THE TRINITY FORUM

ENTREPRENEURS OF LIFE

Faith and the Venture of Purposeful Living

First in the Trinity Forum Series of Seminar Curricula
Contributing to the transformation and renewal of society through the transformation and renewal of leaders

Helping leaders in their quest for meaning and purpose

How to Live Purposefully:

A Weekend Retreat

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INTRODUCTION

Entrepreneurs of Life

As you know, I have been very fortunate in my career and I've made a lot of money—far more than I ever dreamed of, far more than I could ever spend, far more than my family needs." The speaker was a prominent businessman at a conference near Oxford University. The strength of his determination and character showed in his face, but a moment's hesitation betrayed deeper emotions hidden behind the outward intensity. A single tear rolled slowly down his well-tanned cheek.

"To be honest, one of my motives for making so much money was simple—to have the money to hire people to do what I don't like doing. But there's one thing I've never been able to hire anyone to do for me: find my own sense of purpose and fulfillment. I'd give anything to discover that."

That issue—purpose and fulfillment—is one of the deepest issues in our modern world. At some point every one of us confronts the question: How do I find and fulfill the central purpose of my life? Other questions may come logically prior to and lie even deeper than this one—for example, Who am I? What is the meaning of life itself? But few questions are raised more loudly and more insistently today than the first. As modern people we are all on a search for significance. We desire to make a difference. We long to leave a legacy. We yearn, as Ralph Waldo Emerson put it, "to leave the world a bit better." Our passion is to know that we are fulfilling the purpose for which we are here on earth.

Notions of "the Holy Grail" differ enormously—from an Olympic gold to a Hollywood Oscar to a Nobel Prize to a Chairman's executive suite to the White House, 10 Downing Street, or the Palais d'Orsay. So too do notions of "making a difference" and "leaving a legacy." Artists, scientists, and builders often labor to create a unique work that can live forever in their name. Politicians, business people, and administrators usually think of their monuments more in terms of institutions they have created and sustained. Parents, teachers, and counselors, by contrast, view their contribution in terms of lives shaped and matured. But for all the variety, the need for purpose is the same. As Thomas Carlyle wrote, "The man without a purpose is like a ship without a rudder—a waif, a nothing, a no-man."

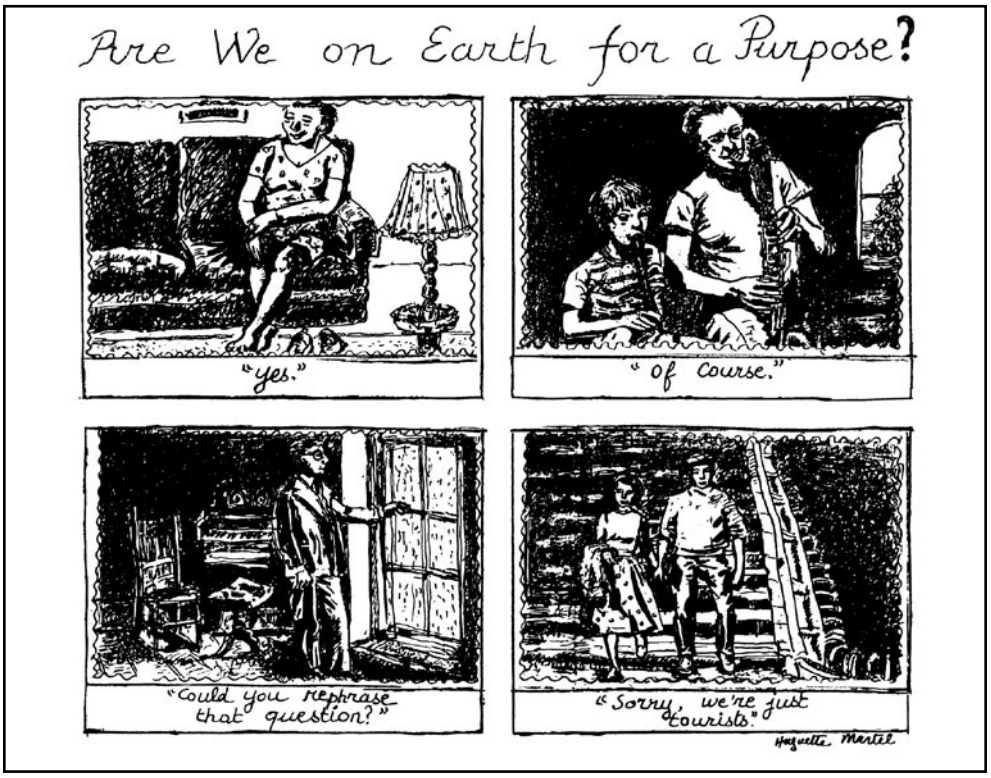
All other standards of success—wealth, power, position, knowledge, friendships—grow tinny and hollow if we do not satisfy this deeper longing. For some people the hollowness leads to what Henry Thoreau described as "lives of quiet desperation"; for others the emptiness and aimlessness deepen into a stronger despair. In an early draft of Fyodor Dostoyevsky's *The Brothers Karamazov,* the Inquisitor gives a terrifying account of what happens to the human soul when it doubts its purpose: "For the secret of man's being is not only to live . . . but to

live for something definite. Without a firm notion of what he is living for, man will not accept life and will rather destroy himself than remain on earth. . . ."

Call it the greatest good (*summum bonum*), the ultimate end, the meaning of life, or whatever you choose. But finding and fulfilling the purpose of our lives comes up in myriad ways and in all the seasons of our lives:

Teenagers feel it as the world of freedom beyond home and secondary school beckons with a dizzying range of choices.

Graduate students confront it when the excitement of "the world is my oyster" is chilled by the thought that opening up one choice means closing down others.



Those in their early thirties know it when their daily work assumes its own brute reality beyond their earlier considerations of the wishes of their parents, the fashions of their peers, and the allure of salary and career prospects.

People in midlife face it when a mismatch between their gifts and their work reminds them daily that they are square pegs in round holes. Can they see themselves "doing that for the rest of their lives"?

Mothers feel it when their children grow up, and they wonder which high purpose will fill the void in the next stage of their lives.

People in their forties and fifties with enormous success suddenly come up against it when their accomplishments raise questions concerning the social responsibility of their success and, deeper still, the purpose of their lives.

People confront it in all the varying transitions of life—from moving homes to switching jobs to breakdowns in marriage to crises of health. Negotiating

these changes feels longer and worse than the changes themselves because transition challenges our sense of personal meaning.

Those in their later years often face it again. What does life add up to? Were the successes real, and were they worth the trade-offs? Having gained a whole world, however huge or tiny, have we sold our souls cheaply and missed the point of it all? As Walker Percy wrote, "You can get all A's and still flunk life."

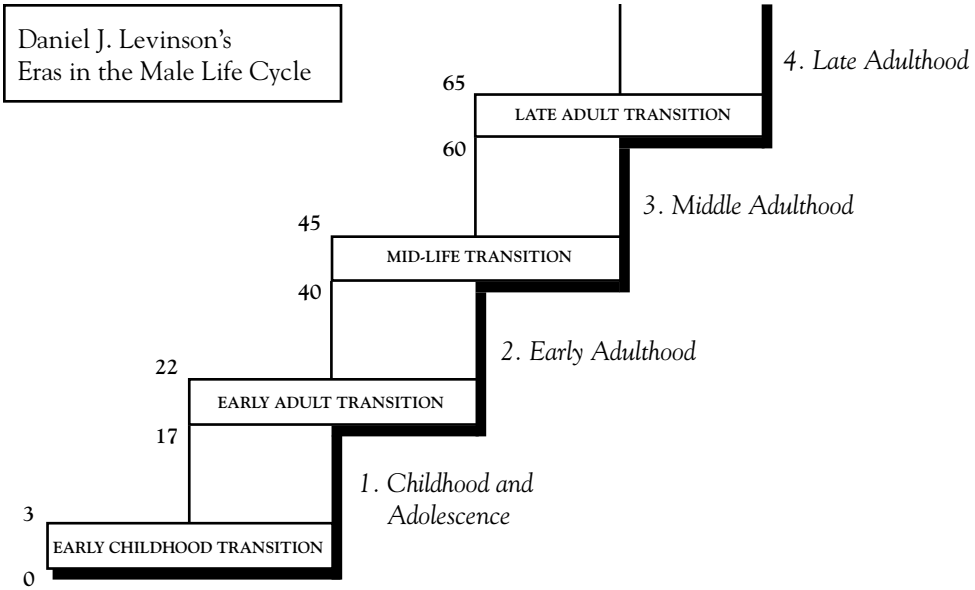
This issue, the question of his own life-purpose, is what drove the Danish thinker Søren Kierkegaard in the nineteenth century. As he realized well, personal purpose is not a matter of philosophy or theory. It is not purely objective, and it is not inherited like a legacy. Many a scientist has an encyclopedic knowledge of the world, many a philosopher can survey vast systems of thought, many a theologian can unpack the profundities of religion, and many a journalist can seemingly speak on any topic raised. But all that is theory and, without a sense of personal purpose, vanity.

Deep in our hearts, we all want to find and fulfill a purpose bigger than ourselves. Only such a larger purpose can inspire us to heights we know we could never reach on our own. For each of us the real purpose is personal and passionate: to know what we are here to do, and why. Kierkegaard wrote in his *Journal:* "The thing is to understand myself, to see what God really wants *me* to do; the thing is to find a truth which is true *for me*, to find the *idea for which I can live and die*."

Too much to live with, too little to live for

In our own day this question of life purpose is urgent in the highly modern parts of the world, and there is a simple reason why. Three factors have converged to fuel a search for significance without precedent in human history. First, the search for the purpose of life is one of the deepest issues of our experiences as human beings. Second, the expectation that we can all live purposeful lives has been given a gigantic boost by modern society's offer of the maximum opportunity for choice and change in all we do. Third, fulfillment of the search for purpose is thwarted by a stunning fact: Out of more than a score of great civilizations in human history, modern Western civilization is the very first to have no agreed-on answer to the question of the purpose of life. Thus more ignorance, confusion—and longing—surround this topic now than at almost any time in history. The trouble is that, as modern people, we have too much to live with and too little to live for. Some feel they have time but not enough money; others feel they have money but not enough time. But for most of us, in the midst of material plenty, we have spiritual poverty.

The ironies do not stop there. Consider the fact that modern science brings us closer and closer to the extraordinary design in the universe, yet modern people shy away from discovering purpose in individual lives. Or again, consider the fact that there is an emerging consensus on the human "life course"—for example, Daniel Levinson's work on "seasons" or Gail Sheehy's on "passages."



But there is no corresponding agreement on the purpose of lives that follows this course.

Needless to say, the reason for the confusion lies in the variety of conflicting views on offer today—and in the fact that, in the absence of any consensus, many people simply make do by constructing their own sense of purpose as best they can.

Visionaries who add value

This book is for all who long to find and fulfill the purpose of their lives, but who desire to explore the issue carefully. The readings that follow are either milestone writings on the matter, such as the readings from Luther and Eusebius, or are about milestone events in the lives of those responding to a call, such as the abolition of slavery in Great Britain. These readings will examine the main answers offered in today's world, but argue that this purpose can best be found when we discover the specific purpose for which we were created and to which we are called. The great Creator alone creates completely out of nothing—fruitfully and prolifically—and alone knows our reason for being, calling us into a life of purpose. As we human beings rise to the call of our Creator, we become subcreators, entering into our own creativity, artistry, and entrepreneurship as made in his image—thus adding to the rich fruitfulness of the universe. Answering the call of our Creator is therefore "the ultimate why" for living, the highest source of purpose in human existence, because it literally transforms us into "entrepreneurs of life."

All too often the term "creator" is restricted to artists and the term "entrepreneur" to business people, but this restriction is a travesty of our creativity as human beings. As we live life by faith we are all creators, we are all artists, we are all entrepreneurs, and this is at the very heart of our calling as human beings.

Apart from such a Creator-inspired calling, all hope of discovering purpose (as in the current talk of shifting from "success to significance") will end in disappointment. To be sure, calling is not what is commonly thought to be. It has to be dug out from under the rubble of ignorance and confusion. And, uncomfortably, it often flies directly in the face of our human inclinations. But nothing short of God's call can ground and fulfill the truest human desire for purpose.

One place where the confusion is lifting is the growing understanding that purpose cannot be found in means, only ends. Capitalism, for all its creativity and fruitfulness, falls short when challenged to answer the question "Why?" By itself it is literally meaning-less, in that it is only a mechanism, not a source of meaning. So too are politics, science, psychology, management, self-help techniques, and a host of other modern theories. What Tolstoy wrote of science applies to all of them: "Science is meaningless because it gives no answer to our question, the only question important to us, 'what shall we do and how shall we live?'" There is no answer outside a quest for purpose, and no answer to the quest is deeper and more satisfying than answering the call.

What is meant by "calling"? *Calling is the truth that God calls us to himself so decisively that everything we are, everything we do, and everything we have is invested with a special devotion and dynamism lived out as a response to his summons and service.*

And what is meant by "entrepreneur"? *The entrepreneur is the person who assumes the responsibility for a creative task, not as an assigned role, a routine function, or an inherited duty, but as a venture of faith, including risk and danger, in order to bring into the world something new and profitable to humankind.* Called in this sense, and answering such a call by rising to it in faith, entrepreneurs of life use their talents and resources to be fruitful and bring added value into the world—quite literally making the invisible visible, the future present, the ideal real, the impossible an achievement, the desired an experience, the status quo dynamic, and the dream a fulfillment.

To be sure, there is much in life we did not choose and cannot change. At the beginning of life none of us decided the date of our birth, the color of our eyes, or the pedigree of our ancestry. And at the end we do not decide the day of our death or the interpretation of our legacy. In between there are a million and one circumstances over which we have no control. But we are still, always, essentially people of significance, men and women whose entrepreneurial capacity to exercise dominion, assert influence, and multiply fruitfulness is at the heart of our humanness.

To stress the entrepreneurial must not be confused with the heartless heresy that an individual is valuable only in so far as he or she is profitable. But it is to see, as philosopher Dallas Willard states, that all of us have "a unique eternal calling to count for good in God's great universe."

The artist Vincent van Gogh captured this expansive view of artistry and entrepreneurship when he wrote to his closest friend, Emile Berhard, just two years before his death. Jesus of Nazareth, he noted, lived "as a greater artist than all other artists, despising marble and clay as well as color, working in liv-

ing flesh. That is to say, this matchless artist . . . made neither statues nor pictures nor books; he loudly proclaimed that he made . . . living men, immortals."

"Really, I'm fine. It was just a fleeting sense of purpose—I'm sure it will pass."

This truth—calling and its entrepreneurial vision and energy—has been a driving force in many of the greatest "leaps forward" in world history—the construction of the Jewish nation at Mount Sinai, the birth of the Christian movement in Galilee, the sixteenth-century Reformation and its incalculable impetus to the rise of the modern world, and the abolition of slavery and the slave trade in Great Britain, to name a few. Little wonder that the rediscovery of calling should be critical today, not least in satisfying the passion for purpose of millions of questing modern people.

For all who seek significance

So for whom is this book intended? For all who seek such entrepreneurial purpose. For those who are interested in what the Western tradition says on the matter and how others have lived lives of calling. For all, whether believers or seekers, who are open to the call of the most influential person in history—Jesus of Nazareth. In particular, it is for those who know that their source of purpose must rise above the highest of self-help humanist hopes and who long for their lives to have integrity, effectiveness, and entrepreneurial potential in the face of all the challenges of the modern world.

Part One of these readings sets out the Jewish and Christian view of purpose through calling in contrast to its two most powerful rivals in history—the answers of Eastern thought and Western secularism. The Eastern answer pronounces the search wrong and calls for renunciation and withdrawal, and the Western secularist answer says all purpose is man-made—as Friedrich Nietzsche put it, so living as to be able to say, "Thus I willed it."

Part Two examines the lives of two great heroes who demonstrate how individuals can truly make a difference and change their times. One, William

Wilberforce, came to know his calling early in life, so that his whole life-task was inspired and shaped by it. The other, Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn almost stumbled into his calling, but its growing urgency not only gave clarity to his past life but came to fire his mature stands for truth.

Part Three explores some of the tests and trials of living life as an entrepreneurial calling—including such stirring stories as Beethoven battling with deafness and Magellan succumbing to hubris after his epic round-the-world journey.

Part Four begins with Tolstoy's much-loved story of "Two Old Men," challenging us to appraise our character and priorities in life, and then introduces a questionnaire to press home such a personal appraisal in specific areas.

Part Five raises the issue of "finishing well" in life's journey and probes this issue with short stories that raise with real poignancy different aspects of finishing or not finishing well.

Do you long to discover your own sense of purpose and engage life with an entrepreneurial life-task? You will not find here a "one-page executive summary," a "how-to manual," a "twelve-step program," or a ready-made "game plan" for figuring out the rest of your life. What you will find may point you toward one of the most powerful and truly awesome truths that has ever arrested the human heart.

Is a sense of calling your ultimate compass in life? In 1941, T. S. Eliot wrote: "Can a lifetime represent a single motive?" If the single motive is simply our own, the answer to Eliot must be no. We are not wise enough, pure enough, or strong enough to aim and sustain such a single motive over a lifetime. That way lies fanaticism or failure.

But if the single motive is the master motive of God's calling, the answer is yes. In any and all situations, both today and tomorrow's tomorrow, God's call to us is the unchanging and ultimate whence, what, why, and whither of our lives.

"In Ages of Faith," Alexis de Tocqueville observed, "the final aim of life is placed beyond life." That is what calling does. "Follow me," Jesus said two thousand years ago, and he changed the course of history. That is why calling provides the Archimedean point by which faith moves the world. That is why calling is the most comprehensive reorientation and the most profound motivation in human experience—the ultimate Why for living in all history. Calling begins and ends such ages, and lives, of faith, by placing the final aim of life beyond the world, where it was meant to be. Through calling the entire meaning of our lives lies in the future that is waiting for us. Answering the call is the way to find and fulfill the central, entrepreneurial purpose of your life.

Faith as Future-oriented Venturing

Now faith is being sure of what we hope for and certain of what we do not see. This is what the ancients were commended for. . . .

And without faith it is impossible to please God, because anyone who comes to him must believe that he exists and that he rewards those who earnestly seek him.

By faith Noah, when warned about things not yet seen, in holy fear built an ark to save his family. By his faith he condemned the world and became heir of the righteousness that comes by faith.

By faith Abraham, when called to go to a place he would later receive as his inheritance, obeyed and went, even though he did not know where he was going. By faith he made his home in the promised land like a stranger in a foreign country; he lived in tents, as did Isaac and Jacob, who were heirs with him of the same promise. For he was looking forward to the city with foundations, whose architect and builder is God. . . .

All these people were still living by faith when they died. They did not receive the things promised; they only saw them and welcomed them from a distance. And they admitted that they were aliens and strangers on earth. People who say such things show that they are looking for a country of their own. If they had been thinking of the country they had left, they would have had opportunity to return. Instead, they were longing for a better country—a heavenly one. Therefore God is not ashamed to be called their God, for he has prepared a city for them. . . .

By faith Moses, when he had grown up, refused to be known as the son of Pharaoh's daughter. He chose to be ill-treated along with the people of God rather than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a short time. He regarded disgrace for the sake of Christ as of greater value than the treasures of Egypt, because he was looking ahead to his reward. By faith he left Egypt, not fearing the king's anger; he persevered because he saw him who is invisible. By faith he kept the Passover and the sprinkling of blood, so that the destroyer of the firstborn would not touch the firstborn of Israel.

By faith the people passed through the Red Sea as on dry land; but when the Egyptians tried to do so, they were drowned.

By faith the walls of Jericho fell, after the people had marched around them for seven days.

By faith the prostitute Rahab, because she welcomed the spies, was not killed with those who were disobedient.

And what more shall I say? I do not have time to tell about Gideon, Barak, Samson, Jephthah, David, Samuel and the prophets, who through faith conquered kingdoms, administered justice, and gained what was promised; who shut the mouths of lions, quenched the fury of the flames, and escaped the edge of the sword; whose weakness was turned to strength; and who became powerful in battle and routed foreign armies. Women received back their dead, raised to life again. Others were tortured and refused to be released, so that they might gain a better resurrection. Some faced jeers and flogging, while still others were chained and put in prison. They were stoned; they were sawn in two; they were put to death by the sword. They went about in sheepskins and goatskins, destitute, persecuted and ill-treated—the world was not worthy of them. They wandered in deserts and mountains, and in caves and holes in the ground.

These were all commended for their faith, yet none of them received what had been promised. God had planned something better for us so that only together with us would they be made perfect.

—Hebrews 11

HERMANN HESSE

Hermann Hesse (1877–1962), is a German novelist and poet who won the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1946. Deeply influenced by the Romantic movement, he wrote widely on psychological and mystical subjects and developed somewhat of a cult following after his death. Born and raised in Germany, he began his career as a bookseller and antiquarian, gaining fame for such works as Steppenwolf *and* The Glass Bead Game. *Hesse's novel* Siddhartha *was published in 1922. Written in the form of a* Bildungsroman, *or "novel of development," it tells a story of the path to self-fulfillment through the life of Buddha.*

The passage below explores the ascetic stage of Siddhartha's search, which does not lead to final enlightenment. But it shows clearly how in the East, for both Hinduism and Buddhism, individuality is an illusion. Freedom is therefore freedom from *individuality, not freedom* to be an individual.

Thus the first broad answer to the human quest for individual purpose and fulfillment is: Renounce and Withdraw. Within the Eastern family of faiths, the final reality is viewed as "impersonal and undifferentiated," so there is no final place for the purpose or fulfillment of individuals.

Go East, Young Man

"East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet." —Rudyard Kipling

"Orientation means to know where the Orient is." —R. D. Laing

"Elementary ecology leads straight to elementary Buddhism." —Aldous Huxley

A student at Santa Barbara asked theologian Paul Tillich at the end of his life, "Sir, do you pray?" He replied, "No, I meditate."

Siddhartha

Siddhartha had begun to feel the seeds of discontent within him. He had begun to feel that the love of his father and mother, and also the love of his friend Govinda, would not always make him happy, give him peace, satisfy and suffice him. He had begun to suspect that his worthy father and his other teachers, the wise Brahmins, had already passed on to him the bulk and best of their wisdom, that they had already poured the sum total of their knowledge into his waiting vessel; and the vessel was not full, his intellect was not satisfied, his soul was not at peace, his heart was not still. The ablutions were good, but they were water; they did not wash sins away, they did not relieve the distressed heart. The sacrifices and the supplication of the gods were excellent—but were they everything? Did the sacrifices give happiness? And what about the gods? Was it really Prajapati who had created the world? Was it not Atman, He alone, who had created it? Were not the gods forms created like me and you, mortal, transient? Was it therefore good and right, was it a sensible and worthy act to offer sacrifices to the gods? To whom else should one offer sacrifices, to whom

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else should one pay honor, but to Him, Atman, the Only One? And where was Atman to be found, where did He dwell, where did His eternal heart beat, if not within the Self, in the innermost, in the eternal which each person carried within him? But where was this Self, this innermost? It was not flesh and bone, it was not thought or consciousness. That was what the wise men taught. Where, then, was it? To press towards the Self, towards Atman—was there another way that was worth seeking? Nobody showed the way, nobody knew it—neither his father, nor the teachers and wise men, nor the holy songs. The Brahmins and their holy books knew everything, everything; they had gone into everything—the creation of the world, the origin of speech, food, inhalation, exhalation, the arrangement of the senses, the acts of the gods. They knew a tremendous number of things—but was it worth while knowing all these things if they did not know the one important thing, the only important thing?

With the Samanas

Siddhartha gave his clothes to a poor Brahmin on the road and only retained his loincloth and earth-colored unstitched cloak. He only ate once a day and never cooked food. He fasted fourteen days. He fasted twenty-eight days. The flesh disappeared from his legs and cheeks. Strange dreams were reflected in his enlarged eyes. The nails grew long on his thin fingers and a dry, bristly beard appeared on his chin. His glance became icy when he encountered women; his lips curled with contempt when he passed through a town of well-dressed people. He saw businessmen trading, princes going to the hunt, mourners weeping over their dead, prostitutes offering themselves, doctors attending the sick, priests deciding the day for sowing, lovers making love, mothers soothing their children—and all were not worth a passing glance, everything lied, stank of lies; they were all illusions of sense, happiness and beauty. All were doomed to decay. The world tasted bitter. Life was pain.

Siddhartha had one single goal—to become empty, to become empty of thirst, desire, dreams, pleasure and sorrow—to let the Self die. No longer to be Self, to experience the peace of an emptied heart, to experience pure thought—that was his goal. When all the Self was conquered and dead, when all passions and desires were silent, then the last must awaken, the innermost of Being that is no longer Self—the great secret!

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Silently Siddhartha stood in the fierce sun's rays, filled with pain and thirst, and stood until he no longer felt pain and thirst. Silently he stood in the rain, water dripping from his hair on to his freezing shoulders, on to his freezing hips and legs. And the ascetic stood until his shoulders and legs no longer froze, till they were silent, till they were still. Silently he crouched among the thorns. Blood dripped from his smarting skin, ulcers formed, and Siddhartha remained still, motionless, till no more blood flowed, till there was no more pricking, no more smarting.

Siddhartha sat upright and learned to save his breath, to manage with little breathing, to hold his breath. He learned, while breathing in, to quiet

his heartbeat, learned to lessen his heartbeats, until there were few and hardly any more.

Instructed by the eldest of the Samanas, Siddhartha practiced self-denial and meditation according to the Samana rules. A heron flew over the bamboo wood and Siddhartha took the heron into his soul, flew over forest and mountains, became a heron, ate fishes, suffered heron hunger, used heron language, died a heron's death. A dead jackal lay on the sandy shore and Siddhartha's soul slipped into its corpse; he became a dead jackal, lay on the shore, swelled, stank, decayed, was dismembered by hyenas, was picked at by vultures, became a skeleton, became dust, mingled with the atmosphere. And Siddhartha's soul returned, died, decayed, turned into dust, experienced the troubled course of the life cycle. He waited with new thirst like a hunter at a chasm where the life cycle ends, where there is an end to causes, where painless eternity begins. He killed his senses, he killed his memory, he slipped out of his Self in a thousand different forms. He was animal, carcass, stone, wood, water, and each time he reawakened. The sun or moon shone, he was again Self, swung into the life cycle, felt thirst, conquered thirst, felt new thirst.

Siddhartha learned a great deal from the Samanas; he learned many ways of losing the Self. He traveled along the path of self-denial through pain, through voluntary suffering and conquering of pain, through hunger, thirst, and fatigue. He traveled the way of self-denial through meditation, through the emptying of the mind of all images. Along these and other paths did he learn to travel. He lost his Self a thousand times and for days on end he dwelt in non-being. But although the paths took him away from Self, in the end they always led back to it. Although Siddhartha fled from the Self a thousand times, dwelt in nothing, dwelt in animal and stone, the return was inevitable; the hour was inevitable when he would again find himself, in sunshine or in moonlight, in shadow or in rain, and was again Self and Siddhartha, again felt the torment of the onerous life cycle.

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Freedom is Freedom *From* Individuality

"Brahman alone is real, the phenomenal world is unreal, or mere illusion."
—Shankara, ninth-century Hindu sage and philosopher

"Who are you? Who am I? Whence have I come? Who is my mother? Who is my father? Think of all this as having no substance, leave it all as the stuff of dreams."
—Shankara

Shankara used to tell the story of a pupil who kept asking his master about the nature of Brahman or God or the Absolute Self. Each time the question came, the teacher would turn a deaf ear, until finally he turned impatiently on his pupil and said, "I am teaching you but you do not follow. The Self is silence."

Humanity must be cut from "the dark forest of delusion." —Lord Krishna, in the *Bhagavad-Gita*

"I am nowhere a somewhatness for anyone." —Buddhagosa, describing the fourfold emptiness

"If you want to get the plain truth,
be not concerned with right and wrong.
The conflict between right and wrong
Is the sickness of the mind." —Yun-Men, Zen master

The goal of Zen is not incarnation but "excarnation." —D. T. Suzuki

Humans are "God's temporary self-forgetfulness." —Radakrishnan, philosopher and President of India

"God entranced himself and forgot the way back, so that now he feels himself to be man, playing—guiltily—at being God." —Alan Watts

"A real merging of the limited in the ocean of universal life involves complete surrender of separative existence in all its forms." —Meher Baba

"'And if he left off dreaming about you, where do you suppose you'd be?'
'Where I am now, of course,' said Alice.
'Not you!' Tweedledee retorted contemptuously.
'You'd be nowhere. Why, you're only a sort of thing in his dream! If that there King was to wake,' added Tweedledum, 'you'd go out—bang!—just like a candle!'"
—Alice talks to Tweedledee and Tweedledum about dreams in Lewis Carroll's *Through the Looking Glass*

"'Everything is good.'
'Everything?'
'Everything. Man is unhappy because he doesn't know he's happy. That's the only reason. The man who discovers that will become happy that very minute. That stepdaughter will die, the little girl will remain—and everything is good. I suddenly discovered that.'
'So it's good, too, that people die of hunger and also that someone may abuse or rape that little girl?'
'It's good. And if someone breaks open that man's skull for the girl, that's good too. And if someone doesn't break his skull, it's equally good. Everything's good.'"
—Kirilov argues with Stavrogin in Fyodor Dostoyevsky's *The Possessed*

"[W]e might think of a human person . . . as being a wave that rises and falls, or a bubble that forms and bursts, on the immortal sea's surface. . . . But, if that is what we are, we have to live and die without ever knowing in what relation we stand to the Ultimate Reality that is the source and destination of our being in our ephemeral human life on earth. Are we accidents that have no meaning in terms of this reality from which, as persons, we are temporarily differentiated? Or are we truants, who have alienated ourselves from the source of our being by a perverse tour de force that we cannot sustain beyond the brief span of a human life's trajectory?"
—Arnold Toynbee, *Man's Concern with Death*

"The particular name and form of any deity are limitations which we in our weakness impose on the all-pervading Spirit which is really nameless and formless. The Supreme Being is a person only in relation to ourselves and our needs. . . . The highest theism is only a sort of glorified anthropomorphism but we cannot do without it."
—modern Indian philosopher D. S. Sharma

"If God is One, what is bad?" —Charles Manson

"[I]t was within a Western Christian setting that our technological civilization came to birth, and this was no accident, for Christianity is both this-worldly and other-worldly." —R. C. Zaehner,
Spalding Professor of Eastern Religions and Ethics, Oxford University

"In practice it means that neither religion [Hinduism and Buddhism] in its classical formulation pays the slightest attention to what goes on in the world today." —R. C. Zaehner

Questions for Thought and Discussion

1. In the opening paragraph, what are some of the issues troubling Siddhartha?
2. How would you describe Atman? Why does Siddhartha see he is more worthy of sacrifices and honor than the other gods? Where does he dwell? What does Siddhartha see as the challenge in reaching Atman? What is the "one important thing"?
3. In the first paragraph of "With the Samanas," what is Siddhartha's approach to life? How does he see everyday events? What is his assessment of life overall?
4. What does Hesse mean that "Siddhartha had one single goal—to become empty, to become empty of thirst, desire, dreams, pleasure and sorrow—to let the Self die"? How does Siddhartha go about trying to achieve this goal? What does he hope to discover? Why does Hesse say Siddhartha feels "the torment of the onerous life cycle"?
5. Read the quotes from R. C. Zaehner in the box, "Freedom is freedom *from* individuality." Do you think an Eastern Buddhist setting could have produced our scientific and technological civilization? Why or why not?
6. How would you describe this Eastern approach to life? According to this worldview, what is the meaning of life, its purpose?
7. How would this way of thinking affect the way one sees personal identity, occupation and relationships? What would be the consequences of this view for such notions as human rights and democracy? For life itself?

