

need of "clear thinking." The classics belong to the liberal arts. If an engineer is unable to use an instrument or construct a bridge, or a business college graduate to write a letter or keep books, or a domestic scientist to bake bread or darn a stocking, the world has a perfect right to cry out at the failure to produce "measured and verified results." The humanities are not of this company. Their mission is different. Their function is to liberate the faculties for general action, to train the tongue, the pen, the intellectual and spiritual perception, to set young people on the long highway of life with eyes to see and ears to hear the subtler harmonies of color and sound that escape the unsensitive eye and ear, to help make it possible, for their own sake and the good of the race, for ripened years to attain "to something like prophetic strain." The student of liberal arts may indeed be at graduation still far from the ideal, but he is not a failure if only he is less distant from it than at matriculation; and no man can say what momentum he may gather and what distance he may cover in the course of the fifty years toward which his college sets his face. We do not and cannot measure accurately and immediately in the liberal arts as we do in the technical and professional subjects. There is with them no such thing as absolute measurement. You cannot evaluate appreciation or emotion, or analyze the process, or plot a curve of the growth, or state in figures the results, of inspiration. You can only estimate. That is what the three Presidents, together with hundreds of other witnesses, have done in Dean West's book; and in liberal arts that is enough—until it is proven by restless questioners trying with yard-stick and scale to measure the unmeasurable and weigh the imponderable that the movements of the spirit are a negligible factor in the production and perpetuation of enlightenment.

## Santayana

By MARGARETE MUNSTERBERG

As in the midst of battle there is room  
For thoughts of love, and in foul sin for mirth;  
As gossips whisper of a trinket's worth  
Spied by the death-bed's flickering candle-gloom;  
As in the crevices of Cæsar's tomb  
The sweet herbs flourish on a little earth:  
So in this great disaster of our birth  
We can be happy, and forget our doom.  
For morning, with a ray of tenderest joy  
Gilding the iron heaven, hides the truth,  
And evening gently woos us to employ  
Our grief in idle catches. Such is youth;  
Till from that summer's trance we wake, to find  
Despair before us, vanity behind.

Although the "Sonnets" were George Santayana's first publication in verse, in them his art has reached its perfection. Their beauty is classic in the sense that it is measured, restrained and that meaning and form have perfect correspondence. There is here no slipshod verse-making, no chance term, and no wild, romantic expression. Such harmony between sound and sense, moreover, could not be attained if the sense were slight; as the beauty of language and rhythm in the highest poetic art is not the garment of the thought but its tissue, so the noble beauty of one of these sonnets is an organic part of its thought. Santayana is familiar with the Italian sonnet-writers; his translations from the Italian of Michael Angelo, as well as

from the French, are exquisite. Nevertheless, although his love sonnets are in thought not remote from Dante's, yet one is tempted rather to compare them with those of the beloved English sonneteer. The fragrance of Stratford hovers about this one:

A perfect love is nourished by despair.  
I am thy pupil in the school of pain;  
Mine eyes will not reproach thee for disdain,  
But thank thy rich disdain for being fair.  
Aye! the proud sorrow, the eternal prayer  
Thy beauty taught, what shall unteach again?  
Hid from my sight, thou livest in my brain;  
Fled from my bosom, thou abidest there.  
And though they buried thee, and called thee dead,  
And told me I should never see thee more,  
The violets that grew above thy head  
Would waft thy breath and tell the sweetness o'er,  
And every rose thy scattered ashes bred  
Would to my sense thy loveliness restore.

The same keenness of understanding that has made Santayana a clear critic has given him also the power of historical insight. "The Hermit of Carmel" and its sequel "The Knight's Return" are dramatic poems purely mediæval in sentiment without any projection into them of modern interpretations. In such poems as "Sybaris" and "Solipsism" the poet identifies himself with remote points of view and presents them without the least tinge of a critical attitude.

