# "Finding the Divine in The Human:

# Romantic Angst and the Collapse of Transcendence"

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*The collapse of transcendence in Romantic cosmologies afforded them the opportunity, born of necessity, to explore the limits of human freedom and autonomy. The consequence was a radical humanism in which merely human values displaced the Divine. Joseph Smith's monistic cosmology, and his King Follett theogony, suggest a less drastic possibility: an axiology that affirms the divine in the absence of classical conceptions of transcendence.*

At the very moment when Joseph Smith is emphatically affirming God's dramatic reentry into the nexus of human affairs, a group of Romantic writers are asking what the absence of God from the universe might entail, particularly with regard to human values. William Wordsworth and Percy Shelley create psychodramas where the adversaries are the early nineteenth-century impetus toward despair, meaninglessness, and nihilism, on the one hand, and Romantic faith in the indomitability of the human spirit on the other. Together with later writers Dostoevsky and George Macdonald, these authors ask what kind of value may yet be affirmed, in a world shorn of transcendence. It is significant that in all four versions I will treat, Christ makes an appearance. But it is a Christ who is methodically and excruciatingly shorn of his salvific capacity. It is striking that these four authors represent four distinct points along a spectrum of belief: The quasi-atheist Shelley, the quasi-pantheist Wordsworth, the Christian existentialist Dostoevsky, and the evangelical MacDonald. As a consequence, the shearing of which I speak ranges from the emphatic annulment of divine transcendence at one end of this spectrum, to something more akin to the shearing of Aslan at the other, that is, a debasement that is more provisional than essential. But the effect in every case is the same: to interrogate one of the most difficult questions any Christian can: what if it's all a myth? Out of the wreckage of our hope, can anything of value be discovered?

One might argue at this point that the existentialists have already invented this wheel. In the absence of ultimate meaning, we construct our own purposes and values on the innate absurdity of the universe. But I want to re-open the question, in order to suggest the path these four authors tread may take us to a different solution, one that to my mind is more satisfying, less contingent, and more resonant with the cosmology of Joseph Smith and his King Follett discourse. What I want to suggest is that, ironically, it is only in contemplating the absence of God from the universe, that they discover the divine in man. I will then touch on what these revelations might mean for Mormon theology and axiology.

**I. Wordsworth**

"The Ruined Cottage," by William Wordsworth, is that poet's most prolonged and intensive investigation of the problem of human suffering. First written in 1798, and repeatedly revised over the course of the next half century, the poem depicts the tragedy of a simple woman of rural England known as Margaret. "She was a woman of a steady mind, tender and deep in her excess of love."[1] Blessed with a hardworking weaver and farmer husband and baby boy, she lives firm in her faith in the "God of heaven." But soon, weavers are dispossessed by the new factories, blight strikes the farmland two years running, and sickness lays her family low. Recovered, the man runs off to war, leaving Margaret with two children. The eldest wastes away and dies. Margaret grows distracted and hopeless, and her infant perishes, apparently of maternal neglect. Her cottage, now called a hut, "sinks to decay." Admittedly, as the narrator concedes, this is a "common tale" of "ordinary sorrow." But Wordsworth is up to something quite different here. Prayers are uttered, but conspicuously not answered. Margaret retires to the same spot, prays to God for succor, but the poet tellingly—excruciatingly—describes her efforts as nine years of "sore heart-wasting." Motifs of

futility and impotence saturate the lines. The cottage is overgrown with weeds, the useless fragments of a wooden bowl litter the yard, a friend bemoans his “little power to give her comfort,” the “helpless infant” is finally “self-stilled.” Her hope is now “a torture,” but she remains, day after day, rooted to the “rude bench,” scanning the horizon for a husband who never returns, succor that never comes. .” And the exhortation to Margaret of the Wanderer, her itinerant friend, to trust in God’s “good love” is undermined by his earlier admission that the husband is gone to begin with because “it pleased Heaven” to bring “the plague of war.” With good reason, Margaret fails to thank the Wanderer for his expression of hope. At the end, in spite of “prayer’s unbounded might,” Margaret rests from her ceaseless cycle of pathetic supplication and expectation when death, not peace, overtakes her. “Here,” on the rude bench, the narrator tells us, “in sickness she remained; and here she died.” Shortly before he died, Wordsworth, who grew ever more worried about his heterodoxy as he aged, inserted a reference to the Cross into the poem, but it is too little too late. It is lost among the choking weeds and spear grass that overwhelm the final scene. The story is a long , harrowing, almost unbearable tale of futility, dead letters sent to an absent God, failed hopes, and unrewarded faith. All is silence, pain, and ruin. The narrator, who has heard this tale from a Wanderer, can only respond with a gesture of seeming irony. He express a verbal blessing on the departed Margaret, “in the impotence of grief.”

