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THOUGHTS

REVISED AND
ENLARGED EDITION

IVAN PANIN

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THOUGHTS

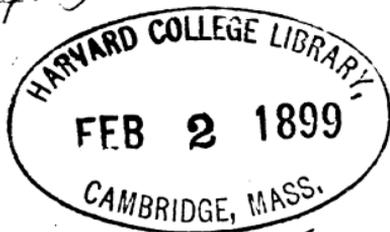
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IVAN PANIN

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PREFACE.

The best preface should really be the book itself, but poor is the rule that admits of no exception. Still, however pressing apparently the need, the writer pens this preface, if not with the half will of forced submission, at least with the divided heart of natural perplexity.

2. Nay, even the book itself he would fain have left unknown. For the Spirit hath already in the ages of yore recorded His opinion in the complaint that of making many books there is no end. And Job, to get his enemy wholly at his mercy hath only one wish, O that mine enemy had written a book! These, however, are merely hints. The full illustrations are given in at least four notable ways.

3. Moses is of all men the only one whom the Spirit hath condescended to liken unto the Lord Christ. "A prophet *like unto me* shall the Lord God raise up unto you," he is com-

manded to declare unto the chosen people, and a right rich, a right full life he led, this man Moses.

Born in the house of toil, he is reared in a palace. Spends twoscore years at court, and fourscore in the wilderness. Leaves school without his God at forty, and is sent back to school by his God till he is eighty. Flees for his life, keeps sheep for a wife. Is alone forty years without a multitude, is alone another forty years with the multitude. Fasts forty days, and talks with God face to face. A rich life, a full life he leads, this man Moses.

A learned man, a wise man was this Moses. He was versed in all the wisdom of the Egyptians. The dynasties, he understood their puzzle. The hieroglyphics, he had fathomed their mystery. The pyramids, he had solved their problem. The sphinx, he had discovered its secret. A wise man, a learned man was this man Mosés.

Come now, Moses, wilt thou not tell us what

thou sawest those forty years at Pharaoh's court ? in the wilderness with Jethro, with Zippora thine, thy rebellious spouse, with Miriam, thy rebellious sister, with Israel thy rebellious people ? Chevalier Bunsen would like to know. Professor Brugsch would like to know, plain Lepsius would like to know, the orientalist would like to know ; scholars, historians, a host of cultured folk would like to know. Wilt thou not tell us, thou man Moses ? But wellnigh ravishing though these themes be, pyramidal silence is all he here hath for us, this man Moses.

Even those who cannot get away with his six days of creation, his parting sea, gust of quails, his speaking ass, and serpent either upright on legs seducing or hanging from a pole healing, would gladly forgive him these his indiscretions, if only he had left us some goodly tomes of this his Egyptian wisdom. Nay, were he suddenly to reappear even if only to reveal the mystery of his tomb, he might perhaps fail

of an appointment to the professorship of archeology at Oxford or Harvard, but the Royal society would give him a right hearty welcome, and a dollar a ticket would not be deemed too high a price for getting a look from the platform at this man Moses. The enterprising newspaper would cheerfully part with a whole thousand of its abounding dollars to secure his first impressions of this land of interviews. The magazine pictorial would secure from him a paper, the magazine unpictorial would lay hold of him for a symposium: "Ingersoll on the mistakes of Moses; Moses on the mistakes of Ingersoll." The young maids would crave his autograph, the old maids his photograph. And even the slowly moving universities would at last relax to the extent at least of giving him an honorary degree. A wondrous success he thus would be, this man Moses. And yet this Moses foregoes the riches of Egypt for the sake of writing according to the mind of the Spirit.

4. Unto Solomon was given a wise and

understanding heart, so that the like of him was neither before him nor was any to arise after him. He excelled the wisdom of all the children of the East, and all the wisdom of Egypt. "For he was wiser than all men: than Ethan the Ezrahite, and Heman, and Calcol, and Darda, the sons of Mahol. Proverbs he spake three thousand, and his songs were one thousand and five. And of trees he spake: from the cedar in Lebanon even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall. He spake also of beasts, and of fowls, and of creeping things, and of fishes." Yet of the men who alone are singled out for comparison with the wisest of men the Spirit hath left us the bare names. Of the three thousand proverbs (who hath eyes to see let him look!) only a tithe have been allowed to escape. Of the thousand and five songs of Solomon (who hath ears to hear, let him hear!) there has been allowed to be wafted down the ages only one. Schiller leaves some unfinished piece, Goethe leaves some immature

doings, and generation after generation gathers up the fragments with the eagerness of the faithful hound for the leavings from his master's table. But from the table of Solomon — with only one dish shall the generations be content. This is the estimate the Spirit places upon the books writ by even the wisest of men.

5. Unto John Baptist the witness is borne from the lips of him that spake as man never spake that he was of all prophets the greatest ; Yea, that among them born of women there was none greater than John Baptist. A plain man he is, this John Baptist. He dines not with the wits : his fare is locusts and honey wild ; his garments are not cut in the latest Jerusalem style : hairy is his garment, leathern his girdle ; a strange man is this Baptist John ; he had written no books ; the *Jerusalem Critic* does not praise him, the *Jordan Nation* does not condemn him ; the booksellers do not advertise him, yet he has made an unheard of reputation, this John. He preaches in the wilder-

ness : no plush seats, no prelude, postlude ; no solo ; no excursion train towards Baptistville ; no electrics towards Ænon, not even dray beast line. Yet the crowds flock to hear this man with rock to the right of him, rock to the left of him, rock at the back of him, only water at the front of him, the rough breezes around him, bare sky over him. Yet they flock to hear this John : Jerusalem, and all Judæa, and the region round about Jordan. No fine words he uses, this John : the cultured and refined of the day are to him only a generation of vipers. Yet he makes kings to tremble before him, this John.

Before this voice crying in the wilderness all pulpit eloquence is as the hand organ before the hymn of the ages. Professors of homiletics, of oratory, eloquence, and what not, what would not here be given for at least one complete discourse of this man John ! But though of the eight writers of the New Testament no less than four are assigned to make report of him, all we are permitted to know of his preaching

is : of text, just seven words ; of discourse, some sixscore of words. This is the estimate the Spirit places upon the preservation of the words of, upon the *book* of, him who had no superior among them born of women.

6. Lastly : The Son of Man himself, a few sayings of his, perhaps not even genuine, were recently discovered : Forthwith all Christendom is on tiptoe : formal as well as devout ; spurious as well as genuine Christendom ; all manner of glasses, microscopic and otherwise, are turned on these Rip Van Winklian arrivals. The wee wordlets are demanded from the four quarters of the heavens to give strict account of themselves : Professor Ordinarius, and Professor extraordinarius, docent, fellow, tutor, reviewer, scribe, gentleman of the scissors,—are all present at the examination of the strangers. This over a few of His sayings : what commotion then would there be were a single additional doing of his brought to light ? But the disciple who alone of all others was permitted to rest

his head on the Master's bosom most solemnly declares: "Many other signs, therefore, did Jesus which are not written in this book. . . . And there are also many other things which Jesus did, which if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself would not contain the books that should be written." On the most absorbing theme which man could treat, here is one who hath boundless material therefor, and he deliberately lays down his pen, and retires into the eternal Silence after writing what would fill perhaps one of the forty pages of the Sunday newspaper, of which there are printed for us in the course of one year 2,040 such pages.

When in May, 1881, the Revised Version of the New Testament was at last published, a Chicago paper, eager to outstrip its rivals if only for four and twenty hours, had the entire New Testament telegraphed from New York for its readers. This for the sake of a few changes in the *translation* of the story of the Son of

Man. And thou, blessed John, knewest a world of books about this Son of Man, and holdest thy peace? Even so, for it was the mind of the Spirit to witness that even for the doings of the Son of God four booklets suffice for some eighteen centuries of time.

7. But the Spirit hath not left the making of many books to mere inference. He that hath said, The words which I spake unto you, they shall judge you at the last day, spake also this : Every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment : for by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned. If it be thus with every idle word spoken, which hath only two wings, what of the printed word with its hundreds and thousands of wings ?

8. And once more, as if to strike at the very root of the multitudinous making of books, the Spirit hath left the injunction : Be not many teachers, my brethren, knowing that we shall receive heavier judgment. The lips

of the priest keeping knowledge no longer, the hungry mass hath betaken itself elsewhere, to the writer ; and the writer has thus become the teacher, even where he writes for self-imposition, if not for self-preservation. For a tyrant is man, restless until he hath turned the very stars out of their course to swing their time to his own erratic oscillations. If he cannot impose upon the universe his knowledge, then at least his ignorance : and if not his competency, then at least his incompetency ; and if universe cannot be stirred by the lever of Archimedes, then at least a gentle tug by some wire pulling behind the bar room. This is the reason for the ubiquitous hunger for leadership, and unceasing attempts at shaking the eternal pillars of the heavens. Nay, the very philanthropist is ill at ease unless he can impart his sarsaparilla for the woes of man in drops of his own rotundity and bottles of his own fragility. And the Father of the spirits of all flesh knowing the heart of the sons of Adam full well,

that with tyranny it begins and with tyranny it ends, hath called to them across the ages, Be *not* many teachers among you! A most earnest thing is this making of books, a solemn matter this of teaching!