AYN RAND

Ayn Rand (1905–82) was a Russian-born American thinker and writer whose novels are polemical and melodramatic vehicles for her ideas. She was the founder of the "objectivist" school of philosophy, and won fame for the novels she wrote illustrating and embodying its practical outworking, most notably The Fountainhead *(1943) and* Atlas Shrugged *(1957). These books, prime examples of Western secularist thought, were widely appreciated for their defense of capitalism and their attacks on government and all outside controls that inhibit self-interested individuals. The central tenet of objectivism is that selfishness and self-assertion are the highest good to which human beings can attain. After Rand's death, her disciple Nathaniel Brandon established an institute to carry on her legacy and promote objectivism as a philosophy.*

The following passage comes from Atlas Shrugged, *Rand's most famous work, in which titans of industry, led by a shadowy and elusive figure named John Galt, abandon their enterprises to chaos and ruin in a "reverse strike." Their object is to drive home the point that the society that has so long reviled them for their wealth and success needs them for its very survival. In the process Rand repeatedly underscores the contrast between "the prime movers" and "the parasites," the "creators" and the "second-handers." The former "must worship Man"—which means "his own highest potentiality"—but must not make the mistake of worshipping "Mankind."*

The irony, of course, is that the practical outworking of Rand's self-reliant and self-assertive philosophy—as illustrated by the strike—is equivalent to the Eastern ideal of renouncing and withdrawing. In this passage, Francisco d'Anconia, a mining industrialist who has joined John Galt in his "strike," tries to convince Dagny Taggart, a railroad industrialist, to join them as well.

Atlas Shrugged *was a bestseller read by people who would rarely crack a philosophy text. But essentially it is Nietzscheanism in a pinstriped suit with a Russian accent. Thus the second broad answer to the human quest for purpose and fulfillment is: Do it yourself. Within the Western secularist family of faiths (including humanism, materialism, and naturalism) the final reality is viewed as only matter, so the answer to the human quest for purpose and fulfillment is for human beings not only to create their purpose but themselves.*

I, Myself, and Me

"My personal life is a postscript to my novels; it consists of the sentence: 'And I mean it.' I have always lived by the philosophy I present in my books."—Ayn Rand, 1957

"My philosophy, in essence, is the concept of man as a heroic being, with his own happiness as the moral purpose of his life, with productive achievement as his noblest activity, and reason as his only absolute." —Ayn Rand, 1957

"'Francisco, what's the most depraved type of human being?'
"'The man without a purpose.'" —Ayn Rand, *Atlas Shrugged*

"Dagny, there's nothing of any importance in life—except how well you do your work. Nothing. Only that. Whatever else you are, will come from that. It's the only measure of human value. All the codes of ethics they'll try to ram down your throat are just so much paper money put out by swindlers to fleece people of their virtues. The code of competence is the only system of morality that's on a gold standard. When you grow up, you'll know what I mean."

—Francisco d'Anconia, *Atlas Shrugged*

"'Mr. Rearden,' said Francisco, his voice solemnly calm, 'if you saw Atlas, the giant who holds the world on his shoulders, if you saw that he stood, blood running down his chest, his knees buckling, his arms trembling but still trying to hold the world aloft with the last of this strength, and the greater his effort the heavier the world bore down on his shoulders—what would you tell him to do?'

"'I . . . don't know. What . . . could he do? What would you tell him?'

"'To shrug.'" —*Atlas Shrugged*

"I believed that one person owes a duty to another with no payment for it in return. I believed that it was my duty to love a woman who gave me nothing, who betrayed everything I lived for, who demanded her happiness at the price of mine. I believed that love is some static gift which, once granted, need no longer be deserved—just as they believe that wealth is a static possession which can be seized and held without further effort. I believed that love is a gratuity, not a reward to be earned—just as they believe it is their right to demand an unearned wealth. And just as they believe that their need is a claim on my energy, so I believed that her unhappiness was a claim on my life." —Henry Rearden, *Atlas Shrugged*

"Love of our brothers? That's when we learned to hate our brothers for the first time in our lives. We began to hate them for everything they swallowed, for every small pleasure they enjoyed, for one man's new shirt, for another's wife's hat, for an outing with their family, for a paint job on their house—it was taken from us, it was paid for by our privations, our denials, our hunger."

—foreman, explaining the start of the strike, *Atlas Shrugged*

"The door of the structure was a straight, smooth sheet of stainless steel, softly lustrous and bluish in the sun. Above it, cut in the granite, as the only feature of the building's rectangular austerity, there stood an inscription:

'I SWEAR BY MY LIFE AND MY LOVE OF IT THAT I WILL NEVER LIVE FOR THE SAKE OF ANOTHER MAN, NOR ASK ANOTHER MAN TO LIVE FOR MINE.'"

—description of the entrance to John Galt's home, *Atlas Shrugged*

"Man's life is the standard of morality, but your own life is its purpose. If existence on earth is your goal, you must choose your actions and values by the standard of that which is proper to man—for the purpose of preserving, fulfilling, and enjoying the irreplaceable value which is your life." —John Galt, *Atlas Shrugged*

"Pride is the recognition of the fact that you are your own highest value and, like all of man's values, it has to be earned—that of any achievements open to you, the one that makes all others possible is the creation of your own character—that your character, your actions, your desires, your emotions are the products of the premises held by your mind." —John Galt, *Atlas Shrugged*

"Do you ask what moral obligation I owe to my fellow men? None—except the obligation I owe to myself, to material objects and to all of existence: rationality."

—John Galt, *Atlas Shrugged*

Atlas Shrugged

"Yes, Dagny, it *was* our own guilt."

"Because we didn't work hard enough?"

"Because we worked too hard—and charged too little."

"What do you mean?"

"We never demanded the one payment that the world owed us—and we let our best reward go to the worst of men. The error was made centuries ago, it was made by Sebastián d'Anconia, by Nat Taggart, by every man who fed the world and received no thanks in return. You don't know what is right any longer? Dagny, this is not a battle over material goods. It's a moral crisis, the greatest the world has ever faced and the last. Our age is the climax of centuries of evil. We must put an end to it, once and for all, or perish—we, the men of the mind. It was our own guilt. We produced the wealth of the world—but we let our enemies write its moral code."

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"But we never accepted their code. We lived by our own standards."

"Yes—and paid ransoms for it! Ransoms in matter and in spirit—in money, which our enemies received, but did not deserve, and in honor, which we deserved, but did not receive. *That* was our guilt—that we were willing to pay. We kept mankind alive, yet we allowed men to despise us and to worship our destroyers. We allowed them to worship incompetence and brutality, the recipients and the dispensers of the unearned. By accepting punishment, not for any sins, but for our virtues, we betrayed our code and made theirs possible. Dagny, theirs is the morality of kidnappers. They use your love of virtue as a hostage. They know that you'll bear anything in order to work and produce, because you know that achievement is man's highest moral purpose, that he can't exist without it, and your love of virtue is your love of life. They count on you to assume any burden. They count on you to feel that no effort is too great in the service of your love. Dagny, your enemies are destroying you by means of your own power. Your generosity and your endurance are their only tools. Your unrequited rectitude is the only hold they have upon you. They know it. You don't. The day when you'll discover it is the only thing they dread. You must learn to understand them. You won't be free of them, until you do. But when you do, you'll reach such a stage of rightful anger that you'll blast every rail of Taggart Transcontinental, rather than let it serve them!"

"They know that you'll bear anything in order to work and produce, because you know that achievement is man's highest moral purpose, that he can't exist without it, and your love of virtue is your love of life. They count on you to assume any burden. They count on you to feel that no effort is too great in the service of your love. Dagny, your enemies are destroying you by means of your own power. "

"But to leave it to them!" she moaned. "To abandon it . . . To abandon Taggart Transcontinental . . . when it's . . . it's almost like a living person . . ."

"It was. It isn't any longer. Leave it to them. It won't do them any good. Let it go. We don't need it. We can rebuild it. They can't. We'll survive without it. They won't."

"But *we*, brought down to renouncing and giving up!"

"Dagny, we who've been called 'materialists' by the killers of the human spirit, we're the only ones who know how little value or meaning there is in material objects as such, because we're the ones who create their value and meaning. We can afford to give them up, for a short while, in order to redeem something much more precious. We are the soul, of which railroads, copper mines, steel mills, and oil wells are the body—and they are living entities that beat day and night, like our hearts, in the sacred function of supporting human life, but only so long as they remain our body, only so long as they remain the ex-

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pression, the reward and property of achievement. Without us, they are corpses and their sole product is poison, not wealth or food, the poison of disintegration that turns men into hordes of scavengers. Dagny, learn to understand the nature of your own power and you'll understand the paradox you now see around you. *You* do not have to depend on any material possessions, they depend on you, you create them, you own the one and only tool of production. Wherever you are, you will always be able to produce. But the looters—by their own stated theory—are in desperate, permanent, congenital need and at the blind mercy of matter. Why don't you take them at their word? They need railroads, factories, mines, motors, which they cannot make or run. Of what use will your railroad be to them without you? Who held it together? Who kept it alive? Who saved it, time and time again? Was it your brother James? Who fed him? Who fed the looters? Who produced their weapons? Who gave them the means to enslave you? The impossible spectacle of shabby little incompetents holding control over the products of genius—who made it possible? Who supported your enemies, who forged your chains, who destroyed your achievement?"

The motion that threw her upright was like a silent cry. He shot to his feet with the stored abruptness of a spring uncoiling, his voice driving on in merciless triumph:

"You're beginning to see, aren't you? Dagny! Leave them the carcass of that railroad, leave them all the rusted rails and rotted ties and gutted engines—but don't leave them your mind! Don't leave them your mind! The fate of the world rests on that decision!"

"Leave them the carcass of that railroad, leave them all the rusted rails and rotted ties and gutted engines—but don't leave them your mind! Don't leave them your mind! The fate of the world rests on that decision!"

From Ayn Rand, *Atlas Shrugged* (New York: Penguin Books, 1985), pp 572–573. All attempts have been made to contact the copyright holder.

'Thus I Willed It'

"In the pride of your heart you say 'I am a god' . . . but you are a man and no god, though you think you are as wise as a god." —Ezekiel, prophesying against Tyre

"Man is the measure of all things." —Protagoras

The "Supreme Maker" speaks to man:
"We have made you a creature neither of heaven nor of earth, neither mortal nor immortal, in order that you may, as the free and proud shaper of your own being, fashion yourself in the form you may prefer." —Giovanni Pico Della Mirandola, *Oration on the Dignity of Man*

"[I]f we will, we can." —Giovanni Pico Della Mirandola, *Oration on the Dignity of Man*

"A man can do all things if he will." —Leon Battista Alberti

"Glory to man in the highest! For man is the Master of things." —Algernon Swinburne

A man can achieve almost anything "by the exercise of his own free powers of action and self-denial." —Samuel Smiles, *Self-Help,* 1859

"We see the future of man as one of his own making." —H. J. Müller

"For everyone now strives most of all to separate his person, wishing to experience the fullness of life within himself, and yet what comes of all his efforts is not the fullness of life but full suicide, for instead of the fullness of self-definition, they fall into complete isolation. For all men in our age are separated into units, each seeks seclusion in his own hole, each withdraws from the others, hides himself, and hides what he has, and ends by pushing himself away from people and pushing people away from himself. He accumulates wealth in solitude, thinking: how strong, how secure I am now; and does not see, madman as he is, that the more he accumulates, the more he sinks into suicidal impotence. For he is accustomed to relying only on himself, he has separated his unit from the whole, he has accustomed his soul to not believing in people's help, in people or in mankind, and now only trembles lest his money and his acquired privileges perish. Everywhere now the human mind has begun laughably not to understand that a man's true security lies not in his own solitary effort, but in the general wholeness of humanity."

—Elder Zosima in Fyodor Dostoyevsky's *The Brothers Karamazov*

"We, however, want to become those we are—human beings who are new, unique, incomparable, who give themselves laws, who create themselves."

—Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Gay Science*

"To redeem those who have lived in the past and and to turn every 'it was' into a 'thus I willed it'—that alone I should call redemption."

—Friedrich Nietzsche, *Ecce Homo*

"The supreme object of life is to live. Few people live. It is true life only to realize one's own perfection, to make one's every dream a reality. Even this is possible."

—Oscar Wilde

"That which is creative must create itself." —John Keats

"Today, in twentieth-century man, the evolutionary process is at last becoming aware of itself." —Sir Julian Huxley

"Brief and powerless is man's life; on him and all his race the slow, sure doom falls pitiless and dark. Blind to good and evil, reckless of destruction, omnipotent matter rolls on its relentless way; for man, condemned today to lose his dearest, tomorrow himself to pass through the gate of darkness, it remains only to cherish, ere yet the blow fall, the lofty thoughts that ennoble his little day; disdaining the coward terrors of the slave of Fate, to worship at the shrines that his own hands have built; undismayed by the empire of chance, to preserve a mind free from the wanton tyranny that rules his outward life; proudly defiant of the irresistible forces that tolerate, for a moment, his knowledge and his condemnation, to sustain alone, a weary but unyielding Atlas, the world that his own ideals have fashioned despite the trampling march of unconscious power." —Bertrand Russell, "A Free Man's Worship"

"You're a reporter. You want to know what I think about Charlie Kane. Well, I suppose he had some private sort of greatness, but he kept it to himself. He never gave himself away. He never gave anything away. He just left you a tip.

"He had a generous mind. I don't suppose anybody ever had so many opinions. But he never believed in anything except Charlie Kane, he never had a conviction except Charlie Kane in his life. I suppose he died without one."

—from Orson Welles' *Citizen Kane,* 1941

"All men's problems were created by man and can be solved by man."

—John F. Kennedy

"To be a man means to reach toward being God." —John Paul Sartre

"For what is a man, what has he got?
If not himself, then he has naught.
To say the things he truly feels;
And not the words of one who kneels.
The record shows I took the blows—
And did it my way!" —Frank Sinatra, "My Way"

"La vie est plus belle quand on l'écrit soi-même."
—Guerlain ad for Champs-Elysées perfume
("Life is more beautiful when you write your own script")

Questions for Thought and Discussion

1. In the first full paragraph, Francisco says there is a "moral crisis." What does he mean? What is the "moral code" that was erected by his enemies?
2. What does Francisco mean in saying he and the other "materialists" have "paid ransoms" for living by their own standards? How does he say the materialists betrayed their own moral code? Why does he argue that the world owes them?
3. Why does he tell Dagny, "theirs is the morality of kidnappers. They use your love of virtue as a hostage"? What does he mean? How is "man's highest moral purpose" being used against her?
4. What would be the effects of "the strike"? What would the strike cost them? What do the entrepreneurs hope to achieve by striking? How does this behavior echo the "renounce and withdraw" worldview of the East?
5. What is the important element of truth in this argument? What sorts of people, in terms of class, age, and type, is it most likely to appeal to?
6. What happens when these ideas are lived out in practice—say, not just in economics, but in family relationships? Do you know of any people like this or examples of this way of thinking?

GEORGE STEINER

George Steiner (born 1929) is among the most eminent and distinguished scholars and writers in the world today. Born in Paris and educated at the Universities of Chicago, Harvard, and Oxford, he has worked on the editorial staff of The Economist *and served as Fellow of Churchill College, Cambridge and professor of English and Comparative Literature at the University of Geneva.*

Quite different from his more scholarly works, The Portage to San Cristóbal of A. H. *(1981) is a serious novel that became a searing international best-seller. It also created a storm of controversy because it was written by a Jew yet appeared to allow Hitler to exonerate himself. Hitler's views portrayed here, it must be said, are not pure fiction; they are based on historical research into Hitler's youth.*

The A. H. of the title is Adolf Hitler. Far from dead by suicide in a Berlin bunker, Hitler as portrayed by Steiner is ninety years old and alive in the Amazon jungle—for Israeli Nazi-hunters, the ultimate quarry. Yet also far from an obvious monster, his Hitler is a shriveled old man who says little to his captors until the last chapter. Suddenly the novel crackles into life as Hitler gives his defiant rationale for Nazism.

This reading contains the second of Hitler's three arguments for Nazism, including his stunning appreciation-cum-attack on the notion of God's calling. As Moses said to the Israelites at Sinai, "Then the LORD *spoke to you out of the fire. You heard the sound of words but saw no form; there was only a voice" (Deuteronomy 4:12). Unlike other religions, the Jewish and Christian faiths hold that the link between God and human beings is a call in the form of words. Agree with this understanding of calling or not, this story asserts the decisive impact of a Jewish and Christian truth on world history and Western civilization.*

Steiner's shocking story aptly introduces the answer to the quest for purpose and fulfillment given by the biblical family of faiths—Judaism and the Christian faith. Within this view the final reality in the universe is both personal and infinite. Individuality is therefore the glory of human beings made in the image of God, but can be found only in God as the source—and emphatically on his terms.

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"My friend, his hands thrust into his coat pockets, silent and withdrawn, strode through the streets and out of the city. . . . Never before and never again have I heard Adolf Hitler speak as he did in that hour, and we stood there alone under the stars. . . . It was a state of complete ecstasy and rapture, in which he transferred the character of *Rienzi* . . . with visionary power to the plan of his own ambitions."

—Adolf Hitler's friend August Kubizek,
recalling Hitler's first exposure to Wagner's opera *Rienzi*
at age 15, which shaped Hitler's future

The Portage to San Cristóbal of A. H.

There had to be a solution, a *final* solution. For what is the Jew if he is not a long cancer of unrest? Gentlemen, I beg your attention, I demand it. Was there ever a crueler invention, a contrivance more calculated to harrow human existence, than that of an omnipotent, all-seeing, yet invisible, impalpable, inconceivable God? Gentlemen, I pray you, consider the case, consider it closely. The pagan earth was crowded with small deities, malicious or consoling, winged or pot-bellied, in leaf and branch, in rock and river. Giving companionship to man, pinching his bottom or caressing him, but of his measure. Delighting in honey cakes and roast meat. Gods after our own image and necessities. And even the great deities, the Olympians, would come down in mortal visitation, to do war and lechery. Mightier than we, I grant you, but tangible and taking on the skin of things. The Jew emptied the world by setting his God apart, immeasurably apart from man's senses. No image. No concrete embodiment. No imagining even. A blank emptier than the desert. Yet with a terrible nearness. Spying on our every misdeed, searching out the heart of our heart for motive. . . .

And the Jew mocks those who have pictures of their god. *His* God is purer than any other. The very thought of Him exceeds the powers of the human mind. We are as blown dust to His immensity. But because we are His creatures, we must be better than ourselves, love our neighbor, be continent, give of what we have to the beggar. Because His inconceivable, unimaginable presence envelops us, we must obey every jot of the Law. We must bottle up our rages and desires, chastise the flesh and walk bent in the rain. You call me a tyrant, an enslaver. What tyranny, what enslavement has been more oppressive, has branded the skin and soul of man more deeply than the sick fantasies of the Jew? You are not God-killers, but *God-makers*. And that is infinitely worse. The Jew invented conscience and left man a guilty serf.

But that was only the first piece of blackmail. There was worse to come. The white-faced Nazarene. Gentlemen, I find it difficult to contain myself. But the facts must speak for themselves. What did that epileptic rabbi ask of man? That he renounce the world, that he leave mother and father behind, that he offer the other cheek when slapped, that he render good for evil, that he love his neighbor as himself, no, far better, for self-love is an evil thing to be overcome. Oh grand castration! Note the cunning of it. Demand of human beings more than they can give, demand that they give up their stained, selfish humanity in the name of a higher ideal, and you will make of them cripples, hypocrites, mendicants for salvation. The Nazarene said that his kingdom, his purities were not of this world. Lies, honeyed lies. It was here on earth that he founded his slave church. It was men and women, creatures of flesh, he abandoned to the blackmail of hell, of eternal punishment. What were our camps compared with *that?* Ask of man more than he is, hold before his tired eyes an image of altruism, of compassion, of self-denial which only the saint or the madman can touch, and you stretch him on the rack. Till his soul bursts. What can be crueler than the Jew's addiction to the ideal?

"There had to be a solution, a *final* solution. For what is the Jew if he is not a long cancer of unrest?"

"The Jew emptied the world by setting his God apart, immeasurably apart from man's senses. No image. No concrete embodiment. No imagining even. A blank emptier than the desert. Yet with a terrible nearness."

"Ask of man more than he is, hold before his tired eyes an image of altruism, of compassion, of self-denial which only the saint or the madman can touch, and you stretch him on the rack. Till his soul bursts."

First the invisible but all-seeing, the unattainable but all-demanding God of Sinai. Second the terrible sweetness of Christ. Had the Jew not done enough to sicken man? No, gentlemen, there is a third act to our story.

"Sacrifice yourself for the good of your fellow man. Relinquish your possessions so that there may be equality for all. Hammer yourself hard as steel, strangle emotion, loyalty, mercy, gratitude. Denounce parent or lover. So that justice may be achieved on earth. So that history be fulfilled and society be purged of all imperfection." . . . The Jew had grown impatient, his dreams had gone rancid. Let the kingdom of justice come here and now, next Monday morning. Let us have a secular messiah instead. But with a long beard and his bowels full of vengeance.

Three times the Jew has pressed on us the blackmail of transcendence. Three times he has infected our blood and brains with the bacillus of perfection. Go to your rest and the voice of the Jew cries out in the night: "Wake up! God's eye is upon you. Has He not made you in His image? Lose your life so that you may gain it. Sacrifice yourself to the truth, to justice, to the good of mankind." That cry had been in our ears too long, gentlemen, far too long. Men had grown sick of it, sick to death. When I turned on the Jew, no one came to his rescue. No one. France, England, Russia, even Jew-ridden America did nothing. They were glad that the exterminator had come. Oh they did not say openly, I allow you that. But secretly they rejoiced. We had to find, to burn out the virus of utopia before the whole of our Western civilization sickened. To return to man as he is, selfish, greedy, shortsighted, but warm and housed, so marvelously housed, in his own stench. "We were chosen to be the conscience of man" said the Jew. And I answered him, yes, I, gentlemen, who now stand before you: "You are not man's conscience, Jew. You are only his bad conscience. And we shall vomit you so we may live and have peace." A final solution. How could there be any other?

"Three times the Jew has pressed on us the blackmail of transcendence. Three times he has infected our blood and brains with the bacillus of perfection. Go to your rest and the voice of the Jew cries out in the night: "Wake up! God's eye is upon you. Has He not made you in His image? Lose your life so that you may gain it. Sacrifice yourself to the truth, to justice, to the good of mankind." That cry had been in our ears too long, gentlemen, far too long. Men had grown sick of it, sick to death."

Questions for Thought and Discussion

1. How would you characterize the three ways the Jew has "pressed on us the blackmail of transcendence" that Hitler cites?
2. In the first two paragraphs, Hitler describes the first form of "blackmail"—the Jew's understanding of God. How does the Jewish God compare to the deities on "pagan earth"? What does he mean by "the Jew emptied the world by setting his God apart"?
3. How have the Jews raised the bar for humanity by their allegiance to God? Why does Hitler consider this a tyranny and enslavement? How would this be different than a world of pagan deities? What is Hitler saying in the statement, "The Jew invented conscience and left man a guilty serf"?
4. The second form of "blackmail" was the arrival of the "white-faced Nazarene"—Jesus. How did Jesus make things worse for humanity, according to Hitler? What does he expect of his followers? How did Hitler interpret these teachings?

5. The third form of "blackmail" was a secular utopia—Rabbi Marx's communism. Despite the absence of God, how do the Jews continue in the same vein of demanding perfection, does Hitler say?
6. Why is God's calling integral to this "cancer of unrest"?
7. What does Hitler's crazed logic show us of the cultural impact of Judaism, the Christian faith, and Marxism? Do you agree, in part or in whole?

ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR.

Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. (1917–) is an eminent American historian and man of ideas. A graduate of Harvard and Cambridge, he was a professor of history at Harvard before becoming special assistant to President Kennedy from 1961–63. He won the Pulitzer Prize for The Age of Jackson *in 1946 and for* A Thousand Days *in 1966. He lives in New York and is the Albert Schweitzer Professor in the Humanities at the City University of New York.*

The reading below is from his 1986 book, The Cycles of American History. *In the face of contrary positions, such as determinism, it sets out boldly the conviction that individuals make a difference in history.*

No Ripples?

"Man is a stone thrown into the pond that causes no ripples." —Zen saying

"Unlike egoism, the drive to significance is a simple extension of the creative impulse of God that gave us being. . . . We were built to count, as water is made to run downhill. We are placed in a specific context to count in ways no one else does. That is our destiny.

"Our hunger for significance is a signal of who we are and why we are here."

—Dallas Willard, *The Divine Conspiracy*

Democracy and Leadership

"Leadership is really what makes the world go round. . . . Leadership—the capacity to inspire and mobilize masses of people—is a public transaction with history."

Leadership is really what makes the world go round. Love no doubt smooths the passage; but love is a private transaction between consenting adults. Leadership—the capacity to inspire and mobilize masses of people—is a public transaction with history. I borrow the title of this essay, a little warily, from Irving Babbitt, a shrewd scholar of eccentrically conservative tendencies who deserves to be better remembered than he is. In his book of 1924, *Democracy and Leadership,* Babbitt argued that leaders, good or bad, there will always be and that democracy becomes a menace to civilization when it seeks to evade this truth. Numerical majorities are no substitute for leadership. Salvation lies in leaders who can reestablish the inner check on unbridled human impulse: self-reform, not social reform. I do not know why Babbitt's traditionalism has not been rediscovered in the age of Reagan. Perhaps it is because Babbitt detested greedy capitalists as much as he did sentimental liberals. His diagnosis of the democratic malady smells of the library lamp rather than of the smoke-filled room; and he could have learned much about the world of power from Machiavelli, whom he both disliked and misunderstood. Yet Babbitt was everlastingly right in his conviction that democracy will stand or fall on the quality of its leadership.

"Now the very concept of leadership implies the proposition that individuals make a difference to history. This proposition has never been universally accepted."

Now the very concept of leadership implies the proposition that individuals make a difference to history. This proposition has never been universally accepted. From classical times to the present, eminent thinkers have regarded individuals as no more than pawns of larger forces, whether the gods and goddesses of Mount Olympus or latter-day divinities of Race, Class, Nation,

Progress, the Dialectic, the General Will, the Spirit of the Age, History itself. Against such mighty deities the individual is deemed impotent, his sense of freedom and significance mere vanity and delusion.

So runs the thesis of historical determinism. Tolstoy's great novel *War and Peace* offers a famous statement of the case. Why, Tolstoy asked, did masses of men in the Napoleonic wars, denying their human feelings and their common sense, move back and forth across Europe, slaughtering their fellows along the way? "The war," Tolstoy answered, "was bound to happen simply because it was bound to happen." All history determined it. As for leaders, they were in Tolstoy's view the most deluded figures of all. Great men "are but the labels that serve to give a name to an end and, like labels, they have the least possible connection with the event." The greater the leader, "the more conspicuous the inevitability and the predestination of every act he commits." The leader, said Tolstoy, is "the slave of history."

Determinism takes many forms. Marxism is the determinism of class, Nazism the determinism of race; Spengler and Toynbee are determinists of growth and decay. There is even a determinism of the free market. But however much determinists differ in the explanation of causes, they unite in the conclusion that the individual will is irrelevant as a factor in history. Determinism, as William James put it, "professes that those parts of the universe already laid down absolutely appoint and decree what the other parts shall be. The future has no ambiguous possibilities hidden in its womb." History is fixed from eternity, an iron block in which there can be no equivocation or shadow of turning.

Determinism may or may not be true, but it unquestionably violates our deepest human instincts. It abolishes the idea of human freedom by discrediting the presumption of choice that underlies every word we speak and every decision we make. It abolishes the idea of human responsibility by depriving the individual of accountability for his acts. No one can live consistently by any deterministic creed. The communist and fascist states prove this themselves by their extreme susceptibility to the cult of the great leader. If we were to take determinism seriously, as Isaiah Berlin wrote in his brilliant essay "Historical Inevitability," then the changes "in the whole of our language, our moral terminology, our attitudes toward one another, our views of history, of society, and of everything else will be too profound to be even adumbrated"; it would be like living in a world without time or with seventeen-dimensional space.

