

be punished at all?" *Dr. Adams*. "Being excluded from Heaven will be a punishment; yet there may be no great positive suffering." *Johnson*. "Well, Sir; but, if you admit any degree of punishment, there is an end of your argument for infinite goodness simply considered; for, infinite goodness would inflict no punishment whatever. There is not infinite goodness physically considered; morally there is."

Boswell, *Life of Johnson* (June 12, 1784)

- 55 The Holy Ghost over the bent
World broods with warm breast and with ah!
bright wings.

G. M. Hopkins, *God's Grandeur*

- 56 The ordinary moralistic state of mind makes the
salvation of the world conditional upon the suc-

cess with which each unit does its part. Partial and conditional salvation is in fact a most familiar notion when taken in the abstract, the only difficulty being to determine the details. Some men are even disinterested enough to be willing to be in the unsaved remnant as far as their persons go, if only they can be persuaded that their cause will prevail—all of us are willing, whenever our activity-excitement rises sufficiently high. I think, in fact, that a final philosophy of religion will have to consider the pluralistic hypothesis more seriously than it has hitherto been willing to consider it. For practical life at any rate, the *chance* of salvation is enough. No fact in human nature is more characteristic than its willingness to live on a chance.

William James, *Varieties of Religious Experience*, Postscript

20.15 | Heaven and Hell

Whereas redemption and salvation through the intercession of a divine mediator is, for the most part, a Christian doctrine and a distinguishing feature of the Christian religion, heaven and hell figure significantly among the religious beliefs of pagan antiquity, though usually under other names, such as Hades and the Elysian Fields. Hence the ancient poets, and particularly Homer and Virgil who recount visits by their heroes to the abode of the shades, take their place here, along with Dante and Milton, among the authors depicting the joys of the blessed and the tortures of the damned. On the other hand, Plato, who, among ancient philosophers, is most concerned with the immortality of the soul and the judgment it is subject to after death, conceives divine rewards and punishments in terms of reincarnation, accompanied by a better or worse earthly life, rather than in terms of heaven and hell.

As the quotations below indicate, many are the questions asked and answered by medieval theologians concerning the state of the damned in hell and the condition of the blessed in heaven: such questions as whether the tortures of hell are mainly spiritual or physical; whether the pain of loss or deprivation or the pain of sense constitutes the reality of hell; whether references to "hell-fire" are to be interpreted literally or metaphorically; whether the blessed in heaven are aware of the tortures of the damned and whether they take pleasure in such awareness; whether there are lower and higher levels of beatitude in heaven as there are less and more intense gradations of punishment in hell; and whether the reincarnation of the body and its being reunited with the soul in heaven increases the joys of the blessed.

In the secular literature of a later age, the joys of heaven and the terrors of hell tend to

become less vivid and approach the vanishing point of unreality. Nevertheless, even with loss of belief in their reality, they remain as symbols of joy and misery, betokening the fulfillment of man's highest hopes or his abandonment to utter despair. There is also, in the quotations from more recent writers, a strain of satire concerning the preferability of hell to heaven in terms of

who is there and what is going on in each place, summed up in a statement by Mark Twain not quoted here: "Heaven for climate, Hell for society."

For the discussion of closely related matters, the reader is referred to Section 20.7 on ANGELS AND DEVILS, Section 20.13 on SIN AND TEMPTATION, and Section 20.14 on REDEMPTION AND SALVATION.

1 The children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings.

They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of thy house; and thou shalt make them drink of the river of thy pleasures.

For with thee is the fountain of life: in thy light shall we see light.

Psalm 36:7-9

2 I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.

Psalm 84:10

3 Hell from beneath is moved for thee to meet thee at thy coming: it stirreth up the dead for thee, even all the chief ones of the earth; it hath raised up from their thrones all the kings of the nations.

All they shall speak and say unto thee, Art thou also become weak as we? art thou become like unto us?

Thy pomp is brought down to the grave, and the noise of thy viols: the worm is spread under thee, and the worms cover thee.

How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! how art thou cut down to the ground, which didst weaken the nations!

For thou hast said in thine heart, I will ascend into heaven, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God: I will sit also upon the mount of the congregation, in the sides of the north:

I will ascend above the heights of the clouds; I will be like the most High.

Yet thou shalt be brought down to hell, to the sides of the pit.

They that see thee shall narrowly look upon thee, and consider thee, saying: Is this the man that made the earth to tremble, that did shake kingdoms;

That made the world as a wilderness, and destroyed the cities thereof; that opened not the house of his prisoners?

All the kings of the nations, even all of them, lie in glory, every one in his own house.

But thou art cast out of thy grave like an abominable branch, and as the raiment of those that

are slain, thrust through with a sword; that go down to the stones of the pit; as a carcase trodden under feet.

Thou shalt not be joined with them in burial, because thou hast destroyed thy land, and slain thy people: the seed of evildoers shall never be renowned.

Isaiah 14:9-20

4 [Hephaistos] spoke, and the goddess of the white arms Hera smiled at him, and smiling she accepted the goblet out of her son's hand.

Thereafter beginning from the left he poured drinks for the other gods, dipping up from the mixing bowl the sweet nectar.

But among the blessed immortals uncontrollable laughter

went up as they saw Hephaistos bustling about the palace.

Thus thereafter the whole day long until the sun went under

they feasted, nor was anyone's hunger denied a fair portion,

nor denied the beautifully wrought lyre in the hands of Apollo

nor the antiphonal sweet sound of the Muses singing.

Afterwards when the light of the flaming sun went under

they went away each one to sleep in his home where

for each one the far-renowned strong-handed Hephaistos

had built a house by means of his craftsmanship and cunning.

Zeus the Olympian and lord of the lightning went to

his own bed, where always he lay when sweet sleep came on him.

Going up to the bed he slept and Hera of the gold throne beside him.

Homer, Iliad, I, 595

5 *Poseidon*. We are three brothers born by Rheia to Kronos, Zeus, and I, and the third is Hades, lord of the dead men. All was divided among us three ways, each given his domain. I when the lots were shaken drew the grey sea to live in forever; Hades drew the lot of the mists and the darkness, and Zeus was allotted the wide sky, in the cloud and the bright air. But earth and high Olympos are common to all three.

Homer, *Iliad*, XV, 187

6 She departed, grey-eyed Athena, to where the gods have their eternal dwelling—as men say—in the fastness of Olympos. Never a tremor of wind, or a splash of rain, no errant snowflake comes to stain that heaven, so calm, so vaporless, the world of light. Here, where the gay gods live their days of pleasure, the grey-eyed one withdrew.

Homer, *Odyssey*, VI, 40

7 *Odysseus*. We made the land, put ram and ewe ashore, and took our way along the Ocean stream to find the place foretold for us by Kirké. There Perimédês and Eurýlokhos pinioned the sacred beasts. With my drawn blade I spaded up the votive pit, and poured libations round it to the unnumbered dead: sweet milk and honey, then sweet wine, and last clear water; and I scattered barley down. Then I addressed the blurred and breathless dead, vowing to slaughter my best heifer for them before she calved, at home in Ithaka, and burn the choice bits on the altar fire; as for Teirêsias, I swore to sacrifice a black lamb, handsomest of all our flock. Thus to assuage the nations of the dead I pledged these rites, then slashed the lamb and ewe, letting their black blood stream into the wellpit. Now the souls gathered, stirring out of Erebos, brides and young men, and men grown old in pain, and tender girls whose hearts were new to grief; many were there, too, torn by brazen lanceheads, battle-slain, bearing still their bloody gear. From every side they came and sought the pit with rustling cries; and I grew sick with fear.

Homer, *Odyssey*, XI, 20

8 *Odysseus*. Then I saw Tantalos put to the torture: in a cool pond he stood, lapped round by water clear to the chin, and being athirst he burned to slake his dry weasand with drink, though drink

he would not ever again. For when the old man put his lips down to the sheet of water it vanished round his feet, gulped underground, and black mud baked there in a wind from hell. Boughs, too, drooped low above him, big with fruit,

pear trees, pomegranates, brilliant apples, luscious figs, and olives ripe and dark; but if he stretched his hand for one, the wind under the dark sky tossed the bough beyond him.

Homer, *Odyssey*, XI, 581

9 *Odysseus*. Heraklês, down the vistas of the dead, faded from sight; but I stood fast, awaiting other great souls who perished in times past. I should have met, then, god-begotten Theseus and Peirithoôs, whom both I longed to see, but first came shades in thousands, rustling in a pandemonium of whispers, blown together, and the horror took me that Perséphonê had brought from darker hell some saurian death's head.

Homer, *Odyssey*, XI, 627

10 *Theonoe*. All men, in the world below and in the world above must pay for acts committed here. The mind of those who have died, blown into the immortal air, immortally has knowledge, though all life is gone.

Euripides, *Helen*, 1013

11 *Socrates*. In the days of Cronos there existed a law respecting the destiny of man, which has always been, and still continues to be in Heaven—that he who has lived all his life in justice and holiness shall go, when he is dead, to the Islands of the Blessed, and dwell there in perfect happiness out of the reach of evil; but that he who has lived unjustly and impiously shall go to the house of vengeance and punishment, which is called Tartarus.

Plato, *Gorgias*, 523A

12 *Socrates*. I will tell you a tale; not one of the tales which Odysseus tells to the hero Alcinous, yet this too is a tale of a hero, Er the son of Armenius, a Pamphylian by birth. He was slain in battle, and ten days afterwards, when the bodies of the dead were taken up already in a state of corruption, his body was found unaffected by decay, and carried away home to be buried. And on the twelfth day, as he was lying on the funeral pile, he returned to life and told them what he had seen in the other world. He said that when his soul left the body he went on a journey with a great company, and that they came to a mysterious place at which there were two openings in the earth; they were near together, and over against them were two other openings in the heaven above. In the intermediate

space there were judges seated, who commanded the just, after they had given judgment on them and had bound their sentences in front of them, to ascend by the heavenly way on the right hand; and in like manner the unjust were bidden by them to descend the lower way on the left hand; these also bore the symbols of their deeds, but fastened on their backs. He drew near, and they told him that he was to be the messenger who would carry the report of the other world to men, and they bade him hear and see all that was to be heard and seen in that place. Then he beheld and saw on one side the souls departing at either opening of heaven and earth when sentence had been given on them; and at the two other openings other souls, some ascending out of the earth dusty and worn with travel, some descending out of heaven clean and bright. And arriving ever and anon they seemed to have come from a long journey, and they went forth with gladness into the meadow, where they encamped as at a festival; and those who knew one another embraced and conversed, the souls which came from earth curiously enquiring about the things above, and the souls which came from heaven about the things beneath. And they told one another of what had happened by the way, those from below weeping and sorrowing at the remembrance of the things which they had endured and seen in their journey beneath the earth (now the journey lasted a thousand years), while those from above were describing heavenly delights and visions of inconceivable beauty.

