

THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY

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A SERIES OF ARTICLES IN WHICH THE AUTHOR CONSIDERS THE EFFECT OF
DEMOCRACY IN THE FAMILY, IN EDUCATION, IN INDUSTRY, AND IN GOVERNMENT¹

FOURTH PAPER

IN THE FAMILY—THE HEBREW IDEAL

THE Hebrew ideal of the relationship between man and woman, and of marriage and the family, growing out of that relationship, is found chiefly in three passages: the first chapter of Genesis, the second chapter of Genesis, and the thirty-first chapter of Proverbs.

In the first chapter of Genesis the writer declares that "God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them;" and that to them jointly he gave supremacy over the earth: "God said unto them, Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it; and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth." He is not represented as giving authority to one over the other, of making the one for the other, of creating the one in his image more than the other is created in his image. The image of God, the supremacy over nature, is not in any man: it is not in any woman; it is in humanity, the man and woman, neither of whom completes the image of God, neither of whom is sovereign on the earth.

Both the American and the English poet have truly interpreted this Hebraic conception of the relationship of the sexes:

"Nor equal, nor unequal; each fulfills
Defect in each, and always thought in
thought,
Purpose in purpose, will in will, they grow,
The single pure and perfect animal,
The two-celled heart beating with one full
stroke, Life."²

"As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman.
Though she bends him, she obeys him;
Though she draws him, yet she follows:
Useless each without the other."³

¹ These articles are based on and in part condensed from a series of lectures on "The Spirit of Democracy" delivered by the author on consecutive Sunday afternoons before the Brooklyn (New York) Institute in January and February, 1910.

² Alfred Tennyson, "The Princess."

³ Henry W. Longfellow, "Hiawatha."

This is not the relationship of husband and wife. It is the relationship of man and woman. The two together make humanity. Man is not complete without the woman; woman is not complete without the man. Woman is no more made for man than man is made for woman. Woman is no more to be educated for man than man is to be educated for woman.

Nor do they duplicate each other. Their characteristics are not the same. Their function in society is not the same. Their education ought not to be the same. Man is not a woman in trousers; woman is not a man in petticoats. Neither is a model to be imitated by the other, neither is the standard by which the other is to be measured. A masculine woman and a feminine man are equally abhorrent to nature; they are abnormal specimens of the race. This truth, that man and woman do not duplicate but do complement each other, which Tennyson and Longfellow have put in poetry, Mr. Frederic Harrison has put in almost equally beautiful prose:

Who now wishes to propound the idle, silly question—which of the two is the superior type? For our part, we refuse to answer a question so utterly unmeaning. Is the brain superior to the heart, is a great poet superior to a great philosopher, is air superior to water, or any other childish conundrum of the kind? Affection is a stronger force in women's nature than in men's. Productive energy is a stronger force in men's nature than in women's. The one sex tends rather to compel, the other to influence; the one acts more directly, the other more indirectly; the mind of the one works in a more massive way, of the other in a more subtle and electric way. But to us it is the height of unreason and of presumption to say anything whatever as to superiority on one side or on the other. All that we can say is that where we need especially purity, unselfishness, versatility, and refinement, we look to women chiefly; where we need force, endurance, equanimity, and justice chiefly, we look to men.¹

¹ Frederic Harrison, "Realities and Ideals," p. 91. In some details I should put the contrast differently. Thus, I think, in a certain type of endurance woman is superior to man.

The first chapter of Genesis gives the Hebrew conception of manhood and womanhood, the second chapter of Genesis the Hebrew conception of marriage.

We have lost much out of our Bible by our unwise literalism, by insisting that there is no poetry, no fiction, no legend, that all is prosaic fact; that only Gradgrind could have written the Bible and only Gradgrind can interpret it. Let us read this second chapter of Genesis as we should read it if we found it in any other literature than the literature of the Hebrew people.

Man is in a garden, in the days of innocence, before sin, before temptation, before society exists, before cities are built or work is begun. He is lonely, this man in this garden, and the good God brings to him one animal after another for companionship. He is to christen and to name them. The horse comes saying, "I will bear your burdens." "Will you bear my sorrows with me?" "No! I cannot do that." The dog comes; "I will watch by your side." "If I am sick, will you nurse me back into life?" "No! I cannot do that." The cat comes; "I will lie in your lap and you shall caress me." "And will you caress me in turn?" "No! I cannot do that." The bird comes; "I will sing sweet songs to you." "Will you rejoice with me?" "No! I cannot do that."