Determinism "abolishes the idea of human responsibility by depriving the individual of accountability for his acts. No one can live consistently by any deterministic creed."

Apply determinism to specific historical episodes, and the results are self-convicting. According to the hard determinist view, no individual makes a difference. As slaves of history, we are all interchangeable parts. If Napoleon had not led those armies across Europe, slaughtering as they went, someone else would have done so. James, rebutting Herbert Spencer's onslaught on the "great man" theory of history, asked whether Spencer really believed "the convergence of sociological pressures to have so impinged on Stratford-upon-Avon about the 26th of April, 1564, that a W. Shakespeare, with all his mental peculiarities, had to be born there." And did Spencer believe "that if the aforesaid W. Shakespeare had died of *cholera infantum*, another mother at

Stratford-upon-Avon would needs have engendered a duplicate copy of him, to restore the sociologic equilibrium?" James was kidding the determinists, but he did not greatly exaggerate their position. "In default of a Napoleon," said Engels, "another would have filled his place, that is established by the fact that whenever a man was necessary, he has always been found." Shakespeare too? The principle is the same.

In December 1931 a British politician crossing Park Avenue in New York City between Seventy-sixth and Seventy-seventh streets around ten-thirty at night looked in the wrong direction and was knocked down by an automobile—a moment, he later recalled, of a man aghast, a world aglare: "I do not understand why I was not broken like an eggshell or squashed like a gooseberry." Fourteen months later an American politician, sitting in an open car in Miami, Florida, was fired on by an assassin; the man beside him was killed. Those who believe with Spencer and Engels that individuals make no difference because substitutes are "sure to be found" (Engels) might well ponder whether the next two decades would really have been the same had the automobile killed Winston Churchill in 1931 and the bullet killed Franklin Roosevelt in 1933. Would Neville Chamberlain or Lord Halifax have rallied Britain in 1940? Would John N. Garner have produced the New Deal and the Four Freedoms? Suppose, in addition, that Lenin had died of typhus in Siberia in 1895 and Hitler had been killed on the western front in 1916. What would the twentieth century have looked like now?

"Those who believe with Spencer and Engels that individuals make no differ-ence because substitutes are 'sure to be found' (Engels) might well ponder whether the next two decades would really have been the same had the automobile killed Winston Churchill in 1931 and the bullet killed Franklin Roosevelt in 1933."

Leadership may alter history for better or for worse. Leaders have been responsible for the most horrible crimes and the most extravagant follies that have disgraced the human race. They also have been vital in urging humanity on toward individual freedom, social justice and religious and racial tolerance. For better or for worse, they make a difference. "The notion that a people can run itself and its affairs anonymously," said James, "is now well known to be the silliest of absurdities. Mankind does nothing save through initiatives on the part of inventors, great or small, and imitation by the rest of us—these are the sole factors in human progress. Individuals of genius show the way, and set the patterns, which common people then adopt and follow."

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James did not suppose that genius was omnipotent. There is a necessary equation between the person and the times. Not every man fits every hour. Genius may come too early or too late. In the tenth century John Stuart Mill would have died an unknown. The nineteenth century would have sent Peter the Hermit to a lunatic asylum. Cromwell and Napoleon needed their revolutions, Grant his Civil War. Genius must be adapted to "the receptivities of the moment." Nor, James should have added, is all social change the work of individuals of genius. Modes of production, of distribution, of communication, set the scene and have their independent dynamism. Still, without leadership, there would be little movement in history.

Questions for Thought and Discussion

1. What do you think of Schlesinger's definition of leadership and the weight he gives it? Why does this understanding of leadership require that individuals matter?
2. Most people would instinctively agree with Schlesinger that "individuals make a difference to history," but far fewer really live that way and many do not have a basis for knowing why individuals truly count. Why do you think this is so?
3. How does historical determinism "[violate] our deepest human instincts"? What are some examples that he gives of using determinism to explain historical events? Why do they seem far-fetched?
4. Why, in your own thinking, does individuality count?
5. Do you agree that "Not every man fits every hour"? What do you think this means for our goals and expectations in life?
6. What are the assumptions in "calling" that underscore individual significance?

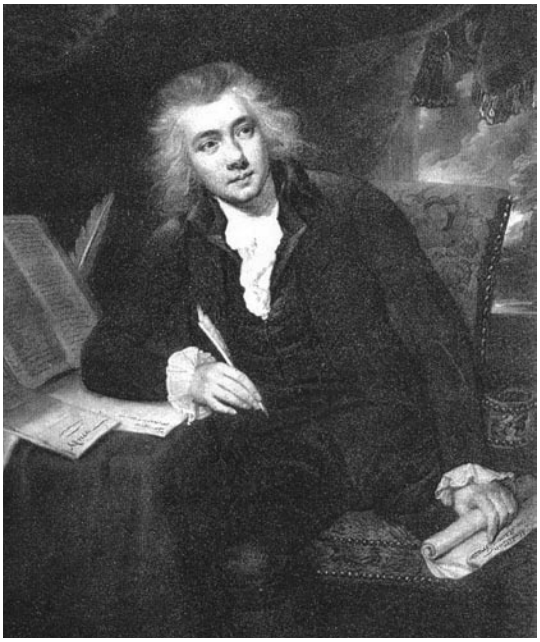
WILLIAM WILBERFORCE

William Wilberforce (1759–1833) was a British parliamentarian and philanthropist, best known as the leader of the movement that abolished slavery, and arguably the most successful reformer in history. Born in Hull, he attended Cambridge where he became a close friend of William Pitt, the youngest prime minister in British history. His life was turned around by his conversion ("the great change") in 1785, and clergymen John Wesley and John Newton encouraged him early in his reforming endeavors.

At one stage in his life, Wilberforce was an active participant in an astonishing sixty-nine different public initiatives, ranging from directly spiritual projects—he was the founder of the world's first Bible Society—to more secular initiatives, including helping to found the Sierra Leone Colony for freed slaves, the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the Royal Institute of Science, and the National Gallery. His crowning achievements were the abolition of the slave trade in 1807 and of slavery in the British Empire in 1833—just days before his death. His book, A Practical View of Christianity, *was a bestseller for fifty years.*

Historian G. M. Trevelyan described abolition as "one of the turning points in the history of the world." Wilberforce's achievements were therefore historic, but they were neither easy nor quick—suppression of the slave trade alone took twenty years and full emancipation nearly fifty years. The following readings are a collage of Wilberforce's own words, along with those of his contemporaries and later historians. They underscore what one of his biographers noted—that a modern person can change modern times, but he or she cannot do it alone.

Wrestling with his Growing Sense of Calling



Wilberforce's first inclination after his conversion to faith in Christ was to leave the world of politics and be ordained as a minister—mistakenly believing, as many do, that spiritual things are higher than secular things. Fortunately, friends counseled him to stay and discover his calling in public life. John Newton and Thomas Scott, for example, were two ministers who wisely persuaded him to serve in Parliament and not become a minister.

A Near Miss

"But the cause of Mr Wilberforce is the cause of justice, humanity, and piety, as well as of Britain. I feel a sort of self-congratulation, at present, that above twenty years ago I withstood with all my energy Mr _____'s counsel, who advised Mr Wilberforce to retire from public life. Had that counsel been followed, the slave trade might have been continued to future generations."

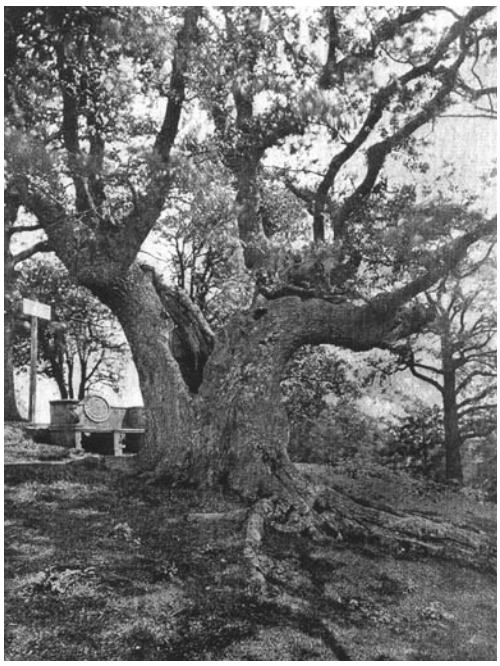
—Rev. Thomas Scott, in a letter of June 1807

"My anguish of soul for some months was indescribable, nor do I suppose it has often been exceeded. Almost the first person to whom I unfolded the state of my heart was [the poet William] Cowper's friend—good old John Newton—whom I had often heard preach when I lived with my Uncle William and Aunt Hannah [as a boy]. . . . [Newton] entered most kindly and affectionately into my case, and told me he well remembered me, and never ceased to pray for me. . . . [I]n the interviews I had with him, [he] advised me to avoid at present making many religious acquaintances, and to keep up my connection with Pitt, and to continue in Parliament."

—from an autobiographical manuscript dictated to John Harford

Recollections of William Wilberforce, John Harford (London: Longman, Green, Longman, Roberts & Green, 1864).

Advice from his Friend, Prime Minister William Pitt (the Younger)



The passage below is the advice of his great friend Prime Minister William Pitt (the younger), who had earlier written to him and referred to Wilberforce's "constant call for Something out of the Common Way." His urging here came as a turning point for Wilberforce.

"Wilberforce, why don't you give notice of a motion on the subject of the slave trade? You have already taken great pains to collect evidence, and are therefore entitled to the credit which doing so will insure you. Do not lose time, or the ground may be occupied by another."

—beneath an oak tree on the vale of Keston, May 1787

Wilberforce's Moment of Decision

Wilberforce's decision to take up the cause of abolition was triggered by various events, including Pitt's advice, his own research, and his deep sense of calling.

"So enormous, so dreadful, so irremediable did the Trade's wickedness appear that my own mind was completely made up for Abolition. Let the consequences be what they would, I from this time determined that I would never rest until I had effected its abolition."

—speech to the House of Commons after research into slavery, 1787

Written a few months after the above speech, this famous journal entry represents one of the most audacious statements of life purpose in history. Notice, too, the date, which sets the decision against the backdrop of revolutionary ferment in Europe.

"God Almighty has set before me two great objects, the suppression of the Slave Trade and the reformation of manners."

—written in his journal, Sunday, October 28, 1787

From the very first speeches onward, Wilberforce brought to the issue the passion and moral urgency that such a calling inspired.

"Sir, the nature and all the circumstances of the Trade are now laid open to us. We can no longer plead ignorance. We cannot evade it. We may spurn it. We may kick it out of the way. But we cannot turn aside so as to avoid seeing it. For it is brought now so directly before our eyes that this House must decide and must justify to all the world and to its own conscience, the rectitude of the grounds of its decision. . . . Let not Parliament be the only body that is insensible to the principles of natural justice. Let us make reparation to Africa, as far as we can, by establishing trade upon true commercial principles, and we shall soon find the rectitude of our conduct rewarded by the benefits of a regular and growing commerce."

—conclusion to Wilberforce's first (and unsuccessful) motion against slavery, May 1788

For a Leader, Public Responsibility was Christian Responsibility

Wilberforce's journal entry here is in clear and settled contrast to his first inclinations to leave public life.

"My walk, I am sensible, is a public one. My business is in the world; and I must mix in assemblies of men, or quit the post which Providence seems to have assigned me. . . . My shame is not occasioned by my thinking that I am too studiously diligent in the business of life; on the contrary, I then feel that I am serving God best when from proper motives I am most actively engaged in it." —written in his journal, 1788

His Decision was Taken with the Force of a Call

"The first years that I was in Parliament," he has said, "I did nothing to any good purpose; my own distinction was my object." But now he acted upon new principles; he regarded his powers of mind, his eloquence in speech, his influence with Mr. Pitt, his general popularity, as talents lent to him by God, for the due use of which he must render an account. . . . In this spirit he approached the strife, and let it never be forgotten, that it was a belief in God's call which armed him for his championship of the liberty of the oppressed.

Recognition of the Daunting Challenges

Championing abolition was a dangerous business. The slave trade occupied a position in the British economy (as a percentage of gross national product) equivalent to that of the defense industry in the United States today. At one stage, Wilberforce was the most vilified man in England. He was even threatened and attacked physically, for example, by slave-trading captains whose reputations and livelihood were menaced by the campaign against slavery.

Letter from John Wesley

The following letter, written in a faltering hand, is one of John Wesley's last messages. The next day, February 25, he sank into a coma and never recovered, dying on March 2. Wilberforce marked the letter "Wesley's last words."

February 24, 1791

Dear Sir,

Unless the divine power has raised you to be as *Athanasius contra mundum* [Athanasius against the world], I see not how you can go through your glorious enterprise in opposing that execrable villainy, which is the scandal of religion, of England, and of human nature. Unless God has raised you up for this very thing, you will be worn out by the opposition of men and devils. But if God be for you, who can be against you? Are all of them together stronger than God? O be not weary of well doing! Go on, in the name of God and in the power of his might, till even American slavery (the vilest that ever saw the sun) shall vanish away before it. . . .

That he who has guided you from youth up may continue to strengthen you in this and all things is the prayer of, dear sir,

Your affectionate servant,
John Wesley

In *Letters,* ed. John Telford (Epworth Press, 1931) VIII, 265.

Letter from John Newton

Newton was a converted slave trader who had become an Anglican rector and renowned hymn writer (including "Amazing Grace"). He had a decisive influence on the young Wilberforce. He urged him not to leave Parliament and encouraged him to take up the championing of abolition, despite its dangers.

Paul's Cray, Kent, July 21, 1796

My very dear Sir,

It is true that you live in the midst of difficulties and snares, and you need a double guard of watchfulness and prayer. But since you know both your need of help, and where to look for it, I may say to you as Darius to Daniel, "Thy God whom thou servest continually is able to preserve and deliver you." Daniel, likewise, was a public man, and in critical circumstances; but he trusted in the Lord, was faithful in his department, and therefore, though he had enemies, they could not prevail against him.

Indeed the great point for our comfort in life is to have a well grounded persuasion that we are, where, all things considered, we ought to be. Then it is no great matter whether we are in public or in private life, in a city or a village, in a palace or a cottage. . . .

I am your very affectionate, and much obliged,
John Newton

From *The Correspondence of William Wilberforce,* Vol. I, ed. Robert Isaac Wilberforce and Samuel Wilberforce (1840).

Wilberforce *Contra Mundum*

I will not allow the rights of the plantation owners to be infringed "while I have an arm to fight in their defense or a tongue to launch my voice against the damnable doctrine of Wilberforce and his hypocritical allies."
—Admiral Lord Nelson, writing from his flagship *Victory*

"Surely the Enthusiastic rage of Mr. Wilberforce and his friends cannot prevail in a matter of such consequence to the Colonies and the Mother Country."
—agent of the slave owners in Antigua

"I shall expect to read of you carbonadoed by West Indian planters, barbecued by African merchants and eaten by Guinea captains, but do not be daunted, for—I will write your epitaph!" —letter to Wilberforce from a friend

The Importance of Community in the Abolition Cause

Partnership, community, and the power of moral influence were critical to the success of Wilberforce and his colleagues, who were known as the "Clapham circle" or "the saints." One of their maxims was "Always seek a neighbor before you seek a home." Their conversations were so stimulating and so constant that it was said of them: they were "like a meeting that never adjourned."

People of Character and Integrity

"The whole of Wilberforce's following, including a much wider circle than the Clapham Sect itself, never numbered more than twenty or thirty. The influence they exercised was again because of the intensity of their passion."

In Parliament, too, the Clapham Sect were in a minority. The whole of Wilberforce's following, including a much wider circle than the Clapham Sect itself, never numbered more than twenty or thirty. The influence they exercised was again because of the intensity of their passion. They carried into their political life the same standards that governed them elsewhere. Henry Thornton began his parliamentary career by refusing to pay the bribe of one guinea a vote, which was then a matter of course. And his attitude was the considered attitude of the group. Even Babington, with less prestige than Wilberforce or Thornton, remained in Parliament for twenty years without bribery. The whole group presented to the House of Commons of their day the impressive spectacle of men who put principle before party or profit, "who looked to the facts of the case and not to the wishes of the minister, and who before going into the lobby required to be obliged with a reason instead of with a job."

Nominally they may have been Tory, as were Wilberforce and Stephen, or Whig, as were Babington and Smith; actually they were independent. To advance their causes and to uphold their principles they would support any government, or with equal resolution oppose any government—even though their action might deal a painful blow to their party and their friends. Wilberforce's diary has this typical comment (1807): ". . . Babington, and I, and Grant, and Henry Thornton too, all settle down into trying the new ministry, and treating them as their measures shall deserve."

It was said that the only times Pitt could not sleep were at the time of the naval mutiny at the Nore and at the first serious opposition of Wilberforce. Later it was charged that Wilberforce's speech in support of the censure of Lord

Melville concerning the finances of the Admiralty contributed to Pitt's death. When Wilberforce retired from leadership of the anti-slavery party he impressed on his successor "the importance of keeping this great cause in possession of its old honorable distinction of being one in which all party differences were extinguished."

In consequence the "Saints" gained a unique moral ascendancy over the House of Commons.

> Confidence and respect, and, (what in the House of Commons is their unvarying accompaniment,) power, were gradually, and to a great extent involuntarily, accorded to this group of members. They were not addicted to crotchets, nor to the obtrusive and unseasonable assertion of conscientious scruples. The occasions on which they made proof of independence and impartiality were such as justified, and dignified, their temporary renunciation of party ties. They interfered with decisive effect in the debates on the great scandals of Lord Melville and the Duke of York, and in more than one financial or commercial controversy that deeply concerned the national interests. . . .

Where moral questions were concerned they became a sort of barometer by which doubtful men came to their decisions. ". . . they commanded the ear of the House, and exerted on its proceedings an influence, the secret of which those who have studied the Parliamentary history of the period find it only too easy to understand." And they left an impression on the House of Commons which did not end with their passing. Sir G. O. Trevelyan gave his opinion that among the most permanent of their legacies is "their undoubted share in the improvement of our political integrity."

This seal of England's Slave Emancipation Society became a rallying symbol of the Abolition campaign when issued as a cameo medallion by Wilberforce and Josiah Wedgwood. A similar image, used on a coin issued in the United States in the 1830s, shows a woman in chains and the phrase, "Am I not a Woman and a Sister?"

Networking Before the Age of Networking

The Claphamites lived in great intimacy. They would wander into one another's houses and gardens and always find themselves welcome. There seemed to be a general assumption that a friend could come in at any time. They would also call on one another unexpectedly in the country and expect and receive the same welcome. They liked to spend their holidays with other members of the Sect, often in a series of prolonged visits to one another's houses. The Grants, Thornton, Eliot, and Wilberforce were so close to one another that although each of their houses on Henry Thornton's property had its own garden allotted to it there was no attempt to make any demarcation and they all treated the garden as a form of common property. It was perhaps natural that, living so closely together, the Clapham Sect should marry into one another's families and they did so to an almost incestuous degree. Wilberforce was first cousin to the Thornton and Smith brothers; Stephen married Wilberforce's sister, Gisborne Babington's, Babington Macaulay's, Charles Eliot Venn's. Macaulay, the supply of sisters having been exhausted, married one of Hannah More's pupils. The relationships of the next generation were even more complicated.

Living in such proximity to one's friends was both pleasant and useful. Wilberforce always found "the very prospect [of returning to Clapham] mends, fixing and solemnizing my mind." The enthusiasm for one another's good causes with which the group became infected led to the birth of a mass of societies for the relief of every class of unfortunate from Russian sufferers to Irish serving women. Wilberforce has been compared to a Prime Minister of a cabinet of philanthropists, in which each of his ministers held a particular portfolio, Stephen and Macaulay the Slave Trade, Lord Teignmouth the Bible Society, Thornton the Exchequer, Grant India, Macaulay and Hannah More public relations. Milner, Venn, and Simeon were his spiritual consultants, and he looked perhaps more to Babington than anyone else for general advice.

Even if one excludes the contribution made by those who did not live in Clapham, it is safe to say that never in the history of the Church did the inhabitants of a single parish have such an effect on the world. For the Clapham Sect's good works were not limited to England and Africa. They intervened on behalf of the convicts of Australia, the victims of the Napoleonic wars, the Greeks struggling for freedom, the Haitians, the North American Indians, the Hottentots, and the slaves. They distributed bibles and sent out missionaries to every corner of the world. They have been criticized for concentrating so much of their energies on religious campaigns, though it would be unrealistic to expect such religious men to do anything else. But the drive behind their campaigns was so great that their temporal achievements were enough to put any other group to shame. If they had never succeeded in anything else, their share in either of the great victories of Abolition and Emancipation would have guaranteed their place in history.

"If they had never succeeded in anything else, their share in either of the great victories of Abolition and Emancipation would have guaranteed their place in history."

Robin Furneaux, *William Wilberforce* (London: Hamish Hamilton, 1974), pp. 118–119. Copyright © 1974 by Robin Furneaux. By permission of Gillon Aitken Associates, Ltd.

Success Came on his Deathbed

On Friday, July 26, 1833, the Bill for the Abolition of Slavery passed its second reading in the House of Commons. It was a Government measure now and its success was assured. Wilberforce lapsed into a coma soon after hearing news of his great success, and died three days later on Monday, July 29, 1833, aged seventy-three. The amount of money cited—phenomenal in those days—is the sum with which the planters were to be compensated; it represented about half the market value of their slaves.

"Thank God, that I should have lived to witness a day in which England is willing to give twenty millions sterling for the Abolition of Slavery."

—on hearing news of the success of abolition, 1833

Prerequisites of an Effective Reformer

Political and public style is critical to any reform movement opposing evil and stirring controversy. Means that do not serve ends become an obstacle to success.

Wilberforce's generation saw this as the challenge of "doing the Lord's work in the Lord's way." In this passage Sir Reginald Coupland, one of Wilberforce's contemporaries, reflects on the ideal fit between Wilberforce's gifts and the challenges of his task. His comments have many applications to today's political movements.

Did Someone say 'Fanatic'?

"There is such a constant hilarity in every look and motion, such a sweetness in all his tones, such a benignity in all his thoughts, words, and actions, that . . . you can feel nothing but love and admiration for a creature of so happy and blessed a nature." —poet Robert Southey, of Wilberforce

"It is necessary to watch him as he is blessed with a very sufficient quantity of that Enthusiastic Spirit, which is so far from yielding that it grows more vigorous from blows." —agent of the slave owners in Jamaica

If the country must first be schooled and roused the second step must be to break through the apathy of Parliament . . . And for this a politician is needed, and a politician endowed with very rare gifts indeed.

He must possess, in the first place, the virtues of a fanatic without his vices. He must be palpably single-minded and unself-seeking. He must be strong enough to face opposition and ridicule, staunch enough to endure obstruction and delay. In season and out of season, he must thrust his cause on Parliament's attention. Yet, somehow or other, Parliament must not be bored. He must not be regarded as the tiresome victim of an *idée fixe*, well-meaning possibly, but an intolerable nuisance. Somehow or other he must be persistent, yet not unpopular.

"He must possess, in the first place, the virtues of a fanatic without his vices."

Secondly, he must possess the intellectual power to grasp an intricate subject, the clarity of mind to deal with a great mass of detailed evidence, the eloquence to expound it lucidly and effectively. He must be able to speak from the same brief a score of times without surfeiting his audience with a hash of stale meat. And he must have a natural delicacy of feeling. He will have terrible things to say; they will form an important part of his case; but in the choice of them and in the manner in which he says them he must avoid the besetting sin of the professional humanitarian. He must never be morbid. He must not seem to take a pleasure in dwelling on the unsavory vices of his fellow men. He must not pile up the horrors and revel in atrocious detail. He must shock, but not nauseate, the imagination of his hearers.

Finally, he must be a man of recognized position in society and politics. It must be impossible to deride him in London drawing-rooms as an obscure crank, a wild man from beyond the pale. And he must have, or by some means must obtain a footing in Downing Street. For without at least some shadow of support from Government his task might well prove desperate.

Sir Reginald Coupland, quoted in *Shaftesbury: The Great Reformer* by Georgina Battiscombe (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1974), pp. 83–84.

Epilogue from *God's Politician*

"One of the commonest illusions of our day is that the individual is helpless."

One of the commonest illusions of our day is that the individual is helpless, unable to do anything to alter events around him. Seeing the allegedly powerful so often at a loss, the ordinary man concludes that external forces are too strong for him and lapses into the "helplessness syndrome."

This syndrome is particularly cruel because it drains the meaning out of life. Without vision the people perish, sunk in a slough of comfort, frustration, or self-concern. Much of the mindless violence of our time stems from this sense that nothing constructive can be done.

The helplessness syndrome is at first sight a strange malady to affect mankind in the midst of a technological revolution which is said to make all things possible. One would expect people to be living in a fever of hope and opportunity. Surveys however show that fewer and fewer people think that the individual matters. Many of our most potentially creative people seem to think with the celebrated British painter Francis Bacon that "man now realizes that he is an accident, a completely futile being" or with Kenneth Tynan who bewailed our "new and grievous plight, awaiting death in a universe without God, ungoverned by reason and devoid of purpose."

Christianity has always officially contradicted this view and proclaimed the infinite worth and potential of the individual. "I can do all things," wrote St. Paul, "through Him who strengthens me." But in reality the helplessness syndrome has deeply eroded such faith in many Christians.

Many, perhaps a majority, feel with the Member of the House of Lords who replied to a recent survey, that "the business of surviving and enjoying our leisure is all we are prepared to do." The more committed seem often to resort to one of two false alternatives: either to retreat into a ghetto of personal belief from which the affairs of the world are excluded or to adopt an almost entirely political stance which sees no need of conversion.

"Wilberforce proved that a man can change his times but that he cannot do it alone."

"Wilberforce," writes Pollock, "proved that a man can change his times but that he cannot do it alone." He needed, in fact, a living God to change, remotivate, guide, and strengthen him. He also needed a band of like-minded men and women to plan and work with him, and to help keep his aims and motives clear. Together they created the leadership which was required—and the nationwide ground-swell which made that leadership effective.

Some will say that such things could happen in the Britain of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, but are impossible in twentieth-century societies. Organizations are so vast and forces so impersonal, they argue, that the individual can no longer initiate significant change.

This, in my experience, is untrue. God is no less powerful today than formerly and men still have the capacity, if they will to find his plan for themselves and events around them. Hundreds of people are initiating changes in conditions, large and small, all the time, and I personally have been privileged to see many such changes, some even on an international scale. The world today is waiting to see which countries will produce bands of committed people who

will tackle together the seemingly insuperable problem of the coming age, as Wilberforce and his friends tackled the deadlocked situations of their times.

"The world today is waiting to see which countries will produce bands of committed people who will tackle together the seemingly insuperable problem of the coming age."

Excerpt from *God's Politician* by Garth Lean. (Colorado Springs, CO: Helmers & Howard Publishers, 1980). Reprinted by permission of Helmers & Howard Publishers.

The readings above without other citation are taken from the biography written by his son, Samuel Wilberforce, who served as Bishop of Oxford and Winchester—the *Life of William Wilberforce* (London: John Murray, 1843, revised 1868).

The Washington of Humanity

"When Mr. Wilberforce passes through the crowd on the day of the opening of parliament, every one contemplates this little old man, worn with age, his head sunk upon his shoulders, as a sacred relic; as the Washington of humanity."
—Count Pecchio

"I have not allowed myself to forget that the abolition of the Slave-trade by Great Britain, was agitated a hundred years before it was a final success. . . . School-boys know that Wilberforce . . . helped that cause forward . . . who can now name a single man who labored to retard it?" —Abraham Lincoln, in *Speeches and Writings, 1832–58*

"He could not have done what he did if he had desired office. With his talents and position he would probably have been Pitt's successor as prime minister had he preferred Party to mankind. His sacrifice of one kind of fame and power gave him another and a nobler title to remembrance." —G.M. Trevelyan, *English Social History*

Questions for Thought and Discussion

1. Read the letter from Rev. Thomas Scott ("A Near Miss"). What was the thinking behind the advice that, upon conversion, Wilberforce should "retire from public life" and become a minister? What would have happened if Wilberforce had followed it? What strains of such teaching still survive today?
2. John Newton counsels the freshly converted Wilberforce to "avoid at present making many religious acquaintances" and keep up his former friendships and previous job. Why does he advise this? What tends to happen when new converts don't follow such advice?
3. Pitt's advice to Wilberforce was a turning point in his taking up the cause of slavery. What do you think were Pitt's motives?
4. Read Wilberforce's mission statement on "two great objects." Which of the two do you think was the bigger and harder? Why?
5. Read the letter from John Wesley. What is Wesley saying? What must this have meant to Wilberforce as "the last words" of the grand old man?
6. In the section of "People of Character and Integrity," what are the secrets of the moral power of the Clapham Circle? What would have been the costs of such a stand?
7. In the section "Networking," what dimensions of life did the Claphamites share? What do you make of the range of causes they were involved in?
8. In the section "Prerequisites of an Effective Reformer," Coupland makes a big point of the difference between a reformer and a fanatic. Why is

this important? What made Wilberforce such a passionate reformer but not a fanatic?

9. In the sixth paragraph of the "Epilogue from *God's Politician*," Lean summarizes the lessons of Wilberforce's life and influence. Which do you think are most important for us today? How many people do you know who have similar visions today? Do you?

ALEKSANDR SOLZHENITSYN

Aleksandr I. Solzhenitsyn (1918–) is a writer, novelist, Nobel laureate, and a living legend in the twentieth century. Born in Kislovodsk, Russia, he was educated in mathematics and physics and served in World War II, but was imprisoned from 1945–53 for negative comments on Stalin's conduct of the war.