Plato, *Republic*, X, 614A

- 13 So pray'd the Trojan prince, and, while he pray'd,
His hand upon the holy altar laid.
Then thus replied the prophetess divine:
"O goddess-born of great Anchises' line,
The gates of hell are open night and day;
Smooth the descent, and easy is the way:
But to return, and view the cheerful skies,
In this the task and mighty labor lies.
To few great Jupiter imparts this grace,
And those of shining worth and heav'nly race,
Betwixt those regions and our upper light,
Deep forests and impenetrable night
Possess the middle space: th' infernal bounds
Cocytus, with his sable waves, surrounds.
But if so dire a love your soul invades,
As twice below to view the trembling shades;
If you so hard a toil will undertake,
As twice to pass th' innavigable lake;
Receive my counsel. In the neighb'ring grove
There stands a tree; the queen of Stygian Jove
Claims it her own; thick woods and gloomy night
Conceal the happy plant from human sight.
One bough it bears; but (wondrous to behold!)
The ductile rind and leaves of radiant gold:
This from the vulgar branches must be torn,
And to fair Proserpine the present borne,

Ere leave be giv'n to tempt the nether skies.
The first thus rent a second will arise,
And the same metal the same room supplies.
Look round the wood, with lifted eyes, to see
The lurking gold upon the fatal tree:
Then rend it off, as holy rites command;
The willing metal will obey thy hand.
Following with ease, if favor'd by thy fate,
Thou art foredoom'd to view the Stygian state:
If not, no labor can the tree constrain;
And strength of stubborn arms and steel are vain.
Besides, you know not, while you here attend,
Th' unworthy fate of your unhappy friend:
Breathless he lies; and his unburied ghost,
Depriv'd of fun'ral rites, pollutes your host.
Pay first his pious dues; and, for the dead,
Two sable sheep around his hearse be led;
Then, living turfs upon his body lay:
This done, securely take the destin'd way,
To find the regions destitute of day."
She said, and held her peace.

Virgil, *Aeneid*, VI

- 14 Obscure they [Aeneas and the Prophetess] went
thro' dreary shades, that led
Along the waste dominions of the dead.
Thus wander travelers in woods by night,
By the moon's doubtful and malignant light,
When Jove in dusky clouds involves the skies,
And the faint crescent shoots by fits before their
eyes.
Just in the gate and in the jaws of hell,
Revengeful Cares and sullen Sorrows dwell,
And pale Diseases, and repining Age,
Want, Fear, and Famine's unresisted rage;
Here Toils, and Death, and Death's half-brother,
Sleep,
Forms terrible to view, their seutry keep;
With anxious Pleasures of a guilty mind,
Deep Frauds before, and open Force behind;
The Furies' iron beds; and Strife, that shakes
Her hissing tresses and unfolds her snakes.
Full in the midst of this infernal road,
An elm displays her dusky arms abroad:
The God of Sleep there hides his heavy head,
And empty dreams on ev'ry leaf are spread.
Of various forms unnumber'd specters more,
Centaur, and double shapes, besiege the door.
Before the passage, horrid Hydra stands,
And Briareus with all his hundred hands;
Gorgons, Geryon with his triple frame;
And vain Chimera vomits empty flame.
The chief unsheath'd his shining steel, prepar'd,
Tho' seiz'd with sudden fear, to force the guard,
Off'ring his brandish'd weapon at their face;
Had not the Sibyl stopp'd his cager pace,
And told him what those empty phantoms were:
Forms without bodies, and impassive air.
Hence to deep Acheron they take their way,
Whose troubled eddies, thick with ooze and clay,
Are whirl'd aloft, and in Cocytus lost.

There Charon stands, who rules the dreary coast—

A sordid god: down from his hoary chin
A length of beard descends, uncomb'd, unclean;
His eyes, like hollow furnaces on fire;
A girdle, foul with grease, binds his obscene attire.
He spreads his canvas; with his pole he steers;
The freights of flitting ghosts in his thin bottom
bears.

He look'd in years; yet in his years were seen
A youthful vigor and autumnal green.
An airy crowd came rushing where he stood,
Which fill'd the margin of the fatal flood:
Husbands and wives, boys and unmarried maids,
And mighty heroes' more majestic shades,
And youths, intomb'd before their fathers' eyes,
With hollow groans, and shrieks, and feeble cries.
Thick as the leaves in autumn strow the woods,
Or fowls, by winter forc'd, forsake the floods,
And wing their hasty flight to happier lands;
Such, and so thick, the shiv'ring army stands,
And press for passage with extended hands.
Now these, now those, the surly boatman bore:
The rest he drove to distance from the shore.
The hero, who beheld with wond'ring eyes
The tumult mix'd with shrieks, laments, and cries,
Ask'd of his guide, what the rude concourse
meant;

Why to the shore the thronging people bent;
What forms of law among the ghosts were us'd:
Why some were ferried o'er, and some refus'd.
"Son of Anchises, offspring of the gods,"
The Sibyl said, "you see the Stygian floods,
The sacred stream which heav'n's imperial state
Attests in oaths, and fears to violate.
The ghosts rejected are th' unhappy crew
Depriv'd of sepulchers and fun'ral due:
The boatman, Charon; those, the buried host,
He ferries over to the farther coast;
Nor dares his transport vessel cross the waves
With such whose bones are not compos'd in
graves.
A hundred years they wander on the shore;
At length, their penance done, are wafted o'er."

Virgil *Aeneid*, VI

- 15 No sooner landed, in his den they found
The triple porter of the Stygian sound,
Grim Cerberus, who soon began to rear
His crested snakes, and arm'd his bristling hair.
The prudent Sibyl had before prepar'd
A sop, in honey steep'd, to charm the guard;
Which, mix'd with pow'ful drugs, she cast before
His greedy grinning jaws, just op'd to roar.
With three enormous mouths he gapes; and
straight,
With hunger press'd, devours the pleasing bait.
Long draughts of sleep his monstrous limbs en-
slave;
He reels, and, falling, fills the spacious cave.
The keeper charm'd, the chief without delay

Pass'd on, and took th' irremovable way.

Virgil, *Aeneid*, VI

- 16 Before the gates, the cries of babes new-born,
Whom fate had from their tender mothers torn,
Assault his ears: then those whom form of laws
Condemn'd to die, when traitors judg'd their
cause.

Nor want they lots, nor judges to review
The wrongful sentence, and award a new.
Minos, the strict inquisitor, appears;
And lives and crimes, with his assessors, hears.
Round in his urn the blended balls he rolls,
Absolves the just, and dooms the guilty souls.
The next, in place and punishment, are they
Who prodigally throw their souls away;
Fools, who, repining at their wretched state,
And loathing anxious life, suborn'd their fate.
With late repentance now they would retrieve
The bodies they forsook, and wish to live;
Their pains and poverty desire to bear,
To view the light of heav'n, and breathe the vital
air:

But Fate forbids; the Stygian floods oppose,
And with nine circling streams the captive souls
inclose.

Virgil, *Aeneid*, VI

- 17 And they, perhaps, in words and tears had spent
The little time of stay which Heav'n had lent;
But thus the Sibyl chides their long delay:
"Night rushes down, and headlong drives the day:
'Tis here, in different paths, the way divides;
The right to Pluto's golden palace guides;
The left to that unhappy region tends,
Which to the depth of Tartarus descends;
The seat of night profound, and punish'd fiends."

Virgil, *Aeneid*, VI

- 18 They lie below, on golden beds display'd;
And genial feasts with regal pomp are made.
The Queen of Furies by their sides is set,
And snatches from their mouths th' untasted
meat,
Which if they touch, her hissing snakes she rears,
Tossing her torch, and thund'ring in their ears.
Theu they, who brothers' better claim disown,
Expel their parents, and usurp the throne;
Defraud their clients, and, to lucre sold,
Sit brooding on unprofitable gold;
Who dare not give, and e'en refuse to lend
To their poor kindred, or a wanting friend.
Vast is the throng of these; nor less the train
Of lustful youths, for foul adult'ry slain:
Hosts of deserters, who their honor sold,
And basely broke their faith for bribes of gold.
All these within the dungeon's depth remain,
Despairing pardon, and expecting pain.
Ask not what pains; nor farther seek to know
Their process, or the forms of law below.
Some roll a weighty stone; some, laid along,

And bound with burning wires, on spokes of
wheels are hung.
Unhappy Theseus, doom'd for ever there,
Is fix'd by Fate on his eternal chair;
And wretched Phlegyas warns the world with
cries
(Could warning make the world more just or
wise):
'Learn righteousness, and dread th' avenging dei-
ties.'
To tyrants others have their country sold,
Imposing foreign lords, for foreign gold;
Some have old laws repeal'd, new statutes made,
Not as the people pleas'd, but as they paid;
With incest some their daughters' bed profan'd:
All dar'd the worst of ills, and, what they dar'd,
attain'd.
Had I a hundred mouths, a hundred tongues,
And throats of brass, inspir'd with iron lungs,
I could not half those horrid crimes repeat,
Nor half the punishments those crimes have met.

