Lucretius and two others

Eva Taylor McKenzie

The University of Montana
Submitted in partial fulfillment
of the requirements for the M. A. Degree
University of Montana
September, 1924.
CONTENT

Introduction------------------------ p. 1

Lucretius-------------------------- p. 2

Jesus----------------------------- p. 32

Whitman--------------------------- p. 52

Comparisons----------------------- p. 66

Conclusion------------------------ p. 89
LUCRETIUS AND TWO OTHERS

INTRODUCTION

Lucretius died half a century before Jesus was born. Walt Whitman was born about eighteen centuries after Jesus died. In spirit these three are one—a trinity of love. One lived and wrote to make men see that death ends all. One strove and died to teach men that death begins all. The third lived and died believing in the goodness of life and death. Each has cut his name on Fame's high cliff. We know Lucretius as the author of a book. Jesus came to us through the words of his followers. Whitman lived and wrote among us. Separated in time, diverse in views, what have these three men in common that they should be studied comparatively? One bond links them together—a vision of man's need and its adequate supply. Other men have had such visions. Perhaps no other three could be picked from history so truly alike, so apparently different. Their individual ministrations to human life supplement one another and make a complete whole. Their lives, motives, and achievements placed side by side and evaluated show how richly man has been blessed by these, his three great friends, working from different view-points toward the same end.
LUCRETIUS

Titus Lucretius Carus wrote a poem in six books, "De Rerum Natura". That statement comprises his authentic biography. He was probably born at Rome in the last century before Christ. That he was a Roman is inferred from the passages in his poem in which he speaks of the Roman world as his country and the Roman language as his native tongue. (1)
The inference is also that he was a patrician. From an early date the name, Lucretius, was an honored one in Roman annals. The family was primarily patrician but had in Lucretius' day two or three plebeian branches. The patrician Lucretii had the surname Tricipitini. Titus was a not infrequent praenomen among the Lucretii Tricipitini. (2) Probably from this branch came the poet Lucretius. While this is only conjecture based on a slight clue, the fact that he is of high rank is clear from the poem itself. He was a cultured scholar and education was then a luxury possible only for the upper classes. He dedicates the poem to Memmius and addresses him as friend and equal. Memmius was a man of wealth and influence. (3) His references to wealth are not those of an outsider peering in but of one grown familiar by long contact. (4)

The cognomen Garus was almost unknown in the Lucretian gens. A pretty story of Lembinus says that he won the title Carus through the affection which he inspired. Of this there is no proof. (5)

* See last page for references numbered in order.
The little recorded of Lucretius' life comes from Jerome's Chronicle, probably copied from the lost work of Suetonius. (6) This record reads: "The poet Lucretius was born in the year 94 B.C. He became mad from the administration of a love-philter and after composing in his lucid intervals several books which were afterward corrected by Cicero, he died by his own hand in his forty-fourth year." (7) Every item of this Chronicle has been disputed.

Donatus in his "Life of Virgil" mentions the death of Lucretius as occurring on the day Virgil assumed the toga virilis. This date can be fixed. From this starting point discrepancies have been adjusted by scholars and the life-years of Lucretius are generally placed between ninety-nine and fifty-five before Christ.

It is impossible to prove or refute the other statements of Jerome. Though the story of the love-potion has no foundation beyond the Chronicle, it is a favorite one with lovers of Lucretius. The touch of romance gives added interest to a hero. Tennyson has used the item with great dramatic skill in his poem, "Lucretius". (8) After reading this sympathetic version one fondles a belief in the legend. At least it may embody a tradition of some tragedy in Lucretius life. (9) Tragedy, as well as romance, becomes a hero. It taxe}s credulity still more to accept the record of insanity. A work characterized by such close and continuous reasoning
as "De Rerum Natura" could hardly be the product of a disordered brain. (10) Were it so, well might his poetic successors have prayed: "Ye gods, give me a touch of that disease."

The words of Jerome "quos Cicero emendavit" have come in for a share of criticism. If Cicero corrected the poem, why does he make no reference to this work? It was not his way to "pass over" anything he had done. "as quintus the Cicero intended in the Chronicle? Some scholars think so. (11) Marcus Tullius wrote to his brother Quintus soon after Lucretius death:

"Lucretii poemata ut scribis, ita sunt, multis luminibus ingenii, multae tamen artis". (12) These words give no clue. Most authorities incline to Marcus as the editor. (13) The poem was evidently given to the world in an unfinished state due, no doubt, to the author's early death. Who edited the book matters little. (14)

Did Lucretius die by his own hand, as Jerome says? Why should he? The creator of a chef-d'oeuvre in behalf of soul-freedom? Why should he not? Death held no terrors. If life pressed too hard it was easy to cut loose from the pressure. (15) The intensity of mental strain and constant toil demanded by a treatise so elaborately worked out as "De Rerum Natura" may have wearied the ardent brain until he desired only rest. Death would bring it. The Chronicle stands surrounded by question marks that scholars have placed. Simmering all down we have--what? Lucretius, a Roman, lived
in the last century before Christ and wrote a book which has
come down to us.

If history does not speak Lucretius' name in trusty
words, the poem that he wrote is eloquent of its author. He
did not mingle much with fellow men. His talk is not of the
forum, the busy streets, the centers of interest in Roman
society so often mentioned by the other Latin poets. (16)
This attitude was not slovenliness. It was the aloneness that
marks all greatest beings. Bound at the base like mountain
peaks by rock and dirt they shere in common with fellow
peaks, they increase isolation as they rise. Lucretius was
absorbed in the problem he was working out to bless his
fellow men. He had little time for talk. In the work he
produced his seen a remarkable personality, fascinating in
its earnest intensity; a keen, active mind eagerly pursuing
truth and not shrinking from hard thought to attain its end
or from intellectual toil in the effort to give the truth to
others. The fiery soul of a fanatic thrusts up through the
lines and clinches the reader. The face reproduced in Munro's
edition from an old gem and supposed to be Lucretius' likeness
is the sharp, earnest face of a fanatic. (17)

But the voice in the poem and the face from the
gem are both athrob with kindest love. This is one of his
most striking qualities. It was love for men that lifted him
to his pinnacle, a yearning to free them from the futile and
frivolous chase after life's empty favor and from the shackles
of fear—fear of death and of the torments to follow. If he could show them that life ends at death, this paralyzing terror would vanish and life be filled with the sap of unembittered joy. He himself had been emancipated through the teachings of Epicurus. What this deliverance meant to him and his own heart's power of adoration are revealed in the tribute to Epicurus near the beginning of the poem:

When human life before our eyes lay low
Upon the earth, crushed foully and held so
Beneath religion's heavy weight who raised
Her head from heavenly realms and grimly gazed
With frightful face on mortals, then it was
A man of Greece first dared espouse our cause
And lift his mortal eyes to meet her own.
He first dared stand and face her, he alone.
For him no tales of gods nor lightning's flash
Nor heaven with thunder-menace could abash,
But made the more his mental metal keen;
So that he was the first the world had seen
Who longed to smash the bars of nature's gates
Close-bound. Thus did his mind defy the fates
And win by peerless might. And far beyond
The flaming walls of world, cut clear of bonds,
He went and all the boundless, endless space
He skimmed in mind and soul and from that place
As conqueror came back to us and brought
The truth of what can be and what cannot,
And how each thing a limit of its own
Has fixed, in fine, and deep-set boundary stone.
Religion now is grovelling 'neath our feet.
The victory makes us as the gods; 'tis meet. (18)

With courage unexcelled Lucretius set about
demolishing with this Epicurean-philosophy-weapon the prison
walls of superstition that those who would, might go free.
Coupled with this fearlessness was a pride in his self-set
task. Dryden says his distinguishing characteristic is "a
certain kind of noble pride and positive assertion of his
own opinions. He is everywhere confident of his own reasons." (1
It is not vainglory he exhibits but the calm assurance of a
reformer who knows his mission and feels equal to his task.
There was reason for pride as Lucretius saw it; he was the
first poet of the Epicurean philosophy and he believed
himself the first translator of the doctrine into the Roman
tongue. (20) He tells this fact in a passage of great poetic
beauty, at the same time stating his purpose in writing
and explaining why he clothed his theme in the garb of verse;

Come now and learn what is left you.
And list to my words so clear.
My mind fails not to notice
How vague these truths appear.
But great hope my heart has goaded
With fame's sharp prod close-pressed.
And tender love for the muses
Has slipped into my breast.
Since now it has tinged my being,

With mind alert I tread
Remote Pierian pathways
Where none have walked ahead.
I joy to come near new waters
And from them drink my fill.
I joy to gather new blossoms
And wind my head at will

With these gay twining garlands,
Plucked in a spot wherefrom
The muses to crown another
Have let no wreaths yet come.
For first about things so mighty
I teach and, still the bard,

Go on to cut loose men's souls from
Religion's knots tied hard.
And then on a theme so misty
My verses are so clear
And touch all things so sweetly

--The muse has lingered near.
This, too, seems not without reason;
But like the healers' lure
Who, when they give to children
vile-tasting wormwood-cure,
first touch the cup with honey
And all around the rim
with the liquid dew of honey
And golden sweetness limn;
So that these little children
Of unsuspecting years
Are cheated by the lip-sweet
And swallow with no fears
The bitter draught of wormwood,
Not harmed though thus allured,
But rather by these measures
Come through restored and cured.
So now, since for the most part
This teaching seems all wrong
To those who have not tasted
And from it shrinks the throng,
I wished in sweet-tongued cadence
Drawn from Pierean spring
To give you of my comfort,
My reasoning to you bring
And, as it were, with honey
--Of poetry's sweet song,
Perchance, by such devising
To hold your mind so long
Intent upon my verses
That I might make you see
Of things the utter nature,
How form and face must be. (21)

To understand how a philosophy commonly thought
creative only of easeful voluptuaries could evolve a zealot
propagandist with the fire of Lucretius, one needs a clear
view of the times. Rome in the last century before Christ
was a city of disturbance and dissolution intellectually,
socially, and politically. The regime of the Republic was
breaking down with its system of morels and beliefs. Rome
had grown from a primitive agricultural community into a
leading commercial city, building up along with its progress
an imposing structure of state worship. Into this had been
adopted gods from Greece with their temples, statues, and
priests. In Lucretius' time the system of religion remained
unchanged but it was a hollow form. Though magistrates,
priests and augurs performed their religious functions and
the populace kept holy festal days, little real religious
feeling remained. The people at large had a vague sense of
insecurity from the possible interference of divine beings
and a constant fear of death with its punishments in the lower
world. The more recent introduction of Oriental cults had only
intensified these fears among the common people. (22) The
educated classes were for the most part skeptics. Caesar, though performing his religious duties as Pontifex Maximus, was an avowed skeptic as to a future life. (23) Cicero pussy-footed about the matter saying guardedly that if there were to be a second life it would be good and not evil. (24) As the old religion lost its hold on the minds of educated men, a need was felt for something to take its place "as a guide to duty." Greek philosophy seemed to meet this need. (25)

Several different schools of philosophy had grown from the teachings of Socrates. Of these the four most noted were represented at Rome in Lucretius' day; the Academy, the Peripatetics, the Stoics, and the Epicureans. (26) The Stoic philosophy was best adapted to the Roman character. It had the largest following. Though the teachings of Epicurus had gained considerable advance among the better minds, it had had no worthy expounder until Lucretius became its champion. (27)

His choosing this school seems anomalous. He is stern and serious-minded. We should look for him in the Stoic group. He is speculative; the Peripatetics should interest him. He is fond of argument; the Academy afforded abundant scope. (28) "Epicurean" may suggest pleasure-loving to the thought of today, but to Lucretius it meant a stern and fearless search for truth. It was not however the ethical
system of Epicurus that won Lucretius, but the underlying speculative basis. Epicurus had allied his pleasure-scheme with the atomic theory of Democritus. Nor yet was Democritus the originator of this theory. Leucippus is credited with bringing it to Greece, having picked it up in some way from an old Hindu system of philosophy. Little is known of Leucippus save this fact. But this reveals him as a torch-bearer in civilization's race, lighting his flame at the ancient Aryan hearth, passing on the glow to Democritus, Epicurus, Lucretius. The spark was caught by chemists, physicists, by atheists, and divines. It was handed down to modern science through Cassendi, Boyle, Newton and Dalton. In its race through time the atom may have shrunk to an electron, but it is in principle the same "original substance" sought in all ages by ontologists, "that which alone remains permanent amid the changing aspects of the visible world."

