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Devoted to the Science of Religion, the Religion of Science, and the Extension of the Religious Parliament Idea

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CONTENTS:

	PAGE
<i>Frontispiece. The Temptation.</i> EDUARD BIEDERMANN.	
<i>Excavations and the Bible.</i> CHAUNCEY J. HAWKINS.....	1
<i>In the Magic Circle.</i> (Illustrated.) HENRY RIDGELY EVANS.....	8
<i>Image Worship.</i> EDITOR.	21
<i>Parsifal.</i> THE REV. ADOLF ROEDER.....	26
<i>The Queen of Sheba According to the Tradition of Axum.</i> EDITOR.....	31
<i>The Fall of the Temple.</i> CHARLES KASSEL.....	35
<i>Finland.</i>	41
<i>Book Notices</i>	44
<i>The Temptation of Buddha</i>	46
<i>The Buddha's Hymn of Victory</i>	46
<i>Karma, Another Buddhist Song</i>	49
<i>Two Buddhist Songs</i>	49
<i>Our Frontispiece.</i>	50
<i>The Spread of Civilisation</i>	53
<i>The Behaist Movement.</i>	54
<i>Book Reviews.</i>	63

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The first number, which appeared in September, 1903, contains contributions from such world-famous Buddhist scholars and sympathisers as Sir Edwin Arnold, Dr. Giuseppe de Lorenzo, Prof. Rhys Davids, and Dr. Karl E. Neumann, together with articles by noted native Oriental savants.

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INDEX TO VOLUME XIX.

MAIN CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Abbott, David P. Some Mediumistic Phenomena.	494
Abou ben Adhem, Expurgated from Superstition. A Poem. I. W. Hey- singer.	703
Achala (Will-power)	630
Ainus, The. Paul Carus.	163
Albers, A. Christina, A Biographical Sketch.	637
Albers, A. Christina. Modern India.	588, 657
Allen, Joseph C. The Resurrection of Jesus—An Historical Inquiry, 193. The Risen Christ, 761.	
Ambiguities. Theodore Gilman.	385
Ashvajit's Stanza and its Significance. Paul Carus.	178
Asinelli, Evelyn degli. An Appeal from South Africa.	574
Assyrian Poems on the Immortality of the Soul. Paul Carus.	107
Avebury, Lord. Do Animals Think?	188
Bahai Revelation. Arthur Pillsbury Dodge.	56
Bastian, Adolf. An Obituary.	254
Beals, Mrs. Jessie T. The Spread of Civilization.	53, 114
Behaist Movement. A. P. Dodge. With Editorial Introduction.	54
Bible, Excavations and the. Chauncey J. Hawkins.	1
Bishop, William Frost. Formula for the Risen Body of Jesus Christ, 686. —The Risen Christ, 762.	
Buddha's Hymn of Victory. Paul Carus.	46
Buddhist and Christian Gospels. Albert J. Edmunds.	538
Buddhist in Jewry. E. P. Buffet.	622
Buddhist Songs, Two. Paul Carus.	49
Buffet, E. P. A Buddhist in Jewry, 622.—Kappamanavapuccha. A Poem	380
Campbell, Reginald J. In Reply to "How Far Have We Strayed from Christianity?"	766
Caprice on a Musical Theme. Paul Carus.	376
Carrington, Hereward. The Immortality of the Soul.	697
Carruth, William H. Schiller's Religion.	321
Carus, Paul. Image Worship, 21.—The Queen of Sheba According to the Tradition of Axum, 31.—The Temptation of Buddha, 46.—Buddha's Hymn of Victory, 46.—Karma, Another Buddhist Song, 49.—Two Buddhist Songs, 49.—History and Significance of the Rosetta Stone. 89.—Pagan Christs, 92.—Assyrian Poems on the Immortality of the	

86138

Soul, 107.—The Igorotes, 113.—Parable of the Talents, 129.—The Ainus, 163.—Ashvajit's Stanza and its Significance, 178.—The Essence of the Doctrine, 182.—Friedrich Schiller, 260.—The Immortality of the Soul, 363.—Caprice on a Musical Theme, 376.—Church and State in France, 381.—Professor Mills on the Logos Conception, 393.—Zoroaster's Contributions to Christianity, 409.—The Morning Glory. A Poem, 447.—Kan Ying P'ien, the Treatise on Response and Retribution, 477.—Professor Mills, the Zendavesta Scholar, 505.—The Three Characteristics, 563.—Pro Domo. How Far Have We Strayed from Christianity? 577.—The Resurrection, a Hyper-Historical Fact, 690.—The Reality of the Devil, 717.—Sampietro's Mother, 756.	
Carus, Paul and Teitaro Suzuki. Treatise on Response and Retribution.	477
Character. M. F. Healy.	510
Church and State in France. Paul Carus.	381
Clarallan, David. The Wizard's Son.	75, 141
Coar, John Firman. Romantic Poetry in Germany.	227
Conard, Laetitia Moon. A Visit to the Quinault Indian Graves.	737
Converse, C. Crozat. The Trees, the Rocks, and the Waters. A Poem, 183.—The Verse of the Future, 759.	
Cornplanter Medal. Frederick Starr.	186
Crutcher, Ernest. The Philosophy of Pain.	641
Devil, The Reality of the. Paul Carus.	717
De Vries, Hugo. Daniel Trembley MacDougal.	449
Do Animals Think? Lord Avebury.	188
Dodge, Arthur Pillsbury. The Bahai Revelation.	56
Edmunds, Albert J. Buddhist and Christian Gospels.	538
Edwards, John H. In Reply to "How Far Have We Strayed from Christianity?"	766
Egypt, Exploration in. Nilus.	443
Essence of the Doctrine. Paul Carus.	182
<i>Ethos Anthropoi Daimon.</i>	446
Euclid's Parallel Postulate. Oswald Veblen.	752
Evans, Henry Ridgely. In the Magic Circle, 8.—Ghost-Making Extraordinary, 65.—The Romance of Automata, 131.—Some Old Time Conjurers, 337.—The Secrets of Second Sight, 398.—Some Magicians I Have Met, 454.—Treweyism, 523.	
Excavations and the Bible. Chauncey J. Hawkins.	1
Fall of the Temple. Charles Kassel.	35
Finland. N. C. Frederiksen.	41
France and the Vatican. Yves Guyot.	369
Frederiksen, N. C. Finland.	41
Gauss, E. F. L. A Tribute to Friedrich Schiller. A Poem.	257
Geldzaeler, M. "The Third Commandment."	379
Ghost-Making Extraordinary. Henry Ridgely Evans.	65
Gilman, Theodore. Ambiguities.	385
God, A Self-Sacrificing. Henry W. Wright.	745
Gorki, Maxime. Ossip-Lourié.	513
Guyot, Yves. France and the Vatican, 369.—State and Church; A Reply with Editor's Rejoinder, 635.—"State and Church," 766.	
Hawkins, Chauncey J. Excavations and the Bible.	1

	PAGE
Healy, M. F. Character.	510
Heysinger, I. W. Abou ben Adhem, Expurgated from Superstition. A Poem.	703
How Far Have We Strayed from Christianity? Paul Carus.	577
"How Far Have We Strayed from Christianity?" In Reply to. T. E. Savage, Rev. R. J. Campbell, and Rev. J. H. Edwards.	764
Hutchinson, Woods. The Weapons and Tools of the Dog.	205
Igorotes, The. Paul Carus.	113
Image Worship. Paul Carus.	21
Immortality of the Soul. Hereward Carrington.	697
Immortality of the Soul. Paul Carus.	363
India, Modern. A. Christina Albers.	588, 657
Indian Graves, A Visit to the Quinault. Laetitia Moon Conard.	737
Islam in Egypt, Glimpses of. Emilie Hyacinthe Loyson.	418
Japanese Education, The New.	631
Jinawarawansa, the Prince Priest.	638
Johnston, Charles. The Kingdom of Heaven and the Upanishads.	705
Kan Ying P'ien, A Religious Book of China. Tr. by Suzuki and Carus. ...	477
Kappamanavapuccha. A Poem. E. P. Buffet.	380
Karma, Another Buddhist Song. Paul Carus.	49
Kassel, Charles. The Fall of the Temple.	35
Kingdom of Heaven and the Upanishads. Charles Johnston.	705
Latham, Harris Learner. Views of Shinto Revival Scholars Regarding Ethics.	100
Loyson, Emilie Hyacinthe. Glimpses of Islam in Egypt.	418
Loyson, Father Hyacinthe and His Wife.	371
Loyson, Father Hyacinthe, on Pope Pius X.	111
Loyson, Father Hyacinthe's Lecture at Geneva.	573
MacDougal, Daniel Trembly. Hugo De Vries.	449
Magic Circle, In the. Henry Ridgely Evans.	8
Mediumistic Phenomena, Some. David P. Abbott.	494
Michel, Louise; Priestess of Pity and Vengeance. Emma P. Telford.	157
Mills, Professor Lawrence H., on the Logos Conception. Paul Carus. ...	393
Mills, Professor Lawrence H., the Zendavesta Scholar. Paul Carus.	505
Moral Tales of the Treatise on Response and Retribution.	547, 604
Morning Glory. Paul Carus.	447
Music, New Forms of. I. L. Schoen.	445
Musical Theme, Caprice on a. Paul Carus.	376
Newest Light on Our Oldest Mother Country. Wm. Fairfield Warren. ...	568
Original Sin, An. William J. Roe.	244
OSSIP-LOURIÉ. Maxime Gorki.	513
Pagan Christs. Paul Carus.	92
Pain, The Philosophy of. Ernest Crutcher.	641
Pain, The Virtue of. A. P. H.	682
Parable of the Talents. Paul Carus.	129
Parsifal. Adolf Roeder.	26
Phelps, Myron H. A Representative Hindu.	438
Pius X, Father Hyacinthe Loyson on.	111
Prince Priest, The.	638
Pro Domo. How Far Have We Strayed from Christianity? Paul Carus	577

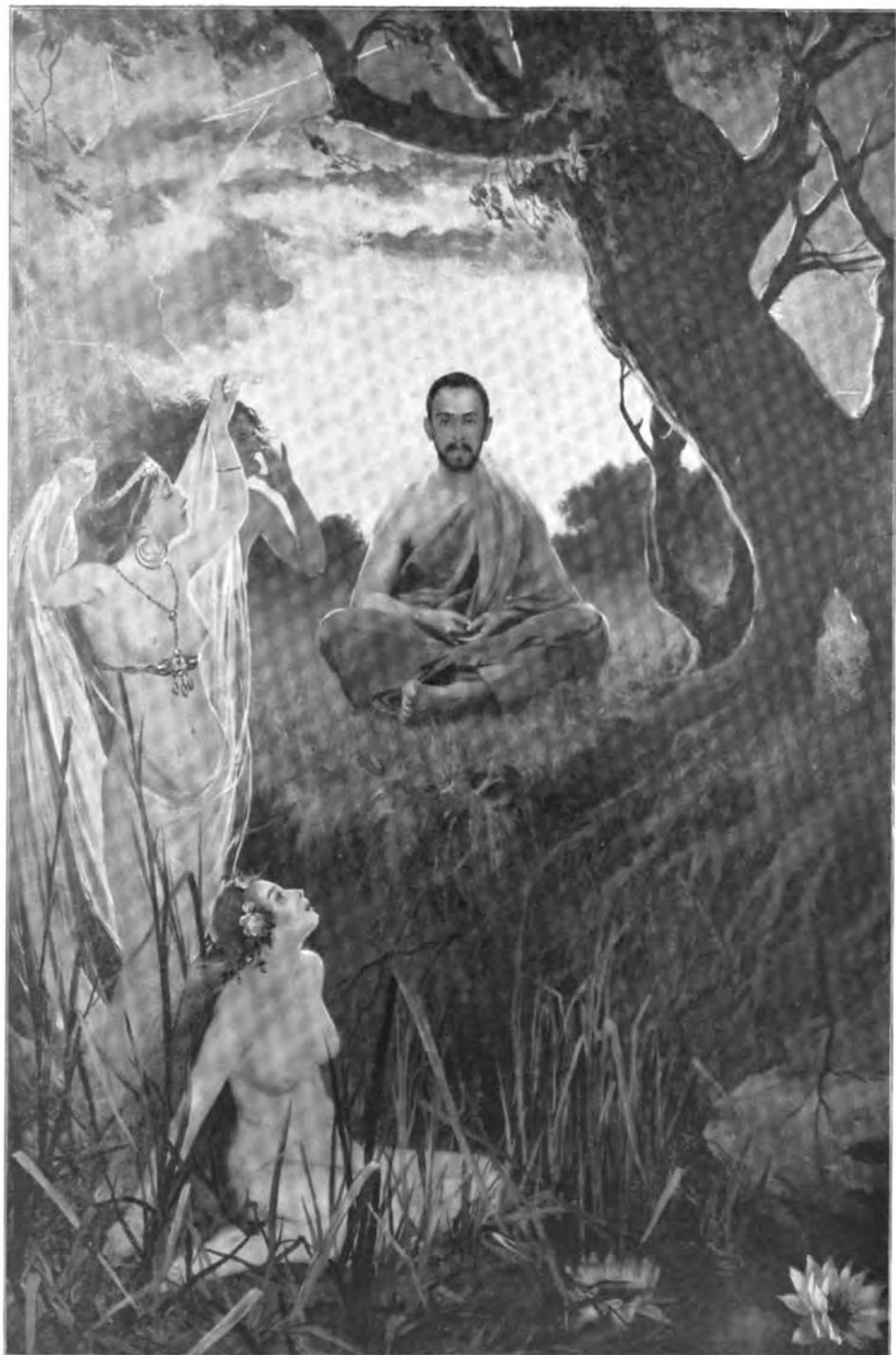
	PAGE
Queen of Sheba According to the Tradition of Axum. Paul Carus.	31
Ramanáthan, P., A Representative Hindu. Myron H. Phelps.	438
Religious Book of China. Tr. by T. Suzuki and P. Carus.	477
Resurrection, The, a Hyper-Historical Fact. Paul Carus.	690
Resurrection of Jesus—An Historical Inquiry. Joseph C. Allen.	193
Risen Body of Jesus Christ, Formula for the. Wm. Frost Bishop.	686
Risen Christ, The. Rev. Joseph C. Allen and Rev. W. F. Bishop.	761
Roe, William J. An Original Sin.	244
Roeder, Adolf. Parsifal.	26
Romance of Automata. Henry Ridgely Evans.	131
Romantic Poetry in Germany. John Firman Coar.	227
Rosetta Stone, The History and Significance of the. Paul Carus.	89
Roy, Pratapa Chandra. An Obituary.	384
Sampietro's Mother (In Comment on <i>Karma</i>). Paul Carus.	756
Savage, T. E. In Reply to "How Far Have We Strayed from Christian- ity?"	764
Schiller, Friedrich. Paul Carus.	260
Schiller, Friedrich, A Tribute to. A Poem. E. F. L. Gauss.	257
Schiller's Religion. William H. Carruth.	321
Schoen, I. L. New Forms of Music.	445
Secrets of Second Sight. Henry Ridgely Evans.	398
Self and Unself. A Poem. C. Crozat Converse.	760
Self-Sacrificing God and the Problem of Evil. Henry W. Wright.	745
Shinto Revival Scholars Regarding Ethics, Views of. Harris L. Latham, 100	
Some Magicians I Have Met. Henry Ridgely Evans.	454
Some Old Time Conjurers. Henry Ridgely Evans.	337
South Africa, An Appeal from. Evelyn degli Asinelli.	574
Spread of Civilization. Photographs by Mrs. Jessie T. Beals.	53, 114
Starr, Frederick. The Cornplanter Medal, 186. A Correction, 253.	
State and Church. A Reply with Editor's Rejoinder. Yves Guyot.	635, 766
Sumangala Weligama Sri. An Obituary.	510
Suzuki, Teitaro and Paul Carus (Tr.) A Religious Book of China.	477
Symbols of God. A Poem. Dudley W. Walton.	253
Telford, Emma Paddock. Louise Michel, Priestess of Pity and Ven- geance.	157
Temptation of Buddha. Paul Carus.	46
Third Commandment. M. Geldzaeler.	379
Three Characteristics, The. Paul Carus.	563
Treatise on Response and Retribution.	477
Treatise on Response and Retribution, Moral Tales of.	547, 604
Trees, the Rocks, and the Waters. A Poem. C. Crozat Converse.	183
Treweyism. Henry Ridgely Evans.	523
Upanishads, The Kingdom of Heaven and the. Charles Johnston.	705
Veblen, Oswald. Euclid's Parallel Postulate.	752
Verse of the Future. C. Crozat Converse.	759
Visit to Quinault Indian Graves. Laetitia Moon Conard.	737
Wakeman, Thaddeus Burr. The Widow's Mite, 358.—Memorandum in- stead of Reply, 447.	
Walton, Dudley W. The Symbols of God. A Poem.	253

	PAGE
Warren, William Fairfield. <i>Newest Light on Our Oldest Mother Country</i>	568
<i>Weapons and Tools of the Dog</i> . Woods Hutchinson.	205
<i>Widow's Mite</i> . Thaddeus B. Wakeman.	358
<i>Wizard's Son, The</i> . David Clarallan.	75, 141
Wright, Henry W. <i>A Self-Sacrificing God and the Problem of Evil</i>	745
<i>Zoroaster's Contributions to Christianity</i> . Paul Carus.	409

BOOK REVIEWS AND NOTES.

<i>American Anthropologist</i>	45
Anderson, C. Goldsborough. <i>Creed or Conviction</i>	381
Bettex, F. <i>The Miracle</i>	768
Biedermann, Eduard. <i>Nanda, the Chief Shepherd's Daughter, 448.—The Last Sermon, 576</i>	
<i>Buddhist, Der</i>	575
<i>Buddhistische Vergissmeinnicht</i>	576
Carus, Paul. <i>Gospel of Buddha, Russian Translation</i>	448
Conway, Moncure Daniel. <i>Autobiography, Memories and Experiences</i>	128
Crooker, Joseph Henry. <i>The Supremacy of Jesus</i>	767
Crosby, Ernest Howard. <i>Tolstoy as a Schoolmaster</i>	511
Crutcher's Article, "The Philosophy of Pain."	704
Darrow, Clarence S. <i>Resist not Evil</i>	255
Döring, Th. <i>Zur Erinnerung an Clemens Winkler</i>	128
Edmunds, Albert J. <i>Buddhist and Christian Gospels</i>	538
<i>English Woman's Year Book and Directory</i>	512
Evans, Elizabeth E. <i>The Christ Myth</i>	768
Everett, Charles Carroll. <i>The Psychological Elements of Religious Faith</i>	382
Frederiksen, N. C. <i>Finland</i>	63
<i>Freethought, International Congress of</i>	512
Greene, Daniel Crosby. <i>The Christian Movement in Its Relation to the New Life of Japan</i>	704
Hand, Rev. J. E. <i>Ideals of Science and Faith</i>	254
Hickman, Bill. <i>Confessions</i>	319
Kaburagi, Kiyokata. <i>Called to the Colors</i>	704
Kohler, Josef. <i>Der Geist des Christentums</i>	127
Königsmarck, Hans von. <i>Japan und die Japanesen</i>	255
Kühnemann, Eugen. <i>Schiller</i>	640
Labanca, Baldassare. <i>Il Papato</i>	575
<i>Lakeside Classics</i>	383
Leuba, J. H. <i>Professor Leuba's Questionnaire</i>	256
Loyson, Emilie Hyacinthe. <i>To Jerusalem Through the Lands of Islam</i>	634
Mann, Hugh. <i>The New Lights. A Drama</i>	767
Martin, Alfred W. <i>Immortality and Modern Thought</i>	319
Mills, Lawrence H. <i>Zarathushtra and the Greeks</i>	448
<i>Musik, Die</i> . Strauss Number.	255
Post, Louis F. <i>Ethics of Democracy</i>	382
<i>Religionists in Japan, Congress of</i>	122
Rexdale, Robert. <i>Rhymes</i>	44

	PAGE
Robertson, John M. Pagan Christs.	92
Ropp's New Calculator.	383
Schaefer, Heinrich. The Songs of an Egyptian Peasant.....	319
Schiller-Gedenkfeier.	704
Seidenstücker, K. B. Dhamma; Das Licht des Buddha; Mahayana, die Hauptlehren des nördlichen Buddhismus; Sangha.	576
Selenka, Emil and Lenore. Sonnige Welten.	125
Songs of the Flag and Nation.	45
Stotsenburg, John H. An Impartial Study of the Shakespeare Title.	511
Strode, Muriel. My Little Book of Prayer.46, 128, 192,	319
<i>Student, The.</i>	45
Tolstoy's Views on Russia, in <i>Le Matin</i>	320
Who's Who.	512
Who's Who Year Book.	512
Withers, John W. Euclid's Parallel Postulate.	752
Wizard's Profession in Ancient Judea.	113
Wolff, Eugen. Schiller im Urteil des zwanzigsten Jahrhunderts.....	448



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THE TEMPTATION.

BY EDUARD BIEDERMANN.

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EXCAVATIONS AND THE BIBLE.

BY CHAUNCEY J. HAWKINS.

IN recent years great interest has been taken in the excavations in the Orient. The University of Pennsylvania has within the last ten years spent \$100,000 in excavations at Nippur, and only this year the University of Chicago has sent out other parties with pick and shovel. Before America was interested, England, France and Germany had spent vast sums on the ruins of Nineveh, Babylon and Egypt. For centuries nothing has remained of the once glorious Babylon and Nineveh but "formless heaps and conical mounds. Peasants have drawn their plows through their ruins, the Bedouins have pastured their flocks upon their grass-covered slopes, and the wild Arab tribes have fought their unrecorded battles over long buried temples. But patient toil has uncovered these ruins and discovered galleries of art and volumes of history, song and legend which have opened to us anew the story of these once glorious civilisations.

These monuments have clearly revealed the fact that Israel was not an isolated nation as we have so long supposed. Her institutions, her laws, her literature, while all passing through the mould of the Hebrew mind, were directly or indirectly influenced by the nations which surrounded her. Because the libraries of Babylon were buried under the ruins of centuries and the Old Testament was our only record, it was natural for us to think of Israel as receiving all of her rich heritage direct from heaven, but since the finding of these old libraries it has become clear that the Old Testament is the product of an historical evolution. True that it is Hebrew, but the old civilisation of Babylon is its background, and many

things which we once thought of as coming to Israel in a moment are now seen to be the product of a long growth.

