into the depths where the lepers of the Middle Ages grovelled with their nervous infirmities, their motiveless terrors, their senseless apparitions, their dreams of madness, contradicting nature, conspiring against progress, and insulting to God.

In this religious crisis there appeared two schools, which, outside of their theological character, were to have a powerful influence in the political movement. One of them was the school of Jena, and the other of Tübingen. Both wished to revive the religious spirit, and for that purpose wished to eliminate from religion all that could offend the universal character or belief of the nineteenth century. There is in religion an element which has always been necessary and indispensable, and which is yet the rock upon which all its apologists have come to wreck, the element of miracle. If you sustain it, it is impossible to come to an understanding with an age so advanced as this in physical and natural science, and if you eliminate it, it is impossible to sustain a religion born of miracle, promulgated and diffused by miracle. These difficulties presented themselves to the eyes of the thinkers of both these schools. Those of Jena contradicted or resolutely denied miracle, or explained it in such a manner by natural means that it vanished and disappeared. Those of Tübingen showed a more conciliatory spirit, comprehending that they would despoil religion of its essence in robbing it of miracle.

The first tendency, that which extirpates the miracle from nature and from religion, is called the rationalist tendency. The most warlike among the rationalist theologians is the celebrated John Frederic Röhr, who, from the end of the last century to the middle of this, fought with an energy which bordered upon rudeness all those who supported what he called the mythological part of Christianity. In the eyes of this severe writer the angels who surrounded the cradle of the Saviour and awoke the sleeping shepherds, the flight into Egypt through the grace and the special protection of Providence, the jars of Cana in which water was turned into wine, the miraculous multiplication of the loaves and fishes, the walking of Christ over the tempestuous waters of the sea, the stones which were rent with the agony of His hour of death, the women who had heard the story of His resurrection, the meeting with the disciples after He had burst his shroud, the apotheosis on Mount Tabor illuminated by a strange new light from heaven—all this miraculous part of Christianity is purely fantastical, created by the necessities of preaching, and believed by the superstition of the time. Reason, and reason alone, should be the criterion in religious as in scientific matters. All which is repugnant to reason as false should be rejected from theology as irreligious. Religion has for its sole ministry in history the establishment of morality in life. The substance of Christianity reduces itself to various essential dogmas—the existence of God and His attributes, the spirituality of the soul and its immortality. Christology, with all its miracles, is merely a legend full of beauties, but lacking in truth, fitted to diffuse a doctrine among youthful peoples of ardent blood and passionate heart and exalted fancy, for whom belief, like the universe, is full of marvels. But we children of reason, possessors of liberty, princes of science, for whom nature has gained in sublimity all that it has lost in fantastic marvels, and for whom history has gained in grandeur what it has lost in miraculous interventions—we do not require that Christ should bear above His brow the mystic aureole of the supernatural. It is enough for us to follow Him and believe Him; to imitate His spotless life, His heroic death, the stainless morality of His actions, the unshadowed purity of His principles, the poetry which falls from His lips upon the thirsting earth and the desolate conscience, and which raises, like vapors warmed by the sun, all souls desirous to know the truth and to lose themselves in the loving bosom of the Eternal.

The man who tried with most energy to explain rationally the pages of the Gospel was Dr. Paulus. His father was so given up to the exaggerations of mysticism that

he was regarded as mad by a great part of the world, and as a heretic by the Church itself. Paulus therefore decided, with a just repugnance to the education he had received, never to neglect reason and its inspirations either in philosophy or theology, or any other human science. Pure in life, severe in morals, of an ardent liberalism, a partisan of justice as much in religion as in politics, he followed out his ideas with singular constancy to the very hour of his death. He did more than Röhrl: he attempted to explain all miracles according to historical and natural laws. His principle of criticism is the following: Only that is certain in historical reality which is possible in speculative reason. Consequently every thing which can be admitted as a miracle must be explained as natural. According to the exegesis of Paulus, the angels of Bethlehem were phosphorescent apparitions like those which shine in the long nights of winter in pasture lands; the miraculous cures were the effect of medicines either unknown to or forgotten by the evangelists; the expulsion of devils was by natural remedies for insanity; the resurrection of the dead was the resuscitation of cataleptic or lethargic patients; the miracle of Cana an after-dinner jest of a merry wedding-day; the march of Jesus over the waves the faulty translation of the particle *ἐν* in the Greek, which means "about" as well as "upon;" and the transfiguration of Christ on the mystic heights of Tabor was a series of magnetic nervous hallucinations, natural enough in Oriental climates and among fasting men.

The two thinkers whom we have mentioned personify the living ideas of the theological school of Jena. In the school of Tübingen, while the essence of rationalism is not lost, the principle of supernatural revelation is more carefully guarded. It is true that nothing contrary to reason is to be admitted, but it is also true that reason never would have arrived at its present maturity without the two revelations of the Bible and the Gospel, just as man does not arrive at his complete development without first being nourished in the womb of his mother and after birth fed at the maternal breast. Revelation, therefore, a supernatural revelation, is necessary for the light of the intelligence and the morality of life. Christ is man and God at once. His life is consequently human and divine, His teaching appropriate to all time and to the historic moment in which He appeared. His purpose was the perfecting of man; and perfection consists in receiving all His doctrines, and concentrating them as in a focus in our intelligence, in regarding and studying and meditating upon His actions, and reproducing them, as in a mirror, in our life.