Epicurus was an "heir of all the ages" who knew how to claim his estate. While the atomic theory was inherited from Democritus, the ethical side of his philosophy descended from Socrates through the Cyreneics. Through various transformations of the original teaching Aristeippus and the Cyreneics had set up happiness as the sole aim of life. Equipped with this double inheritance Epicurus wrote thirty-seven books in prose, calling his production Περὶ φύσεως while he accepted pleasure as the supreme good, he emphasized
its rational pursuit, teaching that all actions in which pains are going to predominate the wise man will refrain from; all which involve the more pleasure he will follow. In this he seems to have come pretty close to a modern conception of "satisfyingness and annoyingness". (32)

Though Lucretius followed Epicurus as unerring guide, he did not expound the whole Epicurean philosophy in his poem. His aim being to show men the way to freedom through an understanding of nature and the unvarying law that governs all, he set forth only those portions bearing on his purpose. His heart went out to the Democritean "atoms and void". These seemed adequate to explain all phenomena in the Universe. The source of men's terrors was ignorance of the facts of nature--how the world came into existence, how bodies and souls are made up, what causes natural phenomena, then commonly attributed to the direct agency of the gods. He had found the key to humanity's prison; "atoms and void" would unlock the door. They would prove that life is fenced by birth and death. No gods need be dragged into the explanation of creativity. No future life with threatening terrors skulked along man's path. He must give this message to man. How should he do it? Ordinary minds shy at reasoning. He would touch the rim of the wormwood cup with "honey of poetry's sweet song".
Inspired by this high purpose, Lucretius proceeded to write some seven thousand lines divided into six books. The first two books are devoted to giving an account of the original principles of being. Books three and four contain an examination of the nature of the soul, proofs of its non-existence after death, a theory of sensations and an account of certain biological functions. The fifth and sixth books aim to show that the creation and preservation of the world, the origin and progress of human society, and all the phenomena of nature such as thunder, tempests and volcanoes come from natural laws. There is no divine intervention. (33) In Book one, lines 931 to 934 he has stated the three aims of his writing: first, he will teach men about the profound things of the universe; then by his exposition of the theme and the application of philosophical principles, he will free their souls from the bondage of superstition; and lastly he will make his teaching and preaching pleasant by the charm of poetry. (34)

The poem should be studied from the three aspects he suggests. It may thus be approached with these questions: First as a teacher what theories of life and nature does he present? Then what moral precepts are included whereby human life may be reformed? And finally what art and genius as a poet does he display? (35)
After the invocation to Venus and the dedicatory words to Memmius, the general principles of his philosophy are stated, the fundamental one being: "from nothing, nothing comes". This is emphasized to show that divine fiat could not make a world and there are no gods whom men need fear. His main theme is atoms and void. Atoms are hard and solid, indivisible, indestructable, of different shapes and capable of all sorts of combinations; the large and heavy atoms unite to form earth and water while the small and light atoms make air and fire. Atoms need space in which to move. They find it in the "void", emptiness. Man is a mixture of body and soul. The soul—including the mind, "animus", and the vital principle, "anima"—is material. It is composed of the finest atoms as is shown by its rapid movement and the fact that it does not add to the weight of the body. It is united to the body as perfume to incense and cannot be separated from it without destruction to both. Death then is the end of both. Mental concepts are produced by the action of images, or idols, simulacra, on the mind. These images are dislodged from the surface of all objects and retain the shape of the objects. Some images are formed in the air spontaneously. When a man wishes to think of anything an image is ready to his mind. Vision is produced by these simulacra meeting the eye. "There is absolutely no
design in nature; the members of the body were found useful and were not made with that intent. The world is too full of defects to be a divine work. All is fortuitous and there are innumerable worlds. This world of ours will pass away! (36).

Such in brief is the teaching of Lucretius, of little value now as knowledge, but interesting for what it reveals of the ancient scientific gropings and of dim fore-shadowings of modern ideas. The "atom" that Lucretius loved is as sweet to the scientist of today though "by some other name". Physics and Chemistry interpret their phenomena on the assumption of indivisible particles. Other features of the atomic system that anticipate modern conclusions are its materialism, its attribution to nature of powers sufficient to carry out her ends, and its insistence that the senses are the fountains of all knowledge. Points of resemblance between Lucretian speculation and modern science are also seen in the theories of "the indestructibility of matter" and "the conservation of energy"; in the conception of equal velocity of bodies falling in a vacuum; in denial of design in nature and the claim to explain everything by natural law. Of more general appeal than the atomic theory is the account of the evolution of society from the lower to the higher without divine intervention, of the "survival of the fittest" in the "struggle for existence", and of the presentation
throughout the poem of the "age-long controversy between science and religion in an acute form." (38)

Equally interesting is it to note in Lucretius the defects of the ancient scientific method: generalizing from a few superficial instances, reasoning 'a priori', depending on observation instead of experiment, fancying it was possible for a system by a few bold hypotheses to explain the problem of external nature, of the soul, of the gods. His atomic theory itself has weaknesses. "No attempt is made to show how lifeless atoms, of negative quality except for shape can in combination generate life. No protoplasm is assumed". Duff says "the gap is concealed rather than bridged by terms implying creative power such as _semina_, seeds, and _genetalia corpora_, birth-giving bodies."

We are not so thrilled by Lucretius' "atoms and _vitas_" as he had hoped the coming man would be. But Lucretius the preacher has a real interest. That he sought to show men a new path of life in which death had no sting and superstition no victory is his crown of greatness. It is this that gives the poem its earnestness and has for twenty centuries lured readers in increasing numbers. The man-side of his _world-theory_ interests man. What has the preach to say? His ethical lessons are not set forth as a system:...
but appear here and there interwoven with his vast structure of materialism. The text is: "Rejoice for tomorrow you die". This means anything but "eat, drink, and be merry". It means first of all, "let your joy be the fact that you can die". He followed his master in the idea of pleasure-seeking as life's aim. This did not mean what later exponents of the doctrine have made it.

To Epicurus, the founder, and to Lucretius, the follower, pleasure meant a calm state of mind devoid of ambition's graspings and terror's cringings, free likewise from passion's ceaseless proddings -- the "pure heart". To attain this end of philosophic peace one must keep aloof from busy life, seek simple joys and hold a safe middle course. Epicurus encouraged the cheer of friendship and the virtue of benevolence. (40) In one of the very best passages of "De Rerum Natura" Lucretius scores the mad stirrings of ambition and depicts the heaven of philosophic rest. (41)

Although Lucretius introduced no new teaching of conduct, the view of human life he presents was new in the world. "A strong and deep flood of serious thought and feeling was poured into the shallow channel of Epicureanism." (42) While granting that the end of life is nominally pleasure,
"dux vitae dia voluptas", he believes that really it is a pure heart: "at bene non poterat sine puro pectore vivi". (43) The pure heart will be freed from fear and superstition. This will come from a knowledge of the universe, of the sure law of Nature as revealed in his system.

This terror then and darkness of the mind
Must be dispelled not by the sun's rays kind,
Day's gleaming shafts, but by the outer view
And inner law of Nature running through.
Whose first rule takes for us from this its lot:
By fiat nothing ever came from naught.
Forsooth a fear constrains all mortal men
Because so many things come to their ken
In earth and sky, whose workings in no way
Reveal their cause—"Deeds of a god", they say.
Wherefore I tell you, when we come to see
That nothing made of nothing can e'er be,
Then from that vision better shall we know
The thing we've chased and searched for high and low
--Both whence created are all things we see
And how without god's aid all things can be. (44)

Negation of a future life was not a sad thing to the ancients. It was more welcome than the uncertainty of post-death existence. This point is not easily grasped by
us who are imbued with Jesus' beautiful view of immortality. Macaulay said of Lucretius: "The greatest didactic poem in any language was written in defence of the silliest and meanest of all systems of natural and moral philosophy." (45) This may be true in part, but in spirit it is false. No system is silly or mean if it brings human hearts' comfort. Such was Lucretius' aim and by this aim he and his moral philosophy should be judged. The poem is not an assault on the Christian view of eternal life but a protest against the religious errors of antiquity. It was to hold up a deathless hope of deathful life, to purify the heart of superstition and free it from the passions of ambition and love and from artificial pleasures and desires. "The poem indicates the tendencies of the age. It is a protest against the degrading influences of impure superstition, against the sham and increasing degeneracy of society, against the reckless, mad, ambitious, ceaseless ferment of political life. It bids men take refuge and find truer happiness in higher things than luxuries of wealth, in pleasures of soul rather than of the body". (45)

While the preacher in Lucretius interests more than the teacher, it is, after all, the poet in him that keeps him reliving in each successive age. "It has been said the
subject of the poem involving continuous reasoning as it does and often technical phraseology or prosaic detail is unsuited to poetic treatment." (47) Many criticisms of similar nature have been presented from time to time. Mallock said: "In writing the poem the author's first thought was not poetry, nor is it poetical. It is a scientific treatise. There is poetry in it." (48) Still another critic thinks: "It was no happy idea to embody in poetry such a dry and mechanical doctrine." (49)

If these criticisms are true at all they are only half-truths. Lucretius did not claim to be writing poetry for its own sake. He did not disclaim the wormwood-cure within the honey-limned cup. The subject was indeed a hard one to put into poetry. Details of atoms bumping about the void, of gigantic forces operating in numberless worlds almost defy poetic treatment. The situation had relief in the Epicurean sympathy with nature, an opportunity that Lucretius used with rare poetic skill. (50) There is a fervor in the poem coming from its underlying purpose. The deep, earnest effort to help men give to the dry bones of argument a throb of vibrant life. Though the nature of the poem is didactic, this ethical purpose—to free men from the ills of superstition—gives a sort of epic movement coming from the onward sweep of thought. The theme is: without the intervention of any divine power the processes of nature and life ever go on. The purpose
and the theme are never lost sight of. Hence the poem with its system of continuous reasoning and un ITERLESS examples has unity. (51) Duff gives this comment: "Lucretius wrote an epic of creation. His poem......was possessed by a spirit of inquiry into the new end of criticism toward the old, with frequent elaboration and beauty, with a wealth of imagery and a poet's heart". (52) We may say, then, that the poem is didactic and epic. Nor is this all. It abounds in dramatic situations in satiric, elegiac and lyric strains. The description of the sacrifice of Iphigenia is a scene of tragic drama. (53) Book four tells in fine satire Lucretius' view of love. (54) And again in Book six there is mocking satire on the god who smites his own temple by lightenings.

And say, why does he strike the holy shrines of gods And with fell bolt destroy his temple gleaming bright? Fair-fashioned images of gods why smites he, pray? Why by foul wound take from his idols beauty's grace? (55)
The poet’s sympathy with life’s suffering is tenderly told in an elegiac strain in which he does not fail to introduce the comfort of his philosophy:

"No more now shall thy happy home
Greet thee with welcome, thy good wife
And those sweet offspring of thy life
No more shall rush up when thou’st come,

"And to thy lips fond kisses press
And thrill thy soul with silent bliss.
Thy prosperous business thee must miss,
Thine own be guarded thus the less.

"So wretchedly, oh wretched man,
All things were snatched by one fell day"--
Thus would-be comforters may say--
"So many prizes of life’s plan".

In these complaints they fail to add:
"Nor wilt thou care henceforth at all
Whatever fortune may befall,
Nor yearn for things or gay or sad".
If rightly this in mind they knew
And followed it in counsels given,
From fear and anguish would be riven
Their own hearts, those of others, too.

Just as in death thou dropp'st asleep
So wilt thou be for timeless time
From all harsh pain—a rest sublime—
Cut off, Nirvana thou wilt keep.

But we, whose tears unceasing flow,
Have mourned thee, near on funeral pyre,
Thy form surrendered to the fire.
No griefless day our hearts will know."

Thus, then, this man we ought to hail:
"Why is it such a bitter thought
That one to quiet sleep is brought?
Why pine for e'er with wasting wail?" (CC)

A powerful love-idyll is the scene of Mars overcome
by love for Venus. This occurs in the invocation to Venus
with which the poem opens. In this passage Lucretius has been
accused of inconsistency—he a god-defier invoking a god.
Whatever his view of the gods, he felt a power in the universe
inexorably pushing life toward procreation and perpetuation.
Little he cared what it was called, Venus, passion, or
nature. His address to Venus needs no excuse beyond its
own poetic beauty:

Oh Mother of Aeneas' sons, of men and gods delight,
Life-giving Venus who beneath heaven's gliding stars of night
Dost fill the sea that holds up ships, the land that bears
the fruit
With thy fond presence everywhere, since from thy close pursuit
Begotten is each kind of life and rises from its birth
To view the brightness of the sun; thee, goddess, thee in mirth
The winds run from; the clouds of heaven thy coming scud before,
For thee the Deedal earth brings forth sweet flowers held in store.
To thee the waters of the deep give smile, and heaven appeased
Glows radiant with the light of love and joy all-where released.
For just as soon as spring's first day has lifted up its face,
And fetters off, life-throbbing air of west wind starts his race,
The birds, light-poised, trill first of thee, Oh goddess, and
proclaim
Thy coming, smitten to the heart by power of thy name.
The tame beasts then grow wild and bound through pastures glad with green
And swim, distraught, the racing streams, each by thy power unseen
So held in bondage follows thee in eagerest desire
Where so thou leadest, going before the victim of thy fire.
Yes, on the sea and mountain tops and river running wild
And in the leaf-thatched bowers of birds and meadows flower-piled,
Stabbing the heart of all that breath with love's sure, subtle dart
Thou gain'st thy end so that each kind of life fulfills its part
And by relentless life-law driven doth reproduce its kind.
Since thou the nature of all things controll'st by thine own mind
And to the shining coasts of light without thee naught can rise
And all that's lovely, all that's glad beneath thy power lies,
Thee want I as my helper in the verses that I write
About the nature of all things and try to show the light
To Memmius, my friend, whom thou, Oh goddess, in all time
Hast wished to see surpass the rest in every grace sublime.
And so I ask of thee the more, divine one, please to give
Rare charm to words I have to say, may they forever live.
Grant, too, that in the meantime all war's cruel arts may cease
On land and sea allwhere, lulled by the crooning song of peace.
For thou alone canst give to men sweet peace from day to day
Since Mars it is, the god of arms, who holds war's savage sway.
And he oft to thy bosom comes, self-given to thy trust,
A captive, slave, o'ercome and quelled by love's eternal thrust.
And so with shapely neck thrown back he searches thy fair face
With hungry gaze and eager yearns for thee and thy embrace.
And on thy lips his very breath hangs—god, o'er mastered well.
Him do thou, goddess, wrap around with thy enchanting spell
And while he is so near and by thy beauty's power undone,
Pour from thy lips sweet, honeyed words beseeching, wondrous one,
That he may grant to Rome calm peace; for nothing can I do
With mind composed unless my country has a rest time, too.
Nor could the brilliant scion of the famous Memii
Forget the safety of his state in its extremity. (C7)