This fact becomes clear by a comparative study of Hebrew and Babylonian literatures. We cannot fail to see the influence of those old nations upon Israel in such comparisons as these. When we read in the Babylonian literature that before Esarhaddon set out on his journey he received this prophetic message: "I, Istar of Arbela, will cause to rise upon thy right hand smoke, and upon thy left fire," we must think of the pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night which followed the people of Israel through the desert. And when we read from the Babylonian legend that Eabani was created out of mud and became a living being only through the breath of God we are strongly reminded of Genesis, which tells us that "God created man out of the dust of the earth and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life and man became a living soul."

Naram-Sin, the son of Sargon, is the oldest of known monarchs. We have preserved this legend, which is recorded above a tablet over his own name, which bears a striking resemblance to the early life of Moses. This is a portion of it: "My mother, of noble race, conceived me and bore me in secret. She put me in a basket of reeds and closed up the opening with pitch. She cast me upon the river. The river carried me along to Akki, the water-carrier. Akki, in the kindness of his heart, made me gardner. Thus Istar showed me favor and made me ruler over the black-haired race." I need not call attention to the strong resemblance to the story about the early life of Moses.

One of the best comparisons is found in the account of the flood which each nation gives. In 1872 George Smith translated the Chaldean account of the deluge. After a careful study of the deluge tablet, this scholar reached the conclusion that the date of its composition could not be placed later than the seventeenth century B. C. and it might belong to a time much earlier. This is at least a thousand years before the writing of the Hebrew account which has been handed down to us. The greatest difference between this and the Biblical narrative is in the religious sentiment. While in the Jewish account only one God is mentioned, in the cuneiform inscription all the gods of the Babylonian pantheon are engaged in bringing about the flood. One points toward monotheism; the other towards polytheism. (This is only an argument in favor of the modern view of the Bible, which holds that the Hexateuch reflects not the religious conception of the pre-Mosaic times, but of the time in which it was compiled—the tenth to the eighth century B. C. The Babylonian

account reflects the polytheism of early Babylon, while the Hebrew account reflects the purer religious ideas of a later period.)

Other minor differences occur which show that the myth has passed through the molds of distinct and independent nations. But the main events of the flood narrated in the Bible and the Inscriptions are the same. The flood, a divine punishment for the sins of men, the building of an ark, the coming of the waters which covered the earth, the taking into the ark representatives of all animals, the sending out of the dove, the falling of the water and the new beginning of life on earth, these are common to both. This seems to indicate that this Biblical story is but one of the legends found in the folk-lore and early literature of the Babylonians; that it has its origin in the plains of Chaldea.

The early date of this tablet makes it certain that the Hebrew derived the story from the Babylonians, and not vice versa. Smith placed the date of the tablet in the seventeenth century B. C., and many regard its earliest possible date to be 3000 B. C. This makes it certain that it was borrowed by the Hebrews from the Babylonians. This position is strengthened by another tablet which shows that the Babylonian language had been naturalised in Palestine before the Exodus, that it was the court language between the Babylonian and Canaanitish tribes. This being true, we can easily conceive how these traditions could be carried to Palestine and gradually become the property of the Jews.

Had we space to compare the traditions of the two nations about creation, the fall of man, and many others, it would only strengthen our belief that the roots of the Old Testament go far back into the thought and life of earlier people.

The question has been raised and must be answered: How much in these early stories is history and how much is legend? What is the historical value of these early portions of the Bible?

First, we must answer that they were not written with a historical or scientific, but a religious purpose. The lack of any clear information in regard to the progress of events, as seen, for instance, in the faulty chronology of the Book of Kings, shows clearly that these Old Testament writers had no great interest in history as such. They were not advocates of a system of science. They used what knowledge of history they possessed, they used the only scientific conceptions then known, for the purpose of teaching religion. They told the story of the creation of the world and mankind, not with a scientific but a religious purpose. In the words of Ryle, "the old-world myths and tales of Semitic folk-lore, were em-

ployed for setting forth in their true light the unchanging verities respecting the nature of God, of man, and of the created universe." They exercised no care in the mingling of history and legend, because it was not legend or history in which they were interested, but religion. For this reason in these earlier narratives it is impossible for us to tell where legend stops and history begins. Only this we know, that here is that intermingling of legend and history where legend is the golden link which connects the unknown time with the first events of actual history. The evidence at hand seems to justify the conclusion that the general outline of the narrative is historical, but we are not able with our present state of knowledge to separate the historical nucleus from the idealized picture.

The excavations do more than to throw light upon the origin of this legendary literature. They have thrown light upon the question of the origin of the so-called Mosaic legislation. It has been the contention of some scholars that there was nothing original about the laws of the Hexateuch but all of them were borrowed from the literature of older nations. That position is not held by many scholars and is not supported by the evidence of the monuments. But that the early laws of Babylon and Egypt and surrounding people exerted much influence over this legislation seems quite probable. For illustration, turn to that ancient funeral ritual of Egypt, the *Book of the Dead*, the earliest piece of Egyptian literature we possess, with possibly one exception. In it we find no account of the soul making its voyage in the spirit world. It came into the judgment hall of Osiris, in the presence of a council of forty-two gods and was compelled to make a declaration of its innocence. Among other things it said: "I have not told falsehoods. I have not made the laboring man do more than his daily task. I have not murdered. I have not slandered anyone." These are positive statements of a soul on trial, telling what it has not done. The declaration implies that there must have existed principles which should read: "Thou shalt not lie. Thou shalt not kill. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor. Thou shalt not covet." In other words, these are some of the great laws of the Decalogue. They were so well known in Egypt when Moses was a youth, receiving his education in the school of the Pharaohs, as the Ten Commandments are today, and we can well suppose that Moses, when he started with the Children of Israel on that long journey, was well acquainted with them and they must have exerted a great influence over his legislation for Israel. If Moses was not the author of the Decalogue

it would not affect the force of the argument. The Hebrews were in Egypt and must have been acquainted with this funeral ritual.

One of the most important discoveries of recent times is the code of Hammurabi. It was found by the French expedition which during the years 1897-99 excavated the great ruin of ancient Susa. It is a code of 280 laws inscribed upon a large stone monument and is of great value not only because of the material which it contains, but also because it can be definitely dated at about 2250 B. C. A comparison of this code with the Old Testament laws will reveal the much higher standard reflected in the latter, its much higher moral development, but it also "makes highly probable and practically demonstrable the fact that the laws of Hammurabi," as Professor Kent of Yale says, "in some cases exerted a direct and in others a powerful indirect influence upon the laws and institutions of the Hebrews."

We can give only two or three illustrations. This is a law from the code of Hammurabi: "If any one brings an accusation of any crime before the elders and has not proved what he has charged, he shall, if it be a capital offense charged, be put to death." Comp. Deut. 19:16-21. Both codes makes kidnapping a capital offense, inflict capital punishment upon both parties to an act of adultery, and exact the same fine if an ox kill a man's slave. The code of Hammurabi said shepherds should "pay to the owner of a field of specified sum for the injury done to his crops by their flocks as a result of their careless or deliberate action." Comp. Ex. 22:5. These illustrations could be multiplied. Enough has been given to illustrate how this early code from the father of jurisprudence exerted a large influence over the Hebrew legislation. True that all of these legal and moral principles from Egypt and Babylonia were not adopted by the Hebrews in any out and out fashion. They were all assimilated by the Hebrew consciousness and adapted to the conditions of Hebrew life. But as we go back for many of our fundamental principles to England and the English back to Rome, so the Hebrew went back to Egypt and Babylon for many of their civil laws and moral principles.

To suppose that man never observed a Sabbath until the writing of the Ten Commandments would be as absurd as to suppose that the Declaration of Independence created the love of human liberty. The law to observe the Sabbath was only a formulation of a principle which had been long in practise among many people. We find among the Babylonians the custom of resting upon the 7th, 14th, 21st, 28th, days of each month. It was a law that upon these days

no work should be done, not even the king was permitted to change his clothes or mount his chariot. It matters not what motive prompted them to keep these days. Enough for us to know that in the early times a rest day was kept and the time and manner of keeping it reminds us strongly of the later Hebrew Sabbath.

True, this involves us in a difficulty. We have not been in the habit of thinking that any of the Hebrew legislation came in this way, especially the Decalogue. We have thought of the Hebrews as gathered at the feet of Sinai to receive a revelation. Amid thunder and lightnings and with the sound of a trumpet the Lord descended upon the smoking Mount and from there proclaimed the words of the law in the ears of a terrified people. The words uttered by the very voice of God were graven by the finger of God upon two tablets of stone.

Now it is significant that in the code of Hammurabi the divine origin of law is as definitely taught as in the chapters of Deuteronomy or Exodus. In the introductory words of these laws Hammurabi says: "The great gods have called me. I am the salvation-bearing ruler." And he closes by saying, "Hammurabi, the king of righteousness, to whom Shamash (that is the sun-god) has presented the law am I." Other traditions exist where the gods are represented as the author of law and civilisation. Are we not justified, as we read this poetic symbolism of the Bible, in believing that the writer of this record spoke of Moses as it was customary to speak of the great moral and political leaders of his time, as men sent from God, and of their law as having a divine origin? As Hammurabi believed that his laws were from God, so did Moses believe, and the writer clothed this faith in the terrible symbolism of Sinai. The proof of their divine origin was not in their symbolism, but in their moral purity and power for the history of mankind.

Space will not permit us to bring more evidence, but enough, I believe, has been used to prove beyond a doubt that Israel was not the isolated nation we have so long supposed her to have been, but the roots of her history extend far back into the history of the past. If every history of the civilised world could be destroyed except a brief account of the laws and institutions of the United States, people a century hence might well think that America was an isolated nation, that our laws and institutions were given directly from heaven. But we know better. Our common laws go back to England and our fundamental political ideas have their roots in soil even back of the mother country. Yet we believe none the less that God has guided us and has used this method of blessing the world. So

with nothing but the Bible we thought of Israel as isolated, but now with our wider literature we see that here has been a greater providence. Through a long process of education which extends back to periods of which we have no records, God has been preparing Israel for the leadership of the world and the final coming of Jesus Christ. So far as we can discover, God's method has always been that of evolution and not revolution, and Israel is no exception to the rule. As our national development has depended somewhat upon other people, so did Israel's. Absorbing much from that vast old-world civilisation and having the best advantages for a religious training, she has made all the world indebted to her.

IN THE MAGIC CIRCLE.

BY HENRY RIDGELY EVANS.

I.

WHEN the citizen-king, Louis Philippe, ruled over the destinies of *la belle France*, there resided in Paris an old man by the name of M. Roujol, familiarly known among his confreres as "Father" Roujol. He kept a modest shop in the Rue Richelieu for the manufacture and sale of magical apparatus. The professional and amateur conjurers of the French capital made Roujol's their meeting place. "The Duc de M.—," says Robert-Houdin, "did not disdain to visit the humble emporium of the mystic art, and remain for hours conversing with Roujol and his associates." It was here that Houdin became acquainted with Jules de Rovère, of noble birth, a conjurer who abandoned the title of *escamoteur*, as beneath his aristocratic dignity, and coined for himself the pompous cognomen, *prestidigitateur*, from *presti digiti* (activity of the fingers). The French Academy sanctioned the formation of this word, thus handing it down to posterity. Jules de Rovère also called himself *Physicien du Roi*. Old Father Roujol is dust long ago; he has no successor in France. But we have a replica of his quaint place in New York City. On Sixth Avenue, not far from Thirtieth Street, is the shop of the Martinka Brothers. It is located on the ground floor of a dingy old building. In front is a tiny window, with a variety of magical apparatus displayed therein. Above the door in tarnished gold letters is the sign "Palace of Magic." The second floor is occupied by a Chinese restaurant. The Occident and Orient exist here cheek-by-jowl. The Chinaman concocts mysterious dishes to tickle the jaded palates of the *boulevardiers*; the proprietors of the Aladdin Palace of Up-to-Date Enchantments invent ingenious tricks and illusions to astound the eyes of their patrons. Here you may meet everybody in the magic line, from Kellar the Great to the humblest amateur, provided you are a member of the Society of American

Magicians. This society owes its foundation to two practising physicians of New York, Dr. W. Golden Mortimer, an ex-conjurer, and Dr. Saram R. Ellison, a great collector of magic literature. Ellison suggested the name, Mortimer wrote the ritual of the order, and the two of them called the meeting for the formation of the society. The first idea of such a fraternity of magicians was formulated by the writer of this paper, who endeavored to found a society called the *Sphinx*, but it proved abortive. The leading conjurers of the United States and Europe are enrolled among the members of the S. A. M. The meetings are held once a month at Martinka's,



BIJOU THEATRE OF THE MARTINKA BROS., NEW YORK.

usually followed by exhibitions of skill on the stage of the Bijou Theatre, attached to the place. Robert-Houdin, in the closing chapter of his "Secrets of Conjuring and Magic," remarks that it would be a superb sight to witness a performance by magicians, where each would show his *chef d'oeuvre* in the art. At Martinka's this is realized. Here you may see the very perfection of digital dexterity, mental magic, and the like. Mr. Martinka possesses many interesting relics of celebrated performers: Alexander Herrmann's wand, Robert Heller's orange tree, and photographs galore of magicians, living and dead. The electrical sofa, used by Heller in his second-

sight trick, is owned by Mr. Francis J. Martinka, and graces his



X-RAY PHOTOGRAPH OF KEILLAR'S HAND.
(In the possession of Mr. Francis J. Martinka, New York.)

dining room. Some of the most important illusions of the day have been built in the shop of the Martinka Brothers.

It was here that I first became acquainted with Alexander Herrmann and Harry Keller, whose careers I will briefly sketch.

Alexander Herrmann, who was of Jewish origin, was born in Paris, February 11, 1844. Information concerning his family is very meagre indeed. His father, Samuel Herrmann, a physician, was an accomplished conjurer, but did not give professional performances, and was against his son taking up magic. The eldest brother, Carl, despite the parental opposition became famous as a sleight-of-hand artist, and was known as the "First Professor of Magic in the



HERRMANN I, II, III.

World." The father was ambitious to have Alexander follow the profession of medicine, but fate willed otherwise. Alexander, when quite a boy, ran away and joined Carl, acting as his assistant. He remained with his brother six years, when his parents placed him in college at Vienna. He did not complete his scholastic studies, but went to Spain in 1859 and began his career as a magician. He appeared in America in 1861, but returned a year later to Europe, and made an extended tour. He played an engagement of 1,000 consecutive nights at Egyptian Hall, London. In 1875 he married Adelaide Scarsez, a beautiful and clever danseuse, who assisted him

in his *soirées magique*. Herrmann became a naturalized citizen of the United States in 1876. He died of heart failure in his private car, December 11, 1896, while traveling from Rochester, N. Y., to Bradford, Penn. He was buried with Masonic honors in New York City. He made and lost several fortunes. Unsuccessful theatrical speculations were largely responsible for his losses. He aspired in vain to be the manager and proprietor of a chain of theatres. He introduced the celebrated Trewey, the French *fantaisiste*, to the American public. Herrmann was an extraordinary linguist, a *raconteur* and wit. Several chivalric orders were conferred upon him by European potentates. He usually billed himself as the Chevalier



TREWEY.



ALEXANDER HERRMANN.

Alexander Herrmann. His mephistophelean aspect, his foreign accent, and histrionic powers, coupled with his wonderful sleight-of-hand made him indeed the king of conjureres. He had a wrist of steel and a palm of velvet. He performed tricks wherever he went, in the street cars, cafés, clubs, hotels, newspaper offices, and markets, imitating in this respect the renowned Bosco. These impromptu entertainments widely advertised his art. He rarely changed his *repertoire*, but old tricks in his hands were invested with the charm of newness. I can remember as a boy with what emotion I beheld the rising of the curtain, in his fantastic soirées, and saw

him appear, in full court costume, smiling and bowing. Hey, presto! I expected every moment to see him metamorphosed into the Mephisto of Goethe's "Faust," habited in the traditional red costume, with red cock's feather in his pointed cap, and clanking rapier by his side; sardonic, and full of subtleties. He looked the part to perfection. He was Mephisto in evening dress. When he performed the trick of the inexhaustible bottle, which gave forth any liquor called for by the spectators, I thought of him as Mephisto in that famous drinking scene in Auerbach's cellar, boring holes into an old table, and extracting from them various sparkling liquors as well as flames. In his nervous hands articles vanished and reappeared with surprising rapidity. Everything material, under the spell of his flexible fingers, seemed to be resolved into a fluidic state; as elusive as pellets of quicksilver. He was indeed the Alexander the Great of Magic, who had conquered all worlds with his necromancer's wand—theatrical worlds; and he sighed because there were no more to dominate with his legerdemain. One of his posters always fascinated my boyish imagination. It was night in the desert. The Sphinx loomed up majestically under the black canopy of the Egyptian sky. In front of the giant figure stood Herrmann, in the center of a magic circle of skulls and cabalistic figures. Incense from a brazier ascended and circled about the head of the Sphinx. Herrmann was depicted in the act of producing rabbits and bowls of gold fish from a shawl, while Mephisto, the guardian of the weird scene, stood near by, dressed all in red, and pointing approvingly at his disciple in the black art. In this picture were symbolized Egyptian mystery and necromancy; mediæval magic; and the sorcery of science and prestidigitation.

After Herrmann's death, he was succeeded by his nephew, Leon Herrmann—Herrmann III, who is a successful performer.

His widow exhibits in vaudeville and gives a very clever entertainment of magic, entitled "An Evening in Japan."

II.

Let us now pass in review some of the great Herrmann's tricks. His gun illusion was perhaps his most sensational feat. I am indebted to the late Frederick Bancroft for a correct explanation of the startling trick.

A squad of soldiers under the command of a sergeant, comprised the firing party. The guns were apparently loaded with genuine cartridges, the bullets of which had been previously marked for identification by various spectators. The soldiers stood upon

a platform erected in the centre of the theatre, and Herrmann stationed himself upon the stage. The guns were fired at him, and he caught the balls upon a plate. Upon examination the balls were found to be still warm from the effects of the explosion, and the marks were identified upon them. The substitution of the sham cartridges, which were loaded into the guns, for the genuine ones was very subtly executed by means of a trick salver having a small well let into its centre to hold the cartridges. Into this well the marked cartridges were deposited by the spectators. In the interior of the salver was a second compartment loaded with the blank cartridges. The sergeant who collected the bullets shifted the com-



MAGICAL CABINET CONSTRUCTED BY CARL HERRMANN.

The magician places a card in any of the little drawers of the cabinet, and it will reappear in any other drawer the onlooker may suggest. (Now in the possession of Mr. Martinka, New York City.)

partments by means of a peg underneath the salver, as he walked from the audience to the stage. The sham cartridges were now brought to view and the real were hidden in the body of the salver. While the soldiers were engaged in loading their rifles with the blank cartridges, the sergeant went behind a side scene to get his gun, and deposit the salver. A couple of assistants extracted the genuine bullets and heated them. Herrmann went to the wing to get the plate, and secretly secured the marked bullets. The rest of the trick consisted in working up the dramatic effects.

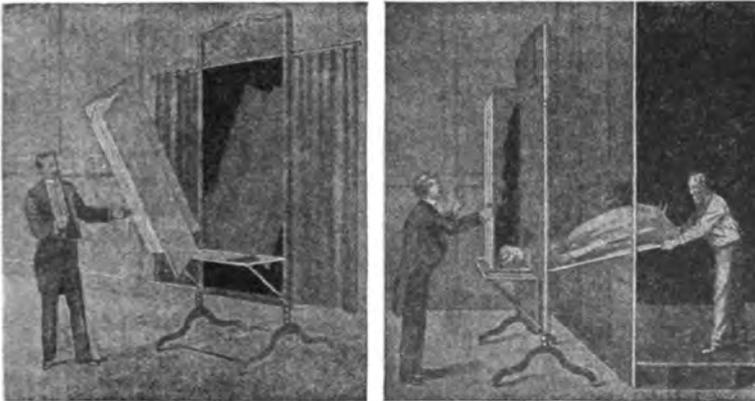
One of Herrmann's best illusions, though not invented by him,

was his vanishing lady, known as "Vanity Fair" and "After the Ball." A large pier glass, which was elevated some two feet above the stage, was brought forward by the magician, and the glass shown to be solid, back and front. Mme. Herrmann, dressed in a



"AFTER THE BALL"—I. SCREENING THE LADY.

handsome ball costume, was now introduced to the audience. By the aid of a small ladder, she climbed up and stood upon a glass shelf immediately in front of the mirror. A narrow screen was



"AFTER THE BALL"—2. THE ESCAPE.

then placed about her, so as not to hide from the spectators the sides of the mirror.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Herrmann, "Madame Vanity Fair, who is now gazing at her pretty features in the mirror, has

only to pronounce a certain mystic formula known to the Cabalists, and she will be instantly transported to the grand ball at the Opera House. This is a decided improvement on horses and carriages." He fired a pistol, and the screen was pulled away. The lady was found to have completely vanished. But how? Not into the mirror, into that land of adumbration, celebrated in "Alice's Adventures in a Looking Glass." No, the glass was apparently of solid crystal, and too thin to conceal anyone. This is the *modus operandi* of the trick: The mirror in reality was composed of two sections. The glass shelf upon which the lady stood, concealed the top of the lower section. The upper section was placed to the rear of the lower mirror, so that its lower end slid down behind it. This upper glass worked like a window sash. When it was pushed up, its upper end was hidden in the wide panel of the frame. The lower part of this large glass had a piece cut out. Through this opening the lady was drawn by an assistant. When she had escaped through the back scene, the counterpoised mirror was again pushed down into its proper place. The fact that some of the mirror was in view during the exhibition allayed suspicion on the part of the audience. It was one of the most novel and effective illusions of Herrmann's repertoire, particularly because of the fact that he was assisted by his pretty and graceful wife, who looked charming in her elegant ball dress, and acted her part to perfection.

III.