Virgil, *Aeneid*, VI

- 19 They took their way
Where long extended plains of pleasure lay:
The verdant fields with those of heav'n may vie,
With ether vested, and a purple sky;
The blissful seats of happy souls below.
Stars of their own, and their own suns, they know;
Their airy limbs in sports they exercise,
And on the green contend the wrestler's prize.
Some in heroic verse divinely sing;
Others in artful measures lead the ring.
The Thracian bard, surrounded by the rest,
There stands conspicuous in his flowing vest;
His flying fingers, and harmonious quill,
Strikes sev'n distinguish'd notes, and sev'n at once
they fill. . . .
To these the Sibyl thus her speech address'd,
And first to him surrounded by the rest
(Tow'ring his height, and ample was his breast):
"Say, happy souls, divine Mnsæus, say,
Where lives Anchises, and where lies our way
To find the hero, for whose only sake
We sought the dark abodes, and cross'd the bitter
lake?"
To this the sacred poet thus replied:
"In no fix'd place the happy souls reside.
In groves we live, and lie on mossy beds,
By crystal streams, that murmur thro' the meads:
But pass yon easy hill, and thence descend;
The path conducts you to your journey's end."
This said, he led them up the mountain's brow,
And shews them all the shining fields below.
They wind the hill, and thro' the blissful meadows
go.

Virgil, *Aeneid*, VI

- 20 Nor death itself can wholly wash their stains;
But long-contracted filth e'en in the soul remains.
The relics of inveterate vice they wear,

And spots of sin obscene in ev'ry face appear.
For this are various penances enjoind;
And some are hung to bleach upon the wind,
Some plung'd in waters, others purg'd in fires,
Till all the dregs are drain'd, and all the rust ex-
pires.
All have their manes, and those manes bear:
The few, so cleans'd, to these abodes repair,
And breathe, in ample fields, the soft Elysian air.
Then are they happy, when by length of time
The scurf is worn away of each committed crime;
No speck is left of their habitual stains,
But the pure ether of the soul remains.

Virgil, *Aeneid*, VI

- 21 Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth,
where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where
thieves break through and steal:
But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven,
where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and
where thieves do not break through nor steal:
For where your treasure is, there will your heart
be also.

Matthew 6:19-21

- 22 The kingdom of heaven is like unto a merchant
man, seeking goodly pearls:
Who, when he had found one pearl of great
price, went and sold all that he had, and bought
it.

Matthew 13:45-46

- 23 The kingdom of heaven is like unto a net, that
was cast into the sea, and gathered of every kind:
Which, when it was full, they drew to shore,
and sat down, and gathered the good into vessels,
but cast the bad away.

So shall it be at the end of the world: the angels
shall come forth, and sever the wicked from
among the just.

And shall cast them into the furnace of fire:
there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth.

Matthew 13:47-50

- 24 For the kingdom of heaven is like unto a man that
is an householder, which went out early in the
morning to hire labourers into his vineyard.

And when he had agreed with the labourers for
a penny a day, he sent them into his vineyard.

And he went out about the third hour, and saw
others standing idle in the marketplace,

And said unto them; Go ye also into the vine-
yard, and whatsoever is right I will give you. And
they went their way.

Again he went out about the sixth and ninth
hour, and did likewise.

And about the eleventh hour he went out, and
found others standing idle, and saith unto them,
Why stand ye here all the day idle?

They say unto him, Because no man hath hired
us. He saith unto them, Go ye also into the vine-

yard; and whatsoever is right, that shall ye receive.

So when even was come, the lord of the vineyard saith unto his steward, Call the labourers, and give them their hire, beginning from the last unto the first.

And when they came that were hired about the eleventh hour, they received every man a penny.

But when the first came, they supposed that they should have received more; and they likewise received every man a penny.

And when they had received it, they murmured against the goodman of the house,

Saying, These last have wrought but one hour, and thou hast made them equal unto us, which have borne the burden and heat of the day.

But he answered one of them, and said, Friend, I do thee no wrong: didst not thou agree with me for a penny?

Take that thine is, and go thy way: I will give unto this last, even as unto thee.

Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with mine own? Is thine eye evil, because I am good?

So the last shall be first, and the first last: for many be called, but few chosen.

Matthew 20:1-16

- 25 When the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory:

Aud before him shall be gathered all nations: and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats:

And he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left.

Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.

Matthew 25:31-34

- 26 There was a certain rich man, which was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day:

And there was a certain beggar named Lazarus, which was laid at his gate full of sores,

Aud desiring to be fed with the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table: moreover the dogs came and licked his sores.

And it came to pass, that the beggar died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom: the rich man also died, and was buried;

And in hell he lift up his eyes, being in torments, and seeth Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom.

And he cried and said, Father Abraham, have mercy ou me, and send Lazarus, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool my tongue; for I am tormented in this flame.

But Abraham said, Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things, and like-

wise Lazarus evil things: but now he is comforted, and thou art tormented.

And beside all this, between us and you there is a great gulf fixed: so that they which would pass from hence to you cannot; neither can they pass to us, that would come from thence.

Luke 16:19-26

- 27 In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you.

John 14:2

- 28 Behold, I shew you a mystery: We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed,

In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed.

For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.

So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory.

I Corinthians 15:51-54

- 29 One of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they?

And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said to me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple: aud he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them.

They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat.

For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: aud God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

Revelation 7:13-17

- 30 I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven aud the first earth were passed away; aud there was no more sea.

And I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband.

And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God.

And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.

And he that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new. And he said unto me, Write: for these words are true and faithful.

And he said unto me, It is done. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end. I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely.

He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God, and he shall be my son.

Revelation 21:1-7

- 31 We must not . . . contrary to nature, send the bodies . . . of good men to heaven; but we must really believe that, according to their divine nature and law, their virtue and their souls are translated out of men into heroes, out of heroes into demi-gods, out of demi-gods, after passing, as in the rite of initiation, through a final cleansing and sanctification, and so freeing themselves from all that pertains to mortality and sense, are thus, not by human decree, but really and according to right reason, elevated into gods admitted thus to the greatest and most blessed perfection.

Plutarch, *Romulus*

- 32 If to any man the tumult of the flesh grew silent, silent the images of earth and sea and air: and if the heavens grew silent, and the very soul grew silent to herself and by not thinking of self mounted beyond self: if all dreams and imagined visions grew silent, and every tongue and every sign and whatsoever is transient—for indeed if any man could hear them, he should hear them saying with one voice: We did not make ourselves, but He made us who abides forever: but if, having uttered this and so set us to listening to Him who made them, they all grew silent, and in their silence He alone spoke to us, not by them but by Himself: so that we should hear His word, not by any tongue of flesh nor the voice of an angel nor the sound of thunder nor in the darkness of a parable, but that we should hear Himself whom in all these things we love, should hear Himself and not them . . . and if this could continue, and all other visions so different be quite taken away, and this one should so ravish and absorb and wrap the beholder in inward joys that his life should eternally be such as that one moment of understanding . . . would not this be: *Enter Thou into the joy of Thy Lord?* But when shall it be? Shall it be when *we shall all rise again and shall not all be changed?*

Augustine, *Confessions*, 1X, 10

- 33 The bodies of the righteous . . . such as they shall be in the resurrection, shall need neither any fruit to preserve them from dying of disease or the wasting decay of old age, nor any other physical nourishment to allay the cravings of hunger or of thirst; for they shall be invested with so sure and every way inviolable an immortality, that they shall not eat save when they choose, nor be under

the necessity of eating, while they enjoy the power of doing so.

Augustine, *City of God*, XIII, 22

- 34 Hell, which also is called a lake of fire and brimstone, will be material fire, and will torment the bodies of the damned, whether men or devils—the solid bodies of the one, aerial bodies of the others; or if only men have bodies as well as souls, yet the evil spirits, though without bodies, shall be so connected with the bodily fires as to receive pain without imparting life.

Augustine, *City of God*, XXI, 10

- 35 It may very well be, and it is thoroughly credible, that we shall in the future world see the material forms of the new heavens and the new earth in such a way that we shall most distinctly recognize God everywhere present and governing all things, material as well as spiritual, and shall see Him, not as now we understand the invisible things of God, by the things which are made, and see Him darkly, as in a mirror, and in part, and rather by faith than by bodily vision of material appearances, but by means of the bodies we shall wear and which we shall see wherever we turn our eyes.

Augustine, *City of God*, XXII, 29

- 36 How great shall be that felicity, which shall be tainted with no evil, which shall lack no good, and which shall afford leisure for the praises of God, Who shall be all in all! For I know not what other employment there can be where no lassitude shall slacken activity, nor any want stimulate to labour. . . . True peace shall be there, where no one shall suffer opposition either from himself or any other. God Himself, Who is the Author of virtue, shall there be its reward; for, as there is nothing greater or better, He has promised Himself. What else was meant by His word through the prophet, "I will be your God, and ye shall be my people," than, "I shall be their satisfaction, I shall be all that men honourably desire"—life, and health, and nourishment, and plenty, and glory, and honour, and peace, and all good things? This, too, is the right interpretation of the saying of the apostle, "That God may be all in all." He shall be the end of our desires who shall be seen without end, loved without cloy, praised without weariness. This outgoing of affection, this employment, shall certainly be, like eternal life itself, common to all.

But who can conceive, not to say describe, what degrees of honour and glory shall be awarded to the various degrees of merit? Yet it cannot be doubted that there shall be degrees. And in that blessed city there shall be this great blessing, that no inferior shall envy any superior, as now the archangels are not envied by the angels, because no one will wish to be what he has not received, though bound in strictest concord with him who

has received; as in the body the finger does not seek to be the eye, though both members are harmoniously included in the complete structure of the body. And thus, along with his gift, greater or less, each shall receive this further gift of contentment to desire no more than he has.

Augustine, *City of God*, XXII, 30

37 As there is a kind of death of the soul, which consists in the putting away of former habits and former ways of life, and which comes through repentance, so also the death of the body consists in the dissolution of the former principle of life. And just as the soul, after it has put away and destroyed by repentance its former habits, is created anew after a better pattern, so we must hope and believe that the body, after that death which we all owe as a debt contracted through sin, shall at the resurrection be changed into a better form; not that flesh and blood shall inherit the kingdom of God (for that is impossible), but that this corruptible shall put on incorruption, and this mortal shall put on immortality. And thus the body, being the source of no uneasiness because it can feel no want, shall be animated by a spirit perfectly pure and happy, and shall enjoy unbroken peace.