**II. Shelley**

Before exploring the meaning of this conclusion, I will turn now to the work of Percy Shelley, his Prometheus Unbound. After the world’s greatest hope for institutionalizing the freedom and dignity of the individual came crashing down in ruin at Waterloo, (most would have said in Notre Dame a decade before), Romantics scrambled to rationalize, lament, or move beyond the

Napoleonic defeat. In 1821, Shelley produced an ambitious closet drama, Prometheus Unbound.[2] It is a difficult, mythologically oriented work, that describes the freeing of the titan Prometheus after 3,000 years, as an allegorical alternative to the French revolutionaries' program for social and individual renewal. Prometheus, as you remember from the myth, had gifted man with the fire of intellect, in contravention of Jove's wishes. But in Shelley's version, Prometheus extends his posture of rebellion against the gods by harboring a dangerous secret. Given the gift of prophecy, Prometheus knows that in a future day, the dominion of Jove will be overthrown. But Prometheus refuses to reveal the when or the how of Jove's fall from power. As punishment, Prometheus is chained to a rock, where he suffers the daily pangs of a liver-eating eagle sent by Jove. At night the liver regenerates, only to be agonizingly consumed again the next day.

In Shelley's version of the drama, Prometheus is presented to us as a Christ figure, in his posture, textual allusions, and in his role of the willing sufferer on behalf of the entire created order of beings. It is his bloodied but unbowed resilience in the face of Jovian despotism that preserves the world's inhabitants from utter tyranny. When all of earth's creations bow to the Olympian in servile fear, Prometheus alone holds out defiantly. Through his heroic resistance, he makes his own "agony the barrier to [the] else all-conquering foe." Like Thomas More stubbornly holding out against Henry VIII, the mere fact of his defiance, however silent and unobtrusive, calls into question Jove's absolute sovereignty.

In the work's climactic scene, Jove launches one more assault on the titan, sending his furies to threaten him with tortures never before imagined. In the face of these threats, Prometheus remains unmoved. "I laugh your power, and his who sent you here, to lowest scorn," he declares. "Pour forth the cup of pain." But as his last resort, Jove employs an utterly unanticipated strategy. In a dramatic unveiling designed to destroy the Titan's resolve, and as a telling commentary on

Prometheus' own altruistic sacrifice, Jove reveals to Prometheus a moving tableau of the hero's counterpart: the suffering Christ, hanging pitifully on the cross. The furies are about to suggest that though the two sacrifices may be equally heroic, they are also equally doomed to self-defeat. At the sight of Christ's agonizing death, for the first time, Prometheus blanches. In the mini-drama that unfolds before Prometheus's eyes, we—and he-- witness a condensed history of Christianity. After his death, the gospel Jesus preached is shown, tragically and unexpectedly, to become the source of violent human conflict, rather that a healing that is harmonious and divine. Bequeathed to a corrupt race of men, the gospel only works "like swift poison, withering up truth, peace, and pity." Death and destruction consume the earth's inhabitants, evil envelops the world, and the ghost of Christ weeps in despair. Prometheus' eyes are riveted throughout on the cruel scene of the crucified Christ, that has now become a grotesque embodiment of the most awful futility. "Behold, an emblem," trumpets one of the furies. "Those who do endure deep wrongs for man, and scorn, and chains, but heap thousandfold torment on themselves and [man alike]." But the effects of the ultimate sacrifice are beyond futile. They reverberate with increasingly pernicious consequences: the false hopes Christ raised mean that "in each human heart terror survives the ravin[e] it has gorged, the loftiest fear all that they would disdain to think were true," and in sum, "all best things are thus confused to ill."

Prometheus has endured thousands of years of torment. His spirit is indomitable in the face of any pain to his body or mind. But what can one do in the face, not of infinite power, but of infinite failure? The very ground of ultimate meaning and value has been shredded, powerfully deconstructed before his eyes. Transcendent Goodness has been collapsed into a sick parody of the good. At this moment of cosmic crisis, and in the face of this irrefutable demonstration of divine futility, Prometheus responds to the Furies as follows: "Thy words are like a cloud of winged

snakes. And yet, *I pity those they torture not.*" That Prometheus would admit defeat, while feeling sorrow for his antagonist, is something the furies could not have anticipated. Amazed and bewildered, intuiting perhaps that the metaphysical ground has suddenly shifted beneath their feet, they retreat in stupefied silence.