After surviving Stalin's infamous Soviet Corrective Labor Camps, the Gulag, Solzhenitsyn has turned his pen into a sword and his books into military divisions, and has become not only a Nobel Prize winner but a one-man resistance movement against Communist totalitarianism. Running a personal blockade of terror and enforced silence from the authorities and the secret police, his writings have given life to suppressed realities of the past and names to countless unnamed victims. He has thus reinvested distorted events with the weight of truth and justice. Behind all the courage of his stand is his unshakable commitment to truth and conscience—and a deeply mystical sense of calling. Unlike Wilberforce, whose calling to a life-task came when he was a young man, Solzhenitsyn's sense of calling grew only slowly and is clearer from the perspective of hindsight.

Truth is Freedom

"One word of truth outweighs the whole world." —Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn

"Truth prevails for those who live in truth." —motto of Czechoslovakia's Charter 77 movement

"'The truth prevails for those who live in truth' is the saving message that might well be inscribed on the 'Moses baskets' of every nation's babies."
—Václav Havel, *Living in Truth*

The Writer Underground

Underground is where you expect to find revolutionaries. But not writers.

For the writer intent on truth, life never was, never is (and never will be!) easy: his like have suffered every imaginable harassment—defamation, duels, a shattered family life, financial ruin or lifelong unrelieved poverty, the madhouse, jail. . . .

I drifted into literature unthinkingly, without really knowing what I needed from it, or what I could do for it. I just felt depressed because it was so difficult, I thought, to find fresh subjects for stories. I hate to think what sort of writer I would have become (for I would have gone on writing) if I had not been *put inside*.

"I hate to think what sort of writer I would have become (for I would have gone on writing) if I had not been *put inside.*"

Once arrested, once I had spent two years in prisons and camps, depressed now by the mountainous overabundance of subjects, I accepted as effortlessly as the air I breathed, accepted with all the other unchallengeable realities before my eyes, the knowledge that not only would no one ever publish me, but a single line could cost me my life. Without hesitation, without inner debate, I entered into the inheritance of every modern Russian writer intent on the

truth: I must write simply to ensure that it was not all forgotten, that posterity might someday come to know of it. Publication in my own lifetime I must shut out of my mind, out of my dreams.

"I put away my idle dream. And in its place there was only the surety that my work would not be in vain, that it would someday smite the heads I had in my sights."

I put away my idle dream. And in its place there was only the surety that my work would not be in vain, that it would someday smite the heads I had in my sights, and that those who received its invisible emanations would understand. I no more rebelled against lifelong silence than against the lifelong impossibility of freeing my feet from the pull of gravity. As I finished one piece after another, at first in camps, then in exile, then after rehabilitation, first verses, then plays, and later prose works too, I had only one desire: to keep all these things out of sight and myself with them.

In the camp this meant committing my verse—many thousands of lines—to memory. To help me with this I improvised decimal counting beads and, in transit prisons, broke up matchsticks and used the fragments as tallies. As I approached the end of my sentence I grew more confident of my powers of memory, and began writing down and memorizing prose—dialogue at first, but then, bit by bit, whole densely written passages. My memory found room for them! It worked. But more and more of my time—in the end as much as one week every month—went into the regular repetition of all I had memorized.

Then came exile, and right at the beginning of my exile, cancer. In autumn 1953 it looked very much as though I had only a few months to live. In December the doctors—comrades in exile—confirmed that I had at most three weeks left. . . .

All that I had memorized in the camps ran the risk of extinction together with the head that held it.

This was a dreadful moment in my life: to die on the threshold of freedom, to see all I had written, all that gave meaning to my life thus far, about to perish with me. The peculiarities of the Soviet postal censorship made it impossible for me to cry out for help: Come quickly, take what I have written, save it! You can't very well appeal to strangers anyway. My friends were all in camps themselves. My mother was dead. My wife had married again. All the same, I sent for her to say goodbye, thinking that she might take my manuscripts away with her, but she did not come. . . .

In those last few weeks that the doctors had promised me I could not escape from my work in school, but in the evening and at night, kept awake by pain, I hurriedly copied things out in tiny handwriting, rolled them, several pages at a time, into tight cylinders and squeezed these into a champagne bottle. I buried the bottle in my garden—and set off for Tashkent to meet the new year (1954) and to die.

"I did not die, however. With a hopelessly neglected and acutely malignant tumor, this was a divine miracle; I could see no other explanation. Since then, all the life that has been given back to me has not been mine in the full sense: it is built around a purpose."

I did not die, however. With a hopelessly neglected and acutely malignant tumor, this was a divine miracle; I could see no other explanation. Since then, all the life that has been given back to me has not been mine in the full sense: it is built around a purpose. . . .

An Urgent Mission

My plan was an immensely ambitious one; in another ten years' time I should be ready to face the world with all that I had written, and I should not mind if I perished in the flames of that literary explosion—but now, just one slip of the foot, one careless move, and my whole plan, my whole life's work had come to grief. And it was not only my life's work but the dying wish of the millions whose last whisper, last moan, had been cut short on some hut floor in some prison camp. I had not carried out their behests, I had betrayed them, had shown myself unworthy of them. It had been given to me, almost alone, to crawl to safety; the hopes once held in all those skulls buried now in common graves in the camps had been set on me—and I collapsed, and their hopes had slipped from my hands.

From dawn to dusk the correction and copying of G*ulag* went forward; I could scarcely keep the pages moving fast enough. Then the typewriter started breaking down every day, and I had either to solder it myself or take it to be repaired. This was the most frightening moment of all: we had the only original manuscript and all the typed copies of G*ulag* there with us. If the KGB suddenly descended, the many-throated groan, the dying whisper of millions, the unspoken testament of those who had perished, would all be in their hands, and I would never be able to reconstruct it all, my brain would never be capable of it again.

I could have enjoyed myself so much, breathing the fresh air, resting, stretching my cramped limbs, but my duty to the dead permitted no such self-indulgence. They are dead. You are alive: Do your duty. The world must know *all about it*.

"I could have enjoyed myself so much, breathing the fresh air, resting, stretching my cramped limbs, but my duty to the dead permitted no such self-indulgence. They are dead. You are alive: Do your duty. The world must know *all about it.*"

They could take my children hostage—posing as "gangsters," of course. (They did not know that we had thought of this and made a superhuman decision: our children were no dearer to us than the memory of the millions done to death, and nothing could make us stop that book.)

The Word as Weapon

It is infinitely difficult to begin when mere words must move a great block of inert matter. But there is no other way if none of the material is strength on your side. And a shout in the mountains has been known to start an avalanche.

Books are like divisions or army corps: at times they must dig themselves in, hold their fire, lie low; at times they just cross bridges in the dark and noiselessly; at times, concealing their preparations to the last dribble of loose earth, they must rush into a concerted offensive from the least expected quarter at the least expected moment. While the author is like a commander in chief, here throwing in a unit, there moving up another to wait its turn.

Calling and Conscience

Later the true significance of what had happened would inevitably become clear to me, and I would be numb with surprise. I have done many things in my life that conflicted with the great aims I had set myself—and something has always set me on the true path again. I have become so used to this, come to rely on it so much, that the only task I need to set myself is to interpret as clearly and quickly as I can each major event in my life. (V.V. Ivanov came to the same conclusion, though life supplied him with quite different material to think about. He puts it like this: "Many lives have a mystical sense, but not everyone reads it aright. More often than not it is given to us in cryptic form, and when we fail to decipher it, we despair because our lives seem meaningless. The secret of a great life is often a man's success in deciphering the mysterious symbols vouchsafed to him, understanding them and so learning to walk in the true path.")

"Many lives have a mystical sense, but not everyone reads it aright. More often than not it is given to us in cryptic form, and when we fail to decipher it, we despair because our lives seem meaningless. The secret of a great life is often a man's success in deciphering the mysterious symbols vouch-safed to him, understanding them and so learning to walk in the true path." —V.V. Ivanov

I was disgusted with myself. The most terrible danger of all is that you may do violence to your conscience, sully your honor. No threat of physical destruction can compare with it.

In retrospect, almost all my life since the day I was first arrested had been the same: just for *that* particular week, *that* month, *that* season, *that* year, there had always been some reason for not writing—it was inconvenient or dangerous or I was too busy—always some need to postpone it. If I had given in to common sense, once, twice, ten times, my achievement as a writer would have been incomparably smaller. But I had gone on writing—as a bricklayer, in overcrowded prison huts, in transit jails without so much as a pencil, when I was dying of cancer, in an exile's hovel after a double teaching shift. I had let nothing—dangers, hindrances, the need for rest—interrupt my writing, and only because of that could I say at fifty-five that I now had no more than twenty years of work to get through, and had put the rest behind me.

The one worrying thing was that I might not be given time to carry out the whole scheme. I felt as though I was about to fill a space in the world that was meant for me and had long awaited me, a mold, as it were, made for me alone, but discerned by me only this very moment. I was a molten substance, impatient, unendurably impatient, to pour into my mold, to fill it full, without air bubbles or cracks, before I cooled and stiffened.

"I felt as though I was about to fill a space in the world that was meant for me and had long awaited me, a mold, as it were, made for me alone, but discerned by me only this very moment. I was a molten substance, impatient, unendurably impatient, to pour into my mold, to fill it full, without air bubbles or cracks, before I cooled and stiffened."

Once again, my vision and my calculations are probably faulty. There are many things which I cannot see even at close quarters, many things in which the Hand of the Highest will correct me. But this casts no cloud over my feelings. It makes me happier, more secure, to think that I do not have to plan and manage everything for myself, that I am only a sword made sharp to smite the unclean forces, an enchanted sword to cleave and disperse them.

Grant, O Lord, that I may not break as I strike! Let me not fall from Thy hand!

Conclusion

How simply it is all ending. The calf has butted and butted the oak. The pygmy would stand up to Leviathan. Till the world press fulminated: ". . . the only Russian whom the regime fears! He is undermining Marxism—and he walks around central Moscow a free man!"

I have never doubted that the truth would be restored to my people. I believe that we shall repent, that we shall be spiritually cleansed, that the Russian nation will be reborn.

View from the Stern

"If we are permitted to finish the work He gave us to do, it matters little how much we suffer in doing it. In fact, the suffering is part of the work . . . But surely it is also part of the work to tell the world what we have suffered & how we have been hindered, in order that the world may be able to spare others. To act otherwise is to treat the world as an incorrigible child which cannot listen or a criminal which will not listen." —Florence Nightingale, in her diary, 1857

"For what a mighty task your husband was chosen: all the trouble the Lord took with him, the infinite detours, the intricate zigzag curves, all suddenly find their explanation in one hour . . . Everything acquires its meaning in retrospect, which was hidden. Mami and Papi, the brothers and sisters, the little sons, Kreisau and its troubles . . . it has all at last become comprehensible in a single hour."
—Helmuth James von Moltke, in his last letter to his wife Freya before his execution by the Nazis, 1945

"The gradual *reading* of one's own life, seeing a pattern emerge, is a great illumination at our age." —C. S. Lewis, age 58, in a letter to a friend

Questions for Thought and Discussion

1. How does Solzhenitsyn see his being "put inside" affecting his early attitudes to a writing career?
2. How do you understand his apparently paradoxical confidence that "no one would ever publish me" but there was "the surety that my work would not be in vain"?
3. Review his heroic efforts at writing—writing whole books in his head, memorizing thousands of lines, exile, cancer, desertion and so on. What was motivating him? What was the effect of the "divine miracle" of surviving cancer?
4. In the section "An Urgent Mission," a new note enters: "the dying wish of millions." How does this affect him? Do you have any similar passion or burden in your life?
5. What was Solzhenitsyn's decision about his children? How does this compare with the common modern maxim that "work" never come above "family"? Which of the two is closer to the teaching of Jesus?
6. Clearly Solzhenitsyn has a high view of the power of words ("a shout in the mountain has been known to start an avalanche"). What lies be-

hind this conviction? Do we have a similar view in the West? What has changed our attitudes to words? How can we counter this situation?

7. Solzhenitsyn quotes V.V. Ivanov: "Many lives have a mystical sense, but not everyone reads it right. . . ." In retrospect, how does Solzhenitsyn apply this understanding of life direction to his own experience? What do you think of this mystical understanding of calling?
8. His strongest statement of his calling is in the paragraph "The one worrying thing . . ." What are the components of this extraordinary statement?
9. Do you have an equivalent, if less dramatic, sense of purpose in your life?
10. Wilberforce came to his sense of calling early (at the age of 28) and lived all his life in the light of it. Solzhenitsyn came to the same blazing conviction late and then could look back and decipher all God's signs leading up to it. Which of the two do you most identify with in this respect?

Talents that Make More Talents

"Again, it will be like a man going on a journey, who called his servants and entrusted his property to them. To one he gave five talents of money, to another two talents, and to another one talent, each according to his ability. Then he went on his journey. The man who had received the five talents went at once and put his money to work and gained five more. So also, the one with the two talents gained two more. But the man who had received the one talent went off, dug a hole in the ground and hid his master's money.

"After a long time the master of those servants returned and settled accounts with them. The man who had received the five talents brought the other five. 'Master,' he said, 'you entrusted me with five talents. See, I have gained five more.'

"His master replied, 'Well done, good and faithful servant! You have been faithful with a few things; I will put you in charge of many things. Come and share your master's happiness!'

"The man with the two talents also came. 'Master,' he said, 'you entrusted me with two talents; see, I have gained two more.'

"His master replied, 'Well done, good and faithful servant! You have been faithful with a few things; I will put you in charge of many things. Come and share your master's happiness!'

"Then the man who had received the one talent came. 'Master,' he said, 'I knew that you are a hard man, harvesting where you have not sown and gathering where you have not scattered seed. So I was afraid and went out and hid your talent in the ground. See, here is what belongs to you.'

"His master replied, 'You wicked, lazy servant! So you knew that I harvest where I have not sown and gather where I have not scattered seed? Well then, you should have put my money on deposit with the bankers, so that when I returned I would have received it back with interest.

"'Take the talent from him and give it to the one who has the ten talents. For everyone who has will be given more, and he will have an abundance. Whoever does not have, even what he has will be taken from him. And throw that worthless servant outside, into the darkness, where there will be weeping and gnashing of teeth.'"

—Jesus, describing the kingdom of the heavens, Matthew 25:14–30

THE TRINITY FORUM

THE TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS OF QUESTING

FRANÇOIS DE FÉNELON

APPRENTICE TO A MASTER

François de Salignac de La Mothe-Fénelon (1651-1715) was a French priest, theologian, and author whose influential writing was at times quite controversial. Born to an aristocratic but impoverished family in Périgord, Fénelon was ordained a priest in 1675 and became Archbishop of Cambrai in 1695. His various ministries included teaching women and ex-Huguenots newly converted to Catholicism, supporting liberal education for the former in his treatise, On the Education of Girls *(1687). His letters of spiritual counsel are still highly valued today.*

In 1689, Fénelon was appointed tutor to the Duke of Burgundy, the grandson of Louis XIV, whom he taught for ten years, preparing the young duke for the crown he stood to inherit. For his royal charge, Fénelon wrote a number of works, including Fables, Dialogues of the Dead *and* Telemachus, *with the aim of training up a moderate and enlightened successor to his extravagant and despotic grandfather, Louis XIV. The Sun King, however, preferred the absolutist counsel of Fénelon's famous rival bishop, J.B. Bossuet. Louis saw* Telemachus *as an attack on his court and immediately dismissed Fénelon as tutor on its publication. Any hopes of this early training changing the governing of France in the future were dashed by the premature death of the Duke of Burgundy in 1712.*

Fénelon himself died just three years later, banished by the court, condemned by Rome, and exiled in his own diocese. Though Telemachus *contributed to Fénelon's downfall, it was spectacularly successful and became the most-read literary work in eighteenth-century France, after the Bible. Had the Bourbons followed Fénelon, not Bossuet, there would have been no French revolution, and the history of the world would not have been the same.*

"Mentoring" has often become an empty cliché today. It survives best in the robust practice of coaching in sports, but its deepest roots lie in the models of tutoring and apprenticeship demonstrated by Socrates and Plato and supremely Jesus and his disciples. The central idea? The deepest things in life cannot be taught in words (or books, lectures, seminars, and sermons). They must be learned in experience under the authority of a Master.

Fénelon's is the most systematic development of this notion, though there are oddities in his version. He is a Christian, but his Mentor is the pre-Christian goddess Minerva in male disguise. Therefore the content of the counsel and the omniscient source from which it springs are hardly a model for today. But the role of Mentor in this crucial stage of Odysseus' son Telemachus is both touching, telling, and instructive.

Telemachus *is the story of the moral and political education of a young man by a wise and virtuous tutor. In Homer's* Odyssey, *Telemachus is the son of Odysseus (or Ulysses, the Roman name used in this translation), the wisest of the Greek heroes of the Trojan war, who providentially vanishes between Book 5 and Book 15. Fénelon's* Telemachus *is an imaginative filling in of those ten books.*

Why I Wrote It

"As for *Télémaque,* it is a fabulous narration in the form of an heroic poem like those of Homer and Virgil, into which I have put the main instructions which are suitable for a young prince whose birth destines him to rule . . . In these adventures I have put all the truths necessary to government, and all the faults that one can find in sovereign power." —François Fénelon in a letter to Father LeTellier

We Must Graduate

"One repays a teacher badly if one remains only a pupil." —Friedrich Nietzsche, *Ecce Homo*

Telemachus

"I am fully persuaded that the most important point in government is to discern well the different characters of men, and to employ them according to their talents."

During the voyage, Telemachus said to Mentor: ". . . I am fully persuaded that the most important point in government is to discern well the different characters of men, and to employ them according to their talents: but how such discernment is to be acquired, is what I am at a loss to know."

Mentor thus replied: "To know men you must not only study them, but keep their company and deal with them. Kings ought to converse with their subjects, make them speak, consult them, and test them by inferior employments, of which they should exact an account, in order to discover whether they are qualified for higher functions. How was it, my dear Telemachus, that you learned in Ithaca to know the nature of horses? Was it not by seeing them often, and having their excellencies and defects pointed out to you by persons of experience and skill? Just in the same manner, in order to know men, you must talk about their good and bad qualities with other wise and virtuous men, who have long studied their characters; thus you will insensibly become acquainted with them, and be able to judge what you have to expect from their qualifications. What was it that taught you to distinguish between good and bad poets? Was it not the frequent reading of them, and talking of them with those who had a taste for poetry? What was it that made you a judge of music? Was it not your diligent attention to the performances of good musicians? How can any prince hope to govern a nation well, if he is ignorant of human nature? And how can he avoid being ignorant of it, unless he lives with men? It is not living with them to see them in public, where nothing is said on either side, but unimportant trifles, or the language of art and premeditation; it is a matter of visiting them in private, to trace all the secret springs that move their hearts; to probe them on every side; and even relieve their wants, in order to discover their maxims. But to be able to form a sound judgment of men, you must begin with knowing what they ought to be; you must know in what true and solid merit consists, so that you may be capable of distinguishing between those who are possessed of it, and those who do not have it.

"To be able to form a sound judgment of men, you must begin with knowing what they ought to be; you must know in what true and solid merit consists, so that you may be capable of distinguishing between those who are possessed of it, and those who do not have it."

"People are continually talking of virtue and merit, without having any clear ideas of them. In the mouths of most men they are only fine words without any determinate meaning. . . .

"Learn then, my dear Telemachus, learn to know mankind; examine them, make them talk of one another, and prove them by little and little: but repose no blind confidence in any. . . .

[At the end of the book, Mentor discloses that he is the goddess Minerva in disguise and addresses Telemachus one last time.]

At last Minerva addressed him thus: "Son of Ulysses, hear me once more, and for the last time. I never took so many pains to instruct any mortal as you. I have led you by the hand through shipwrecks, unknown lands, bloody wars, and all the disasters that the heart of man can encounter. I have shown you by facts, of which you were a witness, the consequences of the true and false maxims adopted in government: and your errors have been no less serviceable to you than your misfortunes. For, who is the man that can pretend to rule a people wisely, who has never suffered, nor ever profited by the sufferings which his errors have occasioned?

"Like your father, you have filled both sea and land with your sad adventures. Go, you are now worthy of having him for you model; the passage is short and easy from here to Ithaca, where he has just now arrived. Assist him against his enemies, and be as submissive and obedient to him, as if you were the meanest of his subjects, setting thereby an example to others. He will give you Antiope, in whom you will be happy, as having been captivated less by her beauty, than her wisdom and virtue.

"When you ascend the throne, let the great object of your ambition be to renew the golden age. Let your ears be open to everyone, but let your confidence be confined to a few. Beware of trusting too much to your own judgment, and thereby deceiving yourself: but when you have committed a mistake, do not be afraid that it should be known.

"Love your people, and neglect nothing that may tend to conciliate their affection. Fear, indeed, is necessary, where love is wanting; but, like violent dangerous remedies, it ought never to be employed but where necessity compels.

"Always weigh beforehand the consequences of everything you undertake. Endeavor to foresee the greatest misfortunes that may happen; and know that true courage consists in viewing danger at distance, and despising it, when it cannot be avoided: for he that avoids thinking of it before, it is to be feared will not have courage to support the sight of it when present; whereas he who foresees all that can happen, who prevents all that can be prevented, and calmly encounters what cannot be avoided, alone deserves the character of wise and magnanimous.

"Guard against effeminacy, ostentation, and profusion; and account it your glory to maintain a simplicity of manners. Let your virtues and your good actions be the ornaments of your person and palace, and your guards. Let all the world learn from you wherin true honor consists; and remember always that kings are not promoted to the throne to gratify their own ambition, but for the good of their people; that the good they do extends to very remote ages, and

"Who is the man that can pretend to rule a people wisely, who has never suffered, nor ever profited by the sufferings which his errors have occasioned?"

"Let your ears be open to everyone, but let your confidence be confined to a few. Beware of trusting too much to your own judgment, and thereby deceiving yourself: but when you have committed a mistake, do not be afraid that it should be known."

"Endeavor to foresee the greatest misfortunes that may happen; and know that true courage consists in viewing danger at distance, and despising it, when it cannot be avoided."

that the ill goes on continually increasing to latest posterity. A weak or vicious reign often entails misery on several generations.

"Above all, be upon your guard against your own humor and caprice, which is an enemy that will never quit you till death, but will intrude into your counsels and betray you, if you listen to its suggestions. It often occasions the loss of the most valuable opportunities; it engenders childish inclinations and aversions, to the prejudice of the most important considerations; and makes the most frivolous reasons determine the greatest affairs. It disgraces a man's talents, and his courage, and makes him appear unequal, weak, contemptible, and insupportable. Beware, therefore, O Telemachus, of such an enemy.

"Above all, be upon your guard against your own humor and caprice, which is an enemy that will never quit you till death, but will intrude into your counsels and betray you, if you listen to its suggestions."

"Fear the gods, O Telemachus. Such fear is the greatest treasure the heart of man can be possessed of: by it you will obtain wisdom, virtue, peace, joy, genuine pleasures, true liberty, sweet plenty, and unspotted glory.

"I am now going to leave you, son of Ulysses; but my wisdom shall never leave you, provided you always retain a due sense of your inability to do anything well without it. It is now time that you should try to walk alone. The reason for my parting with you in Egypt and at Salente was to accustom you, by degrees, to be without me, as children are weaned, when it is time to take them from the breast, and give them more solid food."

No sooner had the goddess spoken these words, than she ascended into the air, enveloped in a cloud of gold and azure, and disappeared. Telemachus, overwhelmed with grief, wonder, and astonishment, lifted up his hands to heaven, and threw himself prostrate on the ground: then he went and waked the ship's crew, commanded them to put to sea immediately, arrived at Ithaca, and found his father at the house of the faithful Eumeus.

From François de Fénelon, *Telemachus,* edited and translated by Patrick Riley (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1994). Reprinted with permission of Cambridge University Press.

No Wonder Louis XIV was Annoyed

"It is with sadness that I feel myself constrained to tell you hard things; but shall I betray you by concealing the truth from you? Put yourself in my place. If you have been deceived up till now, it is because you wanted to be; it is because you have feared advisors who were too sincere. Have you sought after people who were the most disinterested, and the most likely to contradict you . . . to condemn your passions and your unjust feelings? . . . No, no: let us see whether you will now have to the courage to be humiliated by the truth which condemns you.

". . . You have exhausted your riches; you have never thought of augmenting your people, nor of cultivating fertile lands. Was it not necessary to view these two things as the two essential foundations of your power—to have many good people, and well-cultivated lands to nourish them? It would require a long peace to favor the multiplication of your people. You should never think of anything but agriculture and the establishment of the wisest laws. A vain ambition has pushed you to the very edge of the precipice. By virtue of wanting to appear great, you have let yourself ruin your true greatness. Hasten to repair these faults; suspend all your great works; renounce the display which would ruin your new city; let your people breathe in peace."

—Mentor's speech to King Idomeneus of Salente, whose misrule of Crete had caused him to be deposed and exiled from that island, from Fénelon's *Telemachus*

"The good historian is not from any time or any country; while he loves his fatherland he never flatters it in anything. The French historian must make himself neutral between France and England. . . ." —François Fénelon, Lettre sur les occupations de l'Académie Française

"All these [ancient] legislators and philosophers who reasoned about laws presupposed that the fundamental principle of political society was that of preferring the public to the self—not through hope of serving one's own interests, but through the simple, pure disinterested love of the political order, which is beauty, justice, and virtue itself." —Jean Jacques Rousseau, *Economie politique*, echoing Fénelon's notion of disinterested public service

Questions for Thought and Discussion

1. In the opening paragraph, what does Telemachus say is the "most important point in government"? Why would this be so? What concerns him about this point?
2. What is Mentor's answer to Telemachus? How is his response a challenge to the way a king (or a political leader) might choose to interact with his subjects? To what areas of Telemachus' life and experience does Mentor point where this method of learning and discernment has been successful and valuable?
3. In the first paragraph in which Mentor addresses Telemachus as Minerva, she recounts the history of his tutelage. What does this say of the depth of Mentor's involvement in Telemachus' training? What does she say of his errors? What do you think of this? How would these experiences and her perspective on them prepare him for future errors he might make as king? What does she say he is now ready for?
4. How would you characterize Minerva's last words of advice to Telemachus? What areas of his life does she address?
5. Read the paragraph, "Always weigh beforehand the consequences . . ." How is this advice a continuation of his experience of being tutored? What would following this advice—or not—mean for fulfilling one's calling?
6. In the next paragraph, "Guard against . . .", Minverva addresses some character issues. What are they? Why is it important for leaders to be of good character? She says, "A weak or vicious reign often entails misery on several generations." What do you think? Where in history have you seen evidence to this fact?
7. What is the "enemy that will never quit you till death"? How would a leader guard against such an enemy?
8. What is your experience of being tutored/mentored/coached? And of being a tutor/mentor/coach? What difference has this relationship made for the student/apprentice? For the tutor? For the leadership or responsibility for which the young person is being prepared?

A DIFFERENT DRUMMER

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

Florence Nightingale (1820–1910) was the founder of modern nursing, a legendary pioneer in hospital reform, and a groundbreaker in the women's movement. Born in Florence, Italy, to a wealthy, aristocratic English family, Nightingale received her formal training at the Institution of Deaconesses in Kaiserwerth, Germany, in 1852. During the Crimean War, she took thirty-eight nurses to Scutari, Turkey, to serve in the army hospital there. Her improvements in sanitation and discipline among the medical staff dramatically reduced the mortality rate of the wounded.

Upon her return to England in 1856, Nightingale was given a grant to establish a training school for nurses at St. Thomas' and King's College Hospital, the first of its kind. She was an active reformer, pushing for improvements in nursing, hospital sanitation, army conditions, and the public health and independence of India. A prolific writer, her Notes on Nursing, Notes on Hospitals, Suggestions for Thought, *and collections of her letters and diaries are still in print today.*

Nightingale was a woman much ahead of her time, breaking numerous social taboos to become a nurse. Presented to Queen Victoria on her social debut, Nightingale came from an elite family that associated with the likes of Lord Palmerston and Lord Shaftesbury. Although her father was a non-conformist who himself educated his daughters in the classics and enlightened them on the political reforms of the day, her mother was strictly conventional and was shocked by Florence's interests.

Perhaps known best as "the lady with the lamp," this idealized symbol does little to convey the radical path she took in life, creating an acceptable vocation for educated women of all classes, nor the dramatic improvements she made in the medical sector.

The passages below, from Barbara Montgomery Dossey's biography, Florence Nightingale, *show the strong social barriers Nightingale had to surmount in answering her call of God.*

Be Who You Are

"God has always led me of Himself . . . the first idea I can recollect when I was a child was a desire to nurse the sick. My day dreams were all of hospitals and I visited them whenever I could. I never communicated it to any one, it would have been laughed at; but I thought God had called me to serve Him in that way."

—Florence Nightingale, *Curriculum Vitae,* 1851

A Fiery Comet

"My principle has always been: that we should give the best training we could to any woman of any class, of any sect, 'paid' or unpaid, who had the requisite qualifications, moral, intellectual & physical, for the vocation of a Nurse."

—Florence Nightingale, letter to Dr. William Farr, 1866

"Fifty years ago, the various facilities for nursing the wounded which are available today did not exist. People did not come out to render aid in large numbers as they do now. Surgery was not as efficacious then as it is today. There were in those days very few men who considered it an act of mercy and merit to succour the wounded. It was at such a time that this lady, Florence Nightingale, came upon the scene and did good work worthy of an angel descended from heaven. She was heart-stricken to learn of the sufferings of the soldiers.

"Born of a noble and rich family, she gave up her life of ease and comfort and set out to nurse the wounded and the ailing, followed by many other ladies. She left her home on October 21, 1854. She rendered strenuous service in the battle of Inkerman. At that time there neither beds nor other amenities for the wounded. There were 10,000 wounded under the charge of this single woman. The death rate among the wounded which was 42 per cent, before she arrived, immediately came down to 31 per cent, and ultimately to 5 per cent. This was miraculous, but can be easily visualized. If bleeding could be stopped, the wounds bandaged, and the requisite diet given, the lives of many thousands would doubtless be saved. The only thing necessary was kindness and nursing, which Miss Nightingale provided.