The chief idea of the school appears nevertheless a little vague and lacking in color,

insisting as it does that the most essential thing in Christian doctrine is to believe that Christ is more than we, and that He is not we nor we He. Thus the school of Tübingen counsels religion without superstition, faith without mysticism, piety without exaggeration, and self-sacrifice without monastic penances, the worship of the past without the spirit of the reaction, hope in the future without demagogic Utopias, reason without rationalism, and religion without exclusive devotion to the supernatural and the theological.

This tendency would naturally engender a species of superior eclecticism and a close union between the extremes of the school of Jena and of Tübingen. As there are therefore many theologians who represent the school of Tübingen—and the one who most justly personifies its theory is the theologian Steudel—there are also many theologians of the compromise we have mentioned, and its fairest representative is the theologian Wethe. His first principle, by which all his doctrine is explained, consists in the recognition of another criterion in addition to the rational—a criterion which may be called that of the sentiment and of the heart, and which teaches us through a species of inexplicable magnetism which has something of the supernatural and the divine. His historical method is that which condemns and extirpates miracle. It is useless to discuss the books of the Old Testament, as there are no means of ascertaining either their authenticity or their date. The last books of the Pentateuch were written in the time of Josiah, and the author of the Chronicles recomposed and edited the Book of Kings and of Samuel for the benefit of theocracy. The Psalms of David are not all the work of the prophet-king, nor have they all the Messianic character which a narrow *a priori* criticism has attributed to them. He thus applies to the history of religion the same method which Niebuhr applied to the Roman history and Wolf to the history of Homer. You may imagine how much of reality would remain in this history of religion when examined in the spirit which sees in the early annals of the Eternal City mere fragments of a lost epic, and in its kings symbols of ideas and classes at war, and in that spirit which, taking account of the immense difference between the civilization of the *Iliad* and that of the *Odyssey*, effaces from reality the person of Homer, the poet of the people, blind as poesy, musical as inspiration, who goes from door to door and from town to town repeating to the sound of his harp, in melodious verse, the exploits of gods and men, creating the immortal soul of ancient Greece. Though it may be that in this compromise the dogmatic system and the divine character of Christ may be preserved, the historical and traditional por-

tion of Christianity must be immediately lost.

The chief of the religious compromise between the school of Jena and the school of Tübingen possessed, profoundly rooted in his conscience and heart, liberal ideas and sentiments. These were the melancholy years which followed the reaction of 1819, when the Holy Alliance of the kings and emperors of the North held its sinister dominion over the world. The Congress of Aix, the sequel of the Congress of Vienna, the forerunner of the Congress of Verona, the disastrous councils of dying tyranny, had buried all the hopes of Germany. As the kings had no longer need of the people to combat the genius of conquest and war, they fettered them anew at the foot of thrones and altars. This work of universal slavery and reaction was headed by the Czar of Russia, at one time the dreamer of liberal revolutions, at another the hard-hearted executioner of democracy and liberty. The youth of Germany, who, taught by their poets and philosophers, dreamed of social regeneration, raged furiously against the policy of kings, resolved to redeem the people from their yoke. Alexander had as his consul-general in Germany, richly salaried, continually consulted, Kotzebue, a German writer of indisputable merit, of remarkable fecundity, excelling in lyric poetry, notable in dramatic; of a bitter, dextrous, critical faculty; a veteran combatant in polemic warfare, but despicable in character; sold to the enemies of liberty and the country; fickle in ideas—liberal for a moment when the voice of God was heard in his conscience, absolutist when the gold of tyrants seduced his appetites; devoted in Germany to the injury of the nation, to libeling its most renowned sons, to calumniating the German youth, to sustaining that wretched policy filled with sensual mysticism and designed to imbrute the coming generation. The German youth had a greater abhorrence of this creature of kings, this German-born Russian, than for the kings themselves, or for the earthly god of kings, the Emperor of all the Russias. A young student became maddened with the gall of this national wrath. Young but studious, with ideas confused but liberal, with patriotic but exaggerated sentiments, having read and admired the severe type of Brutus in ancient history, he believed himself of his own right judge of tyrants and their accomplices, minister and executioner of the sentence pronounced against them by human and divine justice, and, invoking the name of the country, he resolved to die for it. With a resolution sharpened upon his cold and rigid will, he made ready a dagger and proceeded to Mannheim, where he entered the house of the apostate poet and stabbed him to death at his feet, believing himself more sacred from that moment, a worthier

member of humanity, a holier child of God. This crime struck the royalists with horror, and greatly injured the cause of the people. It can never be justified. It was a crime, and as a crime should be forever condemned by the human conscience and execrated in human history. But oppressed peoples' oppressed consciences are in the habit of appealing to crime to break their fetters, and at certain moments the most honorable hearts feel an inexplicable tenderness for these great criminals. It was so with Wethe. To console the mother of young Sand, who was executed on the gallows, he said to her that, though the act in its moral character was objectionable, considered in itself and achieved by a pure and pious youth, one of liberal convictions and of confidence in the future, it was a promise of better times for the country. This letter caused his dismissal from his professorship. The theologian continued to devote himself to the conciliation of reason with revelation, of faith with liberty, of democracy with the Gospel. In 1842 he died, without having interrupted for a single moment his sublime work. The following words of Wethe are worth remembering: "I have sowed the seed, but I know not when the grain will ripen. How rare is the faculty of comprehending and applying what we learn in life! I have lived in troubled times, which have seen the union of believers broken. I have mingled in the struggle and the contest in vain, for I could not bring it to an end. I have fought for justice and for liberty, and I shall still fight. For me this struggle was a necessity of the heart. I have suffered much, but I should still be glad to suffer more for justice and liberty."