Whether or not Lucretius believed in the gods as
actually dwelling in some abode or regarded them as symbols
for poetic expression, his description of their serene ex-
istence is counted by some critics as the most beautiful
passage in Latin poetry. Lavish praise to Epicurus recurs frequently throughout the poem. One such passage introduces book three and serves as prelude to the lines on the abode of the gods:

Out of depths of the darkness to lift up a light
And to shed on life's blessings a radiance so bright,
Thou who first hadst the power, I follow but thee.
Oh thou glory of Greek race, thy foot-prints I see
Deeply-set, and my foot-steps now firmly I place
In thy tracks, not at all in the way of a race.
But because of the love thou hast fixed in my heart
I would imitate thee; for what sort of a part
Would be that of a swallow who challenged a swan?
Or with tremulous legs what chance has a fawn
Matched in race with the strength of a mettlesome steed?
Thou, revealer of truth, art our father indeed.
Thou a father's wise counsels to us dost impart
From thy pages, oh famed one, we gather each part
Of thy words, golden words, and as bees in a dell
All bedecked with gay blossoms drink from each sweet well
So are we likewise nourished on this thy rich word,
Most worthy throughout endless time to be heard.
For as soon as thy teaching began to be known

Truth of all things revealing, in holy mind grown,

Pled, the terrors of mind; sundered, walls of the world.

Through the limitless void I see how things are whirled.

And the glory of gods and their calm homes appear

Where the winds never menace nor storm-clouds severe

Come to ruffle their peace; nor yet of cruel snow

From the sharp frost congealed, the white bite do they know.

And forever the ether unflecked by a cloud

Bends above and through brightness wide-cast laughs aloud.

All their needs are by nature there fully supplied

Nor is sweet peace of mind any time them denied,

But the sweetest of all is to know that no where

Acheronian dwellings have power to scare.

And the earth does not keep us from seeing below;

'Neath the earth what goes on in the void we can know.

At these things, as it were, some rare pleasure divine

Has enfolded me, while a strange awe, too, is mine

Just to think by thy power we see nature so clear,

Uncovered, laid bare to our sight far and near. (58)

Tennyson has paraphrased this description of

the abode of the dead in lines that make all literal
renderings seem superfluous. In his poem "Lucretius" he

has united the spirit of the man and "De Rerum Natura"
in one immortal refrain. (58)
That Lucretius possessed the true poet's soul is shown not only in his descriptions of nature but in constantly recurring touches and allusions to natural phenomena that enliven his lines. It would seem that nothing in sea or sky or earth escaped his poet's eye. Like Jesus in the use of parables, Lucretius draws upon familiar, everyday instances for examples. The flocks of bleating sheep in green pastures, the grass jeweled with fresh dew, meadows studded with flowers, the echoing hills, the music of bird-notes at dawn, winds with forest-rendering blasts, mountain pines tempest-tossed, bridge-tearing floods, the ocean lashed to white-foamed fury, the every changing clouds, the sky so calm on a clear day or stirred to anger by storms—any phase of nature seemed ready to leap from his heart to his page when a vivid illustration was needed. This all inclusive love and response to every aspect of life is matched only by Whitman's unbounded sympathy with the universe. (58a)

Lucretius is a strange mixture of anomalies. Filled with poetic inspiration and mystic vision he spends his rare
gifts on a dry scientific treatise. With the fervor of a religious prophet he tears down the foundation of religion. (59) Denying the existence of gods he invokes Venus in a passage of rare inspiration and gives attributes of a god to Nature's law. Denying the divine, he deifies nature. (60) His view of life seems melancholy, but brave. He had lived through the horror of the Marian and Sullan massacres and the Catilinian peril. These gloomy periods are reflected in the sombre background of his writing. His gifts were rich—poetic fire and graphic power of depicting scenes, constructive ability combined with calm logic and scientific imagination and an ardent, sympathetic temperament. "De Rerum Nature" is more than a truthful presentation of the philosophy he espoused, "It is the one artistic utterance of Epicuresianism." (61)
If the search for facts regarding the life of Lucretius is disappointing to an eager admirer, equally so is the effort to isolate truth concerning Jesus. So wrapped in reverence and sacred traditions did his name early become that only a few of bold heart have ventured to plunge through the halo-cloud and search for reality. Some of these have been over bold and sought to explain Jesus as "cosmic truth in legendary form." A person is not necessarily a myth because mythical stories gather about him. It is characteristic of Oriental religions to honor their founders by glowing legends. Jesus was no myth. Within a generation of his death his words and acts were committed to writing. The time was too brief for the evolution of such a myth. The historicity of Jesus must be accepted. (52)

His birth date was by some error misplaced about four years. The span of his life would thus come between 4 B.C. and 30 A.D. Lucretius lived forty-four years; Jesus, not quite thirty-four, less than half his three score and ten. Both were young men at death. Life is not rounded out by length of years. Jesus' life-work covered only three of his thirty-three years. This brief view of him is all that history grants us. Shut behind a wall of silence or obscured
by legend-mist is his early life. Even his birthplace cannot be stated with certainty. The Gospels of Matthew and Luke give the Bethlehem-birth-story, but differ in every point save the place. In parts of Luke 'the better historical tradition that Nazareth was the native town is felt'. (53) Mark—best trusted Gospel—mentions no natal spot. John—least trusted—is likewise silent. The accounts of Matthew and Luke are followed in the recent "Life of Christ" by Papini—- a stimulating presentation for any disciple of Jesus. (63a)

Do we need to know just where Jesus was born? Could Nazareth or Bethlehem as birth-town explain the mystery of his personality and power? In either case he was born a Jew and lived most of his life in Galilee. He was not of the so called "upper class" like Lucretius, but came from the common people. Joseph and Mary, his father and mother, were in humble circumstances. They were not poverty-pinched. Life in those days was simple and required little beyond a comfortable existence. This could easily be secured by Joseph's trade; he was a carpenter. (64)

Family traditions, especially in religion, are potent to decide a man's life. When those traditions are infused through a child's system by a pious mother, his future is pretty much fore-shaped. Jesus' parents belonged to a group of Jews that may be called the Devout. Among these were also
Simeon and Anna, Zacharias and Elizabeth. They did not constitute a party or belong to any sect, but were the little remnant of Israel's pure and undefiled religious. In messianic expectation their place was midway between the zealots and the apocalyptists. The race of Israel trampled down by Assyrians, Egyptians and Babylonians for centuries were at this time under the Roman heel with Herod Antipas wearing the boot in Galilee. (65)

Throughout their humiliation and pain of servitude one comfort had upheld the hearts of the Israelites, the hope held out by Prophets down the years of a Messiah who would come from God to set them free. The various factions had different views as to his manner of coming. Some expected God himself to appear in judgement. The majority "looked for a son of David to sit on his father's throne". Even in this latter belief there were differences. The zealots expected a victory over all foes. The apocalyptists did not foster the thought of physical victory but with unshaken faith looked for God's power direct from heaven to destroy all sinners and comfort his people in a renewed earth. Daniel and the Revelation of John tell of such visions. Between these extremes were the devout who believed that God in his own time would raise up a king.
His reign would purify his own people as signally as win victories over their enemies. His triumph was to be chiefly spiritual, his victory won in the "strength of the spirit of God". (66) Jesus was nurtured by a mother who cherished these views. The effect of her teaching is revealed in his early life of service to his people and his messianic views of himself.

Even sacred tradition has little to tell of Jesus' boyhood. The Gospels of Mark and John pass over in silence his first thirty years. Matthew tells only of the visit of the Magi and the flight into Egypt, then jumps thirty years to John the Baptist and the Jordan-scene. Only Luke has any references to his childhood and these but two. One of them might be written of any good child, "The child grew and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom, and the grace of God was upon him." To this should be added that other statement of Luke: "And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and man". (67) The other reference pictures him in the temple at the age of twelve where he says to his anxious mother: "Why is it that ye were seeking me? Did ye not know that I must be about my Father's business?" (68) Biographers of Jesus call these his first recorded words. (69) The scene, whether historically
or only traditionally true has been used most effectively by poets and preachers. Whatever the authenticity of the account, we may believe that the wonderful mother "kept all these sayings in her heart", sensing without understanding a peculiar spiritual greatness about her boy and unspokenly suggesting to him his mission.

A century had passed since Lucretius expressed the changelessness of nature's laws. The great schools of all the countries which had accepted Grecian science were teaching the same truths that Lucretius had struggled for, chiefly this: that "everything in the world happens by law in which the personal intervention of superior beings has no share". Jesus was taught nothing of this. Imbued as was the Jewish race with the one idea of a deliverer who should place them supreme over their conquerors they taught the "Law and the Prophets". It is certain Jesus was never enrolled among the scholars of those Scribes who taught mainly the traditions of the fathers. Nor had he frequented any of the schools of the Rabbis. The education of a Jewish boy of the humbler classes was almost entirely scriptural and moral and this training was usually in the house of his parents. Joseph and Mary must have taught their son to read the "Shema and the Hallel and the simpler parts of those holy books on whose pages His divine wisdom
was hereafter to pour such floods of light". (72) He may have attended the synagogue school taught by the Hazzan or village school master. Undoubtedly he had learned to write—an art not commonly known. His references and quotations used in teaching show his knowledge of the sacred writings to be wide and deep. (73)

Whatever his instruction from parents and school master, we may know beyond conjecture two of Jesus' teachers—nature and God. His words and deeds reveal the lessons learned out in the sunshine and under the clouds and stars and spoken to his soul by the Father's voice which to him was so clear.

Nazareth was a good place for a thoughtful boy's home. Though scorned by the larger towns for its smallness or for whatever reason, it could boast a beautiful setting in nature. While the country around Jerusalem was woe-begone enough, Galilee, on the other hand, was shady and smiling. Lying in a green bowl on the hillside of a Galilean low mountain-range, Nazareth kept quietly at home hearing faint echoes of the busy world's life from the larger towns of Galilee and Judea and from outside nations now brought near by the unifying process of all-powerful Augustan Rome. Though the town itself was only "a heap of huts built without style"
yet the vines that draped much ugliness, the green garden-plots, the fig-trees, olive-trees, the white orange blossoms and scarlet pomegranites, the carpet of flowers of many hues, the doves flitting about, the hoopoes, and the bright blue roller-bird, "a living sapphire"—all made a scene of wonderful picturesqueness in March and April. (74)

Though the horizon from the town was limited, one had only to ascend a little plateau to obtain a splendid view. To the west was Mt. Carmel ending apparently by an abrupt plunge into the wide sea; to the south and east could be seen the mountains of the Shechem country with their holy patriarchal associations and the hills of Gilboa where wound the fateful road to Endor; far to the north arose snow-capped Hermon and crowding close up to its side lay Caesarea—Philippi, later the scene of Peter's great confession: "Thou art the Christ". "In no country in the world do the mountains spread themselves out with more harmony or inspire higher thoughts." (75)

In thirty years of life at Nazareth Jesus must often have climbed the hill and feasted on this "rich and lovely view". The mountains seem to have put their majestic stamp upon him. The most important acts of his life were connected with them. On their heights he often met God in
prayer. From "an high mountsin"Satan tempted him with a vision of world-power. (76) The "Sermon on the Mount" was his most inspired teaching. It was on a mountain top he was transfigured before his disciples. Jeanne d'Arc heard "the voices" calling her through the tree tops of Domnremy. Did Jesus first hear his Father's voice from the clouds that hugged the mountain sides and drifted across the valleys around Nazareth? This is only fancy, but God in his soul was a real fact to him as his whole life shows. (764)

We read the man Lucretius between the lines of his poem. In similar manner we conjecture Jesus' early life and training from his own sayings and the Jewish life of the times. Our real acquaintance with him begins only when he has reached the prime of manhood. He makes a dramatic entrance into history. The scene is laid on the shore of the Jordan. A peculiar looking man holds the center of interest. His name is John. His clothes are scanty and of desert make. He himself is gaunt and ill-fed looking with a wild air about his appearance and way of speaking. This comes from his intense enthusiasm. This prophet is terribly in earnest as he harangues the eager multitude before him and warns them to "repent for the kingdom of Heaven is at hand." (77)
They must shake themselves out of smug self-complacency as Children of Abraham, cease resting in forms and "bring forth fruits meet for repentence". As a sign of their regeneration an external rite of baptism had been inaugurated—either an origination of John's or a restitution of an older custom. From this rite he is known in history as John the Baptist. (78) One day while this reformer was administering his sacred rite to a repentent crowd, a young man presented himself for baptism. With a prophet's keen insight into character John felt the unusual spiritual presence. Whether or not he recognized Jesus as the Messiah whose coming he himself had been proclaiming, is not sure. It would seem to have been only while lying in prison that the thought occurred: "This Jesus may be the Messiah"; for he sent a deputation to ask him: "Art thou he that should come or do we look for another?" (79)

