[Through the courtesy of one of our contributors we have obtained the article on Spinoza that appears in this issue of the JOURNAL. We are extremely fortunate in being so favored with this lyric pedagogy of Professor Roerich. At this time it is especially fitting that we mention Benedictus de Spinoza since the entire scientific, philosophic, and educational world will, in November, celebrate the three hundredth anniversary of his birth.

Spinoza (born November 24, 1632, died in Holland February 22, 1677) was offered a chair of philosophy by the Elector Palatine and a pension by Louis, the Fourteenth, but he preferred independence by earning his living as an optician and by private teaching, devoting himself to philosophy and corresponding with the great intellectu­als of his time. Spinoza wrote on ethics, philology, historical method, and com­parative mythology.

Spinoza's plea is for the blessedness of meeting hatred with love. His rule is—bene agere et laetari (to do good cheerfully), for the highest life consists in loving resignation to the supreme order. He maintains convincingly that from hate good can never issue, for only in love of the highest (love that looks for no return) lies real freedom; and in man's impotence over his own passions lies real slavery. Pro­fessor Roerich presents Spinoza as a great educational soul and as such he would have teachers admire and appreciate him.—Editor.]

"Watchman, what of the Night! Watchman, what of the night!"

The watchman said, "The morning cometh, and also the night."

Throughout the night of human consciousness, up to the very dawn, the ever-vigilant, thought-creation of Spinoza stood its guard on the dikes of Holland.

It called out to the darkness: "Why is matter to be regarded as unworthy of divine nature?"

The very disintegration of the substance of matter, let us say, even that which protects Holland, would threaten with peril an entire country, because the "chaos" of ocean rises higher than the level of the lawfully manifest. How then can we underestimate the meaning of matter which has been mani­fested by the great creativeness of spirit? Where is the law which bids us disparage and reject?

"The stone which the builders have rejected shall become the key stone."

This is no pretense of a revelation of Spinoza. How is it possible to reveal that which has been discovered long since and which has already penetrated the best minds? But at a significant hour it is joyful to recall a wise one, a car­rier of the treasure of thought, who opened one more channel to the beautiful synthesis.

Is it by accident that time itself reminds us of the glorious achievement of thought? Amidst the tremors, errors and disillusions of the weak, the reality of this great, self-sacrificing personality astonishes one, like a sudden meteor from the far-off worlds, affording us by its example lessons in the understand­ing of life which is nurtured and felt on one's heart.

The austere image of Spain, fatherland of Spinoza's family; the arduous destiny of the compatriots of the Moranos; the legend of Sabati Sevy; the flash of Uriel di Costa; the tragic death of his first teacher; his acquaintance with Bacon, Descartes, Hodges, Giordano Bruno, DeWit, these seekers of truth, who took upon themselves the burden of surrounding ignorance; all these make up the keynote of the life of the Thinker.
More than once, attempts were made upon his life; in the Hague, where now stands a statue of Spinoza, the Thinker was arrested as a French spy. Indignant over the murder of his friend, DeWit, Spinoza wished to mark the site of the murder by the inscription, "Ultimi Barbarorum". In this cry of his soul, he poured out the deep pain of the heart.

Tragedy is the unfailing fellow-traveler of the searchers and finders of the treasure, of those who have touched mystery. But it carries in itself that magnetic conviction which constructs the guiding and calling legend of truth. The name of Spinoza is surrounded by this heroic legend which forcibly affirms the depths, the reality, of the conclusions of his trend of thoughts.

The uniqueness of the life of the Thinker himself, his triumph over human weaknesses and conventionalities, all these milestones, these beacons and torches of that sorrowfully stern march, illumine the image of Spinoza with a light which is kindled only by the power of thought and the reverberation of the heart. The wise one knows that the morning will not come swiftly, but he does not fear to set out upon the path by night, even if the night be starless, and if through its pall he can hear the ominous roar of the ocean.

"Think more broadly! Think better! Do not permit your thought to lack the precious essence. Dare not to disparage that which great thought has evoked from the unmanifest chaos."

While humanity stands appalled before the self-created economic and spiritual crises, the hours of destiny throb out the dates that recall the great figures, who by their vital example affixed the impression of their achievements. At the very moment when humanity is appalled so greatly at the wavering of its ephemeral, illusory standards, there come reminders of one who could not be held back by any dams; who ascended along the luminous arch from Amstel to the Valhalla, Highest of Matter. When the fragments from our earthly crashes seemingly bar the paths, there appear the messengers of the transmutation of thought into matter and matter into thought, who ascertain even the weight of thought.

The opponents of Spinoza speak of details, discuss his words, without desiring to see the basic trend of his thought. There is nothing baser than to tear from a multitude of successive signs, separate details and to brandish those in an attempt to confound or in a desire to violate, the current of thought. Out of the most precious tablets one may construct very strange designs.

Whoever has affirmed another great value, has thereby already enriched the possibility of evolution; he has already become a glorious guest of honor at the feast of culture. Dessication and decay or affirmation and unfoldment; there is no mid-way.

The thought of Spinoza is destined to flower. It is not in vain that so many young hearts are attracted to it. Not to the abstract, but to the real, do the young hearts leap. They feel the direction of life.