"It is said that she did an amount of work which big and strong men were unable to do. She used to work nearly twenty hours, day and night. When the women working under her went to sleep, she, lamp in hand, went out alone at midnight to the patients' bedside, comforted them, and herself gave them whatever food and other things were necessary. She was not afraid of going even to the battle-front, and did not know what fear was. She feared only God. Knowing that one has to die some day or other, she readily bore whatever hardships were necessary in order to alleviate the suffering of others." —Mohandas Ghandi, *Indian Opinion,* 1915

"Like a fiery comet, Florence Nightingale streaked across the skies of 19th-century England and transformed the world with her passage. She was a towering genius of both intellect and spirit, and her legacy resonates today as forcefully as during her lifetime." —Barbara Montgomery Dossey, *Florence Nightingale*

"Thanks to Nightingale and her colleagues, the image of the nurse was also completely transformed: She was now seen as an angel of mercy with a high calling. By proving that women could successfully serve as nurses in military hospitals, Nightingale had almost single-handedly awakened England to the idea that women did indeed have a capacity for purposeful work and could make major contributions to society. . .

"From the beginning of the war, Nightingale's popularity with the British public had been enormous because of the letters that the soldiers wrote to family and friends about her and the articles in the *Times* that described her tireless work on behalf of the sick and wounded. As work of her accomplishments spread, she became a kind of national heroine-cum-saint in Britain and beyond."

—Barbara Montgomery Dossey, *Florence Nightingale*

The Lady with the Lamp

By the time she was a teenager, Florence's life had already begun to revolve around helping her poor and ill neighbors. As a girl of fifteen or so, she often disappeared in the evening, only to be found by her mother at the bedside of an ailing villager, saying "she could not sit down to a grand seven o'clock dinner while this was going on . . ." Looking back, Florence wrote that she had always been in the habit of visiting the poor at home: "I longed to live like them and with them and then I thought I could really help them. But to visit them in a carriage and give them money is so little like following Christ, who made Himself like His brethren."

"I longed to live like [the poor] and with them and then I thought I could really help them. But to visit them in a carriage and give them money is so little like following Christ, who made Himself like His brethren."

Florence had been elated when she first became responsible for caring for her nephew Shore when Nurse Gale fell ill. As she began to grow in size and strength and flourish in her education, her innate gifts as a healer and her desire to be of service began to find expression in caring for her extended family and the larger world.

When Aunt Julia visited Lea Hurst, Florence went with her to visit the poor people in the nearby villages. Florence admired Aunt Julia, who not only did good, but also had an efficient system for doing so. Julia kept track of who was sick and needed return visits; which families needed clothing, shoes, blankets, or food; and which mothers needed help tending their flocks of children amidst the filth and poverty.

Although Florence's mother also paid visits to villagers, usually to distribute food from the Nightingale's table or to offer practical advice, "poor-peopling" was only a sidelight to her life; she was consumed with ambition for social success—not social service—for herself and her daughters.

> [In 1837, when she was just 16, Florence sensed dramatically that God was calling her. To what exact path, she was not certain, but she increased dramatically her nursing work among the poor.]

. . . While Florence inwardly longed to find meaningful work, her duty to family continued to dictate her life. As a young lady in society, she was expected to be at the disposal of her parents, available at all times to show guests around the estates and make pleasant conversation. The family received many distinguished visitors, leaving Florence no time for the serious studies she wished to undertake. Although she accompanied the family on the regular round of seasonal visits and parties at Embly, Lea Hurst, and London, her thoughts were far away—with the plight of women and poor people who were the subject of the debate over Lord Ashley's Ten Hours Bill.

Mrs. Nightingale had no idea of the serious thoughts and desire for a meaningful life that occupied her younger daughter's mind. Fanny's plans for her daughters and her social ambitions were moving forward nicely. . . .

In the summer of 1844, family friends introduced the Nightingales to the famed American educator and philanthropist Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, and his wife, Julia Ward Howe. Mrs. Howe would later become a well known suffragette and reformer as well as the composer of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." The Howes knew England well; as philanthropists, they had previously visited numerous public institutions, including schools, workhouses, prisons, and insane asylums. On a visit to a prison with novelist Charles Dickens, the group watched the prisoners' daily routine of "ungrateful work," and Dickens commented, "My God! if a woman thinks her son may come to this, I don't blame her if she strangles him in infancy."

One morning, Florence asked to meet with Dr. Howe. She came straight to the point: "Dr. Howe, do you think it would be unsuitable and unbecoming for a young Englishwoman to devote herself to works of charity in hospitals and elsewhere as Catholic sisters do? Do you think it would be a dreadful

thing?" From his conversations with family friends, Dr. Howe was well aware of Florence's struggles with her parents over her desire for a meaningful vocation, but his answer reflected his own conscience and his American understanding of the strictures of English society:

> My dear Miss Florence, it would be unusual, and in England whatever is unusual is apt to be thought unsuitable; but I say to you, go forward if you have a vocation for that way of life; act upon your inspiration, and you will find that there is never anything unbecoming or unladylike in doing your duty for the good of others. Choose, go on with it wherever it may lead you, and God be with you.

"Act upon your inspiration, and you will find that there is never anything unbecoming or unladylike in doing your duty for the good of others. Choose, go on with it wherever it may lead you, and God be with you."

At this time in England, "nurses" were generally drawn from the ranks of the poor and unskilled, and usually remained in that state, with the exception of those women with natural healing instincts and intelligence. They also had a reputation for drunkenness and immoral conduct. This sad state of affairs had evolved for three centuries as nursing passed into its "dark ages" in England. Since the Reformation and the suppression of monasteries, the quality of nursing and hospitals had suffered in all the Protestant European countries but most severely in England.

When Henry VIII established the Church of England in 1534, he seized over six hundred charitable institutions and suppressed all religious orders. This seizure of church properties had a direct negative effect on women and nursing—women lost political and administrative control of nursing operations. Inexperienced civil administrators took over from religious professionals who were steeped in a culture of care that had evolved since the beginning of the Christian church. Women lost their voice in both hospital administration and nursing management. The whole medical system began a downward spiral of mismanagement, crowding, filth, and contagion. It was these conditions that prompted Howe to tell Florence that her avocation might be thought "unusual."

. . . By late 1845, Florence had come to realize the need for training to learn the rudiments of nursing. . . . With the agreement of family friend Dr. Richard Fowler, for many years a doctor at Salisbury Hospital, Florence proposed to her family that she go to study under his direction for three months. . . .

The plans of the two forward thinkers ran into a wall of absolute conventionality. Mrs. Nightingale was horrified and called Florence "odd"; such a venture was totally beneath their class and unequivocally forbidden. It was unbelievable that Florence would even consider such unladylike behavior. What if men who weren't "gentlemen" made advances to her? Didn't she care what others thought of her? Even Dr. Fowler's wife, upon whose sympathy Florence had depended, felt that conditions at Salisbury Hospital were far too coarse for a lady of Florence's upbringing. At this time in England, as Florence would later write, caregivers were "merely women who would be servants if they were not nurses . . . it was as if I had wanted to be a kitchen-maid."

Caregivers were "merely women who would be servants if they were not nurses . . . it was as if I had wanted to be a kitchen-maid."

It wasn't just the field of nursing to which the Nightingales so vehemently objected; doctors and hospitals were also included in their concerns. A unified medical profession, in the sense now known, didn't exist. The rapid modernization and industrialization that was creating many new professions in England

and changing others for the better hadn't begun to reach the medical sector. Doctors were regarded as little better than tradesmen, and hospitals and nursing were little changed from the previous three centuries. The filth and stench of hospitals were such that only the poor and the destitute went there; those who could afford it were nursed at home.

Crushed, Florence poured out her feelings to cousin Hilary [Bonham Carter]. In a torrent of emotion, she revealed that she was thinking not only of nursing for herself, but also in terms of plans of an organization:

"I have always found that there was so much truth in the suggestion that you must dig for hidden treasures in silence or you will not find it; and so I dug after my poor little plan in silence."

> I have always found that there was so much truth in the suggestion that you must dig for hidden treasures in silence or you will not find it; and so I dug after my poor little plan in silence, even for you. It was to go to be a nurse at Salisbury Hospital for these few months to learn the 'prax': and then to come home and make such wondrous intimacies at West Willow under the shelter of a rhubarb powder and a dressed leg; let alone that no one could ever say to me again, your health will not stand this or that. I saw a poor woman die before my eyes this summer because there was no one but fools to sit up with her, who poisoned her as much as if they had given her arsenic. And then I had such a fine plan for those dreaded latter days (which I have never dreaded), if I should outlive my immediate ties, of taking a small house in West Willow. Well, I do not like much talking about it, but I thought something like a Protestant Sisterhood, without vows, for women of educated feelings, might be established.
>
> But there have been difficulties about my very first step, which terrified Mama. I do not mean the physically revolting parts of a hospital, but things about the surgeons and nurses which you may guess. Even Mrs. Fowler threw cold water upon it; and nothing will be done this year at all events, and I do not believe—ever; and no advantage that I see comes of my living on, excepting that one becomes less and less of a young lady every year, which is only a negative one. You will laugh, dear, at the whole plan, I daresay; but no one but the mother of it knows how precious an infant idea becomes; nor how the soul dies between the destruction of one and the taking up of another. I shall never do anything, and am worse than dust and nothing. I wonder if our Savior were to walk to the earth again, and I were to go to Him and ask, whether He would send me back to live this life again, which crushes me into vanity and deceit. Oh for some strong thing to sweep this loathsome life into the past. . . .

[1849 and 1850 proved to be life-changing years for Florence. Seeing marriage as a definite barrier to becoming a nurse, she turned down a second proposal, much to her family's disapproval. Family friends, the Bracebridges, took Florence on a trip to Egypt, Greece, and Europe to relieve the tension in the Nightingale household. During this tour, particularly while in Egypt, Florence sensed another call from God.]

[March] 7. Thursday. Gale all night & all day . . . God called me in the morning & asked me "Would I do good for Him, for Him alone without the reputation [self-interest]."

8. Friday. Thought much upon this question. My Madre [a nun she had met the previous year in Rome who advised her on hearing God] said to me, Can you hesitate between the God of the whole Earth & your little reputation?

9. Saturday. During half an hour I had by myself in the cabin . . . settled the question with God.

11. Monday. Thought how our leaving Thebes was quite useless owning to this contrary wind . . . but without it I might not have had this call from God.

12. Tuesday. Very sleepy. Stood at the door of the boat looking out upon the start & the tall mast in the still night against the sky . . . & tried to think only of God's will—& that every thing is desirable only as He is in it or not in it—only as it brings us nearer or farther from Him. He is speaking to us often just when something we think untoward happens.

15. Friday. Such a day at Memphis & in the desert of Sakkara . . . God has delivered me from the great offense—& the constant murderer of my thoughts.

16. Saturday–17. Sunday. Tried to bring my will one with God's . . . Can I not serve God as well in Malta as in Smyrna, in England as at Athens? Perhaps better—perhaps it is between Athens & Kaiserwerth [a training school for nurses in Germany]—perhaps this is the opportunity my 30th year was to bring me. Then as I sat in a large dull room waiting for the letters, God told me what a privilege he had reserved for me, what a preparation for Kaiserwerth in choosing me to be with Mr. B. during his time of ill health & how I had neglected it—& had been blind to it. If I were never thinking of the reputation, how I should be better able to see what God intends for me . . .

In her diary at Cairo she wrote: "Oh God, thou puttest into my heart this great desire to devote myself to the sick and sorrowful. I offer it to thee, Do with it what is for thy service."

"Oh God, thou puttest into my heart this great desire to devote myself to the sick and sorrowful. I offer it to thee, Do with it what is for thy service."

[Marking her thirtieth birthday, May 12, 1850, Florence responded to God's call with a deliberate vow, which she recorded in her diary.]

"Today I am 30—the age Christ began his Mission. Now no more childish things, no more vain things, no more love, no more marriage. Now, Lord, let me only think of Thy will, what Thou willest me to do. O, Lord, Thy will, Thy will."

[The Bracebridges took Florence to Kaiserwerth, Germany, to see the nursing school. She became even more determined to become a trained nurse. However, her return to England proved nothing had changed at home. Her family did everything possible to distract her and thwart her plans. She recorded her frustration and near despair in her diary.]

What am I that I am not in harmony with all this, that their life is not good enough for me? Oh God, what am I? The thoughts & feelings that I have now I can remember since I was 6 years old. It was not I that made them. Oh God, how did they come? Are they the natural cross of my father and mother? What are they? A profession, a trade, a necessary occupation, something to fill & employ all my faculties, I have always felt essential to me, I have always longed for, consciously or not . . . The first thought I can remember & the last was nursing work & in the absence of this, education work, but more education of the bad than of the young. . . .

But why, oh my God, cannot I be satisfied with the life which satisfies so many people? I am told that the conversations of all these good clever men ought to be enough for me—why am I starving, desperate, diseased upon it? . . . My God, what am I to do? teach me, tell me, I cannot go on any longer waiting till my situation sh'd change. . . .

[The next year, in 1851, Florence met and spent considerable time with Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, the first woman doctor in America, discussing women and medicine. Dr. Blackwell encouraged her in her pursuit of formal nursing, and this friendship gave her the strength to go against her family's expectations. Her notes in her diary sounded more optimistic and determined.]

I must place my intercourse with those three [her parents and sister] on a true footing . . . must expect no sympathy or help from them. I have so long craved for their sympathy that I can hardly reconcile myself to this. I have so long struggled to make myself understood . . . insupportably fretted by not being understood (at this moment I feel it when I retrace these conversations in thought) that I must not even try to be understood . . . Parthe [her sister] says that I blow a trumpet—that it gives her indigestion—that also is true. Struggle must make a noise—and everything that I have to do that concerns my real being must be done with a struggle.

[Her parents finally relented, and in October of 1851, Florence enrolled at Kaiserwerth, at long last launching her revolutionary career as nurse and medical reformer. About three years later, fully into nursing at this point, Florence writes her Aunt Hannah, revealing her deep conviction and satisfaction in pursuing her calling.]

Our vocation is a difficult one, as you, I am sure, know—& though there are many consolations & very high ones, the disappointments are so numerous that we require all our faith & trust. But that is enough. I have never repented nor looked back, not for one moment. And I begin the New Year with more true feeling of a happy New Year than ever I had in my life.

"Our vocation is a difficult one, as you, I am sure, know—& though there are many consolations & very high ones, the disappointments are so numerous that we require all our faith & trust. But that is enough. I have never repented nor looked back, not for one moment."

Barbara Montgomery Dossey, *Florence Nightingale: Mystic, Visionary, Healer* (Springhouse Corp., 2000). Reprinted with permission.

How Warm My Admiration

"You are, I know, well aware of the high sense I entertain of the Christian devotion which you have displayed during this great and bloody war, and I need hardly repeat to you how warm my admiration is for your services, which are fully equal to those of my dear and brave soldiers, whose sufferings you have had the privilege of alleviating in so merciful a manner. I am, however, anxious for marking my feelings in a manner which I trust will be agreeable to you, and therefore send you with this letter a brooch, the form and emblems of which commemorate your great and blessed work, and which, I hope, you will wear as a mark of the high approbation of your Sovereign!

"It will be a very great satisfaction to me, when you return at last to these shores, to make the acquaintance of one who has set so bright an example to our sex. And with every prayer for the preservation of your valuable health, believe me, always, yours sincerely, Victoria R." —Queen Victoria of Great Britain, 1855, in a letter thanking Nightingale for her service in the Crimean war

"The wounded from the battle-plain,
In dreary hospitals of pain,
The cheerless corridors,
The cold and stony floors.
Lo! in that house of misery
A lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering gloom,
And flit from room to room.
And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow, as it falls
Upon the darkening walls . . ."

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow,
"*Santa Filomena,*" 1857

"At a Court of Common Council, 13 February, 1908, it was resolved unanimously: That the Honorary Freedom of this City, in a Gold Box of the value of one hundred Guineas, be presented to Miss Florence Nightingale, in testimony of this Court's appreciation of her philanthropic and successful efforts for the improvement of hospital nursing and management, whereby invaluable results have been attained for the alleviation of human suffering."

—Resolution awarding Nightingale
the Freedom of the City of London, 1908

Questions for Thought and Discussion

1. What is unusual about Nightingale's early involvement in helping the sick? How would you compare her service to that of her mother? What in particular did Nightingale learn from her aunt?
2. In the next section, Nightingale's "inward longing" is contrasted with the social constraints of her day. What must she have felt during this time? Why do you think Mrs. Nightingale "had no idea" of her daughter's desire for more than high society?
3. What is telling of Nightingale's questions to Dr. Howe? Why do you think she asked him? How does he answer her? What were the circumstances that would make nursing an "unusual" career? Why does he say it would not be "unladylike"?
4. What are the components of the "wall of absolute conventionality" that Nightingale encountered in her proposal to work for Dr. Fowler? Why was this so? In her letter to her cousin Hilary, how did she describe the event? Considering the circumstances, do you think her mother was being unreasonable?
5. Where did Nightingale's dream stand at this point, did she think? How was she feeling? Do you think she was being melodramatic? She said her life "crushes me into vanity and deceit." What did she mean?
6. Nightingale told Hilary, "you must dig for hidden treasures in silence or you will not find it." What did she mean? Do you think this would always be so? Why or why not?
7. How did her letter to Hilary reveal that her dream of nursing had grown? In what ways?

8. In her diary excerpts from her trip to Egypt, what main issue was Nightingale wrestling with? Why is this issue so powerful? How did she overcome it? How would you describe her vows to God? What is the significance of her age? How long has it been since her first sense of calling?
9. In the next section, "What am I that I am not in harmony . . .", what is Nightingale's main frustration? What is the significance of all the questions she poses to God?
10. In the next note, she says Parthe says "that I blow a trumpet." How so? Do you agree that "struggle must make a noise"? What is the connection between Nightingale's "real being" and her sense of God's call on her life?
11. In the final paragraph, what strikes you about Nightingale's tone and message to her aunt? How would you describe her outlook on her chosen vocation, now that she has been at it for a couple of years? What is the significance of her saying, "I have never repented nor looked back, not for one moment"?
12. What do you take away from Florence Nightingale's story? Have you encountered similar barriers or social restraints in the pursuit of your own calling? What did they cost you?

WILLIAM MANCHESTER

AFTER SUCCESS, HUBRIS

William Manchester (1922–) is a writer, historian, and professor emeritus at Wesleyan University in Middletown, Connecticut. Born in Attleboro, Massachusetts, his eighteen books include Death of a President, American Caesar, The Last Lion *(a much-praised biography of Winston Churchill), and* A World Lit Only By Fire.

"One Man Alone," a stirring essay on Ferdinand Magellan, is from the latter. Agonizingly and almost inexplicably, a feat of unprecedented courage and heroism degenerates into an act of reckless folly. As so often, success breeds hubris, the pride that swells with the illusion of its own invulnerability.

Dreamers of the Day

"O Lord God, when thou givest to thy servants to endeavour any great matter, grant us also to know that it is not the beginning, but the continuing of the same to the end, until it be thoroughly finished, which yieldeth the true glory; through him who for the finishing of thy work laid down his life, our Redeemer, Jesus Christ."
—Anglican prayer adapted from the writings of the Elizabethan sailor and adventurer Sir Francis Drake

"Dare you see a Soul *at the White Heat?"* —Emily Dickinson

"Have we not all of us more or less taken our desires for realities? Indeed, I would not accept as a friend any young man who in his daydreams had not crowned himself with a laurel wreath, erected some pedestal or imagined himself embracing compliant mistresses. I myself have often been a general or an emperor. I have been a Byron, and then nothing at all. After disporting myself on the summit of human achievement, I perceived that all my mountains were still to be climbed and all obstacles still to be overcome." —Honoré de Balzac, *The Wild Ass's Skin*

"In teaching able men it seems to me one's relation to them should be like that of Columbus to his crew—tempting them by courage & passion to accompany one in an adventure of which one does not know the outcome." —Bertrand Russell

"All men dream, but not equally. Those who dream by night in the dusty recesses of their minds wake in the day to find it was vanity: but the dreamers of the day are dangerous men, for they may act their dreams with open eyes, to make it possible."
—T. E. Lawrence, *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*

"Every man is made to reach out beyond his grasp." —Oswald Chambers

"I know why logs spit. I know what it is to be consumed." —Winston Churchill, on sitting by a fireplace and staring into the flames

One Man Alone: Ferdinand Magellan

In the teeming Spanish seaport of Sanlúcar de Barrameda it is Monday, September 19, 1519.

Capitán-General Ferdinand Magellan, newly created a Knight Commander of the Order of Santiago, is supervising the final victualing of the five little vessels he means to lead around the globe: *San Antonio*, *Trinidad*, *Concepción*, *Victoria*, and *Santiago*. Here and in Seville, whence they sailed down the river Guadalquivir, Andalusians refer to them as *el flota*, or *el escuadra*: the fleet.

However, their commander is a military man; to him they are an armada—officially, the Armada de Molucca. They are a battered, shabby lot, far less imposing than the flota Christopher Columbus led from this port twenty-one years ago, leaving Spain for his third crossing of the Atlantic.

. . . Proud of his lineage, meticulous, fiercely ambitious, stubborn, driven, secretive, and iron-willed, the capitán-general, or admiral, is possessed by an inner vision which he shares with no one. There is a hidden side to this seasoned skipper which would astonish his men. He is imaginative, a dreamer; in a time of blackguards and brutes he believes in heroism. Romance of that stripe is unfashionable in the sixteenth century, though it is not altogether dead. Young Magellan certainly knew of El Cid, the eleventh-century hero Don Rodrigo, whose story was told in many medieval ballads, and he may have been captivated by tales of King Arthur. Even if he had missed versions of Malory's *Morte d'Arthur,* he would have been aware of Camelot; the myths of medieval chivalry had persisted for centuries, passed along from generation to generation. . . .

"The capitán-general, or admiral, is possessed by an inner vision which he shares with no one. There is a hidden side to this seasoned skipper which would astonish his men. He is imaginative, a dreamer."

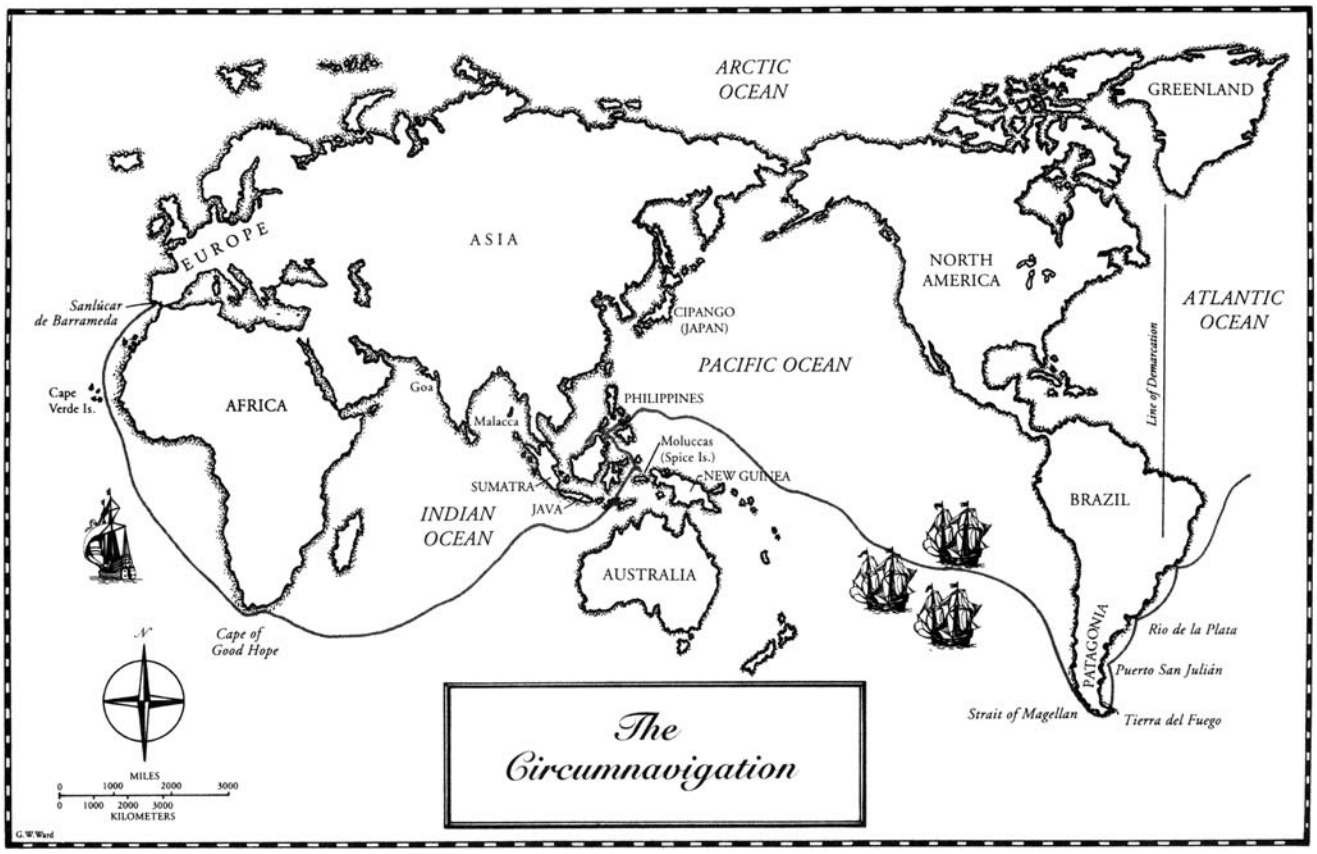
[His first great test came from his realization that the Río de la Plata was only a bay, not the passage through to the Pacific.]

Each day the weather grew more depressing. No European had ever been this close to the South Pole. The days grew shorter, the nights longer, the winds fiercer, the seas grayer; the waves towered higher, and the southern winter lay ahead. To grasp the full horror of the deteriorating climate, it is necessary only to translate degrees of southern latitude into northern latitude. Rio de Janeiro, where they had first landed, is as far below the equator as Key West is above it. By the same reckoning the Río de la Plata is comparable to northern Florida, the Golfo San Matías to Boston, and Puerto San Julián, which they reached after thirty-seven days of struggling through shocking weather, to Nova Scotia. The sails of their five little ships were whitened by sleet and hail. Cyclones battered them twice a week or more. Both forecastles and aftercastles had been repeatedly blown away on every vessel and replaced by ship's carpenters. Crews shrank as the corpses of men pried loose from frozen rigging slid to briny graves. Yet the paso remained as elusive as ever. . . .

[His second great test was in overcoming a serious mutiny.]

His desolation was ironic, for during those eight fearful, brooding weeks, from August 26 to October 18, he was only 150 miles—two sailing days—from immortality.

On Sunday, October 21, 1520, a day of high, harsh, howling winds, lookouts clinging to the fleet's topmasts sighted a steep eminence which, as they approached, was perceived as a wall of naked white cliffs. Closing, they saw that these formed a cape, beyond which lay an immense bay of black water. The day was St. Ursula's. In remembrance of her, Magellan christened the peninsula Cabo de los Vírgenes. But his officers, still dreaming of the south seas,



were unimpressed. The sound, all four pilots agreed, was a fjord similar to those which had been observed in Norway. "We all believed," Don Antonio Pigafetta wrote afterward, "that it was a blind alley." Only their commander was curious. However, because he had wasted over three weeks investigating the Río de la Plata nine months earlier, he could spare little for this exploration. He told *San Antonio* and *Concepción* that he wanted them to see how far westward they could sail into the bay, but he wanted them back in five days at most. . . .

"We all believed that it was a blind alley."

After a month in the seaway no one doubted that they had found the legendary paso. Three hundred miles of it lay behind them, and now unfamiliar birds flew overhead, a sure sign of another ocean ahead. Another fork confronted them. After ordering *San Antonio* and *Concepción* to spend a maximum of five days investigating the southeastern route—*Trinidad* and *Victoria* would wait here—Magellan called a meeting of his officers. He faced a decision—whether to sail home with news of their discovery or continue on to the Spice Islands—and he wanted their reports on the amount of provisions left. All told the same story: soon they would be running short. The holds contained three months of supplies, no more. Estevão Gomes, pilot of the *San Antonio*, argued vehemently that they should turn back. Stores were not the only consideration, he said; the ships were badly in need of refitting. Furthermore, no one knew the distance between them and the islands. If it was far, the entire fleet might perish on the merciless ocean, victims of thirst and starvation, their fate forever unknown.

"It was good advice. Magellan chose to ignore it. They would push on, he said; no doubt there would be hardships, but even if they had to eat the leather on the ships' yards, he would keep his promise to King Carlos."

It was good advice. Magellan chose to ignore it. They would push on, he said; no doubt there would be hardships, but even if they had to eat the leather on the ships' yards, he would keep his promise to King Carlos, trusting to God to help them and provide them with good fortune ("*de pasar adelante y descubrir lo que había prometido*"). The captains were enjoined, on pain of death, from telling their men of the supply shortage. Gomes was unconvinced, however; the prospect of sailing onward frightened him even more than Magellan's threat of death and mutilation for mutineers. He decided to quit the armada with his ship. During the scouting of the southeastern channel, *San Antonio*, with Mesquita in command, showed Serrano's *Concepción* its heels. Serrano did not know precisely what had happened, but since desertion by the capitán-general's cousin was impossible, he inferred that the pilot had led a successful revolt against the captain. Magellan had to face the hard fact that his biggest ship, with the bulk of his stores, was headed homeward. He was now down to three bottoms, and the supply situation, bad as it had been, was now worse. Yet he never considered altering his course. In an order issued "in the Channel of Todos los Santos, off the mouth of the Río del Isleo, on November 21, fifty-three degrees south of the equator," he declared that as "capitán-general of this armada" he had taken the "grave decision to continue the voyage."

