



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

PG
3366
A17
1902

TOLSTOI
DEMANDS OF LOVE ...

ON Free Age Press stands for a mission in order to spreading those deep and serious to which the richest spirits of men are well able to be added. This man's time and his suggestions are "waste to reason and love". It realises the true freedom of all men, and that we must all strive to "produce such free thought, free love, free science, and free nature, personal, social, religious, political, and economic" which allows us not from selfish and private considerations of the sake of some suffering.

Our honest, truly Christian and universal religious-education of the writings of Leo Tolstoy, certainly perhaps the most effective expression, and that is the production of very many, either of his religious, social and ethical works, together with the unpublished notes and letters, will be which we have and shall have special care (being in close relationship with Tolstoy). If *The Free Age Press* will do first devote their business that all who sympathise will assist every means in their power to helping to run the publication widely known. As this Tolstoy does that his books shall not be copyright out of existence, whenever possible, will be free the world.

Suggestions, enquiries, offers of help and a donation will be gratefully welcomed. The Manager would be very glad to form a local committee to collect new publications in receipt and send payment in receipt of help. The continuance of the work depends almost entirely on the work, and every copy of contributions not hands.

Letters, Orders, etc., should be addressed: The Manager (Voluntary Worker), "Free Age Press," Chesham, Bucks. *Booksellers & more from Messrs. SWEET, MANCHESTER & A. LTD., London E.C.1.; J. P. CLARKE & CO., LTD., 1, Place Vendôme, Paris; F. K. HENDERSON, 1, PRINCE STREET, SOUTH, N.L.; Messrs. J. H. BURNS & Co., Glasgow and Edinburgh; & Mr. JOHN GAYSON, and Messrs. A. H. HALL & CO., Manchester.*

DEMANDS OF LOVE
AND REASON.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS OF TOLSTOY'S WORKS,

IN ADDITION TO BOOKS ENUMERATED ON
COVER PAGES.

RESURRECTION. Tolstoy's Great Novel.
Complete People's Edition, 6d.; post free, 8d.

THE RELATIONS OF THE SEXES. A New
Collection of Tolstoy's Thoughts on this important
Question. 80 pages, 4d.; post free, 5d.

POPULAR STORIES AND LEGENDS. *First
Series*: New Translations of Four of Tolstoy's
most popular Short Stories. (1) Where Love is
there God is. (2) How much Land does a Man
need? (3) You can't neglect the Little Fire. (4)
Ivan the Fool. 4d.; post free, 5d.

POPULAR STORIES AND LEGENDS. *Second
Series*, containing: (5) What Men live by. (6)
The Godson. (7) Two Pilgrims. (8) The Crust
of Bread. (9) Ilyas. 4d.; post free, 5d.

Note.—Nos. 1 to 7 also separately, 1d. each;
post free, 1½d. each.

THE SLAVERY OF OUR TIMES. Tolstoy's
most important recent Work on the Social
Question. Popular Edition, 3d.; post free, 4d.

**THE MEANING OF LIFE: Demands of
Love and Reason. The Root of the Evil.** (Three
recent Additions to the "Booklets" Series.) 3d.
each; post free, 3½d.; or 10d. the Three.

THE ONLY MEANS. A New Letter to
Workers. 1d.; post free, 1½d.

REASON, FAITH, AND PRAYER. Three
New Letters. 1d.; post free, 1½d.

**MY REPLY TO THE SYNOD'S EDICT OF
EXCOMMUNICATION.** 1d.; post free, 1½d.

HOW SHALL WE ESCAPE? 1d.; post
free, 1½d.

Tolstoj, L.N

DEMANDS OF
LOVE AND
REASON . . .

*FROM RECENT
PUBLISHED .
AND
UNPUBLISHED.
WRITINGS OF.
LEO . . .
TOLSTOY.*

(NO RIGHTS RESERVED)

THE FREE AGE PRESS
CHRISTCHURCH, HANTS. . . .

1902

TK

A 2

PG 23613

A17

1902

DEMANDS OF LOVE.

*(An Extract from Leo Tolstoy's Private
Diary.)*

Translated by Aylmer Maude.

YESTERDAY (24th June, 1893), I thought:—Let us imagine people of the affluent class (for clearness' sake, say a man and a woman; it may be husband and wife, or brother and sister, or father and daughter, or mother and son), who have vividly realised the sin of a luxurious and idle life lived amidst people crushed by work and want.

They have left the town, have handed over to others (or in some way rid themselves of) their superfluities, have left themselves stocks and shares yielding, say, £15 a year for the two of them (or have even left themselves nothing), and are earning their living by some craft, say by painting on china, or translating

good books, and are living in the country, in a Russian village.

Having hired or bought themselves a hut, they cultivate their plot of ground or garden, look after their bees, and at the same time give medical assistance (as far as their knowledge allows) to the villagers, teach the children, and write letters and petitions for their neighbours, &c., &c.

One would think no kind of life could be better. But, nevertheless, this life will be hell, or will become hell, if these people are not hypocrites and do not lie, *i.e.*, if they are really sincere.