IX.

The period which we are describing is undoubtedly one of the most fruitful in great teachings, in gigantic intellectual efforts, and in authors of the first consequence, as well for richness of ideas as for beauty of style. After having first attempted to harmonize reason and revelation, they afterward tried to harmonize the two churches which divided Protestantism. As Wethe headed the work of conciliation between the two schools of Jena and Tübingen, Schleiermacher led the work of harmonizing the two Protestant churches—a work known under the expressive name of the Evangelical Union. You can not open a book of Protestant theory or criticism without finding in it the highest praise of the orator, philosopher, and apologist of whom we are speaking. His passage over Germany left ineffaceable traces in the German conscience. The pious applaud his pure conceptions of religion, and the style, at once sober and eloquent, in which he expressed them. Philosophers praised the

pure independence of his thought and the candid ingenuity with which he formulated and diffused it. The men of letters admired that oratorical power which appeared to enjoy, like the Apostles at Pentecost, the gift of tongues. The historians paused before that crisis which he determined and signalized as one of the grandest and finest phases of the German spirit. He is one of those figures which are seen, like lofty mountains, from great distances and from many different points. The political movement itself is connected in various respects with his name and his influence, as he protested against the tyranny of the conquerors, and vindicated the liberty of the Germans, proposed the separation of church and state, contended that as the priests could not assume the crown of the kings, they should contend against the kings elevating their thrones above the altars of the priests, and never ceased to pay the most devoted worship, heart and conscience and life, to the fundamental idea of liberty.

Undoubtedly Germany has reason to be proud of his ideas and of his works. While the war of independence was going to wreck in the disruption of the German states and in irreconcilable hatreds among its chiefs; while the liberty promised as a great hope was vanishing like a vain dream; while Austria was doing the work of enslavement, and behind Austria rose like a phantasm the Czar of all the Russias, directing the kinglets of Germany as if they were his vicars in the church, his vassals on the throne, and his sergeants in the army—while all these ignominies surrounded her with grief and anxiety, the vernal flower of poetry, the elevation of music which united the voices of the spirit with those of nature like an echo of heaven, the speculations of her great thinkers who boldly sought the abyss of the spirit as if to compel the revelations of the infinite, the eloquence of her theologians who bore the soul upon the flashing wings of their speech to the summits of the moral world and the confines of the intelligence, where only a miraculous intuition could reach, the discoveries of innumerable savants, astronomers, mathematicians, who penetrated the universe as if to co-ordinate it with the marvelous series of their ideas, and to illuminate and vivify it with the fire of their science—all these intellectual prodigies announced that sooner or later such a mighty fecundity of thought must bring in a great political posterity, and that all these scattered systems must one day be crystallized into endless progressive institutions.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century there began in France, in Germany, in Italy, and even in Spain a religious reaction. In France Châteaubriand wrote the *Genius of Christianity*, and in Germany Fred-

erick Schlegel the *History of Literature*, in which he exalted above every thing else the religious and catholic criterion of taste. In France Lamennais wrote the essay on Religious Indifference, and in Germany Schleiermacher wrote his discourse on Religions. Gervinus, in the nineteenth volume of his great history, has made a comparison between these two renowned writers. In fact, both are priests, both theologians, both eloquent, both possessed of the spirit of their time, and devoted to the religious reaction, both surrounded by earnest disciples; but the Frenchman proceeds from faith to rationalism, and the German from rationalism to faith. The Frenchman begins by attacking the pantheistic schools, and afterward is whelmed in the ocean of pantheism. The German is educated in the pantheistic schools, confounds himself in nature, and thus sees God in the movement of his idea within his conscience, as in the movement of the bough agitated by the breeze. He does not distinguish between the dew of heaven silvered by the light of dawn and the dew of poesy illuminated by inspiration. A Spinozist at first, he afterward distinguishes and separates man from nature and nature from God, the creative personality of Christianity. The Frenchman execrates his age because it admits neither the moral direction nor the political presidency of the Pope, and passes rapidly from this theocratic outburst to pure democracy. The German, much severer, much more acquainted with society and history, never vacillates in these fundamental points, and always unites his reason and his faith, his worship of the living God with the worship of liberty. Lamennais had passed his youth on the coasts of Brittany, in view of the sea, secluded in the church, always on his knees before the altars, his flesh mortified by penance, and his understanding by discipline and scholasticism, far from the world and from men, in close communion with God; while Schleiermacher, during his youth, in spite of the care taken by his parents to guard him from the currents of the age, passed through an orgy of ideas, falling and rising a thousand times, but ready to enter all temples, to interrogate all priests, to know and critically dissect all idols, to attack with his appeals and clamors all mysteries, to wander from the pure orthodoxy of his education to the extreme piety of the Moravian Brothers, and then to the burlesque skepticism of the students of Halle, and from this skepticism to the serene and tranquil faith of the Hebrew families, and from this faith to the fables and fancies of the romanticists, and thence to the deep pantheism of Spinoza, where the two ideas of human liberty and the divine personality are fused and disappear, and thence to that religious orthodoxy which was to be the

support, the consolation, and the hope of innumerable pious souls.