The dean of American magicians is the famous Harry Kellar, who was born in Erie, Penn. He went on the stage when a boy, as assistant to the Fakir of Ava. Subsequently he served an apprenticeship with the notorious Brothers Davenport, spirit mediums, and from them learned the mysteries of rope-tying feats. Kellar is today the leading exponent of the *art magique* in the United States. He makes a specialty of pseudo-clairvoyance, second-sight, spirit cabinets, feats of levitation, and mechanical illusions. He has traveled extensively in the Orient, and visited the courts of Indian Rajahs. Seizing upon the modern craze for Hindoo necromancy, mahatma miracles, and the like, he presents many of his tricks and illusion as examples of Eastern thaumaturgy. Unlike Herrmann the Great, who bubbled over with wit and humor, and acted the comedian, Kellar assumes a Sphinx-like demeanor and surrounds himself with an air of Egyptian mystery. His entertainments appeal to the scholarly and refined. They are conducted with great solemnity and dignity. One almost imagines himself to be

in an Egyptian Temple, witnessing the magic feats of the hierophants. Kellar has written several monographs on his art—mainly contributions to magazines; all highly suggestive and entertaining. He says: "There are six qualifications which are of the essence of the successful magician, prestidigitateur, necromancer—call him what you may. They are: The will, manual dexterity, physical strength, the capacity to perform things automatically, an accurate, perfectly ordered and practically automatic memory, and a knowledge of a number of languages, the more the better."

Speaking of his experiences as stage helper, or *chela* to the so-called Fakir of Ava, he says (*Independ*, May 28, 1903): "The 'face' of many a prestidigitateur has been saved and his defeat turned into a glorious victory by the merest chance. One of my first adventures with the Fakir of Ava affords a capital illustration. We were doing the watch trick—taking a timepiece from some one in the audience, passing it upon the stage in a platter, destroying both platter and timepiece in plain view of the spectators, loading the fragments into a pistol, firing the weapon at a target and bringing the watch—whole and sound—to life again upon the face of the mark, in plain sight of the audience. But on that particular day the target concluded not to do its share of the performance. No watch would it produce; the machinery was out of order. We had to work hard to 'save face.'

"Disguised as an usher of the house, I went down into the audience with the timepiece, hoping to be able to slip it unobserved into the pocket of the owner. He was sitting at a distance from the aisle; I found it impossible. I did the next best thing—slipped the watch into the waistcoat pocket of the man who sat next to the aisle on the same row with the owner. Then I returned to the stage.

"The Fakir in the meantime was discussing learnedly upon some other subject. When I returned, the question of the whereabouts of the watch was called up and a bell on the stage was summoned to answer questions; one ring for 'yes,' two for 'no.'

"Is the watch on the stage?"

"No," replied the obedient bell.

"Is it in the audience?"

"Yes."

"Is it on the first row?"

"No."

"The second—the third, the fourth, the fifth?"

"To each question came a 'no.'

"Is it on the sixth row?"

"Yes."

"Is it the first man on the row?"

"Yes."

"The eyes of the audience focused upon the unfortunate occupant of the seat.

"Look in your pocket, sir," said the Fakir of Ava, in his politest, most persuasive tones.

"Go on with your show there and let me alone," shouted the enraged seat holder.

"But I pray you, look in your pocket," said the Fakir.

"The man obeyed and produced the watch! The trick, called

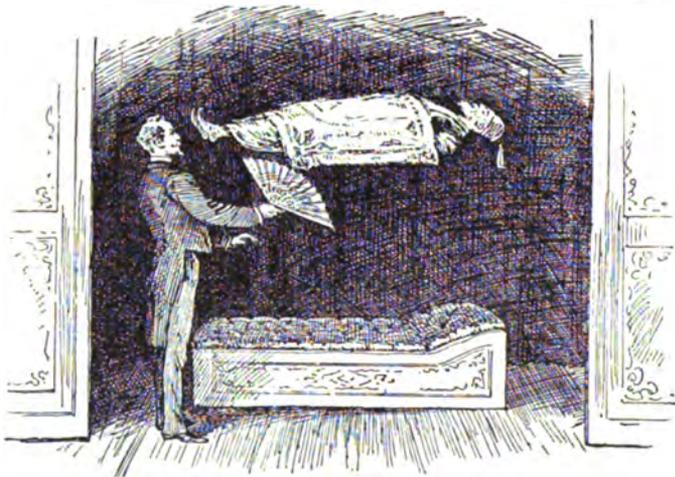


FIG. 5. THE CELEBRATED "LEVITATION" MYSTERY.

in stage vernacular a 'life saver,' made a hit vastly more impressive than the one originally planned but spoiled by the perverseness of the target."

Kellar's greatest and most sensational illusion is his "levitation"—raising a person and leaving him suspended in mid-air without any apparent means of support, seemingly defying the law of gravitation. The explanation of this surprising feat is thus described by a writer in the *Strand Magazine* (London):

"An assistant is introduced, laid upon an ottoman, and then sent off into a hypnotic trance (?). The performer takes an ordinary fan and fans the body while it rises slowly about four feet in the air, where it mysteriously remains for any length of time desired (Fig. 5). A large solid steel hoop is given for examina-

tion, and after the audience is satisfied as to its genuineness it is passed over the body from head to feet, behind the body and over it again, at once dispelling the idea of wires or any other tangible support being used, the body, as it were journeying through the hoop each time. The suspended assistant is now fanned from above and gently descends to the ottoman as slowly and gracefully as he rose from it. He is then brought back to his normal state out of the trance, and walks off none the worse for his aerial pose.

"This seeming impossibility is performed by the aid of a cranked bar (Fig. 6 and A, Fig. 7) and a pulley to raise it, the bar being pushed through from the back at the moment when the performer

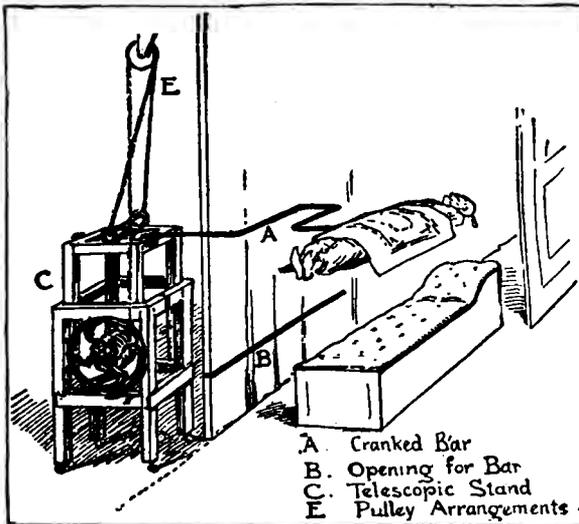


FIG. 6. "LEVITATION"—HYPNOTISM OR MECHANISM?—WHICH?

is 'hypnotizing' the subject, and in the act of placing a light covering over him he guides a clamp (B, Fig. 7) and fixes it to the top of the ottoman upon which the subject rests, and which rises, unseen, with him, the edges being obscured by the covering. The bar being the same color as the back scene cannot be noticed, and resting upon a stand (C, Figs. 6 and 7) behind the scenes the same height as the ottoman it is kept firm by the aid of strong supports. Being also double the width (D, Fig. 7) at this part greater leverage is obtained to hold the board upon which the subject rests secure from tilting either way. By means of a pulley arrangement (E, Fig. 6) the assistant behind raises and lowers the body, looking through a small hole in the scenes and timing the

performer's movements with exactness. Fig. 5 shows the illusion as it appears. Fig. 6—a side view—shows the means of suspension and the pulley for raising the bar and telescopic stand. Fig. 7 almost explains itself. It shows the method of passing the ring over the body. By putting it on at (1) and passing it as far as the centre of the bar (A) it can be brought around and off the body at (2), apparently having passed right over it, although not free from the crank; it is then passed behind the body as far as (3), when it can be again placed over the end (1) and drawn across

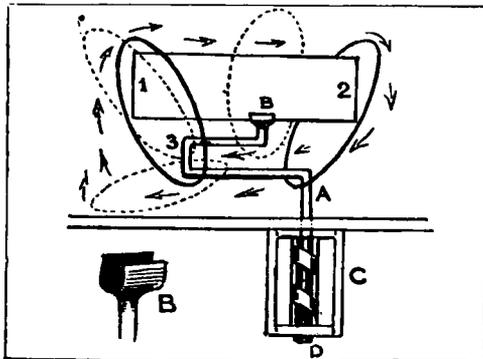


FIG. 7. "LEVITATION"—HOW THE HOOP IS PASSED OVER THE BODY.

once more, this time being, of course, quite free, having made an apparent circle right around and across the body. It seems evident to the audience that the subject is so raised and suspended by the performer's magic power alone. The sleeping subject is now lowered, and in the act of being 'dehypnotized' the performer slips the crank off, which is immediately drawn in from behind, the subject and performer sharing the applause. It is almost needless to explain that the 'hypnotism' is mere sham to heighten the effect and admit of an excuse to stoop in order to fix the cranked bar."

IMAGE-WORSHIP.

BY THE EDITOR.

ONE objection which is constantly repeated by Greek philosophers and Roman magistrates against the early Christians is their alleged impiety or lack of reverence. As a matter of fact, we know that the early Christians were iconoclasts who lost no opportunity to revile image-worship in any form as idolatry, and later on when they grew in power Christian mobs took special delight in smashing the statues of the gods, the old and venerable ones as well as the latest and most beautiful productions of Greek art. The result is that we have not one statue left of any of the ancient gods that is not in some way injured, broken, or desecrated.

The early Christian repudiated image-worship to such an extent as to regard artists as idol-makers and to exclude them from their communion, and the craft of sculptors was regarded as a disreputable profession.¹

With the spread of Christianity among the more refined classes the original aversion to art gave way to more tolerant views; but the change took place slowly and can be traced step by step.

Clement of Alexandria tells us that in the use of seal-rings the strictness of the rule to avoid all ornaments may be relaxed. But the symbols that can be tolerated are limited in number. He says:²

"Let our seals be either a dove, or a fish, or a ship scudding before the wind, or a musical lyre, which Polycrates used, or a ship's anchor, which Seleucus had engraved as a device, and if there be one fishing, he will remember the apostle and the children drawn out of the water. For we are not to delineate faces of idols, we who are prohibited to cleave to them; nor a sword, nor a bow, following as we do peace; nor drinking cups, being temperate."

Christians in their hostility to art did not invent pictorial illustrations, but only tolerated such symbols as could be interpreted in a Christian way. The fish was the symbol of Ea the Chaldean

¹ *Constitutiones Apostolorum*, VIII., 32, and Tertullian *De Idolatria*, ii.

² *Pedagogus*, III., 11, near the end of the chapter on finger-rings.

fish-deity who being God the Son, the saviour and mediator, resembles Christ in more than one respect. The lyre was an Orphic emblem and represented the power of the divine music that could force the gates of Tartarus and lead the dead back to life. The fisherman reminds us of the Babylonian Adapa, the wise man who is found fishing before he ascends to Anus's throne in heaven.

Tertullian's limitation was soon obliterated and we find the number of Christian emblems rapidly increasing. Though the ideal of the early Christians remained a worship of God in spirit and in truth, the instinct that yearns for visible symbols and pictures gradually asserted itself, and in the sixth century image-worship with incense-burning and knee-bending to pictures and statues was firmly established in Christian churches.

When the statues of the old gods were broken to pieces, so that scarcely one of them was left un mutilated, when the temples lay waste and in ruins, victorious Christianity adopted the pagan methods of worship, formerly scorned as idolatrous. The old gods returned under the name of saints, and the inveterate habit of idolatry reasserted itself. The old symbols were retained, though they had to submit to the new *régime* and acquire a new interpretation.

Even the most orthodox Christian archæologists are aware of the fact that the whole Christian symbology is due to pagan influence and pagan traditions. Thus the dove was the symbol of Astaroth and it is a mistake to regard all gems with doves on them as Christian. Bishop Münter protests against the claims of the dove as an exclusively Christian symbol, and adds :

"Probably we cannot even for the olive branch and olive leaf on any one of these intaglios on which they appear, claim a Christian origin, for on every gem published by Clarke, the dove stands on something that resembles a branch terminating in a leaf."¹

Many of the birds which are commonly taken to be doves and on that account have been regarded as Christian are, according to Bishop Münter, not doves but ravens. The raven was a Mithraic symbol of great importance and in one of the Mithraic degrees (called the Raven degree *κορακικά*) the initiated were called the Ravens (*κόρακες*).

While the palm leaf, the dove, the ship, the anchor, the vine, the $\Lambda\omega$ were frequently employed by the Christians of the second century as symbols of their faith, they still abstained rigorously from having any images. Even portraits of Christ (the latter per-

¹ See Dr. Friedrich Münter, Btshof von Seeland, etc., *Sinnbilder und Kunstvorstellungen der alten Christen*, 1., p. 109.

haps more so than other pictures), were repudiated as savoring of pagan idolatry, and thus it happened that non-Christians, gnostics, and even broad-minded pagans were the first to have the Christ-ideal represented by the chisel of sculptors and the brush of painters.

Epiphanius indignantly censures the Carpocratians because "they kept painted portraits and even images of gold and silver and other materials which they pretended to be portraits of Jesus and made by Pilate after the likeness of Christ at what time he sojourned amongst men."¹

Similar cases are mentioned by other Christian writers. St. Augustine condemns Marcellina for setting up a statue of Christ together with those of St. Paul, Homer and Pythagoras;² and Alexander Severus, a broad-minded pagan, is reported to have kept in a sanctuary at his home the statues of Christ, Abraham, Orpheus, and Apollonius of Tyana.³

The council of Eliberis in Spain (A. D. 305) prohibited the use of images; it decreed "that pictures or likenesses ought not to be allowed in the churches." But the fact that a motion of this kind was made and carried proves that there was a minority among the Christians who saw no idolatry in having pictures, and we may assume that at this period a tendency began to make itself felt toward a toleration of image-worship, which the church authorities, however, still branded as inadmissible, "lest the images on the wall themselves be adored."⁴

The foundation of the State Church denotes a great victory of Christianity over traditional paganism. Christianity was established in name, but the methods of worship and the dominant conceptions of the ancient religious faith became now officially established as an integral part of the new religion. The original Christian faith as it had found shape in the writings of the New Testament remained the dominant factor, but it was modified through an amalgamation of the doctrines of the Church with pagan traditions and a reception of the old deities under the name of saints. The ancient heroes, the Medusa killers, and the conqueror of the Chimera, Bellerophon, etc., were worshipped under the name of St. George (the Christian saint of that name has never met a dragon of any kind); and Diana as well as Juno and Venus were trans-

¹ *Epiphanius Her.*, XXVII.

² *De Hæres.* VII.

³ Mentioned by Lampridius in *Alexandrum Severum*, XXIX.

⁴ See Rock's *Hier.*, p. 374, cf. H. Diward, *Hist. of the Cr.*, p. 38.

formed into Mary, the mother of God, sometimes into Mary Magdalene, sometimes into some other female saint, while various deities of classical antiquity were mostly changed into minor saints, all being regarded as subject to the great Son of God, the Redeemer Jesus Christ.

The strangest thing is that there are a great number of black Marys, and there can be scarcely any doubt that the color of these several black Marys is a pagan tradition which points back to a cult in most ancient times. Many black Marys are found in Southern Italy; there is one, the Madonna di Porto Salvo, in Naples; there is another dark Madonna in Cotrone, Calabria, and another in Loretto, which latter was supposed to have been made by St. Luke, the Gospel writer.

The worship of black Marys has reached even more northern countries, especially Southern France and Spain, where one is mentioned in the life of Ignatius Loyola as being in Monserrato. Even Switzerland possesses a black Mary at Einsiedell, and Bavaria in Altötting. Of the pre-Christian goddesses of black color, Trede¹ mentions a black Artemis Ephesia which is preserved in the National Museum at Naples. Pausanius also speaks of the dark-colored Artemis (Book 2, Chap. II). The same author mentions a black Aphrodite, who on that account was called *Melainis*, i. e., the Dusky One (Book 8, Chap. VI., and Book 9, Chap. XXVII.), and of a Dark Demeter (Book 8, Chaps. V. and XLII.). The Egyptian Isis was always cut from black granite.

The black color of the Christian Mary is generally explained by Christian authors on the ground of the *Song of Songs*, where we read of Shulamite, "I am black but comely" (Chap. I, v. 5), which passage is commonly referred by Protestants to the Church, and by Roman Catholics to Mary; but this explanation is apparently an after-thought.

Christianity, no doubt, exercised a beneficial influence upon the large masses of the poor and degraded, thus leavening the dough of the Roman Empire from its lowest classes upwards, but the State Church did little or nothing for the moral progress of mankind; on the contrary, it rather brutalised the upper classes by making the sentiments of the lower classes predominant.

The age of Constantine is one of the saddest times in history, and the result of the foundation of a State Church was an alliance between the pagan elements of Christianity and the popular superstitions of paganism. The persecutions of pagan philoso-

¹ See Trede, *Das Heidenthum in der römischen Kirche*, Vol. II., p. 381.

phers and sympathisers has been palliated on the plea that it was a reaction against the oppressions which the early Christians had to suffer, but such events as the assassination of Hypatia and similar crimes cannot be extenuated, and the crusade against classic art and the destruction of many beautiful statues of antiquity is a barbarism which finds few, if any, parallels in history. Mobs were let loose on the idols so called, that is, the images of pagan gods in pagan temples, but the barbaric gladiator shows and other cruel spectacles of fights with wild beasts in the arena continued for several centuries under Christian emperors, and are preserved even to this day in the shape of bull fights in Catholic Spain,—a country which in its religious zeal for pagan forms of worship has surpassed even Italy, being, as has been said, the most Roman Catholic country in the world.

The establishment of the State Church is characterised by an official sanction on the one hand of a general destruction of the ancient productions of art, and on the other hand a rehabilitation of idolatry in the shape of image-worship. The culture of classic antiquity was ruthlessly destroyed, but the belief that had produced these noble statues of the Greek deities survived in its rudest and most superstitious form. Image-worship, so much abhorred by the early Christians, became soon the most essential feature of Roman State Christianity.

Roman Catholic archæologists find it hard to understand that church doctrines are subject to change. They refuse therefore to believe that the Catholic Church was ever opposed to image-worship. Prof. Franz Xavier Kraus says (*Geschichte der christlichen Kunst*, p. 58):

“This theory of the hatred of art among the early Christians is the worst fable, to remove which is the first duty of modern criticism.”

Professor Kraus succeeds in the task only by repudiating on this point the authority of Tertullian, Eusebius, Epiphanius, Asterius, Nilus, Augustine, Clement of Alexandria, and the Council of Elvira; but he fails to produce a single quotation of any Church-father who endorses image-worship; nay, rather, there is no one who regards it as even permissible. We might as well deny that the Church ever believed in the divinity of Christ, by branding all statements as unauthorised and forgetting to mention that there is nothing to back the contrary view.

PARSIFAL.

BY THE REV. ADOLF ROEDER.

AMID the wealth of Parsifal literature there are two factors which have thus far not received the attention they deserve. In one sense these two factors are separate and separable—in another they are sequences of the same mental process on the part of the giant unit called the "Maximus Homo" or the Race-Man. And it is this mental process itself in its two aspects to which attention is here called.

We all understand that there is a certain law or rather a steadfastness of relationship in physics and in physical things called "the complementary." Certain colors being given in nature and in art, certain other colors called complementary colors are immediately implied. Certain tones in the musical scale being given there is instantly created a tonal or harmonic relationship. Certain fractions being given in mathematics their "reciprocals" are implied. Certain angles being given in geometry there arise certain others complementary and supplemental. This series of fixed relationships transferred to the realm of physical forces, becomes yet more "rigidly relational," if such an apparent contradiction of terms may be used. A positive force involves its negative; a direct force, a lateral, absence of resilience in muscle means compensatory hypertrophe of that muscle, and so on to the end of the chapter—and rather an extensive chapter it is.

This being true in the realm of matter and nature, there is no reason for conceiving of it as being anything but true in the domain of mental and spiritual things. By the side of every impulse there runs a restraint to give it direction; and behind each restraint lies an impulse or there could be no restraint. In the same way, beside every deprivation runs a compensation. And this series of activities and passivities runs a gamut, as extensive as that indicated along physical lines.

Now look into the story of Parsifal, or Perceval, and you have the story of the compensatory Christ. The reason for it is readily

intelligible. The Christian Church has passed through several easily recognizable stages. There was a time when the personal factor of the Christ was a very present factor, either a tangible, actual thing, as it must have been to the Apostolic Church, or as a recent and sharp impression upon the plastic substance of Race-Memory, such as was the case in the early Christian and Ante-Nicene Church. And gradually, as decade upon decade and age upon age throbbed backward into the unfathomable depths of the past, this impress grew more and more feeble—the vista, at the end of which stood the Christ lengthened historically, geographically. The Turk possessed the Holy Land and the Christian looked across vast reaches of space toward the Sea of Galilee, and across interminable ages of time toward the Star of Bethlehem. Social, civic, religious conditions all had changed. Feudalism and serfdom upreared barriers between man and man; the Church and State dug deep trenches between men and men; theology relegated the faint reality of the Christ to the unmeasured depths of mental space, to the great white Throne which stood apart from the turmoil, the discontent, the imperfection of life. The World, the Flesh and the Devil grew more and more real and present, while the Christ grew equivalently less and less near, distinct and present, by the very law of which we are here thinking. For “Much devil, little God” is but a simple statement of fact, of the fundamental fact of the law of compensation which sways the Cosmos. Add to this, that the story of Christ or the Bible was removed from the people, hidden away from the people both by their own illiteracy and by the literary ability of the clergy, which naturally took the book out of palace and hovel and made it a cherished thing in monastery and chapel. Out of the hand of king and serf, the Wonderbook which spoke of the real Christ drifted naturally and normally into the hand of cleric and monk.

Thus were the people deprived of the real Christ. What was the result? They built for themselves a compensatory Christ.

Trace this peculiar element a little farther into any one of the other departments of human activity. What, for instance, is the meaning of dialect? Dialect is the method of speech of the man who is deprived of the correcter forms of language. However and for whatever reason deprived he will build himself a language, which will be dialect. He will construct for himself a language cruder and less beautiful than that which his more favored, more cultured and more learned brother was able to rear into an edifice of etymology, of grammar, and of syntax,—a hardy, sturdy, coarse, serviceable thing, called dialect, because the more elaborate thing conceived of

culture and born of refinement was too fragile a ware for his clumsier fingers. The lips of the man who handles the pen frame language; the lips of the man who swings the pick, frame dialect. Not only is this true of High German and Low German; the French of Paris and the French of Gascogne and the Bretagne; of the Spanish of Madrid and the Castilian (what an odd inversion) of the sailor of the Armada; of the Irish of the Ancient Gael and its Normanesque mockery, the Basque dialect. But it is true, as Diez and Canu show, of the "lingua Romana," the Latin "Romany"—the Latin of the common folk who quarried and carried the stone of the Capitol which differed from the Latin of the man who sat and ruled in the finished Capitol, as differs "Pennsylvania Dutch" from the language of a cultured denizen of Hanover. Side by side with the reality of language attained by culture runs the compensatory language dialect, which those must build for themselves who are deprived of the opportunities of learning.

