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importance, that the beginner in exegetical study should be freed from his embarrassments, and led in a path on which the light is shining, and where is little or nothing that will perplex him as to finding his way. A few simple principles, well digested and thoroughly understood, will serve as an effectual compass, when mist or night may supervene. The whole subject lies within a moderate compass, and might be satisfactorily and effectually exhibited in a short course of Lectures. One can scarcely tell, how many conceits and whimsies and phantasies the *double sense* has developed, when indulged in by ardent and visionary interpreters. The *ἰνóρoια* or *occult sense* becomes immeasurably more important than the plain, obvious and common-sense meaning; and he who is most expert in finding or making secondary and occult senses, thinks himself the most expert interpreter. Paul had no very good opinion of *occult* senses. He says (1 Cor. 14: 19): "I had rather speak five words in the church by my understanding, that I might instruct others, than ten thousand words in an obscure language."

ARTICLE II.

THE PLATONIC DIALOGUE THEAETETUS — WITH A TRANSLATION OF THE EPISODAL SKETCH OF THE WORLDLING AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

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THE Platonic dialogue entitled Theaetetus, is a discussion of the question: *What is knowledge?* an inquiry which will appear profound or superficial, according to the aspect under which it is viewed, and the habit of thought in him who contemplates it. What is knowledge? What do we *do*, or *suffer*, when we are said to *know*? or, in other words, is there a knowledge of knowledge itself, just as there is a knowledge of those things which are ordinarily regarded as its objects? The principal speakers are Socrates and a boy on whom he is represented as trying his maieutical powers in the parturition, development, or bringing to the birth, of the right idea with which the soul travails in the attempt to answer the great inquiry. The youth

of Theaetetus, the junior speaker, modifies the whole style of the dialogue, without at all detracting from its interest and profoundness. It is, indeed, a boy to whom the questions are addressed, and whose answers are so closely analyzed. To a superficial reader, therefore, the style may sometimes assume the aspect of the puerile — an appearance for which the principal speaker occasionally apologizes — and yet this boy-talk, as he styles it, is evidently adopted as the best means of bringing out some of those starting queries in psychology that are as puzzling to the man as to the child, and in respect to which all the advantage an Aristotle, a Kant, or a Locke may possess, consists in being able to state intelligently the immense difficulty attending them.

The dialogue throughout may be ranked among those that have been entitled *tentative* (*πειραστικοί*), and which have all, more or less, a sceptical aspect. The great question with which it begins, and which is never lost sight of, is after all left without a satisfactory solution. The curtain drops, and still we *know* not what it is to *know*. There have been, however, negative results of a most useful and practical kind. The grand idea has not, indeed, been born; but many a spurious birth has been tested; many an abortion has been cast away; counterfeit travail of the soul has been distinguished from the genuine; or, to adopt another metaphor, which is also employed in the dialogue, falsehood and false knowledge, have been hunted out of their dark hiding places, and their disguised deformity clearly brought forth to light.

The first answer of our young respondent is, that *knowledge is sense, or sensation*. This is analyzed into its ultimate element of mere *feeling* (*αἴσθησις*). And all sense is *feeling*, and all feeling is ultimately resolvable into motion, the sole result of which is phantasy or seeming. Knowledge, on this ground, is feeling. To know is to feel, and to feel is to know. The quantity and quality of the one must correspond exactly with the quantity and quality of the other, and in neither can there be anything aside from such a principle of measurement. Any seemingly higher element is only resolvable into another feeling; and this again into another, without ever actually getting out of the region of the sense. The assumption of the rigid truth of this first answer, is employed by Socrates in the examination of the old Ionic doctrine as maintained by Protagoras, namely that *man is the measure* of all things — another mode of saying that which appears *is*, — or rather that nothing *is* but what *appears*, and that what *appears* is ever true. In other words, there is no *perducing* being aside from ever-flowing

phenomena, and the ever-flowing affections that correspond to them. Hence there is, on the other hand, nothing false; for the real existence of falsehood would involve the real existence of something true *per se*, or, to use the language of the Protagorean school, something that *stands*, irrespective of phenomena, or objective *seemings*, on the one hand, and ever varying affections, or subjective phantasies on the other.

This first answer, or first birth of the boy's soul, to preserve the favorite figure of the dialogue, is closely examined, its features carefully scanned, its capacities analyzed, its consequences cautiously traced; after which it is either pronounced an abortion, a false conception, a wind-egg (*ὄν ἀνευμαῖον*), or else, cast away as a monster that should not have seen the light, and ought not to be permitted to live.