Of devout education, feeble health, mystic tendencies, nervous temperament, great literary and scientific culture, inclined to the company and spiritual converse of women, it has been said that the Protestant theologian possessed a feminine genius. By the exquisite sensibility of his heart and beauty of his style he would merit this epithet, but he also deserves the name of a manly genius if we regard the valor and tenacity with which he defended his ideas. Surrounded on every hand by the inundation poured by the Napoleonic war all over Europe, lifted up as preacher and prophet in his professor's chair, which towered above this inundation like a rock above the sea, he protested energetically against the conquest, in the sphere of thought and with the arms of speech, declaring that the conqueror intended to destroy the rich variety of modern life, the rights of man, nationality among peoples, and Protestantism in the universal church. And to resist with more force this species of Roman or Carolingian empire, which was repressing the tumult of the modern spirit in Gothic forms, he aspired to unite the two Protestant churches which divided the reformed religion in Germany.

The purpose of the king lay also in this direction. He was a man of more learning than talent, more religious than political doctrine, a theological writer who delighted in publishing treatises on its gravest problems, and who, armed with his absolute authority, and desirous of using it as an instrument of traditional religion, labored constantly to unite the two Protestant churches. He despised as trifling the scruples of the clergy and the fidelity of the believers, composing helter-skelter bonds of union between the churches, and drawing up codes and liturgies, which he tried, by way of experiment, in the military churches, to extend them afterward to the highest spheres and widest spaces of the national church, but all without thought or gravity or judgment. The great theologian, for whom religion was a matter of conscience and not of state, a ministry belonging to thinkers and not to kings, seeing his Majesty of Prussia, superficial in all his purposes and pedantic in his shallow knowledge, entering the conscience as if it were his own domain, and fortifying himself there as if his haughty personality were an idea and a dogma to convert the Church of God into a bureau of the monarchy, turned angrily against the king, condemned his tendencies, spoke eloquently against these absurd aggressions, united the clergy in his turn, and with the dignified attitude of Ambrose of Milan against the arrogance of Theodosius of Rome, he forbade all the powers of earth to enter into the heaven guarded by God,

into the conscience and the spirit. It is true that he did not maintain this position firmly to the end, and that while he rejected the first royal liturgy, which greatly resembled the Catholic mass, he admitted the second one, drawn up in view of the discussion of the difficulties excited in the contest. So that at last the union was accomplished not through the artificial combinations of authority and of the state, but through the efforts of many illustrious thinkers, who desired to give to the people a spiritual common country before giving them a united father-land.

What gives to Schleiermacher his highest reputation is his dogmatic theology. We have said that his first great work consisted of two discourses on religion. He there maintained with great energy that neither miracles nor prophecies were essential to religion, that religion did not even require the idea of the personal God, that the secret of its existence consisted in that impulse of all created beings to seek instinctively a creator, in that attraction which the infinite exercises, and will always exercise, over every thing finite. Therefore the priesthood does not, in his view, consist in its ordination and its privileges; the priest exists in every man, clergy or lay, who seeks God to absorb Him in the conscience, who loves God to imitate Him in life. Every human being has within himself two opposite activities, which attract and complete each other like the two hostile electricities—the selfish activity, through which he tends to maintain himself in his own individuality, and another humanitarian activity, through which he tends to sympathize with the universe. As material nature is subject to the empire of contrary forces, so is the spirit. Through one of those forces he trusts and commits himself entirely to his own will, and thus assimilates every thing to himself; but he soon finds himself solitary in his grandeur, suffocated in his loneliness, and tends to unite himself with something greater than himself, and to identification with the infinite. There are those who despise all which is universal, losing themselves in a gross sensuality, as if the world were a seraglio; but there are others who forget themselves, their individuality, their liberty, and their conscience, and adhere to a superior authority and force, as if the world were a sepulchre. It is necessary to avoid both these extremes, and to condense these two activities, and penetrate the individual with the universal. There are privileged natures in whom the two activities are united. These are the true priests. But the world goes forward to destroy privileges in society as in nature, and when all are impressed with the necessity of concentrating in themselves the universal and the individual, all will be equally

priests, sons and disciples of God. Religion is therefore not science, nor thought, nor knowledge, nor even morality. It is the tendency of man to the infinite. In this way the German theologian approached Spinoza, through this diffusion of the infinite in the veins of humanity, and through this tendency of humanity to assimilation with the infinite; through this idea that knowledge is the existence of things in the understanding, and that things are the expansions of the understanding in space; and through these ideas that art is the human fancy in objects, giving them number and music and measure and color, and that objects are the radiations of fancy as the worlds and the suns of our own sentiments reflecting themselves in the cosmos; that the unity of reason and of nature is eternal; that every man should feel himself between the two infinities as the beginning and end of all things, as the alpha and omega of all sciences, and regard himself in the universe as in a mirror, and embrace the God of the universe, life and death, the "stupendous whole," in his conscience.