If these people have renounced the advantages and pleasures of life which town and money gave them, they have done so only because they acknowledge all men to be brothers—equals before their Father. Not equals in ability, or, perhaps, in worth; but equals in their right to life, and to all that life can give.

One may possibly have doubts as to the equality of people when one considers adults each with a different past, but doubt becomes impossible when one looks at children. Why should this boy have watchful care and all the assistance knowledge can give towards his physical and mental development, while that other charming child, of equal or even greater promise, is destined to become rickety, crippled, or dwarfed from lack of milk, and to grow up

illiterate, wild, hampered by superstitions, a man representing merely so much brute labour-power?

Surely if people have left town life and have settled, as these have done, in the village, it is only because they, not in words only, but in very truth, believe in the brotherhood of man, and intend, if not to realise it, at least to begin the realisation of it in their lives. And just this attempt to realise it must, if they are sincere, inevitably bring them into a terrible position.

With their habits (formed from childhood upwards) of order, comfort, and especially of cleanliness, they, on moving to the village, after buying or hiring a hut, have cleared it of insects, perhaps even papered it themselves, and installed some remains, not luxurious but necessary, of their furniture—say an iron bedstead, a cupboard, and a writing-table. And so they begin life. At first the country folk shun them; expect them (like other rich people) to defend their advantages by force, and therefore do not approach them with requests and demands. But presently, bit by bit, the disposition of the new comers gets known; they themselves offer gratuitous services, and the boldest and most insistent of the villagers find out practically that these new comers do not refuse to give, and that one can get something out of them.

Thereupon, all kinds of demands begin

to be made upon them and constantly increase. A process commences comparable to the subsidence and running down to a level of the grains in a heap. They settle down till there is no longer any heap rising above the average level.

Besides the begging, natural demands for the division of what they have in excess of others make themselves heard, and apart from these demands, the new settlers themselves, being always in close touch with the village folk, feel the inevitable necessity of giving from their superfluity to those who are in extreme poverty. And not only do they feel the need of giving away their superfluity till they have only as much left as each one (say as the average man) ought to have, but there being no possible definition of this "average"—no way of measuring the amount which each one should have—there is no possibility of stopping, for crying want is always around them, and they have a surplus compared with this destitution.

It seems necessary to keep a glass of milk; but Matrena has two unweaned babes, who can find no milk in their mother's breast, and a two-year-old child which is on the verge of starvation. They might keep a pillow and a blanket, so as to sleep as usual after a busy day, but a sick man is lying on a coat full of lice, and is half-frozen at night, being covered only with bark-matting. They

would have kept tea and food, but had to give it to some old pilgrims who were exhausted. At least it seemed right to keep the house clean, but beggar boys come and are allowed to spend the night, and again lice breed, after one has just got rid of those picked up during a visit to a sick man.

Where and how can one stop? Only those will find a point of stoppage who are either strangers to that feeling of the reality of the brotherhood of men which has brought these people to the village, or who are so accustomed to lie that they no longer notice the difference between truth and falsehood. The fact is, no such point of stoppage can exist; and if such a limit be found, it only proves that the feeling which prompted these people's act was imaginary or feigned.

I continue to imagine these people's life.

Having worked all day, they return home; having no longer a bed or a pillow, they sleep on some straw they have collected, and after a supper of bread they lie down to sleep. It is autumn. Rain is falling, mingled with snow. Someone knocks at the door. May they refuse to open? A man comes wet and fevered. What must they do? Let him have the dry straw? There is no more dry, so they must either drive away the sick man, or let him, wet as he is, lie on the floor, or give him the straw

and themselves, since one must sleep, share it with him.

But even this is not all; a man comes who is a drunkard and a debauchee, whom they have helped several times, and who has always drunk whatever they gave him. He comes now, his jaw trembling, and asks for six shillings, to replace money he has stolen and drunk, for which he will be imprisoned if he does not replace it. They say they have only eight shillings, which they want for a payment due to-morrow. Then the man says, "Yes, I see, you talk, but when it comes to acts you're like the rest: you let the man you call a 'brother' perish rather than suffer yourselves."

How is one to act in such cases? Let the fever-stricken man have the damp floor and lie in the dry place yourself—and you will be further from sleep than the other way. If you put him on your straw and lie near him—you will get lice and typhus. If you give the beggar six of your last shillings, you will be left without bread to-morrow; but to refuse—means, as he has said, to turn from that for the sake of which one lives.

If you can stop here, why could you not stop sooner? Why need you help people? Why give up your property and leave the town? Where can one draw the line? If there is a limit to the work you are doing, then it all has ne

meaning, or has only the dreadful meaning of hypocrisy.

How is one to act? What is one to do? Not to draw back means to lose one's life, to be eaten by lice, to starve, to die, and—apparently—uselessly. To stop is to repudiate that for the sake of which one has acted, for which one has done whatever good has been accomplished. And one cannot repudiate it, for it is no invention of mine, or of Christ's, that we are brothers and must serve each other; it is real fact, and when it has once entered you can never tear that consciousness out of the heart of man. How, then, is one to act? Is there no escape?