And so with every successively developed answer. Knowledge is not sense or feeling. It is not *seeming*. It is not belief. It is not opinion (*δόξα*). It is not even *true opinion*, where this happens to exist without *λόγος* or *reason*. Nay more, it is not true opinion even, though accompanied in certain cases with reason, or what may be called reason. This, too, has its difficulties. For this reason, or *λόγος*, on close analysis, runs down ultimately into sense, or opinion as before defined, without knowledge, or into *elemental* facts which run out at last into particular *seemings* or notices of sensation,—in short, supposes a *knowledge* of something, and this knowledge, when thus treated, involving all the same old difficulties over again,—thus running round continually through an endless circle, in which we are ever striving to get out of or above the sense, and yet ever finding ourselves immersed in it. It is just as *λόγος*, or *speech*, in its most literal meaning, dissolves itself, on analysis, into sentences, sentences into words, words into syllables, and syllables into letters, which, as *στοιχεῖα*, or elements, either of sound or sight, are supposed to be *alogal*, that is, have no reason, but are simply objects of sense, without anything else about them that the mind perceives as distinct from the sensation. On this account, if sense is not knowledge, the ultimate elements of things are not only *ἄλογα*, but *ἄγνωστα*, absolutely *unknowable*. They may be *felt* but not *known*. The lowest material element, and the *essence*, or immaterial entity of any object alike, on the one hypothesis or the other, elude the grasp of science.

Along with these come in collateral inquiries, once famous topics of discussion, and which may have some interest for thinking minds even in this practical age; although, as presented in the Socratic irony, they may have a slight tinge of the humorous, and even of the

ludicrous. They are such as these : Whether knowledge necessarily implies the true being of what is known, and, if so, Whether it can be of anything else, or lower, than *οὐσία*, or essential existence? Whether if this be unknown, anything else can be said to be known? Whether we can be truly said ever to *think a lie* (*τὸ δοξάζειν ψευδῆ*), and if so, how it is, and what it is? Whether we can be said to know, in any sense, and in what sense, what we do not know? and if not, How can there be *alldodoxy*, or a false judgment that one thing is another, such alldodoxy being necessarily confined to the three cases when we judge one thing we know to be another thing we know, or one thing we know to be another thing we know not, or one thing we know not to be another thing we know not, the first seeming to present a contradiction, the last two to involve the very paradox that forms the strange query? Whether, if sense is knowledge, memory is sense, so that a thing remembered is a thing known? Whether there may be a *knowledge unknown*, or how far a man may be said to *possess* a knowledge which he *has* not, or has not in actual exercise? Whether falsehood, pure or mixed, or as far as it is falsehood, is identical with *not-being?* etc.

In respect, however, to the main question : What is knowledge? the dialogue closes unsatisfactorily. Whatever clue may be presented in other Platonic writings, no answer is here given. From beginning to end it is occupied in pulling down and not in building up. The same scepticism prevails throughout. It is not, however, on these accounts, any the less a discussion of the deepest interest to the most matured intellects, and none the less useful as an exercise to the young soul that is just beginning to travail with thought. There is a good as well as an evil scepticism ; and of these, the first kind is that which so often appears in the Platonic dialogues. It is a scepticism which only produces a stronger belief in the reality of fixed and absolute truth, by the very difficulty of finding it in our own experience of our own subjective states, or of the flowing nature around us. By exhausting the sense and the understanding or reason regarded as occupied simply with the phenomena of sense, it diminishes our confidence in the substantiality and finality of physical science, regarded (as it ever must be by the school that boasts the most of it) as the knowledge of facts, or of *laws* that ever run out into *series* of facts, and these again, in the last resort, into *seemings, feelings*, or the merest notices of sensation. It takes away that conceit which tends to rest in such a knowledge as the highest portion of the soul ; and it is on this account that the *Theaetetus*, and similar dialogues, have

been called *cathartic* (*καθαρτικοί*) *purgative*, producing a necessary evacuation of false knowledge, that the soul may wait in purified preparation for the advent of the true. Such a moral effect is admirably and impressively set forth by Socrates, in his closing address to his youthful pupil: "If after this, my dear boy, you ever again conceive other spiritual offspring, then one of two results will follow. Should a genuine conception actually take place, it will be something of a better kind in consequence of the present close examination; but should it turn out an abortion, you will be less harsh to those with whom you converse, more gentle, and not only more gentle, but more sober also, because you will not then be inclined to think you know what you do not know." To the same effect in another place (187. c): "And thus, my dear Theaetetus, ought we to be ever earnest and never discouraged in the search of truth. For if we persevere, there will be one of two things: either we shall find that which we are after, or we shall learn not to think we know what we know not. And yet even this would be no small reward for our pains."