The baptism marked a turning point in Jesus' life. A vision came to him. Mark tells that he saw the heavens opened and heard God's voice. (80) This was a high tension experience and a reaction followed expressed in the Gospels as temptations of Satan. Whatever these temptations or of whatever length the victory of Jesus was complete. After returning from the wilderness, he went about his life work and unceasingly pursued his chosen path until the end on Calvary.
His public ministry probably covered about three years—brief in time, long in service. Did he begin in Galilee or Judea? It matters not. Most of the time seems to have been spent in Galilee. At first only a few humble followers were drawn to him. The number grew rapidly and their devotion was unbounded. Many of the fickle crowd soon lagged in enthusiasm. Numbers of followers lessened. Enemies sprang up on every hand. The Scribes and Pharisees sought to trap him. He felt the approaching doom. But he was not ready to die yet. These disciples needed more intensive training to carry on the work when he should be gone. He withdrew with them to the sea coast near Tyre and Sidon. How long this journey lasted or just what course he followed on returning to Jewish soil the Gospels do not tell clearly. It is probable he went up to Jerusalem to the Feast of Tabernacles feeling sure that death awaited there. (80a)

The last week at Jerusalem is given by the Gospel writers in detail from day to day—a series of dramatic events culminating in the victory of his enemies and his death on the cross. Whether the accusers were Jews or Gentiles he "was condemned to death because of his Messianic claims". Pilate
had inscribed on the cross "This is the King of the Jews." (81)

Two phases mark the public ministry—teaching and preaching on the one hand and healing on the other. His first appearance in Galilee was as "a popular preacher." Sometimes his message was given in a Synagogue; often by the lakeside or from a boat; again in the street or house or on a mountainside. His method combined the prophet's preaching of repentance and the "pedagogic element of the Scribes' manner of teaching." (82) Lucretius built his whole system on speculative reasoning introducing his ethical principles here and there. Jesus cared not for argument. As Lucretius went at once to the heart of his message by denouncing men's enemy, religion, and proceeded to reason it down; so Jesus began abruptly with his life-lessons and thrust them home not by argument but by example and parable and by the inherent force of the principle itself backed by his own deep earnestness. He is distinguished as the master of the parable. Somewhere in those thirty years of public silence he had made his mind rich with life—the everyday life of the common people among whom he lived, the life of nature as seen in bird and beast and flower. When his maxim needed an illustration he quickly drew on this well-filled storehouse. (82a)
Jesus was not the inventor of the parabolic method of teaching. This he must have learned from the Scribes in the Synagogue. Parables that have descended in the rabbinic tradition show such similarity of form and matter to Jesus' parables that both must have come from the same source. (83) But if not the originator Jesus was the amplifier of the parable and because of the enrichment he gave to this method by his own burning zeal, by his drawing on nature's unlimited sources and by the warm throbbing content of the ethical truth wrapped inside, he well deserves the title as creator of the unique parable.

Jesus' mission was to free men. For this, too, Lucretius wrought. In ideals they walk together for a little way with unity. Both would free men from prevailing forms that burden. Their ways part. Lucretius throws overboard religion and everything connected with it. Jesus tries to retain the old foundations. He claims not to destroy the Law but to fulfill. Forms concern him only so far as they encumber the truth. It is the truth of his message he seeks to drive home by his preaching and teaching. A man's soul is the jewel he is after. And so the second phase of his method—healing—seemed almost an interruption, though to it so much of his time was given. Whatever we may call
the method of cure, miracle, faith, auto-suggestion, or what-not, there can be no doubt that many suffering bodies were made whole by the touch and word of Jesus. His personality was a welling fountain of spiritual power that transformed whatever came near it in sympathetic seeking. The last element was an essential one. There had to be the seeking, the trust. "He did not many mighty works there because of their unbelief." (84)

The teaching of Jesus centers about the Kingdom of God. This was his first text as recorded by Mark: "The time is fulfilled, and the kingdom of God is at hand; repent ye and believe the Gospel." (85) What did he mean by "the Kingdom of God"? To the Jews this was the event long awaited—the Messianic kingdom set up on earth with the destruction of their foes. This view was not repudiated by Jesus. He had cherished it together with his countrymen. This sort of a kingdom is a part of the idea he had in his proclamation of the kingdom's nearness. (86) But in his mind the second part of his ringing challenge overshadowed the rest: "repent ye and believe the gospel". This was a new phase of the kingdom. John had proclaimed it in the same words and with similar content. To the Scribes and Pharisees, steeped in externals, it had little meaning. In Jesus' mind it contained the very
germ of the Kingdom. Before God could set up an earthly
kingdom there must be a preparation of souls. This was the
burden of Jesus' whole teaching. To him, then, the Kingdom
of God meant not only earthly power but also a spiritual
realm within the man. The value of this dimmed to his eye the
idea of temporal power so dear to the Jewish heart. Out of
these two views of the Kingdom grew the divergences between the
Jews and Jesus that developed into bitter hatred, persecution
and death to him. (86a)

"The teaching of Christ consists in the understanding
of life." (87) Life did not mean to him breathing, eating,
sleeping. It meant being the thing man was created to
be -- a spirit, of the nature and substance of God who was the
great spirit. Herein is involved the mysticism of Jesus
and the mystery of life. Lucretius had felt the mystery.
He tried to explain the soul as material, made of indestructible
atoms put together in destructible form -- hence doomed to die.
But even in his explanation there was some confusion. He
named two forces: animus, the soul; anima, the vital principle.
These two were not clearly distinguished and at times the terms
were used interchangeably. In Jesus' own mind there was no
confusion. Man was a deathless soul, housed in a body, but
only for a brief time. The body must not dominate its
occupant. The Scribes and Pharisees had gone far afield from
man's true nature. The man himself, spirit, was hidden and
crushed beneath a weight of forms and traditions. This was wrong: "A man who lives in the spirit is above all external rites". (87)

Linked with this view of man as a spirit and the Kingdom of God as an inward state was his thought of God as Father. The idea was not new. Ancient Israel had believed in God as father of the chosen nation. The teachings of later Judaism had traces of a faith in God as the Father of each individual believer. "Jesus was here the consummation of what already existed." But nowhere in Jewish teaching was faith in God as the Father expressed with such simplicity and certainty as Jesus conceived it. (88) Not only was God the "Father in Heaven", he was the loving Father. To the majesty inherent in the Jewish thought of God, Jesus added a tender, vital element of love. The spiritual kingdom which he proclaimed to be at hand was a kingdom of love. The greatest commandment as Jesus reminded the questioner on this point was: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy soul and mind and might". The Jewish love of God was a feeling of awe in the presence of an all-powerful monarch. In the kingdom Jesus proclaimed, men would love God just as God loved him—the tender footing of father and son. (88)

In this kingdom of love it was not enough to know God as loving Father and to love him first. "Thou shalt
love they neighbor as theyself”. However these commandments had been regarded hitherto, Jesus gave them a new force and phase. The Scribes and Pharisees knew little of neighborly love. They despised the uneducated common people, "Ye lade men with burdens grievous to be borne". The idea of a common brotherhood was new, distasteful to them. It was Jesus' main tenet, the union of religion and ethics in his teaching, his leading thought in government. He taught the great democracy. "In the kingdom of Heaven are neither greater nor less; all are equal." (89) "He apparently wished to be recognized as the founder of a society the members of which whether Jews or Gentile should resemble him, their Teacher and type in their faith in a loving Heavenly Father, in their love of other men, and in such a willingness to count this faith and love the highest good in life as to be ready to sacrifice all else rather than them. Where they went, as where he was, the kingdom of God was. The group of men thus devoted to a religious and moral life--the kingdom of God--he seems to have believed would ultimately transform society into a great brotherhood of love and service and trust in God.

Repentance was urged not as a means of bringing in the kingdom, but as a preparation for membership in it when in the Father's
good pleasure it should appear." (90)

The commands to love God and to love one's neighbor were new only in respect to the interpretation Jesus gave them. He made them alive with meaning. Nor did he stop with this. A more startling interpretation of love to men was yet to follow. He cuts across the law, cuts across the very instincts of the man-animal with the command: "But I say unto you, love your enemies". To love one's friends is easy. There is no struggle involved. But to love one's enemies is a long stride of the soul from its bodily captivity--a stride only a few have been able to take in the centuries since Jesus spoke. (91)

One more phase completes Jesus conception of the Kingdom of love. Citizenship in this kingdom demanded love for God, love for one's neighbor, love for one's enemy and it also involved love for one's self. Jesus knew what a man is worth when "viewed in the light of his infinite possibilities." He wanted man to have that same view of himself, to love the God within himself and free that divine part from the power of flesh-chains. This was his mission--to teach men the value of their immortality. (91)

Compared with this, things of the earth-life seemed of so little value he paid little head to them. Ambition, political
power, wealth, high position—what a waste of time these involved for a man who should be fitting for eternity with God! Lucretius deprecated the same vain strivings. His goal was peace of mind the little time man has to live since death is the end. Jesus’ goal was a soul educated for God’s never ending kingdom.

Closely associated with the teaching of the kingdom was the idea of the Judgment. John, too, had preached that. But there was a sternness and harshness about his warnings so different from Jesus’ tender concern. Jesus taught that God would come to judge the world, not by nations, not as Jews or Gentiles—as the Jews were expecting—but each individual was to be judged on his own moral worth. He must fit himself to stand the test. The punishment for those who failed would be banishment from God. The reward for those who heard "well done", endless existence in the presence of God. (92)

Out of Jesus’ ideas regarding the Kingdom of God and the Judgment to come grew all his ethical and religious system. If these ideas seem too vague and idealistic, one has only to read Mark’s Gospel with its crisp vigorous movement and there find definite, practical application in sayings and doings.

While he clung firmly to the law as a whole, he
undercut in detail some of its most cherished teachings. His word that the Sabbath was made for men disregarded the Old Testament conception. In repudiating the "eye for eye and tooth for tooth" formula by his law of non-resistance and forgiveness he set himself squarely against the Mosaic Law. He revolted from Old Testament ordinances in asserting that nothing from without a man could defile him. In standing for inward purity before outward, for righteousness before Sabbath-keeping, for filial love before sacrifice, for mercy and truth before the tithe, he was trying to free the moral element of the law from its incumbrances. (93)

The true spirit of Jesus' teaching is its absolute idealism. In order to possess the world, we must renounce it; to be first, we must be last. To live, we must die. He that hath not shall lose what he hath. Smitten on one cheek, a man must turn the other. "The most remarkable thing about his teaching is that it has had such an unparalleled influence when so few people of his time or since have been capable of even grasping it." (94)

If the people of Jesus' time could not understand the high ethical content of his message, they did not fail to grasp the unselfish lesson of the man's life. A language of loving service is intelligible even to the most benighted. "A great human brotherhood in its widest sense overflows in all his teaching." (95) Whitman nineteenth hundred
years later built his religion on this foundation of Jesus and carried on the Master's teachings of a "Kingdom of Love", translated into the American tongue as a "Democracy of love".
WALT WHITMAN

Walt Whitman was peculiar. Any one else would have been Walter Whitman. This he was originally. His first published writings bore the full name. But the familiar term "Walt" given at home to distinguish him from his father, Walter, pleased him better and he adopted it. (96) His family always realized that Walt was different from the rest of them. They felt that he was destined for some sort of fame. (97) His mother was wont to say: "Walt is a good boy, but strange." (98) Critics later admitted the strangeness but some were reluctant to see the goodness. They said he wrote queer poetry—that it was no poetry at all; that he said queer things. So he did. His very dress was eccentric; a light gray suit of good woolen cloth, slouch felt hat, broad-collared shirt with collar wide open at the neck and no tie—no one else dressed that way. He was "comprehended by no formula" of fashion. (99)

In seeking to estimate a man as a literary or moral factor of life's advancement some knowledge of his ancestry and early surroundings helps. Especially is this true in Whitman's case. Although so distinctively sui generis, he revealed strongly marked hereditary traits. The passionate love of freedom, key-note of his life and work, was instilled into him by Grandmother Hannah Brush with tales of the revolution in which his grand-father Whitman had fought. All the line of Whitmans appear to have been of "democratic and heretical
tendencies." (100) They were of English stock and had come to Connecticut near the middle of the seventeenth century. In 1660 Whitman's great grandfather settled at West Hills, a hamlet in the township of Huntington, Long Island. Here remote from centers of population a democratic, freedom-loving community flourished, more independent even than Connecticut of Charter fame. (101)

The mother, Louise Van Velsor, was of Holland-Dutch descent from a line of farmers and sailors. Major Cornelius Van Velsor, Walt's grandfather was a jovial, free-hearted Americanized Hollander. He had a homestead at Cold Spring Harbor, three miles from West Hills. The grandmother, Naomi Williams, was "a woman of exceptional, spiritual character," of rare intuition and kind, loving disposition, a member of the Society of Friends. Her daughter Louise was like her, sweet-natured, sympathetic, spiritual. Whitman and his mother were bound by an unusually tender attachment. He always spoke of her as "dear, dear Mother". (102)