Exactly so arose within the obscured and chaotic depths of the Race-Mind, in which the image of the real Christ grew daily and yearly, more remote and dim, another, a compensatory image, a Parsifal—the Holy Grail—the whole cycle of the Arthurian legends. It was the need of a heroic figure adopted to the semi-barbarism of mediæval days when hair-splitting theologians had deprived the masses of the real figure which pervades the New Testament with wondrous sweetness and persistency, and dangled before their unseeing eyes a theological question mark, a Son born from Eternity, whose relation to the Father of Eternity was either homoousian or homoiousian when the devotee was a Supralapsarian, a transubstantianist, a solifidian. We know that nothing so thoroughly cows the illiterate masses as these formidable marshallings of long words. Hence while the theologian of Byzanz hurled Greek anathemata at the devoted head of the Latins from behind battlements of grammar and exegesis-syllogisms, the common people strayed afield and built themacrudegospel out of neglected material and thus did Herzeleide give birth to Parsifal. Deep was their sorrow because of the deprivation and out of their own heart's sorrows (Herzeleide is German for "heart's sorrow") was the heroic figure born, which was to attain Mont Salvat—the Mount of Salvation—to go in quest of the cup.

Why the cup? Because the church gave the masses the bread, but deprived them of the cup. The people ate the bread, and the priest drank the wine. It was the cup, the cratella, the crael, the grail, of which they had been deprived, and by the weird law of compensation it was the cup they sought. And Parsifal seeking the

sacred cup on the Mount of Salvation became the compensatory Christ for a people from whom the real Christ had been removed by theological profundity and overzeal. The real Christ had become unlovable, so the people created a shadowy hero, a colossal figure, crude, fierce, hard, yet tender as were the people and the minds who conceived him. A simple man a "pure fool." Why? Why did the people build for themselves a stupid hero? For the same reason for which they constructed for themselves a stupid devil. For the devil of the monk was fierce; the devil of the masses a fool—feared by both but fierce for one, a fool for the other. Again, why? Because there is innate modesty in the mass mind, which recognizes keenly its own unwisdom, and therefore realizes that every figure it creates must be "a fool." But within that lay also the dim, almost subconscious recognition of that same mind of its own purity of motive, hence a "pure fool" is the outcome. And below the depth of these two confused consciousnesses lie the dormant abysses of race-subconsciousness; as inerrant and self assertive as individual subconsciousness; a wisdom too self-assertive to be gainsaid or concealed, hence a "pure fool born to wisdom."

And now to glance at the second feature of the process, the collecting of the symbolic data. Whether these be of Celtic or of purely Anglo-Saxon or of Germanic or of Norman origin, I would not venture to say; in fact, I should scarcely venture to deny any one of these possible sources the privilege of contribution. If Wolfram von Eschenbach, and Chrestien de Troyes, and Robert de Borran, and Sir Thomas Malory furnish the crude material for Tennyson and Wagner to work upon, why limit the symposium to these men? Why not admit an equally probable and equally interesting symposium of nations and of national origin? But aside from this comparatively secondary question of literary values, take the symbolic values themselves. As the uncultured man in the habitations of culture sits on the edge of the chair, fears to touch the fragile pottery and statuary, hesitates to use the glittering glass and burnished silver, so the unlettered man fears to boldly reach into the Gospel picture and take the central figure thence. That central figure, the real Christ, in his estimation the property of the Church, of the clergy, of monk and priest, of chancel and altar. Him he can not, dare not touch. Yet such a figure he must have. His heart is Christian at the core,—a figure in touch with the Christ he must have. And what he has been taught of the Christ is this: "We preach you Jesus and Him crucified." From every pulpit under which he sat devoutly was the crucified one preached to him; at

every solemn festival, when with bowed head and trembling heart he listened and looked, the stations of the cross were measured out before him; above every cathedral doorway and in every rockhewn niche, where his own piety had reached, hung the figure of the Crucified One. It was the Crucified Christ, and the figure he craved must be one near that Crucified Christ, hence "Joseph of Arimathaea." And again, he needed a "side pierced by the spear," he fears to locate it too near the compensatory sacred figure of Parsifal, and lo, it is the side of Amfortas which is wounded by the spear. Dimly he realizes that just before the end, just at the dusk edge of the picture of the crucifixion stands the dual picture of the cup, the cup of the Holy Supper, and the cup for the passing of which Jesus prays in Gethsemane. And the shadows of a sacred cup or vessel or grail flits into the picture. And against the same faint background of natural theology looms the idea that this cup-struggle, the "quest of the Grail," the "struggle for the Grail," is a fulfilment of something ordained of old. That it involves a fall from heaven and a return to heaven, and lo, the stone of which the Grail is chiseled "fell from heaven in the dim days of the first fall of the angels." And with the idea of the struggle for the cup he must needs combine the idea of food, for in the feebly-illuminated recesses of his soul the cup of the Holy Supper hovers and the element of food spontaneously introduces itself.

Further detail seems unnecessary. Back of each of the wonderful typical figures of the Parsifal legend shines reality; back of the Temple of the Round Table glows the dim vista of the Temple of Solomon; back of Klingsor a suspicion of Judas Iscariot, back of Kundry the fatal dualism of man's inner and outer self, his love of God, the woman who is sweet and pure, and his love of self, the woman who is impure. Back of the Garden of Klingsor, two other gardens, the Garden of Eden where man was lost, and the Garden of Gethsemane where he was saved. So back of each of these candidly compensatory shadows lies the reality, the substance of the Wonderbook, readily seen, readily understood and very lovable withal.

And towering into bold relief in the compensatory Christ-Parsifal, we behold and feel the intense desires of the great mass of the people for a deified man, for a wonderful humanity which shall in some unfathomed and unfathomable way stand very close to Deity. And through the story of Parsifal weaves and throbs the deep and reverent love of God's untutored children for the God-Man, the Deus-Homo, Jehovah-Jesus.

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA ACCORDING TO THE TRADITION OF AXUM.

BY THE EDITOR.

DR. E. Littmann has started the publication of an Abyssinian library called *Bibliotheca Abessinica*, in which he proposes to publish studies concerning the languages, literature and history of Abyssinia. The first volume before us contains the legend of the Queen of Sheba, which of all Abyssinian traditions will prove especially interesting on account of its connection with the Solomon and Old Testament traditions, also mentioned by Jesus in the New Testament;* and it is interesting to notice that the title "The Queen of the South," which is the exact name used by Jesus, literally agrees with the Abyssinian term *Etiyē Azēb*.

Dr. Littmann publishes the text of an Abyssinian manuscript together with an English translation and dedicates his work to "R. Sundtröm, Missionary and Scholar," who is living in the Colonia Eritrea. To him he owes not only the manuscript, but also much help in the translation.

The legend exists, as stated by Dr. Littmann, in two other versions, one published in French by M. E. Amélineau, the other by Dr. Conti Rossini. In all essential points the three translations agree. The story as published by Dr. Littmann is the Tigrē version of the legend and apparently a local tradition of Axum, for one part of the story refers to the ark that is preserved in the Axum church.

Briefly told the legend is as follows:

King Menelik was the son of Etiyē Azēb, e. g., "the Queen of the South," a Tigrē girl who was destined to be sacrificed to the dragon that in the age of fable infested the country. She was tied to a tree, but while she awaited her fate seven saints came and

*Matt. xiii. 42, Luke xi. 31. Jesus calls her *ἡ βασιλίσα τοῦ νότου*.

seated themselves in its shade. The girl began to weep and one of the tears fell on them. Upon inquiry who she was, whether Mary or a mortal woman, and why she was bound, they heard of her fate and decided to rescue her. The seven saints fought the dragon, and one of them smote him with the cross so that he died. The girl returned to the village, but the villagers expelled her because they thought she had merely escaped, but when she showed them the dead monster they made her queen and she chose a girl like herself as prime minister. Now it happened that some blood of the dragon had trickled on her foot, and her foot had turned into an ass's heel. Having heard much of the wisdom of Solomon, she decided to visit him to be cured of her infirmity; and so she went with her companion to Jerusalem in male guise, announcing herself as the King of Abyssinia and his Prime Minister. King Solomon suspected his visitors to be women, but invited them to stay and made them sleep in his own bedroom. He put some honey in a skin, hung it up in the room and placed a bowl under it. The queen and the prime minister tasted of the honey, and now he knew that they were women. He at once married them and on their departure he gave each of them a staff of silver and a ring, saying, that if their children should be boys, they should give them the ring, if they were girls, the staff. When the boys grew up the Tigrè people called them "fatherless children," but the Queen of Sheba said to her son: "Your father is King Solomon, and he lives in Jerusalem." She gave him a mirror and said: "The man who looks in color like you is King Solomon." When the boys reached Jerusalem, King Solomon hid himself in the stable and placed another man on the throne. The prime minister's son greeted the man on the throne as King, but Menelik looked into his mirror and saw that his color was not like his own. Finally he discovered the King in the stable and greeted him as his father. Solomon said: "Thou art my true son," and seated him on the throne.

The people complained saying: "We cannot have two chiefs. Send away your son." Solomon at the request of Menelik answered: "Is he not my first-born son? Send ye your first-born sons with him." When Menelik was ready to depart Solomon said: "Take the ark of Michael with thee." But Menelik took the cover of Michael's ark and put it on Mary's ark and departed with Mary's ark, which his father thought to be only the ark of Michael. A few days afterwards a storm arose, and it appeared that the ark of Michael was not strong enough to avert the evil,

so Solomon discovered that under the cover of Mary's ark had been left the ark of Michael. Thus the ark of Mary reached Axum where it is still standing.

The legend is interesting for many reasons. Not only do we have here a dragon story, such as is given in fairy tales all over the world, but we learn also that the ark of Axum, which contains stones, was supposed to have been stolen from Jerusalem by trickery in a similar way as Rachel, the daughter of Laban, stole "the images," the gods of her fathers.* It is characteristic of a certain age to regard theft, fraud, and lies, on the sole condition that they are successful, as virtues. We only mention the Greek *Odyssey*, where the hero is constantly lying even where there is no need of it, and the German *Reynard the Fox*.

It is well known that stories of folk-lore are never consistent either in chronology, names, or in other historical data. Thus, in the times of King Solomon we meet saints and the Virgin Mary, and the cross as a magic charm, but we need not doubt that the saints are only substituted for ancient pagan heroes, the cross for magic weapons, and Mary for "the Queen of Heaven," the mother goddess of the pagan world. It is characteristic of pre-Christian paganism that the ark of Mary, whom we might as well call Ishtar, is tacitly assumed to be more powerful than the ark of Michael. It is quite in keeping with the ancient pagan beliefs. The stones which are preserved in the ark of Mary at Axum are undoubtedly of pagan origin, and we may very well assume that Yahveh's ark of the Covenant originally also contained a stone. It is characteristic of ancient times that the ark, or rather the sacred stones preserved in the ark, are not only the representatives of the deity but are assumed to be the deity itself. Thus we read in the Bible (1 Sam. iv. 7) that the Philistines said when the ark of Yahveh reached the camp of Israel, "God is come to the camp." The same words are used of the ark of Mary. When the ark reaches Axum, we read that Satan was just building a house in order to fight God, and the people said: "Mary has come to thee." Thus Satan was obliged to retire from Axum and leave the field to Mary.†

We might add that the legend of the Queen of Sheba is al-

*Genesis xxxi. 19 ff.

† As to the details we refer the reader to Dr. Littmann's first fascicle of the *Bibliotheca Abessinica*.

luded to in the Koran, Sutra 33, 38. As to different versions of the same legend Dr. Littmann says:

“The reason why the Queen of Sheba travels to Solomon is in almost all the other forms of the legend her desire to test or at least to experience his wisdom, of which she has heard so much spoken. The healing of the Queen from her hairiness is known to the Arabs also, but in the Ethiopian version it is only an episode and of minor importance. Now in the Tigrē legend this is made the main reason: the Queen of Sheba goes to Solomon only to be cured of her ass’s heel. To the minds of a very large class of people all over the world, wisdom, healing-power, and sorcery are nearly synonymous, and driving out the devil of disease—for the diseases are caused by or identical with the demons—is the most palpable proof of wisdom. We need not wonder, therefore, that the simple Abyssinian who told our legend probably considered Solomon only as a great sorcerer, and that the healing-power of this ‘king of all demons’ impressed itself more deeply on the mind of the common people than his intellectual wisdom.”

THE FALL OF THE TEMPLE.

BY CHARLES KASSEI..

THERE seems deeply rooted in human nature a proneness for ascribing to the wrath of Heaven the misfortunes which befall our enemies,—nay, we even attribute to the avenging lash of Deity the ills which afflict those who merely differ from us in religion. If an angry tide sweeps a city into the sea thousands are ready to deplore the calamity as a visitation of Providence; and if one who has scouted their creed be drowned or mangled, these devout souls, who see the finger of God in every one's woes except their own, readily trace a connection between the scoffer's death and his impiety.

In no historic occurrence, perhaps, has the Christian world discovered so plainly the hand of Providence as in that tragic spectacle which has appealed so strongly to the imaginations of theologians,—the destruction of Jerusalem and the burning of the Temple: a spectacle well calculated to inspire awe, in view of its appalling proportions, its dire consequences to the Israelitish people and its nearness in time to the event which has cast so deep a shadow over the whole field of theologic thought,—the Crucifixion!

It would tax the deftest pen to conjure up before the mind a faithful picture of the Holy City, gleaming with the stately piles which went down in that pageant of blood and fire. Even the proud capital of the Romans—the boast of their poets and orators—shone with a luster less bright. “The whole city,” observes the Reverend Charles Merivale in his *Romans Under the Empire* (Vol. 7, Chapter 59, pp. 229-230, Longmans, Green & Company's edition, 1896), “upon which mighty despots had lavished their wealth, as far surpassed Rome, at least before Nero's restoration, in grandeur, as it fell short of it in size and population.” In the death-grapple between monotheistic Judea and polytheistic Rome all this splendor became a memory and a tale! “The most soul-stirring strug-

gle in all ancient history," exclaims the historian just quoted in describing that mighty conflict; a conflict direr than any of those in which the older temples on Moriah had fallen—direr than any which, during the great Crusades of the Middle Ages, reddened the historic soil of Jerusalem. During five months the remnant of the Jewish nation, gathered from every quarter within the walls, held out against the legions of Titus. All the horrors of sword and flame were let loose upon the city and upon the people. Daily, the corpses of the dead were crimsoned with the blood of the living, while about both fell ruins smouldering from the deadly brands of the besieger. At last, driven inch by inch from the outer precincts, those whom sword and fire and famine had spared took station within the courts of the Temple, resolved that the ancient kingdom should witness its last hour upon the hill which for more than a thousand years had been the seat of its religion and the worshipping place of its priesthood and its people! Here the final scenes of the great siege took place and the souls of thousands rose with the flames which levelled the noble pile to a mass of ruins. The last dread sacrifice had been enacted before the Golden Altar! Tongue and pen and brush have vied with one another in painting the mingled grandeur and horror of the spectacle!

The number of those who fell martyrs to the faith and to the traditions of their people will never be known. The imagination of Josephus, sickened by so much blood and so much suffering, raises the number to more than a million—a figure too vast for belief; but even the conjecture of the most modest historians, who place the number of the dead at far beyond a hundred thousand, makes that disaster one of the awfulest hecatombs in all the annals of war! Even after resistance was wholly at an end, eleven thousand perished from starvation, and of those who remained the old, the sickly and the infirm were put to death and ninety thousand were sent as slaves to labor in the imperial mines or to battle with the wild beasts in the amphitheatres. "The overthrow of Judea, with all the monuments of ancient but still living civilization, was the greatest crime of the conquering republic. It was commenced in wanton aggression and was effected with a barbarity of which no other example occurs in the records of civilization." (Merivale, *Romans Under the Empire*, Vol. 7, Chapter 59, p. 251.)

Thus, as the theologians insist, went out in gloom as a punishment from on high the nation which had held aloft for centuries the torch of religious truth! Even Schaff, in his monumental *History of the Christian Church*, though observing that "history records no

other instance of such obstinate resistance, such desperate bravery and contempt of death," (Vol. 1, p. 397) can not refrain the opinion that the fall of the City and of the Temple, and the extinction of the Jewish nation, was but the revenge of an angry God for the rejection of the Christian faith and its founder. "Thus, therefore," he says, "must one of the best Roman emperors execute the long-threatened judgment of God, and the most learned Jew of his time describe it and thereby, without willing or knowing it, bear testimony to the truth of the prophecy and the divinity of Jesus Christ, the rejection of whom brought all this and the subsequent misfortunes upon the apostate race." (Vol. 1, p. 379.)

It is as pleasing to fancy that the afflictions of our enemies spring from the judgments of God as it is disagreeable to reflect that our own may flow from the same cause; and the pious theologian may easily fall into the thought that so grave a catastrophe as the destruction of Jerusalem was but a mark of Heaven's anger at the rejection by the Jews of their noblest teacher, even though to reach this conclusion he be forced to assume that the Almighty wrought through a nation which scarcely six years before was regaling its populace with the spectacle of Christian martyrs pitch-smearred and burned by scores to light the gardens of Nero! From the view point, however, of the less sectarian thinker who strives to trace in that epoch the finger of Providence, the events following the holocaust at Jerusalem, far from lending strength to the dogma of the theologians, might well be construed as startling indications of Divine displeasure at the razing of the Holy City and the desecration of the Temple—unless, indeed, we indulge the belief that God punished the Jews through the Romans and then visited dire penalties upon the Romans for punishing the Jews!

For ten years following the destruction of Jerusalem, during which Vespasian wielded the rod of state, Rome enjoyed a period of almost unbroken quiet. "The reign of Vespasian, extending over one decade, passed away in uneventful tranquillity, ruffled only for a moment at the termination of the Jewish war, by one or two arbitrary attempts at usurpation, which were firmly quelled but with no excessive or feverish violence." (Merivale, Vol. 7, Chapter 60, p. 289.) Providence—it might be urged with no mean show of truth—was reserving its wrath until the imperial mantle should fall upon him whose barbarity had drenched Jerusalem in an ocean of blood and whose vandal hand had laid in ruins the majestic Temple of the Jews. It is a remarkable circumstance that during a scant reign

of two years and two months the empire of Titus was visited by a succession of disasters graver than ever befell a people before or since in so brief a period—one of these, at least, without a parallel in all previous history. Vesuvius had slept since the dawn of recorded time. Cities had gathered at its foot, and the people, if they suspected the volcanic nature of the mountain towering near them, deemed its fires long since spent. On the 24th day of August, however, A. D. 79,—but one month and eleven days after the sceptre of Rome had passed into the hands of Titus,—the great catastrophe occurred which buried three Roman cities under a deluge of fire. From out the grim crater, during the eruption, vast columns of lava belched forth, and, spreading fan-like across the sky, fell in deadly showers upon the heads of the fleeing thousands, already maddened with the terror of the spectacle. The awful roar of the angry mountain, the fearful rocking of the earth, the seething and hissing of the sea as the burning skies poured themselves into its depths, must have smitten the doomed multitude with the belief that universal conflagration was at hand! For three days darkness hung like a pall over the desolated cities, broken only by the fierce lightnings that still played about the cone from which all that death and ruin had poured, and the fine volcanic dust which accompanied the eruption and spread over the hemisphere in each direction reddened for months the sun-sets of the world.

This huge disaster, which fills so sombre a page in history, would alone have made the brief reign of Titus the gloomiest in all the chronicles of Rome: but others little less terrible and even more deadly were yet to come. At the capitol a fire burst forth which raged for three days, and, spreading from quarter to quarter, destroyed the fairest structures of the city,—a fire rivaling that of Nero in its proportions. Upon the heels of the fire a pestilence broke out which took off almost as great a number as had the flame and sword of Titus at Jerusalem. But still the anger of God was unappeased. The unfortunate emperor had been preserved through all these calamities that no jot or tittle of their horrors should be lost upon him. Now, fate flung its last curse! A malady, mysterious as it was fatal, began to undermine the health and strength of Titus. "He had tried in vain all the remedies suggested by physicians and afterwards by priests. With superstitious feelings kindled at the Eastern altars he sought to propitiate Heaven by strange rites and sacrifices." (Merivale, Vol. 7, Chapter 60, p. 300.) But to no avail. He died on the 13th of September, A. D. 81.

Remembering the dire afflictions which Rome suffered during

the interval between the elevation of Titus and his death we can scarcely wonder that the Roman people should have asked one another what crimes their nation had committed that such calamities were visited upon them. The troubled character of that short reign has been the comment of every historian. Even Schaff, but a few lines beyond the passage already quoted, mentions the circumstance. "He ascended the throne," this writer observes, "in 79, the year when the towns of Herculaneum, Stabiae and Pompeii were destroyed. His reign was marked by a series of terrible calamities, among which was a conflagration in Rome which lasted three days, and a plague which destroyed thousands of victims daily." (*History of the Christian Church*, Vol. 1, p. 396, note 1). It did not occur to this complacent theologian, however, to even remotely attribute the "terrible calamities" of Titus' reign to the wrath of Heaven for the saturnalia of butchery and vandalism in the Jewish capital, though so ready to ascribe the fate of Jerusalem to the anger of God with the "apostate race." Merivale, however, though himself an eminent Christian divine, was more fair. "The conqueror of Jerusalem," he says in the fine narrative to which we have so often referred, "learned, perhaps from his intercourse with the Eastern spiritualists, to regard with religious awe the great events in which he had borne a part and to conceive of himself as a special minister of the Divine Judgment. As such he was hailed without hesitation by Orosius, who expounds the course of Providence in Roman affairs from the point of view of the Christians. The closing of Janus on the fall of the Jewish city appears to this writer a counterpart of the announcement of universal peace at the birth of Jesus. He passes lightly over the calamities of Titus' reign, the fire, pestilence and the volcanic eruption, as well as his own premature decease, all of which, had he lifted a hand against the Christians, would have been branded as manifest tokens of Divine vengeance." (*History of the Romans Under the Empire*, Vol. 7, Chapter 60, p. 302.)