9. When Walter Scott who had himself written some forty volumes, lay on his bed during his last illness, he asked his son-in-law Lockhart for "the book." "Which book, Sir Walter?" "There is really only one book," he gave answer, and pointed to the Bible. Thus with one wise word he sent his entire Waverley host into the limbo of inanity, with Marmion, Lady of the Lake, and the rest. The disciple, who by the grace of Heaven hath been permitted to drink freely of the water of Life in the pages of this Book can surely only abstain from the guilt of making many books.

10. But when the Pharisees asked the Master whether it be lawful to put away a wife for any cause, he gave in answer: Moses for your hardness of heart suffered you to put away your

wives, *but from the beginning it hath not been so.* The great God, knowing that man is but flesh, condescends thus to the less good instead of the best simply because sinful man hath strayed from the beginning when it had not been *so.*

11. And had the writer always been what the great God intended man to be, there would be neither book nor preface from him. But with him also alas! it had not been from the beginning *so.* And so he published some dozen years ago two booklets of "Thoughts." The motives for their coming into visibility were, as natural, rather mixed. If at twenty one is wiser than at fifty, one is at thirty only wiser than at forty. Some craving, perhaps, for sympathy by one uprooted from his native soil, and not yet grounded in the transplanted soil. A goodly dose of honest philanthropy, with a like goodly dose of Adamic tyrant, were likely enough also well mixed in. Be that as it may, there was at least some rather honest toil put into the work. But honest though the booklets were, aph-

orisms and sayings by the ounce, when put into the form of a book, are not easily relished by a race that takes indeed its lunches standing, but prefers its reading if not by the pound, at least by the yard. The *New York Rhadamanthus* accordingly let loose upon the poor author its chosen Cerberus, who if he failed to show the thoroughbred blood, betrayed at least the teeth of the race. Rhadamanthus has indeed the grace shortly to confess that if he had known that the victim of Cerberus had been befriended by his own father (for even Rhadamathuses have fathers), he would have kept Cerberus chained, and the poor author is duly appreciative of the glimpse he is thus permitted to have of the mysteries of criticism. But the author on the whole deemed it prudent to retire from the field, and retire he did, quite crestfallen

12. America's most sympathetic, and therefore truest, critic writes indeed to the author from across the miles of space that lie betwixt them, "Be not discouraged, keep on!" And

America's acutest philosopher (to whom the author's "philosophy" is only a kind of endurable abomination) confesses indeed that the first booklet contains at least four sayings of which a hundred would make the author what he calls "immortal": so that according to the commercial mode of speech the poor Cerberus bitten writer is already at thirty immortal four per cent. And America's second eminent critic does not indeed hesitate to write a rather longitudinal laudation of two other of poor author's wordlets. But neither these nor the many other cheering words would have seriously roused the author to reprint some of his words. For he soon learned that if it be worth while to spend half a lifetime in getting into the papers, it is worth while to spend the other half of his lifetime in keeping out of the papers.

13. For a marvellous thing had meanwhile come to pass in the life of the author. Hitherto he had sought wisdom all his days, and sought it most earnestly: sought it in science,

sought it in philosophy; sought it in art, sought it in letters; sought it in college, sought it in the world; sought it from professor, sought it from Preacher; sought it laughing, crying, sought it yearning, sobbing. And many indeed were the things he learned in the search. The physiologist told him how they make frogs' legs dance; the astronomer told him that Sirius does not really twinkle, and the naturalist told him that the serpent once had legs, and lost them in his attempts at evolution. The philosopher told him that the universe is a machine, the scientist, that men have only recently grown wiser than monkeys. The artist explained to him how he writes merely for the sake of writing, the preacher, that one can be a Christian teacher even as agnostic. Lastly, the Professor of Ethics convinced the writer that he was an excellent fellow. But not a soul even as much as whispered to him that *the fear of the Lord is the BEGINNING of wisdom*, and, *Knowledge of the Most High THAT is understanding*. As

upon these sentences he at last stumbled as it were in a book which is found indeed on many a parlor table of Christendom, but has to be dusted twice a week, the net sum of the writer's fruitless search after wisdom was that he began to look into that book in earnest. And what he found was this: he had faithfully and admirably studied Homer and Plato, Virgil and Cicero, Epictetus, Seneca and Marcus Aurelius, Æschylus and Sophocles, Confucius and Buddha, Mahomet and Saadi, Shakespeare and Bacon, Dante and Rousseau, Descartes and Spinoza, Kant and Schopenhauer, Gœthe and Herder, Strauss and Buchner, Emerson and Carlyle, Ruskin and Arnold, Darwin and Spencer, Proudhon and Tolstoy. In all of these is held forth more or less the promise of LIFE. But the writer has sorrowfully found that though these do not indeed offer a stone for bread, yet they give shelter to the soul such as the dweller in the slum tenement of the city hath in comparison with the soil tiller's homestead in the coun-

try. They give indeed food unto the heart, but it is the watered milk and the larded butter and the refrigerated beef of the city with its consequent need of allopath and homeopath, rather than the creamy milk of the farmer, his pure butter, and the fatted calf of the country. On Carlyle and Emerson, on Plato and Aurelius, on Ruskin and Tolstoy, one can indeed live, but the Accident policy must be carefully taken out before the journey, and a goodly supply of all manner of liniments, sarsaparilla, and otherwise, must ever be at hand for the mumps and measles of the soul, which, say what these teachers may, *will* not down for other than brief time. Not so, however, with THE BOOK. For it tells of One who spake as man never spake, who was the true bread of life, that which cometh down from the heavens, of which if a man eat he shall never hunger.

14. After such result of lengthy search for wisdom the writer could well afford to leave his booklets to the silence from which he had

thought they had perhaps better never have come forth. This maugre the encouragement from Eminent Critic One, commendation from Eminent Critic Two, and assurance of at least four per cent of immortality from eminent philosopher. But one day the writer went to a registry of deeds. The scribal dame in attendance, on seeing his name on the paper handed her, asked, Is this Mr Ivan Panin? I wish to thank you for your Thoughts I had seen in the *Independent*, specially for the one: Three men are my friends, — and she recited the whole of what had appeared ten years before in a weekly journal. And every now and then the writer still receives in papers sent him quotations from the booklets he had long dismissed even as a hen pecks away her own chicks in due season.

15. The writer has thus not succeeded in getting away from his booklets, and since they no longer truly represent him, it is right that if quoted he must be, and judged for them, it be at least for what he *now* wishes to be held res-

possible. Accordingly he presents here to the reader a selection from the old with some new. The choice was not always from within, often rather from without. When, for example, a wholesale dry goods merchant, on espying the author in his store, comes to him, takes him by the hand, and with indescribable tenderness speaks out as a greeting, "To find yourself, you must first lose yourself," what can poor author do other than to retain the wee saying, even though it be not the saying of one who already has his Christ, but only of one who as yet only feels after him? Or when a widely known Unitarian spokesman, alights upon "To seek for virtue is to be virtuous," with exclamation as to its helpfulness, what can poor author say, but "In with thee, thoughtlet mine," even though there be serious question as to its ultimate truth? The writer, ready to become all things to all men, has herein let helpfulness be the decisive consideration. Nor ought he to omit mentioning that he has a

rather vagueish remembrance of once coming upon a man who seemed to find much comfort in "Hesitation is a sign as much of the abundance of ideas as of their scarcity." It proved afterwards that the poor man — stuttered. . . .

16. The reader will thus do well not to expect too much from the booklet : it is not a feast spread for any one, but rather a bill of fare, from which each can choose according to his need. And as in the same meadow the ox finds grass, the stork his lizard, and the bee its honey, so may the reader not look here for the honey, if so be that he is only a stork.

17. Lastly a personal word. When the writer was without God and without hope in the world he yet had a zeal for what passes as righteousness, but not alas ! according to knowledge, with result rather of bull in china shop. And he has given much unnecessary pain. For this he has been punished justly enough : for though he has quite an abundance of magnetism about him, it has proved to be chiefly on

the repellent end, and this is rather painful. But folk have gone further: they have believed and circulated in their just anger things about the writer which can injure none but those who receive them. And this for their sake he bitterly regrets. He therefore herewith offers his most earnest apology to every person that hath a grievance against him whether just or unjust. Intending as he does to stand for the Truth, the writer cannot expect wholly to escape some malice and even persecution. But if so, he prays for grace to deserve it for his loyalty to Truth rather than for his foolishness in witnessing for it. "Let none of you suffer as an evil-doer, or as a meddler in other men's matters *but if as a Christian, let him not be ashamed.*"

THOUGHTS

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CHAPTER I.

OF SORROW.

1. Of all else we know the taste from a single swallow. Of life alone the taste can be known only after it has been drunk to the dregs.

2. To be happy in the world one must learn to let go, to be happy in God one must learn to hold on.

3. There can be no true peace with self without the death of Christ ; no true peace with God without the death of self.

4. To mirth one must stoop ; to sorrow one must rise.

5. There is a sublime sorrow, but only a high joy, and innocent mirth.

6. Great joys are like the cloud, fleeting ; great sorrow is like the sunshine, stationary.

7. The deepest sorrow is love in preparation ; the highest love is sorrow in action.

8. Man is never so near the satanic as when he laughs ; never so near the angelic as when he smiles ; but he is never so truly human as when he weeps.

9. Sorrow is fermenting love ; love, clarified sorrow.

10. Philosophy reasons with sorrow ; but the sorrow that can be reasoned with is not sorrow : it is ignorance. Friendship consoles it ; but the sorrow that can be consoled is not sorrow : it is hunger. Sorrow accepts neither argument nor consolation, but the reality : Man is born unto

trouble, as the sparks fly upward ; and, Through much tribulation must we enter the kingdom of God.