It was one great charge against Socrates that he corrupted the youth by making them doubt (*ἀσχοπεῖν*), in other words, by throwing them into perplexity, and thus unsettling their confidence in former opinions. This, however, may be said to be the spirit of the Socratic scepticism, when viewed by that higher light which gives us an advantage over Socrates and Plato, in interpreting the rich suggestiveness of their own teachings. There was a good and useful scepticism which unsettles and takes down that it may the more firmly build; which drives one to faith, and to a faith in the highest degree rational, by showing the darkness and insecurity that, without it, must belong to everything called science. It is a scepticism that purges the soul of error, that there may be room and a clear space for truth; which leads us from "the things *seen* and temporal to the things *unseen* and eternal;" in other words, to a communion with the "immutable righteousness," and to that "assimilation to the Divine," which, in the remarkable passage contained in the extract that follows, the writer presents as the great end of the philosophic life. It is a scepticism which has characterized some of the brightest ornaments of the Christian Church. It was its negative power which, more than other human means, led Augustine to faith. It appears everywhere in the life and "Thoughts" of Pascal. No one can carefully read the writings of Baxter without perceiving how strong an element it was of his religious experience. Edwards would seem to belong to the more positive order of believers, and yet his works, in many places, reveal

much of the same style of thought and feeling. It was the characteristic of these and similar minds, that they ever extracted light out of the darkness that surrounded them; or to express the same thought with less appearance of paradox, the more intense the obscurity that hung over nature and human history, in themselves considered, the brighter the evidence of revelation and the "things unseen."

But we must proceed to the extract which is intended mainly to constitute this article. It is one of those episodes, or discussions, that often occur in the Platonic dialogues, and which, although they may, at first view, seem abrupt, and out of place, will be found, on close examination, to have been introduced with the most consummate skill, and in the most real and intimate unity with the leading design. The present episode may be entitled: *The Politician and the Philosopher, The Worldling and the Sage, or The Business Talent as compared with Contemplative Wisdom.* It is by no means, as the reader will see, an eulogistic rhapsody on the one, and an unmitigated condemnation of the other. There is no difficulty in determining who is the favorite; but his faults are not spared, and there is even an exquisite humor in depicting some of the extravagances of his unearthy style of thought. The sketch given us of the other character no one can mistake. The nineteenth century may sit for the picture with as much fitness as the age of Cleon and Pericles. The episode is complete in itself, but in order to present more clearly the transition we give a few sentences immediately preceding it. The previous question had been: How it was that the same men who denied the existence of any immutable standard of the just, the holy, the fair, or who maintained that these were in every case just what each State or age, might conventionally make them,—how it was that such could maintain, on the other hand that, in respect to what they called the useful, or profitable, there was no such conventionality, and that nothing was useful simply because any State or convention of men had so declared it to be. This in fact is the point from which commences the wide divergency between the two characters; and from this we commence our translation; in relation to which it need only be observed, that along with the strictest fidelity to the sense, we have aimed, not only to turn Greek idioms into corresponding English ones, but to make the English itself, in all other respects, as idiomatic and as familiar as possible.

Translation from Theaetetus, 172. B

SOCRATES. And yet in the former case of which I spoke, namely, in regard to just and unjust, holy and unholy, in respect to these, I say, there are men who are perfectly willing to affirm that no one of them hath by nature any real being or essence of its own, but that in these cases, the common *seeming* or opinion becomes true, just when it *seems* true, and for just so long a time as it may continue to *seem* true. In some such manner would all hold in regard to wisdom, or knowledge, who do not embrace in full, but only partially, the doctrine of Protagoras. But in this way, Theodorus,¹ argument after argument, a greater ever growing out of a less, comes crowding in upon us.

THEODORUS. True, but have we not leisure in plenty for them all?