All who mingle largely with their kind know how deeply religious faith colors every thought. Few, however, appreciate the powerful influence upon the mind exercised by the belief, when fanatically entertained, that a race or an individual is one against whom the hand of the Eternal is lifted. The outcast from Divine favor becomes in the eyes of the blind zealot an object of hatred and one against whom any crime may be justified; precisely as in the centuries gone, the wild rabble which gathered about the blazing pyre of the heretic thought it no wrong to add to the tortures of the vic-

tim. The psychological importance, therefore, of such a belief is immeasurable.

It would be beside our aim, however, either to deny that Deity hovered with arm outstretched across Jerusalem beckoning Titus onward to his work of death and ruin, or to assert that the Central Power of the Universe stirred the fires of Vesuvius or let loose upon the Romans the genii of fire and pestilence. It has been our purpose merely to show how much broader a basis history affords for the latter than for the former theory, leaving the reader to determine whether either is in truth worthy a large and generous mind. Those whose views have been molded by theology may still cling to the belief that the Maker of all, to revenge the kindly and forgiving Galilean for the fate suffered at the hands of a corrupt priesthood whose prestige and privileges He threatened, brought low with sword and flame the great common people of Judea who "heard Him gladly." The partisans of ancient Israel, on the other hand, who deem the acts of Titus mere wanton ruin and murder, may still see in the catastrophes of his reign unmistakable evidences of divine displeasure. The more thoughtful, however, who refuse to believe that the Creator contrives afflictions to scourge His erring children, will decline to attribute to the anger of God either the horrors that Titus wrought or the horrors that Titus suffered.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FINLAND.

Finland is, properly speaking, not a part of the Russian Empire for it is connected with Russia by a personal union only, which means that the Emperor of Russia is the Grand Duke of Finland, and by a special concession which, however, is persistently ignored, the Viceroy of Finland, appointed by the Crown to represent the Emperor, should always be a Finlander, and not a Russian. The inhabitants are a conservative, law-abiding people, but owing to the tyranny of the Russian government there has always been much restlessness in the country and it is natural that at the present time the world takes a greater interest than usual in its destiny.

Prof. N. C. Frederiksen, formerly professor of political economy and finance in the University of Copenhagen, is perhaps the best authority on Finland, its history and present conditions, and we extract here from a book which he has published on the subject, those passages of the first chapter which refer to the population of the country. In another place of the present number we will give a brief synopsis of the book with special reference to the present condition of the Finnish people.

The civilisation of Finland has been mainly under the influence of Scandinavians at the time when they played a prominent part in the history of the world.

"In the latter part of the ninth century, when the other Teutonic races were becoming to some extent less hardy under the influence of the Christian religion and of a more or less centralised Roman government, the Scandinavians conquered and occupied more than half of England, the islands and part of the coast of Scotland, and the harbors and adjacent country in Ireland. They founded a remarkable colony in Iceland, whence, later, Greenland and certain coasts of America ("Vinland the good," as it is called in Icelandic books) were discovered. From Sweden, Scandinavian warriors founded and ruled the states which later developed into the Russian Empire, whence their fleets went down to Constantinople and the Caspian Sea; while at the same time other fleets were descending on the Spanish peninsula, Morocco, and other Mediterranean countries. Indeed the Scandinavian race, always strong in its freedom, became almost irresistible when it had learned the arts of modern warfare from the nations with whom it came into contact. Their most remarkable contribution to mediæval civilisation was Normandy, the colony which they finally formed, after much devastation, and some other more short-lived settlements, on the coast of France. The Franco-Norman

descendants of these colonists not only conquered England, crossed over to Ireland, and organised Scotland, but also, after founding highly-civilised kingdoms in Southern Italy and Sicily, and thence making further conquests in the Balkan peninsula, in Africa, and even in Asia Minor, were the leaders in the greatest and most wonderful movement of mediæval times, the Crusades.

"About a hundred years before the first Scandinavians spread westwards, the Finns had moved into what is now known as Finland. They came from the heart of Russia, where they had been settled north of the central Volga. There were two tribes, differing in physical appearance and mental qualities; one, the slightly darker and more vivacious Carelians of Eastern Finland and of the adjoining parts of Russia as far north as the Gulf of Bothnia; the other the lighter-haired and square-set Tavasts of the West. Living in the south-west corner of Finland were the Finns proper (*egentliga Finnar*), who were closely connected with the Tavasts. More or less related to these tribes were some other Ural-Altai tribes, who remained in the interior of Russia, and also some tribes who advanced simultaneously with these others towards the Baltic—the Coures and the Lives (who were related to the Carelians), and the Esthonians (who were related to the Tavasts and the Finns proper). It has been suggested that the Kajans (*Kainuloiset* in Finnish, *Kvøens* in Norwegian; they are described by Othere, the Norwegian skipper sent northward to explore by Alfred the Great) were another Finnish tribe living in the country, according to the commonly accepted view, before the coming of the Carelians and Tavasts. The name of these Kvæns, which resembles the Swedish *kvinn*, the Danish-Norwegian *kvinde* or *kvind*, and the English 'queen,' has given rise to numerous myths about a northern nation consisting of Amazons, or at least always governed by a woman. We certainly find this tale several hundreds of years earlier in Tacitus. These Kvæns are now generally supposed to be identical with the Biarmians (the modern Permiens), familiar in the old sagas, and either Carelians, or related to the Carelians.

"Long before these migrations took place, it is certain that southern Finland was inhabited. On the coast and on the navigable rivers, and on that part of the Bothnian coast which is now inhabited by Swedes, we find numerous antiquities of the same kind as are found in western Europe, especially in Scandinavian countries. Many belong to the Later Stone Age, a few belong to the Bronze Age, and a large number to the successive Iron Ages. The most eminent antiquarian authorities have now to some extent modified their old theory of successive immigrations, in which an entire people, using stone implements, was replaced by a population using bronze; or they believe at least that for some thousands of years before Christ a Teutonic race inhabited Germany and the greater part of Scandinavia. It is probable that antiquities, found chiefly in south-western Finland and on the chain of islands which connected Finland with Sweden, really belong to an old Scandinavian race.... Moreover, while a large number of words of Teutonic origin, found in varying numbers in the different Western-Finnish languages, are to some extent borrowed from the Goths (so that it is obvious that somewhere the Finns have been in close relation with the Goths), yet the greater part have been adopted into the Finnish language from the Scandinavian, before the latter was divided into separate languages.

"While the Tavasts and Carelians did not differ greatly at first, and soon

amalgamated in certain parts of the country, the Lapps, or Lapplanders remained an entirely separate race. Their language resembles Finnish, as it does other Ural-Altai languages; but they themselves are totally different in physical appearance, mental development, and manner of life. They seem to have got their language from their more civilised neighbors. They are Arctic nomads; while the Finns, even when they first came into the country, had domestic animals and some knowledge of agriculture, as may be seen in their old national epics, the *Kalevala*.

"The Gypsies of Finland are more numerous than the Lapps, but less amenable to control; they came from Sweden in the sixteenth century, and now number nearly two thousand.

"It was the last period of the Crusades which introduced Swedish culture into Finland. In 1066, Olaf Haraldson—St. Olaf, later on a king and popular Saint of Norway—was in southern Finland; and St. Olaf's Saga speaks of old Swedish kings who had power in Finland and Carelia ('Kyrialand'). The 'law-man' Thorgny tells Oluf Stötikonung that the men of Sweden would gladly accompany him to the East, if he would follow the example of his ancestors and go there instead of harrying the Norwegians. Oluf's daughter Ingegjerd is finally married to Jaroslav of Russia, and obtains as a dowry Ingermanland, which is governed in her name by her foster-father, Jarl Ragnvald of Westgötland, the friend of the Norwegians.

"The conversion of the Finns, like all other conversions in those days, was chiefly effected by the sword; but there was one great difference between this conquest and those made by the Crusaders in the East, or in north-eastern Germany, or in the Baltic provinces of Russia. This difference lay in the fact that the Swedes were a nation composed of freemen only; like the Danes in northern England three centuries earlier, they were all free cultivators of the soil, and the freedom of the peasants or agricultural population was from the first the basis of the social system in Finland, as it was in all Scandinavian countries.

"Another peculiarity of the conversion of Finland was due to the differences in language. Not only does the upper class generally speak two languages, Swedish and Finnish, but an entirely distinct Swedish population is settled on the coast of the Gulf of Finland in Southern Nyland, from the Kymmene River westwards, and in Finland proper as far as where the mountain-chain separates the southern coast from the west, and on the groups of islands known as the 'skärgård.' On the other hand the western coast of Finland proper has a population chiefly Finnish; while again on the lower and more fertile coasts of Southern Ostrobothnia, as far north as Gamla-Karleby, there is a large Swedish population. The total number of Swedish inhabitants of Finland amounts nearly to one-seventh of the whole population.

"The preservation of the Swedish tongue among the upper classes (who, however, also speak Finnish) has certain disadvantages; but it has this enormous advantage that the Finnish nation, unlike all other Ural-Altai people except the Hungarians, has thereby participated in Western culture. Not only did the Finns share in Swedish freedom, but together with the Swedes they adopted the religious reformation of the sixteenth century, receiving the education of the Reformed Church, whose schooling has brought about a better understanding of personal responsibility, individual rights, jus-

tice, and humanity. It cannot be denied that the nations which did not accept this change, but remained part of the Roman Catholic Church, or the Greek Orthodox Church with its dead Byzantine forms, have lagged behind in this respect. The upper classes in Finland, like the relatively cosmopolitan Swedes, were also greatly influenced by the period of free-thought and the zeal for national reform and development which marked the close of the eighteenth century.

"Notwithstanding the frequent frosts, the climate of Finland cannot be called unfavorable to agriculture. This is due to the Gulf Stream, which mitigates the rigor of the climate, though not to the same extent as on the Norwegian coast. Finland is also surrounded by the Gulf of Bothnia, the Gulf of Finland, and the Lake of Ladoga, three great reservoirs which retain the warmth of the summer far on into the autumn. The whole country slopes to the south-west, which leaves it exposed mainly to the warmer winds.

"Finland cannot be compared with America. It is still a poor country and backward in many respects. Also its progress is not quite on American lines. Still it reminds us in many ways of the great country which is progressing more rapidly than any other of modern times. Scandinavian emigrants of the peasant class very seldom return to their country with the intention of remaining there; or if they do, they nearly always change their mind and go back to the United States. With the Finlanders it is different, perhaps partly on account of the difference in their language, which makes it less easy for them to amalgamate with the Americans. In the case of the Scandinavians it must be remembered that half the language of America is nearly the same as their own. We are told, however, that the case is the same with the Swedes from Finland; and the reason for the more frequent return of the latter to their native country may very well be that in Finland there are the same opportunities for improvement, cheap land, etc., as in the United States. Even the poverty of Finland reminds us of what has been said about Western America: 'It is not poverty but incipient wealth.' At all events we find in Finland an admirable capacity for improvement. The question still remains whether this will be hampered by unnecessary difficulties coming from political sources."

BOOK NOTICES.

Mr. Robert Rexdale has published under the title *Rhymes* (Fleming H. Revell Company. Chicago, New York, etc. Price, \$1.00.) a little volume of poetry which shows him to be a thoughtful man with deep poetical sentiments, Lillian Whiting calls him "one of the spontaneous singers," and says, "his work is marked by brilliant and sympathetic power." He inscribes the volume to his child Phyllis, to whom the first poem is dedicated under the title "Where the Green Cicada Sings."

"In your fond eyes, Phyllis dear,
Shines the June light of the year.

Life's today a garden-close,
Where the tree of pleasure grows,

And its branches cool and sweet,
Drop the rich fruit at your feet."

Another poem inscribed "Lines to a Little Boy" reads as follows:

"I wish for thee, my little, prattling boy,
Life's bravest battle and its fewest scars;
Such love as shineth in thy mother's joy,
Lit by the gleam that glorifies the stars!
E'en all that Heaven can send to make thee great,
Youth's aspirations and man's grand estate."

Among our Japanese exchanges we have a semi-monthly magazine called *The Student*, which is devoted to the English language and literature. The magazine, as its name indicates, is primarily for the interest of Japanese students who are struggling to master the intricacies of the English tongue. Each number has as a frontispiece the portrait of an English or American man of letters or of some one who has distinguished himself in the promotion of friendly intercourse between the East and the West. Most of the current numbers contain some notes or short articles on the war, which is naturally of the most absorbing interest at present to readers of the paper. Considering all the difficulties under which its Japanese editors are working, *The Student* must be said to be a very creditable magazine. The chief editor is Mr. Inazo Nitobe, author of the *Bushido*, a book published a few years ago in this country, and well known to those who take interest in things Japanese. It depicts the Japanese religio-ethical life which is closely akin to that of knighthood in the Middle Ages of Europe, and explains the inner motive of Japanese soldiers and sailors, whose intense patriotism and reckless bravery in the present war have astonished the world.

The magazine is published by The Student Company, Gobancho, Tokyo, Japan. T. S.

Hinds, Noble & Eldredge, 31-35 West 15th St., New York City, have published a collection of patriotic songs under the title *Songs of the Flag and Nation*. Like the *Standard Hymnal* of Mr. Converse this collection contains the old classical hymns as well as many modern productions, and the editor, Mr. Walter Howe Jones, says: "We call special attention to this book's large percentage of new and sterling material,—effective solos, inspiring upison songs, stirring odes, massive choruses, selections for special holidays, with its sprinkling of male-voice selections of not too ambitious character. The nucleus of the new material consists of the prize-winners in a competition which we inaugurated in 1903."—It may be interesting to the readers of *The Open Court* to know that two of the songs of the editor, viz., "Unfurl the Flag," composed by Oliver H. P. Smith, and the "American War Song," composed by Robert Goldbeck, have been included in this collection.

Dr. Edward Anthony Spitzka made a special study of Major Powell's brain, and, having enumerated the different points in which it may claim special pre-eminence, says: "Major Powell, geologist, ethnologist, explorer,

philosopher and soldier, was endowed with a superior brain and, what is more, he used it well." Those interested in the details of the investigation will find it published in the *American Anthropologist*, New Series, vol. 5, No. 4, pp. 585-642.

My Little Book of Prayer by Muriel Strode (published by The Open Court Publishing Co.) is original in its directness and simplicity. It is religious, though neither dogmatic nor orthodox, and its most characteristic feature is the strength which pervades its sentiment. Rarely has there been written a book more wholesome and invigorating than this unpretentious little volume.

THE TEMPTATION OF BUDDHA.

According to the ancient Buddhist traditions Siddhartha Gautama was tempted three times before he attained to Buddhahood. When he left his house, Mara, the Evil One, to whom power is given over the whole material creation, stayed him at the gate, counseling not to resign the world and extending a promise to make him *Chakravarti*, a wheel king, i. e., a monarch to whom dominion is given over the whole earth. But Bodhisattva, the Seeker of Enlightenment, refused the tempter's offer. He went into homelessness to lead a religious life, bent on finding the cause of suffering and a solution of the problem of life.

Following the custom of the day Bodhisattva sought salvation in severe self-mortifications and fasts. His body became emaciated like a withered branch, and when he was on the verge of starvation, the wicked Mara again approached him, saying: "What good is thy exertion? Deign to live, and thou wilt be able to do good works." Bodhisattva answered: "Death in battle is better than to live defeated."

Having attained an insight into the nature of being, and having grasped the concatenation of cause and effect, Bodhisattva was attacked by the Evil One, who sent out against him his army of demons in order to overawe the Blessed One, seated in contemplation under the bodhi-tree, but their arrows were changed into fragrant flowers. Thereupon the three daughters of Mara, Lust, Folly, and Envy, came to entice him back to a worldly life by attempts at flattering his vanity and appealing to egotistic satisfaction. But the Buddha remained firm, and his heart could not be moved either by terror or passion. Thus the Bodhisattva, the Seeker for Enlightenment, remained victor, and while Mara with his wicked spirits fled, the earth quaked and the gods shouted for joy.

THE BUDDHA'S HYMN OF VICTORY.

When Buddha had attained enlightenment he uttered the following stanza:

"How many births in transmigration
Have passed I through but did not find

This house's builder whom I sought,
And so life's sufferings are renewed.

"But now, house-builder, thou art seen,
Nor shalt another house thou build me!
Thy rafters broke, low lies thy gable.
The transient fades; my heart is free.

The Pāli original reads as follows:

अनेकजातिसंसारं सन्धाविस्सुं अनिब्बिसं ।
गहकारकं गवेसन्तो दुक्खा जाति पुनप्पुनं ॥८॥
गहकारक ! दिट्ठोऽसि पुन गेहं न काहसि ।
सब्बा ते फासुका भग्गा गहकूटं विसञ्चित्तं ।
विसङ्खारगतं चित्तं तप्पहानं खयमञ्जगा ॥९॥

Anekajātisamsāram sandhāvissam anibbisam,
Gahakārka didvo 'si puna gēham na kāhasi,

Gahakārakam gavesanto dukkhā jāti punappunam.
Sabbā te phāsukā bhaggā gahakūtam visankhītam,
Visankhāragatam cittam tanhānam khayamañjagā.

There is perhaps no Pāli verse which has been more frequently translated. Mr. A. J. Edmunds (*Hymns of the Faith*, p. 38) publishes a literal version.

"Manifold-birth-transmigration
Have I run through, not finding
House-maker seeking:
Painful birth again-again.

"O house-maker! seen art thou,
Again [a] house not shalt thou make:
All thy rafters broken, house-peak destroyed;
Dissolution-gone heart, of thirsts destruction has reached."

The word "dissolution-gone" means literally "apart from Samkhara," and Samkhara is commonly translated by "constituents of being," "compounds of existence," or "confections," the latter being a poor translation of Professor Oldenberg's *Gestaltung*. The term denotes the nature of material, bodily or corporeal things, such as originate by combination and are therefore necessarily subject to dissolution. All that is compound will be dissolved again. Thus the term involves the idea of "transiency," and the word "Samkhara-gone" means an escape from the domain of transiency. The condition of unstability has been abandoned, and eternal peace is gained.

The term translated "thirst" by Mr. Edmunds is the Pāli *Tanha* which means all clinging to existence, desire, egotism, passion, etc.

Mr. Edmunds translates the stanza in verse as follows:

"Many a life to transmigrate,
Long quest, no rest, hath been my fate,
Tent-designer inquisitive for;
Painful birth from state to state.

"Tent-designer! I know thee now;
Never again to build art thou:
Quite out are all thy joyful fires,
Rafter broken and roof-tree gone;
Into the Vast my heart goes on,
Gains Eternity—dead desires."

Versions which are frequently quoted have been made by Prof. Rhys Davids in his *Buddhist Birth Stories* and by Henry Warren in his *Buddhism in Translations*. Another version which is little known because the original is still kept in the author's desk and has only been quoted by Mr. Edmunds (*l. c.* p. 38), is Professor Lanman's versification which reads as follows:

"Thro' birth and rebirth's endless round
I ran and sought, but never found
Who framed and built this house of clay,
What misery!—birth for ay and ay!

"O builder! thee at last I see!
Ne'er shalt thou build again for me.

"Thy rafters all are broken now,
Demolished lies thy ridge-pole, low.

"My heart, demolished too, I ween,
An end of all desire has seen."

We have also attempted to reduce these famous lines to English verses in the following stanza, which, according to the spirit of it, we have set to music in a minor key utilising and adapting for this special purpose a German choral:

"Through many births I sought in vain,
The builder of this house of pain;
Now, builder, thee I plainly see,
This is the last abode for me.
Thy gable's yoke, thy rafters broke,
My heart has peace, all lust will cease."

The meaning of the stanza is obvious to those familiar with Buddhist views. Suffering is an indispensable accompaniment of bodily life, and salvation becomes possible only by resigning all attachment to the pleasures of existence and to our own very self. The Buddha's sympathy goes out to all living beings; his interest is no longer centered in himself, for he lives in the whole. So he ceases to be an individual ego and will as such no longer be reborn in this world of suffering. He has entered into Nirvana and when he quits the tabernacle which constitutes his earthly abode, his disciples will not see him again. Forthwith his life will be in the spiritual omnipresence of the Dharma, the good law, the truth, religion.

KARMA, ANOTHER BUDDHIST SONG.

In addition to the music of "The Hymn of Victory" we publish in the present number a Buddhist song which suggested itself to the author on revising his story *Karma* for a new edition.

The Buddhist theory of ethics is based on Karma, i. e., the law of deeds, which declares that the law of cause and effect holds good in the moral domain as in the physical, we reap what we sow, good deeds do not produce evil, and evil deeds will produce nothing good. The same idea versified reads thus:

"Plain is the law of deeds
Yet deep, it makes us pause.
The harvest's like the seeds,
Results are like their cause,
Apply thy will
To noble use.
Good deeds bring forth no ill,
Bad deeds naught good produce."

TWO BUDDHIST SONGS.

THE HYMN OF VICTORY.

Words by Paul Carus.

After a German choral; adapted by Paul Carus.

Rit.

The musical score consists of three systems of music, each with a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The music is in 4/4 time and features a steady, rhythmic accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

Through many births I sought in vain, The build-er of this house of pain; Now,
build-er, thee I plain-ly see, This is the last a-bode for me. Thy
ga-ble's yoke, thy raf-ters broke, My heart has peace, all lust will cease.

THE LAW OF DEEDS.

Words and Music by Paul Carus.

Plain is the law of deeds, Yet deep it makes us pause; The

har-vest's like the seeds, Re-sults are like the cause; Ap-ply thy will to

no-ble use. Good deeds bring forth no ill, Bad deeds no good pro-duce.

OUR FRONTISPIECE.

Eduard Biedermann, a German American artist, the same who illustrated *The Chief's Daughter* and *The Crown of Thorns*, has been engaged by The Open Court Publishing Co. to paint a series of Buddhist illustrations in which the typical figure of the Buddha should be presented with due consideration to both, the ancient Buddhist traditions and to the spirit of modern taste so as to create an ideal of the Buddha type that would conform not only with our historical knowledge but also with modern art conceptions.

Mr. Biedermann, who has been educated in Europe and has gone through the most rigorous school of artistic technique, being at the same time well acquainted with the more progressive American thought, seems to be especially adapted for the execution of such work. We present for the present number one of his illustrations, "The Temptation," and shall have it followed by several other pictures of the same kind.

A student of Buddhist art will see at once that Mr. Biedermann has studied and utilised ancient Buddhist art, especially the pictures of "The Temptation" which we find among the frescoes of the Ajanta Caves, and we hope that our readers will appreciate the way in which he has accomplished his task.



THE GANDHARA STATUE. (SECOND CENTURY B. C.)
Perhaps the most ancient statue of Buddha still in existence.