The characteristic inspiration of Santayana's love sonnets is a luminous Platonic love, as it is interpreted in his essay on "Platonic Love in some Italian Poets." There he shows that the Platonism of the Italian love poets is a reincarnation, in their own intense spiritual way, "rather than an imitation of old wisdom"—Plato's tendency to abstraction turned with their mediæval religious fervor into the cult of raising some chance object of love into Love eternal. The calm, contemplative sonnets of Santayana, like the exuberant love poems of Francis Thompson, are the confessions of the timeless passion of the soul.

'Tis love that moveth the celestial spheres  
In endless yearning for the Changeless One,  
And the stars sing together, as they run  
To number the innumerable years.  
'Tis love that lifteth through their dewy tears  
The roses' beauty to the heedless sun,  
And with no hope, nor any guerdon won,  
Love leads me on, nor end of love appears.  
For the same breath that did awake the flowers,  
Making them happy with a joy unknown,  
Kindled my light and fixed my spirit's goal;  
And the same hand that reined the flying hours  
And chained the whirling earth to Phoebus' throne,  
In love's eternal orbit keeps the soul.

Unlike Francis Thompson's are Santayana's poems of religious life, although it would not be altogether wrong to call him another great Catholic poet. We come here, however, upon the spectacle of a heart that beats now to the reed-pipe of Pan in Hellenic sunshine, now to the cadences of celestial harps and horns. There is an undoubted delight in pagan beauties and the true Greek view of life. For Greek sculpture Santayana has that earnest admiration which is natural to Latin rather than to Anglo-Saxon peoples. To him the simplicity of the best Greek statues means measure, composure, and the height of art.

Rarer in poets of our own day and still more profound—no doubt because it rose out of the poet's earliest experience

in his childhood in Spain—is his insight into the significance and beauty of the Catholic Church. No one but a lover of the Church would turn away from it with such sadness as breathes out of his poems. So in "Easter Hymn":

I love the Virgin's flowering shrine,  
Her golden crown, her jeweled stole,  
The seven dolorous swords that shine  
Around her heart, an aureole.

Thou mother of a suffering race,  
Whose pangs console us for our birth,  
Reign thou for ever, by the grace  
Of sorrow, Queen of all the earth!

Perchance, when Carnival is done,  
And sun and moon go out for me,  
Christ will be God, and I the one  
That in my youth I used to be.

The poet gives his own conception of poetry in the preface to the philosophical essays called "Interpretations of Poetry and Religion":

This idea is that religion and poetry are identical in essence, and differ merely in the way in which they are attached to practical affairs. Poetry is called religion when it intervenes in life, and religion, when it merely supervenes upon life, is seen to be nothing but poetry.

In his latest book "Three Philosophical Poets," a brilliant juxtaposition of Lucretius, Dante and Goethe, who each described, more or less completely, the theological and philosophical mainsprings of their ages, Santayana says:

Can it be an accident that the most adequate and probably the most lasting exposition of these three schools of philosophy should have been made by poets? Are poets, at heart, in search of philosophy? Or is philosophy, in the end, nothing but poetry?

The fact is significant that among these three philosophical poets Santayana should consider Dante the one who has presented the most complete and harmonious interpretation of life. For Lucretius, the voice of pre-Socratic, cultured paganism, with its "materialism in natural science, humanism in Ethics," Santayana has a remarkable understanding. With Goethe, on the other hand, who to him represents romanticism and the "storm and stress" view of life, he has little sympathy. For the glory of Dante's message the Spanish philosopher has a deep and inspired reverence. "Where," he says, "except in Dante, can we find so many stars that differ from other stars in glory?"

Now, to understand why Santayana's affinity with Catholicism has led not to jubilant ardor but to a melancholy renunciation, one must consider the poet's own philosophy. Santayana, who is, on the whole, a critical rather than a constructive philosopher, recognizes a stern realism which, unlike the teachings of the idealistic philosophers, does not acknowledge the subjective idea or will as immediate reality, but the objects which are conveyed to the senses and verified by reason. There is however, in this philosophy, room for an ideal, namely a voluntary choice of the life of reason. That such a realism cannot be reconciled with the teachings of the Catholic Church is clear. Moreover, Santayana loved the Church in her pristine completeness, not expanded to include all kinds of modern conceptions which in truth are irrelevant to its original message. His insight is far too keen and void of illusions to allow a vague elasticity. In "Winds of Doctrine" is an essay called "Christianity and Modernism"—the modernism of "enlightened"

priests in the Church of Rome—which is a penetrating illumination of a profound dilemma. It is a chapter of great literary beauty, of poignant clarity, and of infinite sadness. It is the sadness of the man in the Gospel who would inherit eternal life and went away grieved—not indeed, because he had great possessions, but because he had too great knowledge.