11. The sharpest sting of sorrow is in the question, Why *must* ? But sorrow is meant to teach us not to question.

12. Job's friends showed their sympathy in coming from so far ; their wisdom, in keeping silent so long. It is when the silence is broken that they change from good sympathizers into bad comforters.

13. To understand sorrow one needs only to read Job ; to love the sorrowing one must have been in Job.

14. The secret of sorrow is that men think God has a plan for them : he has only a plan through them.

15. Prometheus chained to the rock is his punishment ; the eagle daily plucking at his

liver is the merciful distraction therefrom. The man who can steal fire from heaven suffers more in being chained to the rock than from a hole in his liver. Of the two I would choose the toothache rather than the heartache, said Heine in a moment of shallowness.

16. Prometheus at his rock is the type of the sorrow of him that knows ; Pegasus in his yoke is the type of the sorrow of him that feels. Mazeppa on his steed is the type of the sorrow of him that works. The ancients have depicted them, the moderns have depicted him. Only the sorrow of him that lives has not been depicted, for he is chained to a corpse.

17. Constant rain rots ; constant sunshine withers.

18. To recognize the vanity of this life is the first step towards the true life. To perceive our ignorance is the first step toward true knowledge ; to acknowledge our folly is the

first step to true wisdom ; to behold our misery is the first step toward true happiness.

19. The first step in the art of painting is to learn the value of shadow ; the first step in the art of living is to learn the value of misfortune.

20. "Happy am I, for I do what I like!"
Yes, my friend, and so does the beast.

21. It is not the water without the ship that sinks it, but the water within it.

22. The nadir is indeed under each man's feet, but the zenith is also over each man's head.

23. To find yourself, you must first lose yourself.

24. In our care to escape great misfortunes we fall into small ones ; and these make our misfortune truly great.

25. The danger from lightning is past when the thunder is heard, and the worst is over when misfortune *has* arrived.

26. Misfortune, like a cloud, rises not from one direction, but from all sides at once. This because misfortune is not in circumstances, but in us. One mishap dimming our sight causes all else to appear as mishap.

27. Our greatest misfortunes befall us either before or after their arrival, seldom at their arrival.

28. Three things I learn from the tree: it is the decayed apples it lets fall first; it gives shade unto others while scorched itself; when stoned it is because it is loaded.

29. We strike the barrel to see whether it be empty or full. And shall not we submit to the same treatment at the hands of God?

30. Left out in the rain the cask swelled and burst its hoops. There, at last I am rid of those wretched bands, thought the cask. But when the sun came out it fell to pieces.

31. The dove when flying observed that it had to beat against the air. It prayed to be spared its resistance. The dove had its prayer answered, and was put into a vacuum. But on trying to fly it fell to the ground.

32. The acorn wished to become a mighty oak. But when thrown into the damp and darkness it demurred, and it was released. Now I shall at least be a clean acorn, it said, once more basking in the sunshine. But it did not bask long. A stray hog came along, and readily put an end to acorn's further career.

33. The vine weary of clipping at last prayed to be delivered therefrom. The kindly husbandman heeded her request, and its growth ran all

into wood. But when next year the new owner came, he cut down the unprofitable vine.

34. It is a great mistake never to commit one ; a great misfortune never to be unhappy.

35. Death is not the greatest ill, life not the greatest good, happiness not the noblest end.

36. The greatest ill is to die without having lived ; the greatest good, to live only after having died ; the noblest end, to fulfill one's part.

37. What can the worm teach me ? At least this : that during the rain, when all else goes to hide, he comes to the surface.

38. In the furnace gold is melted, clay is hardened.

39. The largest planet has its sun ; the smallest hair casts its shadow.

40. The moon, which shineth with borrowed light, can indeed be seen by day as well as by night; but to see the stars, which shine by their own, you must be in darkness.

41. It is a question whether life was meant to be hard; it is certain that we make it so.

42. Our best friends are those we least appreciate—our enemies; our worst enemies are those we least suspect,—ourselves.

43. In prosperity our greatest dangers come from without; in adversity, from within.

44. In prosperity I learn the depravity of others; in adversity, mine own.

45. Continuance dulls enjoyment, but not pain.

46. Man's capacity for joy dies with others; man's capacity for pain dies only with himself.

47. We laugh at things too tragic too weep over; we grieve over things too ridiculous to laugh at.

48. The highest joy finds expression in silent tears; the deepest sorrow, in tearless silence.

49. To give joy great things are needful; to give pain little things are enough.

50. Our best friend is without us; our worst enemy, within us.

51. To be hardened, the iron must first be softened.

52. To the well one must go with his pail empty.

53. Sunshine makes even the mud to shine.

54. Tunnels are made not to live in, but to pass through.

55. Of all creatures man alone can contemplate his misery : this is his wisdom ; of all creatures man alone rejects the true remedy for his misery : this is his folly.

56. Misery feeds more on doubt than on certainty.

57. Health lives in the present ; disease worries over the future.

58. Men are made more unhappy by the ills they fear than by those they suffer.

59. That the smallest cloud hides the stars from us is due not to their smallness but to ours.

60. Life is indeed sad, but only when we have attained to half truth : it becomes joyful enough when we see the whole. The wheel at half a revolution turns upside down ; but it is righted when it makes the whole.

61. The lightning is brightest when the cloud is darkest ; the wire sings clearest when the storm is fiercest.

62. What if we be not happy ? We can still live so as to deserve happiness.

63. Flowers blossom only if the roots are in darkness

64. Even the volcano, glowing within, may be ice-clad without, it only it be high enough.

65. 'Tis well to remember that no rose is without a thorn, but better still to remember that even near thorns roses are found.

66. We should treat fortune as the farmer his wheelbarrow : push it from us when full, and only drag it behind us when empty.

67. The surest way to leave happiness behind is to run after it.

68. To leave the shadow behind, you must turn toward the sun.

69. In obstacles there's gain : throw the ball into the field, and it leaves thee ; cast it against the wall,— back it comes to thee.

70. Who complains of undeserved misfortune should also refuse undeserved good fortune.

71. Thou canst not sweep away the mist ; but by mounting above it thou shalt see the things it hid from thy sight : thus, too, misfortune and pain thou canst not escape, ; but by rising above them thou shalt see the good they hide behind them.

72. The dog, though whipped many times, licks his master's hand again if petted but once. And shalt thou upbraid thy God who hath fed thee twenty times where he hath left thee to hunger but once ?

73. There are two ways of rising above the water : by swimming and by — corruption.

74. What do I learn from the nail ? The farther 'tis hammered the firmer it holds.

75. What do I learn from the candle ? Even though turned down, it still sends its flame upward.

76. What do I learn from the rose ? Though its root is in dirt and mud, it yet sendeth forth grace and perfume.

77. Shells we find on the beach ; for pearls we must dive.

78. Bear suffering, and it shall bear thee.

79. What do I learn from the river ? The more it is dammed the wider it swells.

80. What do I learn from the sea ? It is grand in storm as well as in calm.

81. 'Tis the severe scouring which shows whether the pot is gold or gilded.

82. What do I learn from the mount? The loftier it is, the longer its shadow.

83. The best remedy against annoyance from small things is to battle with great.

84. He is truly rich who has nothing left to be deprived of.

85. There is one furnace that melts all hearts, — love; one balm that soothes all pain, — patience; one medicine that cures all ills, — time; one peace that ends all strife, — death; one light that illumines all darkness, — hope.

CHAPTER II.

OF GOD AND MAN.

86. When man confides his secret unto us we are restless unless we keep it ; when God confides his secret unto us we are restless unless we divulge it.

87. True philosophy seeks God, true science finds him, true religion possesses him, true worship enjoys him.

88. Familiarity with the mean breeds contentment therewith ; familiarity with the noble breeds contempt thereof ; perhaps this is the reason why God who ever strives to reveal himself to man constantly hides himself from man.

89. Water will not mix with oil, but neither can it sink it. Water is the type of the world ; oil, of the Spirit.

90. God sees to it that there be enough inspirers : it is for man to see that there be enough inspired.

91. Two men please God : who loves him with all his heart because he knows him ; who seeks him with all his heart because he knows him not.

92. Wisdom in Nature is seen from her commands : in man, from his obedience.

93. What cannot be helped men endure, and this they have in common with the beast ; what might be helped men bear, and this is peculiar to themselves ; only what ought to be helped men forbear, and this they have in common with God.

94. The fish in the net darts aimlessly up and down : the bird sings even in the cage : the fish lives in the water, the type of the world ; the bird lives in the air, the type of the Spirit.

95. The carnal man lives unto self; the moral man unto men; the spiritual man unto God.

96. I used to wonder what use God had for the wicked. But since I learned that hardly a page can be printed without the slanting *Italics*, I no longer ask that question.

97. In prosperity men ask too little of God; in adversity, too much.

98. "Were the oxen to represent *their* God, they would make him with horns." Perhaps, my friend. But have you asked the oxen?

99. "Hitch your wagon to a star!" Excellent advice; if only you tell us which star.

100. Give me health and a day, says Emerson, and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous. Yes, my friend, so could I, and any other beggar. But give me a night without

health, with thorns on my brow, with nails in my hands, spit on my cheek, and vinegar for my thirst, and I *have* made the pomp of emperors ridiculous, can be said only by Him who became poor, but only to make us rich.

101. Why are the dead raised no more? Presumption says, Because the dead do not rise. Meekness suggests, Because there is no more faith to raise the dead with. The One who alone could say, I am the Resurrection and the Life, explains, If they believe not Moses and the prophets, neither will they believe though one rose from the dead.