The man turns from the animals whom he has christened and says to his Father, "None of these is a companion to me," and the good God says: "No, for you are not yet finished. You are only half made; you are only half a man; you have only half a life. Wait! See! Out of your very side I will take her who shall be your comrade. She shall bear your sorrows with you, and you shall bear hers. She shall give you strength to carry your burdens, and you shall carry hers. She shall watch by you in time of your sickness, and you shall watch by her. She shall sing softly and sweetly to you, and your heart shall feel the thrill of the heart that is like your own." And from that opening chapter all through this collection of sacred literature there is no hint of servitude or separation save as they appear as the outgrowth of selfishness and sin. The two are one in their creation,

co-equal comrades. The two are one in their life, co-equal mates.

The third Hebrew ideal is contained in the thirty-first chapter of Proverbs:

A virtuous woman who can find?
For her price is far above rubies.
The heart of her husband trusteth in her,
And he shall have no lack of gain.
She doeth him good and not evil
All the days of her life.
She seeketh wool and flax,
And worketh willingly with her hands.
She is like the merchant-ships;
She bringeth her food from afar.
She riseth also while it is yet night,
And giveth meat to her household,
And their task to her maidens.
She considereth a field, and buyeth it:
With the fruit of her hands she planteth a
vineyard.
She girdeth her loins with strength,
And maketh strong her arms.
She perceiveth that her merchandise is profitable:
Her lamp goeth not out by night.
She layeth her hands to the distaff,
And her hands hold the spindle.
She stretcheth out her hand to the poor;
Yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the
needy.
She is not afraid of the snow for her household:
For all her household are clothed with scarlet.
She maketh for herself carpets of tapestry;
Her clothing is fine linen and purple.

I venture to say that not in pagan literature, not in the ethics of Confucius, not in the Vedic hymns, not in the poetry of Greece or Rome, not in legend or story of Scandinavian tribes, is to be found such a picture of the dignity and glory and honorable service of woman.

She is no toy and no dependent idler. She has her work to do, and glories in it. She counts no honorable industry servile, works willingly with her hands. She is no narrow-minded provincial. Her vision stretches out over other lands. She knows what the world is doing, has some share in it; is like the merchant ships, and brings food both for mind and body from afar. She is not cottoned in the bed of idleness, but rises sometimes for her work; never counts executive ability unwomanly; is a wise and efficient mistress of maidens. She has no notion that invalidism is interesting, that to be attractive she must be pale and bloodless. She girdeth her loins with strength, and her arms are strong. Her charity begins at home, but does not end

there. Her sympathies reach out beyond her husband and her children. She is a wise almoner of charity, and not through contribution boxes and charitable organizations only. She does not shun contact with the lowly and the unfortunate. She stretches out her hand to the poor and the needy. She has not the notion that simplicity and ugliness are synonymous, that beauty in dress and furniture is sinful. She is not blind to the lessons of nature, which clothes this world in a great glory of form and color. Her household are clothed with scarlet, and her own clothing is fine linen and purple. She takes thought for the morrow, and therefore does not take anxiety for it. Because she is forethoughted she can laugh at the time to come. She does not confound innocence and ignorance, does not think it unwomanly to be well educated; she openeth her mouth with wisdom. Nor does she think to show her wisdom by the sharpness of her tongue. Nor is she a gossipmonger. In her tongue is the law of kindness. Her personal ambitions run not beyond her household. She has no longing for public place and public service. She seeks her coronation within the walls of her home, happy if her children rise up and call her blessed, and her husband praises her.

This ideal of creation, of marriage, of womanhood, derived from the Hebrew people, passed over into Europe together with the pagan ideal derived from Imperial Rome. Wherever paganism dominated, woman was dishonored and marriage was reduced to a commercial partnership. Wherever Christianity dominated, woman was glorified and marriage was treated as a sacrament. The Church honored woman. It put by the side of the Lord himself the Virgin Mother who bore him. The adoration of the Virgin was one of the messages of the Catholic Church. Wherever that adoration was offered, wherever that mother and child were painted, wherever the *Ave Maria* was played or sung, there womanhood and motherhood were exalted and adored. With this ideal of womanhood there went an ideal of marriage as a sacred sacrament binding husband and wife together in an indissoluble bond. And wherever these two went, there went also the idea of

complete comradeship; for these three Hebrew ideals are really one in three, a sacred trinity of love: man and woman created one; man and woman created to be comrades; and man and woman united by marriage in an indissoluble bond.