Of early Christianity, Santayana says:

Love, then, and sympathy, particularly toward the sinful and diseased, a love relieved of sentimentality by the deliberate practise of healing, warming and comforting; a complete aversion from all the interests of political society and a confident expectation of a cataclysm that should suddenly transfigure the world—such was Christian religion in its origin.

On the other hand, the elaborateness and ceremoniousness of the Catholic Church is not in Santayana's eyes, as in those of Protestants and Puritans, inconsistent with its original doctrine. According to him, "the *mise en scène* has changed immensely," but the development of the Catholic Church was a true development of the original idea, requiring the same faith that John the Baptist required. A revivalist or evangelical missionary in the slums may outwardly resemble the apostles, but he does not preach what "the Pope preaches in his palace full of pagan marbles."

The Church and modernism cannot be reconciled. It is better, then, to keep the Church in its pure and beautiful isolation, "a refuge from sorrows and darkness, a haven and ideal in the world," than to force upon it compromises and make it contradictory to itself. To those who have not his own respect for the majesty of the Church he says:

A moment when any exotic superstition can find excitable minds to welcome it, when new and grotesque forms of faith can spread among the people—such a moment is rather ill chosen for prophesying the extinction of a deep-rooted system of religion because your own studies make it seem to you incredible. . . . The experience of the vanity of the world, of sin, of salvation, of strange revelations, and of mystic loves is a far deeper, more primitive and therefore probably more lasting human possession than is that of clear historical or scientific ideas.

Finally in a chapter on The Poetry of Christian Dogma Santayana speaks of Christianity in the language of that idealistic philosophy which he delicately scorns: "And indeed its justification . . . is that what is false in the science of facts may be true in the science of values."

Sad as the renunciation of the philosopher must be, he has the golden consolation of a serene and at times sunny muse, and in his poetry his faith, like his love, still glows. So one may end with his sonnet-confession:

Gabriel

I know thou art a man, thou hast his mould;  
Thy wings are fancy and a poet's lie,  
Thy halo but the dimness of his eye,  
And thy fair chivalry a legend old.  
Yet I mistrust the truth, and partly hold  
Thou art a herald of the upper sky,  
Where all the truth yet lives that seemed to die,  
And love is never faint nor virtue cold.  
I still would see thee spotless, fervent, calm,  
With heaven in thine eyes, and with the mild  
White lily in one hand, in one the palm,  
Bringing the world that rapture undefiled  
Which Mary knew, when, answering with a psalm  
Thine Ave, she conceived her holy Child.



# A Pledge to the World

By JOHN KENNETH TURNER

*When I have made a promise I try to keep it, and I know of no other rule permissible to a nation. The most distinguished nation in the world is the nation that can and will keep its promises, even to its own hurt. (Woodrow Wilson, July 4, 1914.)*

ON November 11, the German Government yielded to armistice conditions placing Germany in our power, under certain definite promises as to the character of the peace that was to be concluded. The extent to which a charge of treachery is justified can be appreciated only by recalling those promises in the precise words in which they were offered, and by directing attention to the determining part which they played in the German humiliation.

In asking Congress to declare war against the Imperial German Government, President Wilson expressly absolved the German people from any responsibility in the matter:

We act . . . only in opposition to an irresponsible Government. . . . We have no quarrel with the German people. We have no feeling toward them but one of sympathy and friendship. It was not upon their impulse that their Government acted in entering this war. It was not upon their previous knowledge or approval.

Thereafter he held that the German people should not be punished for the offenses of their Government. In the reply to the Pope appear the words:

The American people have suffered intolerable wrongs at the hands of the Imperial German Government, but they desire no reprisals upon the German people, who have themselves suffered all things in this war, which they did not choose.