We have seen the pictures grow under the hands of the artist. When completed, we have kept them for some time and exhibited them to art connoisseurs for criticism, but we must say that the more we and the



THE TEMPTATION SCENE. (AJANTA FRESCO.)

critics whom we consulted have looked at the originals, the more they have grown upon us, and we feel confident that our readers will go through the same experience and share our views.

THE SPREAD OF CIVILISATION.

The adjoining pictures, made after photographs taken especially for the purpose of publication by Mrs. Jessie T. Beals, press photographer at the



THE SPREAD OF CIVILISATION—THE TYPEWRITER.

World's Fair in St. Louis, show the spread of civilisation among the Igorotes. They explain themselves, and we have no doubt that the humor displayed in

them will be appreciated by our readers. We intend to publish a short article on the subject with additional pictures in the February number of *The Open Court*.

THE BEHAIST MOVEMENT.

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

We take pleasure in publishing a criticism of our article on the new religious movements of the followers of Beha Ullah by Mr. Arthur Pillsbury



THE SPREAD OF CIVILISATION—THE CAMERA.

Dodge, who is obviously an adherent of Abdul Beha Abbas, also called Abbas Effendi, of Acca. For the benefit of those not familiar with the transcription of Arabic names, we add that "Beha" and "Baha" are the same word, meaning "manifestation" (or "glory"). Further, Beha Ullah is commonly trans-

cribed "Beha 'Ullah," and an adherent of Beha, who according to English custom is called a "Behaist," is frequently styled (after the Arabic mode of speech) a "Behai." We have throughout preferred the simpler English form "Behaist" and avoided any spelling that might be puzzling to the reader.

In reply to my comments on the spelling of "Beha" and "Behaist," Mr. Dodge writes:



THE SPREAD OF CIVILISATION—THE UMBRELLA.

"Originally I employed the spelling 'Beha,' but now always 'Baha,' which I believe to be correct. Count Gobineau's spelling, where the 'e' sound is equivalent to our 'a' is evidently the source of Professor Browne's former practice, but the latter now declares that were he now commencing he should

certainly spell it 'Baha.' This has the same numerical value, of course, as 'Abha,' which forms a part of 'The Greatest Name,' as I will explain in a future treatment. Strictly speaking, I understand that the best English form is 'B'haa,' but practically I prefer 'Baha.' I also prefer 'Bahai' to 'Bahaist,' but recognize your point and do not object in this instance."

Mr. Dodge feels that a historian or literateur is unable to understand the significance of Behaism. He writes:

"I have been an earnest seeker after the truth for many years, dating far back of my first knowledge of this great Bahai Revelation.

"It appears that about all writers have approached the subject with scarcely an adequate apprehension of the vast inner significance and potential value of the proclamation or manifestation of this movement. It was so with Professor Browne, whom, however, I esteem most highly. I passed a few days with him, and a more delightful gentleman I believe I have never met. He writes charmingly of the cause, approaching the matter as he does, and as most writers and historians thus far have, from the view-point of literature-history. Notwithstanding all this, it is apparent that greater justice is being done by current historians than was done in former centuries, when, for instance, such noted historians as Tacitus and others denied Christianity and declared it should be abolished!"

THE BAHAI REVELATION.

BY ARTHUR PILLSBURY DODGE.

The interesting article entitled "A New Religion—Babism," by Dr. Paul Carus, the editor, in *The Open Court* of June, 1904, furnishes evidence that the data of information was, as usual, based largely upon the almost universal misconception concerning certain features of this most important subject.

When, however, we consider the fact that Christianity was misapprehended and erroneously represented by the early historians, it is not strange that in this day the reality of the Revelation of Baha 'Ullah should be misconstrued.

Let us start aright. First, the treatment of religion *per se* is usually very unfortunate. From every source we hear of this, or that religion, as though there were *several* religions, when, truly speaking, there never was, and never will be, more than one religion! Let the reader pause and consider before denying this assertion. Religion, in a word, is the truth and knowledge of God. There being One Unchangeable God, His truth must of necessity be and is One and Unchangeable; hence it is impossible that the world has known or can know other than One religion! But it is true that there have been many *revelations* of religion.

The statement that the Bahais "Believe in a personal God and positive revelations" is true, though the words are scarcely adequate. The idea of the human relation of parent and child, as a reflection, is a reasonable indication, in miniature if you please, of the far grander relation. The human being is the *effect* of a *cause*. The "cause" must be greater, but possess all the qualities manifest in the "effect." The human being is the child of God, the Father. The offspring of the human being has to be educated from infancy to maturity. Who can say that the race of mankind, in the broadest sense, does not require education from its infancy to a mature condition?

This being the case, is it not natural and logically correct that the world we inhabit is a vast schoolhouse; the scholars, mankind; the principal, God; and the educators or teachers, the prophets or messengers sent by God during the ages of creation still in process?

In the rise and progress of this great Bahai movement, there was a time when it was properly designated by the word Babism, but that was during the early days of the cause, and prior to 1852. The word Babism was derived from Bab, pronounced as though spelled "Barb" or "Bahb," signifying "gate" or "door."

Mirza Ali Mohammed, signifying Elijah the Prophet, was born at Shiraz, Persia, in the year 1235, A. H., on the first day of Muharram, corresponding to our year 1819, A. D. He arose on the 23d of May, 1844, announcing himself as the one promised by Christ, who would come to herald the appearance of the day of God, and the coming of "Him Whom God shall Manifest" (Baha 'Ullah), to establish the Kingdom of God on earth. He, Ali Mohammed, became known as The Bab, and as such will be referred to hereinafter. It is apparent that Elijah the Prophet, John the Baptist, and The Bab were each, in turn, the recipients and manifestations of the Announcer Spirit to go before the face of the Lord. (See Mal. iv. 5-6; Luke i. 76-7 Rotherham; Matt. xi. 11-14.) Thus it will be seen that The Bab was the mere herald or precursor of the dawning of this great revelation, bearing precisely the same relation to Baha 'Ullah as John the Baptist bore to Jesus Christ 1900 years ago.

Comparatively few fully understand that the Bab literally fulfilled Biblical prophecy, nor do many seem to recognize the logical sequence and inseparableness of all the great prophetic revelations. He came to prepare the way for the coming of the "Great and dreadful day of the Lord" on earth and his appearance was rapidly followed by tens of thousands of believers, drawn from all parts of Persia and elsewhere. The mission of The Bab was concluded on the ninth day of July, A. D., 1850, when he suffered martyrdom, being shot by a company of soldiers. His work was accomplished in a little less than seven years with remarkable humility, patience, love, heroism, and fortitude. The manner of his being murdered was prophesied twelve hundred years before, and prior to the invention of guns and gunpowder! The prophecy was by Mohammed and to the effect that The Bab (Imam Mahdi) would be executed by a pestle issuing forth from a mortar with a loud noise! Considering that this prophecy was made several centuries before the invention of firearms, it was most remarkable.

THE PERIOD BETWEEN THE BAB AND BAHÁ 'ULLAH.

It is true that Subh-i-Ezel, now an exile on the island of Cyprus, was the duly authorized head of the Babism for the short period of time from the martyrdom of The Bab to the appearance and announcement of Baha 'Ullah in 1852. Subh-i-Ezel was a half brother of Baha 'Ullah and was born at Nur, in Mazandaran, Persia.

Baha 'Ullah and The Bab never met. While they were confined in separate prisons, however, they were in communication with each other through the mediumship of Mirza Abdul Karim, known as Mirza Ahmad, the amanuensis of The Bab, and in this way it was arranged that Subh-i-Ezel should be appointed as the temporary successor of The Bab to care for the "friends."

This was done because the time was not then ripe for the Manifestation to declare Himself.

The Bab declared that "He Whom God shall Manifest" was upon the earth and would declare Himself and enter upon His great mission at the proper time, and that this event would occur *within* nineteen years. In his great work, the Beyan, originally regarded as the Babi Bible, The Bab declared that under no circumstances was Subh-i-Ezel to be regarded as the Great One, his mission being only a temporary one and as that of a "blind" and protection of the true One. In the Beyan it is also stated that all of the writings and utterances of its author would not equal in importance one verse of Him that was to come after, that is, "He Whom God shall Manifest."

BAHA 'ULLAH, THE MANIFESTATION OF GOD.

The father of Baha 'Ullah, of a house of Persian statesmen, was born in Nur, near Teheran. His illustrious son, Mirza Huseyn Ali, later to be known, in the days of The Bab, as Baha 'Ullah, signifying "The Splendor of God," was born at Teheran, Persia, on November 12, 1817. Before His declaration of His mission He was known as one of the humblest followers of The Bab.

The Bab was uneducated of the world, and Baha 'Ullah was not accounted a learned man, but he was wealthy, possessing an estate valued at more than a million dollars.

In 1852 Baha 'Ullah and His family and the believers were exiled as prisoners to Baghdad, His property first being confiscated by the Persian government. On what ground? Simply this: that His pure Godly life and utterances were too marked in contrast with and offensive to the mullahs or priests and their practices.

But let us quote a few of His own words from *A Traveller's Narrative* By Edward G. Browne, M. A., M. B.:

"We desire but the good of the world and the happiness of the nations yet they, accusing us of stirring up strife, deem us worthy of bondage and banishment.... That all nations should become one in faith and all men as brothers; that the bonds of affection and unity between the sons of men should be strengthened; that diversity of religion should cease, and differences of race be annulled—what harm is there in this?... Yet so it shall be; these fruitless strifes, these ruinous wars shall pass away, and the "Most Great Peace" shall come.... Do not you in Europe need this also? Is not this that which Christ foretold?... Yet do we see your kings and rulers lavishing their treasures more freely on means for the destruction of the human race than on that which would conduce to the happiness of mankind.... These strifes and this bloodshed and discord must cease, and all men be as one kindred and one family.... Let not a man glory in this, that he loves his country; let him rather glory in this that he loves his kind...."

On his arrival at Baghdad in 1852 Baha 'Ullah first made a partial declaration to the believers only, of His mission. Again at Baghdad, in the eleventh or twelfth year of His remaining there, He made the announcement, this time to the believers fully. The second announcement was made in the garden of Najib Pasha, where He tarried about twelve days, just before departing for Constantinople. On His declaration as "He Whom God shall Manifest" the great majority of the believers at once acknowledged Him,

notwithstanding the fact that Subh-i-Ezel had become selfishly and jealously ambitious, seeking with desperation to maintain his claim that he was the one prophesied of to come. Subh-i-Ezel, however, only succeeded in gathering around his standard a comparatively small number of followers, but they gradually became enlightened and left him. At the present time he has but a mere handful of misguided devotees.

When Baha 'Ullah's possessions were confiscated by the Persian government He is reported to have raised His hands and exclaimed: "Praise be to God! I am now free!" It is a noteworthy fact that when Baha 'Ullah took up His Divine Mission there were many times "Ten Thousand Saints or Angels," meaning true and faithful believers, on earth, ready to receive and follow Him. This was fulfilment of the passages in Deut. xxxiii. 2, Isaiah ix. 6-7; Dan. vii. 18, Matt. xxv. 31. 1 Tim. iii. 16, Rev. i. 20, and other prophesies.

The believers in the Orient usually refer to Baha 'Ullah as "The Blessed Perfection."

With His party He remained in Baghdad about twelve years. They were then taken to Constantinople, and from thence to Adrianople, and shortly afterwards to the ancient prison city of Acca (Acre, Akka, Accho, etc.), jutting out into "the tideless sea" at the base of Carmel, the famous "Mountain of God" in Northern Palestine. The evil design since the exile was to rid the world of these saintly, peaceful characters, and in this last move it was the confident belief of the wicked captors that the holy people would suffer speedy death from contact with this old pestilential place, of which it was an old saying, "the foulness was so great that if a bird flew over the city it would fall to earth dead."

The officials were disappointed, for, ever since this imprisonment, conditions have steadily improved, not only in Akka, but in all that region. In this lapse of time it is readily seen that the long suffering holy land desolation has ended, and the promised new order of things in actual restoration is in process.

From this New Holy City in 1867-9 there went forth from Baha 'Ullah those famous "Letters to the Kings" inviting them to a Spiritual Banquet. This was fulfilling the Christ parable of the Great Supper, and though the Manifestation and followers were taken to Akka wholly on the motion of the enemies of God's Cause, the latter were thereby unwittingly fulfilling prophecy of many centuries!

Governors, princes, and other notables learned to humbly bow before Baha 'Ullah, often waiting patiently for an audience.

Some might ask why did He submit to such indignities, persecutions, and sufferings? He was no more obliged to do so than was Jesus Christ compelled to endure outrage, persecution, torture, and crucifixion; save that in both instances these things had to be done, not only to teach the world lessons of humility, patience, meekness, love, courage, and obedience, but that The God Plan should be fulfilled to the very letter as prophesied!

From the foregoing it is clearly erroneous to say: "This Mirza Huseyn Ali (Baha 'Ullah) suddenly came to the conclusion during his stay at Adrianople that he himself was Baha 'Ullah, 'The Glory of God.'" It will be remembered that the announcement was made before Adrianople, or even Constantinople, was reached.

The Mission of this saintly Baha 'Ullah lasted forty years, until His departure on May 28, 1892. He appointed His eldest son, Abbas Effendi, who is now known as Abdul Baha Abbas, to be His successor in charge of the spiritual Kingdom of God on earth.

ABDUL BAHA ABBAS.

This beautiful, saintly soul, now residing in Akka, Syria, a prisoner through the injustice and fanaticism of the Oriental "divines," in much the same way as was Jesus Christ in his time, is setting the world an example in magnificent love, patience, humility, power, and grandeur of life without a parallel.

Abdul Baha Abbas was born in Teheran, Persia, on May 23, 1844, the very day of the announcement by the Bab of his mission. In this circumstance the future will recognize a remarkable significance.

Abdul Baha signifies "Servant of God," and this he truly is, and is known by his "works." He lives the life, utters the teachings, and is doing the work of the Father where Christ left off nineteen hundred years ago. He is the servant of mankind as well as the servant of God. He was recognized as "The Greatest Branch" by Baha Ullah, who appointed him The Center of The Covenant of God's Religion on Earth; the Commentator of the Books and the one whom all should look up to, emulate and obey in the service of the Kingdom. All of these and other names and titles were *given* to Abdul Baha. He claims literally nothing for himself save being the humble servant of all. In him is fulfilled the Biblical definition of the true *minister*—the servant of all, particularly the needy.

The devotion of Abdul Baha to Baha 'Ullah, the Manifestation of God, the Father, is sublimely indicated in the following few words from his pen: "I swear by the One God, and there is but one, that, had each of us one hundred mouths, and each mouth one hundred tongues, we could not praise God as He should be praised for the great blessing and privilege of being on earth in these days, the greatest days in all the history of the ages. But the world does not realize it. You must not consider the present day, for the blessings are not yet manifest. In the days of Christ, He was despised, cursed and rejected, but after 1900 years people come from half around the world to visit some stones upon which tradition says He once sat! How much greater will these days be when they are once known!"

Abdul Baha is known and often spoken of as "The Master." To enter his presence is to love him and desire to follow his example—providing we really love God. While Baha 'Ullah is the promised "Spirit of Truth," who was to come and furnish the key of explanation of all mysteries in revealed utterances, The Master is giving forth the explanations to the world in lessons of incomparable beauty and value. By carefully reading Daniel xii, Revelation v, Isaiah ix. 6-7 and xxxv, and the Christ parable of the Lord and the vineyard in connection with this article, some idea may be had of the importance of these things.

The year 1844 will be recognized in all time to come as of vast importance. Then was begun the mission of The Bab; then Abdul Baha, the Master, was born, and this year dates the beginning of the remarkable "New Heaven and new earth," the Divine promise of the Christ or Word of God manifested through Saint John, and recorded in the twenty-first chapter of

Revelation. Should any one feel disposed to make light of this matter, such are advised to pause and reflect. It is a most serious matter, the importance of which to all in the world was never before equaled. Regarding the new earth, many changes have occurred within the past sixty years; changes incident to the marking of a new era.

On the morning of May 24, 1844, Professor Morse took his seat at the telegraphic instrument placed in the Supreme Court room in the Capitol. Many of the chief officers of the Government were present. The Professor pressed the key of the instrument with his finger. In an instant this message was flashed along the wire to Baltimore and back, a distance of eighty miles: "What hath God wrought!" (Numbers xxiii. 23. — Montgomery.) This remarkable incident took place a few hours after the birth of Abdul Baha and the proclamation by The Bab.

In 1843 Professor Morse prophesied the certainty of telegraphic communication across the Atlantic Ocean. This, as well as many other achievements, discoveries, and inventions, has been realized, marking complete revolution in methods of communication, locomotion, in the manner of living generally, etc., all tending to prove the fact of our now having a "New Earth."

Regarding the "New Heaven" it is likewise true that such is rapidly becoming a reality, for the truth of religion is already supplanting the colossal error of past superstition and imagination. Heaven indicates the religion or truth of God. Christ said, "Behold, the Kingdom of God is within you!" (Luke xvii. 21.)

Another great work of importance was inaugurated in 1844, when Layard commenced explorations which have, from that time to the present, revealed in antique remains such wonderful corroborative proof of Biblical record.

There are many mistaken ideas concerning the Revelation of Baha and of other Revelations. While true, of course, it is not sufficient to state that Bahaism is the reformation of Mohammedanism. All Revelation has been successively greater in extent of promulgation than was formerly manifested. Judaism, Christianity, and Mohammedanism, each prophesied of and led up to the Revelation of Baha 'Ullah for the reformation of the entire world. All former manifestations were much less in broadness of scope and effectiveness, and quite naturally when we grasp, for instance the marvellous significance of the parabolic utterances of Jesus Christ. Although this last revelation is the greatest, all the prior revelations, as has been truly said, are practically the same—as far as they go. The essence of all is, "Love the good God and be good."

The Bahai Revelation, as before stated, is the grand culmination, the sum total of all that has gone before. It is the sublime climax of all that Christ stood for. It is the veritable inauguration of the "Day of Most Great Peace," realizing the "Unity and solidarity of mankind." It is the first in the world history to unite the people of every race, of every nation, into one belief and faith, one brotherhood of man under the Fatherhood of the One God.

How do we know this? Because, first: The Manifestation has so declared, and in every time of Revelation the word of the prophet or messenger has invariably been found to be the greatest power of truth and authority in the world. Second: The character of the life, works, and teachings of

Baha 'Ullah and Abdul Baha proclaim their divine origin and authority Third: "Ye shall be known by your works," and the irrefutable fact is that there are now more than nine millions of united believers gathered from Buddhists, Zoroastrians, Jews, Christians, Mohammedans, and other faiths, presenting to the world a spectacle as new as grand.

At each time respectively when Moses, Christ, and Mohammed appeared, the vast majority of mankind were doubters and deniers, but from this distant view-point it is readily seen that the prophets were right and the world wrong. The people could not then see it, but we now realize that those and other prophets or messengers carried with them the stamp of genuineness, and represented the Invincible Truth and Power of God. Shall we profit by the blunders of former ages?

All great epoch-making teachings have been departed from as time has elapsed. If Mohammedanism is, as observed, wholly unlike the precepts enunciated by its founder, can anything better be said respecting "Christianity" in its present deplorable state of departure from the Christ standard? The Jews erred greatly in denying Christ, but have not the Christians offended even more seriously in rejecting a later prophet—Mohammed, whom Christ foretold? By what right do the descendants of certain races ascribe to themselves the lordship of the earth, ignoring the fact that all human beings, in every part of the world, are children of One Father? By what right have the creatures of God decided whom of His teachers to accept and whom to reject?

"Do you know why We created you from one clay? That no one should glorify himself over the other. Always be mindful of how you were created, for as We created you from one substance, you must be as one soul, walking on the same feet, eating with one mouth, and living in one land, that you may be able to show from your being and your deeds and actions the signs of the unity and the essence of abstraction..." (Baha 'Ullah.)

At the present time there are several false Christs in the world—people who are vain or misguided enough to claim the divine station of Messiahship. It is understood that there are six or seven of these claimants, and it is self-evident that if any one of them were genuine, the others must be false.

The significant point of the matter, however, is this: that no one can put forth such a claim without at the same time and thereby proclaiming himself an impostor! This is apparent from the words of Christ, for He said He would come like a thief in the night (Rev. xvi. 15), that is to say, in a manner unexpected and surprising. He also declared: "Beware of false prophets which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves. Ye shall know them by their fruits." (Matt. vii. 15-16.) Read His warning (Matt. xxiv) against those who would falsely come in His Name.

When Christ propounded this question to his disciples: "But whom do you say that I am?" Simon Peter replied: "Thou art Christ, the Son of the of the living God!" Jesus Christ answered: "Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-Jona: because flesh and blood hath not revealed it to thee, but My Father who is in heaven." (Matt. xvi. 16.)

The world, now has before it, nearly twenty centuries after Christ, the magnificent spectacle of one residing in the New Holy City, who claims absolutely nothing for himself other than being the humble servant of God

and of humanity, but who is doing the works and living that sort of life that has alone impelled millions of people of every nation, religious faith, and belief of the world to arise and declare, as did Peter of old, "Thou art Christ (the Word or Spirit of Truth from God), the Son of the living God!"

While most people who go into the presence of Abdul Baha, the Master, feel in their hearts the sentiments Peter expressed, still there are some who do not, but this is certain that all, so far as the knowledge of the writer extends, admit that He continually urges everybody to love and serve God and all mankind, and that he, himself, lives a humble, merciful, sacrificing, loving serving life of incomparable devotion.

In conclusion let us quote a few of his words: "I have sacrificed my soul, spirit, life, mention, honor, attributes, my comfort and my name in the Path of God, and I have chosen no dignity or possession save the obedience of Baha, and no name or title save Abdul Baha—servant of Baha. Therefore be content with this and follow me in my words and wishes, because in so doing the Blessed Trees of life, springing up in the Paradise of God, will grow and become verdant.

"If you desire to speak in praise, praise the beauty of El Abha; if you desire to commend, commend the Name of your Supreme Lord; for if you exalt the 'Tree' you also exalt the 'Branch'! If you mention the sea you also mention its gulfs and bays (for they belong to it), therefore mention the Beauty of Abha!" (Part of a Tablet to an American believer from Abdul Baha Abbas.)

BOOK REVIEWS.

FINLAND. *Its Public and Private Economy.* By *N. C. Frederiksen*, formerly Professor of Political Economy and Finance in the University of Copenhagen. London: Edward Arnold. 1902. Pages, xi, 306.