Augustine, *Christian Doctrine*, I, 19

38 In the lost there can be fear of punishment to a greater degree than hope of glory in the Blessed. Because in the lost there will be a succession of punishments, so that the notion of something future remains there, which is the object of fear. But the glory of the saints has no succession, by reason of its being a kind of participation of eternity, in which there is neither past nor future, but only the present.

Aquinas, *Summa Theologica*, I-II, 67, 4

39 Fulness of joy can be understood in two ways. First, on the part of the thing rejoiced in, so that one rejoice in it as much as it is fitting that one should rejoice in it, and thus God's joy alone in Himself is filled, because it is infinite, and this is wholly fitting to the infinite goodness of God; but the joy of any creature must be finite. Secondly, fulness of joy may be understood on the part of the one who rejoices. Now joy is compared to desire as rest to movement . . . and rest is full when there is no more movement. Hence joy is full, when there remains nothing to be desired. But as long as we are in this world, the movement of desire does not cease in us, because it still remains possible for us to approach nearer to God by grace. . . . When once, however, perfect happiness has been attained, nothing will remain to be desired because then there will be full enjoyment of God, in which man will obtain whatever he had desired, even with regard to other goods. . . . Hence desire will be at rest, not only our desire for God, but all our desires, so that the joy of the

blessed is full to perfection,—indeed over-full, since they will obtain more than they were capable of desiring.

Aquinas, *Summa Theologica*, II-II, 28, 3

40 The necessity of holding the resurrection arises from this—that man may obtain the last end for which he was made, for this cannot be accomplished in this life nor in the life of the separated soul . . . otherwise man would have been made in vain, if he were unable to obtain the end for which he was made. And since it is necessary for the end to be obtained by the selfsame thing that was made for that end, lest it appear to be made without purpose, it is necessary for the selfsame man to rise again; and this is effected by the selfsame soul being united to the selfsame body. For otherwise there would be no resurrection properly speaking, if the same man were not reformed. Hence to maintain that he who rises again is not the selfsame man is heretical, since it is contrary to the truth of Scripture which proclaims the resurrection.

Aquinas, *Summa Theologica*, III Suppl., 79, 2

41 A thing may be a matter of rejoicing in two ways. First, in itself, when one rejoices in a thing as such, and thus the saints will not rejoice in the punishment of the wicked. Secondly, accidentally, by reason namely of something joined to it; and in this way the saints will rejoice in the punishment of the wicked, by considering therein the order of Divine justice and their own deliverance, which will fill them with joy. And thus the Divine justice and their own deliverance will be the direct cause of the joy of the blessed, while the punishment of the damned will cause it indirectly.

Aquinas, *Summa Theologica*, III Suppl., 94, 3

42 The disposition of hell will be such as to be adapted to the utmost unhappiness of the damned.

Aquinas, *Summa Theologica*, III Suppl., 97, 4

43 Hell will never lack sufficient room to admit the bodies of the damned, since hell is accounted one of the three things that never are satisfied. Nor is it unreasonable that God's power should maintain within the bowels of the earth a hollow great enough to contain all the bodies of the damned.

Aquinas, *Summa Theologica*, III Suppl., 97, 7

44 The unhappiness of the damned surpasses all unhappiness of this world.

Aquinas, *Summa Theologica*, III Suppl., 98, 3

45 Even as in the blessed in heaven there will be most perfect charity, so in the damned there will be the most perfect hate. Therefore as the saints will rejoice in all goods, so will the damned grieve for all goods. Consequently the sight of the happiness of the saints will give them very great pain.

- . . . Therefore they will wish all the good were damned.
Aquinas, *Summa Theologica*, III Suppl., 98, 4
- 46 The appetite is moved by good or evil apprehended. Now God is apprehended in two ways, namely in Himself, as by the blessed, who see Him in His essence; and in His effects, as by us and by the damned. Since, then, He is goodness by His essence, He cannot in Himself be displeasing to any will; therefore whoever sees Him in His essence cannot hate Him. On the other hand, some of His effects are displeasing to the will in so far as they are opposed to any one, and accordingly a person may hate God not in Himself, but by reason of His effects. Therefore the damned, perceiving God in His punishment, which is the effect of His justice, hate Him, even as they hate the punishment inflicted on them.
Aquinas, *Summa Theologica*, III Suppl., 98, 5
- 47 After the judgment day there will be neither merit nor demerit. The reason for this is because merit or demerit is directed to the attainment of some further good or evil, and after the day of judgment good and evil will have reached their ultimate consummation, so that there will be no further addition to good or evil. Consequently, good will in the blessed will not be a merit but a reward, and evil will in the damned will be not a demerit but a punishment only.
Aquinas, *Summa Theologica*, III Suppl., 98, 6
- 48 The damned, before the judgment day, will see the blessed in glory, in such a way as to know, not what that glory is like, but only that they are in a state of glory that surpasses all thought. This will trouble them, both because they will, through envy, grieve for their happiness, and because they have forfeited that glory. . . . After the judgment day, however, they will be altogether deprived of seeing the blessed; nor will this lessen their punishment, but will increase it, because they will bear in remembrance the glory of the blessed which they saw at or before the judgment, and this will torment them. Moreover they will be tormented by finding themselves considered unworthy even to see the glory which the saints merit to have.
Aquinas, *Summa Theologica*, III Suppl., 98, 9
- 49 [One] reason may be given why the punishment of mortal sin is eternal, because thereby one offends God Who is infinite. Therefore since punishment cannot be infinite in intensity, because the creature is incapable of an infinite quality, it must be infinite at least in duration. And again there is a fourth reason for the same, because guilt remains for ever, since it cannot be remitted without grace, and men cannot receive grace after death; nor should punishment cease so long as guilt remains.
Aquinas, *Summa Theologica*, III Suppl., 99, 1
- 50 "Through me [the Gate of Hell] is the way into the doleful city; through me the way into the eternal pain; through me the way among the people lost.
Justice moved my High Maker; Divine Power made me, Wisdom Supreme, and Primal Love. Before me were no things created, but eternal; and eternal I endure: leave all hope, ye that enter."
These words, of colour obscure, saw I written above a gate; whereat I: "Master, their meaning to me is hard."
And he [Virgil] to me, as one experienced: "Here must all distrust be left; all cowardice must here be dead.
We are come to the place where I told thee thou shouldst see the wretched people, who have lost the good of the intellect."
Dante, *Inferno*, III, 1
- 51 And lo! an old man, white with ancient hair, comes towards us in a bark, shouting: "Woe to you, depraved spirits!
hope not ever to see Heaven: I come to lead you to the other shore; into the eternal darkness; into fire and into ice.
And thou who art there, alive, depart thee from these who are dead." But when he saw that I departed not,
he said: "By other ways, by other ferries, not here shalt thou pass over: a lighter boat must carry thee."
And my guide to him: "Charon, vex not thyself: thus it is willed there, where what is willed can be done; and ask no more." . . .
Then all of them together, sorely weeping, drew to the accursed shore, which awaits every man that fears not God.
Charon the demon, with eyes of glowing coal, beckoning them, collects them all; smites with his oar whoever lingers.
As the leaves of autumn fall off one after the other, till the branch sees all its spoils upon the ground:
so one by one the evil seed of Adam cast themselves from that shore at signals, as the bird at its call.
Thus they depart on the brown water; and ere they have landed on the other shore, again a fresh crowd collects on this.
"My son," said the courteous Master [Virgil], "those who die under God's wrath, all assemble here from every country;
and they are prompt to pass the river, for Divine Justice spurs them so, that fear is changed into desire.
By this way no good spirit ever passes; and hence, if Charon complains of thee, thou easily now

mayest know the import of his words."

Dante, *Inferno*, III, 82

52 "Ah! so may thy seed sometime have rest," I prayed him [Farinata], "solve the knot which has here involved my judgment.

It seems that you see beforehand what time brings with it, if I rightly hear; and have a different manner with the present."

"Like one who has imperfect vision, we see the things," he said, "which are remote from us; so much light the Supreme Ruler still gives to us; when they draw nigh, or are, our intellect is altogether void; and except what others bring us, we know nothing of your human state.

Therefore thou mayest understand that all our knowledge shall be dead, from that moment when the portal of the Future shall be closed."

Dante, *Inferno*, X, 94

53 "My Son, within these stones," he [Virgil] then began to say, "are three circlets in gradation, like those thou leavest.

They all are filled with spirits accurst; but, that the sight of *these* hereafter may of itself suffice thee, hearken how and wherefore they are pent up.

Of all malice, which gains hatred in Heaven, the end is injury; and every such end, either by force or by fraud, aggrieveth others.

But because fraud is a vice peculiar to man, it more displeases God; and therefore the fraudulent are placed beneath, and more pain assails them.

All the first circle is for the violent; but as violence may be done to three persons, it is formed and distinguished into three rounds.

To God, to one's self, and to one's neighbour, may violence be done; I say in them and in their things, as thou shalt hear with evident discourse.

By force, death and painful wounds may be inflicted upon one's neighbour; and upon his substance, devastations, burnings, and injurious extortions:

wherefore the first round torments all homicides and every one who strikes maliciously, all plunderers and robbers, in different bands.

A man may lay violent hand upon himself, and upon his property: and therefore in the second round must every one repent in vain

who deprives himself of your world, gambles away and dissipates his wealth, and weeps there where he should be joyous.

Violence may be done against the Deity, in the heart denying and blaspheming Him; and disdain Nature and her bounty:

and hence the smallest round seals with its mark both Sodom and Cahors, and all who speak with disparagement of God in their hearts.

Fraud, which gnaws every conscience, a man may

practise upon who confide in him; and upon who repose no confidence.

This latter mode seems only to cut off the bond of love which Nature makes: hence in the second circle nests

hypocrisy, flattery, sorcerers, cheating, theft and simony, pandars, barrators, and like filth.