102. In the early centuries Christianity suffered most from its enemies; in the last, from its friends.

103. The sin of Adam and Eve consisted less in the eating of the forbidden fruit than in not

being ashamed of their nakedness. And the tempter was sent more to disclose their weakness to themselves than their sin unto God.

104. Man is never so great as when beholding his own littleness.

105. The difference between the true religion and all false religion is in one word. Philosophy says, Stand! Science says, Go! False religion says, Do! Christ says, Come!

106. I used to wonder at the striking resemblance of some of the false religions to the true, until I learned that the difference between the goose and the swan is only a few inches of neck.

107. The difference between false science and true is here : a Darwin ignores revelation ; a Newton writes a commentary on Revelation.

108. Religion draws men, literature cattle, science freight, philosophy empty cars.

109. Civilization creates many desires. Religion, only one longing.

110. Civilization polishes the savage into a barbarian ; religion makes him into a man.

111. Passion possesses the soul, devotion fills it.

112. A man was met of God in a hay field, and was there converted. Full of joy he meets his neighbor. "Have you found the Lord?" "Yes, praise His Name, long ago." "Where did you find Him?" "One day in my chamber." "You are mistaken, friend. A man cannot truly find God unless in a hay field." This man afterwards became a theologian.

113. The inhabitants of a quiet village were once alarmed by the cry of Wolves! They rush to the town hall. They debate, discuss, deliberate. At last they decide that each go home and get his gun. But as they rushed

out they were met at the door by the — wolves. They had all been honest agnostics.

114. “Which did you like best, the one that sang soprano, or the one that sang alto?” “I liked best the one who sang solo.” The youth on coming to manhood became a metaphysician.

115. “My papa has a piazza on his house, yours has not.” “And mine has a mortgage on his, which yours has not.” When these children grew up, the one gave birth to a professor of Ethics, the other to a professor of Political Economy.

116. An ass hearing the nightingale extolled decided to hear her for himself. The nightingale put herself out, and sang at her best. Most excellent, cried the ass, but if you will allow me a suggestion, a few lessons from my friend the cock would greatly add to your accomplishments. You will find him scratching on the dunghill. This critic dates only from

the time of Kryloff, but he has an ancient pedigree and numerous offspring.

117. "I tell you I once succeeded in taking in a whole town!" "Indeed! And how did you do it?" "You see, my name is Smith, and I told them it was Jones." When this man found himself, he became a successful writer of fiction.

118. A cat was caught by its mistress eating its dainty fish. "O, you thief, skitch, skitch!" The cat still eats. "Well, did you ever! You beast, skitch, skitch!" The cat still eats. "You nasty thing, I will make you ashamed of yourself," and she grabs the poker. The cat now does start away, only to finish the fish in the shed instead of the kitchen. The husband of the owner of the fish was a writer on Education.

119. On arriving at the summit of Vesuvius the rest of the party admired the view. He

alone saw the lava and observed, What a fine spot for baking potatoes! In due time he became the ancestor of a race of financiers.

120. A belated owl found itself in daylight before it had time to return to its haunt. The glare hurt its eyes, and it prayed that the good Lord would be pleased to put out the sun. The Lord heard its prayer, but instead of putting out the sun He merely transferred it to its dark abode. Ever after the owl has had much to say about unanswered prayer. Too-whit, too who! Too-whit, too who!

121. A man was arrested on the charge of stealing a cow; but on proving that he owned the animal ever since it was a calf he was discharged. A fellow-prisoner, who was charged with stealing a gun, on hearing this, set up as his defence that he had owned the gun ever since it was a pistol. He was sent to prison, but he reformed, and in time became a successful lecturer on Evolution.

122. Music is a reminiscence from heaven, a foretaste of heaven, and a glimpse into heaven.

123. Poetry is the language of heavenly childhood, prose the speech of earthly manhood. Verse is the utterance of heavenly childhood lost and earthly manhood unattained.

124. Doubt is the tax man pays for the luxury of useless knowledge.

125. Political Economy is the science of making Nature the scapegoat for man's selfishness.

126. Ethics is the science of proving that the association can do with a clear conscience what its members can only do with a guilty one.

127. Metaphysics is the science of putting questions which the mass does not ask, the wise do not take up, and they themselves do not answer.

128. Philosophy finds new names ; science, new facts.

129. Metaphysics betoken the decay of worship, Ethics the decay of integrity, Political Economy the decay of love, Fiction the decay of truth.

130. The craving for fiction is due as much to the hunger for truth as to the loss of truth.

131. The abundance of pictorial illustration illustrates really only the decay of imagination.

132. Let philosophers wonder wherefore man is here. If I am useful, it is reason enough for my being here.

133. In health men ask whether pain is an evil. In sickness they know it.

134. Who writes out his system only exposes it to argument , who lives it out proves it.

135. A system is a pyramid upside down : a vast structure built upon a point. Hence a little wind blows it down.

136. A system is for thought what the horn is for the powder. It keeps it well — confined.

137. Perhaps the best use of a system is that of the band around the garments when carried about : good only to hold them together when they are not to be displayed.

138. The great historian is he who knows the distinction between what is done and what happens.

139. The language of a people is the history of its past ; the language of a child is the history of its present ; the language of a man is the history of his future.

140. The head needs for its growth new things ; the heart, only old truths.

141. God has no superior, Satan brooks none.

142. Tears before men weaken, before God they strengthen.

143. When born, religion rushes through the head to get to the heart ; when it dies, long after it has left the heart, it still lingers in the head.

144. All slang was once pure speech : every error was once a truth.

145. Truth adorned resembles falsehood ; falsehood naked resembles truth.

146. Nakedness detracts naught from truth, ornament adds naught to a lie.

147. Of the numerous marvels of the nineteenth century not the least is the ease with which folk persuade men, after putting out their own eyes, that now they can help men to see all the better.

148. A man is divided by falsehood, and united by truth ; men are divided by truth, and united by falsehood.

149. Truth is like the cork ; however often submerged, it rises again.

150. Error lies horizontally, and is easily seen ; truth stands perpendicularly, and is easily missed.

151. Two things pass my comprehension : God in his wisdom, man in his folly.

152. A widely known philosopher who had looked much at the Infinite, and the Absolute, at last beheld the God of Nature. When recently spoken to of Christ, he, who in his early days had been a Socinian shepherd, said, We do not even know whether such a man as Jesus Christ existed. This while surrounded in his library by hundreds of volumes, his eyes as he spake on the Encyclopedia Britannica, for

which he did not deem a hundred dollars too high a price. I was at first inclined to resent his folly, but I soon beheld mine own. I had been impressed with the philosopher's protestations of unbounded loyalty to "Truth." After all that the Bible has told me that men love darkness rather than the light, I ought not to have been surprised to see even a philosopher trying to cast stones at a train hours after it had gone by.

153. The ignorance of the learned is a malady peculiar to the craft. Who labors too near the light must expect to get off with weak eyes.

154. The Christ who could presume to ask, Which of you convicteth me of sin? and hesitates not to make himself equal with God, also refuses to be addressed as *Good* Teacher. The walking of a man on the water, and the sending of two thousand demons into the water, are great marvels; but greater the marvel that mere man

should thus speak, that ordinary men should thus report. This is a mere drop, but the sea is an assemblage of mere drops.

155. Who holds only the truth in Christ scolds the lame for walking on crutches; who has the life of Christ rejoices that the lame have even crutches to walk with.

156. The sinner needs to know God's holiness; the saint, God's love.

157. Man's relation to God is that of a funnel. At the brim the inspiration is wide enough; but man can receive only what comes in at the point.

158. The storm in the city begins with dust, and ends with mud, leaving the rain between. Modern science begins with mud, and ends with dust, putting in the man between.

159. Modern science is a monorganatic

marriage: its children are indeed legitimate, but cannot be crowned.

160. Both philosophy and science start out to build a house: the one stops at the staging, the other at the roof. Religion finishes it.

161. I used to doubt God. Now I only doubt my knowledge of him.

162. The greatest sin in the world is falsehood; the next greatest is half-truth.

163. The greatest ill in the world is sin; the next greatest, self-righteousness.

164. Earthly prizes men mostly lose because of the worthiness of others; heavenly prizes men lose always only because of the unworthiness of themselves.

165. Covetousness of the earthly is a vice; of the heavenly, a virtue.

166. True religion, like the rope of the royal navy, is distinguished by the scarlet thread that runs through its every part.

167. Loneliness with men leads often to self-murder; loneliness with God leads always to self-crucifixion.

168. To give up Moses to the scientist to save John is to give up the dogs to the wolves to save the sheep.

169. Christianity reconciles man with himself only by reconciling him with God.

170. Errors are in all ages the same, but they are disguised by the new suit of clothes.

171. Carlyle somewhere invites folk to contemplate the fact that there is actually at this moment somewhere the foolishest man on earth. But this rests on a misconception of folly. From God, the centre, to man on the circum-

ference every radius is the shortest line, but of the radii the number is endless.

172. The progress of the soul is measured as much by what it parts with as by what it acquires.

173. Who seeks for berries must be content to look down ; who seeks for stars will have to look up.

174. The poet sees beautiful order in nature ; the saint submits to it.

175. To obtain most from God man must retain least of himself. To be filled at the well the bucket must be turned upside down.

