

through the classes from degree to degree—he must not skip any of the successive degrees.

Nor must we teach the child what the child's ears are not yet fit to understand. There are different lessons to be taught to the girl of twelve and to the wife and to the matron. This consideration leads me to think that it might be wrong to remove the dogmatic phase of religion from the life of those who have not yet reached the higher and broader interpretation of panpathy, the All-feeling of the soul, which attunes our sentiments to the All-life of the universe.

Our soul must sound the right note, it must produce a melody which brings forth the noblest and best part of our inmost self, and though every soul should have a character of its own, it should be in harmony with the sound that comes from the lives of our fellow beings, and all must unite in a hymn of glorification of the whole in accordance with the eternal norm of life, with God, with that law which is the standard of truth in science, of goodness in morality, of beauty in art.

PAUL CARUS: THE PHILOSOPHER, THE EDITOR, THE MAN.

BY LYDIA G. ROBINSON.¹

DR. Paul Carus may be regarded as a philosopher in the real sense of the term in a period when there were few others in the field. Professors of philosophy there have been and are in increasing numbers, but they are professors first, well versed in the philosophies of the ages and of the age, but thinkers only secondarily, if at all. Many of these have made valuable original contributions to the specific and allied sciences of ontology, psychology, sociology, and the rest, but Dr. Carus dealt with the fundamentals of all sciences, the philosophy of science, the science of philosophy. His hypothesis of monism, his unitary world-conception, provided the simplest basis from which to solve the age-old problems of time and space, of God and the soul, without falling into the fallacies and crudities which some others who have followed the standard of monism have deduced from similar premises.

Because one central kernel in Buddhism, in the pure form ascribed to its founder, seemed to Dr. Carus to contain a truth over-

¹ Editorial assistant to Dr. Carus, 1905-1917.

looked by all other historical religious systems, he familiarized himself with its sacred books to such an extent that with his well-trained Western mind and sympathetic comprehension he was able to gather out from all the mass of voluble Oriental wordiness, and to set forth in classical simplicity, the traditions and tenets of this great faith as they had never been presented before. His *Gospel of Buddha*, translated into all vernaculars of Buddhist Asia, as well as the literary tongues of Europe, serves as the accepted text-book of the Buddha's life, death, and teachings in Buddhist missions and seminaries, and his *Dharma* contains the formulated dogmas of its creed. The little story *Karma*, though a pure invention derived from the inspiration which characterizes any work of art, is a moral tale of such power that Tolstoy, when charged with its authorship, regretted that he could not claim it as his own. Because of his sympathetic grasp of the fundamentals of their faith, Buddhist leaders in all parts of the world have looked upon Dr. Carus as one of their own brotherhood. They honored him with many complimentary tokens of their esteem and never ceased to urge him to visit their home lands. If he could have made the trip around the world that he contemplated before his health began to fail and communications were more or less restricted by the war, there is no man of our Western nations who would have been more cordially welcomed from Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand, from the Atlantic coast of England where he had been a frequent visitor, through all of familiar Europe, to the islands of Japan.

Dr. Carus's contribution to philosophy has been presented for the most part through the medium of *The Monist*, which has occupied a unique position in contemporary thought. With due regard to the unquestioned significance of this phase of his work, it is quite possible that his most lasting impress on the world will be through the influence of his fearless treatment of religious problems during the transitional quarter of a century in which most of his writing was done. He was a pioneer radical, though he lived to see the thoughtful part of the world beginning to overtake him to an encouraging extent. He always believed in and urged liberalizing the church organizations from within through education, rather than assuming a position of aloofness, and felt more real sympathy with the devoutly orthodox than with the scoffing attitude of many professed freethinkers.

Everything that was human had its special interest for Dr. Carus. *Humani nihil a se alienum putabat*. The secret of his success as an editor, by which he won so many staunch and appre-

ciative friends, was largely due to the wide scope of his own personal interest in life in all its phases. If he read of some discovery that was interesting to him he knew it would be welcome to his readers: pictures in contemporary literature or in rare and inaccessible places, or statues in the galleries of Europe, that appealed to him from some association of ideas, he knew would be of interest to other people, and they always gained in value from being presented from his own angle of vision.

The personal equation was to him a very vital factor. If a submitted manuscript had any merit in itself, or though poor was on a deserving or unusual theme, or if it had neither of these things to recommend it and yet was accompanied by a letter which bespoke a new and vivid personality behind it,—while deferring judgment, or perhaps even when rejecting the manuscript, Dr. Carus would write and ask for personal details about the author because of his own very sincere interest. He was literally acquainted personally with all his contributors, and the fact that his own business letters disclosed so much of his personality is one reason for the affectionate regard in which he was held by a large number of people who never even saw him.

In the personal contact of daily editorial routine no one ever revealed a kindlier spirit or more infinite patience, and though this may have been in part the evidence of a philosophical calm that could not be disturbed by trifles, it was above all the "fruit of the spirit," the apostolic "longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance," against which there is no law.

DR. PAUL CARUS

VIR EGREGIUS ET VITA ET SCIENTIA, NOMEN SUUM VIRTUTIBUS COMMENDAVIT POSTERITATI; NUNQUAM ULLA DE EO OBMUTESCET VETUSTAS.

BY PAUL BRAUNS SR.

Finis bonorum est adeptum esse omnia
e natura et animo et corpore et vita.

EVERY life that has been lived aright approaches its end in glory and splendor, leaving a radiant afterglow of kind words and deeds. The good we do is not to be measured by the length of our days, but by our stamp of character, the sincerity of our purposes, and the grandeur of our aspirations and conceptions.