SOC. It would seem so. And by the way, your speaking of leisure, my good sir, puts me in mind how often, on other occasions as well as the present, the thought has occurred to me, that it is really no wonder if those who give their days to philosophy, should make but a sorry figure when they come to appear in the public courts.

THEOD. What would you mean by that?

SOC. The men who are occupied with an endless round of business in the courts and similar popular assemblies — such men as these, when compared with those who are nurtured in philosophy, seem to have a training, if we may venture to say it, like that of drudging slaves, contrasted with the education of a freeman.

THEOD. In what respect?

SOC. In this. The one class have all that leisure² of which you spoke, and can, therefore, carry on their discussions deliberately and in quiet. Just as we now entertain question after question, being already on the third, so they also do, whenever the one occurring at the moment (as it happened in our case), has more interest for them than the matter first proposed. And, moreover, it concerns them not at all whether they argue briefly, or at length, provided only they get at last at truth and reality. But the other class never speak with leisure; for the water (or hourglass) ever urges them onwards as it flows, and it is never permitted one of them to discourse simply in

¹ In this part of the dialogue the respondent is no longer the boy Theaetetus, but his old tutor, the Mathematician Theodorus.

² Hence the term *scholastic*, *schoolmen*, the men of *contemplation* instead of business, or practical men, as they are called. It is the first class that our age, and especially our country, most needs. There is plenty of the other.

such a way, and on such topics, as his own thoughts may lead him to, since the opposite party, having the compulsive authority of the law, is ever calling him to order by the reading of the opposing plea or libel, called the *antonomia*, appealing to it as the record out of which he must never say a word. And the speeches themselves are ever like those of a slave made for a fellow slave before the master, the judge, who has in his hands the decision of the cause. The pleadings, moreover, admit no license, no variety, but must evermore follow the track of the cause in hand; and often the race may be for the very life itself. From all these causes it follows that such men become indeed intense and keen, well knowing how to fawn upon the master in their speech, and gain his favor by their act, yet still ever small and crooked in their souls. For all growth, enlargement, rectitude and freedom of thought, their servile life from boyhood takes quite away, compelling them to do all things obliquely, and thus producing in their souls, while yet impressible at all, strong suspicions of hazard, together with continued apprehensions. Now, because they cannot well endure these in a firm reliance upon the *right* and *true*, they betake themselves forthwith to falsehood, and mutual retaliations, until they are so *distorted* and *corrupted*,¹ that, when they finally pass from youth to active manhood, there is no longer any part of the mind that is sound, however sharp and wise they may have become in their own fond conceits. Such are these, friend Theodorus, but how is it with those who belong to our choir? Shall we give a description of these too, or let them go, and turn back again to our argument?

THEOD. By no means, O Socrates, but go through with it. For you have well said this, that we, the members of this choir, as you call it, are not slaves to our arguments, but rather is it that they are our servants, and must wait, each one of them, for that termination that may best suit our leisure. For there is no judge, nor even spectator, such as awaits the recitations of the poets; no one in short, who is going to control us either as critic or magistrate.

SOC. Since you think so, then, let us commence, as is fitting, by speaking of the Coryphaeans, or those at the very head of the choir, for why should one dwell upon those who play the inferior parts in

¹ Our metaphorical terms here have the same radical ideas with the Greek, but we are in danger of overlooking their expressive import in consequence of familiarity—*clean bent from the line of right and truth, corrupted—broken up—the moral organism dissolved*—like a putrid physical mass from which the organic life has departed. The student of the Bible will recall the same metaphors in Isaiah i.

the philosophic chorus? Now these Coryphaeans are of this sort: Even from boyhood up they never know the way to the Agora, nor even where the Court, or the Senate Hall is situated, nor where any other assemblage for public business may have its session. As for laws and statutes, proclaimed or written, they neither hear nor read them. As for the political factions and their jealous rivalries for office, the caucusses, the banquets, not even in a dream has it ever come into the mind of one of this class that they have anything to do with them. All questions, too, of public scandal, as whether our political character is base or nobly born, or whether any taint has come to another from his ancestors,¹ either male or female — all such matters are more out of his ken, to quote the old proverb, than the number of gallons contained in the waters of the sea. And in respect to such things, moreover, he does not even know that he does not know them. For he keeps away, not simply for the sake of his good repute, but because it is in fact his body that lies in the city, and stays at home, while the soul in its small opinion and contempt of all these matters, is borne everywhere, Pindar says, geologising² the depths below the earth, geometrizing its wide extended surface, mounting the heavens in the contemplations of astronomy, searching out, in all directions, every nature of every whole belonging to the realities of the universe, and yet never letting itself down to the serious thought of anything that is close at hand.