What, exactly, has happened? I want to suggest that what has transpired in both Wordsworth and Shelley is best understood in the light of a philosophical idea contemporary with them, that comes from Kant's famous discussion of the sublime. As Kant understands the sublime, it is always predicated on a seemingly tragic failure. In fact, the sublime can only emerge out of such failure. In what he calls the mathematical sublime, for example, the human faculty of representation fails to function in a way adequate to the demands of reason. We contemplate the concept of infinity, but the imagination cannot represent such a concept to the mind. But it is precisely because the capacity of the imagination reveals itself to be incommensurate with the faculty of reason that the triumph of reason is affirmed. The dynamical sublime is similarly brought about by failure: the failure of the physical self in the face of a superior force of nature; this failure "reveals a capacity for judging ourselves as independent of nature and a superiority over nature…whereby the humanity in our person remains undemeaned even though the human being must submit to that dominion" (§28, 261-262). Only under conditions of a threatened annihilation, do we find dramatically foregrounded the ability of the self to "regard" that annihilation in any way it chooses. Only in the face of its own destruction, then, *can* the self's unqualified superiority be revealed. It is in that sense, or it is under those conditions and only under those conditions, that man is shown to be supremely triumphant as a moral agent.

I want to suggest there is another kind of failure—and a corresponding triumph—that follows this same pattern in axiology, or in the realm of human values. And it is the kind of failure we have seen in Wordsworth and Shelley, where we see a failure of the Transcendent. Where there is such a failure, the guarantor of the ultimate value of love, kindness, sympathy, disappears. In the first of our literarily imagined catastrophes, Wordsworth's "impotent blessing" of the doomed Margaret, is not so impotent after all. The impact of his gesture resides precisely in the fact that the "blessing," as religious signifier, is delivered at precisely that moment when the signifier is acknowledged as utterly inefficacious. The speaker's blessing, bereft of any metaphysical support, can only be a pure act of human will asserting itself in an existential void.

A parallel analysis makes similar sense out of Prometheus. It would be a misreading to simply see Prometheus, as generations of anti-Romantics have, as a fetishized self. "Yet am I king over myself," he maintains throughout his ordeal, but so might any stubborn child or adolescent tough. It is his transition from endurer to sufferer that reveals a different set of stakes. His initial glimpse of the suffering Christ might have served to confirm him in his heroic sense of self and the power of redemptive suffering. More powerfully, the atonement itself usually figures an archetypal theodicy, an emblem of the apparently random, incomprehensible suffering of the human condition, miraculously endowed by mysterious theological or metaphysical realities with value we cannot fathom. But in this case, Christ's death exacerbates, rather than resolves, human pain. Recognizing the inefficacy of infinite love, Prometheus weakens, and begs his tormentors to "remit the anguish of [Christ's] lighted stare." But in his expression of pity for those who do not share his grief at the failure of Christ's offering, and only in the context of this cosmic failure, can Prometheus establish a purely human capacity to ground moral values. Kant had called moral autonomy the end of human existence. What we saw in this sequence, was an ever escalating contest between good and evil,

selflessness and destruction, perfect compassion, and diabolic sadism. But when the cosmic struggle abated, and there was nothing left to celebrate or affirm, there was pain at the loss. And that pain was proof of a human goodness that had no other ground than contemplation of the darkness. Seemingly triumphant nihilism cannot have the last word, as long as there is a human heart to deplore it.

**III. Dostoevsky**

I venture to suggest it is in fact this scene, and the revelation of this kind of an "ethical sublime," that inspired Dostoevsky's more famous artistic treatment of the subject, in the Grand Inquisitor scene of the Brothers Karamazov. In the prior chapter, the God-hater Ivan chronicles to his brother, the gentle-souled novitiate priest Alyosha, the horrific suffering of young children in graphic and agonizing detail. In the novel's most devastating scene, he then manages to elicit from the now pained and shattered Alyosha, the admission that he cannot countenance that moral universe to which he has devoted his life. "Tell me frankly, I appeal to you—answer me:," Ivan cruelly prods his brother, " imagine that it is you yourself who are erecting the edifice of human destiny with the aim of making men happy in the end, of giving them peace and contentment at last, but that it is absolutely necessary, and indeed quite inevitable, to torture to death only one tiny creature…. Would you consent to be the architect on those conditions? Tell me and do not lie!" And Alyosha responds with a barely audible whisper, "No, I wouldn't." Like Milton's Adam after Eve's fall, love for the other has cost Alyosha his loyalty to God. He has now seemingly joined his antagonist in the ultimate gesture of the most complete repudiation: As Ivan has said moments earlier, "It's not God that I don't accept, Alyosha, only I most respectfully return him the ticket."[3]