In this glimpse of ancestry is a foreshadowing of predestination. On the Whitman-Brush side democratic ideals can be traced back to the third and fourth generation. In the Van Velsor Williams line come Dutch poise and deliberation of movement together with frugality and, most significant of all, rare spiritual vision accompanied by Quaker love of
simplicity. (102a)

The surroundings of childhood had much to do with shaping the future poet. West Hills was situated amid island. Near the Whitman home was Jaynes Hill, the highest point of land in Long Island. It rose to the giddy height of three hundred and fifty feet. From this elevation all the surrounding country could be taken in at a glance—a scene of rare picturesque beauty. East and West nestled farm houses among undulating hills and plains. To the north gleamed Long Island Sound. Southward the white breakers of the ocean dashed against the shore. Daniel G. Brinton recorded his impression of West Hills: "Here on this spot, I believe I caught what I had hoped I might—the inspiration of the scene which, unconsciously to himself, had moulded Walt's mind. The peasant sturdiness of the landscape, its downright lines, its large sweep, its lack of set forms created the mould into which his later thought was cast. Neither years of wider life nor witnessing grander beauties altered him from what the West Hills had made him." (103)

When Walt was about five years old his parents moved to Brooklyn; but this did not separate him from the old home. Year after year he came back to visit his grandparents and in later life to feast his soul on the loved
ses, the clouds and woods that had become a part of his very life. Brooklyn was then a city of a few thousand residents, retaining a country air but contributing enough hustle and bustle to furnish a lively change from the quiet country home. Then, too, New York was near and from this opportunity of mingling in a real metropolis Whitman conceived the second of his two great contradictory passions—love of crowds. The first—love of solitude—had been born with him and nurtured in early life on the Long Island sea coast. (104)

The Whitmen of New England had retained the academic traditions of the locality. Of Harvard graduates these were twelve: Yale, five, other colleges, nine. Walt fell outside this line. From necessity or choice his technical education ended when he was thirteen. He had attended the Brooklyn public schools off and on until about 1833 when he was apprenticed to the printers trade in the office of "The Brooklyn Ster". At this time he was about fourteen, his birth date being May 30, 1819. Most of his education came from first hand contact with life. This was more suited to his temperament than the essential conformity of schools. His industrial repertoire was long and varied: first a farm-boy, then printer, school-teacher, editor, carpenter, writer, lecturer, traveller, mechanic, army-nurse, and government clerk. This list suggests haste, but Whitman was never guilty of that.
His life was a pleased and interested saunter through the world—no hurry, no fever, no strife, hence no bitterness, no depletion, no wasted exercises." (107)

The father was a carpenter and during these years while Walt was finding himself he assisted his father in building several houses. Brooklyn was just starting on an upward growth and an exceptionally good opportunity of business in that line opened. In fact he had started on the road to wealth. It was a meager start—no more. Wealth held no lure. Brothers might chide and call him foolish. (108) Life to him meant crowds of men in city streets, close contact with ferry-men, pilots, omnibus drivers, car conductors, mechanics, all sorts of workmen; or else a lone tramp along the sea shore, pausing to write a verse or two or to read from one of the masters usually taken along. Bliss Perry has characterized these early manhood days as a period of "blissful vagrancy", without conscious purpose but all the while developing a "slowly-shaping impulse toward some form of literary expression." (109)

Solitude of sea-shore, wide open country stretches, unlimited cloud-dashed skies, thrush-echoing woods, crowded city pavements, ferries, omnibuses, theatres, hospitals, prisons, and a varied line of occupations—all poured their tides of influence into the stream of ancestral and home-taught traits that were forming the poet. Other influences were early at work. In the sketch "A Backward Glance Over Travelled Roads" Whitman mentions a few of the masters in literature that stirred him.
When he was sixteen a volume of Walter Scott's poetry came into his possession. This proved to be "an inexhaustible mine and treasury of poetic forage". Later on during summers and falls he would go off for a week or more at a time to the shores of Long Island and there alone with nature master other world-books. In this way the Old and the New Testaments were absorbed. Then Shakespeare, Ossian, Homer, Aeschylus, Sophocles, the Nibelungen, ancient Hindoo poems, Dante and others. (110)

Nearness to New York gave the opportunity of meeting or hearing great men of the day. Among these were Andrew Jackson, Webster, Clay, Seward, Van Buren, Kosuth, Halleck, the Prince of Wales, Dickens. When a child of five, he had been lifted into Lafayette's arms and kissed by the famous French Count who was paying America a visit and who must have felt the charm of that rosy, round Dutch child-face. He collected scrap books of his impressions of men and events that interested him, of articles on many subjects culled from many sources. Everywhere he was observing, absorbing, reflecting, thinking, piling up a store of knowledge, developing universal sympathy, salting down wisdom—this was his poetic apprenticeship. (111)

Whitman had learned the printers trade at fourteen. Then a little later he edited several papers and was also
a contributor to leading literary magazines. While still a young man he had written a story or two. These youthful efforts bear little resemblance to his later work but they reveal one or two traits that never left him—a deep earnestness and high purpose, a sympathy with life in any phase. About 1850 when Whitman was thirty-one a sudden change from all these early efforts occurred. This has sometimes been called his conversion. From this time on he seemed to be following a definite purpose. Out of this transformation grew his poems and from that time he and his "Book" were inseparable in his thought. What he had become by his conversion went into the book. In this as in a mirror he is seen. (111a)

Although Whitman seemed suddenly to awake to a literary mission yet all his life had been leading him forward to this point. Ancestry, contact with open nature and with human nature had been preparing Whitman to raise a new standard of freedom. (112) Lucretius had preached his death gospel to help men—loving them and pitying them. Jesus had preached the Gospel of everlasting life and Salvation—loving men and longing to show them their son-
ship to God. Whitman guided by the same impulse—a love for man—put into literary form his teachings of the large unity and goodness of life and death. Not wishing his teachings to be made into dogmas, but sensed by each soul, he tried to make them infomulateable. His success in that line is complete. These are his warning words:

"I charge you, too, for ever, reject
those who would expound me—
for I cannot expound myself;
I charge you that there be no
theory or school founded out of me;
I charge you to have all free
as I have left all free." (113)

Though no "coherent Scheme of thought" can be extracted from his voluminous writings, yet his attitudes to the Universe and to human life are discernible in his "Book", "Leaves of Grass". This supplemented by such prose selections as "Specimen Days" and "A Backward Glance Over Travelled Roads" sheds some light on his soul of the new conversion. His thought toward the world was one of unlimited reverence. "Every detail of it contained for him God". He believed in
immortality but what it will be was left dim and vague.

A strong, sure faith in the underlying goodness of things is expressed in these lines:

"My foot is tenoned and mortised in granite,
I laugh at what you call dissolution,
And I know the amplitude of time.
I know not how I came of you and
I know not where I go with you;
But I know I came well and shall go well". (114)

He is impatient of creeds and dogmas—these suggest binding and freedom is his watchword. But "Religion" as he interprets it is fundamental:

"I say the whole earth and all the stars in the sky are for Religion's sake.
I say no man has ever yet been half devout enough,
None has ever yet adored or worshipped half enough,
None has begun to think how divine he himself is, or how certain the future is.
I say that the real and permanent grandeur of These States must be their religion;
Otherwise there is no real and permanent grandeur; (Nor character, nor life worthy the name, without religion; Nor land, nor man or woman, without Religion)"

To Lucretius, "religion" meant superstition, a belief in terrors of the lower world. Whitman's religion was quite a different thing. It meant the recognition of a benign force--God-in-everything. In this respect he seems to come close to some phases of more recent thought as well as to Emerson's ideas of the divine. His "cosmic enthusiasm" has an element of mysticism not easy to understand, and, more difficult still to define.

There is, however, one phase of his creed that 'he who reads may know'. His love and sympathy with man and with every created thing are unmistakable. He calls himself the "caresser of life". A casual glance over some of his pages would give one the impression of reading the catalogue of a second-hand store opened up by life--everything seems inventoried hit-or-miss. Yet the "caressing" touch is in it all. There is unity in the seemingly disjointed array--the unity of the all-embracing, all-pervading cosmic force, the Godness of everything. Out of this wide sympathy came whatever
Next to his "Cosmic enthusiasm"—that belief in the good law of the Universe—is his faith in the individual, the wonder of a personality. The two great facts are "the world and man". Out of his reverence for human personality came his creed of Brotherhood and his Gospel of Democracy. Each individual is entitled to his own freedom. He should have his say. So too in every person, there is a democracy. Each part of the individual has a right to be heard. "He believed that the time had come for an utterance out of radical human nature; let conventions and refinements stand back, let nature, let soul, let the elemental forces speak." (117) From this conception of man-the-democracy with each part entitled to a voice grew the passages of Whitman's poem that brought such bitter condemnation upon the author. It is well for human beings to accept and idealize flesh-fetters they cannot break—a sop from the animal to the angel. But the beauty of the idealized bond is so evanescent, a rough breeze shatters it. Shouting it in the streets like the call to a passing cart for a loaf of bread is pretty harsh treatment. Many of Whitman's friends wish he could have followed Emerson's advice about reticence and still be true to his convictions of what he owed to man-the-democracy.
Democracy--so wonderful in idealistic contemplation--has grave dangers skulking around. The inferior elements are more numerous than the finer. Is it justice or equality when these less developed units by combination vote down the few who by vision-guided struggle have been race-lifters? Man--Whitman's man--is not exempt from the dangers of any democracy. Especially is this realized when he is looked at in the light of his antecedents. The power of his inherited nature cannot be disregarded. "In that awful and sublime process amid tragedies and horrors unspeakable, miseries untold, baseness unavoidable, we see man--for all his faults and follies--making himself out of a brute into a demi-god. Proto-man was at the pinnacle of organic evolution, its most successful type; not because he was possessed of a faculty of reason, but because he was just a little, but only a very little, more intelligent than other animals. By virtue of that infinitesimal margin of rationality in his dim mental process his further evolution was secured and accomplished." (118)

From the feeble flicker of reason detected in Proto-man to the brain of a Lucretius seems an inconceivable leap. It was no leap but a hard-won climb. Jesus knew nothing of evolutionary theory as the modern scientist understands it; but his knowledge of man, the man-to-be, was infinite.
He sensed the struggle without defining it. His one purpose was to help man hold the ground already won and gain one more height—sure knowledge of his God-nature. This meant a battle for victory. But the end would repay. "He that overcometh shall inherit all things." Full of this vision of man's rise into a spiritual self-knowledge, he had little concern for the body's voice. Nature had overstressed that side. He must help men stress their God-side. Many have believed of men:

"Liberty of doing evil gave his doing good a grace".

Jesus' view might be stated:

"Liberty of being God-man made his being beast-man crime."

His own words are: "This is the condemnation that light is come into the world but men love darkness rather than light." (119)

Whatever may be said in praise or blame of parts of Whitman's poems, the man himself was of fine delicacy of soul. His all-embracing love drew around him friends of the highest type as well as those from the lowest walks in life. A deep attachment existed with Emerson, Thoreau and Alcott. Among his dearest friends were Stedman, John Swinton, Charles Eldridge, Bryant, Garfield, William D. O'Connor, John Burroughs.
In England John Addington Symonds, Edward Carpenter, Mrs. Anna Gilchrist were ardent disciples. In America Dr. Bucke, Transel, Ingersoll, Donaldson, and many others were his lovers and comrades. All who knew him bear testimony to his fine, clean nature, his rare courage in days of reverses, his generous thought and word even of those who reviled him. (120)

If portions of his conduct seem open to censure, the critic should remember that no one knows—at least no one has ever revealed—all of Whitman’s life. There were silent years of which he refused to speak even to dear friends. (120a) What forces beyond his own control shaped those years may always remain a mystery. One thing is clear, a man whose tender care of mother and sister and afflicted brother never flagged, whose heart of love took in every human being or every created thing, whose belief in God gave him assurance that all must be well in life or death—such a man could not be "far from the Kingdom of God" for which Jesus lived and died.
COMPARISONS

From points of place and time remote each from the others these three wise men—as those of old—have met on a common plain. Unity of motive is the meeting place and each has been guided by the same star—love for men. Their richest treasures of heart and mind are brought along. The simile need not be pushed farther. But some of their contributions show similarities that make comparison of interest. Their differences are no less significant.

There is unity in their vision of man's greatest need—freedom. Lucretius saw the crippling work of fear in the human mind. The world was in bondage to superstition, or as he termed it, "religion." Dread of death and the possible torments to follow embittered every phase of life on earth. Jesus saw man fast-bound by chains of sin and empty forms and held from realizing his true self. Whitman felt that men were fettered by old traditions in customs, in government, in poetry, in thought of man himself. In each mind the solution was the same. Truth would set men free. But here the old question of Pilate rises: "What is truth?". The truth that Lucretius would apply as remedy was the unerring law of Nature. Dissolution stamps everything, soul as well as body. Hence man is bound to die. "While he lives he should rejoice and be free from care. Whatever suffering there is he meets in life. There is nothing after death."
The "truth" of Jesus' message is man's undying soul. His true self is a divine self, of the same nature as God, the Father. Sin fetters and binds him. If he once knows the 'truth' of his Godness no bonds of sin can be strong enough to keep him from his birthright. "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free." Whitman followed Jesus in belief in immortality. He was so sure of God,—or cosmic force,—and His beneficent plan that neither life nor death mattered much. All was bound to be well. Man was to find his real freedom in this knowledge of "goodness or "Godness" in every clog, in his own body as in his own soul. America would find her fullest freedom by a new stressing of Democracy in a brotherhood of love. (121a)

With such visions for man's good each of these seers was "called" to the ministry of life. Not one doubted his call. Not one hesitated or made excuse. There was in each heart as it felt the appeal of need, that old time response: "Here am I, send me". Conviction of the call and the ready response brought to each sure knowledge of the path to be followed and a high confidence in his mission.