THEOD. What do you mean, O Socrates, by such a sketch?

SOC. It is just like this. Thales, O Theodorus, was once so wrapped up in the reveries of astronomy, and so intently gazing upward, that he tumbled down into a well. Whereupon, as we are told, a facetious Thracian waiting-maid, who had her wits about her, made fine sport of him, as one whose whole mind was upon the knowledge of things in the heavens, while that which lay right before his feet utterly escaped his notice. Now, this same joke will do for all those who live for nothing but philosophy. For in truth, from such a man, that which is nearest to him attracts no notice, and even of his next neighbor he knows nothing, neither what he does, nor hardly whether he is a man at all, and not some other curious sort of beast. But, man in the abstract, or the universal man, what *he* is, what

¹ Democrats as they were, no men attached more importance to family distinctions, and an unsullied ancestry, than the Athenians.

² The word *geometrizing* is a literal transfer of the Greek. *Astronomizing* is also employed. The other word expresses the idea, but is coined, in form, to keep up the spirit of the passage.

is his nature, what active and passive properties belong to such a nature, in distinction from that of other animals,—this he is ever exploring, and intently searching out, at whatever cost of trouble or pains. You understand me now, Theodorus, do you not?

THEOD. I do, and it is nothing but the truth you say.

SOC. Wherefore, such a man, my friend, both in his public and private intercourse, and especially, as I said at first, when he is required in a court of justice, or any other place, to discourse of things at his feet and right before his eyes, such a man, I say, furnishes laughter, not to Thracian waiting-maids only, but for all the rest of the rabble, as he tumbles into wells, in other words, into distressing embarrassments, arising from his inexperience; so that his awkwardness is really terrible, procuring for him the reputation of utter stupidity. For in these revilings of him, he has nothing to throw back upon any one in return, because he knows no evil of any one, simply from having never made his neighbor's individual character¹ the subject of careful study. Wherefore, in his embarrassment, as we said, he appears ridiculous. Again, when he himself, on his part, is seen openly to laugh at those praises and glorifications which are so common among other men, although he may do this without the least affectation, and in all simplicity, still is he set down as the veriest trifler. As an instance of this: When some autocrat or king is made the subject of encomium, he knows no better than to regard it, just as though some mere keeper of animals, a swineherd, for example, or a shepherd, was thus lauded, or some cowherd, perhaps, was pronounced most fortunate, because, forsooth, he knew how to milk his drove to the "best advantage." For he really regards these, the tyrant and the king, as having a much more treacherous and unmanageable animal to herd and milk than the others; and thinks, moreover, that such a one, with his never ceasing cares, living, too, as he does, ever surrounded by a wall, as in a herdsman's lodge, on a mountain top, must surely become, even still more wild and uncultivated than the rude cattle-feeders themselves. Again,² when he is told of ten thousand acres, what a wonderful amount it is for one man to possess,

¹ Not simply on the ground that such a man would be averse to slander, and the inspection of individual character from ordinary motives, but because he is wholly taken up with the study of the *universal homo*, in distinction from what is commonly called a *knowledge of human nature*.

² This very long Greek sentence might have been broken up to suit the modern style; but it would, in that case, have lost much of the power which comes from its compactness and unity of idea.

he seems to hear it as a very trifling affair, accustomed as he is to make the whole earth the object of his contemplations. And when the multitude are sounding aloud the praises of high birth, and telling how this or that noble personage has the names of seven rich ancestors to show on his genealogical record, he regards it merely as the applause of men, who take a very dim and diminutive view of things, and who, by reason of their never having been trained to higher thoughts, are unable to keep their mind upon the *whole*, or to reason with themselves, that every man, be he who he may, has myriads innumerable of *pappi* and *progoni*, forefathers and progenitors, among whom there have been all sorts of characters, rich men and beggars, kings and slaves, Greeks and barbarians, thousands of times repeated — unable, we say, to reason thus, but on the contrary *prizing* themselves upon a sorry catalogue of some here five and twenty names, making it a matter of solemn consequence, that they can count back to some Hercules, the son of some Amphytrion, it is really wonderful, we repeat it, what wretched gabble all this appears to him, especially when he sees them so besotted as never to have it come into their minds, that the ancestor who may stand still farther back in the scale, so as to be twenty-five degrees beyond Amphytrion, or even fifty, may have been, after all, just such a man as you might meet with anywhere, in other words, one of the commonest sort of fellows. He laughs, we say, at men who cannot make this simple calculation, and by so doing let out the vain glory of their unreasoning souls. Wherefore, in all such cases, the man we have described, is himself derided by the multitude, on the one hand for what seems his extravagant pride, and on the other, for his ignorance and embarrassment in respect to all matters that lie right before his feet.