It has been said that religion began in terror; that the thunder and the lightning, the hurricane and the hail-storm, were the first revelations. If this were so, religion would diminish as science increases and nature is subjugated. But no; religion began where love begins and terror ends. Religion does not consist in the contemplation of the beauties of nature—the dawn and the twilight, the chorus of birds, and the shadows of the landscape; nor in the contemplation of the sublime—the height of the mountains contrasted with our stature, the hurricane and the tornado contrasted with our strength, the worlds and the suns which people infinity, and with which the seconds of our existence bear no comparison. That which is essentially religious in nature—the holy spirit which issues from its breast—is the regularity of its laws, innumerable and eternal, and the supreme intelligence which these laws proclaim.

To feel the universal life in one's own, to be religious, every man must tend to convert himself, through whatever means are within his reach, into a compendium of humanity, because the perfect man will never be found in the individual, but in the species. He will never be revealed in the brief period of personal existence, but in the immense life of humanity, which is like a consummate artist, creating and distributing new forms, always more perfect, evoking from the conscience ideas with their natural richness and their proper character, living and developing perpetually in history, in that struggle of contrary elements where at last progress conquers all resistance, life vanquishes death, civilization barbarism, liberty slavery, right tradition, that we may

arrive at a clear knowledge of ourselves, and warm our brief existence in the sun of the infinite, and contemplate in its essence the spirit and the thought which rule and regulate the universe.

Religion is not a science, and consequently it can not come into opposition with psychology, nor with physiology, nor any other science. Religion does not need that prophecies should be fulfilled, that miracles should be performed, that supernatural revelations should come, or that superhuman inspiration should fall from heaven on the brow of its teachers and masters. It is enough that its spirit should tend to communication with the Infinite, to free itself from bounds, and ascend to the illimitable and absolute; for human nature, determining to work with whatever it comprises of divine, and freeing itself from external and material nature, proves clearly that in every man there is a hidden priest of God, and that grace is in its final results nothing more than harmony between religious revelation and the interior inspiration. Schleiermacher therefore says that religion, not being a doctrine, can neither be taught nor learned, but solely evoked, awakened, in man. The only thing which he is inclined to preserve of ancient historical theology is the mission of Christ. But Christ does not redeem because He is the descendant of David and the child of Mary, the Word incarnate in our nature: He redeems through His knowledge of the divine, which raises Him above error and sin and all limitations, and makes Him the perfect and eternal type of humanity, which is in itself, and through its own will, incapable of good, and needs the Divine grace and effluence, its inspiration and its aid, to sustain and save it.

The Protestant theologian also advocated certain ideas in the sphere of politics. His detestation of religious intolerance, and the motto of each church that outside of its pale there is no salvation, are ideas and sentiments which should be counted among his services for liberty. In the problem of the union between the two Protestant sects, his ardor in combat, his eloquence and activity, were devoted to the complete separation of church and state and the denial of the authority of the monarchy over the eternal rights of conscience. Professor August, of Bonn, therefore demanded measures of coercion against the audacity which would not recognize in the King of Prussia the legitimate heir of the liturgic privileges of Constantine and Charlemagne, and Marheineke, the disciple of Hegel, denounced him as a seditious republican, while Superintendent Ammon requested assistance from the King of Saxony to bring the new Arian to terms. The great authority which the illustrious theologian gives to the conscience and its laws, the principle that every man has with-

in himself the source of religious ideas, the little value he allowed to tradition, and the great value he ascribed to the virtue of right, will always rank him among the defenders and propagators of liberty in the world.

Schleiermacher's works excited many noisy and grave discussions. He had not immediately broken with any of the tendencies of his age, neither with rationalism, which eliminated miracle, nor with Spinozism, which rejected the personality of God, nor with the romanticists, who abjured liberty, nor with the supernaturalists, who abjured reason. Thus the orthodox accused him of pantheistic tendencies, the liberals of supernaturalism, accommodated to the fatality of circumstances more than to the dictates of his conscience. The most impartial saw in him a mixture of faith and skepticism, which at one time drove him into the scrupulous piety of the Moravian Brothers, at another time launching him into the ironical doubts of the students of Jena. Philosophers themselves, whom he had served by proclaiming the independence of human thought, reviled him for the efforts he made to exclude philosophy from all theological jurisdiction, while the problems of the existence of God, of His nature, of His attributes, of His relations with the world, of the intervention of Providence in history, if they mean any thing, are problems essentially philosophical and scientific. Seeking to save the person and the work of Christ, he could not decide in favor of the school which sustained the authenticity or the legitimacy of the gospels, nor for the schools which criticised the narrations of the sacred books. He was also far from being clear as to the important problem whether the people should be intrusted with the treasure of all acquired truths, or kept in holy ignorance. The man who called upon all conscience to participate in the divine idea, and who saw in every being athirst for the infinite a priest of God, and in nature and in history equally sacred temples—this man fell from that speculative democracy into a practical oligarchy, maintaining that only a few privileged persons ought to know and guard the truth. But in spite of these vacillations and errors it can not be denied that he contributed powerfully to awaken the idea of the divine among men, and that he thus contributed to elevate the sentiment of right, which is the eternal foundation of democracy in the world.