In the other mode is forgotten that love which Nature makes, and also that which afterwards is added, giving birth to special trust:

hence in the smallest circle, at the centre of the universe and seat of Dis, every traitor is eternally consumed."

Dante, *Inferno*, XI, 16

54 I stood upon the bridge, *having* risen so to look, that, if I had not caught a rock, I should have fallen down without being pushed.

And the Guide [Virgil], who saw me thus attent, said: "Within those fires are the spirits; each swathes himself with that which burns him."

"Master," I replied, "from hearing thee I feel more certain; but had already discerned it to be so, and already wished to say to thee:

Who is in that fire, which comes so parted at the top, as if it rose from the pyre where Eteocles with his brother was placed?"

He answered me: "Within it there Ulysses is tortured, and Diomed; and thus they run together in punishment, as *erst* in wrath;

and in their flame they groan for the ambush of the horse, that made the door by which the noble seed of the Romans came forth;

within it they lament the artifice, whereby Deidamia in death still sorrows for Achilles; and there for the Palladium they suffer punishment."

"If they within those sparks can speak," said I, "Master! I pray thee much, and repray that my prayer may equal a thousand,

deny me not to wait until the horned flame comes hither; thou seest how with desire I bend me towards it."

And he to me: "Thy request is worthy of much praise, and therefore I accept it; but do thou refrain thy tongue.

Let me speak: for I have conceived what thou wishest; and they, perhaps, because they were Greeks, might disdain thy words."

After the flame had come where time and place seemed fitting to my Guide, I heard him speak in this manner:

"O ye, two in one fire! if I merited of you whilst I lived, if I merited of you much or little,

when on earth I wrote the High Verses, move ye not; but let the one of you tell where he, having lost himself, went to die."

The greater horn of the ancient flame began to shake itself, murmuring, just like a *flame* that struggles with the wind.

Then carrying to and fro the top, as if it were the

tongue that spake, threw forth a voice, and said: "When I departed from Circe, who beyond a year detained me there near Gaeta, ere Æneas thus had named it, neither fondness for my son, nor reverence for my aged father, nor the due love that should have cheered Penelope, could conquer in me the ardour that I had to gain experience of the world, and of human vice and worth; I put forth on the deep open sea, with but one ship, and with that small company, which had not deserted me. Both the shores I saw as far as Spain, far as Morocco; and saw Sardinia and the other isles which that sea bathes round. I and my companions were old and tardy, when we came to that narrow pass, where Hercules assigned his landmarks to hinder man from venturing farther; on the right hand, I left Seville; on the other, had already left Ceuta. 'O brothers!' I said, 'who through a hundred thousand dangers have reached the West, deny not, to this the brief vigil of your senses that remains, experience of the unpeopled world behind the Sun. Consider your origin: ye were not formed to live like brutes, but to follow virtue and knowledge.' With this brief speech I made my companions so eager for the voyage, that I could hardly then have checked them; and, turning the poop towards morning, we of our oars made wings for the foolish flight, always gaining on the left. Night already saw the other pole, with all its stars; and ours so low, that it rose not from the ocean floor. Five times the light beneath the Moon had been rekindled and quenched as oft, since we had entered on the arduous passage, when there appeared to us a Mountain, dim with distance; and to me it seemed the highest I had ever seen. We joyed, and soon our joy was turned to grief: for a tempest rose from the new land, and struck the forepart of our ship. Three times it made her whirl round with all the waters; at the fourth, made the poop rise up and prow go down, as pleased Another, till the sea was closed above us."

Dante, *Inferno*, XXVI, 43

55 Now eager to search within and around the divine forest dense and verdant, which to mine eyes was tempering the new day, without waiting more I left the mountain-side, crossing the plain with lingering step, over the ground which gives forth fragrance on every side.

A sweet breeze, itself invariable, was striking on my brow with no greater force than a gentle wind, before which the branches, responsively trembling, were all bending toward that quarter, where the holy mount casts its first shadow; yet not so far bent aside from their erect state, that the little birds in the tops ceased to practise their every art; but, singing, with full gladness they welcomed the first breezes within the leaves, which were murmuring the burden to their songs; even such as from bough to bough is gathered through the pine wood on Chiassi's shore, when Aeolus looses Sirocco forth.

Dante, *Purgatorio*, XXVIII, 1

56 "In the world I was a virgin sister, and if thy memory be rightly searched, my greater beauty will not hide me from thee, but thou wilt know me again for Piccarda, who, placed here with these other blessed ones, am blessed in the sphere that moveth slowest. Our affections, which are aflame only in the pleasure of the Holy Spirit, rejoice to be informed after his order. And this lot, which seemeth so far down, therefore is given us because our vows were slighted, and on some certain side were not filled in." Whereon I to her: "In your wondrous aspects a divine somewhat regloweth that doth transmute you from conceits of former times. Wherefore I lagged in calling thee to mind; now what thou tellest me giveth such help that more articulately I retrace thee. But tell me, ye whose blessedness is here, do ye desire a more lofty place, to see more, or to make yourselves more dear?" With those other shades first she smiled a little, then answered me so joyous that she seemed to burn in love's first flame: "Brother, the quality of love stilleth our will, and maketh us long only for what we have, and giveth us no other thirst. Did we desire to be more aloft, our longings were discordant from his will who here assorteth us, and for that, thou wilt see, there is no room within these circles, if of necessity we have our being here in love, and if thou think again what is love's nature. Nay, 'tis the essence of this blessed being to hold ourselves within the divine will, whereby our own wills are themselves made one. So that our being thus, from threshold unto threshold throughout the realm, is a joy to all the realm as to the king, who draweth out wills to what he willeth; and his will is our peace; it is that sea to which all moves that it createth and that nature maketh."

Dante, *Paradiso*, III, 46

- 57 *Aucassin*. In Paradise what have I to do? I care not to enter, but only to have Nicolette, my very sweet friend, whom I love so dearly well. For into Paradise go none but such people as I will tell you of. There go those aged priests, and those old cripples, and the maimed, who all day long and all night cough before the altars, and in the crypts beneath the churches, those who go in worn old mantles and old tattered habits; who are naked, and barefoot, and full of sores; who are dying of hunger and of thirst, of cold and of wretchedness. Such as these enter in Paradise, and with them have I nought to do. But in Hell will I go. For to Hell go the fair clerks and the fair knights who are slain in the tourney and the great wars, and the stout archer and the loyal man. With them will I go. And there go the fair and courteous ladies who have friends, two or three, together with their wedded lords. And there pass the gold and the silver, the ermine and all rich furs, harpers and minstrels, and the happy of the world. With these will I go, so only that I have Nicolette, my very sweet friend, by my side.
- Anon., *Aucassin and Nicolette*
- 58 This friar he boasts he knows somewhat of Hell, And God He knows that it is little wonder; Friars and fiends are never far asunder. For, by gad, you have oftentimes heard tell How such a friar was snatched down into Hell In spirit, once, and by a vision blown; And as an angel led him up and down To show the pains and torments that there were, In all the place he saw no friar there. Of other folk he saw enough in woe; And to the angel then he questioned so:
 “‘Now, sir,’ said he, ‘have friars such a grace That none of them shall come into this place?’
 “‘Nay,’ said the angel, ‘millions here are thrown!’
 And unto Sathanas he led him down.
 “‘And now has Sathanas,’ said he, ‘a tail Broader than of a galleon is the sail. Hold up thy tail, thou Sathanas!’ said he,
 “‘Show forth thine arse and let the friar see Where is the nest of friars in this place!’
 And ere one might go half a furlong’s space. Just as the bees come swarming from a hive, Out of the Devil’s arse-hole there did drive Full twenty thousand friars in a rout, And through all Hell they swarmed and ran about,
 And came again, as fast as they could run, And in his arse they erept back, every onc. He clapped his tail to and then lay right still. This friar, when he’d looked at length his fill Upon the torments of that sorry place, His spirit God restored, of His high grace, Into his body, and he did awake; Nevertheless for terror did he quake So was the Devil’s arse-hole in his mind,
 Which is his future home, and like in kind.
- Chaucer, *Canterbury Tales*:
Summoner’s Prologue
- 59 Truly the dark light that shall come out of the fire that burns for ever shall turn him all to pain who is in Hell; for it shall show unto him the horrible devils that torment him.
- Chaucer, *Canterbury Tales*:
Parson’s Tale
- 60 Certainly a shadow has the likeness of that whereof it is the shadow, but the shadow is not the substance. Just so it is with the pain of Hell; it is like unto death because of the horrible anguish. And why? Because it pains for ever, and as if they should die at every moment; but indeed they shall not die.
- Chaucer, *Canterbury Tales*:
Parson’s Tale
- 61 A thousand tymes have I herd men telle That ther ys joy in hevене and peyne in helle, And I acorde wel that it ys so; But, natheles, yet wot I wel also That ther nis noon dwellyng in this contree, That eyther hath in hevене or helle ybe, Ne may of hit noon other weyes witen, But as he hath herd seyde, or founde it writen.
- Chaucer, *The Legend of Good Women*:
Prologue
- 62 I desire to go to Hell, not to Heaven. In Hell I shall enjoy the company of popes, kings and princes, but in Heaven are only beggars, monks, hermits and apostles.
- Machiavelli, *On his deathbed*
- 63 I hold the gnashing of teeth of the damned to be an external pain following upon evil conscience, that is, despair, when men see themselves abandoned by God.
- Luther, *Table Talk*, H800
- 64 Unto Almighty God we commend the soul of our brother departed, and we commit his body to the ground; earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust; in sure and certain hope of the Resurrection unto eternal life, through our Lord Jesus Christ; at whose coming in glorious majesty to judge the world, the earth and sea shall give up their dead; and the corruptible bodies of those who sleep in him shall be changed, and made like unto his own glorious body; according to the mighty working whereby he is able to subdue all things unto himself.
- Book of Common Prayer
- 65 *Brakenbury*. Why looks your Grace so heavily to-day?
Clarence. O, I have pass’d a miserable night,

So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to bny a world of happy days,
So full of dismal terror was the time!

Brak. What was yout dream? I long to hear you tell it.