No data exist to tell how Lucretius came to grasp his life mission. In some way he had come in contact with the philosophy of Epicurus and this meeting was his conversion. He must tell the truth to his countrymen in their own language. His confidence in himself as able to cope with the mighty subject is the self-faith of every true reformer.
For first about things so mighty
I teach, and still the bard,
Go on to cut loose men's souls from
Religion's knots tied hard.
And then on a theme so misty
My verses are so clear
And touch all things so sweetly--
The muse has lingered near.

The Gospel story of Jesus shows him taking
up and steadily pursuing his mission. Home training, his
Jewish education, his own earnest, thoughtful nature had
doubtless all been factors in the preparation. The vision
at his baptism, the talk with God alone in the wilderness--
all tended to crystallize his belief in himself as the Messiah,
King of a realm of Truth. In the face of Pilate's haughty
questioning he could fearlessly declare: "To this end was
I born and for this cause came I into the world, that I
should bear witness unto the truth". (121 b)

When he stepped forward into history to take
up his set task he was only thirty years of age. Three
years of constant toil preaching and healing with a gradual
decline in following toward the last altered not a whit his
solemn enthusiasm for the cause he had undertaken. At the
last the same high confidence uttered these words: "It
is finished." (122)
It is probable that Whitman heard his call at about the age of thirty or thirty-one. Vague visions of himself as a literary prophet seem to have haunted all his early life and taken definite shape about 1850. At this time some "inner change in consciousness, some accession of power" occurred. What the change was cannot be definitely stated, nor is it fully clear what was the cause. His whole previous life may have been shaping experiences to this end. Perhaps the culmination came through those months spent in the South where he was employed editorially on the "Crescent". Little has been recorded or known of this period. Only the change in style of writing, the new conception of the universe date from this time. Mr. Stedman’s explanation was "Whitman underwent conversion". A new departure in verse, dress, and way of life ensued. From this time he became "the good gray poet". Dr. Bucke, Whitman’s Boswell, gave the theory that at this period he rose into a higher state of consciousness, which may be called "cosmic". At any rate upon this new grasp of life problems Whitman bases his claims--by some called egotistical--for recognition. (122a)
"I, too, following many and followed by many, 
incurse a religion, I descend into the arena. 
(It may be I am destined to utter the loudest 
cries there, the winner's pealing shouts, 
who knows? they may rise from me, and soar 
above everything.) 
Each is not for its own sake, 
I say the whole earth and all the stars 
in the sky are for religion's sake."

Out of this new and enlarged attitude of thought grew the 
book of verse, "Leaves of Grass" - Whitman's presentation 
of himself to the world. (123)

A friend of life must be in sympathetic attitude 
to all emotions that make life glad or sad. It is the warm 
pulse of sympathy that has given 'De Rerum Natura' its vital 
interest for two thousand years. The scientific exposition 
of atoms dancing in space might thrill Lucretius, but for 
most people it has little of vital interest. The human 
heart in the poem appeals to all ages. Lucretius has been 
accused of melancholy. It is true his tones of sympathy 
are for the most part mournful. Life's suffering was the 
prod that pushed him on to write a message of relief. The 
brightest hope he could hold up was the soul's annihilation.
little chance was there in such a doctrine for welcoming a being into life. His words to the babe, newly born, are a letter of condolence rather than a greeting of welcome:

Like some shipwrecked sailor cast up by the wave
Whose cruel might tossed him for suffering to save,
So thou, little one, lying bare on the ground,
No words and no help for thy life to be found,
When first from thy mother's life thou hast thy birth,
Dost send a sad wail o'er the billows of earth.
It is meet, it is fitting to welcome thus life
Who for thee has in keeping but suffering and strife. (124)

In the description of the sacrifice of Iphigenia
his sympathy has a note of bitterness added to the pathos;
because his arch enemy, superstition, is the instigator of the tragedy:

"Illud in his rebus vereor, ne forte rearis
impia te rationis inire elementa viamque
indugredi sceleris. quod contra saepius illa
religio peperit scelerosa atque impia facta.
Aulide quo pacto Triviai virginis aram
Iphianassai turparunt sanguine foede
duotores Danaum delecti, prima virorum.
cui simul infula virgineos circumdata comptus
ex ultraque pari malorum parte profusast,
Not only human beings but even animals that suffered made a strong appeal to the poet's heart especially when their fate was the result of religious demands. Interpretation of a dumb beast's heartache was never better depicted than in the description of the cow searching for her calf that had been offered to the gods:
Oft times before the god's shrine incense-fair,
A calf falls near the altars smoking there,
Slain by the knife and pouring from his heart
His blood's warm tide, death-doomed he from the start.
The mother wanders through green glades, bereft.
Seeks on the ground the footprints he has left
Pressed by the little cloven hoofs; and she
Scans with her eyes all places just to see
If somewhere may be found her offspring lost,
Fills with her cries the leafy woods, grief-tossed,
Then moveless halts and then again turns back
To follow yet once more the wonted track
Back to the stall, stabbed to the heart with pain
And mother-yearning for her young again.
The tender shoots and grasses tempt her not
Tho' green they grow with luscious juices fraught;
The streams bank-full, familiar spots so dear,
Have no more Pow'r her poor brute-heart to cheer
Or turn aside the sudden pang of grief
The forms of other calves bring no relief
In happy meadows nor can ease her mind.
Something her own, the loved, she longs to find. (126)
Sympathy was a distinguishing trait of Whitman's whole life. It did not often bring melancholy as in the case of Lucretius. Life meant to him joy more than sorrow. But whatever phase of emotion met him it stirred a response in his being. "Sympathy was his fundamental quality". (127) By this he wished to be remembered. So he states in one of the Calamus-group of poems:

"Recorders ages hence!
Come, I will take you down underneath
this passive exterior
--I will tell you what to say of me:
Publish my name and hang up my picture
as that of the tenderest lover;
The friend, the lover's portrait, of whom
his friend, his lover, was fondest,
who was not proud of his songs, but of
the measureless ocean of love within him
--and freely poured it forth."  (128)

No finer expression of sympathy can be found than in the Lincoln poems. Lilacs, spring's early blooms, were symbols of joyful and sorrowful moments of his life.
"When Lilacs Last in the Door-yard Bloomed", written as President Lincoln's burial hymn, is a most tender expression, picturing the long funeral journey--pageant of death with lilacs, apple-blossoms, early lilies, turned from their joy-mission to tributes of mourning and with the hermit thrush singing from the swamp his "song of the bleeding throat". Perhaps his best loved poem is that other tribute to Lincoln, "O Captain! My Captain!". It is cherished by the mass of people not merely for its more regular metrical form than Whitman usually adopted but for its exquisite voice of the common sorrow.

How tenderly he could feel the pain of any being, man, beast or bird, is seen in the lines of the poem beginning: "Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking". They may contain a depth of something more than sympathy. In them may throb his own heart's tragedy told in the words to the mocking-bird that had lost his mate:

"He called on his mate;
He poured forth the meanings
Which I, of all men, know.
Yes, my brother, I know;
The rest might not--but I have treasured every note;
For once and more than once,
dimly, down to the beach gliding,
Silent, avoiding the moonbeams,
blending myself with the shadows,"
Recalling now the obscure shapes,
the echoes, the sounds and sights
after their sort,
The white arms cut in the breakers tirelessly
 tossing,
I, with bare feet, a child, the
wind wafting my hair,
Listened long and long,
Listened to keep, to sing—now
translating the notes,
Following you my brother." (129)

Whitman's sympathy did not spend itself merely in
poetic expression. His friends in every walk of life were
multitudinous—"men in prisons, hospitals, and workshops,
engineers, street-car drivers and conductors, the help on
ferries and pilot boats, omnibus drivers and the soldiers of
the war". For all he had a ready word of courage or understand­ing and a ready hand of help. One winter in New York
he drove an omnibus, taking the place of a sick driver in
the hospital. In Washington he used to present the street­
car drivers with warm gloves for winter. These two instances
are cited as typical of hundreds of kind services. During
the war he became a volunteer nurse supporting himself by
corresponding for newspapers and giving himself without
sting to the suffering and dying. (129a)
The strain upon his strength and sympathy robbed his robust frame of its health, stamped pallor on the usually glowing cheeks and so weakened his system that in 1873 a stroke of paralysis left him partially helpless. Out of this war experience came the group of poems "Drum- Japs" by which many friends prefer to remember him. From this period, too, rose his new conception of democracy. "The race was proved capable of making sacrifices for an ideal purpose. He perceived the new chivalry arising, the chivalry of comradeship."

All soul-virtues reached a climax in Jesus' life. "Jesus of Nazareth is the Supreme ethical authority". He who could so scathingy rebuke the Pharisees, who made such austere demands on his disciples was full of mercy and tenderness toward a sinful human soul. To the woman brought for his condemnation his word was: "Neither do I condemn thee". Always his heart went out in yearning compassion to the multitude "because they were as sheep without a shepherd". His mission was to teach eternal truths whereby men's souls should be saved. Time was short. He could hardly spare it for healing bodies that must soon die anyway. But so touched by suffering was his heart, he could never turn away from any appeal. The one statement in the world packed full of human sympathy is that sentence of two words: "Jesus wept". He wept because a friend had died, because two other friends were stricken by this death. So essentially sympathetic was his nature and so truly did his followers grasp this side of him, it is hardest in this realm to separate truth from their enthusiastic accounts that have
developed into traditions. Spiritual sickness stung his heart more than suffering of body. It meant disaster to the patient, even though he himself knew not that he was ill. In those last hours on Golgotha Jesus' own expected agony faded from his mind before the face of man's real disease—a wicked heart. The highest note of sympathy the human mind can grasp came from his lips and has echoed down the years:

"Father forgive them for they know not what they do".

In Jesus' answer to Pilate that he came to bear witness of the truth is the key-note of his life. He loved truth, he taught truth, he lived truth, he himself was truth in concrete form. He could have no fellowship with the pharisees whose religion was a mass of useless forms, burying deep any truth it originally contained. Every contact with them and their shams stirred his wrath to white heat. With keen, cutting satire he assailed them. He overturned their tables of unrighteous gains and with stinging whip lashed them from the temple. No other Gospel-picture of Jesus gives his character such vivid strength as these scenes where he stands as champion for truth and slayer of pretense. (131a)

Lucretius, too, held truth supreme. What his mind believed, that he must proclaim uncompromisingly. The mental and physical effort this proclamation required he gladly gave. Jesus ardently preaching to men his view that soul is immortal and Lucretius earnestly urging man to know his comforting word that the soul must die, were moved
by the same force—love of truth. Both seeking reality and
scorning the outer appearance despised worldly power, position
and wealth. Both stood for the pure heart, free from ambition,
strife, envy and all disturbing emotions. For Lucretius the
heart-purifier was philosophy; for Jesus it was oneness with God.
It mattered little that they were called unorthodox, non-
conformists. Lucretius would gladly have died for the truth
he loved. Jesus did.

Equally staunch in his stand for truth as revealed
to him was Whitman. He lived in a day when men are not put
to death for their creeds. There are more subtle and cunning
ways of torture. He was treated to many of these. At the
cry of the public, publishers refused to issue his books.
Government officials took away his only means of earning a
living after his devotion to the sick and dying in the war
had rendered him almost helpless. Abuse was heaped upon him
from pulpit and press. He stood unmoved, what his soul had
said write, he wrote. Picture him and Emerson pacing back
and forth in Boston Common; the Concord sage pleading with
him to change his poems and make them more acceptable to the
public. He loved Emerson. He would gladly have yielded to his
entreaty. But deep in his soul the truth he had espoused
faced him. He had spoken a word for man's freedom. It must
stand. Loved friends, public favor, life itself could not out-
weigh the fact that a man must be true to himself. (132)
To stand out against custom, against public opinion, demands high courage. Few are called to do it. Fewer respond when called. From the very beginning of his ministry Jesus had to face opposition. In his own home town he met a curt and scornful reception. All the time he was forced to evade the traps set by the Scribes and Pharisees. He went on fearlessly with his work knowing that he was preaching his way to death. Lactantius, too, faced the inevitable charge of heresy and impiety without flinching. One can be sure of this from the bold way he flung the gauntlet to the orthodox. Whitman for several years braved public disfavor, cheered only by the loyalty of a few choice friends. Through it all he did not waver or lose his hold on his gospel of love. (132a)

Life must test a man's courage. Death may. It is interesting to ask how great men have felt as they neared the relentless verge. Socrates just before the fatal work of the hemlock-cup talked of death as a blessing: "And what has befallen me is not the effect of chance; but this is clear to me, that now to die and be freed from my cares is better for me". (133) Browning expressed his belief in the sure goodness of a future life in "Prospect":

Fear Death?—to feel the fog in my
throat,
The mist in my face,
When the snows begin and the blasts
denote
I am nearing the place,
The power of the night, the press of
the storm.
The post of the foe;
Where he stands, the Arch-Fear in a
visible form,
Yet the strong men must go:
For the journey is done and the sum-
mit attained,
And the barriers fell,
Though a battle's to fight ere the
guerdon be gained,
The reward of it all.
I was ever a fighter, so—one fight
more,
The best and the last!
I would hate that death bandaged
my eyes, and forebore,
And bade me creep past.
No! Let me taste the whole of it, fare
like my peers
The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad
life's arrears
Of pain, darkness, and cold.
For sudden the worst turns the best
to the brave,
The black minute's at end,
And the elements' rare, the fiend-
voices that rave,
shall dwindle, shall blend,
shall change, shall become first a
peace out of pain,
then a light, then thy breast,
C thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp
thee again,
and with God be the rest! (133a)

Perhaps Tennyson's greeting of the inevitable end to life has
the finest note of peace and faith in his "Crossing the Bar":
Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the
bar,
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems
asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the
boundless deep
Turns again home.
Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of fare-
well,
When I embark:
For tho' from out our bourne of Time
and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar. (133b)

Lucretius presents his philosophy to hearten any
who would put off the death-day.