"The admiral looked out on the prize Columbus, Cabot, Vespucci, and Pinzón had sought in vain: the mightiest of oceans, stretching to all horizons, deep and blue and vast with promise."

His resolution was strengthened when another pinnace, sent ahead, reappeared on the third day with the electrifying news that Balboa's Mar del Sur had been found. Hurrying there, the admiral looked out on the prize Columbus, Cabot, Vespucci, and Pinzón had sought in vain: the mightiest of oceans, stretching to all horizons, deep and blue and vast with promise. Its peaceful, *pacífico* appearance inspired his name for it, though that came later. In that first rapturous moment he could not speak. Perhaps for the first time in his adult life, he was overcome by emotion, and his reserve broke. Don Antonio writes that "*il capitano-generale lacrimó per allegrezza*"—Magellan had burst into tears.

The little armada's 12,600-mile crossing of the Pacific, the greatest physical unit on earth, is one of history's imperishable tales of the sea, and like so many of the others it is a story of extraordinary human suffering, of agony so excruciating that only those who have been pushed to the extremes of human endurance can even comprehend it. Lacking maps, adequate navigational instruments, or the remotest idea of where they were, they sailed onward for over three months, from November to March, moving northwestward under frayed rigging, rotting sails, and a pitiless sun.

"Previous explorers had known that if all else failed, they could always return to Europe. That option was closed to him."

Even for the age of discovery, Magellan's situation was unique. Previous explorers had known that if all else failed, they could always return to Europe. That option was closed to him. Ignorant of South America—having started from the mouth of a strait known only to him—he had no base to fall back upon. Once he had left the eastern horizon behind, he had to sail on—and on, and on. . . .

The expedition had left Sanlúcar with 420 casks of wine. All were drained. One by one the other staples vanished—cheese, dried fish, salt pork, beans,

peas, anchovies, cereals, onions, raisins, and lentils—until they were left with kegs of brackish, foul-smelling water and biscuits which, having first crumbled into a gray powder, were now slimy with rat droppings and alive with maggots. These, mixed with sawdust, formed a vile muck men could get down only by holding their noses. Rats, which could be roasted, were so prized that they sold for half a ducat each. The capitán-general had warned them that they might have to eat leather, and it came to that. Desperate to appease their stomach pangs, "the famine-stricken fellows," wrote Antonio Pigafetta, who was one of them, "were forced to gnaw the hides with which the mainyard was covered to prevent chafing." Because these leather strips had been hardened by "the sun and rain and wind," he explained, "we were obliged to soften them by putting them overboard four or five days, after which we cooked them on embers and ate them thus."

The serenity of the Pacific maddened the crews. Yet, as Don Antonio realized, it also saved them: "But for the grace of God and the Blessed Virgin in sending us such magnificent weather, we should all have perished in this gigantic ocean." Some died anyhow; nineteen succumbed to starvation and were heaved overboard. Those left were emaciated, hollow-cheeked wraiths, their flesh covered with ulcers and bellies distended by edema. Scurvy swelled their gums, teeth fell out, sores formed inside their mouths; swallowing became almost impossible, and then, for the doomed, completely impossible. Too weak to rise, some men sprawled on decks, cowering in patches of shade; those able to stand hobbled about on sticks, babbling to themselves, senile men in their early twenties.

No other vessels crossed their path; indeed, in the six months that passed after they left San Julián they did not encounter another soul. False hopes were raised twice, about halfway through their ordeal, when islands were sighted which proved to be uninhabited and with no bottom for anchoring. Finally, on March 6, 1521, when the life expectancy of the hardiest of them could have been measured in days, they made a genuine landfall. It was Guam in the Marianas, then a nameless isle . . .

[Euphoric over his success, Magellan decides on a showcase invasion to display the Europeans' invincibility.]

Now in late April of 1521, on the eve of this wholly unnecessary battle, Magellan was everything he had never been. He had never before been reckless, imprudent, careless, or forgetful of the tactical lessons he had learned during Portuguese operations in East Africa, India, Morocco, and Malaya. But he had not been a soldier of Christ then. Here, shielded by divine intervention, he scorned the precautions observed by mortal men preparing for action. Professional fighting men value deception, secrecy, surprise. He announced to Spaniards and Filipinos alike that he would invade Mactan on Saturday, April 27—he believed it was his lucky day—and he invited the people of Cebu to come watch. Before going into action professional fighters study the terrain, and, if the operation is to be amphibious, the tides. Because he disdained all he

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had learned, he was unaware of Mactan's encircling reef, which at low tide—at the hour he had chosen for his attack—would prevent his ships from providing covering fire. Professionals court allies. He loftily declined the rajah-king's offer of a thousand veteran warriors, rejected Crown Prince Lumai's suggestion that he take the enemy from the rear with a diversionary landing, and rebuffed the Cacique Zula, a Mactan rival of Lapulapu, who proposed that he attack the flank of the rebel chief as the Spaniards waded ashore. Magellan urged each of them to join the spectators, including all the converted chieftains, who would watch from a score of balangays—native canoes—offshore. He needed no help, he said; he and his men could, and would, do the job alone.

. . . He might have pulled it off, had he picked the right men, and enough of them, and then handled them properly. Estimates of the force which would oppose him range from 1,500 to 2,000 natives, but they were an undisciplined mob, a prey to panic, armed with only the most primitive weapons. The whole lot could have been easily routed by 150 properly equipped Spaniards trained in the use of crossbows and harquebuses and led by Gómez de Espinosa, the armada's alguacil, and his disciplined marines. Cortés and Francisco Pizarro, similarly outnumbered, vanquished the Mexicans and Peruvians. But Magellan spurned conventional approaches. He limited his landing party to sixty seamen because, he said, he intended to show the Filipinos a victory won by Christian soldiers against the greatest odds imaginable. And he wanted to lead only volunteers, twenty from each vessel. This meant that the party would include none of the tough marines, who, deeply offended, stayed on their ships. In the end, according to Don Antonio, Magellan wound up with a motley contingent of unseasoned, unblooded cooks, stewards, and cabin boys—crew temperamentally unsuited for the job ahead, unfamiliar with their weapons, and, as it turned out, inadequately protected by armor, which should have been one of their chief advantages in the fight; corselets and helmets were issued to them, but not—and this was to prove decisive—greaves or leg armor. Lastly, their capitán-general was to be their only officer. That, too, was his doing. Because the members of the council had disapproved of his plan, he had excluded them.

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. . . When the Saturday sun rose on an ebb tide, they found themselves stranded on the reef, still far from the beach. Realizing that the boats could not negotiate the intervening coral, Magellan detailed eleven men to remain aboard and cover the landing with the bateaux bombards. Then he stepped out into thigh-deep water and ordered the remaining seamen to follow him and storm the shore. Several of the crew repeatedly implored him not to lead, writes Pigafetta, "but he, like a good shepherd, refused to abandon his flock."

As they stumbled forward, encumbered by their armor and waist deep in water, it dawned upon the more experienced of them that there would be no covering fire. The reef was too far out; the boats' small cannons could not reach the enemy. Broadsides from the more powerful guns of the fleet might have been feasible, but Barbosa and Serrano, having been excluded from the mission, were sulking in their bunks below decks, and there was no way their commander could reach them.

The attackers, wading in with all their equipment, were exhausted even before they reached the surf line. There they became confused. Facing them were three forces of naked warriors drawn up, not at the water's edge, as they had expected, but well inland. According to Pigafetta, Lapulapu, displaying an intuitive grasp of tactics, had deployed his troops behind a triple line of trenches, forming a crescent to envelop the advancing invaders. He had also stationed himself and his bodyguard behind the deepest part of the crescent, out of the Spaniards' range. If they wanted him, they would have to come after him. Magellan's experience dictated a prudent withdrawal, but after all his grandiloquence that would mean a shaming loss of face. Instead he issued the command to open fire. Those seamen trained in the use of harquebuses and crossbows responded as best they could, but their ragged volley accomplished nothing. None of the balls, bolts, and arrows reached the mini-rajah, and the rest of them rattled ineffectively off the wooden shields of his men. According to Pigafetta, who was to remain with his capitán-general until the end, the noise of the muskets at first frightened the defenders into backing away, but the respite was brief. Magellan, "wishing to reserve the ammunition for a later stage of the encounter," in Don Antonio's words, called out, "*¡Alto el fuego!*"—"Cease fire!"—"but," Pigafetta continues, "his order was disregarded in the confusion. When the islanders realized that our fire was doing them little or no harm, they ceased to retire. Shouting more and more loudly, and jumping from side to side to disconcert our aim, they advanced simultaneously, under cover of their shields, assailing us with arrows, javelins . . . stones, and even filth, so that we were scarcely able to defend ourselves. Some of them began to throw lances with brazen points against our captain."

. . . Alarmed at last, the capitán-general ordered a withdrawal to the boats. He handled it skillfully, dividing his vastly outnumbered party in half, one half to hold the spearmen at bay while the others recrossed the ditches. All went well until, negotiating the last trench, they struck a snag and were held up. Lapulapu scented triumph. Splitting his own force, he sent men racing around both Spanish flanks in a bold attempt to cut them off before they could reach the bateaux.

It was at that point that Magellan paid the ultimate price for having left his marines behind. Discipline in the landing force disintegrated; nearly forty of his men broke for the sea. They lurched across the coral, reached the boats, and cowered there, leaving their embattled leader to fight his last, terrible fight with a loyal remnant: Don Antonio and a handful of others. The uneven struggle lasted over an hour and was fought out in full view of a floating, mesmerized, horrified, but largely immobile audience: the rajah-king of Cebu, Prince Lumai, the Cacique Zula, the other baptized chieftains in the balangays, and the timorous men in the bateaux. The newly converted Filipinos awaited divine intervention by the Madonna, the saints, Our Lady of Victory, or Jesus Christ himself. It never came. Ferdinand Magellan, Knight Commander of the Order of Santiago and emissary of His Christian Majesty of Spain, had no miracles left. Toward the end a small band of his new Christians, Cebu warriors unable

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to endure the awful spectacle, landed on Mactan to rescue their godfather, but the moment they were ashore a Spanish gunner out in the armada, where no one had stirred till now, fired a medieval culverin at the beach. Castilian luck being what it was that Saturday, the wild shot scored a direct hit on the rescuers, killing four instantly and dispersing the others.

But it took a lot to kill the capitán-general. A poisoned arrow struck his unarmored right foot; reaching down, he ripped it out and fought on. He and his embattled band were knee deep in surf now, showered by stones, sod, and spears—Pigafetta writes that the natives would retrieve the spears and hurl the same one five or six times. Twice Magellan's helmet was knocked off; twice his men recovered and replaced it. Then he was speared in the face. Half blinded by his own blood, he slew his attacker with his lance, but the weight of the falling spearman wrenched the lance from his grip. Empty-handed, he started to draw his sword and found he couldn't; an earlier wound had severed the muscles in his sword arm. Seeing him helpless, Lapulapu's warriors closed in. All but four of Magellan's men were dead. The survivors tried to cover him with their bucklers, but a native wielding a long *terzado*—a scimitar—slashed beneath the shields, laying Magellan's game leg open. As he fell face downward in the water, Pigafetta, bleeding himself from an arrow, saw a dozen warriors "rush upon him with iron and bamboo spears and with their cutlasses, until they killed our mirror, our light and comfort, and our true guide." Somehow Don Antonio, Enrique, and the two others fought free. "Beholding him dead," Don Antonio writes, "we, being wounded, retreated as best we could to the boats, which were already pulling off."

"Empty-handed, he started to draw his sword and found he couldn't; an earlier wound had severed the muscles in his sword arm. Seeing him helpless, Lapulapu's warriors closed in."

Nothing of Magellan's person survived. That afternoon the grieving rajah-king, hoping to recover his remains, offered Mactan's victorious chief a handsome ransom of copper and iron for them. Lapulapu was elated; he had not possessed so much wealth in his lifetime. However, he was unable to produce the body. He could not find it. He searched; accompanied by a delegation from Cebu, he and his warriors carefully examined the shallow surf where Magellan had thrashed his last. The corpses of the other victims lay where they had fallen among the battlefield debris—arrows, discarded spears, fragments of armor—but that was all. None of the capitán-general's parts turned up; no shred of flesh or tissue, no shard of bone. The only explanation, as inescapable as it is gruesome, is that Mactan's defenders, in their murderous fever, literally tore him apart, and the sea, which had brought him so far, bore his blood away. Since his wife and child died in Seville before any member of the expedition could return to Spain, it seemed that every evidence of Ferdinand Magellan's existence had vanished from the earth.

The Price of Success

"What a terrible example I made to all those who exercise the sovereign power! I ought to be held up as a lesson to all who reign in the world, that they may take warning by my fate. They imagine they have nothign to fear, being exalted so high above the rest of mankind. Alas! it is on that very account they ought to fear. I was myself dreaded by my enemies, and loved by my subjects. I relgned over a powerful and warlike nation, and fame had wafted my name to the most remote nations. I had for my realm a fertile and pleasant island; a hundred cities paid me an annual tribute out of their wealth; and I was acknowledged the descendant of Jupiter, who was born in Crete. I was beloved too, as the grandson of the sage Minos, whose laws had rendered them so powerful and so happy. What else was wanting to complete my happiness, but sense to enjoy it with moderation? Pride, however, and the flattery to which I listened, have overturned my throne. And thus will all kings fall, who give themselves over to their desires, and listen to the voice of adulation."

—King Idomeneus, in François Fénelon, *Telemachus*

"Do you know what is the greatest enemy of the artist? Talent, the gift he's born with; facility, dexterity. In a word, *chic* is what spoils us and ruins us. We think we've arrived at the summit of our art no sooner than we've produced something, and we look no further. And not only that; we then underrate those who don't have the same facility."

—Auguste Rodin

"14 June 1947. Gandhi was 'reduced to despair.' For him, partition was a 'spiritual tragedy.' On the day he had been waiting for all his life, the day of the proclamation of independence—15 August 1947—he refused to take part in the ceremonies. The Indians had betrayed those principles of non-violence which, in his eyes, counted for more than independence itself. 'If God loves me, He will not leave me on earth for more than a moment longer,' he said. . . . The longed-for independence brought him nothing but despair. . . . He put principle before reality, the means before the end: and the result was a contradiction of his whole lifetime's purpose. There are not many fates more tragic for a man than that of seeing his course of action fundamentally perverted in the very moment of accomplishment."

—Simone de Beauvoir, *The Coming of Age*

"First I am not. I do not deign to be second. I am Mouton."

—motto of winemaker Baron Philippe de Rothschild of the Château Mouton-Rothschild, embossed on all his bottles

"With success, there always comes a day of reckoning.

"I started out with a vision. I put together a partnership, bought land, and then built a home where my vision could take root and flower. Together with my family and extended family, we created a quality product line, established our image and brand name, educated retailers and consumers, and built a national market for our products. And all along the way we worked hard to raise public consciousness and earn respect and support for our guiding vision.

"Then came the hard part: success."

—Robert Mondavi, *Harvests of Joy*

Questions for Thought and Discussion

1. In the passage starting with "Proud of his lineage," what are some of the characteristics of Magellan cited? Which lend themselves to success? Which to folly?
2. In the paragraph, "It was good advice . . .", what is Magellan's motivation for continuing the journey? Do you see it as heroism or hubris?
3. What do you think he must have felt as "he was overcome with emotion" when they first gazed out on the Pacific Ocean?

4. What were some of the difficulties they faced as they continued westward? What were their conditions when they arrived in Guam? What were the reactions of some of Magellan's men when he was planning the battle just six weeks later?
5. Manchester says, "Here, shielded by divine intervention, he scorned the precautions observed by mortal men preparing for action." How is this stance different than the "trusting in God" Magellan experienced in South America?
6. What are some of the specific steps Magellan took—to prove how strong they were—that were their undoing? Where did he ignore the voice of his own experience?
7. Magellan's feat and Magellan's folly were almost unfathomable. How were they linked? How do you compare his attitude in each situation?
8. Can you think of similar examples of hubris, where a great leader, or someone in your own experience, was undermined by his or her pride and the illusion of invulnerability?

LEO TOLSTOY

Leo Tolstoy (1828–1910) was a Russian novelist and social reformer, famous for his novels War and Peace *and* Anna Karenina, *considered by many the greatest novels ever written. Born to a noble, landed family, his early years were marked by a dissolute life and a violent reaction to the horrors of the Crimean War. In 1862 he married and settled down, producing thirteen children and a burst of literary successes. After writing* Anna Karenina *he experienced a profound spiritual crisis and renounced his literary ambitions, believing them to be incompatible with his deepest convictions. His numerous later works were on religious and moral subjects. The following reading, written in 1885, is a classic human story that challenges us to examine our assumptions about personalities, perspectives, and priorities in life—including success and failure in business life.*

What Then?

"There is a time for everything, and a season for every activity under heaven: a time to be born and a time to die, a time to plant and a time to uproot, a time to kill and a time to heal, a time to tear down and a time to build, a time to weep and a time to laugh, a time to mourn and a time to dance, a time to scatter stones and a time to gather them, a time to embrace and a time to refrain, a time to search and a time to give up, a time to keep and a time to throw away, a time to tear and a time to mend, a time to be silent and a time to speak, a time to love and a time to hate, a time for war and a time for peace.

"What does the worker gain from his toil? I have seen the burden God has laid on men. He has made everything beautiful in its time. He has also set eternity in the hearts of men; yet they cannot fathom what God has done from beginning to end. I know that there is nothing better for men than to be happy and do good while they live. That everyone may eat and drink, and find satisfaction in all his toil—this is the gift of God." —Ecclesiastes 3:1–13

"What good is it for a man to gain the whole world, yet forfeit his soul?"
—Jesus, in Mark 8:36

CINEAS: "The Romans are reported to be great warriors and conquerors of many nations. If God permits us to overcome them, how shall we use our victory?"

PYRRHUS: "That is an easy question. Once we conquer the Romans, there will not be any city in all of Italy that will resist us."

CINEAS: "Once we have Italy, what next?"

PYRRHUS: "Sicily, and then Carthage and Africa would then be within reach, and once we have them, who in the world would dare to oppose us?"

CINEAS: "No one, certainly. And then what shall we do?"

PYRRHUS: "Then, my dear Cineas, we will relax, and drink all day, and amuse ourselves with pleasant conversation."

CINEAS: "What prevents us from doing that now? We already have enough to make that possible without any more hard work, suffering, and danger."

—conversation between King Pyrrhus of the Greek city-state of Epirus and his chief ambassador, as the king prepared to sail to Italy, 280 B.C.

"I suppose the point I had in mind is this—you come to a place in your life when what you've been is going to form what you will be. If you've wasted what you have in you, it's too late to do much about it. If you've invested yourself in life, you're pretty certain to get a return. If you are inwardly a serious person, in the middle years it will pay off." —Lillian Hellman, on her play *The Autumn Garden*

"When he announced the signature of the armistice [George] Clemenceau was cheered by both chambers. A crowd gathered outside the ministry of war and insisted upon his coming out on to the balcony of his office: the ovation moved him to tears. Yet by that evening his joy had already vanished. His children took him to the Grand Hôtel so that he could see the happiness of the crowds in the Place de l'Opéra. He watched them in silence. 'Tell me you are happy,' said his daughter. 'I cannot tell you that because I am not happy. All this will turn out to have been useless.'"
—Simone de Beauvoir's *The Coming of Age*

"I have failed in an undertaking that was far too big for me." —H. G. Wells, 1940, on realizing that his efforts to make peace were utopian and that World War II had destroyed his hopes

"'The work is finished,' he reflected, grown old
'Just as I conceived it when I was a child;
Let fools cry out, but I have failed in nothing.
I have brought something to perfection.'
But louder still this spirit sang, 'What then?'" —W. B. Yeats, an imagined dialogue between an old writer and a mocking spirit

"You can get all *A*'s and still flunk life." —Walker Percy, *The Moviegoer*

"I have the profession I like, unconditionally, the only possible one for me, and yet it doesn't make me happy. I'm sad, Mom, very often so sad."
—François Truffaut, French film director

Two Old Men

"The woman saith unto him, Sir, I perceive that thou art a prophet. Our fathers worshiped in this mountain, and ye say, that in Jerusalem is the place where men ought to worship. Jesus saith unto her, Woman, believe me, the hour cometh when neither in this mountain, nor in Jerusalem, shall ye worship the Father. . . . But the hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and truth: for such doth the Father seek to be his worshippers."
—John iv. 19–21, 23.

There were once two old men who decided to go on a pilgrimage to worship God at Jerusalem. One of them was a well-to-do peasant named Efim Tarasich Shevelev. The other, Elisha Bodrov, was not so well off. Efim was a staid man, serious and firm. He neither drank nor smoked nor took snuff, and had never used bad language in his life. He had twice served as village Elder, and when he left office his accounts were in good order. He had a large family: two sons and a married grandson, all living with him. He was pale, long-bearded, and erect, and it was only when he was past sixty that a little grey began to show itself in his beard.

Elisha was neither rich nor poor. He had formerly gone out carpentering, but now that he was growing old he stayed at home and kept bees. One of his sons had gone away to find work, the other was living at home. Elisha was a

kindly and cheerful old man. It is true he drank sometimes, and he took snuff, and was fond of singing; but he was a peaceable man and lived on good terms with his family and with his neighbors. He was short and dark, with a curly beard, and, like his patron saint Elisha, he was quite bald-headed.

The two old men had taken a vow long since and had arranged to go on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem together: but Efim could never spare the time; he always had so much business on hand: as soon as one thing was finished he started another. First he had to arrange his grandson's marriage; then to wait for his youngest son's return from the army, and after that he began building a new hut.

The two old men had taken a vow long since and had arranged to go on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem together: but Efim could never spare the time; he always had so much business on hand: as soon as one thing was finished he started another.

One holiday the two old men met outside the hut and, sitting down on some timber, began to talk.

"Well," asked Elisha, "when are we to fulfill our vow?"

Efim made a wry face.

"We must wait," he said. "This year has turned out a hard one for me. I started building this hut thinking it would cost me something over a hundred rubles, but now it's getting on for three hundred and it's still not finished. We shall have to wait till the summer. In summer, God willing, we will go without fail."

"It seems to me we ought not to put it off, but should go at once," said Elisha. "Spring is the best time."

"The time's right enough, but what about my building? How can I leave that?"

"As if you had no one to leave in charge! Your son can look after it."

"But how? My eldest son is not trustworthy—he sometimes takes a glass too much."

"Ah, neighbor, when we die they'll get on without us. Let your son begin now to get some experience."

"Ah, neighbor, when we die they'll get on without us. Let your son begin now to get some experience."

"That's true enough; but somehow when one begins a thing one likes to see it done."

"Eh, friend, we can never get through all we have to do. The other day the women-folk at home were washing and housecleaning for Easter. Here something needed doing, there something else, and they could not get everything done. So my eldest daughter-in-law, who's a sensible woman, says: 'We may be thankful the holiday comes without waiting for us, or however hard we worked we should never be ready for it.'"

Efim became thoughtful.

"I've spent a lot of money on this building," he said, "and one can't start on the journey with empty pockets. We shall want a hundred rubles apiece—and it's no small sum."

Elisha laughed.

"Now, come, come, old friend!" he said, "you have ten times as much as I, and yet you talk about money. Only say when we are to start, and though I have nothing now I shall have enough by then."

"Now, come, come, old friend! You have ten times as much as I, and yet you talk about money. Only say when we are to start, and though I have nothing now I shall have enough by then."

Efim also smiled.

"Dear me, I did not know you were so rich!" said he. "Why, where will you get it from?"

"I can scrape some together at home, and if that's not enough, I'll sell half a score of hives to my neighbor. He's long wanting to buy them."

"If they swarm well this year, you'll regret it."

"Regret it! Not I, neighbor! I never regretted anything in my life, except my sins. There's nothing more precious than the soul."

"That's so; still it's not right to neglect things at home."

"But what if our souls are neglected? That's worse. We took the vow, so let us go! Now, seriously, let us go!"

II

Elisha succeeded in persuading his comrade. In the morning after thinking it well over, Efim came to Elisha.

"You are right," said he, "let us go. Life and death are in God's hands. We must go now, while we are still alive and have the strength."

"You are right, let us go. Life and death are in God's hands. We must go now, while we are still alive and have the strength."

A week later the old men were ready to start. Efim had money enough at hand. He took a hundred rubles himself, and left two hundred with his wife.

Elisha, too, got ready. He sold ten hives to his neighbor with any new swarms that might come from them before the summer. He took seventy rubles for the lot. The rest of the hundred rubles he scraped together from the other members of his household, fairly clearing them all out. His wife gave him all she had been saving up for her funeral, and his daughter-in-law also gave him what she had.

Efim gave his eldest son definite orders about everything: when and how much grass to mow, where to cart the manure, and how to finish off and roof the cottage. He thought out everything, and gave his orders accordingly. Elisha, on the other hand, only explained to his wife that she was to keep separate the swarms from the hives he had sold and to be sure to let the neighbor have them all, without any tricks. As to household affairs, he did not even mention them.

"You will see what to do and how to do it as the needs arise," he said. "You are the masters and will know how to do what's best for yourselves."

So the old men got ready. Their people baked them cakes, and made bags for them, and cut them linen for leg-bands. They put on new leather shoes and took with them spare shoes of platted bark. Their families went with them to the end of the village and there took leave of them, and the old men started on their pilgrimage.

Elisha left home in a cheerful mood and as soon as he was out of the village forgot all his home affairs. His only care was how to please his comrade, how to avoid saying a rude word to any one, how to get to his destination and home again in peace and love. Walking along the road, Elisha would either whisper some prayer to himself or go over in his mind such of the lives of the saints as he was able to remember. When he came across any one on the road, or turned in anywhere for the night, he tried to behave as gently as possible and to say a godly word. So he journeyed on, rejoicing. One thing only he could not do:

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he could not give up taking snuff. Though he had left his snuffbox behind, he hankered after it. Then a man he met on the road gave him some snuff, and every now and then he would lag behind (not to lead his comrade into temptation) and would take a pinch of snuff.

Efim too walked well and firmly, doing no wrong and speaking no vain words, but his heart was not so light. Household cares weighed on his mind. He kept worrying about what was going on at home. Had he not forgotten to give his son this or that order? Would his son do things properly? If he happened to see potatoes being planted or manure carted as he went along, he wondered if his son was doing as he had been told. And he almost wanted to turn back and show him how to do things or even do them himself.

III

The old men had been walking for five weeks, they had worn out their home-made bark shoes and had to begin buying new ones when they reached Little Russia. From the time they left home they had had to pay for their food and for their night's lodging, but when they reached Little Russia the people vied with one another in asking them into their huts. They took them in and fed them, and would accept no payment; and more than that, they put bread or even cakes into their bags for them to eat on the road.

The old men traveled some five hundred miles in this manner free of expense, but after they had crossed the next province, they came to a district where the harvest had failed. The peasants still gave them free lodging at night, but no longer fed them for nothing. Sometimes even they could get no bread: they offered to pay for it, but there was none to be had. The people said the harvest had completely failed the year before. Those who had been rich were ruined and had had to sell all they possessed; those of moderate means were left destitute, and those of the poor who had not left those parts, wandered about begging, or starved at home in utter want. In the winter they had had to eat husks and goosefoot.

One night the old men stopped in a small village; they bought fifteen pounds of bread, slept there, and started before sunrise to get well on their way before the heat of the day. When they had gone some eight miles, on coming to a stream they sat down, and, filling a bowl with water, they steeped some bread in it and ate it. Then they changed their leg-bands and rested for a while. Elisha took out his snuff. Efim shook his head at him.

"How is it you don't give up that nasty habit?" said he.

Elisha waved his hand. "The evil habit is stronger than I," he said.

"How is it you don't give up that nasty habit?" said he. Elisha waved his hand. "The evil habit is stronger than I," he said.

Presently they got up and went on. After walking for nearly another eight miles, they came to a large village and passed right through it. It had now grown hot. Elisha was tired out and wanted to rest and have a drink, but Efim did not stop. Efim was the better walker of the two and Elisha found it hard to keep up with him.

"If I could only have a drink," said he.

"Well, have a drink," said Efim. "I don't want any."

Elisha stopped.

"You go on," he said, "but I'll just run in to the little hut there. I will catch you up in a moment."

"All right," said Efim, and he went on along the high road alone while Elisha turned back to the hut.

It was a small hut plastered with clay, the bottom a dark color, the top whitewashed; but the clay had crumbled away.

Evidently it was long since it had been replastered, and the thatch was off the roof on one side. The entrance to the hut was through the yard. Elisha entered the yard, and saw, lying close to a bank of earth that ran round the hut, a gaunt beardless man with his shirt tucked into his trousers, as is the custom in Little Russia. The man must have lain down in the shade, but the sun had come round and now shone full on him. Though not asleep, he still lay there. Elisha called to him and asked for a drink, but the man gave no answer.

"He is either ill or unfriendly," thought Elisha; and going to the door he heard a child crying in the hut. He took hold of the ring that served as a door-handle and knocked with it.

"Hey, masters!" he called. No answer. He knocked again with his staff.

"Hey, Christians!" Nothing stirred.

"Hey, servants of God!" Still no reply.

Elisha was about to turn away, when he thought he heard a groan on the other side of the door.

"Dear me, some misfortune must have happened to the people! I had better have a look."

And Elisha entered the hut.

Elisha was about to turn away, when he thought he heard a groan on the other side of the door. "Dear me, some misfortune must have happened to the people! I had better have a look."