Ivan now compounds this holy crime, not of denying God, but of rejecting his program, by weaving the tale of the Grand Inquisitor. His purpose here is to further incriminate the *value* of what God represents, and of his salvific efficacy. In this famous story, of course, the veteran inquisitor condemns Christ to the stake. This he does, not in ignorance of who Christ is and what he has done, but because of who Christ is, and what he has done. Whereupon, by way of response, Christ leans forward and bestows upon his captor's lips a burning kiss—an utterly unanticipated gesture that discombobulates the Inquisitor. As Ivan finishes his story, Alyosha's final gesture is to kiss his heretical brother on his lips. "Plagiarism," cries Ivan. But he has misunderstood, for the prisoner of the Grand Inquisitor kisses his accuser as a gesture of forgiveness, and as an emblem of the ideal he personified. But Alyosha's kiss, like the blessing of Margaret and the pity of Prometheus, follows upon the ruins of a moral order that has failed him. It is, in that regard, identical to the impotent blessing of the suffering Margaret, or to the pity Prometheus offers to his vanquishers.

**IV. MacDonald**

And finally, one final, brief version of this narrative. The young curate, in George MacDonald's novel, Thomas Wingfold, lives a life of harrowing doubt in quest of belief. His crisis leads him to even consider resigning his curacy, thinking his lack of certainty disqualification for his office. He wrestles with the possibility that his life is committed to sustaining an illusion, that all his faith is so much wishful thinking. Pondering the unthinkable, he discovers to his joyful surprise that factual certainty is not a necessary foundation to his life of devotion. In exchange with a friend, he renders this judgment on that unthinkable scenario:

> Even if there be no hereafter, I would live my time believing in a grand thing that ought to be true if it is not. As facts can take the place of truths; and if these be not truths, then is the loftiest part of our nature a waste. Let me hold by the better than the actual, and fall into nothingness off the same precipice with Jesus and John and Paul and a thousand more, who were lovely in their lives, and with their death make even the nothingness into which they have passed like the garden of the Lord. I will go farther, and say I would rather die forevermore believing as Jesus believed, than live forevermore as those that deny him.[4]

Now there is a compelling beauty to this expressed devotion, but it doesnt seem to hold up to logical analysis-- and is probably not meant to. Would we really choose Christ if it all turned out to be founded on a lie? If my analysis of the collapse of transcendence we have seen in Shelley, Wordsworth, and Dostoevsky, has been at all persuasive, then I hope you will see it does hold up to philosophical scrutiny. In each case, what the author has us consider, is the response of the noblest human faculties to the collapse of a transcendent moral universe, the failure of a particular kind of "Truth". And in a way aptly analyzed by Kant as a version of the sublime, what we find is that such defeat is not only reparable, it is in fact constitutive of a religiously valuable—and absolutely valid-- meaning. Because as long as there is one heart in the universe, which out of itself pours forth grief at pain, or rejoices in happiness, that universe is endlessly renewed. When the God of the poets fails, when darkness overwhelms the light, when every moral system collapses and the black hole of meaninglessness threatens to engulf eternity, if but one human heart remains to weep the loss, those tears are proof of a power no nihilism can overwhelm. There we find a good, invulnerable to any

external force or abyss. As long as there is sorrow at the void, the dominion of the void can never be complete. So Macdonald's coda had literal significance:

"I will teach that which IS good, even if there be no God to make a fact of it." (Clearly, there is a good that is not grounded in the Transcendent. )

That analysis was the easy part. Now I will try to show why I think this is compellingly relevant to Mormons. And to do this, I will quote in turn from Parley P. Pratt, Plato and Tertullian as bridges, since they represent to my mind a perfect distillation of the Mormon collapse of transcendence, and the divergent attitudes it has elicited. “God, angels and men are all of one species,” said Pratt, summarizing Mormon cosmology in one phrase.[5]

In the Timeaus, Plato wrote that the creator or demiurge “was good, and one who is good can never become jealous of anything. And so, being free of jealousy, he wanted everything to become as much like himself as was possible.” Understanding exactly what this portended for God’s supreme divinity and absolute sovereignty, Tertullian protested vehemently:. Plato, he writes, has conceded to the soul