For it is not merely the husbands that are to be comrades. The comradeship may be between husband and wife, or between brother and sister, or between father and daughter, or between friend and friend. It is man and woman who are made in the image of God; it is man and woman who are united in a sacred fellowship. There is no space here in which adequately to illustrate this comradeship which the Hebrew ideal puts before us. Life is the best interpreter of the Bible. From the book of life I select one single picture of this comradeship between brother and sister. Much has been made of what Charles Lamb did for Mary Lamb, and we have sometimes wondered at the patience of the brother in bearing with his oft-times crazy sister. It came to me somewhat as a surprise when a friend called my attention to Charles Lamb's testimony of what that sister had been to him:

I have every reason to suppose that this illness, like all the former ones, will be but temporary, but I cannot feel it so. Meanwhile she is dead to me, and I miss a prop. All my strength is gone, and I am like a fool, bereft of her co-operation. I dare not think lest I should think wrong, so used am I to look up to her in the least as in the biggest perplexity. To say all that I know of her would be more than I think anybody could believe or even understand; and when I hope to have her well again with me, it would be sinning against her feelings to go about to praise her, for I can conceal nothing I do from her. She is older, wiser, better than I, and all my wretched imperfections I cover to myself, by resolutely thinking on her goodness. She would share life, death, heaven and hell with me. She lives but for me. I know I have been wasting and teasing her life for five years incessantly with my cursed drinking and ways of going on. But even in this upbraiding of myself I am offending against her, for I know that she has clung to me for better, for worse; and if the balance has been against her hitherto, it was a noble trade.¹

Many a brother, many a father, many a husband who have not the pen of

¹ Letter written to Dorothy Wordsworth by Charles Lamb when Mary Lamb was in the asylum, during one of her attacks of insanity, June 14, 1805. "Letters of Charles Lamb," edited by E. V. Lucas, letter 133.

Charles Lamb have had his experience, and bear silent witness to the service which has been rendered to them by the inspiring presence of a sister, a daughter, or a wife.

Thus in the beginning of the nineteenth century there were in Europe these two contrasted streams of influence, one coming from paganism through Imperial Rome, the other coming from the Hebrew race through the Christian Church. Both were imported into America, the pagan idea from deistical France, the Christian idea from Puritan England. Rousseau's interpretation of the pagan ideal I quoted last week. J. R. Green has well interpreted the Puritan ideal:

Home, as we conceive it now, was the creation of the Puritan. Wife and child rose from mere dependents on the will of husband or father, as husband and father saw in them saints like himself, souls hallowed by the touch of a divine Spirit and called with a divine calling like his own. The sense of spiritual fellowship gave a new tenderness and refinement to the common family affections. "He was as kind a father," says a Puritan wife of her husband, "as dear a brother, as good a master, as faithful a friend as the world had." The willful and lawless passion of the Renaissance made way for a manly purity. Neither in youth nor riper years could the most fair or enticing woman draw him into unnecessary familiarity or dalliance. Wise and virtuous women he loved, and delighted in all pure and holy and unblamable conversation with them, but so as never to excite scandal nor temptation.¹

It is to this Hebraic, Christian, Puritan influence that we owe the modern idea of woman's education; that she is to be educated, not as Rousseau had said, to make the lives of men agreeable and pleasant, but for God and for herself. In 1819 Miss Willard opened what I believe was the first school for the really higher education of women in this country. In 1837 Mount Holyoke followed under Mary Lyon. In 1861 Vassar College was founded; then, following, Smith and Wellesley and Bryn Mawr. All these were in the conception and ideal of their founders distinctly Christian institutions. Meanwhile Western colleges were opening their doors to women, and secondary schools for girls enlarged their curricula and raised their standards, until to-day, after a century of education, it may fairly

be said that the educational facilities for woman in this country are, considering the length of time they have been established, approximately as good as the educational facilities for man. The same methods of study are open to her as to her brother in the preparatory schools. She is admitted to the same high schools, and to a large extent the same higher education is furnished to both in the colleges.