Professor Frederiksen reviews here in the short space of three hundred pages the conditions of Finland. The Table of Contents is as follows: (I) Peculiarities of Finnish Civilisation; (II) The Agricultural Classes; (III) The Land Laws of Finland; (IV) Methods and Conditions of Agriculture; (V) Forestry; (VI) Mining and Manufacture; (VII) Commerce, Navigation, and Fisheries; (VIII) Money and Banking; (IX) Means of Communication; (X) Exchequer and Civic Duties; (XI) The Government of Finland and Its Future.

To us the last chapter is of special importance. Professor Frederiksen explains the constitution of Finland which in spite of several anomalies works relatively well: "The Senate has two sections, the Economic Department, which coincides with the Cabinet or Ministry of other countries; and the Judicial Department, which is mainly a Supreme Court. Only in a few affairs, such as when laws are prepared, do the two sections take counsel together. This peculiar arrangement is no great disadvantage to the country."

Professor Frederiksen continues: "The greatest practical defect in the organisation of the government is its connection with the Emperor, the medium between whom and his Finnish Cabinet is the Governor-General, and more particularly the Minister-Secretary of State in St. Petersburg—the latter of whom no longer has a committee for Finnish affairs at his side as

formerly, and for the moment is not even as formerly, and as he ought to be according to the law, a Finlander."

The large mass of the people are Lutherans, and the Lutheran Church has a great influence upon public opinion. The Greek orthodox church is very limited, but the contribution paid to it by the government is very considerable and far too much in proportion to the small number of its adherents. Public education is not enforced by law, one reason for which consists in the fact that the estates of Finland hesitate to put education and with it national life into the hands of the public authorities. However, since in the Finnish Lutheran Church no one can be confirmed unless he is able to read and write, and consequently no Lutheran can marry if he remains illiterate, the standard is not noticeably lower than in other Protestant countries. The result, however, is that in some few cases young Lutherans who did not acquire the art of reading, are said to have joined the Greek orthodox Church because the latter does not make the educational test a condition for marriage.

Professor Frederiksen resents mainly the efforts of the government to Russianise the country. He says: "To make the Russian the official language for the higher administration, as has now been ordered, is, on the other hand, not only against the present law, but is unnecessary, unjust, and a hurtful and detrimental burden on the people. In reality there is no Russian population in Finland. Of a total of 2,700,000 persons there are 8,000 of whom Russian is the native tongue. To Russianise a people who are so advanced in civilisation and education as the Finns is of course an utter impossibility in our times; but that a part of the people, and especially of the educated classes, should be obliged to use the Russian language without any necessity, and without thereby obtaining the least good, is intolerable and so much the less tolerable because the country has already two languages (and languages so fundamentally different as Finnish and Swedish) which all educated persons must learn and use.

"As regards the present situation, we are compelled to ask, not only what good the government might do, but also what power of resistance the people have against its evil acts. In some respects the people had no need of modern arts to be able to resist. This is the case where it is a question of the conservation of nationality, and especially of language. It has been well said that the Finns, who for more than seven hundred years have not been made Swedish, during centuries when progress was much slower, and when the liberal character of the Swedish government did not provoke any great resistance, have no need to fear being Russianised. Much intellectual national life will continue, notwithstanding all that may be done by the rulers. And to quell a national life, intellectual and economic, such as is now found in Finland, is an utter impossibility."

Professor Frederiksen concludes his book with these remarks: "The people may suffer but they will not submit, and it seems impossible that the proceedings taken by some of the rulers in St. Petersburg can be continued, and that the Russian bureaucracy can be allowed to destroy its weaker but more successful neighbor. We would rather suppose that the supreme rulers will at last listen to the demand of law, justice, and wisdom; since it is evident that nobody, least of all the Russian people, would gain profit or honor by breaking the law and oppressing the honest Finnish nation."

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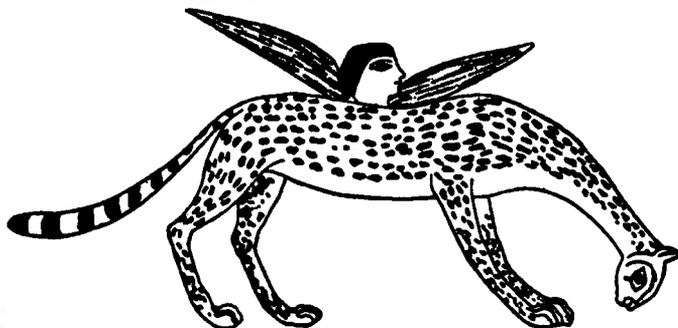
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FEBRUARY, 1905.

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CONTENTS:

	PAGE
<i>Frontispiece. The Enlightened One.</i> EDUARD BIEDERMANN.	
<i>Ghost-Making Extraordinary, (Illustrated.)</i> HENRY RIDGELY EVANS....	65
<i>The Wizard's Son.</i> DAVID CLARALLAN.	75
<i>The History and Significance of the Rosetta Stone.</i> EDITOR.....	90
<i>Pagan Christs.</i> EDITOR.	92
<i>The Views of Shinto Revival Scholars Regarding Ethics.</i> HARRIS LEARNER LATHAM, A. M., S. T. M.....	100
<i>Assyrian Poems on the Immortality of the Soul. (Illustrated.)</i> EDITOR.....	107
<i>Father Hyacinthe Loyson on Pope Pius X.</i>	111
<i>The Wizard's Profession in Ancient Judæa.</i>	113
<i>The Igorotes. (Illustrated.)</i>	113
<i>Congress of Religionists in Japan.</i>	122
<i>Book Reviews and Notes.</i>	125

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The first number, which appeared in September, 1903, contains contributions from such world-famous Buddhist scholars and sympathisers as Sir Edwin Arnold, Dr. Giuseppe de Lorenzo, Prof. Rhys Davids, and Dr. Karl E. Neumann, together with articles by noted native Oriental savants.

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THE ENLIGHTENED ONE.

BY EDUARD BIEDERMANN.

Frontispiece to The Open Court.

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the Extension of the Religious Parliament Idea.

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GHOST-MAKING EXTRAORDINARY.

BY HENRY RIDGELY EVANS.

I.

THE French Revolution drew crowds of adventurers to Paris, their brains buzzing with the wildest schemes—political, social, and scientific—which they endeavored to exploit. Among the inventors was a Belgian optician, Etienne-Gaspard Robertson, born at Liège, in 1763, where for many years he had been a professor of physics. He addressed a memorial to the Government proposing to construct gigantic burning glasses *a la* Archimedes, to set fire to the English fleets, at that period blockading the French seaports. A commission composed of Monge, Lefevre, Gineau and Guyton de Morveau was appointed to investigate the matter, but nothing came of it.

Failing to accomplish his scheme, Robertson turned his attention to other methods of money-making. Having a decided *penchant* for magic illusions, etc., he set about constructing a ghost-making apparatus. The "Red Terror" was over, Robespierre dead, and people began to pluck up courage and seek amusements. Rid to a great extent, of his rival, La Guillotine—the most famous of "ghost-making machines"—Robertson set up his phantasmagoria at the Pavilion de l'Echiquier, and flooded the city with circulars describing his exhibition. Poultier, a journalist and one of the Representatives of the People, wrote an amusing account of the entertainment in the *L'Ami des Lois*, 1798. He says:

"A decemvir of the Republic has said that the dead return no more, but go to Robertson's exhibition and you will soon be convinced of the contrary, for you will see the dead returning to life in crowds. Robertson calls forth phantoms, and commands legions

of spectres. In a well-lighted apartment in the Pavilion l'Echiquier I found myself seated a few evenings since, with sixty or seventy people. At seven o'clock a pale, thin man entered the room where we were sitting, and having extinguished the candles he said: 'Citizens, I am not one of those adventurers and impudent swindlers who promise more than they can perform. I have assured the public in the *Journal de Paris* that I can bring the dead to life, and I shall do so. Those of the company who desire to see the apparitions of those who were dear to them, but who have passed away from this life by sickness or otherwise, have only to speak, and I shall obey their commands.' There was a moment's silence, and a



ROBERTSON'S GHOST-SHOW.

haggard-looking man, with dishevelled hair and sorrowful eyes, rose in the midst of the assemblage and exclaimed, 'As I have been unable in an official journal to re-establish the worship of Marat, I should at least be glad to see his shadow.' Robertson immediately threw upon a brazier containing lighted coals, two glasses of blood, a bottle of vitrol, a few drops of aquafortis, and two numbers of the *Journal des Hommes Libres*, and there instantly appeared in the midst of the smoke caused by the burning of these substances, a hideous livid phantom armed with a dagger and wearing a red cap of liberty. The man at whose wish the phantom had been evoked seemed to recognize Marat, and rushed forward to embrace the vision, but the ghost made a frightful grimace and disappeared. A young man next asked to see the phantom of a young lady whom

he had tenderly loved, and whose portrait he showed to the worker of all these marvels. Robertson threw upon the brazier a few sparrow's feathers, a grain or two of phosphorus, and a dozen butterflies. A beautiful woman with her bosom uncovered and her hair floating about her, soon appeared, and smiled on the young man with most tender regard and sorrow. A grave looking individual sitting close by me suddenly exclaimed, 'Heavens! it's my wife come to life again,' and he rushed from the room, apparently fearing that what he saw was not a phantom."

One evening one of the audience avowing himself to be a Royalist, called for the shade of the martyred king, Louis XVI. Here



ROBERTSON'S GHOST-ILLUSION.

was a dilemma for citizen Robertson. Had he complied with the request and evoked the royal ghost, prison and possibly the guillotine would have been his fate.

But the magician was foxy. He suspected a trap, on the part of a police agent in disguise, who had a spite against him. He replied as follows: "Citizens I once had a recipe for bringing dead kings to life, but that was before the 18th Fructidor, when the Republic declared royalty abolished forever. On that glorious day I lost my magic formula, and fear that I shall never recover it again."

In spite of Robertson's clever retort, the affair created such a sensation that the following day, the police prohibited the exhibitions, and placed seals on the optician's boxes and papers. However, the ban was soon lifted, and the performances allowed to continue. Lucky Robertson! The advertisement filled his coffers to overflowing. People struggled to gain admission to the wonderful phantasmagoria.

Finding the Pavilion too small to accommodate the crowds, he magician moved his show to an abandoned chapel of the Capuchin Convent, near the place Vendome. This ancient place of worship

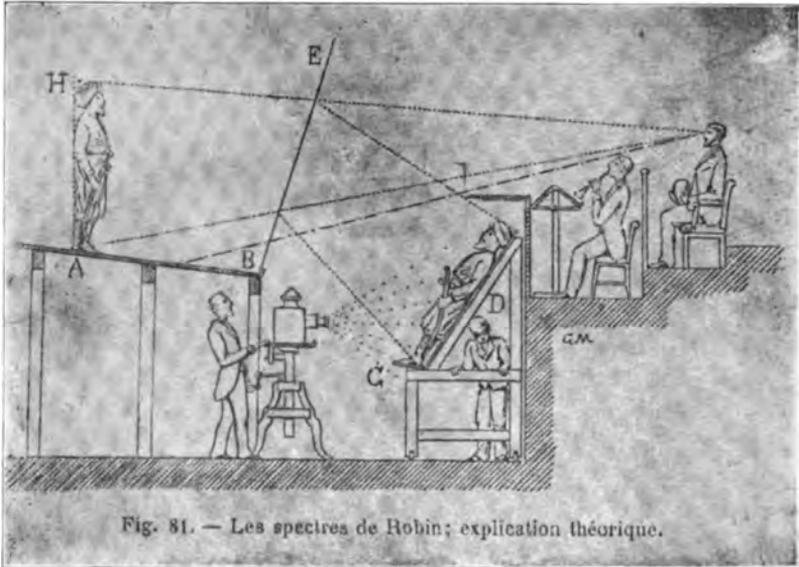


Fig. 81. — Les spectres de Robin; explication théorique.

EXPLANATION OF ROBERTSON'S GHOST-ILLUSION.

was located in the middle of a vast cloister crowded with tombs and funeral tablets.

A more gruesome spot could not have been selected. The Chapel was draped in black. From the ceiling was suspended a sepulchral lamp, in which alcohol and salt were burned, giving forth a ghastly light which made the faces of the spectators resemble those of corpses. Robertson, habited in black, made his appearance, and harangued his audience on ghosts, witches, sorcery, and magic. Finally the lamp was extinguished and the apartment plunged in Plutonian darkness. A storm of wind and rain, thunder and lightning, interspersed with the tolling of a church bell, fol-

lowed, and after this the solemn strains of a far-off organ were heard. At the evocation of the conjurer, phantoms of Voltaire, Mirabeau, Jean-Jacques Rousseau, Robespierre, Danton, and Marat appeared and faded away again "into thin air." The ghost of Robespierre was shown rising from a tomb. A flash of lightning, vivid and terrible, would strike the phantom, whereupon it would sink down into the ground and vanish.

People were often carried away fainting from the exhibition. It was truly awe inspiring and perfect in *mise-en-scène*.

At the conclusion of the seance, Robertson used to remark: "I have shown you, citizens, every species of phantom, and there is but one more truly terrible spectre—the fate which is reserved for us all. Behold!" In an instant there stood in the centre of the room a skeleton armed with a scythe. It grew to a colossal height and gradually faded away.

Sir David Brewster, in his work on natural magic, has the following to say on concave mirrors and the art of phantasmagoria: "Concave mirrors are distinguished by their property of forming in front of them, and in the air, inverted images of erect objects, or erect images of inverted objects, placed at some distance beyond their principal focus. If a fine transparent cloud of blue smoke is raised, by means of a chafing dish, around the focus of a large concave mirror, the image of any highly illuminated object will be depicted in the middle of it, with great beauty. A skull concealed from the observer is sometimes used to surprise the ignorant; and when a dish of fruit has been depicted in a similar manner, a spectator, stretching out his hand to seize it, is met with the image of a drawn dagger, which has been quickly substituted for the fruit at the other conjugate focus of the mirror."

Thoroughly conversant with the science of optics, it is more than probable that Robertson made use of large concave mirrors in his exhibition, or else a species of phantasmagoric magic lantern, rolling upon a small track. Pushing this contrivance backwards and forwards caused the images to lessen or increase, to recede or advance.

Robertson realized quite a snug fortune out of his ghost exhibition and other inventions. His automaton speaking figure, called *le Phonorganon*, uttered two hundred words of the French language. Another interesting piece of mechanism was his Trumpeter. These two machines formed part of a beautiful *Cabinet de Physique* in his house, the Hotel d'Yorck, Boulevard Montmartre, No. 12, Paris. He has left some entertaining memoirs, entitled

Memoires recreatifs et anecdotifs (1830-1834), copies of which are exceedingly rare. He was a great aeronaut and invented the parachute which has been wrongly attributed to Garnerin.

Robertson, as *Commandant des Aerostiers*, served in the French army, and rendered valuable service with his balloons in observing the movements of the enemy in the campaigns in Belgium and Holland, under General Jourdain. In the year 1804 he wrote a treatise on ballooning, entitled, *La Minerve, vaisseau Aerien destiné aux dé convertes, et propose, a toutes les Academies de l'Europe*, published at Vienna. He died at Batignolles (Paris) in 1837.

In his memoirs, Robertson describes a species of optical toy called the Phantascope, for producing illusions on a small scale. This may give a clue to his spectres of the Capuchin Convent. He also offers an explanation of Nostradamus' famous feat of conjuring up the likeness of Francis I in a magic mirror, for the edification of the beautiful Marie de Medici.

II

We now come to the greatest of all ghost-shows, that of the Polytechnic Institute, London. In the year 1863 letters patent were granted to Professor John Henry Pepper, professor of chemistry in the London Polytechnic Institute, and Henry Dircks, civil engineer, for a device "for projecting images of living persons in the air." Here were no concave mirrors, no magic lanterns, simply a large sheet of unsilvered glass. The effect is founded on a well-known optical illusion. "In the evening carry a lighted candle to the window and you will see reflected in the pane, not only the image of the candle, but that of your hand and face as well. A sheet of glass, inclined at a certain angle, is placed on a stage between the actors and spectators. Beneath the stage and just in front of the glass, is a person robed in a white shroud, and illuminated by the brilliant rays of the electric or the oxy-hydrogen light. The image of the actor who plays the part of spectre, being reflected by the glass, becomes visible to the spectators, and stands, apparently, just as far behind the glass as its prototype is placed in front of it. This image is only visible to the audience. The actor who is on the stage sees nothing of it, and in order that he may not strike at random in his attacks on the spectre, it is necessary to mark beforehand on the boards the particular spot at which, to the eyes of the audience the phantom will appear. Care must be taken to have the theatre darkened and the stage very dimly lighted."

This ghost-making apparatus has been used with splendid suc-

cess in the dramatization of Dickens' "Christmas Carol," "Haunted Man," and Alexander Dumas' "Corsican Brothers," etc. The French conjurer, Robin, created a great sensation in Paris with it Professor Pepper, in endeavoring to patent the apparatus in France found himself forestalled. Some years before, "a little toy had been brought out and patented in France, by which a miniature ghost could be shown. It consisted of a box with a small sheet of glass placed at an angle of forty-five degrees, and it reflected a concealed table, with plastic figures, the spectre of which appeared behind the glass, and which young people who possessed the toy invited their companions to take out of the box, when it melted away, as it were, in their hands and disappeared. In France at that time all improvements on a patent fell to the original patentee." (*The True History of the Ghost, Etc.*, by Prof. Pepper, London, 1820.)

At the Polytechnic Institute the ghost was admirably produced. The stage represented the room of a mediæval student who was engaged in burning the midnight oil. Looking up from his black-letter tome he beheld the apparition of a skeleton. Resenting the intrusion he arose from his chair, seized a sword which was ready to his hand, and aimed a blow at the figure, which vanished, only to return again and again.

The assistant who manipulated the spectre wore a cover of black velvet. He held the real skeleton in his arms and made the fleshless bones assume the most grotesque attitudes. He had evidently studied Holbein's "Dance of Death." The lower part of the skeleton, from the pelvis downward, was dressed in white linen, presumably a shroud. To the audience the figure appeared to vanish and appear through the floor.

Pepper eventually brought out a new illusion called "Metempsychosis," the joint invention of himself and a Mr. Walker. It is a very startling optical effect, and is thus described by me in my American edition of Stanyon's *Magic*: "One of the cleverest illusions performed with the aid of mirrors is that known as the 'Blue Room,' which has been exhibited in this country by Kellar. It was patented in the United States by the inventors. The object of the apparatus is to render an actor, or some inanimate thing, such as a chair, table, suit of armor, etc., visible or invisible at will. 'It is also designed,' says the specification in the patent office, 'to substitute for an object in sight of the audience the image of another similar object hidden from direct vision without the audience being aware that any such substitution has been made. For this purpose employ a large mirror—either an ordinary mirror or for some pur-

poses, by preference, a large sheet of plate-glass—which is transparent at one end and more and more densely silvered in passing from this toward the other end. Mount this mirror or plate so that it can, at pleasure, be placed diagonally across the stage or platform. As it advances, the glass obscures the view of the actor or object in front of which it passes, and substitutes the reflection of an object in front of the glass, but suitably concealed from the direct view of the audience.

“When the two objects or sets of objects thus successively pre-

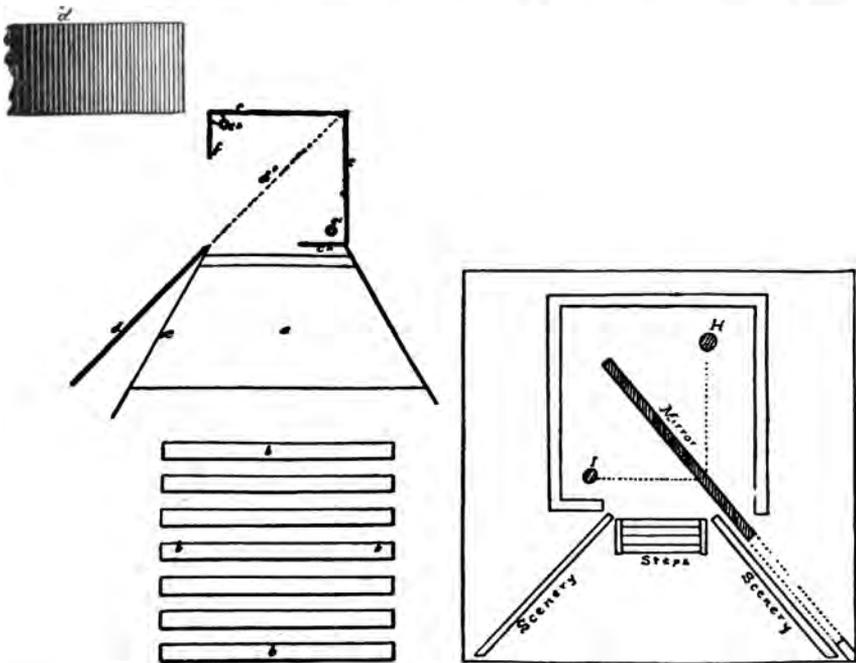


FIG. 1. APPARATUS.

FIG. 2. ARMOUR SCENE.

DIAGRAM OF BLUE ROOM.

sented to the view are properly placed and sufficiently alike, the audience will be unaware that any change has been made. In some cases, in place of a single sheet of glass, two or more sheets may be employed.”

By consulting Fig. 1, the reader will understand the construction of the illusion, one of the best in the repertoire of the conjurer. The shaded drawing in the left upper part, represents a portion of the mirror, designed to show its graduated opacity.

“*a* is a stage. It may be in a lecture-room or theater. *bb* are

the seats for the audience in front of the stage. cc is a small room—eight or ten feet square and eight high will often be sufficiently large; but it may be of any size. It may advantageously be raised and approached by two or three steps from the stage a .

" d is a vertical mirror, passing diagonally across the chamber c and dividing it into two parts, which are exact counterparts the one of the other. The mirror d is so mounted that it can be rapidly and noiselessly moved diagonally across the chamber in the path represented by the dotted line d^1 , and be withdrawn whenever desired. This can conveniently be done by running it in guides and upon rollers to and from a position where it is hidden by a screen, e , which limits the view of the audience in this direction.

"In consequence of the exact correspondence of the two parts of the chamber c , that in front and that behind the mirror, the audience will observe no change in appearance when the mirror is passed across.

"The front of the chamber is partially closed at cx by a shield or short partition-wall, either permanently or whenever required. This is done in order to hide from direct view any object which may be at or about the position c^1 .