176. Polished I may be by men ; cleansed I must be by God.

177. Washed I can be in water. Cleansed I must be by blood.

178. Our necessities are given us free. It is for our luxuries God makes us pay.

179. Nature is commanded only by obedience.

180. From nature we learn that God cares for the mass ; from revelation, that he cares for the individual.

181. The health of the body requires gymnastics for all the members ; the health of the spirit, only that of the knees.

CHAPTER III.

OF LOVE.

182. Who cannot endure the society of the bad has seen too little of the world ; who can, has seen too much.

183. To love the loveable is human ; to be loving to the despicable, — this is divine.

184. Three men are my friends : who loves me, who hates me, and who is indifferent to me. Who loves me teaches me tenderness ; who hates me teaches me caution ; who is indifferent to me teaches me not to trust in the arm of flesh.

185. Is he my friend who loves me ? He may yet not understand me. Is it he who understands me ? He may yet not love me. But who understands me because he loves me, who

loves me because he understands me, he is my friend.

186. Friendship is like the echo : returneth only what is given. Love is like the pump : returneth by the pail what it receiveth by the pint.

187. Tact is love improvized.

188. Tact is love improvised for what is within man. Taste is love acclimatized in what is outside of man.

189. Tact is an extract of love ; taste is the perfume of love.

190. Indignation is love displayed as chain lightning ; tact, as heat lightning ; taste, as sheet lightning.

191. Both selfishness and love have keen sight : but selfishness looks through a microscope, and sees only what is small or near ; love

looks through a telescope, and sees what is great or far.

192. The vessel that holds not water may still hold grain. It matters not so much what a man cannot do as what he can.

193. If the foolish had no other claim upon our patience, it should be at least this: that even to the lot of geese it may befall to save a Capitol.

194. If nothing grows in ashes, something may yet be made to grow by ashes.

195. The lover has no eyes, the husband needs them put out.

196. Marriage halves men, parentage doubles them.

197. A woman ceases to be half as a wife; she becomes complete only as a mother.

198. Men are mostly made by the duties of parentage ; women are mostly unmade by them.

199. The lover is blind to the real faults of the maiden ; the husband sees the possible shortcomings of the wife.

200. Lovers, the wider their separation, the nearer they are.

201. The path of love, to lead to true happiness, should be like the path of the planet : ever round its sun, never going away from it, but also never approaching it.

202. Were the husband as blind to the faults of the wife as the lover to those of the maiden, few unhappy marriages would follow happy courtships.

203. The New Testament name for the wife as the *weaker vessel* is a most pathetic combination of divine wisdom and human tenderness.

204. Better to grow gray in a night from the pains of love, than to live in peace without it ; for to go through life without love is to travel through the world in a carriage with the curtains over the windows.

205. The lover sees though blind ; a hater is blind though he see.

206. Love is blind, but only for what is ugly : its sight is keen enough for what is beautiful.

207. Who no longer can love, is already old, however young ; who yet can love is still young, however old.

208. Reason is the light of the moon, cold ; sentiment is the heat of the stove, dark ; love is the light and heat of the sun.

209. Women are more likely to love those they hate than those they deem ridiculous : for

of the ridiculous we think ourselves the superiors ; those we hate are seldom our inferiors.

210. Truth seen is beauty ; beauty felt is love.

211. The pupil of the eye contracts in the light, and dilates in the dark. This to teach us the need of an enlarged view in the presence of all darkness.

212. After all that is said in favor of solitude, it is still true that powder will indeed burn without air. But its light is only for a moment, and its fire only to destruction.

213. When I need society I am poor ; when I shun it I am ill ; when I seek it for myself, I am both. Only when I seek it for others, am I well and rich.

214. The carnal man knows only one kind of love,— Thou shalt love thy neighbor *as* thyself. The moral man knows a second : We ought to

lay down our lives for the brethren, because He laid down His life for us. The spiritual man knows a third, a love to be measured not even by a superlative : Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with *all* thy heart, and all thy mind, and all thy soul, and all thy strength.

215. I am dissuaded from helping others, because forsooth I have duties to myself ; but I have no duties to myself that should prevent me from helping others.

216. My enemy thinks he is my enemy : he is only his own.

217. The passions can seldom be trusted ; the head often, the heart always.

218. The longer the journey from heart to mouth, the shorter the journey from mouth to hand.

219. Men seldom pass a severer judgment

upon themselves than when they ask about a man they do not understand, whether he is sincere.

220. Two men see the double-peaked mount as one: who stands directly before it, who stands directly behind it.

221. Even the Christless know in their better moments that pessimism is all wrong; that there is more wisdom in the plan of creation than it seems; that, at bottom, how the world shall look to men depends more on the kind of glasses the passing moods put upon their eyes. It is the merit of Christianity that it makes certain what without it is a happy guess. The Christless feels that the best remedy against paralyzing pessimism is love. Christianity gives this love.

222. To know men you must love them; to love them it is better not to know them.

223. We love in others only the reflection of ourselves : I like him means I am like him.

224. Tact is momentary love even for the common ; taste is abiding love for only the beautiful.

225. Tact has to deal with the feelings of others ; taste, only with our own.

226. To appreciate the work of others we need only sympathy ; to estimate our own we need taste.

227. Who is unconsciously selfish is not so dangerous as he who is consciously selfish ; the former betrays, the latter conceals himself.

228. We pity those beneath us ; we judge those beyond us ; we admire those above us ; we hate those over us ; we love those around us.

229. Ice can be made even by means of

heat ; hatred can be called out even by means of love.

230. Who steps not upon a worm will not tread upon a serpent.

231. Who is stern without love may yet become a friend ; who is loving with sternness can never become an enemy.

232. The great love with their own heart, and hate with the hearts of others ; the small hate with their own, and love with the hearts of others.

233. Even mine enemy can sympathize with my grief ; only my friend can sympathize with my joy.

234. Intellect sees with the eyes, love sees with the heart : the light in the one is warm, the light of the other is cold ; the one is a fire consuming, the other an electric blaze. The

love of God to man, when seen as electric light, makes atheists ; when seen as the heating fire it makes enthusiasts. Only when the icy holiness of God is recognized by the side of His Fatherly love, can men remain poised.

235. Want of faith springs from too much knowledge ; want of love, from too little ; want of hope, from both.

236. To know men you must love them ; to know the world you must despise it.

237. The worldling first loves men and then despises them ; the Christian first despises men, and then loves them.

238. All love justice, few love the just.

239. Love sees faults ; hatred looks at them.

240. Only he can truly love men who has learned to despise them.

CHAPTER IV.

CRITICAL.

241. The small writer gives his readers what they wish ; the great writer, what they want.

242. Art asks How one says. Science asks What one says. Life asks both.

243. Nature is art displayed ; art is nature revealed.

244. Poetry is passionate eloquence ; eloquence is poetic passion.

245. Taste is familiarity with what is local applied ; tact is familiarity with what is universal applied.

246. To remain hungry on being fed is the sign of a sick body ; to be satiated after being fed is the sign of a sick spirit.

247. The great own their eyes, the small borrow them.

248. Talent is genius diluted ; genius is talent concentrated.

249. Who strikes out a new path must be content to be lost.

250. Water in the glass, where it can be seen pure, is not beautiful : it is clear, it is transparent, but to become beautiful it must be shaded by its bottom, colored by the sky, tinged by the salt. Water in the glass is not so much beautiful as free from all ugliness. Air in its purity is not even seen, to be seen as the blue sky, an inverted ocean in repose, it must be alloyed with the dust of earth. Sunlight of itself is not yet beautiful, it is simply faultless. But sunlight in the rainbow, in the clouds, yes, even in the smoked glass, *is* beautiful. We thus arrive at the certainly false paradox that

there can be no beauty without a tinge of what is foreign thereto, a kind of ugliness, since ugliness is merely beauties away from home. And yet this paradox is only false in the ideal, in the real it is true enough. The profoundest statement of the law of beauty is not found in Lessing, or Burke, or Ruskin, but in an incidental statement of One who though he shrank not from making the largest claims for himself, and truly spake as man never spake,— *beauty* is the one word never found in his vocabulary : even as laughter is never once recorded of him who came to give the peace and joy which the world can neither give nor take away. The incidental statement is : Moses because of the hardness of your hearts suffered you to put away your wives, but from the beginning it had not been so. It is the sick that talk most of health ; it is the poor that talk most of wealth. Among the wealthy the comforts of life are not discussed, among the well-bred good manners are not talked of, and in heaven

and pure spirit beauty and virtue,— shall these be much talked about? The very idea of holiness is *set apart*, set apart from evil. The thrill which attends the perception of beauty is at bottom only the pang of hunger, and “When I awake in his likeness I shall be *satisfied*.” God is called Truth, Light, Life, Love, he is never called Beauty.

And here is a reason why the promised Seed of the woman, who is to bruise the serpent’s head, is made to descend from the third son of Adam. Cain was a murderer, and from him the Messiah could not descend; but from the righteous Abel, wherefore not from him? Because Abel belonged as yet to the beginning when things were yet *so*. Of Abel it is not witnessed that Adam begat him in his own likeness. It is witnessed of Seth: “And Adam begat in his own likeness after his image.” From Abel, the pure Adamic sunlight, the Son of *Man* must not descend: for bearing away the sin of the world he must come from Seth,

the rainbow Adamic sunlight, the beautiful, the broken sunlight.

251. The pagan gods are ever the beautiful ones: *θεός*, *deus*, is the shining one, the Fair. But Elohim means the Mighty; Jehovah, the Eternal. Power, enduring power, that alone can command worship. Power is God delegated, beauty is God imitated. Power is a trust, beauty is a loan, hence beauty I can create myself, with power I must be endowed. Hence the pagan gods are made by man, by Christian's God man is made.