The new education has changed the old paganism, but has not converted it. The struggle between the pagan and the Christian conceptions of woman, marriage, and the family continues on our soil, though in a new form. Paganism no longer affirms that woman was made for man, or that she is to be educated to make life agreeable and pleasant for him, and that she is to be his servant or his toy. But loud voices are calling on her to become his competitor; to join in the struggle of life, not with him, but against him. A little child of my acquaintance, who had heard, more intelligently than any one had imagined, the woman question discussed in the family circle, asked his governess one day, when they were gathering wild flowers, whether she preferred Dutchman's Breeches or Ladies' Slippers. That is the Woman Question in a sentence. Does she wish to be a woman or a modified man?

The new paganism assures woman that the difference of sex is but an incident in life; that, with the same education as man, she has become or is becoming the same kind of being, endowed with the same characteristics, called to the same service, intended to fulfill the same social function; that there is no more difference between man and woman than there is between individuals in either sex; that she is to be not man's complement but his duplicate, not his comrade but his competitor, in the market-place, the factory, the courtroom, and on the hustings; that as man is, woman is—his toil her toil, his task her task, his place her place; that marriage is only a partnership between the two, to be continued while it proves mutually agreeable; that children are a painful inconvenience to be avoided if possible, and, when inevitable, discarded as soon as may be. This is what pagan democracy demands of woman and for woman.

¹J. R. Green, "History of England," Vol. III, p. 19.

Hebraic, Puritan, Christian democracy, in its interpretation of life and in its demands both on woman and for woman, is the antithesis of the modern paganism. There is no accident of sex. Man and woman are not cast in the same mold, created for the same function, nor called to the same service. They are created to be comrades, not competitors; for co-operation, not for rivalry. She is not made for him more than he is made for her; she is not to be educated for him more than he is to be educated for her. They are made for each other. Marriage is not a partnership; it is not a civil contract; it is a divine order; indissoluble save for the one disloyalty which does by necessity destroy the family. The home is the basic organization on which both Church and State are founded, for which both Church and State exist. The rearing and

training of children is the end of life, which alone gives it significance. To protect from enemies while this work of rearing and training children is carried on is the function of government. To provide food and shelter for the family while this rearing and training of children is carried on is the function of the material industries. To supplement the family in this rearing and training of children is the function of the school and the church. In this work of rearing and training children woman is supreme, made so by her divine equipment, and in it protected and provided for by her mate. Neither master and servant nor competitors and rivals, but comrades, neither independent of the other, neither complete without the other, each made for the other, are man and woman in the world's great work, which is the creation of children of God.

NAPOLEON JONES

BY E. L. PEARSON

"A N' then the Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte rode up to me on his white hoss, an' he says, 'Bring out yer guns!' an' so I brought 'em out!"

We stared at each other. This was worth hearing! Why had we never heard it before? For weeks we had played about the pond, messed and dabbled along its edges, run up and down the bankings which surrounded it, angled for goldfish, and plotted to pick the pond-lilies when the policeman should be away long enough. Every day we had seen this old man sitting on a bench underneath the big elm. He spent all the morning there and part of the afternoon, chewing tobacco vigorously and whittling small sticks.

This afternoon he had called Ed Mason to him, and presented Ed with a little musket whittled out of soft pine. Jimmy Toppan and I came and hung around to see if there were any more muskets to be distributed. But when we arrived, the old fellow pointed at Ed with his jackknife and addressed us.

"He wants to know if I ever was in a battle!"

Evidently the question had been an absurd one. We gathered this from the tone of derision with which it was repeated, and we promptly showed our appreciation of its absurdity by grinning. We marveled at Ed's obtuseness. Not to recognize this round-faced old man in the dark-blue suit as the very incarnation of war could only be downright stupidity.

"Was I ever in a battle?" he inquired with deliberate sarcasm. "Well, son, I don't know what *you* call a battle, but what do you think of a hundred an' thirty guns on one hill an' eighty guns on another hill, all blazing away at each other like Sancho?"

We thought well of it. It seemed to us a very respectable battle. But Ed Mason was destined to put his foot in it again. He held up the little pine musket. "Guns like this?" he queried.

The old fellow looked at Ed for a moment. Then he turned his gaze toward Jimmy and me and shook his head sorrowfully. "No, not guns like