Again what harmful hankering for life
Mighty enough to force us in the strife
Of doubt and danger abjectly to quake?
Sure end of life be sure for man to take
Stands waiting, nor can death be dodged;
But we must die. Moreover we are lodged
And live amid the same things every day.
Nor pound out a new joy by lengthy stay.
But while afar the thing we crave doth stop
That seems the value of the rest to top.
When afterward that boon has been our gain
We pant for something else and still remain
Wide-mouthed, held in the grip of thirst the same
For life. And then uncertain 'tis what game
Of fate time's shoving on, or what doth stand
In chance for us, what issue is at hand.
Nor, truth, by stretching life do we lose jot
Of death's time which we cannot make more short
So that we may perchance be less long still.
And so you may all ages that you will
Prolong in living, yet undying death
Stands waiting none the less to snatch your breath.
Nor will he be no more for less long while
to
Who this 
 life the last grim smile
Thou he who many months and years before
With death as victor settled up the score. (134)

Whitman's mystic union with the cosmos and his lifelong brave welcoming of every event are seen in "Darest Thou Now, O Soul".
"Darest thou now, O Soul,
Walk out with me toward the unknown region,
Where neither ground is for the feet, nor any path to follow?
No map there, nor guide,
Nor voice sounding, nor touch of human hand
Nor face with blooming, nor lips, nor eyes are in that land.
I know it not, O Soul;
Nor dost thou—all is black before us;
All waits, undreamed of, in that region--
---that inaccessible land.

Till, when the ties loosen,
All the ties eternal, Time and Space,
Nor darkness, gravitation, sense, nor any bounds, bound us.

Then we burst forth--we float,
In Time and Space, O Soul--preared for them;
Equel, equipt at last--(O joy! O fruit of all) them to fulfil
O Soul". (135)

Jesus in his last moments on the cross put his "life's creed and courage into one brief sentence of simple trust:"
"Father into thy hands I commend my spirit". (135a)

A bond of religious mysticism binds Lucretius the atheist, Jesus the soul-sponsor, and Whitman the cosmic enthusiast. Lucretius' assault on religion was the result of his own religious nature. "His setting forth of the atomic theory is a religious expression. In his attacks on current beliefs, in his criticism of prayer and the ritual of worship, he is unconsciously calling men to worship. He belongs in the category of the world's greatest religious mystics." (136) Whitman saw divinity written all over the Universe. From the meanest clod to infinite worlds, in men, in things, in good, in evil, in life, in death, God was there "And all was for best." Jesus was ever conscious of his union with the God of the world who to him was loving Heavenly Father. "I and my Father are one."

The real unity of these missioners to life was not a mere desire to help men. It was more fundamental, a psychological and scientific unity. Each was a preserver of human life. Fear and sin are life-destroyers. Whatever removes them saves life. Lucretius telling men that eternal death cannot be dodged and Jesus telling men they can never die are rendering the same service in so far as their messages are operative.
Love, as a remover of mental conflict is the greatest savior of life. Whitman, following the teachings of Jesus, visioned a democracy of love wherein men as comrades, as brothers, all equal on this footing, could live in peace and harmony. Somewhat visionary and too idealistic, it may be, was the hope; but his war experiences of men earnestly striving together for a definite end had given him confidence in the vision. In his scheme for democracy, man, the democratic unity was himself a type of the ideal government. Man—a body, a mind, a soul—must give each voter a voice. Somewhat mystical was this idea as suggested in his writings. But he believed with Browning "Not soul helps body more than body soul". Body's voice must not be quelled. Harmony and mental peace would come from freely admitting the rights of flesh. Thus Whitman's plan for life preservation by the removal of inner strifes was that of a man—the democracy—wonderful if workable. Lucretius' remedy was purely intellectual. By reasoning man could free his mind of its destroyers. This scientific side of preservation must necessarily limit its blessings to the few. --the few who are brave enough and energetic enough to think. Jesus saved life at the source. "Not what goes into a man defiles him, but what comes from within out". So intent was
he on stressing the soul-side, the inwardness, the spirit, he would have paid little heed to bodies, had not the insistent throngs of the woeful forced themselves upon him. And in all his cures he made it plain that it was God's spirit lighting the man's spirit that wrought the cure.
CONCLUSION

Approaching man's need of freedom from different viewpoints, these three friends of human life—Lucretius, apostle of Man-the-Mind, Whitman, apostle of Man-the-Democracy, and Jesus, apostle of Man-the-Soul—-are a unit in devotion to the Man-cause, in love. Hence however branded, "godless" or "godly", all are men of God; for our highest conception of God is voiced in the teaching: "God is love". (137)

Each sensed a soul in the universe. Lucretius felt the movement of the soul of science, natural law. He taught that knowledge of that soul would give man happiness in the tramp through life—the only tramp man's soul will ever take. Whitman visualized the soul of Democracy as part of the great cosmic force moving all things. Its expression in life was in terms of comradeship, and brotherhood. Jesus responded to these two interpretations. He reverenced the soul of law in Nature, and he lived and taught the kingdom of love on earth; but the great reality to him was God-soul, Father of all and over all. If he could lead men to grasp the truth of their sonship "all these other things would be added."

The supplementary contributions of these three seers of the universe unite to pour a deep stream of blessing
into Life's current. Whitmen gave a new meaning to democracy, as a government of brothers. Lucretius gave a new crown to the intellect by his reverence for natural law and reason. Jesus exalted the god-men and opened up a limitless vista of spiritual evolution.

We can sum up Lucretius' character and say he was fearless, earnest, fervid, unselfish, sad, loving toward humanity, deeply religious at heart though knowing not what to worship. We can add other words of praise or criticism and gain a fairly comprehensive view of him. The same course can be followed with Whitmen. His cosmic enthusiasm, his love for life including its death, his joy of comradeship, his faith in the people to rule themselves well, his own self-sacrificing life—all make a satisfying picture of the men. With Jesus it is different. No mould has ever been fashioned into which his character can be run. It transcends all bounds we know. When eulogy's vocabulary has been exhausted in his praises, all who have felt the power of his ideals unite in the old words: "the half has not been told." And the secret of this strange exalted state seems to be an inner knowledge of the soul
that this Jesus has in some way transformed it.

God or man, Jesus has been sung and prayed into many millions of human hearts and there anointed king—
"See the Christ stand."
REFERENCES

1. Boneast, W. "Jesus"
   Translated by James Trevelyan
   (1 vol. New York 1911), 155

1a. Watson, John Shelly "Lucretius on the Nature of Things"
    (1 vol. London 1896), 155