Let us imagine that these people, not dismayed by the necessity of sacrifice which brought them to a position inevitably leading to death, decided that this position arose from their having come to help the villagers with means too scanty for the work, and that the result would have been different, and they would have done more good, had they possessed more money. Let us imagine that they find resources, collect immense sums of money, and begin to help. Within a few weeks the same thing will repeat itself. Very soon all their means, however great, will have flowed into the pits formed by poverty, and the position will be the same as before.

But perhaps there is a third way?

Some people say there is; that it consists in increasing the enlightenment of the masses, that this will destroy inequality.

But this path is too evidently hypocritical; you cannot enlighten a population that is constantly on the verge of perishing from want. And, moreover, the insincerity of people who preach this is evident from the fact that a man eager for the realisation of equality (even though it be through science) could not live a life the whole tenor of which supported inequality.

But there is yet a fourth way: that of aiding in the destruction of the causes which produce inequality—aiding in the destruction of force, which produces it.

And that line of action must occur to all sincere people who try in their lives to carry into effect their consciousness of the brotherhood of man.

The people I have pictured to myself would say, "If we cannot live here among these people in the village; if we are placed in the terrible position that we must necessarily starve, be eaten by lice, and die a slow death, or repudiate the sole moral basis of our lives—this is because some people store up accumulations of wealth while others are destitute; this inequality is based on force; and therefore, since the root of the matter is force, we must contend against force."

Only by the destruction of force, and

of the slavery which results from force, can a service of man become possible which will not necessarily lead to the sacrifice of life itself.

But how is force to be destroyed? Where is it? It is in the soldiers, in the police, in officials, and in the lock which fastens my door. How can I strive against it? Where, and in what?

It is here that we find people, revolutionists, who, whilst maintaining their own lives altogether under the system of force, strive against this force, opposing violence to violence.

But for a sincere man this is impossible. To fight force by force means merely to replace the old violence by a new one. To help by "culture," founded on force, is to do the same. To collect money, obtained by violence, and use it to aid people impoverished by force, means to heal by violence wounds inflicted by violence.

Even in the case I have imagined; not to admit a sick man to my hut and my bed, and to refuse the six shillings because I can, by force, retain them, is also to make use of compulsion. Therefore, in our society the struggle against force does not, for him who would live in brotherhood, eliminate the necessity of yielding up his life, of being eaten by lice, and of dying, whilst at the same time, always striving against violence, preaching non-resistance, exposing violence, and above all giving an example

of non-resistance and of self-sacrifice.

Dreadful and difficult as is the position of a man living the Christian life, amidst the life of violence, he has no path but that of struggle and sacrifice—sacrifice without end.

One must realise the gulf that separates the verminous, famished millions from the over-fed, over-dressed rich; and to fill up this gulf we need sacrifices, and not the hypocrisy with which we now try to hide from ourselves the depth of the gulf.

A man may lack the strength to throw himself into the gulf—but it cannot be escaped by anyone who seeks after life. We may be unwilling to go into it, but let us be honest about it, and say so, and not deceive ourselves with hypocritical pretences.

And, after all, the gulf is not so terrible. Or, if it be terrible, yet the horrors which await us in a worldly way of life are more terrible still.

There is less danger of death from lice, infection, or want after giving away one's last crust to help others, than there is of being killed at the manœuvres or in war.

Lice, black bread, and want seem so terrible. But the bottom of the pit of want is not so deep after all, and we are often like the boy who clung by his hands, in terror, all night, to the edge of the well into which he had stumbled

fearing the depth and the water he supposed to be there, while a foot below him was the dry bottom.

Yet we must not trust to that bottom; we must go forward prepared to die. Only *that* love is true love, which knows no limit to sacrifice—even unto death.

* * * * *

(*From the Private Diary.*)

A very strange and happy thing has happened to me of late. I have begun to feel the possibility of the uninterrupted happiness of love. I used to be so crushed by the wickedness around me, and in my own heart, that I could only speak and think of love in imagination. But now I am beginning to feel its blessedness. It is as though little flames of light and warmth were beginning to pierce through a damp wood fire; and I believe, know, and feel, love and goodwill—and I see now what can hinder and bedim them.

I look upon the ill-feeling I bear certain people in quite a new way now, and fear it, because I know it hides light and warmth from me. And I am persuaded that in this feeling of love and pity I have found the secret of true life, which alone gives uninterrupted peace and joy. . . .

I think, and not only think, but feel, that I can love those who are called wicked but who are only in error. I used

to think it impossible to show people their mistake and sin without hurting them. "Is it possible to pull out a tooth without giving pain? Yes, cocaine and chloroform can allay physical suffering; but there is nothing of the kind for the soul." Thus I thought, but then immediately said to myself, "No: there is a spiritual chloroform. Here, as in other things, the body has been studied thoroughly, but the soul has not yet been considered. The operation of cutting off a leg or an arm is done with chloroform; whereas the operation of mending a man's soul is done without, and it hurts. That is why it often does not cure, but only causes a worse illness—that of ill-will. And yet there is a spiritual chloroform, and it is well known; it is always love."