Clar. Methoughts that I had broken from the Tower,

And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy;
And, in my company, my brother Gloucester,
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches: thence we look'd toward Eng-
land

And cited up a thousand fearful times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster .
That had befall'n us. As we paced along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Gloucester stumbled; and, in fall-
ing,

Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
Lord, Lord! methought what pain it was to
drown!

What dreadful noise of waters in mine ears!
What ugly sights of death within mine eyes!
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
Ten thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea:
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and, in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,
Which woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death
To gaze upon the secrets of the deep?

Clar. Methought I had; and often did I strive
To yield the ghost: but still the envious flood
Kept in my soul and would not let it forth
To seek the empty, vast, and wandering air;
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awaked you not with this sore agony?

Clar. O, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life;
O, then began the tempest to my soul,
Who pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick,
Who cried aloud, "What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?"
And so he vanish'd: then came wandering by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood; and he squeak'd out aloud,
"Clarence is come; false, fleeting, perjured Clar-
ence,

That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury;
Seize on him, Furies, take him to your torments!"

With that, methoughts, a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me about, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries that with the very noise
I trembling waked, and for a season after
Could not believe but that I was in hell,
Such terrible impression made the dream.

Shakespeare, *Richard III*, I, iv, 1

66 *Ophelia.* Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven;
Whiles, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads.

Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, I, iii, 47

67 *Ghost.* I am thy father's spirit,
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purged away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young
blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their
spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part
And each particular hair to stand an end,
Like quills upon the fretful porpentine.
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood.

Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, I, v, 9

68 Well, well, Madam, quoth *Sancho*, I don't under-
stand your Parts and Wholes! I saw it, and there's
an End of the Story. Only you must think, that as
we flew by Inchantment, so we saw by Inchant-
ment; and thus I might see the Earth, and all the
Men, which Way soever I look'd. I'll warrant, you
won't believe me neither when I tell you, that
when I thrust up the Kerechief above my Brows, I
saw my self so near Heaven, that between the Top
of my Cap and the main Sky, there was not a
Span and a half. And, Heaven bless us! forsooth,
what a hugeous great Place it is! And we
happen'd to travel that Road where the seven
She-Goatstars were: And Faith and Troth, I had
such a Mind to play with 'em (having been once a
Goatherd my self) that I fancy I'd have cry'd my
self to Death, had I not done it. So soon as I spy'd
'em, what does me I, but sneaks down very soberly
from behind my Master, without telling any liv-
ing Soul, and play'd, and leap'd about for three
quarters of an Hour by the Clock, with the pretty
Nanny-Goats, who are as sweet and fine as so
many Marigolds or Gilly-flowers; and honest
Wooden Peg stirr'd not one Step all the while. And
while *Sancho* employ'd himself with the Goats,
ask'd the Duke, how was Don *Quixote* employ'd?
Truly, answer'd the Knight, I am sensible all
Things were alter'd from their natural Course;

therefore what *Sancho* says, seems the less strange to me. But for my own Part, I neither saw Heaven nor Hell, Sea nor Shore. I perceiv'd indeed we pass'd through the middle Region of the Air, and were pretty near that of Fire, but that we came so near Heaven, as *Sancho* says, is altogether incredible; because we then must have pass'd quite through the fiery Region, which lies between the Sphere of the Moon and the upper Region of the Air. Now it was impossible for us to reach that Part, where are the *Pleiades*, or the *Seven Goats*, as *Sancho* calls 'em, without being consum'd in the elemental Fire; and therefore since we escaped those Flames, certainly we did not soar so high, and *Sancho* either lies or dreams. I neither lie nor dream, reply'd *Sancho*. Uds Precious! I can tell you the Marks and Colour of every Goat among 'em. If you don't believe me, do but ask and try me. You'll easily see whether I speak Truth or no. Well, said the Dutchess, prithee tell them me, *Sancho*. Look you, answer'd *Sancho*, there were two of 'em green, two carnation, two blue, and one party-colour'd. Truly, said the Duke, that's a new Kind of Goats you have found out, *Sancho*, we have none of those Colours upon Earth. Sure, Sir, reply'd *Sancho*, you'll make some Sort of Difference between heavenly She-Goats, and the Goats of this World? But *Sancho*, said the Duke, among those She-Goats did you see never a He? not one horn'd Beast of the masculine Gender? Not one, Sir, I saw no other horn'd Thing but the Moon; and I have been told, that neither He-Goats nor any other cornuted Tups are suffer'd to lift their Horns beyond those of the Moon.

Cervantes, *Don Quixote*, II, 41

69 When God's hand is bent to strike, "it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God"; but to fall out of the hands of the living God is a horror beyond our expression, beyond our imagination. That God should let my soul fall out of his hand into a bottomless pit and roll an unremovable stone upon it and leave it to that which it finds there (and it shall find that there which it never imagined till it came thither) and never think more of that soul, never have more to do with it; that of that providence of God that studies the life of every weed and worm and ant and spider and toad and viper there should never, never any beam flow out upon me; that that God who looked upon me when I was nothing and called me when I was not, as though I had been, out of the womb and depth of darkness, will not look upon me now, when though a miserable and a banished and a damned creature, yet I am his creature still and contribute something to his glory even in my damnation; that that God who hath often looked upon me in my foulest uncleanness and when I had shut out the eye of the day, the sun, and the eye of the night, the taper, and the eyes of all the world with curtains and win-

dows and doors, did yet see me and see me in mercy by making me see that he saw me and sometimes brought me to a present remorse and (for that time) to a forbearing of that sin, should so turn himself from me to his glorious saints and angels as that no saint nor angel nor Christ Jesus himself should ever pray him to look towards me, never remember him that such a soul there is; that that God who hath so often said to my soul, *Quare morieris?* why wilt thou die? and so often sworn to my soul, *Vivit Dominus*, as the Lord liveth, I would not have thee die but live, will neither let me die nor let me live, but die an everlasting life and live an everlasting death; that that God who, when he could not get into me by standing and knocking, by his ordinary means of entering, by his word, his mercies, hath applied his judgments and hath shaken the house, this body, with agues and palsies, and set this house on fire with fevers and calentures, and frighted the master of the house, my soul, with horrors and heavy apprehensions and so made an entrance into me; that that God should frustrate all his own purposes and practices upon me and leave me and cast me away as though I had cost him nothing; that this God at last should let this soul go away as a smoke, as a vapor, as a bubble; and that then this soul cannot be a smoke, a vapor, nor a bubble, but must lie in darkness as long as the Lord of light is light itself, and never spark of that light reach to my soul; what Tophet is not paradise, what brimstone is not amber, what gnashing is not a comfort, what gnawing of the worm is not a tickling, what torment is not a marriage bed to this damnation, to be secluded eternally, eternally, eternally from the sight of God?

Donne, *Sermon LXXVI*

70 Though Theologians commonly affirm that the damned are tortured by hell fire, they do not therefore believe that they are deceived by a false idea of a tormenting fire which God has implanted in them, but rather that they are tortured by real fire, for the reason that, just as the incorporeal spirit of the living man is naturally confined in the body, so by the divine power it is easily after death confined in corporeal fire.

Descartes, *Objections and Replies*, VI

71 Surely though we place Hell under Earth, the Devil's walk and purlue is about it: men speak too popularly who place it in those flaming mountains, which to grosser apprehensions represent Hell. The heart of man is the place the Devils dwell in; I feel sometimes a Hell within my self; *Lucifer* keeps his Court in my breast; *Legion* is revived in me. There are as many Hells, as *Anaxagoras* conceited worlds; there was more than one Hell in *Magdalene*, when there were seven Devils; for every Devil is an Hell unto himself; he holds enough of torture in his own *ubi*, and needs not the

misery of circumference to afflict him. And thus a distracted Conscience here, is a shadow or introduction unto Hell hereafter. Who can but pity the merciful intention of those hands that do destroy themselves? the Devil, were it in his power, would do the like; which being impossible, his miseries are endless, and he suffers most in that attribute wherein he is impassible, his immortality.

Sir Thomas Browne, *Religio Medici*, I, 51

72 I thank God that with joy I mention it, I was never afraid of Hell, nor never grew pale at the description of that place; I have so fixed my contemplations on Heaven, that I have almost forgot the Idea of Hell, and am afraid rather to lose the Joys of the one, than endure the misery of the other: to be deprived of them is a perfect Hell, and needs methinks no addition to compleat our afflictions; that terrible term hath never detained me from sin, nor do I owe any good action to the name thereof; I fear God, yet am not afraid of him; his mercies make me ashamed of my sins, before his Judgements afraid thereof: these are the forced and secondary method of his wisdom, which he useth but as the last remedy, and upon provocation; a course rather to deter the wicked, than incite the virtuous to his worship. I can hardly think there was ever any scared into Heaven; they go the fairest way to Heaven that would serve God without a Hell; other Merenaries, that crouch into him in fear of Hell, though they term themselves the servants, are indeed but the slaves of the Almighty.

Sir Thomas Browne, *Religio Medici*, I, 52

73 And since there is something of us that will still live on, join both lives together, and live in one but for the other. He who thus ordereth the purposes of this Life will never be far from the next, and is in some manner already in it, by a happy conformity, and close apprehension of it. And if, as we have elsewhere declared, any have been so happy as personally to understand Christian Annihilation, Extasy, Exolution, Transformation, the Kiss of the Spouse, and Ingression into the Divine Shadow, according to Mystical Theology, they have already had an handsome Anticipation of Heaven; the World is in a manner over, and the Earth in Ashes unto them.

Sir Thomas Browne, *Christian Morals*, III, 30

74 Weep no more, woful Shepherds weep no more,
For *Lycidas* your sorrow is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watry floar,
So sinks the day-star in the Ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new spangled Ore,
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:
So *Lycidas* sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of him that walk'd the
waves

Where other groves, and other streams along,
With *Nectar* pure his oozy Lock's he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial Song,
In the blest Kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the Saints above,
In solemn troops, and sweet Societies
'That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.