THEOD. You describe things just as they really are.

SOC. But should our philosopher, on his part, succeed in drawing upwards¹ any of his mockers, and should it happen, moreover, that any one of them is even willing to get out of his *cases* and his *actions* his *What have I wronged you or you me?* into a consideration of justice and injustice universally, in themselves, that he might know what each of them is, and in what respect they differ from one another, and from all else, or should desire to rise from such trite and particular inquiries as these:² *Is a king happy, or one who has abundance*

¹ There seems allusion here to that simile of the cave which, although set forth in full only in the beginning of the 7th book of the Republic, seems to have been often elsewhere in the mind of the writer.

² Examples of the *cases*, or questions of *casuistry* discussed by the sophists,

of gold? into a contemplation of royalty itself in its very essence, and of human happiness and misery in their most catholic acceptations, that he might know what these really are, and after what manner it pertains to the human nature to acquire the one and to avoid the other; when, I say, it becomes necessary for our man of acute yet contracted mind, our sharp politician, our dealer in points and cases, to render a reason in respect to any questions of this kind, then it is, that he, in turn, presents a spectacle the exact antistrophe, or counterpart, to that before described. For it is he then who gets dizzy as he swings suspended high, and his "deficient sight" looks "toppling down"¹ from his airy elevation;² then he it is who filled with all amazement, as one out of his native element,³ distressed,

and probably forming the themes of many a debating club at Athens; logomachies which never could be settled without a previous determination of the universal ideas involved.

¹ It may seem strange to translate Plato by the language of Shakspeare, but whoever will examine the original can hardly fail to see that no expressions, and no image, could more appropriately represent it.

² ἰλιγγίων — ἀπ' ὑψηλοῦ κραιμαθείς καὶ βλέπων μετρίως ἄνωθεν ὑπὸ ἐπιθάλας. It is a favorite opinion of a certain modern school who would show their critical learning by denying (what has heretofore been regarded as settled in literature), that the clouds of Aristophanes was in any way the cause, or the occasion, of the popular odium, and subsequently of the indictment and death of Socrates. We cannot enter upon the discussion here, but there can be no doubt that the expressions in the text have direct reference to that well known and painfully remembered Aristophanic representation. They are almost the very words of the comic poet. Many things, also, in the Gorgias, Republic and elsewhere, might be adduced in support of the same idea; and the manner in which they are brought in, ever betrays a warmth of feeling that could have only come from Plato's regarding them as the cause of deadly injury to a much loved friend. The apparent anachronisms attending such an hypothesis might easily be explained; and it could be shown, too, if we had time, that the representation of Socrates and Aristophanes in the Symposium is not inconsistent with it.

³ Ἀθημιονῶν. The Greek word here is remarkable, not only for its most expressive sense, but as being the very term used to characterize one peculiar element of our Saviour's agony in the garden. It is of rare occurrence, because possessing a peculiar significance which unfits it for frequent use. The rendering "very heavy" (Matt. 26: 37) is only a general accommodation of its sense. Buttman makes it from ἄ-θημος, according to which it would denote *one away from home*, one oppressed with a sense of *loneliness and desertion*. It most expressively denotes the sorrow of Him who had left "the bosom of his Father" and "the glory which he had with him before the world was," to sojourn as a lonely stranger in a distant, unsympathizing land, mocked and hated by those he came to save, and, at the same time, appearing to be strangely abandoned by that consolation he had ever before drawn from communion with his native Heaven.

perplexed, himself the barbarian now,¹ makes laughter in his turn, not for Thracian girls indeed, nor for any other one uncultivated like himself — for they have no sense of his real state — but for all, in truth, who have received a nurture the opposite of that of slaves. This, my friend Theodorus, is the several way of each, the one peculiar to him who is nurtured in freedom and leisure, in other words, the man you call the philosopher, and in regard to whom it is neither cause of blame, nor wonder, that he should seem simple and good for nothing when he chances to be drawn into servile employments, as when, for example, one who knows nothing of the business, is called, perchance, to pack up baggage, or bedding, for a journey, or to season some dainty dish, in other words, to spice some popular discourse with exciting and flattering terms. The other is the likeness of one who can, indeed, do all these servile things with sharpness and alacrity, but knows not how to fold his robe about him like a freeman, nor with becoming harmony of speech to chant that true life which is the portion of God and blessed men.²

THEOD. Could you, O Socrates, thus persuade all of the truth of what you say, as you now do me, there would surely be more peace, and fewer evils among men.