252. Six great teachers, perhaps of all uninspired teachers the greatest, have influenced me: Emerson, Carlyle, Ruskin I., Ruskin II., Matthew Arnold, and Tolstoy. Of these Emerson only injured me; Carlyle has helped me; Ruskin I. and Tolstoy have clarified me; Ruskin II. and Arnold have benefitted me. I was homeless, naked, hungry. Emerson gave me

sweetmeats : they only added to my thirst, and failed to still the hunger. Carlyle fed me, Ruskin II. and Tolstoy clothed me, Arnold and Ruskin I. sheltered me. When the seventh teacher came, the Bible, it took me in, fixed me, settled me, gave me a home. Emerson is false, and had to be put away ; Carlyle is one half true, but had to be put off, as a worn out garment has to be put off. Ruskin II. and Tolstoy are excellent overcoats, but the ear caps, the hood, the shawl, and the robe, are still needed with them in zero weather. They are excellent, but only with the Bible rightly understood, with the gospel of the Lamb, love *and* blood, by their side. Without this the one is a caged lion, the other, a clipped eagle. But even after having the Bible Ruskin I. and Arnold still remained needful : not indeed because they supplement the Bible. A supplement the Bible shall surely have, but not at the hands of man, but of God not by more books, but by one event. But Ruskin I. and Arnold are needed because life

is what it is, and they are what they are. Emerson is a philosopher, Carlyle a preacher, Ruskin II. and Tolstoy are teachers ; but Ruskin I. and Arnold are critics. Now the philosopher can always be spared, the preacher often, the teacher seldom, the critic never. The critic never, not even in the presence of the Bible : for while it is the office of the Holy Spirit to make us love the Bible so that we shall feel its power, it is not his office to give to every Christian the taste for appreciating its beauty.

Herein it is that the saying of Arnold is so mournfully true, that a man who knows his Bible only will not know even his Bible well, — the same Matthew Arnold, who while kissing the Bible most tenderly with his lips, was at the same time tearing it with his talons. . .

I have said that Arnold and Ruskin are needed because they are what they are, and life is what it is. They are critics, and life is spirit *and* flesh, heaven *and* earth. And the Bible does not away with the need of the critic, solely

because it is the book of heaven and spirit, not of earth and flesh ; and it deals with earth and flesh only to point out that they are second, not first, staging not edifice. But flesh needs bread, and baking is an art, cutting coats is an art, architecture is an art, and the Bible does not teach how to farm. . . . Man has a body, a soul, and a spirit. The needs of the body were meant to be supplied by nature, and this is the field of true science. The needs of the soul were meant to be supplied by the wisdom of man, and this is the field of true art. The Bible has much of science, and still more of art, but only incidentally. The needs of the spirit were alone meant to be supplied neither by science nor by art, but by a written revelation, and the Bible is this revelation.

Now even in the realm of earth and flesh there is an infinite number of doing things badly or well, but only one way of doing it best. Nay more, a man can do a thing best only once. Science and art teach how to do a thing best in

the realm of earth and flesh, and it is here that Ruskin and Arnold cannot be spared. Were man pure spirit, with Bible in hand he could spare even these, but being also flesh he needs them even with his Bible. The beast does its best at once, man must first acquire taste, and here he needs not so much the great masters in taste, who are found only in the Bible, but the great critics of taste, among whom, with the possible exception of the French, Arnold and Ruskin are supreme. But one needs to be on guard against them when they deal with the Bible; for the Bible judges them, while they are not competent to judge the Bible. I need the tailor, the dentist, perhaps even the barber and I call on them; but their judgment on the Bible I do not need, until they are illuminated by the same Spirit by which born anew men learn the true office of the Bible, and Arnold and Ruskin are not such.

253. The small man makes a god out of

only one man,— himself ; the great man makes all men God : the one is the small heathen, the other is the great pagan. Now Emerson sails out as the great pagan, but lands (and this in spite of himself) with the small heathen : self-uplifted, self-centered. That he does not sink with Whitman to the self-occupied he owes not to his philosophy, but to the seven generations of the blood of the Lamb flowing in his veins. Man is not God, not even a god : he is a worm, and worse than a worm ; the worm made to crawl has never attempted to strut : man being given eyes wherewith to see God above him, puts them out and gropes after him in his now darkened heart. The worm has never rebelled against God, man has. In a world without a Christ Emerson is a magnificent ladder : takes straight up to the peak, only to find it ice-clad. And if perchance the benumbed mountaineer bestirs himself, and attempts to return, lo, the rungs have disappeared ; and what is left is an icy peak, two parallel poles, and a benumbed

man. . . . And that the benumbed man, perishing thus on the peak, is at last rescued is due solely to another ladder, a Jacob's ladder, upon which angels descend and ascend. For the Son of Man came to seek and to save that which is *lost*, lost even on Emersonian peaks.

I need not know how kind-hearted a man Emerson was: seven generations of honest gospel blood cannot be drawn off all at once even in transcendental pails, and his heart was wiser than the philosophic infinitely repelling particle of his own description. Men are always better than their creed, though seldom as good as their religion. But loving though Emerson surely was, Emersonism has not been loving, any more than Stoicism is loving, any more than *any* self-sufficiency can be loving; and — *Who loveth not abideth in* DEATH. Singularly barren has been Emerson's teaching. Where Tolstoy is an ox, with narrow range, but patiently serving; where Arnold is a swan, with equally limited range, but gracefully floating;

where Ruskin is a lion, ranging wide, and Carlyle a whale, diving deep, Emerson is an eagle, soaring high. But beside the thrashing whalishness of Carlyle Emerson is a gentle dove. Yet whalish Carlyle leaves behind him a Ruskin and Froude; the gentle Emerson leaves behind him a handful of telescopic moons—eclipsed. The transcendental movement,—who is not reminded here of those western roads which begin so magnificently as boulevards, and end a few miles off as squirrel tracks? It has even had its historian, but like Roman civilization it was decayed before it was ripe, and it has all been carted off into a kind of ignominious valley of Hinnom: movement, association, satellites, historian, and all. All that is left of the commotion is Emerson himself, a lone eagle on the bare crag. He had hatched what were to be eaglets: and they only proved ducklings, which took to the water at the first opportunity, and there he is alone. . . . And yet but for the divine veto, thou didst deserve better things,

thou and thy satellites, O Ralph Waldo! for among them were of the salt of the earth: if only they had been boiled out from sea water into the rock salt.

With all his whalishness Carlyle was a hungry, and therefore loving heart. Emerson could not have written *Past and Present*, *Fors Clavigera*, *What to Do*. *Past and Present* is not Carlyle, it is the cry of the human heart through Carlyle. *Fors Clavigera* is not Ruskin, it is the woe of the human heart through Ruskin. *What to Do* is not Tolstoy, it is the protest of the human heart through Tolstoy. But the cry, the woe, the protest, Emerson did not utter, could not utter, because the woe was not in him at all, the protest got no farther than his head, the cry went not beyond his chamber. Emerson's home was on Mount Olympus, but from that mount Zeus came down only to seek a concubine; from another mount comes down another God to go to the cross for those who spit in his face. This is LOVE, and love is a

gift directly from above, whereas even genius may be loaned from beneath. A man can indeed receive nothing except it be given him from above. But "To thee will I give all this authority and the glory of them, *for it hath been delivered unto me*, AND UNTO WHOMSOEVER I WILL I GIVE IT." Love and Truth alone have not been delivered unto him, for a liar he was and a murderer from the beginning. And that priceless gift of love is withholden above all from the self-sufficient. Man is sick, and a wise physician has been sent unto him, but they that are whole need him not. Carlyle, Ruskin, and Tolstoy were given that love, because they had not barricaded themselves with a philosophy of Self Reliance. Long-suffering and patient is our God with the sons of men. Seeing that they are but flesh, his Spirit doth not strive with them for aye: and he witnesseth the spitting upon even his well-beloved son, without hurling down instant wrath. But the one thing he will not pass over is the sight of a worm of a man shak-

ing as it were his red cloth in the face of heaven, and shouting from on tiptoe, I too am God! Isaiah, on the eve of his embassy for King of kings, and Lord of lords, is permitted a glimpse of the glory of God: forthwith he cries: Woe is me, I am undone, for I am a man of unclean lips, and dwell in the midst of an unclean people. And thou, O Ralph Waldo, art — really God? Job, of whom it is witnessed by the Spirit that he was *perfect*, has too, like Emerson, an experience, but only to cry out at the end thereof: I have heard of thee with the hearing of mine ear; but now that mine eye seeth thee, *I am vile, and repent in dust and ashes*. And thou, O Ralph Waldo, art really — God? Daniel, the well-beloved in heaven, no sooner doth he ope his mouth in prayer, than forthwith is Gabriel caused to fly swiftly to bring cheer to his troubled heart. The prayer of a righteous man availeth *much* in its working. But this Daniel, at whose prayers the very angels have to fly, humblēth himself before his

God for one and twenty days ; and the burden of this faultless Daniel is : O Lord, righteousness belongeth unto thee, but unto us confusion of face. And thou, O Ralph Waldo, art really — God? Lastly, the well-beloved Son himself, when addressed as Good Master, giveth in answer : Call no man good : One is good, God. And thou, O Ralph Waldo, art verily Go(o)d? Not so ; far other is the language of the truly godly soul : “I am poor and needy, *I am a worm, and not a man.*” The soul that spake thus had tasted God, and shall we, wormlings that we are, speak othwise in the presence of God?