And that is not all: it is possible to perform a physical operation satisfactorily without chloroform, but the soul is extremely sensitive, and so every operation performed without the anæsthetic of love must always be disastrous. The patients know this, and that they ought to have the chloroform, and they always ask for it; and then the doctors are angry. "What do they want?" they say, as I have said many times. "They ought to be thankful to me for curing them, for cutting out their sores; and they say they don't want to suffer. They ought to be glad of what I do for them—and they want more." But the patient won't listen to

these arguments; he suffers, and cries out, and hides the sore parts, and says, "You can't cure me, and I don't want to be cured; I will go on as before, if you can't help me without giving me pain."

And he is right. What is a spiritual illness? It is error, the loss of the right path, the non-fulfilment of the law, the entanglement in the net of temptation. What then are those to do, who, moved by the ties that unite all men, and knowing themselves to be in the right path, try to help the others and to deliver them from the nets of temptation? A man who has just turned into the wrong path can be simply *pulled* back, and it will not hurt him; but the man who is caught fast in the net cannot be pulled back—that would hurt him too much; he must first be disentangled very gently and softly. And that is just the chloroform of love. If you do not do this, what is the result? I see a man caught in a net and held fast by his neck and hands and feet. I want to help, and so I catch hold of him at random and begin to pull; and I strangle him, cut his flesh, and entangle him worse. The closer a man is caught, the more he needs love.

I understood this a little before, now I understand it fully, and am beginning to feel it.

My Father, help me!

* * * * *

DEMANDS OF REASON.

*(A short article on REASON AND RELIGION
written by Tolstoy by request).*

To those who ask my opinion whether it be desirable to endeavour by the aid of reason to attain complete consciousness in one's inner spiritual life, and to express the truths thus attained in definite language, I would answer in the positive affirmative, that every man to achieve his destiny on earth and to attain true welfare—the two are synonymous—must continually exert all his mental faculties to solve for himself and clearly to express the religious foundations on which he lives—that is, the meaning of his life.

I have often found among illiterate labourers who have to deal with cubic measurements, an accepted conviction that mathematical calculations are fallacious, and not to be trusted. Whether it arises from their ignorance of arithmetic, or from the fact that those responsible for the calculations have often cheated them, with or without intent,

the conviction that mathematics is unreliable and worthless for purposes of measurement has taken root among illiterate workmen, and become for the majority of them an unquestioned fact.

A similar opinion has obtained among men, who, I will boldly say, are bereft of true religious feelings, that reason is unequal to the solution of religious questions, that the application of reason to such questions is the most fruitful source of error, and that the solution of such questions by the aid of reason is sinful pride.

I mention this because the doubt expressed in the question, whether it be needful to strive for distinct consciousness in one's religious convictions, may be merely the outcome of the belief that reason cannot be applied to the solution of religious questions.

Man has been given by God one single instrument to attain knowledge of self, and of one's relation to the universe : there is no other—and that one is reason.

Yet he is informed that he may use his reason to solve domestic, family, commercial, political, scientific, artistic questions, but not for the elucidation of the problem for which especially it was given him ; and, that, for the solution of the most important truths, of those on acquaintance with which hangs all his life, man must on no account employ his reason, but must acquiesce in their truth

independently of his reason; whereas man cannot be conscious of anything independently of reason. It is said, Accept the truth by revelation, by faith. But a man cannot believe independently of reason. If a man believes this and not that, it is only because his reason tells him that this is credible, and that is not. To affirm that a man must not be guided by reason is equivalent to telling a man who has lost his way in dark catacombs that, in order to find his way out, he must extinguish his lamp, and be guided, not by light, but by something else.

But it may be objected that not everyone is endowed with great intellect and a special capacity for expressing his thoughts, and that, in consequence, an inadequate expression of these thoughts may lead to error.

To this I would reply, in the words of the Gospel, that "things hid from the wise and prudent have been revealed unto babes." And this statement is neither an exaggeration nor a paradox (as people are accustomed to view those passages in the Gospels which do not please them), but is an assertion of the simplest and most indubitable truth, that unto every being in the universe is given a law which he must follow, and that to enable each to recognise this law everyone is endowed with the necessary organs. Thus every man is endowed with reason, and to the reason of

every man is disclosed the law which he must follow. This law is concealed only from those who do not wish to follow it, and who, in order to avoid it, cast reason aside, and, instead of using it to become acquainted with truth, accept upon trust the assertions of those who, like them, have surrendered reason.

Yet the law which men should follow is so plain that it is accessible to every child, the more so as no man has to discover anew the law of his life. Those who have lived before him have discovered and expressed it, and he has but to verify it with his reason, and to accept or refuse those propositions which he finds expressed in tradition; that is, not, as recommended by those who would shirk the law, by verifying reason by tradition, but, on the contrary, by verifying tradition by reason.

Traditions may proceed from men, and be false; but reason indubitably comes from God, and cannot be false. Hence for the recognition and expression of truth no special extraordinary capacity is required; one has but to believe that reason is not alone the loftiest sacred capacity of man, but, moreover, the sole instrument for the understanding of truth.

Particular intellectual qualities are needful, not for the acquirement and expression of truth, but for the concoction and expression of error. Having

once deviated from the directions of reason, distrusting it, and confidently believing what others proclaimed as the truth, men accumulate and accept by faith—for the most part in the form of laws, revelations, dogmas—such intricate, unnatural, and contradictory propositions, that to express and adapt them to life great acuteness of mind and special qualities are indeed required.