> so large an amount of divine quality as to put it on a par with God. He makes it *unborn,* which single attribute I might apply as a sufficient attestation of its perfect divinity; he then adds that the soul is immortal, incorruptible, incorporeal—since he believed God to be the same—invisible, incapable of delineation, uniform, supreme, rational, and intellectual. What more could he attribute to the soul, if he wanted to

> call it God? We, however, who allow no appendage to God (in the sense of equality), by this very fact reckon the soul as very far below God: for we suppose it to be born.[6]

Plato was right to imagine a God secure and generous enough not to react with panic when humans have their eyes opened, and begin an imitatio Pater in ernest. Tertullian was right to fear a conception of human potential that had less than a brilliant record (witness Icarus, Arachne, Lucifer, Babel,  and others). Theosis is the most dangerous, potentially corrosive idea in theological history. But I think the Romantics—and Joseph Smith--showed us why this need not be the case.

Turning back to Shelley and company—what they discovered was that in the absence of God, or the failure of the Transcendent, the human will is capable of reconstituting a meangingul universe, a moral cosmos predicated on the human capacity for love and suffering. But what Joseph Smith taught was that God's divinity is similarly constituted. Love is not just his nature—it is his origin. "In the beginning, God, finding Himself in the midst of spirits and glory, because He was more intelligent, *saw proper to institute laws whereby the rest might advance like Himself."* I will skirt the myriad dilemmas Smith's theogony presents us with; the problems of infinite regress, his incarnation, etc. I will simply suggest two crucial elements in his conception.

First, God—like man—inhabits a universe that is already given.  As Pratt interpreted Smith, it is impossible "for God to bring forth matter from nonentity, or to originate element from nothing." This is because "these are principles of eternal truth, they are laws which cannot be broken, . . .whether the reckoning be calculated by the Almighty, or by man." [7] It is not just laws of

self-contradiction that demarcate the limits of divine power, but scientific laws of the type Antoine Lavoisier propounded, in laying the foundations of modern chemistry on the law of conservation of mass. For Smith, God's perfect compliance with eternal realities is what both constitutes his own divine status, and provides the template for the path humans may ascend to become his full heirs and genuine "partakers of the divine nature" (2 Pet. 1:4).

Second, it is God's *response* to the spirits by whom he is surrounded, the movement of his heart and will in the direction of other beings, that becomes the defining moment in his Godliness, and establishes the pattern of his divine activity. It is his freely made choice to inaugurate and sustain loving relationships, that is at the core of his divine identity. I need to emphasize this point, because this suggests to my mind the same axiology that Wordsworth and Shelley discovered, thinking it incompatible, rather than harmonious, with the God of classical theism. One might here object that the God of classical theism is likewise described as love, and the supernal selfless sacrifice of Christ is a Christian universal. But Joseph Smith moves in an emphatically unprecedented direction with this idea. Love is not bracketed as a unitary act of condescension and sacrifice, and suffering is not relegated to one of God's modes or persons. As Joseph Smith made evident to a startling degree in the writings of Enoch, any relationship not facilely construed as metaphorical, is a condition of vulnerability, and one that reveals itself as most authentic in its moments of most profound suffering. (Vicarious pain is the truest and fullest measure of love, as any parent knows). This is a condition from which, to Enoch's shock and horror, even God is not exempt. Exempt? On the contrary, God's pain is as infinite as his love. "How is it that thou canst weep, seeing thou art holy, and from all eternity to all eternity?" Three times, Enoch asks the question incredulously. "And it came to pass that the Lord spake unto Enoch, and told Enoch all the doings of the children of men; wherefore Enoch knew, and looked upon their wickedness, and their

misery, and wept and stretched forth his arms, and his heart swelled wide as eternity; and his bowels yearned; and all eternity shook."

God shows himself to be most divine, and Enoch participates in the divine agony, at that moment when misery, pain, and the triumph of Satan is most acute. Mormons often focus on this weeping God, so unusual in Christendom. But I want to draw attention to something equally remarkable. It is this co-participation we have just witnessed. Enoch is drawn into the divine nature—his heart swells wide as eternity—through a shared act of vicarious pain for the spectacle of a suffering humanity. What the Romantics were contemplating by way of hypotheticals born of agonized agnosticism from one direction, and of hyper humanism from the other, Smith here presents as sublime matter of fact. The divine nature of man, and the divine nature of God, are shown to be the same. It is the will to love, and the will to suffer—which are also the same. Shelley and Wordsworth and Dostoevsky could not have known that in a universe shorn of transcendence, that which remains is that which was most divine all along.