Channing's Dignity of Man has in Emerson become the Divinity of Man, and with all such the Lord God, who is a jealous God, hath a stern controversy. And instant was his judgment. Thou shalt have the gift of Midas, and whatsoever thou touchest shall turn into gold, but bread O, Ralph Waldo, it shall in nowise be.

And out of his own mouth was he judged,

this son of earth. In a deeper sense than meant by himself he was to remain for aye an infinitely repelling particle. The pagan imagination could devise no severer affliction than Prometheus at his rock and Sisyphus with his stone. Emerson, falling into the hands of Christian's God, was graciously allowed only to journey in a parabolic curve ; ever approaching God, never reaching him.

254. Tolstoy is a hungry man : a passionate lover of truth, he knows not where to find it. Like the young ruler in the gospels, he is not far from the kingdom of God, but he is not in it. Like the young ruler, to him also must be said : One thing thou lackest yet. He has come just near enough the Sun of righteousness to feel his rays, but not near enough to be swallowed up in Him, which alone gives the truth. Tolstoy is a comet : had just got near the great orb, only to start off again for the depths beyond. Tolstoy has accepted the Master as

his teacher : this is *a* deliverance ; he has not accepted him as his Saviour : and misses *the* deliverance.

255. Tennyson is an obscured sun ; Longfellow, a cloudless moon.

Tennyson is a nightingale lost on sea. Longfellow a goldfish kept on land.

256. Longfellow is a palimpsest : European text covered with American script.

257. Poe, — a December day strayed into June.

158. Coleridge, — a huge pendulum attached to a small clock.

259. George Eliot — a metaphysician with a dramatic attachment.

260. Schopenhauer, — an alarm clock wrongly set.

261. Heine has the head of a man, the breasts of a woman, and the talons of a beast.

262. Voltaire annotating Pascal, — the goat set to watch the garden.

263. Poetry should bring us to truth ; truth does bring us to poetry.

264. Genius is like a barrel on the top of a hill : it will not, indeed, move unless pushed ; but once pushed, goes of itself. Talent is like a load on the roadway : will not forward unless dragged.

265. The author should remember that to weigh gold the scales need not be of gold themselves ; the critic should remember that even to weigh dross the scales must be exact.

266. Why shall I admire in art a copy of what I cannot admire in the original ?

CHAPTER V.

OF CONDUCT.

267. To seek virtue for the sake of reward is to dig for iron with a spade of gold.

268. A little seeing saves much looking ; a little speaking saves much talking.

269. You do not sweeten your mouth by saying Honey. You do not grow virtuous by talking of virtue.

270. The wise man borrows his experience, the common man buys it, the fool pays for it without using it.

271. The fool takes his umbrella when it rains ; the wise man even when it shines.

272. The ass is not the wiser for being loaded with books.

273. To learn to speak several languages is easy enough ; the difficulty is in learning to be silent in one.

274. Go to the oyster, thou prattler, and learn to be useful with thy mouth shut.

275. The swollen arm is not the stronger for its size.

276. Who squints sees double : but not therefore twice as much.

277. Two heads are better than one : but half a head is not therefore better than none.

278. It is the little sticks that set the great log on fire.

279. To struggle for virtue is to be virtuous.

280. Why shall I conform to fashion ? It was adopted in my absence.

281. It is the dead fish that are carried down the stream.

282. Wealth is a life preserver which put on rightly will perhaps save you, but put on wrongly will surely drown you.

283. Most people's noses are too short ; their tongues too long.

284. The child pets the lamb, the man eats the sheep.

285. How great the number of fools in the world, it is difficult to realize until one meets them.

286. Breadth of base and narrowness of top form the strength of the pyramid, but the weakness of the fool.

287. Fools are not devoid of wisdom ; only they use it for others, and not for themselves.

288. It is easy to tell what a wise man will do ; the difficulty is in telling what a fool will do.

289. The foolish think as they will ; the wise will as they think.

290. An argument generally begins with the wish of only proving that the speaker is right ; it ends with the wish to prove that the antagonist is wrong.

291. It is easier to live for men than with men.

292. Hesitation is as much a sign of abundance of ideas as of their scarcity.

293. Men plead for patience with the weaknesses of others : they mean their own.

294. Men first seek their own good ; they then persuade themselves that it is for the good of others.

295. Much advice asked is only approbation sought.

296. I cannot on the tongue means mostly I will not in the heart.

297. What men do not wish they easily prove to be impossible.

298. Next to the strength for action I pray for strength to endure inaction.

299. Men's eyes are in their heads ; women's in their hearts.

300. Success men ascribe to themselves ; failure, to fortune.

301. Has he really made a fortune ? Not until he has learned to enjoy it.

302. It may be true that men are freed by making a fortune ; but certain it is that they are enslaved by seeking it.

303. Who teaches me how to get riches teaches me perhaps much ; but more he who teaches me to part therewith.

304. Even the foolish may know how to use riches ; it is the wise who know how to use poverty.

305. The enthusiast fails because he thinks all as good as he ; the knave fails because he thinks all as bad as he.

306. The great act in the present with reference to the future ; the small wish for the future with reference to the present.

307. He is great who is undisturbed because men take no note of him ; greater he who is undisturbed when men do take note of him.

308. Every reform needs : in its childhood the inspirer, in its manhood the leader, in its old age the critic.

309. Overwork starves the flesh ; under-work, the soul.

310. The surest way to set on fire what is not intended, is to strike into the coals.

311. Even a cypher, worthless at the head, tenfolds a number when placed in the rear.

312. The best excuse is to have none.

313. Men seldom misrepresent themselves so much as when they call things by their right names.

314. Not all hunger is a sign of want of food ; not all ambition is a sign of power to carry it out.

315. Fear not lest thy life come to an end ; rather lest it never begin.

316. Talent uses opportunities ; genius makes them.

317. Of all imitations the worst is that of one's self.

318. It needs as much generosity to take as to give.

319. It is easier to forgive an enemy than a friend.

320. Strike, indeed, the iron while it is hot ; better still, strike the iron until it is hot.

321. Better a kind No than a harsh Yes.

322. The state is ruled best by threats and penalties ; the individual, by encouragements and rewards.

323. Religion alone truly separates from the world ; religion alone truly binds to the world.

324. To find a good place for the nail in the

wall, you must hammer several times at where you do *not* want it.

325. The same sunshine which ripens the fruit withers it.

326. A feminine man,— something may yet become of him ; a masculine woman.— nothing has already become of her.

327. What I have to commit to memory I do not need ; what I need I need not commit to memory.

328. Argument convinces of error ; love convicts.

329. A great misfortune : to be so busy with the great duties to man, as to neglect the small duties to men.

330. Demons also believe in God ; saints trust him.

331. A Christian has been defined as a full-filled man. If filled with the Spirit, yes : otherwise Christian is first of all an emptied man.

332. To know the world one must know God ; to know God one need not know the world.

333. Men treat God as the dog treats his master : they run before him, they run behind him : but have him seldom at their side.

334. True faith is like the sunflower : ever keeps toward the sun, even when not shined upon.

335. Two things I find it highly profitable to study : the failings of my friends, the virtues of mine enemies.

336. The wind blows out the flame and fans it : confession heightens the passion and relieves it.

337. The immortality which great writers have is not worth having; the immortality which is worth having is had by those who are something else than great writers.

338. "Even the sun has its spots, you know." Yes, I know it quite well, my friend; but they can be seen only by those who look through smoked glasses.

339. The tree gives shade not by the enduring trunk, but by the transient leaves.

340. All men have virtue: only rogues have it in their heads; honest men, in their hearts.

341. The earth is turned upside down once a day: perhaps to teach us that it is not for man to set the world aright.

342. Foolhardiness is unsuccessful bravery; but unsuccessful bravery is not therefore foolhardiness.

343. Two things hide the stars from our eyes : the light of the day, the clouds of the night. Two men forget God : the prosperous Christian, the failed worldling.

344. To gain this world one needs only trust in self ; to gain the next one must trust in God.

345. The surest way to reveal your weakness is to hide your motives.

346. Thou hast concealed thine age ? Surely not thy folly.

347. Each man is a walking coal mine, and it is for him to say whether it shall send forth heat and light or only soot and smoke.

348. It needs as much strength to abstain from work when tired as to undertake it when rested.

349. To expect gratitude is to forfeit it.

350. Who is unwilling to submit to undeserved blame should remember to refuse undeserved praise.

351. Weakness trusts in its strength ; strength fears in its weakness.

352. Whether I shall be unfortunate depends also on others ; whether I shall be unhappy depends only on myself.

353. The surest way to drive honors from you is to go to them.

354. To know others study thyself ; to know thyself study others.

355. The basest compliment is flattery ; the highest is imitation.

356. The stone of stumbling we can seldom remove, but we can always point out their place.

357. The art of living consists simply in keeping earthly step to heavenly music.

358. To see what is bad in a thing you must possess it ; to see what is good in a thing you need only wish to possess it.

359. To do evil that good may come is to climb to heaven by way of hell.

360. The best reply to inopportune sobriety is wit ; to inopportune wit, sobriety.

361. Climbing is merely upward creeping.

362. Things are best judged the nearer we approach them ; men, the further we recede from them.

363. Viewed from the mountain top, the oak is as slight as the shrub : only rise high enough, and the highest ambition appears as small as the petty desire.