Only imagine a man of our world, educated on the religious basis of any of the Christian confessions—Catholic, Greek, orthodox Protestant—who wished to elucidate for himself and adapt to his life the religious fundamental ideas with which he has been inoculated in childhood! What mental labour he must face to be able to reconcile all the contradictions involved in the faith he has imbibed from his youth!

A righteous God has created evil, persecutes men, demands redemption, and so forth; and we, professing the law of love and mercy, execute, make war, rob the poor, etc.

To disentangle these impossible contradictions, or, rather, to conceal them from oneself, much mental capacity and special talent are indeed necessary; but, to learn the law of one's life, or, as already expressed, to bring one's faith into complete consciousness, no special mental capacity is required; one has but to refuse to admit anything contrary to

reason, not to deny reason, religiously to guard one's reason, and to rely on it alone.

If the meaning of life is obscure, one must not therefore conclude that reason is unequal to elucidate that meaning, but merely that too much of what is unreasonable has been admitted, on faith, and that everything uncorroborated by reason must be set aside.

Hence my answer to the question, whether one should try to attain complete consciousness in one's inner spiritual life, is, that this is precisely the most needful and important business of our lives. Most needful and important, because the only reasonable conception of life is the accomplishment of the will of Him who sent us into the world—that is, the will of God. And His will is revealed to us, not by any extraordinary miracle—not by the divine finger inscribing it on stone, not by the Holy Ghost composing an infallible book, not by the infallibility of any special holy person or collection of persons, but by the working of the reason of all men, who pass on to each other by word and deed the truths which are ever becoming more evident to their consciousness.

This knowledge never has been, and never will be, complete, but augments continually as the life of mankind advances. The longer we live, the more clearly and fully do we learn the will of

God, and, in consequence, what we must do to fulfil it.

Therefore, I think that the elucidation and verbal expression (which is an unmistakable token of clearness of idea) of all religious truth accessible to him, by every man, however small he may think himself or others may consider him—the least being generally the greatest—are of the most sacred and most essential duties of man.

* * * * *

[A letter written to a friend exiled to a town in the extreme north of Russia for revolutionary activities, and who, being there gradually drawn from rationalistic views of religion back into orthodoxy, endeavoured to influence Tolstoy in the same direction.]

I HAVE received, and still continue to receive, your innumerable letters, dear —, and I should like to answer circumstantially the chief points in them.

I deem it unnecessary to reply to your unjust conjectures, firstly, that I am angry with you; secondly, that I believe our life ends here; thirdly, that I might and ought to occupy myself in giving pecuniary help to certain individuals (chosen by you out of millions of similar people who surround me); for all these statements have already

been refuted by me in my writings with all the care that is in my power. As to being angry with you, I cannot be, because I love you. And, for the same reason, I should very much like to help you in your present depressing and dangerous position. I refer to your desire to hypnotise yourself into the faith of the Church. This is very dangerous, because by such hypnotism a man loses that most valuable human possession—his reason.

To begin from the beginning. I commenced this letter before receiving yours, but your letter has called forth in me a still greater desire and sense of my duty to try to help you—and, I will frankly confess, not you alone, but many others also who find themselves in, or are falling into, a similar position. I am speaking of sincere and guileless men who adopt these or other convictions, not for the purpose of justifying their privileged position, but solely because they see in them the truth.

A wealthy and grand lady of the Court once said to me, speaking of faith, that she believed “as a peasant woman believes,” and evidently thought she had said something very clever and very deep—so distinguished a personage, and yet condescending to believe “as a peasant woman believes.” In point of fact, what she said was not only foolish, but utterly untrue.

This lady can read several languages, has studied cosmography and history, knows of the existence of Voltaire, Renan, Brahmanism, Buddhism, Confucianism, and, therefore, she cannot believe "as a peasant woman believes." The peasant woman, in her belief in Our Mother, the heavenly Queen, Nicolas the righteous, our Father, the heavenly King who lives in the skies, etc.—believes in the highest conception to which her consciousness has attained, and this belief not only presents no contradiction to her understanding of life, but illuminates and elucidates its facts for her. Whereas for the lady this is impossible. She knows that the world was not created six thousand years ago; that mankind originated not from Adam and Eve, but from the development of the animal; she knows that besides Christians of her denomination there are people of other faiths five times as numerous; she knows that the Christian teaching has been, and is, perverted, and has given birth to hundreds, thousands, of antagonistic sects, and has degenerated into the inquisition and wild fanaticism; she knows how the councils were formed, at which the dogmas were instituted, knows that the same thing took place in Buddhism, with King Asoka, and in other religions; she knows that religions are subject to the same law of development as organisms and states—that they

originate, develop, attain their highest point, and then grow old and disappear, as the Egyptian and Persian religions have done ; she knows that our so-called sacred scriptures did not descend from Heaven, but were written by men and have been sub-edited and distorted, and cannot, therefore, have an absolute authority ; she knows that, as there is no solid sky, Enoch and Elijah and Christ could have had no possible destination when they flew away from the earth in the body, and that if they did fly up they must still be flying on ; she knows that all the miracles by which men seek to prove the truth of the ecclesiastical faith are found in all the different religions (birth from a virgin, signs at the nativity, prophecies, wisdom during infancy, cures, resurrection, etc.), that all the invented miracles repeat themselves in all religions, just as the miraculous feats of heroes are repeated in the folk-lore of different races. All this the lady must know, because she has been taught it all, or has read it in books accessible to her, and because all this is known to the gentlemen who frequent her drawing room.