X.

It was impossible that a writer of the merit and tendencies of Schleiermacher should not have many ardent disciples. First among them is the gentle Neander, the Melanchthon of this Luther, who, through his poetry, his delicacy, his historical knowledge, was

destined to fill a great lack in the science of his illustrious predecessor. The son of a Jewish family, a Hebrew himself in religion, with all the solid Jewish faith, he was converted to Christianity and baptized. From that moment he devoted himself to a ministry for which his race appears to show little aptitude—that of the historian. The Jews find difficulty in comprehending ancient history, because they refer every thing to the exclusive privilege which, in their opinion, their theocratic race received directly from God; and they comprehend modern history still less because they do not reach the sentiment of the work of Christ through their lack of the faith of Christian peoples. But Neander freed himself from this egoism of race, and regarded history like a man of the world. One of his first publications was a curious monograph relating to the great reactionist of antiquity, the Emperor Julian. Few persons have left profounder traces than this extraordinary man. Though he died young, after a brief reign, his name shines with immortal splendor in history as having attempted a work superior to human power—a work of resurrection. A clear intelligence, a character hardy and tenacious, a heart panting for immortality and glory, a fancy open to all inspirations, a memory full of all ideas, a talent universal in its tendencies and flexible in its rich variety, a profound philosophy, an artist of the first order, an eloquent orator, a warrior worthy of the primitive days of Rome, a Greek in his cultivation of beauty and of art, a Christian in the purity of his life, a stoic in the austerity of his morals, his soul embraced the spirit of the civilization about to perish, and, seeing that this civilization had given birth to gods and heroes and philosophers and the greatest poets of the world, he desired at any cost to save it, and to resuscitate the great Pan, dead and buried through a blind mysticism, to restore to the waves of the Grecian sea its singing nereids, to the cape of Mycenæ and the isles of Parthenope their mysterious sibyls, to the Ionian Archipelago its marble temples, to the woods and forests the echoes and the prattle of their fauns, to the fountains the melody of their nymphs, to the wide universe the voices of its gods; and knowing that for this purpose there was no reliance upon the force of arms, nor the authority of the Cæsars, nor the blaze of fagots, nor the teeth and claws of the beasts of the circus—for though he sometimes persecuted, he never persecuted systematically nor with real savagery—he opposed the Nazarenes with an irony worthy of Lucian; he brought together all the ancient ideas, and especially that of Plato, with an eloquence worthy of Plotinus, to give to his gods the elixir of immortality. He consecrated himself completely to the restoration of paganism, and

failed; for there is no force so great, no genius so luminous, nor power so absolute, that it may check the current of ages, or delay the transfiguration of the conscience, or cheat the laws of history.

The most significant historical work of Neander is his sketch of St. Bernard, the ideal monk, as Luther calls him, whose very physiognomy is a portrait of the Middle Ages; who prefers the democratic theocracy to the feudal monarchy; who restrains in Abelard the first impatience of human reason to emancipate itself prematurely; who reorganizes the monastic orders to give them a more spiritual character; who awakes the lethargic peoples, petrified with penance, to launch them in the Crusades, and by this means to reveal, as if by miracle, the existence of liberty. Rich, powerful, possessed of wide domains, born in the fertile land of Brittany, he despised dignities, property, wealth, for the rude gown of the monk, for the wandering life of the apostle, for intellectual and religious converse with the poor and oppressed, for the pleasure of combating the pride of the strong and the powerful. Pale as death, emaciated as a skeleton, without any life but that which shone in his sparkling eyes; ecstatic to such a point that he sometimes lost the power of taking food, as if he only fed upon ideas and drank inspirations; so absent-minded that he would for entire days know nothing of the places he passed through or the persons he talked with. The people hung upon his speech, and kings upon his writings; the pope he protected was adored, the warrior he cursed was defeated; the town which he patronized was saluted by the world; the war he condemned was suspended, the peace he disapproved was disturbed; the man who listened to him followed him to the desert, to the valley of bitterness, to bury himself alive in the cloister, or to rush recklessly into battle. If he wished it, the armies of France went out of Champagne; King Louis repented his policy; the Emperor Conrad abandoned the affairs of his empire to go to the defense of the church; two hundred thousand men—shepherds, who left their flocks and came down from the mountains, peasants and serfs, who arose as if resurrected from their fields, great and rich men, who abandoned their palaces—all as if impelled by a certain madness of heroism and of martyrdom, leaving behind them wives and children and homes, went they knew not where nor why, not obeying the will of God, but the word of St. Bernard.