Milton, *Lycidas*, 165

75 Him [Satan] the Almighty Power
Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' Ethereal Skie
With hideous raine and combustion down
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
In Adamantine Chains and penal Fire,
Who durst defie th' Omnipotent to Arms.
Nine times the Space that measures Day and
Night

To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
Lay vanquish'd, rowling in the fiery Gulfe
Confounded though immortal: But his doom
Reserv'd him to more wrath; for now the thought
Both of lost happiness and lasting pain
Torments him; round he throws his baleful eyes
That witness'd huge affliction and dismay
Mixt with obdurate pride and stedfast hate:
At once as far as Angels kenn he views
The dismal Situation waste and wilde,
A Dungeon horrible, on all sides round
As one great Furnace flam'd, yet from those
flames

No light, but rather darkness visible
Serv'd only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
That comes to all; but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery Deluge, fed
With ever-burning Sulphur unconsum'd:
Such place Eternal Justice had prepar'd
For those rebellious, here their Prison ordain'd
In utter darkness, and their portion set
As far remov'd from God and light of Heav'n
As from the Center thrice to th' utmost Pole.
O how unlike the place from whence they fell!

Milton, *Paradise Lost*, I, 44

76 Is this the Region, this the Soil, the Clime,
Said then the lost Arch Angel [Satan], this the
seat

That we must change for Heav'n, this mournful
gloom

For that celestial light? Be it so, since hee
Who now is Sovran can dispose and bid
What shall be right: fardest from him is best
Whom reason hath equald, force hath made su-
pream

Above his equals. Farewel happy Fields
Where Joy for ever dwells: Hail horrors, hail
Infernal world, and thou profoundest Hell!
Receive thy new Possessor: One who brings
A mind not to be chang'd by Place or Time.

Milton, *Paradise Lost*, I, 242

- 77 Let none admire
That riches grow in Hell; that soyle may best
Deserve the pretious bane.
Milton, *Paradise Lost*, I, 690
- 78 Men call him [Satan] *Mulciber*; and how he fell
From Heav'n, they fabl'd, thrown by angry *Jove*
Sheer o're the Chrystal Battlements: from Morn
To Noon he fell, from Noon to dewy Eve,
A Summers day; and with the setting Sun
Dropt from the Zenith like a falling Star,
On *Lemnos* th' *Ægean* Ile: thus they relate,
Erring; for he with this rebellious rout
Fell long before; nor aught avail'd him now
To have built in Heav'n high Towrs; nor did he
scape
By all his Engines, but was headlong sent
With his industrious crew to build in hell.
Milton, *Paradise Lost*, I, 740
- 79 Thus roving on
In confus'd march forlorn, th' adventrous Bands
With shuddring horror pale, and eyes agast
View'd first thir lamentable lot, and found
No rest: through many a dark and drearie Vaile
They pass'd, and many a Region dolorous,
O're many a Frozen, many a Fierie Alpe,
Rocks, Caves, Lakes, Fens, Bogs, Dens, and
shades of death,
A Universe of death, which God by curse
Created evil, for evil only good,
Where all life dies, death lives, and nature breeds,
Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,
Abominable, inutterable, and worse
Then Fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd,
Gorgons and *Hydra's*, and *Chimera's* dire.
Milton, *Paradise Lost*, II, 614
- 80 From her side the fatal Key,
Sad instrument of all our woe, she [the Portress of
Hell Gate] took;
And towards the Gate rouling her bestial train,
Forthwith the huge Portcullis high up drew,
Which but her self not all the *Stygian* powers
Could once have mov'd; then in the key-hole
turns
Th' intricate wards, and every Bolt and Bar
Of massie Iron or sollid Rock with ease
Unfast'ns: on a sudden op'n flic
With impetuous recoile and jarring sound
Th' infernal dores and on thir hinges grate
Harsh Thunder, that the lowest bottom shook
Of *Erebus*. She op'nd, but to shut
Excel'd her power; the Gates wide op'n stood,
That with extended wings a Bannerd Host
Under spread Ensigns marching might pass
through
With Horse and Chariots rankt in loose array;
So wide they stood, and like a Furnace mouth
Cast forth redounding smoak and ruddy flame.
Milton, *Paradise Lost*, II, 871
- 81 While God spake, ambrosial fragrance fill'd
All Heav'n, and in the blessed Spirits elect
Sense of new joy ineffable diffus'd:
Beyond compare the Son of God was seen
Most glorious, in him all his Father shon
Substantially express'd, and in his face
Divine compassion visibly appeerd,
Love without end, and without measure Grace.
Milton, *Paradise Lost*, III, 135
- 82 All the multitude of Angels with a shout
Loud as from numbers without number, sweet
As from blest voices, uttering joy, Heav'n rung
With Jubilee, and loud Hosannas fill'd
Th' eternal Regions: lowly reverent
Towards either Throne they bow, & to the
ground
With solemn adoration down they cast
Thir Crowns inwove with Amarant and Gold,
Immortal Amarant, a Flour which once
In Paradise, fast by the Tree of Life
Began to bloom, but soon for mans offence
To Heav'n remov'd where first it grew, there
grows,
And flours aloft shading the Fount of Life,
And where the river of Bliss through midst of
Heav'n
Rowls o're *Elisian* Flours her Amber stream;
With these that never fade the Spirits Elect
Bind thir resplendent locks inwreath'd with
beams,
Now in loose Garlands thick thrown off, the
bright
Pavement that like a Sea of Jasper shon
Impurpl'd with Celestial Roses smil'd.
Then Crown'd again thir gold'n Harps they took,
Harps ever tun'd, that glittering by thir side
Like Quivers hung, and with Præamble sweet
Of charming symphonie they introduce
Thir sacred Song, and waken raptures high;
No voice exempt, no voice but well could joine
Melodious part, such concord is in Heav'n.
Milton, *Paradise Lost*, III, 344
- 83 Now while I was gazing upon all these things
[within the Gates of Heaven], I turned my head to
look back, and saw *Ignorance* come up to the River
side; but he soon got over, and that without half
that difficulty which the other two men met with.
For it happened that there was then in that place
one *Vain-hope* a Ferry-man, that with his Boat
helped him over: so he, as the other I saw, did
ascend the Hill to come up to the Gate, only he
came alone; neither did any man meet him with
the least encouragement. When he was come up
to the Gate, he looked up to the writing that was
above; and then began to knock, supposing that
entrance should have been quickly administered
to him. But he was asked by the men that lookt
over the top of the Gate, Whence came you? and

what would you have? He answered, I have eat and drank in the presence of the King, and he has taught in our Streets. Then they asked him for his Certificate, that they might go in and shew it to the King. So he fumbled in his bosom for one, and found none. Then said they, Have you none? But the man answered never a word. So they told the King, but he would not come down to see him, but commanded the two shining Ones that conducted *Christian* and *Hopeful* to the City, to go out and take *Ignorance* and bind him hand and foot, and have him away. Then they took him up, and carried him through the air to the door that I saw in the side of the Hill, and put him in there. Then I saw that there was a way to Hell, even from the Gates of Heaven, as well as from the City of *Destruction*. So I awoke, and behold it was a Dream.

Bunyan, *Pilgrim's Progress*, I

84 As from the pow'r of sacred lays
The spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
To all the blest above;
So, when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant shall devour,
The Trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And Music shall untune the sky.

Dryden, *A Song for St. Cecilia's Day*

85 Hell was built on spite, and heav'n on pride.
Pope, *Essay on Man*, Epistle III, 262

86 Finding him in a very good humour, I ventured to lead him to the subject of our situation in a future state, having much curiosity to know his notions on that point. *Johnson*. "Why, Sir, the happiness of an unembodied spirit will consist in a consciousness of the favour of God, in the contemplation of truth, and in the possession of felicitating ideas."

Boswell, *Life of Johnson* (Mar. 1772)

87 No saint . . . in the course of his religious warfare, was more sensible of the unhappy failure of pious resolves, than *Johnson*. He said one day, talking to an acquaintance on this subject, "Sir, Hell is paved with good intentions."

Boswell, *Life of Johnson* (Apr. 14, 1775)

88 It is incumbent on us diligently to remember that the kingdom of heaven was promised to the poor in spirit, and that minds afflicted by calamity and the contempt of mankind cheerfully listen to the divine promise of future happiness; while, on the contrary, the fortunate are satisfied with the possession of this world; and the wise abuse in doubt and dispute their vain superiority of reason and knowledge.

Gibbon, *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, XV

89 The doctrine of the resurrection was first entertained by the Egyptians; and their mummies were embalmed, their pyramids were constructed, to preserve the ancient mansion of the soul during a period of three thousand years. But the attempt is partial and unavailing; and it is with a more philosophic spirit that Mohammed relies on the omnipotence of the Creator, whose word can reanimate the breathless clay, and collect the innumerable atoms that no longer retain their form or substance. The intermediate state of the soul it is hard to decide; and those who most firmly believe her immaterial nature, are at a loss to understand how she can think or act without the agency of the organs of sense.

Gibbon, *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, L

90 The human fancy can paint with more energy the misery than the bliss of a future life. With the two simple elements of darkness and fire we create a sensation of pain, which may be aggravated to an infinite degree by the idea of endless duration. But the same idea operates with an opposite effect on the continuity of pleasure; and too much of our present enjoyments is obtained from the relief, or the comparison, of evil.

Gibbon, *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, L

91 Men are admitted into Heaven not because they have curbed & governed their Passions or have No Passions but because they have Cultivated their Understandings. The Treasures of Heaven are not Negations of Passion but Realities of Intellect from which All the Passions Emanate Uncurbed in their Eternal Glory. The Fool shall not enter into Heaven let him be ever so Holy. Holiness is not The Price of Entrance into Heaven. Those who are cast out Are All Those who, having no Passions of their own because No Intellect. Have spent their lives in Curbing & Governing other People's by the Various arts of Poverty & Cruelty of all kinds. Wo Wo Wo to you Hypocrites. Even Murder the Courts of Justice, more merciful than the Church, are compelled to allow is not done in Passion but in Cold Blooded Design & Intention.