Therefore, it is not that she has no right to believe as a peasant woman believes, but that she *cannot* so believe. She may say she believes thus, but she does not in reality. In order to believe she must have a faith that, like the

peasant woman's, is the highest conception to which her consciousness has attained; a faith that will not contradict her understanding of the facts of life, but will illuminate, elucidate, bring into harmony all her knowledge.

The lady will not understand me, because she requires the peasant woman's faith to enable to live as she is living; that is, in an ungodly way, daily consuming upon her whims and luxuries the labour of hundreds of working men, and at the same time talking of God and Christ, and of her piety. Only by assimilating and professing the faith of the peasant woman—in other words, the faith of people who lived two thousand years ago—is such an ungodly life, with its self-satisfied piety, possible for her.

Therefore, so far as the lady is concerned, I can understand. But for you, who are exiled to the end of the earth, and are being taken a prisoner from place to place because you wish to realize in your life the Christian truths—for you, why is this dreadful deception necessary, this insoluble contradiction between your beliefs and your knowledge and understanding of the facts of life?

Why, only think of what you profess, and of the position in which you stand. I can understand that it is very good and pleasant to feel oneself in union with those around one, and that when, in Lent, church bells are tolling for

prayers, and the fasting congregation is passing, asking pardon of each other for their sins, and praying picturesquely in ornate churches—recalling the peaceful solemn life of olden times, it is very pleasant to join in with them, and to share a little of their life. But then this is a self-deception; it is only playing a part. The essential point in your position is, not that you find yourself now during Lent, in the town of Pondoï* but that you are living in God's universe, on the planet Earth, peopled by 1,500 millions of inhabitants, of various races, professing various religions, in some hundred-thousandth year after the appearance of the first man; in one of the corners of the northern hemisphere, among a people called Russians; and that you are living in this place and at this time by the will of God—that same One by whose will exists, not only the planet Earth, with its inhabitants, but all the apparently infinite universe. This position of yours you know, and it is in accordance with this you must establish your relations to God—that is, a relation which would suit equally well any man who is in a similar position; a relation that shall be clear, comprehensible, and obligatory to every thinking man—to Japanese, Malay, Zulu.

* Pondoï, a town in the extreme north of Russia, to which the person here addressed was at the time exiled.—*Trans.*

And you, with your knowledge, what relation to God have *you* established? You say God revealed Himself and His truth 5,000 years ago to one small Asiatic nation alone, and then not completely; but 1,900 years ago He revealed it perfectly by sending into this same little nation His Son, also God. And, owing to the circumstance that this Son of God was killed by men, the sin of the first man and of all who have succeeded him was redeemed. But God also instituted, through this Son of His, the Church, which safeguards all truth, and helps the salvation of men by sacraments—anoointing the body with oil, swallowing bread and wine, etc. And this church exists only in Pondoj, or in Russia. Whereas all those who lived before the institution of this church, or are living outside it, have no hope of salvation!

Only say this and all the rest about baptism, ikons, prayers for the dead, and above all, about God punishing and redeeming, to any fresh, rational individual who has never heard about it before—why, he would stare at you, and either run away lest you might in a fit take to striking him, or else lock you up as a dangerous lunatic.

It is only because this poison has been instilled into us from infancy that we submit to it, as if we did not see it, and what is most dreadful of all, this awful, gradually instilled poison has

rendered useless and ineffectual the faith given us by Christ, which satisfies the highest demands of our time.

We live 1900 years after Christ, yet his teaching in its purity satisfies all demands for the establishment of our relation to God—not to the God of Israel, or of the Greek Orthodox, or the Roman Catholic, or the Protestant Church, but to the God by whose will exists this infinite Universe, and in its midst the planet Earth, and on the earth—I, living, after hundreds of thousands of years of development of animal life, in Pondoj, or New York, or in the wilds of Africa.

The chief difference between that sectarian, exclusive relation which Churchmen, Buddhists, Brahmans, Mohammedans, and others call their faith, and the true Christian faith, is that all these others—to say nothing of their want of conformity with knowledge and common sense—have the peculiarity of mutual exclusion and repudiation; whereas Christ's faith is such that it is not only comprehensible and accessible to every one, but it is impossible to repudiate it, to disagree with it. - Not only is it not exclusive, but, on the contrary, it converges towards and unites with all that is true and lofty in all other faiths.

Christ teaches us that the Source of all is spiritual, rational, and loving. This Source is called God, and Father. It is

called Father because man is conscious of it in himself.

On entering upon life it seems to man that his life consists in his animal being, that it is his animal being that is his *ego*; but, as his reason develops, he sees that this animal being is not free, but suffers and perishes, whereas in his consciousness he feels that there is something which is liable neither to restriction, nor to suffering, nor to destruction; and man experiences a contradiction within himself, and falls into despair.