I want to close with a brief meditation on one more work of literature—this one the Book of Job. This work is one of the most curious instances of the genre of theodicy. Curious, because the work never directly resolves the problem it sets out to address. Why do the righteous suffer? Written as a powerful indictment of covenant morality, of human expectations of reciprocity, the most searing words in the drama are in the question Elihu poses toward the end.

Elihu spake moreover, and said,

2 Thinkest thou this to be right, *that* thou saidst, My righteousness *is* more than God's?

3 For thou saidst, What advantage will it be unto thee? *and*, What profit shall I have, *if I be cleansed* from my sin?

4 I will answer thee, and thy companions with thee.

5 Look unto the heavens, and see; and behold the clouds *which* are higher than thou.

6 If thou sinnest, what doest thou against him? or *if* thy transgressions be multiplied, what doest thou unto him?

7 If thou be righteous, what givest thou him? or what receiveth he of thine hand?

With these interrogatives, God shatters the foundations on which man's whole prior relationship to deity was mistakenly founded. A covenant presupposes some kind of mutuality. And yet with God, what mutuality can obtain? What possible reason could we have to expect reward for righteousness? What possible rationale can God have for noticing our sinfulness? These rhetorical questions all converge in a thunderous, if unexpressed, "Nothing." There is no reason why any of it should make a difference to God.

But of course, it does. God does rejoice in our rejoicings, and sorrows in our miseries. To return to Enoch for a moment, it is the twice repeated "misery" of the human race that brings forth the tears of Enoch and God alike. "They shall be in torment," the text reads, "and for this shall the heavens weep" (7:39-40).The explanation, of course, is that God *chooses* for it to make a difference. So, ultimately, must we.

And now I really do close, with three quotations that suggest where this conversation might next lead us. Joseph Smith said there were "three independent principles in the universe: God, the devil, and man." He also said, "all truth is independent in that sphere in which God has placed it, to act for itself, and not to be acted upon; otherwise, there is no existence." And finally, Brigham Young offered this: "I put into you intelligence," saith the Lord, "that you may know how to govern

and control yourselves, and make yourselves comfortable and happy on the earth; and give unto you certain privileges to act upon as independently in your sphere as I do in the government of heaven."[8] As I said earlier, the prospect of exaltation, of man attaining to the glory and stature of God, is an idea potentially corrosive of the piety and adoration any Christian theology must maintain at its heart. What I have tried to suggest in my remarks today, is that the kind of autonomy that the Romantics took refuge in at a moment of failing faith, is one they saw as a surrogate for a God of transcendence. It seems to lead inevitably to the displacement of God by a limitless human will, and to the worshipful self-adoration of the secular humanists. But in the absence of the Absolutist God of classical theism, Mormon theology offers the possibility of a different alternative. The recognition that what is most holy in God, is what is most holy in us. The will to love in both cases is the manifestation of an independent principal, of a choice to be vulnerable, which choice binds us in mutuality but never equality. For we know the spark is not the flame.

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[1] The story of Margaret, or "The Ruined Cottage" is from William Wordsworth, The Excursion, Book I, in Complete Poetical Works (New York: Crowell, nd {1857 edition}), 471-78.
[2] Percy Bysshe Shelly, Prometheus Unbound, ed. Vida D. Scudder (Boston: Heath, 1897).
[3] Fyodor Dostoevsky, The Brothers Karamazov, trans. Constance Garnett (New York: Macmillan, 1922), 258.
[4] George MacDonald, Thomas Wingfold, Curate (NP: Tutis Digital, 2008 {repr. of 1876 edition}), 312.
[5] Parley P. Pratt, Key to the Science of Theology (Liverpool: F. D. Richards, 1855), 33.
[6] Tertullian, Treatise on the Soul, trans. Peter Holmes, in The Ante-Nicene Fathers, ed. Alexander Roberts and James Donaldson (Grand Rapids: Eerdmans, 1977), XXIV (ANF 3:203).
[7] Parley P. Pratt, A Treatise on the Regeneration and Eternal Duration of Matter (New York: Molineux, 1840), 110.
[8] Brigham Young, Sermon in the Tabernacle, 3 December 1854, in Journal of Discourses, 26 vols., reported by G. D. Watt et al. (Liverpool: F.D and S. W. Richards, et al., 1851-1886; reprint, Salt Lake City: np, 1974), 2:139.