Blake, *A Vision of The Last Judgment*

92 Without Contraries is no progression. Attraction and Repulsion, Reason and Energy, Love and Hate, are necessary to Human existence. From these contraries spring what the religious call Good and Evil. Good is the passive that obeys Reason. Evil is the active springing from Energy. Good is Heaven. Evil is Hell.

Blake, *Marriage of Heaven and Hell*, 3

- 93 *Faust*. Does Hell itself have its laws then?
That's fine! A compact in that case might be
Concluded safely with you gentlemen?
Mephistopheles. What's promised, you'll enjoy
with naught subtracted,
With naught unduly snipped off or exacted.
Goethe, *Faust*, I, 1413
- 94 *Chorus Mysticus*. All earth comprises
Is symbol alone;
What there ne'er suffices
As fact here is known;
All past the humanly
Wrought here in love;
The Eternal-Womanly
Draws us above.
Goethe, *Faust*, II, 5, 12104
- 95 Hell is a city much like London—
A populous and a smoky city;
There are all sorts of people undone,
And there is little or no fun done;
Small justice shown, and still less pity.
Shelley, *Peter Bell the Third*, III, 1
- 96 Knowledge, as the disannulling of the unity of
mere nature, is the Fall, which is no casual conception,
but the eternal history of spirit. For the state of innocence,
the paradisaical condition, is that of the brute. Paradise
is a park, where only brutes, not men, can remain.
Hegel, *Philosophy of History*, Pt. III, III, 2
- 97 I sent my Soul through the Invisible,
Some letter of that After-life to spell;
And by and by my Soul returned to me,
And answered, "I Myself am Heav'n and Hell"—
Heaven but the Vision of fulfilled Desire,
And Hell the Shadow from a Soul on fire
Cast on the Darkness into which Ourselves,
So late emerged from, shall so soon expire.
FitzGerald, *Rubáiyát*, LXVI-LXVII
- 98 My life closed twice before its close;
It yet remains to see
If Immortality unveil
A third event to me,
So huge, so hopeless to conceive
As these that twice befell.
Parting is all we know of heaven,
And all we need of hell.
Emily Dickinson, *My Life Closed Twice*
- 99 Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what's a heaven for?
Browning, *Andrea Del Sarto*
- 100 In our English popular religion, for instance, the
common conception of a future state of bliss is just
that of the Vision of Mirza: "Persons dressed in
glorious habits with garlands on their heads, passing
among the trees, lying down by the fountains,
or resting on beds of flowers, amid a confused harmony
of singing birds, falling waters, human voices,
and musical instruments." Or, even, with many,
it is that of a kind of perfected middle-class home,
with labour ended, the table spread, goodness all
around, the lost ones restored, hymnody incessant.
. . . That this conception of immortality cannot possibly
be true, we feel, the moment we consider it seriously.
And yet who can devise any conception of a future
state of bliss, which shall bear close examination better?
Arnold, *Literature and Dogma*, XII
- 101 "I don't believe in a future life," said Raskolnikov.
— Svidrigailov sat lost in thought.
"And what if there are only spiders there, or something
of that sort," he said suddenly.
"He is a madman," thought Raskolnikov.
"We always imagine eternity as something beyond
our conception, something vast, vast! But why must
it be vast? Instead of all that, what if it's one little
room, like a bathhouse in the country, black and grimy
and spiders in every corner, and that's all eternity
is? I sometimes fancy it like that."
"Can it be you can imagine nothing juster and more
comforting than that?" Raskolnikov cried, with a
feeling of anguish.
"Juster? And how can we tell, perhaps that is just,
and do you know it's what I would certainly have
made it," answered Svidrigailov, with a vague smile.
Dostoevsky, *Crime and Punishment*, IV, 1
- 102 *Captain Stormfield*. Sandy, out with it. Come—no
secrets among friends. I notice you don't ever wear
wings—and plenty others don't. I've been making
an ass of myself—is that it?
Sandy. That is about the size of it. But it is no
harm. We all do it at first. It's perfectly natural.
You see, on earth we jump to such foolish conclusions
as to things up here. In the pictures we always
saw the angels with wings on—and that was all
right; but we jumped to the conclusion that that
was their way of getting around—and that was
all wrong. The wings ain't anything but a uniform,
that's all. When they are in the field—so to speak—
they always wear them; you never see an angel
going with a message anywhere without his wings,
anymore than you would see a military officer
presiding at a court-martial without his uniform,
or a postman delivering letters, or a policeman
walking his beat in plain clothes. But they ain't
to fly with! The wings are for show, not for use.
Mark Twain, *Extract from Captain Stormfield's
Visit to Heaven*

- 103 *Captain Stormfield*. But what was it you was saying about unsacreligious things, which people expect to get, and will be disappointed about?

Sandy. Oh, there are a lot of such things that people expect and don't get. For iustance, there's a Brooklyn preacher by the name of Talmage, who is laying up a considerable disappointment for himself. He says, every now and then in his sermons, that the first thing he does when he gets to heaven will be to fling his arms around Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and kiss them and weep on them. There's millions of people down there on carth that are promising themselves the same thing. As many as sixty thousand people arrive here every single day that want to ruu straight to Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and hug them and weep on them. Now mind you, sixty thousand a day is a pretty heavy contract for those old people. If they were a miud to allow it, they wouldn't ever have anything to do, year in and year out but stand up and be hugged and wept on thirty-two hours in the twenty-four. They would be tired out and as wer as muskrats all the time.

What would heaven be, to *them*? It would be a mighty good place to get out of—you know that, yourself. Those arc kind and gentle old Jews, but they ain't any fonder of kissing the emotional highlights of Brooklyn than you be. You mark my words, Mr. T.'s endearments are going to be delined, with thanks. There are limits to the privileges of the elect, even in heaven. Why, if Adam was to show himself to every neweomer that wants to call and gaze at him and strike him for his autograph, he would never have time to do anything else bnt jusr that.

Mark Twain, *Extract from Captain Stormfield's Visit to Heaven*

- 104 *Sandy*. Down there they talk of the heavenly King—and that is right—but then they go right on speaking as if this was a republic and everybody was on a dead level with everybody else, and privileged to fling his arms around anybody he comes across, and be hail-fellow-well-met with all the elect, from the highest down. How tangled up and absurd that is! How are you going to have a republic under a king? How are you going to have a republic at all, where the head of the government is absolute, holds his place forever, and has no parliament, no council to meddle or make in his affairs, nobody voted for, nobody elected, nobody in the whole univerc with a voice in the government, nobody asked to take a hand in its matters, and nobody *allowed* to do it? Fine republic, ain't it?

Mark Twain, *Extract from Captain Stormfield's Visit to Heaven*

- 105 Everythiug human is pathetic. The secret source of Humor itself is not joy but sorrow. There is no

humor in heaven.

Mark Twain, *Pudd'nhead Wilson's New Calendar*, X

- 106 *The Preacher*. Last and crowing torture of all the tortures of that awful place is the eternity of hell. Eternity! O, dread and dire word. Eternity! What mind of man can understand it? And remember, it is an eternity of pain. Even though the pains of hell were not so terrible as they are yet they would become infinite as they are destined to last for ever. But while they are everlasting they are at the same time, as you know, intolerably intense, unbearably extensive. To bear even the sting of an insect for all eternity would be a dreadful torment. What must it be, then, to bear the manifold tortures of hell for ever? For ever! For all eternity! Not for a year or for an age but for ever. Try to imagine the awful meaning of this. You have often seen the sand on the seashore. How fine are its tiny grains! And how many of those tiny little grains go to make up the small handful which a child grasps in its play. Now imagine a mountain of that sand, a million miles high, reaching from the earth to the farthest heavens, and a million miles broad, extending to remotest space, and a million miles in thieckness: and imagine such an enormous mass of countless particles of sand multiplied as often as there are leaves in the forser, drops of water in the mighty ocean, feathers on birds, scales on fish, hairs on animals, atoms in the vast expanse of the air: and imagine that at the end of every million years a little bird came to that mountain and carried away in its beak a tiny grain of that sand. How many millions upon million of centuries would pass before that bird had carried away even a square foot of that mountain, how many eons upou eons of ages before it had carried away all. Yet at the end of that immense stretch of time not even one instant of eternity could be said to have ended. At the end of all those billions and trillions of years eternity would have scarcely begun. And if that mountain rose again after it had been all carried away and if the bird came again and carried it all away again grain by grain: and if it so rose and sank as many times as there arc stars in the sky, atoms in the air, drops of water in the sca, leaves on the trees, feathers upon birds, scales upon fish, hairs upon animals, at the end of all those innumerable risings and sinkings of that immeasurably vast mountain not one single instant of eternity could be said to have ended; even then, at the end of such a period, after that eon of time the mere thought of which makes our very brain reel dizzily, eternity would have scarcely begun.

Joyce, *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, III

- 107 Let me enjoy the earth no less
Because the all-enacting Might

That fashioned forth its loveliness
Had other aims than my delight.

About my path there flits a Fair,
Who throws me not a word or sign;
I'll charm me with her ignoring air,
And laud the lips not meant for mine.

From manuscripts of moving song
Inspired by scenes and dreams unknown
I'll pour out raptures that belong
To others, as they were my own.

And some day hence, towards Paradise
And all its blest—if such should be—
I will lift glad, afar-off eyes,
Though it contain no place for me.

Hardy, *Let Me Enjoy*

108 That night your great guns, unawares,
Shook all our coffins as we lay,
And broke the chancel window-squares,
We thought it was the Judgment Day
And sat upright. While drearisome

Arose the howl of wakened hounds:
The mouse let fall the altar-crumbs,
The worms drew back into the mounds,

The glebcow drooled. Till God called, "No;
It's gunnery practice out at sea
Just as before you went below;
The world is as it used to be:

"All nations striving strong to make
Red war yet redder. Mad as hatters
They do no more for Christ's sake
Than you who are helpless in such matters.

"That this is not the judgment hour
For some of them's a blessed thing,
For if it were they'd have to scour
Hell's floor for so much threatening. . . .

"Ha, ha. It will be warmer when
I blow the trumpet (if indeed
I ever do; for you are men,
And rest eternal sorely need)."

Hardy, *Channel Firing*