It is this inner contradiction that Christ's teaching answers, even while developing it. His teaching says to man: "It appears to thee that thou livest in the animal being; but this only appears so, as it appears that the banks are receding when one is advancing in a boat, or that the sun moves. In man there lives only that spiritual, rational, righteous element, the Son of God. Man must transfer his *ego* from his animal being into his spiritual, and must satisfy the demands, not of his animal, but of his spiritual being. And it is sufficient for man to comprehend this for the contradiction of his life to disappear; all restriction, all suffering is annihilated, and he becomes perfectly free. Death is annihilated, because that which is spiritual, that which is God Himself, cannot be destroyed; it always has been, is, and will be."

In this transference of one's *ego* from the animal to the spiritual being lies the essence of Christ's teaching. The details of this teaching (begun by Christ and further developed by the true progress of mankind) consist in the unveiling and abolition of those snares by which men of the animal life seek, through the inertia of tradition, to conceal from man his ruin in the animal life, and to maintain him in this false way. The unveiling of these snares is the lifework of man—is that which God requires of him.

Such, in its most essential outline, is Christ's teaching—that teaching which establishes man's relation to the universe. And this teaching is not an exclusive, but a universal one, the most lofty, and accessible to all; and not only does it not contradict other teachings and modern knowledge, but it illuminates and elucidates them.

And now, in place of this, are we to return to an understanding of life of 5,000 years ago, that gives us sacrifices, redemptions, sacraments, and a vengeful punishing and rewarding God? God preserve us from this, dear friend!

What you and many others are doing seems to me something like a man who, riding on a motor car, and not knowing the road, or simply tired of moving fast, wishes to diminish the pace, and so begins to stick branches in the wheels. He has stuck in one branch; the wheel

has caught it; but the motor still advances, only slightly checked. He now inserts the thin end of another branch, and the pace is lessened;—but soon the branch will be drawn in up to the thick end, and then the mechanism will be wrecked and ruined.

One cannot with impunity admit into one's faith anything that is irrational, anything not justified by reason. Reason is given us for our guidance, and we cannot stifle it with impunity. And the ruin of reason is the most terrible ruin of all.

Well, I have said something of what I have been thinking—said it in love. Please do not answer me point by point, arguing about this or that. But if you do not agree, explain to me how you reconcile your faith with your understanding of life, and express briefly and clearly your conception.

* * * * *

The power with which we are convinced of anything is full, complete, unshakeable, not when our arguments are logically irrefutable, nor when our feelings correspond with the demands of reason, but when man becomes convinced through experience, having tested the opposite, that there is only one way.

Such a power of conviction we are given as to there being only one life: the following of the will of God.

* * * * *

(From a private letter on Miracles and the Miraculous.)

Yesterday I began to write to you as to why it seems to me that people who believe in the reality of the material world also believe in the miraculous, or, rather, why people who believe in the spiritual life, in their spiritual essence, and in a spirit God, cannot believe in the miraculous, and I did not finish. This is what I thought when I was writing to you:—

I believe, or rather I unquestionably know that all the material world is the product of my five senses, and that all the laws of the material world are the laws of the mutual relation among my senses. All science and all our knowledge are the deductions from various relations among our senses; for instance, ice, which is hard to my sense of touch, becomes soft, liquid, at a certain temperature, which I also sense, and at a yet higher temperature becomes intangible vapour. All our knowledge consists of similar investigations of the mutual relations of our senses. We have studied these relations and know them: we know that every impression upon one of our senses must be accompanied by certain phenomena for the other senses. If we hear a knock—this signifies something hard to the sense of touch, and so on.

What, then, signifies a miracle

according to this understanding of the outer world? Only that the relation among the senses which we have studied and accepted as permanent, suddenly changes. Such a relation may change merely because I have incorrectly defined the relation among the senses, and I must, therefore, search afresh for a correct, permanent relation of the senses; or because some one of my senses has become perverted (hallucination). But no miracle can exist according to such understanding of the world. So that if a man of this understanding were to witness a miracle it would only prove to him that he was unwell, that his senses were acting irregularly, and that he must treat himself.

Whereas in the spiritual region there can be no miracle for such a man, because spiritual life does not submit to any such laws, and we know nothing about it except that it is, was, and always will be, because for it there is no time nor space.

To say that Christ rose in the body implies that the senses of those people for whom he rose in the body acted irregularly, and contrarily to those relations of the senses which always recur and are accepted by all, and therefore one can only pity the diseased state of these men.

But to say that Christ lives spiritually in man, and that we live in others and others in us, is to express the ordinary,

unquestionable truth comprehensible to every man who lives in the spirit.

This is what I wanted to add.