Neander is the author of other works not less worthy of mention—upon the Gnostic schools, those serpent tempters of Oriental naturalism who tried to seduce the regenerate Eve, the Christian Church; on Origen and Tertullian, the first sweet as the honey of Hybla which fed the Grecian poets, the

other impetuous and ardent as the simoom winds of the African desert; on the history of the church, a monumental work, interrupted by his death at the period of the Reformation, and which separates with careful criticism and profound piety all there is essential in religion from all that is accidental in the development of time. The object which most claimed the attention of Neander, and which in turn has drawn upon him the severest criticism, is the history of the so-called Apostolic Century—the first. And, in fact, the historian does not treat this century with sound criticism. He rejects the profound examination of texts, seems to care little for the authorities of his narrative, and follows the method which he calls the psychological, as if, instead of dealing with real beings, he were dealing with abstract ideas. In this way he takes away its real interest from the first century, which was occupied by the differences between the great founders of Christianity; between Peter, who was devoted to the pure Jewish sentiment, and comprised the church in the synagogue, and desired that Christianity should be the fulfillment of the Messianic hopes, and Paul, who, being a Greek, a Jew, and a Roman, and, before all, a man, opens the gates of the church every where to the ancient peoples; between St. James, also a careful defender of the first rudimentary theological sentiment, and John, who, being originally a Jew, saturated with the Apocalyptic theories which had their source under the lash of Nineveh and Babylon, opens his soul to the Greek speech, and conveys the Alexandrine word in luminous Platonic pages to the Christian Gospel. But all these efforts had for their object to unite all the disciples under the loving wings of one sole idea, that of Christ. The peevish critics, who rise up against all great men, have ridiculed the sentimentalism of Neander, calling his system “pectoral theology,” because he thought that in the breast, in the heart, true faith and theological science had their origin. *Pectus est quod facit theologum.* Nevertheless his history, impregnated with the divine, his spiritualism, founded on reason, his disinterestedness and pure morality, his deep and vast knowledge, his spotless life, give to this virtuous man and gentle writer one of the truest and most glorious palms which have been gathered in the combats and victories of German thought.

In the school of Schleiermacher there were, as in that of Hegel, a Right, Centre, and Left. The first devoted itself completely to the doctrines of the master. The second created a more rationalist ideal, and the last entirely rejects the miracles and the supernatural. All these schools, nevertheless, were unable to escape from the capital points which had been formerly discussed, and which reduced themselves, first,

to the consideration of Christianity as a work of miracle, and of the direct and indirect intervention of God in history and in life; second, to consider Christianity, in opposition to the former point of view, which was that of supernaturalism, as a work of the general laws which govern history, as a teaching destined to separate itself in time from every thing which might be in it contrary to human reason, a purely rationalist thought; third, to consider Christianity as a mere moral law, with no other object than to discipline the will and reform the life, which is a purely philosophical view; fourth, to consider Christianity as a redeeming force which distributes the grace of God in the conscience of man, which is the idea of Luther; fifth, to consider Christianity as the union of man with God, as the unity of the divine and the human, as the glorification of created beings, in and through Christ, which is the point of view of Schleiermacher. In spite of the tendencies of this great theologian and his liberal spirit, his most illustrious disciples were not faithful to his teachings when the supreme political crisis arrived. Nitzsch joined the conservative party, and Ullman the reactionists.

XI.

The reaction found its ideal and its doctrine principally in the school called the New Orthodoxy, which wished at one blow to suppress the whole eighteenth century, modern philosophy, and historical criticism, and return to the conception of Christ and grace and sin and liberty held by the sixteenth century.

The tendencies of the school of Schleiermacher, and especially of his disciples of the Right, were to *undue exaggeration*, and consequently to the production of the religious reaction which servilely assisted the political. The nineteenth century, as if deserting the principles of the eighteenth, came to life among conspiracies and prayers. The war of independence in Spain, which had served as a rule and guide to all other peoples, superficially studied, appeared like a miracle of the ancient religious faith. The political casuists did not see that Napoleon was victorious when he fought with kings, and beaten when he encountered peoples in battle. The error of the most liberal Protestants, who had converted their doctrine into a patrimony of intelligent aristocracies, bore promptly its bitter fruit, and made it necessary to awaken the religious sentiment in a people stupefied with material dreams, just as it was necessary to arouse the early barbarian invader with materialist doctrines, supernatural miracles, and legendary books, and with every thing that indicates the infancy of civilization and poverty of conscience. And thus, as De Maistre employed all the forces of his

rude logic and all the weight of his severe style to return to the theocratic ideal of the Middle Ages, the orthodox Protestants employed all their energy to return to the pure ideal of the Renaissance and of Luther.

The kings favored not only graciously but heartily these abjurations of our century. The return to the temples of the past was like a return to the throne of the kings. The slaves of hereditary faith did not think, nor reason, nor protest, but bent their necks to the monarchical yoke more kindly after having resigned themselves to the religious yoke. Lawyers, poets, philosophers, journalists, liberally paid from the royal revenues, baptized the ancient revolutionists whether they would or no, as they say that Ximenes baptized the Moors in Granada, pouring the water on their heads, and causing them to put on Christian robes, without asking them what they did with their will or their conscience. Besides, as under the ashes and the cinders of Vesuvius the ancient cities were preserved because they were away from the air, the pietist schools had been preserved intact under the ashes of religious revolution, free from modern ideas, full of reactionary inspirations in every sphere, trembling beneath the idea of their guilt, enemies of all the modern poetry, disposed to excommunicate all modern science, condemning reason as error, the will as evil, and dragging themselves in fervid idolatry before the material sense of the Bible, refusing to see any thing which did not tend to the absurd restoration of the ancient kings upon their ruined thrones, and of the ancient priesthood over the emancipated conscience. Adorers of the Holy Alliance, pietists intolerant of Gutenberg and Basle, theologians salaried from Berlin and Dresden, old Lutherans who had closed their spirits to the air of modern life, emissaries of Metternich sent to subjugate souls as they had formerly subjugated bodies—all the birds of night came together to pervert the conscience of nations.