364. Were we to judge others as we judge ourselves, we would save them much trouble ; were we to judge ourselves as we judge others, we would save much trouble to ourselves.

365. It needs as much charity to let people be miserable in their way, as to make them happy in ours.

366. Men are seldom as ridiculous as when ridiculing others.

367. Conform to fashion? 'Tis the dead fish that are carried down the stream.

368. None are so unreasonable as those who always exact reasonableness.

369. To know a thing we must see it as a whole ; to understand it we must see it as a part.

370. He gives truly who makes the receiver the obliger.

371. Who talks much of sin may still find time to commit it ; who talks much of virtue finds seldom time to practice it.

372. Only he is free who is a slave to duty.

373. The folly of casting pearl before swine is only equalled by that of trying to persuade them that the mire they so love is filthy.

374. The best way to deceive a knave is to tell him the truth.

375. We learn more wisdom by renouncing than by acquiring.

376. When I hear men charge one another with ingratitude, or profuse with thanks for trifles, I say with the Eastern sage, Do good, and throw it into the sea : the fish know it not, but God does.

377. A coward is not he who fears danger, but he who fears what is not dangerous.

378. Men attain their ends less through their own wisdom than through the blunders of others.

379. Who wishes to start the fire must not mind the smoke.

380. The highest bravery is to be a martyr, the next highest is to confess one's incapacity for martyrdom.

381. Slavery consists not so much in being unable to get what we ought to have, as in wishing to get what we cannot have.

382. From others to myself I ask only justice, but others from me have a right to expect mercy.

383. Who shows me his faults may be my friend; who shows me mine is my friend.

384. The best way to defend your error is to confess it.

385. Men seldom need our sympathy so much as when we find their sorrow ridiculous.

386. In fighting unreasonableness we are in greatest danger of becoming unreasonable ourselves.

387. Who leaves not death behind him need not fear death before him.

388. There are two excuses for weakness : first, its own existence ; second, the existence of strength in others wherewith to help it.

389. To pass true judgment on ourselves we must be in society ; to pass true judgment on others we must be in solitude.

390. Who procrastinates thinks he gains time ; he only loses it.

391. It is not enough to carry a compass ; we must also keep the magnet away.

392. Not the going through the mire is blameworthy, but letting the dirt stick to the clothes.

393. The envious fire with an inverted gun : the kick goes from them ; the shot, into them.

394. Not only the chill from without mars the clearness of the pane, but also the warmth from within.

395. Our passions are our only enemies we cannot change into friends by indulging their desires.

396. To remain as good as we are we must ever strive to be better than we are.

397. If I am understood, nothing more need be said ; if I am not understood, nothing more can be said.

398. There are two ways of handling a sword : by the hilt, and by the blade.

399. Who wishes to convince himself may begin with doubting ; who wishes to convince others must begin with affirming.

400. True progress consists not in increasing our needs, but in diminishing our wants.

401. The wise man has his thoughts in his head ; the fool, on his tongue.

402. The best school of oratory is that which teaches not so much what to say, as what not to say.

403. Always speak truth, but do not always tell it.

CHAPTER VI.

OF DEPRAVITY IN MAN.

404. Both truth and error keep open house ;
But the many visitors of error call when it is
day ; the few visitors of truth call in the night.

405. Not health is contagious, but disease.

406. What is bad in us we always learn
from our enemies ; what is good in us, seldom
from our friends.

407. Bad laws surely injure ; good laws
benefit not so surely.

408. The faults of the great are best seen
while they live ; their merits, when they are
dead. Fire is best seen by night from its flame ;
by day from its smoke.

409. The surest way to win men's hearts is

by frankness and sincerity ; but also the surest way to lose them.

410. There is no error but what will soon unite folk ; no truth but what will soon divide them.

411. I have a clock which, instead of keeping time for me, obliges me to keep time for it, — a good example of the help given by science to religion.

412. In the Kingdom no success can be attained with even a trace of delusion ; in the world no success can be had without at least some delusion.

413. To be successful in the world a man's life must be rather wise as a whole, but rather foolish in detail.

414. The good things about a man are not fully believed till we see them for ourselves ;

the bad things about a man are readily believed long before we see them for ourselves.

415. Into truth men have to be led ; into error men fall of themselves.

416. All men love to see the right prevail in — their neighbor's yard.

417. No true artist can be a bad man ; unfortunately the bad man speedily undoes the great artist.

418. It takes years to keep what it took but a moment to acquire.

419. Great susceptibility gives extraordinary pain, but not extraordinary enjoyment.

420. The pains of life are seldom diminished by others suffering likewise ; the pleasures of life are often increased by others not enjoying likewise.

421. To see a thing best we must no longer see it.

422. Men have two ears, and hear mostly with one; they have one tongue, and speak mostly with two.

423. Man can change a saint into a sinner, but not a sinner into a saint; the chemist can reduce the diamond to carbon; he cannot make the carbon into diamond.

424. We make more enemies by our virtues than by our vices.

425. To be misunderstood is easier in your own tongue than in a foreign one.

426. Many are the remedies for curing a good lover, none for curing a good hater.

427. We make more enemies by our tongues than friends by our hearts.

428. The hideousness of sin fails to frighten its votaries ; the plainness of truth suffices to scare its friends.

429. Men are liked more for the vices they have not than for the virtues they have.

430. Many succeed because of the qualities they have ; more, because of the qualities they have not.

431. Truth walks ; falsehood flies : a good name is sooner broken down than built up, and slander sooner believed than disproved.

CHAPTER VII.

MISCELLANEOUS.

432. "The curtain is imperfect : it has a rent." It is only the opening between its two halves.

433. History is not fable agreed upon : rather truth disagreed upon.

434. Their virtues men owe to the ages ; their vices to their age.

435. Nations pay for their extravagance in the next generation ; individuals pay for it in their own.

436. It is with nations as with shoes : can be mended only as long as the uppers are good.

437. The crowd calls two persons fools :

him who has very little wit, and him who has very much.

438. Two men indulge in introspection : the very healthy and the very sick.

439. Two men have no need of philosophy : who has no leisure for it, and who has.

440. Christianity was mature in its childhood ; Christendom is childish in its maturity.

441. It is the sun that raises the fog which obscures it. It is the munificence of Christians which sustains agnostic professors.

442. A good cause seldom fails through the judiciousness of its enemies : oftener through the injudiciousness of its friends.

443. It is a vice in commerce to give the picture to sell the frame. It is a vice in literature to say something to bring in your fine phrase.

444. A great mistake : to write with diluted ink.

445. Style is to the book what a smile is to the look.

446. This is the difference between a great thought and a merely brilliant thought : the former, like a friend, improves on acquaintance ; the latter, like a ride on a new invention, loses its force on a second meeting.

447. However small a number, it can still be halved ; however great a man, he can still be doubled.

448. We are not truly mellowed until we can behold two things with a sad joy : others' joy and our own sorrow.

449. Men hear only what they understand ; they see only what interests them ; they feel only what touches them.

450. By holding the book upside down I pervert not its sense, but mine.

451. Men differ as much from themselves as from each other.

452. Prejudice is a sign of death ; partiality, of life.

453. None are such accomplished dissemblers as those who find dissembling difficult.

454. The goose to be enjoyed must be — plucked.

455. In storms a feather flies higher than a stone, and an oak is uprooted more easily than the vine it supported.

456. Two things are best seen from the distance : the fleeting cloud, the enduring mount.

457. A note pitched too high is equally silent with one pitched too low.

458. No enemy is more dangerous than a fool : against a straw even giants knock in vain.

459. Who believes that money will do all, will soon do all for money.

460. Even the foolish may know how to use riches ; 'tis the wise man that knows how to use poverty.

461. The sublimity of the mountain is not in the mountain but in us.

462. The safety of the spire is not in the thinness of the top, but in the solidity of the bottom.

463. The rainbow is sunshine mingled with — rain.

464. Love reveals what is good in my friend, but charity reveals what is good in mine. enemy.

465. Music is like wine ; the longer it has stood in our memories the better it tastes.

466. As long as I have a want still left, I am not rich : as long as I can still help I am not poor.

467. Who visits a house comes to see the man. Who visits a people comes to see the land.

468. I know not whether the dictionary defines gossip better than he that said, Gossip is putting two and two together, and making it five.

469. Truth has more to fear from friends that lose their charity in its defence, than from foes that lose their sense in its attack.

470. To die for their religion many are willing ; to live for it, few : 'tis easier to die bravely than to live bravely.

471. The wise see with their eyes ; the foolish, with their ears.

472. Our own eyes cost us little ; 'tis others' eyes that cost us much.

473. It is easier to forgive an enemy than a friend.

474. Error has its sole strength in obscurity, like the firefly which shines only in darkness.

475. Never does a man show his lack of faith in his cause so much as when willing to lie for it.

476. We think we trust another ; it is only our judgment of him we trust : not my friend, therefore, has deceived me ; I have deceived myself.

477. The noise of the mill is heard by many ; its flour is seen by few.

478. Men do much from reason, more from passion, most from neither.

479. Love is a flame, which, though it lighteth a thousand others, yet loseth naught of its own.

480. Few can tell what they know without also showing what they do not know.

481. Obstinacy is the mask under which weakness hides its lack of firmness.

482. The gold, to float, must be either hollow, or flat, or both.

483. A traveller ascended a high mountain carrying a parrot in a cage. When they came to the summit, an eagle flew by. "Well, well," exclaimed the parrot, "who would have ever thought that the parrot and the eagle would at last be soaring over the same heights!"



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