That which we have indubitably ascertained concerning the super-sensuous is, that in addition to what we have come to know with our five senses — in addition to having learnt the limits of our being through contact with other beings who surround us, we are inevitably brought to the acknowledgement of the existence of something uncognisable through the senses, but undoubtedly existent; this is true to such an extent that without the recognition of this existence we cannot explain to ourselves the existence of anything (for instance, the Ether, the calculable vibrations of which give us the idea of light, warmth, electricity). There is, therefore, something besides that which our senses give us, but the existence of which we acknowledge, not because it has been shown to us by any of our senses breaking those laws concerning them which we have deduced and accepted, but on the contrary by our being brought to a recognition of the existence of this by reason; and this recognition not only does not violate the laws of relationship which we have discovered, but, on the contrary, institutes a yet more reasonable connection between these relations.



REASON AND LOVE.

(From the Private Diary).

In order to fulfil the will of God one must do His work. To do His work two things are necessary—not separately but together: Reason and Love are necessary, Truth and Righteousness are necessary. It is necessary that Reason should be loving, that is, that its object should be Love;—and that Love should be reasonable, that is, that it should not be in contradiction with Reason.

An example of an incongruity in the former case is the scientific activity of Reason: the investigation of the Milky Way, of metaphysical niceties, natural sciences, Art for Art's sake. An example of the latter is exclusive love—of one woman, one's children, one's nation—a love which has as its object not spiritual but animal welfare.

The fruit of the activity of Reason is Truth. The fruit of the activity of Love is Righteousness. But in order that there should be fruit it is necessary that both activities coincide.

Righteousness will be produced only by reasonable love, verified by truth; and Truth—only by loving reason having as its aim Righteousness.

All this I have not invented, but have seen.

* * * * *

* * * * *

Mill says: "Humanity will gain a greater share of happiness when every man pursues his own happiness,—only observing the rules and conditions necessary for the welfare of the rest,—than when he makes his sole aim the welfare of all the rest."

This is true; but only if by the welfare of the individual we understand his spiritual welfare, *i.e.*, his conformity to the will of God, or, more simply, the satisfaction of the demands of his conscience (reason and love).

Let every man seek the kingdom of God and His truth, let him place his life in this, and the greatest welfare of all will be obtained. But then it will turn out that man's happiness consists in obeying those rules and conditions which contribute to the attainment of the welfare of all men—*i.e.*, the very thing will occur which Mill repudiates.

* * * * *

3d. *THE CAUSE AND
CURE OF SOCIAL
ILLS.* **3d.**

READ . . .

**“The Slavery of
Our Times.”**

Tolstoy's scathing indictment of modern political economy.

POPULAR EDITION JUST READY

THREEPENCE.

POST FREE, 4d.

“It ought to be in the hands of every thinking man and woman
in the country.”—*Blackburn Times.*

EDUCATIONS of

The Free Age Press,

AND TO BE OBTAINED AT THEM.

TO CHRISTIAN TEACHING. 10s. Tenney.
TO SPIRIT OF CHRIST'S TEACHING. 10s.
AND THE POOL. A Dialogue for Workers.
AND SHAL I WE ESCAPE? 10s. Tenney. Anthon.
MODERN SCIENCE. 10s. Tenney.

THE DEGRADATION OF TOLESTOY. Printed in
the United States of America.

THE FREE AGE PRESS TRACTS. By CARL
L. TENNEY. 10s. Tenney. (The price of tracts is
not given. Tracts are sold by request.)

THE TEACHING OF LABOUR. 10s. Tenney.
DE MAUPASSANT. 10s. Tenney. Tenney.
OF AND THINE. 10s. Tenney. Tenney.
CHRISTIANISM AND CHRISTIANITY. 10s. Tenney.
THE ISLAND. 10s. Tenney. Tenney.

THE TEACHING OF TOLESTOY. A Study of
the Works of Leo Tolstoy. 10s. Tenney.
AND PATRIOTISM. A Study of Leo Tolstoy's
Works. 10s. Tenney.

THE TALE IN PSALM AND PARABLE. Edited
by Leo Tolstoy. 10s. Tenney.

THE FIRST STEP. An Essay on the Methods of
Teaching. 10s. Tenney.

BY JOHN PAGE WOFFE.
THE ULTIMATE AUTHORITY IN MATTERS
RELATING TO RELIGION. 10s.
HERE AND THE BIBLE COME FROM THE
OF THE AGE PRESS. Cambridge, Mass.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

CHICAGO HIGH PRESS

CHICAGO, ILL., 1887

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
PUBLISHED BY THE UNIVERSITY PRESS

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
PUBLISHED BY THE UNIVERSITY PRESS
CHICAGO, ILL., 1887

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
PUBLISHED BY THE UNIVERSITY PRESS

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
PUBLISHED BY THE UNIVERSITY PRESS

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
PUBLISHED BY THE UNIVERSITY PRESS

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
PUBLISHED BY THE UNIVERSITY PRESS

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
PUBLISHED BY THE UNIVERSITY PRESS

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
PUBLISHED BY THE UNIVERSITY PRESS

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
PUBLISHED BY THE UNIVERSITY PRESS

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
PUBLISHED BY THE UNIVERSITY PRESS

Stanford University Libraries



3 6105 012 384 579

STANFORD UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES
CECIL H. GREEN LIBRARY
STANFORD, CALIFORNIA 94305-6004
(415) 723-1493

All books may be recalled after 7 days

DATE DUE

MAR 2 2000

MAR 17 2000