2. Moore, H. "T. Lucreti Cari De Rerum Natura"
   (3 vols. London, 1908), II, 13

3. Kelsey, Francis, W. "De Rerum Natura of Lucretius"
   (1 vol. Boston, 1894), I

4. Ibid. Book II, 24-36

5. Merrill, William "T. Lucreti Cari De Rerum Natura"
   (1 vol., New York 1907), 14-15

   (1 vol., Oxford, 1905), 250


8. Tennyson, Alfred "Lucretius"

9. Sellar, 283

10. Merrill, 15

11. Ibid. 20

12. Ibid., 13

12. Sellar, 283-287;
    Crutwell, Charles, "A History of Roman Literature",
    (1 vol., New York, 1889), 221

14. Teuffel and Schwebe "History of Roman Literature"

15. Kelsey Book III, 11. 417-1094

16. Ibid, XIV
<p>| | | |</p>
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>17</td>
<td>Teuffell &amp; Schwebe</td>
<td>356</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18</td>
<td>Kelsey</td>
<td>Book I, 60-80</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>All translations given are by Eva McKenzie</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19</td>
<td>Merrill</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20</td>
<td>Ibid</td>
<td>21, 22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21</td>
<td>Ibid</td>
<td>Book I, 11 921-927</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>22</td>
<td>Hopkins, S. Washburn</td>
<td>&quot;The History of Religion&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>(1 vol., New York, 1923) 506-561</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23</td>
<td>Duff, J. Wright</td>
<td>&quot;A Literary History of Rome&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>(1 vol., London, 1909), 280</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>24</td>
<td>Merrill</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Tyrrell, R.Y.</td>
<td>&quot;Latin Poetry&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>(1 vol., Boston, 1895), 64, 76</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25</td>
<td>Kelsey</td>
<td>XVII</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>26</td>
<td>Nutting, H. C.</td>
<td>&quot;Cicero's Tusculan Disputations&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>(1 vol., London, 1900), X</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>27</td>
<td>Kelsey</td>
<td>XVIII</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28</td>
<td>Nutting</td>
<td>XIV, XVII</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>29</td>
<td>Kelsey, Duff</td>
<td>XLI; 281</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>Sellar</td>
<td>310</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>31</td>
<td>Duff</td>
<td>281</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>32</td>
<td>Thorndike, Edward</td>
<td>&quot;The Psychology of Learning&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>(3 vols., New York 1921), 11, 4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>33</td>
<td>Sellar</td>
<td>309</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Author</td>
<td>Reference</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>---</td>
<td>-----------</td>
<td>--------------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>34</td>
<td>Kelsey</td>
<td>Book I, ll. 931-934.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>35</td>
<td>Seller</td>
<td>309</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>36</td>
<td>Merrill</td>
<td>27-29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>37</td>
<td>Crutwell</td>
<td>225, 226</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>38</td>
<td>Duff,</td>
<td>289; Seller, 332-334;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Crutwell</td>
<td>224</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>39</td>
<td>Duff</td>
<td>290</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>40</td>
<td>Dimsdale, Marcus</td>
<td>&quot;A History of Latin Literature&quot; (1 vol., New York, 1915), 119-120</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>41</td>
<td>Kelsey</td>
<td>Book II, ll. 1-21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>42</td>
<td>Seller</td>
<td>361</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>43</td>
<td>Kelsey</td>
<td>Book V, I 188</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>44</td>
<td>Ibid</td>
<td>Book I, ll. 146-157</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>45</td>
<td>Merrill</td>
<td>34, 35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>46</td>
<td>Kelsey</td>
<td>XXXVIII</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>47</td>
<td>Dimsdale</td>
<td>132</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>48</td>
<td>Mallock, W. E.</td>
<td>&quot;Lactantius&quot; (1 vol. London, 1900), 3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>49</td>
<td>Teuffel &amp; Schwebe</td>
<td>354</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>50</td>
<td>Kelsey</td>
<td>XLIX; Dimsdale, 132</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>51</td>
<td>Ibid</td>
<td>L--LI</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>52</td>
<td>Duff</td>
<td>293</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>53</td>
<td></td>
<td>Translated below.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>54</td>
<td>Kelsey</td>
<td>Book IV, ll. 1037-1287</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>55</td>
<td>Ibid</td>
<td>Book VI, 416-420</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>---</td>
<td>---</td>
<td>---</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>56.</td>
<td>Ibid,</td>
<td>Book III, 894-911</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>57.</td>
<td>Ibid,</td>
<td>Book I, 1-43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>58.</td>
<td>Ibid, Tennyson's</td>
<td>Book III, 1-30; &quot;Laurentius&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>58a.</td>
<td>Duff,</td>
<td>295-298</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>59.</td>
<td>Sellar,</td>
<td>294</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>60.</td>
<td>Kelsey,</td>
<td>XXXII</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>61.</td>
<td>Duff,</td>
<td>282; Teuffel, 359</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>62.</td>
<td>Hopkins,</td>
<td>552, 553</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>62a.</td>
<td>Bousset,</td>
<td>9-11; Rhees, Rush, &quot;The Life of Jesus&quot; (1 vol., New York, 1900), 51-52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>63.</td>
<td>Basset,</td>
<td>1,2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>63a.</td>
<td>Papini, Giovanni,</td>
<td>&quot;Life of Christ&quot; (1 vol., New York, 1923)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>64.</td>
<td>Revan, Ernest,</td>
<td>&quot;Life of Jesus&quot; (1 vol., New York, 1863), 83</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Farrar, Frederick,</td>
<td>&quot;The Life of Christ&quot; (1 vol., New York), 51</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>65.</td>
<td>Rhees,</td>
<td>15-17; Bousset, 71-72.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>66.</td>
<td>Rhees,</td>
<td>17, 18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>67.</td>
<td>The Bible,</td>
<td>Luke II, 40-52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>68.</td>
<td>Ibid,</td>
<td>Luke II, 41-50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>69.</td>
<td>Farrar,</td>
<td>41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>70.</td>
<td>Bible,</td>
<td>Luke II, 51</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>71.</td>
<td>Renan,</td>
<td>89-96</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>72.</td>
<td>Farrar,</td>
<td>47</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
73. Renan.
74. Farrar.
75. Renan.
76. Bible.
76a. Farrar.
77. Bousset, 5-7; Rhees, 70-73; Papini,
78. Rhees, 70-80; Bousset, 7; Papini,
79. Bousset, 7-8; Hurlbut, 103, 104
80. Bible, Mark I, 9-11
80a. Hurlbut, 239-241; Bousset, 11-15
81. Bousset, 15-18
82. Ibid. 36-46
82a. Papini, 39-40
83. Bousset, 43
84. Bible, Matt. XIII, 58
85. Ibid. Mark I, 15
86. Bousset, 71-87
86a. Ibid. 87-95; Renan, 125; Papini 71-74
87. Tolstoi, Leon "My Confession and The Spirit of Christ" (1 vol., New York, 1887), 156, 170
88. Bousset 112-114; Hurlbut, 275
89. Tolstoi, 204; Bible, Luke XI, 46
91. Clarke, W. N.  "The Ideal of Jesus"  
(1 vol., New York, 1911) 133-137
91a. Papini.  122, 123
92. Bousset,  117-130; Bible, Matt.XXV, 34-41
93. Bousset,  130-136
94. Bible,  Matt. 5, 39; 25, 29; 
Luke 15, 30;  
John 12, 24-25
95. Renan,  232
96. Triggs, Oscar L.,  "Selections from the Prose and Poetry 
of Walt Whitman"  
Perry, Bliss,  (1 vol., Boston, 1906), XIII;  
"Walt Whitman",  
(1 vol., New York, 1900), 8
97. Symonds, J. A.  "Walt Whitman",  
(1 vol., London, 1893), XIV
98. Perry,  19; Carpenter, G. H."Walt Whitman"  
(1 vol., New York, 1909), 50
99. Symonds,  Carpenter,  XV, XVI;  
148, 149
100. Triggs,  XVI
101. Carpenter, G. H.  "Walt Whitman", 2-4  
Perry,  1-3
102. Triggs,  XVII
102a. Ibid  XVIII, XIX
103. Ibid,  XX, XXI
104. Carpenter,  Basalgette, Leon,  11, 21-23;  
"Walt Whitman",  
(1 vol. New York, 1920), 54-56
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Reference</th>
<th>Page Numbers</th>
<th>Notes</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>105. Triggs, Perry</td>
<td>XVI; 7</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>106. Triggs</td>
<td>XXIV</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>107. Burroughs, John</td>
<td>&quot;Whitman, A Study&quot; (1 vol., New York, 1901), 23; 14</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>108. Burroughs, Carpenter</td>
<td>25; 34</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>109. Perry, Carpenter</td>
<td>21, 22; 25, 26</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>111. De Selincourt, Boote</td>
<td>&quot;Walt Whitman&quot; (1 vol., London, 1914), 11; Bozalgette, Triggs</td>
<td>25, 26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>111a. Perry, Triggs</td>
<td>23-28; XXVII-XIX</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>112. Basalgette</td>
<td>88-89, 115</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>113. Symonds</td>
<td>11, 12</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>114. Ibid</td>
<td>15, 16</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>115. Ibid</td>
<td>18, 19</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>116. Ibid, Carpenter</td>
<td>17, 42-43; 50-51</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>116a. Symonds</td>
<td>43</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>117. Burroughs</td>
<td>&quot;Whitman a Study&quot; 170-172</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>118. Briffault, Robert</td>
<td>&quot;The Making of Humanity&quot; (1 vol., New York, 1919), 34, 72</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>119. Bible</td>
<td>John III, 19</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>120. Triggs, Basalgette, Carpenter, Burroughs</td>
<td>XLIII; 210, 221; 126-138; 69, 70</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>120a. Donaldson, Thomas</td>
<td>&quot;Walt Whitman&quot; (1 vol., New York, 1896), 17</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reference</td>
<td>Title/Author</td>
<td>Page/Range</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>------------</td>
<td>----------------------------------------</td>
<td>----------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>121.</td>
<td>Bible</td>
<td>John VIII, 32-36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>121a.</td>
<td>Burroughs</td>
<td>73-78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>121b.</td>
<td>Bible</td>
<td>John XVIII, 37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>122.</td>
<td>Ibid</td>
<td>John XIX, 30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>122a.</td>
<td>Triggs, Bazalgette</td>
<td>XXVII; 115-123</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>123.</td>
<td>De Selincourt</td>
<td>329</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>124.</td>
<td>Kelsey</td>
<td>Book V, 222-227</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>125.</td>
<td>Ibid</td>
<td>Book I, 80-101</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>126.</td>
<td>Ibid</td>
<td>Book II, 352-356</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>127.</td>
<td>Triggs</td>
<td>XXXIX</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>128.</td>
<td>Whitman</td>
<td>&quot;Leaves of Grass&quot;, 126</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>129.</td>
<td>Ibid</td>
<td>403</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>129a.</td>
<td>Carpenter, Triggs, Burroughs</td>
<td>113; XLI; 24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>130.</td>
<td>Triggs, Bazalgette</td>
<td>XXXIII; 119</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>131.</td>
<td>Moffat, James</td>
<td>&quot;Jesus on Love to God&quot;,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>(1 vol., Phila., 1922), 10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>131a.</td>
<td>Bible</td>
<td>Mark XI, 15-17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>132.</td>
<td>Bazalgette, Burroughs</td>
<td>152-153; 87</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>133.</td>
<td>Plato</td>
<td>Apology in &quot;Dialogues of Plato&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>(1 vol., London, 1898), 29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>133a.</td>
<td>Browning</td>
<td>&quot;Complete Poems&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>(1 vols., Boston, 1895)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reference</td>
<td>Author</td>
<td>Title / Note</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-----------</td>
<td>--------</td>
<td>-------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>133b</td>
<td>Tennyson</td>
<td>&quot;Complete Poems&quot; (1 vol., Boston, 1881)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>134</td>
<td>Kelsey</td>
<td>Book III, 1076-1094</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>135</td>
<td>Whitman</td>
<td>&quot;Leaves of Grass&quot;, 395</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>135a</td>
<td>Bible</td>
<td>Luke XXIII, 46</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>136</td>
<td>Carter, J. B.</td>
<td>&quot;The Religious Life of Ancient Rome&quot; (1 vol., Boston, 1911), 60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>137</td>
<td>Bible</td>
<td>I John 4:16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Author</td>
<td>Title</td>
<td>Description</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-------------------------</td>
<td>------------------------------</td>
<td>--------------------------------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Browning, Robert</td>
<td>Poems</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bazelgette, León</td>
<td>&quot;Walt Whitman&quot;</td>
<td>Translated by Ellen Fitz Gerald</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Benson, Arthur Christopher</td>
<td>&quot;Escape and Other Essays&quot;</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Bible</td>
<td>King James Version</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bousset, J.</td>
<td>&quot;Jesus&quot;</td>
<td>Translated by Jane Trevelyan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Briffault, Robert</td>
<td>&quot;The Making of Humanity&quot;</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Burroughs, John</td>
<td>&quot;The Poet of the Cosmos&quot;, in</td>
<td>&quot;Accepting the Universe&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Burroughs, John</td>
<td>&quot;Whitman, A Study&quot;</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carpentier, George Rice</td>
<td>&quot;Walt Whitman&quot;</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cox, Sidney Hayes</td>
<td>&quot;Walt Whitman&quot;</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clarke, William Newton</td>
<td>&quot;The Ideal of Jesus&quot;</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carter, Jesse Benedict</td>
<td>&quot;The Religious Life of Ancient Rome&quot;</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cruttwell, Charles Thomas</td>
<td>&quot;A History of Roman Literature&quot;</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
De Quincey
   "Essay on Keats" in "Biographical and Historical Essays"
   1 vol. New York, Houghton Mifflin & Co. 1877

De Selincourt, Bosie
   "Walt Whitman"
   1 vol. London 1914

Dissédele, Marcus Southwell
   "A History of Latin Literature"
   1 vol. New York, D. Appleton 1915

Donaldson, Thomas
   "Walt Whitman"
   1 vol. New York 1896

Dowden, Edward
   "Studies in Literature"
   1 vol. London 1906

Duff, J. Wright
   "A Literary History of Rome"
   1 vol. London 1909

Ferrer, Frederic W.
   "The Life of Christ"
   1 vol. New York A. L. Burt

Fowler, W. Warde
   "Roman Ideas of Deity"
   1 vol. London, MacMillan Co. 1914

Fowler, W. Warde
   "Rome"
   1 vol. New York, Henry Holt & Co. 1912

Gummere, Francis B.
   "Democracy and Poetry"
   1 vol. New York, Houghton Mifflin Co. 1911

Hopkins, E. Washburn
   "The History of Religions"
   1 vol. New York, MacMillan Co. 1923

Hurlburt, Jesse L.
   "The Story of Jesus"
   1 vol. L. T. Myers 1915

Kelsey, Francis W.
   "De Rerum Natura" of Lucretius
   1 vol. Boston, Allyn & Bacon 1884

Leonard, William Ellery
   "The Poet of Galilee"
   1 vol. New York 1909
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Volume(s)</th>
<th>Location</th>
<th>Year</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Moffat, James</td>
<td>&quot;Jesus on Love to God&quot;</td>
<td>1 vol. Philadelphia</td>
<td>1922</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mommsen, Theodore</td>
<td>&quot;The History of Rome&quot;</td>
<td>5 vols. New York</td>
<td>1898</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mormon, H.</td>
<td>&quot;T. Lucreti Cari De Rerum Natura&quot;</td>
<td>3 vols. London</td>
<td>1908</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mabie, Hamilton Wright</td>
<td>&quot;Background of Literature&quot;</td>
<td>1 vol. New York, MacMillan Co.</td>
<td>1904</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Moore, Paul Elmer</td>
<td>&quot;Shelburn Assays&quot;</td>
<td>1 vol. New York, G. P. Putnam's Soms</td>
<td>1907</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Merrill, William</td>
<td>&quot;T. Lucreti Cari De Rerum Natura&quot;</td>
<td>1 vol. New York, American Book Co.</td>
<td>19</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mellock, W. H.</td>
<td>&quot;Lucretius&quot;</td>
<td>1 vol. Philadelphia</td>
<td>1878</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mellock, W. H.</td>
<td>&quot;Lucretius on Life and Death&quot;</td>
<td>1 vol. London</td>
<td>1900</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ossian</td>
<td>Poems, translated by James MacPherson</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nutting, H. C.</td>
<td>&quot;Cicero's Tusculan Disputations&quot;</td>
<td>1 vol. Boston</td>
<td>1909</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Papini, Giovanni</td>
<td>&quot;Life of Christ&quot;</td>
<td>Translation by Dorothy Fisher</td>
<td>1 vol. New York</td>
<td>1923</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Perry, Bliss</td>
<td>&quot;Walt Whitman&quot;</td>
<td>1 vol. New York</td>
<td>1900</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Plato</td>
<td>&quot;Apology&quot; in &quot;Dialogues of Plato&quot;</td>
<td>1 vol. London, Bell &amp; Sons</td>
<td>1898</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Renan, Ernest</td>
<td>&quot;Life of Jesus&quot;</td>
<td>1 vol. New York, Burt Co.</td>
<td>1863</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Kees, Rush
"The Life of Jesus"
1 vol. New York, Chas. Scribner's Sons 1900

Sellar, W. Y.
"The Roman Poets of the Republic"

Symonds, John Addington
"Walt Whitman, a Study"
1 vol. London 1893

Stevenson, Robert Louis
"Familiar Studies of Men and Books"
1 vol. New York no date.

Seely, J. R.
"Bece Homo"
1 vol. Boston Roberts Bros. 1893

Tennyson, Alfred
"Lucretius" in "Complete Poetical Works"
1 vol. Boston Houghton Mifflin Co. 1881

Teuffel and Schwebe
"History of Roman Literature"
2 vols. London Bell & Sons 1891

Thorndike, Edward L
"The Psychology of Learning"
3 vols. New York, Columbia University 1921

Tolstoi, Leon N.
"My Confession and the Spirit of Christ's Teaching"
1 vol. New York, Thos. Crowell & Co. 1887

Triggs, Oscar Lovell
"Selection from the Prose and Poetry of Walt Whitman"
1 vol. Boston Small Maynard & Co. 1906

Watson, John Shelly
"Lucretius on the Nature of Things"
1 vol. London Bell & Sons 1893

Whitman, Walt
"Complete Prose Works"
1 vol. Boston, Small Maynard & Co. 1920

Whitman, Walt
"Leaves of Grass"
1 vol. Philadelphia, D. McKay 1900

Tyrell, R. Y.
"Latin Poetry"
1 vol. Boston, Houghton Mifflin Co. 1895