And in the Message of December 4, 1917:

They [men everywhere] insist . . . that no nation or people shall be robbed or punished because the irresponsible rulers of a single country have themselves done deep and abominable wrong.

In the same address he pledged us against the commission of wrongs as a means of settlement:

The wrongs . . . committed in this war . . . cannot and *must not* be righted by the commission of similar wrongs against Germany and her allies. The world will not permit the commission of similar wrongs as a means of reparation and settlement.

Just what did the President mean by wrongs? He meant indemnities. He meant political restrictions. He meant economic warfare. He meant territory grabbing. He meant interference of any kind in the affairs of the enemy countries. He said so:

Responsible statesmen must now everywhere see, if they never saw before, that no peace can rest securely upon political or economic restrictions meant to benefit some nations and cripple and embarrass others. . . . Punitive damages, the dismemberment of empires, the establishment of selfish and exclusive economic leagues, we deem inexpedient and in the end worse than futile, no proper basis for a peace of any kind, least of all for an enduring peace. (*Reply to the Pope.*)

"No annexations, no contributions, no punitive indemnities"—these words he quoted in the message of December 4, asserting that they expressed his own thought. He also offered this sweeping commitment against impairment of the German or Austrian Empire, or dictation in their affairs:

We owe it to ourselves, however, to say that we do not wish in any way to impair or rearrange the Austro-Hungarian Em-

pire. It is no affair of ours what they do with their own life, either industrially or politically. We do not purpose or desire to dictate to them in any way. We only desire to see that their affairs are left in their own hands, in all matters, great and small. . . . And our attitude and purpose with regard to Germany herself are of a like kind. We intend no wrong against the German Empire, no interference with her internal affairs. We should deem either the one or the other *absolutely unjustifiable, absolutely contrary to the principles we have professed to live by and hold most sacred* throughout our life as a nation.

In place of dismemberment, a war after the war, or any manner of injury, what did the President offer these neighbors with whom we had no quarrel? Equality, absolute and unqualified. Here is one form in which this magnificent proposal was put:

They [the American people] believe that peace should rest upon the rights of peoples, not the rights of Governments—the rights of peoples, great and small, weak and powerful—their equal right to freedom and security and self-government and to a participation upon fair terms in the economic opportunities of the world, *the German people, of course, included*, if they will accept equality, and not seek domination. (*Reply to the Pope.*)

There was one condition only. Germany must have a responsible Government:

When the German people have spokesmen whose word we can believe, and when those spokesmen are ready in the name of their people to accept the common judgment of the nations as to what shall henceforth be the bases of law and of covenant for the life of the world—we shall be willing and glad to pay the full price for peace, and pay it ungrudgingly. We know what that price will be. It will be full, impartial justice—justice done at every point and to every nation that the final settlement must affect, our enemies as well as our friends. (*December 4.*)

That full, impartial justice means that there shall be no spoils of victory, no selfish advantages of any kind, is acknowledged in the same address:

Let it be said again that autocracy must first be shown the utter futility of its claims to power or leadership in the modern world. . . . But when that has been done . . . we shall at last be free to do an unprecedented thing, *and this is the time to avow our purpose to do it*. We shall be free to base peace on generosity and justice, *to the exclusion of all selfish claims to advantage even on the part of the victors*.

In pledging himself to fight for the freedom of the seas, and uninterrupted pathways to the seas, for all nations, Mr. Wilson did not fail to specify our enemies:

When I said in January that the nations of the world were entitled not only to free pathways upon the sea, but also to assured and unmolested access to those pathways, I was thinking, and I am thinking now, not of the smaller and weaker nations alone, which need our countenance and support, but also of the great and powerful nations, and of our present enemies, as well as our present associates in the war. I was thinking, and am thinking now, of Austria herself, among the rest, as well as of Serbia and Poland.

He assured the Germans that we were fighting to emancipate them, as well as ourselves, and from the same peril:

The people of Germany are being told by the men whom they now permit to deceive them and to act as their masters that they are fighting for the very life and existence of their empire,