Spinoza asserts that "Science has one destiny, to which all its branches are striving — namely, the highest perfecting of humanity. . . . Those who deny that men can attain virtue and truth deprive themselves of these, by this very denial."

Let us not forget that Spinoza strives to "such a finding and possession as will give constant and highest joy in eternity", to those "pure and clear
thoughts, where passion ceases to be passion”. Thus Ethics cease to be an abstraction and becomes the guiding star of joy in true vital application.

Spinoza could rejoice in his observation of the Rings of Saturn, as he turned to the far off worlds. But he also studied the earthly laws, as the equilibrium of the foundations.

The Rabbi Gamaliel says: “The study of the law is a noble deed, if united with some art. Our occupation with them diverts us from sin. But each occupation unaccompanied by artistry leads to nothing.” And the Rabbi Yehudi adds: “He who does not teach his son an art prepares him to be a highwayman.” Spinoza, knowing his art of delicate telescopic lenses and having attained considerable perfection in drawing, verily answered the covenant of harmonization and ennobling of the spirit.

More than once Spinoza received offers in money in exchange for only a few concessions in his views; but stoically he rejected them.

More than once he was threatened with murder or with the looting of his possessions. But could the ignorance of malice stop the torrent of thought? In order not to inflict danger upon his landlord, he offered voluntarily to face his assailants when they came to murder him. Does not the refusal of Socrates to escape from prison resound with the same nobility of spirit? Or the story of dungeon of Grigen Adamantius? And does it not remind us of other great examples? Spinoza asked a friend not to translate all parts of his tracts into the Dutch language in order to avoid forbiddance. And does this not call forth various great parallels, ancient and contemporary, when the words of bliss were proclaimed by ignorance as “dangerous poison”?

As signs for the human spirit rise the milestones of courage and of cognizance of an unrestrainable nobility.

At his tri-centennial anniversary, people will turn with new benevolent attention to the renewed and penetrating image of Spinoza, and once again they will rejoice over his evolved consciousness, because the enchantments of thoughts never wither. Of course, true values find a place for themselves with difficulty. The standard depositories are not containers for them. It is painful to open an eye full of dust; and especially when not a speck of dust but a beam of wood impedes.

One recollects the following truly “historical” episode:

When the mummy of Pharoah Ramesis the Great was found, it was packed in the pages of the newspaper *Le Temps* and brought to Cairo in a wagon. The custom official weighed it on the scale and “not finding a corresponding custom levy in the list of tariffs applied to it the ruling in regard to salt codfish”.

To us, the holy relics of the ancients are in the category of salt codfish. This is not a tale of Middle Ages but of our very recent past which finds a parallel between reverence of relics and salt codfish. And can we ascribe such ignorance only to our past? Up to now, a skeleton is imported under the tariff of second-hand things.

And even now, are not the foundations of culture being destroyed? Do we not attempt again to deprive matter, the great Materia Matrix, of her divine origin? Do not the ignorant try to place all scientific raptures into the coffin of dead symbols?
Verily not by accident have so many books of wisdom been revealed now for warning and preventing the possibility of new deplorable errors. Verily not by accident does time itself, by its dates, remind us of knights and heroes of thought, who like the heroes of antiquity, have quaffed the poison of the world!

How shall we then celebrate the tri-centenary of Spinoza? With what will the friends of his thought celebrate? Best of all, with that which would be closest to the Thinker himself, the creating of eternal joys. So let us try and find in this creativeness of luminous benevolence and renewed cooperation, joy — for "Joy is a special wisdom!"

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**IN MEMORIAM**

**ARTHUR C. KLOCK**

The death of Arthur C. Klock at his summer camp at Little Falls, New York, came as a sad announcement to those whose privilege it was to be associated with him.

In paying tribute to him, our Superintendent of Schools, Mr. Claude C. Russell, said: "The teaching force of New Haven has suffered a great loss in the death of Mr. Arthur C. Klock, who was a quiet, unobtrusive gentleman. He was a man of sound judgment and excellent scholarship. He won the respect of the faculty of Susan Sheridan Junior High School and it is with difficulty that his place will be filled in the community."

Mr. Klock was born July 7, 1878. He was graduated from the Little Falls High School in 1896 and from St. Lawrence University in 1902. He took graduate studies at Yale and at Columbia. He was experienced as a public school teacher and was at one time principal of the Canandaigua High School at Canandaigua, New York. He later was supervising principal at East Aurora, New York, and was superintendent of schools at Latrobe, Pennsylvania. He was also teacher of chemistry in Polytechnic Preparatory School, Brooklyn, New York. For many years he was principal of Webster School, where he served until 1925, when he received his appointment as principal of the Sheridan Junior High School.

The teachers and students of Sheridan deeply feel the loss of one who had their interest always so close to his heart. We shall always remember with affection our association with him.

*Harriet Kirby.*

**LAVINA L. MORAN**

The faculty, children and friends of Miss Lavina Moran were deeply grieved to learn of her sudden death, which occurred on the seventeenth of August.

Miss Moran came to the Abraham Lincoln School — then the Shelton Avenue School — about twenty-five years ago. She had just graduated from