IV

Elisha turned the ring, the door was not fastened. He opened it and went along up the narrow passage. The door into the dwelling-room was open. To the left was a brick stove; in front against the wall was an icon-shelf and a table before it; by the table was a bench on which sat an old woman, bareheaded and wearing only a single garment. There she sat with her head resting on the table, and near her was a thin, wax-colored boy, with a protruding stomach. He was asking for something, pulling at her sleeve and crying bitterly. Elisha entered. The air in the hut was very foul. He looked round, and saw a woman lying on the floor behind the stove: she lay flat on the ground with her eyes closed and her throat rattling, now stretching out a leg, now dragging it in, tossing from side to side; and the foul smell came from her. Evidently she could do nothing for herself and no one had been attending to her needs. The old woman lifted her head and saw the stranger.

"What do you want?" said she. "What do you want, man? We have nothing."

Elisha understood her, though she spoke in the Little Russian dialect.

"I came in for a drink of water, servant of God," he said.

"There's no one—no one—we have nothing to fetch it in. Go your way."

Then Elisha asked:

"Is there no one among you, then, well enough to attend to that woman?" "No, we have no one. My son is dying outside, and we are dying in here."

"Is there no one among you, then, well enough to attend to that woman?"

"No, we have no one. My son is dying outside, and we are dying in here."

The little boy had ceased crying when he saw the stranger, but when the old woman began to speak, he began again, and clutching hold of her sleeve cried: "Bread, Granny, bread."

Elisha was about to question the old woman, when the man staggered into the hut. He came along the passage clinging to the wall, but as he was entering the dwelling-room he fell in the corner near the threshold, and without trying to get up again to reach the bench, he began to speak in broken words. He brought out a word at a time, stopping to draw breath, and gasping.

"Illness has seized us . . ." said he, "and famine. He is dying . . . of hunger."

And he motioned towards the boy and began to sob.

Elisha jerked up the sack behind his shoulder and, pulling the straps off his arms, put it on the floor. Then he lifted it on to the bench and untied the strings. Having opened the sack, he took out a loaf of bread and, cutting off a piece with his knife, handed it to the man. The man would not take it, but pointed to the little boy and to a little girl crouching behind the stove, as if to say: "Give it to them."

Elisha held it out to the boy. When the boy smelt bread, he stretched out his arms, and seizing the slice with both his little hands, bit into it so that his nose disappeared in the chunk. The little girl came out from behind the stove and fixed her eyes on the bread. Elisha gave her also a slice. Then he cut off another piece and gave it to the old woman, and she too began munching it.

"If only some water could be brought," she said, "their mouths are parched. I tried to fetch some water yesterday—or was it to-day—I can't remember, but I fell down and could go no further, and the pail has remained there, unless some one has taken it."

Elisha asked where the well was. The old woman told him. Elisha went out, found the pail, brought some water, and gave the people a drink. The children and the old woman ate some more bread with the water, but the man would not eat.

"I cannot eat," he said.

All this time the younger woman did not show any consciousness, but continued to toss from side to side. Presently Elisha went to the village shop and bought some millet, salt, flour, and oil. He found an axe, chopped some wood, and made a fire. The little girl came and helped him. Then he boiled some soup and gave the starving people a meal.

v

The man ate a little, the old woman had some too, and the little girl and boy licked the bowl clean and then curled up and fell fast asleep in one another's arms.

The man and the old woman then began telling Elisha how they had sunk to their present state.

"We were poor enough before," said they, "but when the crops failed, what we gathered hardly lasted us through the autumn. We had nothing left by the

time winter came, and had to beg from the neighbors and from any one we could. At first they gave, then they began to refuse. Some would have been glad enough to help us but had nothing to give. And we were ashamed of asking: we were in debt all round, and owed money, and flour, and bread."

"I went to look for work," the man said, "but could find none. Everywhere people were offering to work merely for their own keep. One day you'd get a short job and then you might spend two days looking for work. Then the old woman and the girl went begging, further away. But they got very little; bread was so scarce. Still we scraped food together somehow and hoped to struggle through till next harvest, but towards spring people ceased to give anything. And then this illness seized us. Things became worse and worse. One day we might have something to eat, and then nothing for two days. We began eating grass. Whether it was the grass, or what, made my wife ill, I don't know. She could not keep on her legs, and I had no strength left, and there was nothing to help us to recovery."

"I struggled on alone for a while," said the old woman, "but at last I broke down too for want of food, and grew quite weak. The girl also grew weak and timid. I told her to go to the neighbors—she would not leave the hut, but crept into a corner and sat there. The day before yesterday a neighbor looked in, but seeing that we were ill and hungry she turned away and left us. Her husband has had to go away and she has nothing for her own little ones to eat. And so we lay, waiting for death."

Having heard their story, Elisha gave up the thought of overtaking his comrade that day and remained with them all night. In the morning he got up and began doing the housework, just as if it were his own home. He kneaded the bread with the old woman's help and lit the fire. Then he went with the little girl to the neighbors to get the most necessary things; for there was nothing in the hut, everything had been sold for bread—cooking utensils, clothing, and all. So Elisha began replacing what was necessary, making some things himself and buying some. He remained there one day, then another, and then a third. The little boy picked up strength and whenever Elisha sat down crept along the bench and nestled up to him. The little girl brightened up and helped in all the work, running after Elisha and calling,

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"Daddy, daddy."

The old woman grew stronger and managed to go out to see a neighbor. The man too improved and was able to get about, holding on to the wall. Only the wife could not get up, but even she regained consciousness on the third day and asked for food.

"Well," thought Elisha, "I never expected to waste so much time on the way. Now I must be getting on."

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VI

The fourth day was the feast day after the summer fast, and Elisha thought:

"I will stay and break the fast with these people. I'll go and buy them something and keep the feast with them, and tomorrow evening I will start."

So Elisha went into the village, bought milk, wheat-flour and dripping, and helped the old woman to boil and bake for the morrow. On the feast day Elisha went to church, and then broke the fast with his friends at the hut. That day the wife got up and managed to move about a bit. The husband had shaved and put on a clean shirt which the old woman had washed for him; and he went to beg for mercy of a rich peasant in the village to whom his ploughland and meadow were mortgaged.

He went to beg the rich peasant to grant him the use of the meadow and field till after the harvest; but in the evening he came back very sad and began to weep. The rich peasant had shown no mercy, but had said: "Bring me the money."

Elisha again grew thoughtful. "How are they to live now?" thought he to himself. "Other people will go haymaking, but there will be nothing for these to mow, their grass land is mortgaged. The rye will ripen. Others will reap (and what a fine crop mother earth is giving this year), but they have nothing to look forward to. Their three acres are pledged to the rich peasant. When I am gone they'll drift back into the state I found them in."

Elisha was in two minds, but finally decided not to leave that evening, but to wait until the morrow. He went out into the yard to sleep. He said his prayers and lay down; but he could not sleep. On the one hand he felt he ought to be going, for he had spent too much time and money as it was; on the other hand he felt sorry for the people.

On the one hand he felt he ought to be going, for he had spent too much time and money as it was; on the other hand he felt sorry for the people.

"There seems to be no end to it," he said. "First I only meant to bring them a little water and give them each a slice of bread, and just see where it has landed me. It's a case of redeeming the meadow and the cornfield. And when I have done that I shall have to buy a cow for them, and a horse for the man to cart his sheaves. A nice coil you've got yourself into, brother Elisha! You've slipped your cables and lost your reckoning!"

Elisha got up, lifted his coat which he had been using for a pillow, unfolded it, got out his snuff and took a pinch, thinking that it might perhaps clear his thoughts.

But no! He thought and thought, and came to no conclusion.

He ought to be going; and yet pity held him back. He did not know what to do. He refolded his coat and put it under his head again. He lay thus for a long time, till the cocks had already crowed once: then he was quite drowsy. And suddenly it seemed as if some one had roused him. He saw that he was dressed for the journey with the sack on his back and the staff in his hand, and the gate stood ajar so that he could just squeeze through. He was about to pass out when his sack caught against the fence on one side: he tried to free it, but then his leg-band caught on the other side and came undone. He pulled at the sack and saw that it had not caught on the fence, but that the little girl was holding it and crying,

"Bread, daddy, bread!"

He looked at his foot, and there was the tiny boy holding him by the leg-band, while the master of the hut and the old woman were looking at him through the window.

Elisha awoke and said to himself in an audible voice:

"To-morrow I will redeem their cornfield, and will buy them a horse, and flour to last till the harvest, and a cow for the little ones; or else while I go to seek the Lord beyond the sea I may lose Him in myself."

"To-morrow I will redeem their cornfield, and will buy them a horse, and flour to last till the harvest, and a cow for the little ones; or else while I go to seek the Lord beyond the sea I may lose Him in myself."

Then Elisha fell asleep and slept till morning. He awoke early, and going to the rich peasant, redeemed both the cornfield and the meadow land. He bought a scythe (for that also had been sold) and brought it back with him. Then he sent the man to mow, and himself went into the village. He heard that there was a horse and cart for sale at the public-house, and he struck a bargain with the owner and bought them. Then he bought a sack of flour, put it in the cart, and went to see about a cow. As he was going along he overtook two women talking as they went. Though they spoke the Little Russian dialect, he understood what they were saying.

"At first, it seems, they did not know him; they thought he was just an ordinary man. He came in to ask for a drink of water, and then he remained. Just think of the things he has bought for them! Why, they say he bought a horse and cart for them at the publican's only this morning! There are not many such men in the world. It's worth while going to have a look at him."

Elisha heard and understood that he was being praised, and he did not go to buy the cow, but returned to the inn, paid for the horse, harnessed it, drove up to the hut, and got out. The people in the hut were astonished when they saw the horse. They thought it might be for them, but dared not ask. The man came out to open the gate.

"Where did you get a horse from, grandfather?" he asked.

"Why, I bought it," said Elisha. "It was going cheap. Go and cut some grass and put it in the manger for it to eat during the night. And take in the sack."

The man unharnessed the horse, and carried the sack into the barn. Then he mowed some grass and put it in the manger. Everybody lay down to sleep. Elisha went outside and lay by the roadside. That evening he took his bag out with him. When every one was asleep, he got up, packed and fastened his bag, wrapped the linen bands round his legs, put on his shoes and coat, and set off to follow Efim.

VII

When Elisha had walked rather more than three miles it began to grow light. He sat down under a tree, opened his bag, counted his money, and found he had only seventeen rubles and twenty kopeks left.

"Well," thought he, "it is no use trying to cross the sea with this. If I beg my way it may be worse than not going at all. Friend Efim will get to Jerusalem without me, and will place a candle at the shrines in my name. As for me, I'm afraid I shall never fulfill my vow in this life. I must be thankful it was made to a merciful Master and to one who pardons sinners."

"Well, it is no use trying to cross the sea with this. If I beg my way it may be worse than not going at all. Friend Efim will get to Jerusalem without me, and will place a candle at the shrines in my name. As for me, I'm afraid I shall never fulfill my vow in this life. I must be thankful it was made to a merciful Master and to one who pardons sinners."

Elisha rose, jerked his bag well up on his shoulders, and turned back. Not wishing to be recognized by any one, he made a circuit to avoid the village, and walked briskly homeward. Coming from home the way had seemed difficult

to him and he had found it hard to keep up with Efim, but now on his return journey, God helped him to get over the ground so that he hardly felt fatigue. Walking seemed like child's play. He went along swinging his staff and did his forty to fifty miles a day.

When Elisha reached home the harvest was over. His family were delighted to see him again, and all wanted to know what had happened: Why and how he had been left behind? And why he had returned without reaching Jerusalem? But Elisha did not tell them.

"It was not God's will that I should get there," said he. "I lost my money on the way and lagged behind my companion. Forgive me, for the Lord's sake!"

"It was not God's will that I should get there. I lost my money on the way and lagged behind my companion. Forgive me, for the Lord's sake!"

Elisha gave his old wife what money he had left. Then he questioned them about home affairs. Everything was going on well; all the work had been done, nothing neglected, and all were living in peace and concord.

Efim's family heard of his return the same day, and came for news of their old man, and to them Elisha gave the same answers.

"Efim is a fast walker. We parted three days before St. Peter's Day, and I meant to catch him up again, but all sorts of things happened. I lost my money and had no means to get any further, so I turned back."

The folks were astonished that so sensible a man should have acted so foolishly: should have started and not got to his destination, and should have squandered all his money. They wondered at it for a while and then forgot all about it; and Elisha forgot it too. He set to work again on his homestead. With his son's help he cut wood for fuel for the winter. He and the women threshed the corn. Then he mended the thatch on the outhouses, put the bees under cover, and handed over to his neighbor the ten hives he had sold him in spring and all the swarms that had come from them. His wife tried not to tell how many swarms there had been from these hives, but Elisha knew well enough from which there had been swarms and from which not. And instead of ten, he handed over seventeen swarms to his neighbor. Having got everything ready for the winter, Elisha sent his son away to find work, while he himself took to plaiting shoes of bark and hollowing out logs for hives.

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VIII

All that day while Elisha stopped behind in the hut with the sick people, Efim waited for him. He only went on a little way before he sat down. He waited and waited, had a nap, woke up again, and again sat waiting, but his comrade did not come. He gazed till his eyes ached. The sun was already sinking behind a tree and still no Elisha was to be seen.

"Perhaps he has passed me," thought Efim, "or perhaps some one gave him a lift and he drove by while I slept, and did not see me. But how could he help seeing me? One can see so far here in the steppe. Shall I go back? Suppose he is on in front we shall then miss each other completely and it will be still worse. I had better go on, and we shall be sure to meet where we put up for the night."

He came to a village, and told the watchman, if an old man of a certain description came along to bring him to the hut where Efim stopped. But Elisha

did not turn up that night. Efim went on, asking all he met whether they had not seen a little, bald-headed old man. No one had seen such a traveller. Efim wondered, but went on alone, saying:

"We shall be sure to meet in Odessa, or on board the ship," and he did not trouble more about it.

On the way he came across a pilgrim wearing a cassock, with long hair and a skull-cap such as priests wear. This pilgrim had been to Mount Athos, and was now going to Jerusalem for the second time. They both stopped at the same place one night and, having met, they travelled on together.

They got safely to Odessa and there had to wait three days for a ship. Many pilgrims from many different parts were in the same case. Again Efim asked about Elisha, but no one had seen him.

Efim got himself a foreign passport, which cost him five rubles. He paid forty rubles for a return ticket to Jerusalem, and bought a supply of bread and herrings for the voyage.

The pilgrim began explaining to Efim how he might get on to the ship without paying his fare, but Efim would not listen. "No, I came prepared to pay, and I shall pay," said he.

The pilgrim began explaining to Efim how he might get on to the ship without paying his fare, but Efim would not listen. "No, I came prepared to pay, and I shall pay," said he.

The ship was freighted and the pilgrims went on board, Efim and his new comrade among them. The anchors were weighed and the ship put out to sea.

All day they sailed smoothly, but towards night a wind arose, rain came on, and the vessel tossed about and shipped water. The people were frightened: the women wailed and screamed and some of the weaker men ran about the ship looking for shelter. Efim too was frightened, but he would not show it, and remained at the place on deck where he had settled down when first he came on board, beside some old men from Tambov. There they sat silent, all night and all next day, holding on to their sacks. On the third day it grew calm, and on the fifth day they anchored at Constantinople. Some of the pilgrims went on shore to visit the Church of St. Sophia, now held by the Turks. Efim remained on the ship, and only bought some white bread. They lay there for twenty-four hours and then put to sea again. At Smyrna they stopped again, and at Alexandretta; but at last they arrived safely at Jaffa, where all the pilgrims had to disembark. From there still it was more than forty miles by road to Jerusalem. When disembarking the people were again much frightened. The ship was high, and the people were dropped into boats, which rocked so much that it was easy to miss them and fall into the water. A couple of men did get a wetting, but at last all were safely landed.

They went on on foot, and at noon on the third day reached Jerusalem. They stopped outside the city, at the Russian hostel, where their passports were endorsed. Then, after dinner, Efim visited the Holy Places with his companion, the pilgrim. It was not the time when they could be admitted to the Holy Sepulchre, but they went to the Patriarchate. All the pilgrims assembled there. The women were separated from the men, who were all told to sit in a circle, barefoot. Then a monk came in with a towel to wash their feet. He washed, wiped, and then kissed their feet, and did this to every one in the circle. Efim's

feet were washed and kissed, with the rest. He stood through vespers and matins, prayed, placed candles at the shrines, handed in booklets inscribed with his parents' names, that they might be mentioned in the church prayers. Here at the Patriarchate food and wine were given them. Next morning they went to the cell of Mary of Egypt, where she had lived doing penance. Here too they placed candles and had prayers read. From there they went to the Monastery of Abraham, and saw the place where Abraham intended to slay his son as an offering to God.

Then they visited the spot where Christ appeared to Mary Magdalene, and the Church of James, the Lord's brother. The pilgrim showed Efim all these places, and told him how much money to give at each place. At mid-day they returned to the hostel and had dinner. As they were preparing to lie down and rest, the pilgrim cried out, and began to search his clothes, feeling them all over.

The pilgrim showed Efim all these places, and told him how much money to give at each place.

"My purse has been stolen, there were twenty-three rubles in it," said he, "two ten-ruble notes and the rest in change."

He sighed and lamented a great deal, but as there was no help for it, they lay down to sleep.

IX

As Efim lay there he was assailed by temptation.

"No one has stolen any money from this pilgrim," thought he, "I do not believe he had any. He gave none away anywhere, though he made me give and even borrowed a ruble of me."

This thought had no sooner crossed his mind than Efim rebuked himself, saying: "What right have I to judge a man? It is a sin. I will think no more about it." But as soon as his thoughts began to wander, they turned again to the pilgrim: how interested he seemed to be in money, and how unlikely it sounded when he declared that his purse had been stolen.

"He never had any money," thought Efim. "It's all an invention."

Towards evening they got up, and went to midnight Mass at the great Church of the Resurrection, where the Lord's Sepulchre is. The pilgrim kept close to Efim and went everywhere with him. They came to the Church; a great many pilgrims were there, some Russians and some of other nationalities: Greeks, Armenians, Turks, and Syrians. Efim entered the Holy Gates with the crowd. A monk led them past the Turkish sentinels, to the place where the Saviour was taken down from the cross and anointed, and where candles were burning in nine great candlesticks. The monk showed and explained everything. Efim offered a candle there. Then the monk led Efim to the right, up the steps to Golgotha, to the place where the cross had stood. Efim prayed there. Then they showed him the cleft where the ground had been rent asunder to its nethermost depths; then the place where Christ's hands and feet were nailed to the cross; then Adam's tomb, where the blood of Christ had dripped on to Adam's bones. Then they showed him the stone on which Christ sat when the crown of thorns was placed on His head; then the post to which Christ was bound when He was scourged. Then Efim saw the stone with two holes for Christ's

feet. They were going to show him something else, but there was a stir in the crowd and the people all hurried to the Church of the Lord's Sepulchre itself. The Latin Mass had just finished there and the Russian liturgy was beginning. And Efim went with the crowd to the tomb cut in the rock.

He tried to get rid of the pilgrim, against whom he was still sinning in his mind, but the pilgrim would not leave him, but went with him to the Mass at the Holy Sepulchre. They tried to get to the front, but were too late. There was such a crowd that it was impossible to move either backwards or forwards.

He tried to get rid of the pil-grim, against whom he was still sinning in his mind, but the pilgrim would not leave him, but went with him to the Mass at the Holy Sepulchre.

Efim stood looking in front of him, praying, and every now and then feeling for his purse. He was in two minds: sometimes he thought that the pilgrim was deceiving him, and then again he thought that if the pilgrim spoke the truth and his purse had really been stolen, the same thing might happen to himself. Efim stood there gazing into the little chapel in which was the Holy Sepulchre itself with thirty-six lamps burning above it. As he stood looking over the people's heads, he saw something that surprised him. Just beneath the lamps in which the sacred fire burns, and in front of every one, Efim saw an old man in a grey coat, whose bald, shining head was just like Elisha Bodrov.

"It's like him," thought Efim, "but it cannot be Elisha. He could not have got ahead of me. The ship before ours started a week earlier. He could not have caught that; and he was not on ours, for I saw every pilgrim on board."

"It's like him,but it cannot be Elisha. He could not have got ahead of me. The ship before ours started a week earlier. He could not have caught that; and he was not on ours, for I saw every pilgrim on board."

Hardly had Efim thought this, when the little old man began to pray, and bowed three times: once forward to God, then once on each side—to the brethren. And as he turned his head to the right, Efim recognized him. It was Elisha Bodrov himself, with his dark, curly beard turning grey at the cheeks, with his brows, his eyes and nose, and his expression of face. Yes, it was he!

Efim was very pleased to have found his comrade again and wondered how Elisha had got ahead of him.

"Well done, Elisha!" thought he. "See how he has pushed ahead. He must have come across some one who showed him the way. When we get out I will find him, get rid of this fellow in the skull-cap, and keep to Elisha. Perhaps he will show me how to get to the front also."

Efim kept looking out, so as not to lose sight of Elisha. But when the Mass was over the crowd began to sway, pushing forward to kiss the tomb, and pushed Efim aside. He was again seized with fear lest his purse should be stolen. Pressing it with his hand, he began elbowing through the crowd, anxious only to get out. When he reached the open he went about for a long time searching for Elisha both outside and in the Church itself. In the chapels of the Church he saw many people of all kinds, eating and drinking wine, and reading and sleeping there. But Elisha was nowhere to be seen. So Efim returned to the inn without having found his comrade. That evening the pilgrim in the skull-cap did not turn up. He had gone off without repaying the ruble, and Efim was left alone.

x

The next day Efim went to the Holy Sepulchre again, with an old man from Tambov, whom he had met on the ship. He tried to get to the front, but was

again pressed back; so he stood by a pillar and prayed. He looked before him, and there in the foremost place under the lamps, close to the very Sepulchre of the Lord, stood Elisha, with his arms spread out like a priest at the altar, and with his bald head all shining.

"Well, now," thought Efim, "I won't lose him!"

He pushed forward to the front, but when he got there, there was no Elisha: he had evidently gone away.

Again on the third day Efim looked, and saw at the Sepulchre, in the holiest place, Elisha standing in the sight of all men, his arms outspread and his eyes gazing upwards as if he saw something above. And his bald head was all shining.

Again on the third day Efim looked, and saw at the Sepulchre, in the holiest place, Elisha standing in the sight of all men, his arms outspread and his eyes gazing upwards as if he saw something above. And his bald head was all shining.

"Well, this time," thought Efim, "he shall not escape me! I will go and stand at the door, then we can't miss one another!"

Efim went out and stood by the door till past noon. Every one had passed out, but still Elisha did not appear.

Efim remained six weeks in Jerusalem, and went everywhere: to Bethlehem, and to Bethany, and to the Jordan. He had a new shroud stamped at the Holy Sepulchre for his burial, and he took a bottle of water from the Jordan and some holy earth, and bought candles that had been lit at the sacred flame. In eight places he inscribed names to be prayed for, and he spent all his money except just enough to get home with. Then he started homeward. He walked to Jaffa, sailed thence to Odessa, and walked home from there on foot.

XI

Efim traveled the same road he had come by; and as he drew nearer home his former anxiety returned as to how affairs were getting on in his absence. "Much water flows away in a year," the proverb says. It takes a lifetime to build up a homestead but not long to ruin it, thought he. And he wondered how his son had managed without him, what sort of spring they were having, how the cattle had wintered, and whether the cottage was well finished. When Efim came to the district where he had parted from Elisha the summer before, he could hardly believe that the people living there were the same. The year before they had been starving, but now they were living in comfort. The harvest had been good, and the people had recovered and had forgotten their former misery.

One evening Efim reached the very place where Elisha had remained behind; and as he entered the village a little girl in a white smock ran out of a hut.

"Daddy, daddy, come to our house!"

Efim meant to pass on, but the little girl would not let him. She took hold of his coat, laughing, and pulled him towards the hut, where a woman with a small boy came out into the porch and beckoned to him.

"Come in, grandfather," she said. "Have supper and spend the night with us."

So Efim went in.

"I may as well ask about Elisha," he thought. "I fancy this is the very hut he went to for a drink of water."

The woman helped him off with the bag he carried, and gave him water to wash his face. Then she made him sit down to table, and set milk, curd-cakes,

and porridge, before him. Efim thanked her, and praised her for her kindness to a pilgrim. The woman shook her head.

"We have good reason to welcome pilgrims," she said. "It was a pilgrim who showed us what life is. We were living forgetful of God and God punished us almost to death. We reached such a pass last summer that we all lay ill and helpless with nothing to eat. And we should have died, but that God sent an old man to help us—just such a one as you. He came in one day to ask for a drink of water, saw the state we were in, took pity on us, and remained with us. He gave us food and drink and set us on our feet again; and he redeemed our land, and bought a cart and horse and gave them to us."

"We have good reason to welcome pilgrims. It was a pilgrim who showed us what life is."

Here the old woman, entering the hut, interrupted the younger one and said:

"We don't know whether it was a man or an angel from God. He loved us all, pitied us all, and went away without telling us his name, so that we don't even know whom to pray for. I can see it all before me now! There I lay waiting for death, when in comes a bald-headed old man. He was not anything much to look at, and he asked for a drink of water. I, sinner that I am, thought to myself: 'What does he come prowling about here for?' And just think what he did! As soon as he saw us he let down his bag, on this very spot, and untied it."

"We don't know whether it was a man or an angel from God. He loved us all, pitied us all, and went away without telling us his name, so that we don't even know whom to pray for."

Here the little girl joined in.

"No, Granny," said she, "first he put it down here in the middle of the hut, and then he lifted it on to the bench."

And they began discussing and recalling all he had said and done, where he sat and slept, and what he had said to each of them.

At night the peasant himself came home on his horse, and he too began to tell about Elisha and how he had lived with them.

"Had he not come we should all have died in our sins. We were dying in despair, murmuring against God and man. But he set us on our feet again; and through him we learned to know God and to believe that there is good in man. May the Lord bless him! We used to live like animals, he made human beings of us."

After giving Efim food and drink, they showed him where he was to sleep; and lay down to sleep themselves.

But though Efim lay down, he could not sleep. He could not get Elisha out of his mind, but remembered how he had seen him three times at Jerusalem, standing in the foremost place.

"So that is how he got ahead of me," thought Efim. "God may or may not have accepted my pilgrimage, but He has certainly accepted his!"

"So that is how he got ahead of me. God may or may not have accepted my pilgrimage, but He has certainly accepted his!"

Next morning Efim bade farewell to the people, who put some patties in his sack before they went to their work, and he continued his journey.

XII

Efim had been away just a year and it was spring again when he reached home one evening. His son was not at home, but had gone to the public house, and when he came back he had had a drop too much. Efim began questioning him. Everything showed that the young fellow had been unsteady during his father's

absence. The money had all been wrongly spent and the work had been neglected. The father began to upbraid the son, and the son answered rudely.

"Why didn't you stay and look after it yourself?" he said. "You go off, taking the money with you, and now you demand it of me!"

The old man grew angry and struck his son.

In the morning Efim went to the village elder to complain of his son's conduct. As he was passing Elisha's house his friend's wife greeted him from the porch.

"How do you do, neighbor?" she said. "How do you do, dear friend? Did you get to Jerusalem safely?"

Efim stopped.

"Yes, thank God," he said. "I have been there. I lost sight of your old man, but I hear he got home safely."

The old woman was fond of talking:

"Yes, neighbor, he has come back," said she. "He's been back a long time. Soon after Assumption, I think it was, he returned. And we were glad the Lord had sent him back to us! We were dull without him. We can't expect much work from him any more, his years for work are past; but still he is the head of the household and it's more cheerful when he's at home. And how glad our lad was! He said, 'It's like being without sunlight, when father's away!' It was dull without him, dear friend. We're fond of him, and take good care of him."

"Is he at home now?"

"He is, dear friend. He is with his bees. He is hiving the swarms. He says they are swarming well this year. The Lord has given such strength to the bees that my husband doesn't remember the like. 'The Lord is not rewarding us according to our sins,' he says. Come in, dear neighbor, he will be so glad to see you again."

Efim passed through the passage into the yard and to the apiary, to see Elisha. There was Elisha in his grey coat, without any face-net or gloves, standing under the birch trees, looking upwards, his arms stretched out and his bald head shining as Efim had seen him at the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem; and above him the sunlight shone through the birches as the flames of fire had done in the Holy Place, and the golden bees flew round his head like a halo, and did not sting him.

Efim stopped. The old woman called to her husband.

"Here's your friend come," she cried.

Elisha looked round with a pleased face, and came towards Efim, gently picking bees out of his own beard.

"Good-day, neighbor, good-day, dear friend. Did you get there safely?"

"My feet walked there and I have brought you some water from the river Jordan. You must come to my house for it. But whether the Lord accepted my efforts. . . ."

"Well, the Lord be thanked! May Christ bless you!" said Elisha.

Efim was silent for a while, and then added: "My feet have been there, but whether my soul or another's has been there more truly . . ."

"My feet have been there, but whether my soul or another's has been there more truly . . ."

"That's God's business, neighbor, God's business," interrupted Elisha.

"On my return journey I stopped at the hut where you remained behind . . ."

Elisha was alarmed, and said hurriedly:

"God's business, neighbor, God's business! Come into the cottage, I'll give you some of our honey." And Elisha changed the conversation, and talked of home affairs.

Efim sighed, and did not speak to Elisha of the people in the hut, nor of how he had seen him in Jerusalem. But he now understood that the best way to keep one's vows to God and to do His will, is for each man while he lives to show love and do good to others.

But he now understood that the best way to keep one's vows to God and to do His will, is for each man while he lives to show love and do good to others.

First published in 1885. Translated by Louise and Aylmer Maude.