SOC. You are mistaken, Theodorus, since evil can neither perish (for there must be always something opposed to the good) nor have its seat above in Heaven; but, of necessity, must it hover round this mortal nature, and this lower world.³ It becomes our great business,

¹ Compare with this what is said in the *Gorgias*, 527, A. of the condition of the worldly wise man when brought before the post mortem judgment in Hades. He had mocked the philosophic pietist for his defencelessness arising from ignorance of earthly ways and forms. But there he stands in turn before that unearthly tribunal, in a manner characterized by the same terms he had himself before applied to the object of his derision, trembling, confounded, and utterly speechless, like the man in the New Testament parable who came into the marriage feast without the wedding garment.

² The philosopher is contrasted with the lawyer, the rhetorician, and the politician, as the freeman with the slave. Hence the language descriptive of the one side, or the so called *practical* men, is of the most servile character, while the epithets applied to the other are derived from the most free and elevated life. Among the former, however, although all are servile, there may have been intended distinctions. The mere demagogues, the Cleons of the day, are occupied in the lowest drudgery, such as packing baggage, etc. The rhetorician is the cook, who prepares nice things for the popular palate. So in the *Gorgias*, the mere orator or spouter is compared with the *ὄψοποιός*.

³ *ἵππευκτον γὰρ τι τῷ ἀγαθῷ ἀεὶ εἶναι ἀνδύκη*. We have here very clearly the Platonic doctrine of the eternity and necessity of evil as the logical opposite of the good. It is expelled from Heaven, and, therefore, must have its seat on earth.

therefore, to try, with all our speed, to flee from hence towards their other place. But the mode of flight is ever by *assimilation to the Deity, and this assimilation, again, ever consists in becoming holy, just, and truly wise.* It is, however, far from being an easy thing to persuade men that it is not for the reasons which the multitude assign for avoiding vice and attaining virtue, that we must practise the one and not the other, namely that a man may not *seem* to be bad, or may *seem* to be good; for all this *seems* to me, if I may use a very common expression, to be no better than an old wife's tale. But let us thus declare the real truth: God is in no respect unjust, but ever most supremely just; and, therefore, nothing among us is more like him than the man who is most just. Here then, in very truth, as to a standard is all to be referred; whether it be man's highest powers, his weakness, or his utter nothingness. For the knowledge¹ of this (the Divine righteousness) is both wisdom and true virtue, and the ignorance thereof is folly and clear depravity; while all other excellences which *seem* to be such, and all other kinds of *seeming* wisdom are but vulgar things, even as existing in the exercise of political powers, and meaner still as they are manifested in the mechanical arts, or the lower walks of life. Wherefore, when one commits injustice, or says or does anything impious, it is far the best never to concede that he excels in craft and shrewdness; for they actually joy in the reproach, and fancy that they hear themselves praised as being no triflers, no good-for-nothing cumberers of the earth, but *proper* men, just such as those ought to be who expect to get well off in all the hazards of the State. On this very account, however, ought we to tell them the truth; because the more they imagine themselves what they are not, the more are they, in fact, just what they never think themselves to be. Thus they know not that last thing of which they should be ignorant, the true penalty of unrighteousness. For it is not what they suppose, merely stripes and death — which sometimes they suffer who are innocent of all crime — but a penalty which it is an utter impossibility for any one ever to escape.

THEOD. What penalty can you mean?

SOC. There being, O Theodorus, in the very nature of things,²

¹ In the elevated, serious, and, may we not say without irreverence, Scriptural thoughts presented in this remarkable passage, we find the reasons of the digression. This is *the truth, the rock*, in the all surrounding sea of scepticism. Here is solid ground. Whether sense, and opinion, or reason even, be knowledge or not, the soul has firm anchorage in this faith, that God is, and that man may become blest by becoming like Him.