Death is a great revealer, and, in turning out some lights turns on others; it extinguishes the light of intelligence that shone from the eyes, the light of cheer that fell from the face into the lives of others, but it turns on the light of publicity and concentrates the attention of men upon the character and record of him who has gone. We are often surprised to find the man poor whom we supposed to have been rich; the man whom we thought honest, to be short in his accounts. In those lives where noise has passed for power with those who had no opportunity to weigh the facts, we are surprised, when we come to review their record, that so little of solidity is discoverable. When the record of some men is tested in the fierce furnace of post-mortem criticism, we are amazed at the small residuum, and that it is nothing but ashes.

But there are men who are not so when they die. There are some who are found entire in their characters and record when they are submitted to the flame of judgment; so indestructible that we cannot reduce or diminish them by any examination. The wonder grows on those who only had a distant knowledge that a man so solid was here, and they had not weighed him to know how heavy he was. Such a man was Dr. Paul Carus. Commemorating his life I have the impression that he seems to have grown since he is dead. And I think, there are reasons for this. One was the exceeding quietness of the man, he sounded no trumpets, made no noise, called no attention to his doings. He was a quiet man in all his activity. Not very often did I see a man doing his work with less bustle and noise. He was a quiet man in his natural shrinking from publicity or any kind of self-advertising.

Dr. Carus started in life with many advantages, among which I place a vigorous body, physical courage, a mind well balanced, enough of family history to beget healthy self-respect, a boyhood and youth not enervated by easy circumstances, but trained to labor and to wrestle with difficult affairs, and so gaining strength and the safe consciousness of its possession.

When one sees a friend whom he has known for many years depart from this life, there comes a sudden and almost peremptory vision of the long course of acquaintance and of frequent mutual converse, which has preceded. It is as if on a long journey one rises to the summit of a crest, from which he looks back with a glance over the miles traversed and notes again the chief objects of interest which have attracted attention on the way.

There are some lives which disappoint us, some impressions of character which we have to revise in later years, possibly even to

reverse. The impressions which I formed of Dr. Carus at the first have continued unchanged to the very end of his life; and in these later years my acquaintance with him has been even more close, personal, and familiar than it was in the earlier time.—I have known him in periods of tranquillity, of undisturbed progress in the work with which he was so intimately connected, and I have known him in times of strenuous and vehement controversy; and always he has been the same.

His high elevation, his pure joy, was *in home*. It was there that the soundness of his judgment, the wisdom of his counsel, the mildness of his temper, the firmness of his purpose, the affectionate tone of his manners, the unequalled tenderness of his heart, the dignity and elevation of his virtues, appeared in all their amiability and all their strength. And they only can truly estimate his worth, who saw and knew him there. There—in that birthplace of every pure affection; that soil in which the best and noblest virtues spring, and grow, and blossom, and bear the richest fruits—there he was eminently great, and good, and kind, and wise.—There, too, “he loved to love”; and the only pang he ever caused was when he ceased to love.

The life and character of Dr. Carus were such as the heart delights to contemplate. They form a consistent whole, with no irregularity of proportion. They do not exhibit the overwhelming splendor which bewilders the unsettled vision, but the harmony which attracts and fixes the constant gaze. The powers of mind which guided and formed them were strong, steady, calm, and persevering; constantly producing the warmth which comforts, and the streams which nourish. He was a man of remarkably candid and clear intelligence. He was never hurried in his mental progress toward conclusions, but was always sufficiently rapid in it; and when his conclusions had been reached they were decided, dispassionate, final. After he had fairly and largely considered a subject I never knew him to depart from the ground to which he had decisively come. Indeed, I should as soon have thought of seeing an oak-tree uproot itself from the soil in which it has been planted, and transport itself to some other locality, as to see Dr. Carus depart from a conclusion which he had carefully, deliberately reached. No urgency of external pressure could change his judgment; and unless his judgment and convictions were changed, there was nothing that could disturb the equipoise of his mind.

It is good to have known such men. It is good to have known them, when impressions upon us were immediate and most vivid

It is good to have known them at a time and in circumstances when our knowledge of them could be more intimate than perhaps it could be amid the present conditions of life, in these days when the hurry of affairs crowds us into comparative isolation from each other and leaves scant time for converse and for friendship. It is good to have known them, to feel their influence upon us still.

The unselfishness, the generosity, the quiet, unconscious power, the purity of thought and speech and life of Dr. Carus attracted me to him and won for him, without design or effort on his part, a high place in my affections. There the best memorials are stored, and the noblest monument to any man is that which is built up day by day, patiently, in the after-life of those who loved him, and who try to reproduce in themselves what they loved in him. I suppose the artist often carries in his mind memories of beauty or of grandeur, which he has not yet the opportunity to fix on the canvas in form and color; which, perhaps, he but imperfectly fixes after all; yet still striving to realize his ideal, and be bettered by the effort. So should it be with us when we lose those whom we love. Trying to carry within us the tranquil recollections of what they were and to perpetuate in ourselves what made them worthy of love, esteem, and confidence, we will best commemorate the good spirit, the elevated tone, and the manly, brotherly kindness of him whose earthly career has closed.

He did not live in vain. His name and actions will continue to be held in remembrance. His memory will be cherished by all his friends, with enduring affection; by his personal associates with emotions strong as a brother's love, and in the domestic circle it can be forgotten only when memory itself shall perish.