It appears impossible, but a man who was born with all qualities necessary to captivate the people, more of the tribune than the theologian, and a tribune of the club and the street—a rude peasant from the west of Holstein, son of a carpenter, and himself a mill hand, strong in character, energetic in will, humorous in his language, sometimes a poet who never lost the serenity of common-sense, a priest, a lawyer, a doctor, an apothecary, gifted with paradoxical genius, rich in brusque antithesis, placed himself at the head of the religious reaction. He called reason Antichrist, as the ancient Christians had called the Neros; he called the free conscience rebel and mutineer against God, and said that a pulpit raised by the old religion had no right to turn against it. He maintained that over

the bones of Luther there was to be consummated the adultery of the church with the spirit of the age, and rejected every natural explanation given to the Bible, saying that the literal word of God was alone worthy of faith. He considered every constitution as an insult to logic, and every intermediate power between the governor and the governed a disturbance of society, every popular republic as the most odious of institutions, and all popular deliberation and legislation the most arbitrary of tyrannies. The limit of human perfection was the Protestant religion and absolute monarchy. After this there is nothing extraordinary in our Catholic reaction and the return to the thirteenth century, in the apotheosis of the Pope, in the restoration of hell, in the brutal frankness in which the reaction among us invited the conscience to sleep in the ark where it had remained safe and immovable for the space of nineteen centuries. The religion of the Reformation, of the conscience, of liberty, of individual interpretation of the evangelical writings, had fallen into that abyss of slavery where the neo-Catholics had before tumbled. Hengstenberg supported the religious and political reaction with less enthusiasm, but with more knowledge and ability, than the impetuous Harms. The Bible is adored by him in the materialist sense of the ancient Jews, and with the savage intolerance of modern Catholic inquisitors. His vocation was journalism. Insulting, shameless, libelous, and brutal, he pursued all freethinkers into the retreats of private family life, dragged them forth to the pillory, relying upon the complicity of the political authorities, and there, holding them silent and defenseless, cursed, buffeted, and insulted them. If you imagine a *Veillot* without his talent and his style, you will have a faithful image of this evangelical writer. He spat upon classic literature, full, as he said, of paganism; he confounded democracy with demagoguery; he called modern France frivolous and trifling; he denied all authority to reason and all virtue to right; declared contemporary science more fatal than the cholera morbus; he called the theology of sentiment a rehabilitation of the flesh—and all under the banner of the strictest Lutheranism, and with the firmest intention to restore pure religion. And the religious reaction was not enough for him; he also sustained the political reaction in its most insensate form. The commandments committed an unpardonable neglect in ordering us to honor father and mother without adding equal respect to the king and the queen, because, in the opinion of this pious Christian, the king and the queen are our parents; they have given us their blood; they have nourished us at their breasts; they conduct us through life, and assure us eternal peace in death. He thought

it was insupportable tyranny to be obliged to pray for the Chambers, according to the precepts of the constitution and the orders of the king, and, above all, for the popular Chamber, born of free thought and political revolution, grudging their tributes to the monarchy and exciting passions among the people, full of reformers who are all crazy demagogues. The clergy ought only to pray for the Upper House, for the Lords, for those country gentlemen who preserve the sanctity of land, those feudal cavaliers who maintain the slavery of the soil, those romanticists who worship the Holy Alliance, those Lutherans who would set fire in all the universities to the images of the goddess Reason, and all those philosophers which are her false and corrupt priests. The separation of church and state is the worst of errors. The kings need the church as the heaven where the sceptre of their authority is shaped. The church needs the kings as the ministers who shall open for it with their staves and their sabres the road for the temporal dominion of the world. These insensates could give themselves up to these follies and deny the free conscience without understanding that they were denying God, could suppress free-will without seeing that they were suppressing man. Their rage, their madness, their denial of right, their struggles against progress, their barbarous conspiracy for oppression, showed with what reason, with what right and truth, the eighteenth century had uttered and sustained the saving principle of the absolute incompatibility between intolerant churches and modern liberties.

A GALA NIGHT IN RUSSIA.

By THOMAS W. KNOX.

IT was my fortune to be in St. Petersburg at the time of the marriage of the Grand Duke Vladimir, second son of the Emperor Alexander II., to the Grand Duchess Marie of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. The programme of a royal or imperial wedding is generally an extensive affair, and the higher the rank of the contracting parties the more imposing are the ceremonies. In the present instance the bridegroom went with an imperial train to the Russian frontier, and there met and welcomed the bride. He escorted her thence, not to St. Petersburg, but to Tsarskoe Selo, the palace which was the favorite resort of the Empress Catherine II., of illustrious and scandalous memory, and has ever since been maintained and occasionally inhabited by the imperial family. Here the fair Marie was welcomed by the emperor and empress, and several festivals were made in her honor. For nearly a fortnight she remained at Tsarskoe Selo, and in all this time was not permitted to see the great city, only a few miles distant, which was to be her future