² ἐν τῷ ὄντι ἐστίν, fixed in the nature of things. Senanus would render this,

two fixed paradigms,¹ or exemplars, the one the godly, most blessed, the other the ungodly, most miserable — such men, in their utter blindness to this truth, and by reason of their folly and their extreme clementness, are ever insensibly becoming through their wicked deeds more and more like the one, and unlike the other; of which course they pay the penalty in living a life corresponding to that nature to which they become assimilated. But should we tell them that unless they get rid of this excelling cleverness, that holy place² where evil never dwells, shall not receive them when they die, and that, even in this world, they shall ever lead a life the likeness of themselves, the bad in converse ever with what is evil; should we tell them this, I say, they would hear it just as the keen and worldly wise might be supposed to listen to those whom they regard as destitute of common sense.

THEOD. Most truly said.

SOC. I know it for a fact,³ my friend, I know it well. Nevertheless there is one thing which is wont to happen to them, should it become necessary in private to give or receive a reason of what they

in ipsa rerum humanarum communitate. His objection to the larger and more obvious sense, comes from his desire to maintain Plato's orthodoxy against the charge of holding to an eternal and necessary principle of evil. But this cannot be done. The philosopher is certainly heretical on this point. His heresy, however, came from a keen sense of the existence of positive evil, and is better than the seeming orthodoxy of some systems of optimism, which virtually deny the existence of any evil *per se*.

¹ *Paradigms.* The first thought here would be of the passage in the Gorgias, 525. B. where he speaks of the eternal paradigms or spectacles kept in terror in Hades. But on examination it will be seen that he has reference to two grand types or models of existence, to one or the other of which all moral agents act, and eternally will be assimilating — tending to a "partaking of the Divine nature," or to become *ἄθεος* — farther and farther from God — "without God" — that is, pure evil — pure devil — pure misery — utter irrecoverableness.

² *ὁ τῶν κακῶν καθαρὸς τόπος κ. τ. λ.* This sentiment is so purely Scriptural, that it at once suggests the similar passages in the Bible: "*The pure in heart shall see God.*" "*Without holiness no man shall see the Lord.*" We do not say that Plato means the same thing with Christ and the Apostle. But certainly, no such language is to be found in anything else that ever called itself philosophy, either ancient or modern. Compare the striking passage in the Phaedon, 82. B: "*Most blessed of all are they who go to the most blessed place, etc.; but to this Divine abode (εἰς θεῶν γένος) or family, there is no admission to any one who departs not wholly pure*" — *παντελῶς καθαρῶ ἀπύοντι.*

³ *οἶδά τοι.* There is an emphasis in the particle. Whether regarded as expressing the feeling of Plato or Socrates, it is the language of one who had, in his own day, been stigmatized as an unpractical visionary, destitute of common sense.

censure, and should it even be their purpose to bear up with a bold face for a long time, and never to flee like a coward, yet is does somehow strangely turn out, my good friend, that in the end they do not even gain their own applause, and there are times when this boasted rhetoric of theirs so fades and loses all its strength, as to seem in fact, no better than the prattle of a child. But since all this is said by way of scholastic digression, let us now desist. Otherwise such topics as these flowing in upon us more and more, will in the end wholly bury under the main inquiry with which we set out. If you please, then, let us resume our former positions, or return to the question: What is knowledge?

ARTICLE III.

LIFE OF ZUINGLI.

By R. D. C. Robbins, Professor of Languages, Middlebury College.

[Concluded from p. 299.]

The Conference at Baden.

EARLY in 1526, the proposition for a disputation to be held at Baden was renewed. It is not, perhaps, to be doubted, that the object with more than one of the movers was to deprive the reformed party of its head. They had tried flattery and threats in vain. As to reasoning, the man could not be found who could cope with Zuingli, especially where he had the Bible on his side. The grand vicar of the bishop of Constance, ever after the first colloquy at Zurich, had been looking out for some means to put down the fast spreading heresy. The only effectual method seemed to be, to induce Zuingli to leave the territories of Zurich, when it would be easy to have him arrested and condemned to death. Eck had been interested in this plan, and they were determined that their prey should not escape them. The diet of the cantons, influenced by Faber, Eck and others, demanded of Zurich to send Zuingli to Baden, to engage in a discussion with Eck upon important points of Christian doctrine. The council of Zurich, thinking that they had reason to suspect foul play,