Gauging the Gap

"Let him who cannot do the thing he would
Will to do that he can. To will is foolish
Where there's no power to do. That man is wise
Who, if he cannot, does not wish he could." —a verse that the young Leonardo da Vinci copied into his notebook

"One pushes down the other. By these little blocks are meant the life and the efforts of men." —Leonardo da Vinci, describing a doodle he drew near the end of his life, comprised of a series of rectangles representing his life's great ambitions and endeavors, but drawn tipping each other over like collapsing dominoes

"We should not desire the impossible." —Leonardo da Vinci, written in his notebook shortly before he died at the palace of Cloux

"My soul is heavy." —Leo Tolstoy, to his daughter, after a particularly lavish and splendid eightieth birthday party

"What a man writes after he is sixty is worth little more than tea continually remade with the same leaves." —art historian Bernard Berenson

"You suppose that I contemplate my life's work with calm satisfaction. But seen close up the whole thing has quite a different look. There is not one single notion that I am convinced will hold its ground and broadly speaking I am not certain of being on the right path. Our contemporaries look at me both as a heretic and as a reactionary who has, as it were, outlived himself. To be sure, this is a question of fashion and of a shortsighted view; but the feeling of inadequacy comes from within."
—Albert Einstein, age 70, in a letter to a colleague, March 1949

"Though we would like to live without regrets, and sometimes proudly insist that we have none, this is not really possible, if only because we are mortal. When more time stretches behind than stretches before one, some assessments, however reluctantly and incompletely, begin to be made. Between what one wishes to become and what one *has* become there is a momentous gap, which will now never be closed. And this gap seems to operate as one's final margin, one's last opportunity, for creation. And between the self as it is and the self as one sees it, there is also a distance, even harder to gauge. Some of us are compelled, around the middle of our lives, to make a study of this baffling geography, less in the hope of conquering these distances than in the determination that the distance shall not become any greater."
—James Baldwin, *New York Review of Books*, 1967

Questions for Thought and Discussion

1. Why is a pilgrimage different than tourist travel? What makes it such an ideal form of spiritual discipline?
2. How would you describe Efim and Elisha in terms of class, wealth and status within their community? In terms of virtues and vices? Why do you think Tolstoy emphasized Elisha taking snuff?
3. In discussing a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, what are the possible barriers to going for the two men? How are their approaches to the problems and the possibility of the trip different? What does this say about their attitudes toward family, money and responsibilities?
4. How did each man get ready for the pilgrimage? What did they take with them? What were their moods in setting out? What were they thinking of as they left?
5. Part VI is the turning point in Elisha's journey. What is Elisha saying in the paragraph, "There seems to be no end to it . . ."? What does he mean by, "You've slipped your cables and lost your reckoning"?
6. How does Elisha decide what to do about the family? What does he mean by, "or else while I go seek the Lord beyond the sea I may lose Him in myself"? What are the consequences of this decision for him? How would have Efim have handled this situation, do you think? What would you have done and why?
7. Do you think Efim's assessment of the pilgrim's money being stolen is fair or unfair? Why? How did Efim's thoughts affect how he interacted with the pilgrim from then on? What do you think Elisha would have thought and done had he been in Efim's shoes?
8. How would you describe Efim's experience in Jerusalem? What are some of the things that absorbed his attention? What do you make of all the "Elisha sightings"? Later, when Efim is on his way home and has met the family Elisha helped, he says, "So that is how he got ahead of me. . . . God may or may not have accepted my pilgrimage, but He has certainly accepted his!" What does he mean?
9. Why do most people *identify* with one of the two old men but *appreciate* the other? What does that say? Who would you say had the most successful pilgrimage?
10. What lessons and considerations about the journey of life do you take away from this story for your own situation?

THE TRINITY FORUM

FINISHING WELL

A CARICATURE OF HIMSELF

EVELYN WAUGH

Evelyn Waugh (1903–66) was a writer and novelist, best known as the author of Brideshead Revisited *(1945), which was made into a successful television series. Born in London, he studied at Oxford and made a reputation with such social satirical novels as* Decline and Fall. *He became a Roman Catholic in 1930 and his later novels show a more serious attitude toward life.*

Brideshead Revisited *is a nostalgic evocation of student days at Oxford. The following passage is a gentle description of the last days of Sebastian Marchmain, typical of those who fail to overcome their problems—in this case, alcohol—and end up becoming caricatures of themselves. Indulgent on themselves, such people are indulged by others, at a cost. As Simone de Beauvoir writes, "they pay a high price for the indulgence they enjoy—their individual inferiorities are forgiven because they are looked upon as definitively inferior beings; they no longer have anything to lose because they have already lost everything."*

Time and Tide Wait for No One

"Never-resting time leads summer on/To hideous winter."
—William Shakespeare, Sonnet V

"Luck does not serve men of our age, Monsieur le Maréchal." —Louis XIV, to the Marshal de Villeroy after the defeat of Romilly

"I never wake up in the morning without finding life a little more devoid of interest than it was the day before. But what saddens me most is remembering my life as it was twenty years ago and then suddenly coming back into the present."
—Jonathan Swift, in a letter, 1729

"I wake in such a state of indifference to everything that may happen in the world and in my own narrow circle that . . . I should certainly stay in bed all day if decency and the fear of illness did not rouse me out of it." —Jonathan Swift

"Already my imagination is less vivid, and it no longer glows as once it did at the view of an object that stirs it into life; dreaming is less of an intoxicating rapture and there is more of recollection than of creation in what it gives me now. A lukewarm weariness drains my faculties of all their strength; little by little the spirit of life is going out; and it is only with pain that my soul leaps from its now decrepit frame."
—Jean-Jacques Rousseau, in his sixties

"Age takes hold of us by surprise." —Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

"Death, Oh cruel death! Death is a monster that expels the intent spectator from the great theatre before the end of a play that interests him beyond measure. This alone is reason enough to make it hated." —Giovanni Giacomo Casanova, age 70

"When I used to dream in former times my youth lay before me; I could advance towards the unknown that I was looking for. Now I can no longer take a single step without coming up against the boundary-stone." —Vicomte de Chateaubriand

"We harden in some places and rot in others: we never ripen."
—Charles-Augustin Sainte-Beuve

Brideshead Revisited

"Poor Sebastian!" I said. "It's too pitiful. How will it end?"

"I think I can tell you exactly, Charles. I've seen others like him, and I believe they are very near and dear to God. He'll live on, half in, half out of the community, a familiar figure pottering round with his broom and his bunch of keys. He'll be a great favourite with the old fathers, something of a joke to the novices. Everyone will know about his drinking; he'll disappear for two or three days every month or so, and they'll all nod and smile and say in their various accents, 'Old Sebastian's on the spree again,' and then he'll come back dishevelled and shamefaced and be more devout for a day or two in the chapel. He'll probably have little hiding places about the garden where he keeps a bottle and takes a swig now and then on the sly. They'll bring him forward to act as guide, whenever they have an English-speaking visitor; and he will be completely charming, so that before they go they'll ask about him and perhaps be given a hint that he has high connections at home. If he lives long enough, generations of missionaries in all kinds of remote places will think of him as a queer old character who was somehow part of the Hope of their student days, and remember him in their masses. He'll develop little eccentricities of devotion, intense personal cults of his own; he'll be found in the chapel at odd times and missed when he's expected. Then one morning, after one of his drinking bouts, he'll be picked up at the gate dying, and show by a mere flicker of the eyelid that he is conscious when they give him the last sacraments. It's not such a bad way of getting through one's life."

"I think I can tell you exactly, Charles. I've seen others like him, and I believe they are very near and dear to God. He'll live on, half in, half out of the community, a familiar figure pottering round with his broom and his bunch of keys. He'll be a great favourite with the old fathers, something of a joke to the novices."

From Evelyn Waugh, *Brideshead Revisited* (New York: Knopf, 1945), pp. 308–309.

Time and Tide Wait for No One, continued

"First the man takes a drink, then a drink takes a drink, and then drink takes the man." —Japanese adage

"The future holds nothing for me, and I am being devoured by the past. Mark of old age and decay." —Gustave Flaubert, age 54

"The notion of life as a grant in perpetuity—the illusion in which most men live—is one that I possess no more." —Edmond de Goncourt, in his journal, 1889

"Do you know the worst of all vices? It is being over fifty-five."
—Ivan Sergeyevich Turgenev (often quoted by Lenin)

"Being old makes me tired and furious; I am everything that I was and indeed more, but an enemy has bound and twisted me so that although I can make plans and think better than ever, I can no longer carry out what I plan and think."
—W. B. Yeats, age 57

"I have not the least wish to put my toys away. I hate the idea of going."
—H. G. Wells, 1940, age 70, likening himself to a child sent to bed just after having been given some wonderful toys

"I loathe the hardness of old age. I feel it coming. I creak. I am embittered."
—Virginia Woolf, 1940, age 58

"I fall back on themes I have handled again and again, themes that no longer seem capable of yielding me anything." —André Gide

"I have said, more or less well, all I thought I had to say, and I am afraid of repeating myself." —André Gide, *Ainsi soit-il*

"It is an extraordinary business, Charles, growing old."
—Winston Churchill, to his doctor

"It's not being forty that bothers me, but the impossibility of holding up time."
—Albert Camus, on his fortieth birthday

"In this way every artist has deep within him a unique spring which flows during his life, feeding what he is and what he says. When the spring dries up, we see his work gradually shrivel and crack." —Albert Camus, preface to *L'Envers et l'endroit*

"But as the years go by, and as our time to come grows shorter, and when the stakes are down, the book finished and in the printers' hands, and when the human adventure is nearing its end, then the characters of a novel no longer have room to move about in us: they are caught between the hardened, impenetrable mass of our past, into which nothing can now make its way, and that death, near at hand or farther off, which is now present." —François Mauriac

"Yes, autumn is really the best of the seasons: and I'm not sure that old age isn't the best part of life. But, of course, like autumn it doesn't last."
—C. S. Lewis, in a letter to George Sayer

"Why, what has happened? It is life that has happened; and I am old."
—Simon Aragon

"Die early or grow old: there is no other alternative." —Simone de Beauvoir

Questions for Thought and Discussion

1. What do you think of the speaker's final comment, "It's not such a bad way of getting through one's life"? What does this say of the speaker's sense of life purpose? What is your view?
2. What sort of developments lie behind someone becoming like Sebastian? What do the phrases "great favorite," "something of a joke," and "queer old character" have to do with the reality of dying an alcoholic?
3. What does Waugh's description tell us of the community's role in Sebastian's condition? Or earlier, of his friends' role? Why do you think people are willing to let him go on the way he is?
4. Why does the speaker say, "they are very near and dear to God"? Do you think this is so? Why?
5. Sebastian's downfall is obviously the bottle. What other flaws have you seen harden into problems that, left unchecked, lead people to finish badly?
6. What are the best safeguards to prevent any of us finishing life in this sad way?

HENRY JAMES

THE PARALYSIS OF PERFECTION

Henry James (1843–1916) was an eminent American novelist, short-story writer, and critic. Born in New York City, he spent a roving youth in America and Europe. His first novels were on the impact of American life on the older European civilization. From 1876 he himself lived in England. The acknowledge master of the psychological novel, he wrote his masterpieces Portrait of a Lady *in 1881 and* The Ambassadors *in 1903. The story from which the following reading is taken was written in 1873 after his second trip to Europe as an adult. It is the story of Theobold, an American artist in Italy who never manages to paint the perfect madonna because of his perfectionism. In the passage below he is visited by a friend from the U.S. who breaks into his delusion.*

Perfectionism Spells Paralysis

"If a thing is worth doing, it's worth doing badly." —G. K. Chesterton

"The maxim, 'nothing avails but perfection,' spells paralysis." —Winston Churchill

The Madonna of the Future

"And what do you think of the divine Serafina?" he cried with fervor.

"It's certainly good solid beauty!"

He eyed me an instant askance, and then seemed hurried along by the current of remembrance. "You should have seen the mother and the child together, seen them as I first saw them—the mother with her head draped in a shawl, a divine trouble in her face, and the *bambino* pressed to her bosom. You would have said, I think, that Raphael had found his match in common chance. I was coming in, one summer night, from a long walk in the country, when I met this apparition at the city gate. The woman held out her hand. I hardly knew whether to say, 'What do you want?' or to fall down and worship. She asked for a little money. I saw that she was beautiful and pale. She might have stepped out of the stable of Bethlehem! I gave her money and helped her on her way into the town. I had guessed her story. She, too, was a maiden mother, and she had been turned out into the world in her shame. I felt in all my pulses that here was my subject marvelously realized. I felt like one of the old convent artists who had had a vision. I rescued them, cherished them, watched them as I would have done some precious work of art, some lovely fragment of fresco discovered in a moldering cloister. In a month—as if to deepen and consecrate the pathos of it all—the poor little child died. When she felt that he was going, she held him up to me for ten minutes, and I made that sketch. You saw a feverish haste in it, I suppose; I wanted to spare the poor little mortal the pain of his position. After that, I doubly valued the mother. She is the simplest, sweetest, most natural creature that ever bloomed in this brave old land of Italy. She lives in the memory of her child, in her gratitude for the scanty kindness I have been able to show her, and in her simple religion! She's not even conscious of her

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beauty; my admiration has never made her vain. Heaven knows I've made no secret of it. You must have observed the singular transparency of her expression, the lovely modesty of her glance. And was there ever such a truly virginal brow, such a natural classic elegance in the wave of the hair and the arch of the forehead? I've studied her; I may say I know her. I've absorbed her little by little; my mind is stamped and imbued, and I have determined now to clinch the impression; I shall at last invite her to sit for me!"

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"'At last—at last'?" I repeated, in much amazement. "Do you mean that she has never done so yet?"

"I've not really had—a—a sitting," said Theobald, speaking very slowly. "I've taken notes, you know; I've got my grand fundamental impression. That's the great thing! But I've not actually had her as a model, posed and draped and lighted, before my easel."

What had become for the moment of my perception and my tact I am at a loss to say; in their absence, I was unable to repress a piece of *brusquerie* which I was destined to regret. We had stopped at a turning, beneath a lamp. "My poor friend," I exclaimed, laying my hand on his shoulder, "you've *dawdled!* She's an old, old woman—for a Madonna!"

It was as if I had brutally struck him; I shall never forget the long, slow, almost ghastly look of pain with which he answered me. "Dawdled—old, old!" he stammered. "Are you joking?"

"Why my dear fellow, I suppose you don't take the woman for twenty?"

He drew a long breath and leaned against a house, looking at me with questioning, protesting, reproachful eyes. At last, starting forward, and grasping my arm: "Answer me solemnly: does she seem to you truly old? Is she wrinkled, is she faded, am I blind?"

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Then at last I understood the immensity of his illusion; how, one by one, the noiseless years had ebbed away and left him brooding in charmed inaction, forever preparing for a work forever deferred. It seemed to me almost a kindness now to tell him the plain truth. "I should be sorry to say you're blind," I answered, "but I think you're deceived. You've lost time in effortless contemplation. Your friend was once young and fresh and virginal; but, I protest, that was some years ago. Still, she has *beaux restes*. By all means make her sit for you!" I broke down; his face was too horribly reproachful.

He took off his hat and stood passing his handkerchief mechanically over his forehead. "*De beaux restes*? I thank you for sparing me the plain English. I must make up my Madonna out of *beaux restes*! What a masterpiece she'll be! Old—old! Old—old!" he murmured.

"Never mind her age," I cried, revolted at what I had done, "never mind my impression of her! You have your memory, your notes, your genius. Finish your picture in a month. I proclaim it beforehand a masterpiece, and I hereby offer you for it any sum you may choose to ask."

He stared, but he seemed scarcely to understand me. "Old—old!" he kept stupidly repeating. "If she is old, what am I? If her beauty has faded, where—where is my strength? Has life been a dream? Have I worshiped too long—have

I loved too well?" The charm, in truth, was broken. That the chord of illusion should have snapped at my light, accidental touch showed how it had been weakened by excessive tension. The poor fellow's sense of wasted time, of vanished opportunity, seemed to roll in upon his soul in waves of darkness. He suddenly dropped his head and burst into tears.

"If she is old, what am I? If her beauty has faded, where—where is my strength? Has life been a dream? Have I worshiped too long—have I loved too well?"

I led him homeward with all possible tenderness, but I attempted neither to check his grief, to restore his equanimity, nor to unsay the hard truth. When we reached my hotel, I tried to induce him to come in. "We'll drink a glass of wine," I said, smiling, "to the completion of the Madonna!"

With a violent effort he held up his head, mused for a moment with a formidably somber frown, and then giving me his hand, "I'll finish it," he cried, "in a month! No, in a fortnight! After all, I have it *here*!" and he tapped his forehead. "Of course she's old! She can afford to have it said of her—a woman who has made twenty years pass like a twelvemonth! Old—old! Why, sir, she shall be eternal!"

I wished to see him safely to his own door, but he waved me back and walked away with an air of resolution, whistling and swinging his cane. I waited a moment and then followed him at a distance and saw him proceed to cross the Santa Trinità Bridge. When he reached the middle, he suddenly paused, as if his strength had deserted him, and leaned upon the parapet, gazing over into the river. I was careful to keep him in sight; I confess that I passed ten very nervous minutes. He recovered himself at last, and went his way, slowly and with hanging head. . . .

[After not seeing the artist Theobald for a month, the narrator finally finds out where he lives and goes to visit him.]

It was in an obscure corner of the opposite side of the town, and presented a sombre and squalid appearance. An old woman in the doorway, on my inquiring for Theobald, ushered me in with a mumbled blessing and an expression of relief that the poor gentleman had a friend. His lodging seemed to consist of a single room at the top of the house. On getting no answer to my knock, I opened the door, supposing that he was absent; so that it gave me a certain shock to find him sitting there helpless and dumb. He was seated near the single window, facing an easel which supported a large canvas. On my entering, he looked up at me blankly, without changing his position, which was that of absolute lassitude and dejection, his arms loosely folded, his legs stretched before him, his head hanging on his breast. Advancing into the room, I perceived that his face vividly corresponded with his attitude. He was pale, haggard, and unshaven, and his dull and sunken eye gazed at me without a spark of recognition. I had been afraid that he would greet me with fierce reproaches, as the cruelly officious friend who had turned his peace to bitterness, and I was relieved to find that my appearance awakened no visible resentment. "Don't you know me?" I asked as I put out my hand. "Have you already forgotten me?"

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He made no response, kept his position stupidly, and left me staring about the room. It spoke most plaintively for itself. Shabby, sordid, naked, it contained,

beyond the wretched bed, but the scantiest provision for personal comfort. It was bedroom at once and studio—a grim ghost of a studio. A few dusty casts and prints on the walls, three or four old canvases turned face inward, and a rusty-looking color box formed, with the easel at the window, the sum of its appurtenances. The place savored horribly of poverty. Its only wealth was the picture on the easel, presumably the famous Madonna. Averted as this was from the door, I was unable to see its face; but at last, sickened by the vacant misery of the spot, I passed behind Theobald, eagerly and tenderly, and yet I can hardly say that I was surprised at what I found—a canvas that was a mere dead blank, cracked and discolored by time. This was his immortal work! But though not surprised, I confess I was powerfully moved, and I think that for five minutes I could not have trusted myself to speak. At last, my silent nearness affected him; he stirred and turned, and then rose and looked at me with a slowly kindling eye. I murmured some kind, ineffective nothings about his being ill and needing advice and care, but he seemed absorbed in the effort to recall distinctly what had last passed between us. "You were right," he said with a pitiful smile, "I'm a dawdler! I'm a failure! I shall do nothing more in this world. You opened my eyes; and, though the truth is bitter, I bear you no grudge. Amen! I've been sitting here for a week, face to face with the truth, with the past, with my weakness and poverty and nullity. I shall never touch a brush! I believe I've neither eaten nor slept. Look at that canvas!" he went on, as I relieved my emotion in the urgent request that he would come home with me and dine. "That was to have contained my masterpiece! Isn't it a promising foundation? The elements of it are all here." And he tapped his forehead with that mystic confidence which had marked the gesture before. "If I could only transpose them into some brain that had the hand, the will! Since I've been sitting here taking stock of my intellects, I've come to believe that I have the material for a hundred masterpieces. But my hand is paralyzed now, and they'll never be painted. I never began! I waited and waited to be worthier to begin, and wasted my life in preparation. While I fancied my creation was growing, it was dying. I've taken it all too hard! Michelangelo didn't, when he went at the Lorenzo! He did his best at a venture, and his venture is immortal. *That's* mine!" And he pointed with a gesture I shall never forget at the empty canvas. "I suppose we're a genus by ourselves in the providential scheme—we talents that can't act, that can't do or dare! We take it out in talk, in plans and promises, in study, in visions! But our visions, let me tell you," he cried, with a toss of his head, "have a way of being brilliant, and a man hasn't lived in vain who has seen the things I have! Of course, you'll not believe in them when that bit of worm-eaten cloth is all I have to show for them, but to convince you, to enchant and astound the world, I need only the hand of Raphael. I have his brain. A pity, you'll say, I haven't his modesty. Ah, let me babble now; it's all I have left! I'm the half of a genius! Where in the wide world is my other half? Lodged perhaps in the vulgar soul, the cunning, ready fingers of some dull copyist or some trivial artisan who turns out by the dozen his easy prodigies of touch! But it's not for me to sneer at him; he at least does something. He's not

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a dawdler! Well for me if I had been vulgar and clever and reckless, if I could have shut my eyes and dealt my stroke!"

From Henry James, "The Madonna of the Future," 1873.

Coming to Terms

"During the case nothing could stop him saying 'the King' and, on addressing him, 'Sire.' A member of the Convention said to Malesherbes, 'What makes you so bold?' 'Contempt for life,' he replied." —Simone de Beauvoir, on Malesherbes, age 72, the defender of King Louis XVI at his trial during the French Revolution, 1792

"I told you that I was going to write something: I tell everybody that. . . . It is a thing one can repeat each day, meaning to do it the next. But in my heart—that chamber of leaden echoes—I know that I never shall." —Oscar Wilde

"George Simmel records that one day Rodin had seen Rilke, who was in Paris for a visit, and had confessed, 'haltingly and in a tone of embarrassment, that today he had thought for the first time about death. And he spoke about dying, in the most primal and almost childish terms; dying as something incomprehensible: '*Pour-quoi laisser tout ça*—Why leave all this?'" —Frederic V. Grunfeld, *Rodin*

"No longer in Lethean foliage caught
Begin the preparation for your death
And from the fortieth winter by that thought
Test every work of intellect or faith,
And everything that your own hands have wrought,
And call those works extravagance of breath
That are not suited for such men as come
Proud, open-eyed and laughing to the tomb." —W. B. Yeats, "Vacillation," written at age 67

"Old, am I? In absolute terms, yes, if I am to believe the registry office, long-sightedness, greying at the temples, and grown-up children. Last week, for the first time, somebody gave up their seat for me in a tram, and that felt really funny. Subjectively, I don't feel old. I haven't lost my curiosity in the world around me, or my interest in my family and friends, or my taste for fighting, playing, and problem-solving. I still enjoy nature; it brings perceptible pleasures to my five senses, and I love to study it, and describe it with words. My organs, limbs, and memory still serve me well, although I am very aware of the grave implications of that word that I have just written but that I have uttered twice: 'still'."
—Primo Levi, after celebrating his sixtieth birthday, in *La Stampa*

"It's a long, long while from May to December
And the days grow short when you reach September." —"September Song," Maxwell Anderson and Kurt Weill, 1938

"At my age, why should I be afraid to make public protests along with Stokely Carmichael?" —pediatrician Dr. Benjamin Spock, age 80, on his indictment for protesting the Vietnam war, 1968

Questions for Thought and Discussion

1. In his retelling of his meeting Serafina, how does Theobold describe his reaction in first seeing the young mother and child?
2. What strikes you about his comments, "I've studied her; I may say I know her. I've absorbed her little by little; my mind is stamped and

imbued"? What do you think held Theobald back from attempting to paint "The Madonna"?

3. What does Theobald mean when he asks, "Have I worshipped too long —have I loved too well?"
4. How is it that someone can live in a dream world for years, but one "light accidental touch" can shatter the spell? What does this say about the power of others in our lives? About the strength of our illusions? Do you think Theobald really had no idea that he had "dawdled" and that his revered subject was now "old, old"? Why or why not?
5. How does the narrator find Theobald next? Why is that, even now, he cannot paint from memory?
6. What does Theobald mean by "I waited and waited to be worthier to begin"? Why, does Theobald say, he cannot transfer what is in his brain to his hand? Do you think he did not have the talent? What was he missing? Do you think it would be better to be "vulgar and reckless" or to have a head full of masterpieces? Why?
7. What do you find most compelling in James' description of this pathetic man paralyzed by his illusions?
8. How can you tell the difference in practice between the constructive inspiration of an ideal and the destructiveness of perfectionism?

The Greatest Book Never Written

"O, that is the painter who scrapes out every day what he painted the day before."
—a stranger to W. B. Yeats, talking of his father, John Butler Yeats

"He is never satisfied and can never make himself say that any picture is finished."
—W. B. Yeats, writing of his artist father

"Lord Acton would poignantly refer to his unfinished lifework—a history of liberty—as 'The Madonna of the Future'."
—Gertrude Himmelfarb, *Lord Acton*

"His history of liberty has been described as 'the greatest book never written'."
—Gertrude Himmelfarb, *Lord Acton*

WHEN OUR NAME IS OUR NATURE

GEORGE MACDONALD

George MacDonald (1824–1905) is among the world's greatest writers of fantasy. He is deeply influential on the world of English-speaking faith because, through his writing, he became mentor to C. S. Lewis and G. K. Chesterton, among several others. Born in Huntly, Scotland, he was a graduate of King's College, Aberdeen, and became the minister of a small dissenting chapel in Arundel, Sussex in 1850. Resigning two years later after disagreements with the deacons, he embarked on a precarious life of lecturing, tutoring, occasional preaching, writing, and "odd jobs"—often fighting lung disease and living on the verge of starvation.

George MacDonald is not usually reckoned to be in the first rank of writers, except in his fantasies and myth-making. (C. S. Lewis: "MacDonald is the greatest genius of this kind whom I know.") But though an average novelist, he was not only a master fantasist but a superb preacher whose Unspoken Sermons *have had an extraordinary impact on Lewis and many others.*

The following passage comes from his sermon "The New Name" (on Revelation 2:17). It makes a piercing and somewhat haunting point that stands in stark contrast to the fashionable modern notion that discerning our "giftedness and calling" and fulfilling "the real you" is a simple and straightforward matter. As with our identities themselves, our callings will always be partly a mystery until God himself gives us our names and we realize what he has had in mind for us all along.

True Identity

"He who has an ear, let him hear what the Spirit says to the churches. To him who overcomes, I will give some of the hidden manna. I will also give him a white stone with a new name written on it, known only to him who receives it."

—Jesus, in Revelation 2:17

"When a person is having a fainting fit and is in danger of wasting away, it is advisable to whisper his name into his ear, because his name has the power to call a person back to life." —Abraham J. Heschel, *A Passion for Truth*

The New Name

The giving of the white stone with the new name is the communication of what God thinks about the man to the man. It is the divine judgment, the solemn holy doom of the righteous man, the "Come, thou blessed," spoken to the individual. . . .

The true name is one which expresses the character, the nature, the *meaning* of the person who bears it. It is the man's own symbol—his soul's picture, in a word—the sign which belongs to him and to no one else. Who can give a man this, his own name? God alone. For no one but God sees what the man is. . . .

It is only when the man has become his name that God gives him the stone with the name upon it, for then first can he understand what his name signifies. It is the blossom, the perfection, the completeness, that determines the name: and God foresees that from the first because He made it so: but the tree of the soul, before its blossom comes, cannot understand what blossom it is to bear and could not know what the word meant, which, in representing its own unarrived completeness, named itself. Such a name cannot be given until the man is the name. God's name for a man must be the expression of His own idea of the man, that being whom He had in His thought when he began to make the child, and whom He kept in His thought through the long process of creation that went to realise the idea. To tell the name is to seal the success—to say "In thee also I am well pleased."

From George MacDonald: *Unspoken Sermons: Series One* (London: Alexander Strachan, 1889).

Last Call

"The voyage of my life at last has reached,
across tempestuous sea, in fragile boat
the common port all must pass through to give
cause and account of every evil, every pious deed." —Michelangelo,
one of his last "Sonnets of Renunciation"

"After this, it was noised abroad, that Mr. *Valiant-for-Truth* was taken with a summons by the same post as the other; and had this for a token that the summons was true, *That his pitcher was broken at the fountain.* When he understood it, he called for his friends, and told them of it. Then, said he, I am going to my Father's, and tho' with great difficulty I am got hither, yet now I do not repent me of all the trouble I have been at to arrive where I am. *My Sword* I give to him that shall succeed me in my Pilgrimage, and my *Courage* and *Skill* to him that can get it. My *marks* and *scars* I carry with me, to be a witness for me, that I have fought His battles, who now will be my Rewarder. When the day that he must go hence was come, many accompany'd him to the River-side, into which as he went, he said, *Death, where is thy Sting?* And as he went down deeper, he said, *Grave, where is thy Victory?* So he passed over, and all the Trumpets sounded for him on the other side."
—John Bunyan, *The Pilgrim's Progress*

"Nothing that is worth doing can be achieved in our lifetime; therefore, we must be saved by hope. Nothing which is true or beautiful or good makes complete sense in any immediate context of history; therefore, we must be saved by faith. Nothing we do, however virtuous, can be accomplished alone; therefore, we are saved by love. No virtuous act is quite as virtuous from the standpoint of our friend or foe as it is from our standpoint. Therefore we must be saved by the final form of love, which is forgiveness." —Reinhold Niebuhr

Questions for Thought and Discussion

1. How does George MacDonald view the link between one's "true name" and one's nature? How does God's naming a person give him or her meaning?
2. What does he mean by "the solemn holy doom of the righteous man"? How would this be on par with "Come, thou blessed"?

3. Read the sentence, "It is only when the man has become his name . . ." What is MacDonald saying? What do you think? When would this be in a person's life?
4. What is the connection between God naming us—"the communication of what God thinks about man to man"—and one's calling? Why is that only God can crown our callings with his name for us?
5. In the light of this passage, what do you think of the modern notion that gifts and calling can be specified and assessed easily?
6. What does this view of "becoming our names" mean for our sense of our own "giftedness" and "leaving a legacy"?