"The illusions may be performed in various ways—as, for example, an object may, in the sight of the audience, be passed from the stage to the position c^2 , near the rear short wall or counterpart shield f , diagonally opposite to and corresponding with the front corner shield ex , and there be changed for some other. This is done by providing beforehand a dummy at c^1 , closely resembling the object at c^2 . Then when the object is in its place, the mirror is passed across without causing any apparent change. The object, when hidden, is changed for another object externally resembling the first, the mirror is withdrawn, and the audience may then be shown in any convenient way that the object now before them differs from that which their eyesight would lead them to suppose it to be.

"We prefer, in many cases, not to use an ordinary mirror, d but one of graduated opacity. This may be produced by removing the silvering from the glass in lines; or, if the glass be silvered by chemical deposition, causing the silver to be deposited upon it in lines, somewhat as represented in Fig. 1. Near one side of the glass the lines are made fine and open, and progressively in passing toward the other side they become bolder and closer until a completely-silvered surface is reached. Other means for obtaining a graduated opacity and reflecting power may be resorted to.

"By passing such a graduated mirror between the object at c^2

and the audience, the object may be made to fade from the sight, or gradually to resolve itself into another form."

Hopkins in his fine work on "Magic, stage illusions, etc.," thus describes one of the many effects which can be produced by the Blue Room apparatus. The curtain rises, showing "the stage set as an artist's studio. Through the centre of the rear drop scene is seen a small chamber in which is a suit of armor standing upright. The floor of this apartment is raised above the level of the stage and is approached by a short flight of steps. When the curtain is raised a servant makes his appearance and begins to dust and clean the apartments. He finally comes to the suit of armor, taking it apart, cleans and dusts it, and finally reunites it. No sooner is the suit of armor perfectly articulated than the soulless mailed figure deals the servant a blow. The domestic, with a cry of fear, drops his duster, flies down the steps into the large room, the suit of armor pursuing him, wrestling with him, and kicking him all over the stage. When the suit of armor considers that it has punished the servant sufficiently, it returns to its original position in the small chamber, just as the master of the house enters, brought there by the noise and cries of the servant, from whom he demands an explanation of the commotion. Upon being told, he derides the servant's fear, and, to prove that he was mistaken, takes the suit of armor apart, throwing it piece by piece upon the floor."

It is needless, perhaps, to explain that the suit of armor which becomes endowed with life has a man inside of it. When the curtain rises a suit of armor is seen in the Blue Room, at H, (Fig. 2). At I is a second suit of armor, concealed behind the proscenium. It is the duplicate of the visible one. When the mirror G is shoved diagonally across the room, the armor at H becomes invisible, but the mirror reflects the armor concealed at I, making it appear to the spectators that the suit at H is still in position. An actor dressed in armor now enters behind the mirror, removes the suit of armor at H, and assumes its place. When the mirror is again withdrawn, the armor at H becomes endowed with life. Again the mirror is shoved across the apartment, and the actor replaces the original suit of armor at H. It is this latter suit which the master of the house takes to pieces and casts upon the floor, in order to quiet the fears of the servant. This most ingenious apparatus is capable of many novel effects. Those who have witnessed Professor Kellar's performance will bear witness to the statement. When the illusion was first produced in England a sketch for it was written by the famous Burnd, editor of *Punch*.

THE WIZARD'S SON.

BY DAVID CLARALLAN.

"There shall not be found among you
a charmer or a wizard or a necromancer."
Deuteronomy xviii. 2.

I. REVILEMENT.

THE mists of an April morning of the year 611 B. C. hung heavy over mountain and valley; the sun was still low on the eastern horizon, yet the high-road north of Jerusalem was rife with holiday throngs. Gay processions of peasants and distant townfolk were making for the Temple, invariably preceded by bleating, garlanded lambs and by festively attired youths blowing pipe and flute and clashing cymbals. For it was the last day of the Passover Feast, that glad festival of Redemption which had been given so powerful a significance ever since the great Reformation fifteen years before. All the gateways to Mount Moriah had been thronged for a week. Tents of such pilgrims who lacked hospitable friends in Jerusalem were pitched in the northern valley or on the slopes of Olivet or by the banks of the Kidron. An invading army it was, of joyous worshippers, who brought sacrificial offerings, chanted glad songs, and indulged in merry feasting. Every morning for a week the maidens of Jerusalem had issued forth to gather the brilliant red or pure white blossoms which, thick as a carpet, overspread slope and plain, and had returned, laden with wreaths and garlands, to adorn not only the mighty gates and pillars of the Temple court, but door-posts and porticoes of their own dwellings. On this last morning, too, groups of white-robed figures might have been seen flitting hither and thither in copses and open fields, or sitting in circles weaving wreaths. Laughter and girlish chatter floated musically or shrilly, as the case might be, upon the air.

One such group had found a shadowy, secluded nook within a grove of willows and cypresses at the base of a furze-covered mound.

Two girls, the eldest of the little company (yet neither of them over fifteen), were sitting on the slope, their laps strewn with the blossoms which their more childish companions kept flinging to them. One of the two, a frail delicate creature, the jet-black of whose curls enhanced the pallor of her face, was looking out over the sunny landscape with an expression of almost rapture.

"What a glorious morning!" she was saying. "See those clouds, see that little vine-covered hut and those happy people winding in and out of the lanes. Was the world ever so beautiful before?"

"One can tell that you've been confined to a sick room for weeks, Nelkah," rejoined her companion. "You're so enthusiastic. In truth, though, it is a lovely morning, and if the day ends as gladly as it has begun—"

"On the court by star-light, with the beloved standing by to watch you dance?" queried Nelkah, mischievously. "I would I could be there to watch you, Naomi; but father will not hear of it. The leech has forbidden my going out at night. Else I would smile my sweetest upon your handsome betrothed and watch you grow angry as you did during the New Moon Feast two months ago, do you remember? Nay, frown not, dear; I am but jesting. It is such temptation to make you jealous, you are so gentle otherwise." She kissed the frown from Naomi's forehead, and gathering a bunch of red crocuses, sang gaily while she twined it into a wreath:

"The singing of birds, the rippling of rills,
 (The singing, the rippling.)
 The show'ring of blossoms on valleys and hills,
 (The show'ring.)
 The lowing of kine, the almond tree's snow,
 O spring-time, they greet you wherever you go,
 (They greet you! They greet you!)

"The maiden's first blush, the babe's happiest smile,
 (The blushing, the smiling!)
 Dreams of the past making age young the while,
 (The dreaming!)
 Small joys waxing great, the forgetting of woe,
 O spring-time, they follow wherever you go.
 (They follow! They follow!)"

Nelkah's song was as a thrush's carol, so clear, joyous, vibrant.

"How beautiful your voice is," Naomi said enviously. "More beautiful than ever since your illness. O Nelkah, such a voice, it is enough to enchant the dullest of—"

The girl did not finish. A shower of great white narcissus blossoms came pouring down upon both from hands invisible. They looked up the hillock. No one in sight.

"See, even the spirit of spring applauds you, Nelkah," Naomi began again. "Where can it be hiding, the mischief? But wait, I'll seize it before it escapes." A few bounds, a scramble up the thorn-mixed heather, a seizing of two or three bushes to assist her in the ascent, and Naomi had reached the summit of the mound.

"O! O! O! How beautiful! O Nelkah! Jerusha! Gomer! Come up here. Was ever such wealth of flowers? And *such* flowers!"

A half dozen girls answered the outcries, and were soon bending with Naomi over what was indeed a bed of loveliest blossoms: iris, crocus, narcissus, planted in rows alternately white and purple and red. They gathered in friendly rivalry, laughing, chatting, teasing all the while. Nelkah only, last to reach the summit, did not stoop in the pretty contest. She remained erect, looking around for a sign of the one whose flower-shower had led to the discovery of so bounteous harvest. Where could the donor, the proprietor belike of this rich flower bed, be hiding? She could only see a little white lamb nibbling the tender herbage at the foot of a solitary olive tree.

All at once she burst into a laugh, as sweet as had been her singing. Her companions turned.

"Look, girls! No, not down there. Here, up here in this olive tree. Descend, my spirit of spring! Descend, that we may thank you for your offering. Oh, what a funny spirit!"

On one of the higher branches of the little tree, a sturdy urchin had been seeking to screen himself behind the silvery-green foliage. His bare, brown legs, hanging farther down than he thought, had betrayed him to Nelkah; but now, agile as a cat, he clambered farther up. It seemed as if the slender branches on which at last he rested would break beneath his weight.

"Come, come, child!" Nelkah spoke imperiously as one accustomed to have her way. "You showered me with blossoms for my song. You would like to hear another, is it not so? Well, come then, and I'll sing to you again. If you are stubborn, I'll—" She did not finish the threat, but looked upward smiling.

The boy appeared not to hear. Suddenly, however, just as Nelkah, with a stamp of her foot, was turning away, he dropped from branch to branch and to the ground, picked up the little lamb, and stood against the tree-trunk, his face crimson and his eyes down-cast.

Not a very attractive little figure, certainly. The nude chest

and limbs were rather mud than flesh-colored, and his hands and face, much freckled, were grimy as though they had lacked washing for many days. The dark locks, long and abundant, were unpardonably disheveled, and the short kirtle of goat-skin was matted with burs and long dry grasses. His features were unbeautiful, being sharp and pinched. Not until he raised his eyes—large grey eyes with mournful shyness in their depths—did Nelkah, who had been gazing at him with good-humoured contemptuousness, regard him with somewhat of favor.

"You claim your reward, then? Well, child, to judge from your look, a sad song would suit you better than a merry. Or shall it be joyous and chase away that old look from your face? Come, say which it shall be: sad or merry?"

He put one dirty arm across his eyes as if he hoped thereby to become invisible. His voice was surprisingly sweet as he answered, stammering: "Oh, sing the song you sang down yonder. There cannot be anything in the world as beautiful as that song."

"Why, child,—nothing as beautiful as that? Have you then never heard the choristers chanting in the Temple, or the maidens singing in the night of the New Moon? No? Are you a stranger in Judah? Not that, either? Why, where then have you been living all these years and not heard our minstrelsy?"

She followed his indicating finger to the northwestward. A stone hut, embowered in vines, nestled some distance away against a bald, cavernous hillock. To its farther side yawned an ugly, stone-filled rift.

"Ugh! There? By the 'Place of Stoning'? What a site for a dwelling! No wonder you have made your garden elsewhere; and a beautiful one it is with its broad rows of blossoms. Who taught you to—? Well, well, you need entreat no more with those mournful eyes. I'll sing. And I'll show you that there are melodies more beautiful than my simple spring song."

She sank down on the soft grass. Her companions, still laughing and chatting, had ceased their gathering and were twining wreaths and garlands. Their merriment ceased the moment Nelkah's glorious voice filled the air with music. Every word she sang was clear as the tinkle of a bell, every note a pearl in the chain of mournful melody.

"He is slain in the wars, my Beloved, my Beloved.
O starlight, you've stolen his glance!
He lies 'neath the turf, my Beloved, my Beloved.
O nightwind, you've stolen his voice!

O star eyes, you look down with longing and love,
 O zephyrs, you whisper of joy.
 The love it is dead. You are lying, bright stars.
 The joy it has perished, false wind.

"He is slain in the wars, my Beloved, my Beloved.
 O blossoms, you spring from his blood!
 He is slain in the wars, my Beloved, my Beloved.
 O dew-drops, you weep, weep with me!
 O blossoms, crushed under the fury of storms,
 You're symbols of what is my fate.
 O dew-drops that mourn throughout the long night,
 You must die in the sunlight like me!"

"Why, child, I do believe you are weeping!"

Nelkah, silent as all the others for some few seconds after she had ceased singing, turned her face to the lad and was surprised to see tears falling down his grimy little cheeks. "Does melody affect you so always? Oh, I forgot, you are a heathen to music. Or can you sing?"

"No, but I think I could if only I might hear you often. Oh, I long to sing! I long to listen again! I do not know what it is within me, this longing and this joy!" The child looked at her appealingly. "I never felt so before."

Young and wilful as she was, Nelkah recognized in the boy a spirit kindred to her own in its passionate love of music. "I think I could tell you what it is," she began, softly. "Listen, boy—but what is your name?"

"Tola, lady."

"Tola? A pretty name. Well, Tola, if you will come here to-morrow (but with hands and face clean, mind, and with those tangled locks more orderly), I will come with my harp, and—"

"Nelkah! Nelkah!"

A deep voice from the copse below had interrupted her.

"Your father, Nelkah," called one of the smaller girls who had run to the edge of the mound at the call. "He has come with two slaves to fetch you home in a litter. How fortunate! We can pile your seat with our beautiful garlands and keep them fresh for the 'Holy Place.' Here we are, my lord Joshua," she called again, scrambling down the furzy slope. "Oh, you should see the paradise of blossoms found up there! Such ropes of flowers as we'll bring to the Temple today!"

She had been addressing a man of about forty, whose embroidered blue turban and girdle, and whose blue-bordered tunic proclaimed him one of the higher priests of the sanctuary. A man of

a stern and impatient aspect; keen, flashing black eyes, lips full even in their compression, a furrowed forehead, and a bearing all pride and self-confidence.

"Where is Nelkah?" he asked the girl with some asperity. "Has she dared to climb that thorny mound? How did she expect to get down again, weak as she still is?"

"O, my lord Joshua, she has found a cavalier who will only too willingly assist her," the girl answered mischievously. "A youth who listens spell-bound to her singing and who would"—

"A youth!" The priest glared at her savagely, but the girl only giggled, and exchanged humorous glances with two of her companions who, garland-laden, were descending the slope, and who knowing well Joshua's jealousy of his only child's affection, fathomed his wrath and enjoyed it greatly.

"Oh! I must see his face when he discovers who his darling's cavalier is," exclaimed one of them, flinging her odorous burden to the others. And forthwith she climbed back to the summit.

She saw the priest by Nelkah's side, anger changed to perplexity—"A child that has never been to the Temple, not even during the feast of the New Moon and the Passover, and who yet so greatly cares for music!" he was saying. "Have your parents lived here always, boy?"

"My father is dead," the child answered, shyly. "But we, mother and I, have lived here always."

"Yes, father, and in such a place of all places; you must take him away from his horrible home. Ugh! It makes me shudder only to think of sleeping o' nights in so dismal a spot. I seem to hear the groans and cries of the dying wretches even from here. While, there, so close—" A tremor completed the sentence.

"Where then does he dwell?" asked Joshua, more mystified than before.

"Yonder, father, yonder where last year those two wretched assassins were stoned to death by our people. Where only two months ago, ere I was ill, that beautiful young Egyptian sorceress who had charmed the king's son, found her awful end. Look, is it not a hateful spot?"

Joshua's face had become livid. A look of such ferocity darted from his eyes upon the affrighted Tola that even Nelkah felt herself paling. "Out of my sight!" he cried savagely, seizing the boy roughly by the shoulder. "How dared you, an outcast, an abomination in Judah, approach so near to the daughter of a priest?—Did he touch you, Nelkah? Are those flowers his? Throw them from

you! Hence, all of you!" Three frightened girls had been watching the scene near enough to hear every one of the violent words. "Every flower, throw it away! Ah; that no harm come to you because of this, daughter."

"Why, father, what can you mean?" Nelkah had recovered herself and approached Joshua with an air of impatient deprecation. "See how you are hurting the child. Look at his eyes. Are they the eyes of one evil? Poor boy, how pitiful! What can you have done?"

She strove to unclasp the priests' powerful hand from the thin shoulder. In so doing her delicate white fingers touched Tola's brown skin.

"Nelkah, are you mad? There is pollution in his touch! 'Tis the son of a sorcerer, this unclean knave, and one himself accursed. He has bewitched you already. Begone! What?" as she did not obey, "do you wish to be thrown again upon a bed of sickness? Shall I lose you indeed, whom I came so near losing last month? Away!" He flung the child passionately from him, encircled Nelkah with his strong right arm, and bore her forcibly down the steep incline.

II.

WHY?

Tola was at first too affrighted and bewildered to more than gaze, wild eyed after the retreating figures. He stood for some moments as motionless as a statue. But with the last flutter of Nelkah's gown in the shrubbery below, bewilderment was absorbed in an upwelling of bitter sorrow. The heaviness as of bereavement oppressed his young heart strangely. The vista of joys which the young girl's invitation to meet him on the morrow had so briefly unfolded, the awakening by her singing of a new, intense, almost painful delight, the sense of her sympathetic presence, were all suddenly effaced by a feeling of utter isolation more humiliating than he had ever experienced in his lonely young life. True, many a time before he had felt the tears start when, meeting children on the high-road, they had evaded him as though he were a contaminating leper. Once only he had had a real companion, had known the delights of friendship for two whole days. But when on the third, he had wandered to the house of his friend (a young shepherd boy living below Rekem) and had been questioned by the lad's mother as to his name and abode, a look of rage and terror like Joshua's had flashed from the woman's eyes, and he had been driven

forth with curses like those that now rankled in his heart. Why was this? Why were he and his mother—his sad, silent, beautiful mother, whose strangeness of aspect, and wild, gleaming eyes made even him shudder at times,—why were they shunned by all?

A sorcerer's son? Alas! he had never known his father, never known what was his father's fate. His mother's look when years before he had childishly put the question as to how his father had died, had chilled him to the heart. He had never ventured to repeat it. And what did Nelkah mean when she said he abode in so wretched a spot, "The Place of Stoning?" *The Place of Stoning!* What was that?

Two incidents of the past flashed across his memory at the self-questioning, explaining her meaning and causing him to shudder with sudden horror. The first had occurred almost four years ago, when he was a rather happy child of eight, content to play about his little home, tending the few herbs and flower patches on the plot of ground before their door-step, romping with the old goat and her kids, or chasing butterflies, or making caverns in the soft ground with an old broken spear he had found in some shrubbery near the lane. Occupied with this latter treasure one sunny noon while his mother was standing just within the doorway watching him with one of her rare smiles and talking to him with more of animation than was her wont, he had been interrupted in his play by the sound of distant shouts and yells. As the shrill outcries came nearer he turned to ask his mother their meaning. He had barely been shocked into silence by her ghastly and distorted features, when she seized him as though he were a babe, carried him into their little chamber, closed the rickety door, and throwing an old blanket over both their heads, sat huddled with him in her lap for over an hour; trembling, sobbing, moaning; while from without, fiercer and wilder and nearer had been heard the shout: "Stone him! Stone him, the slayer of his brother! Stone him, the accursed of the Lord!" What followed was too vague for remembrance. He only recalled that for days thereafter, the strange light that so often affrighted him, gleamed more brightly in his mother's eyes, and that her attacks of morbid melancholy, too, were become more sustained.

The second event was more recent, more vivid. It occurred on a cold day in the month of Shebat, only eight weeks before the Passover Feast. He had wandered at early morn to the high-road half a mile to the east of his home. He had been very happy that morning, for by his side limped a little snow-white lamb found

a few days before almost dead, near one of the caverns of the hillock that overhung their hut. He had nursed the tiny creature back to health, and though it was permanently maimed (one of its hind legs having been badly crushed and broken in some encounter), it had been his greatest joy. Its companionship was almost human. He read devotion in its soft eyes, and that, in his solitary, almost empty life, was as the finding of a well to the thirster in the wilderness. He was making his way toward his favorite spot (the little mound where Nelkah had discovered him), when he saw a motley crowd issuing from the city's central gate; men and women, evidently in great excitement, and whose voices, in broken shouts, were audible even at a great distance. True to years of instinctive shrinking from hostile fellow-creatures, he had snatched up his little pet and hidden himself behind a clump of thistles. The outcries became louder and shriller. Soon they became distinguishable. Curses and threats were what he heard, and oftenest repeated were the well-remembered words: "Stone her! Stone her! Accursed witch, stone her!"

In spite of his fear and shrinking, a natural curiosity had urged him some steps out of his hiding place, and he had beheld in front of the enraged, fiercely inveighing swarm, one unforgettable form, so pitiful, so fair, so instinct with terror, that her image would surely not fade from his mind while memory endured. A girl of about eighteen, clad in a garb he had never seen before, with a strange, foreign beauty of which even intensest fear could not rob her. Missiles: mud, sticks, dried thistles, and rocks were hurled at her. A few yards away Tola saw her stagger and fall, saw her beaten and dragged, up the highway; and then, filled with a choking pity and grief, he had been unable to look further, but had buried his face in the lamb's fleece and sobbed: "Oh! what are they going to do to the poor creature? What are they going to do?"

Now he understood. *The Place of Stoning!* Nelkah's words: "Where only two months ago that beautiful young Egyptian sorceress found her end", rang in his ears. Oh! God; yes, he understood. Hard by his home, in the ugly rift on the hillock's further side, that fair, pitiable woman had been stoned to death! Like the other, that fratricide whom he had never seen, like—Oh, God! yes, that accounted for his mother's wild look, her ceaseless brooding; that accounted for their being shunned by old and young—in that rift his own father, whom they called a sorcerer, had met a horrible end.

Sorcerer? What was that? What had his father, what had

that beautiful Egyptian done to be reviled even in death? Not a child in Jerusalem that could speak at all but would have been able to answer the question which this unhappy, isolated, ignorant lad was now asking himself.

Shallum, Tola's father, had been one of those half-despised, half-venerated soothsayers and necromancers who, prior to the pious King Josiah's reforms, abounded in Judah. They were consulted as oracles, employed as mediators between the dead and the living; they catered, in short, to every superstitious instinct of a credulous people. Tola's mother had been a Moabite slave-girl, the property of the high-priest Hilkiah, but freed on the day that her master's daughter, Abigail, married the young priest Joshua. Vashni (Tola's mother) accompanied Abigail to her new home. Two years later, in spite of the latter's entreaties, the beautiful Moabite girl married Shallum, of whom she had become passionately enamoured. The marriage took place at a time when, owing to King Josiah's recent religious reforms, all soothsaying was being denounced as accursed, and both they who practiced the "black art" and they who sought its aid were threatened with extremest penalties. Not many months after, the Mosaic law began to be enforced to the letter. Soothsayers were condemned to death. The calling, from being lucrative and semi-honorable, was now attended with danger and penury, nor could those heretofore engaged in it find other employment on account of the dread of their supposed evil powers. But for Abigail's secret aid to her former favorite, Shallum and Vashni would have been reduced to beggary.

Like all Israelite women, Abigail longed for a son. But for four years, Nelkah, her first born, was her only child. At the end of the third year, the priest's wife had been urged by Vashni (whose faith in her husband's powers were equal to her love for him) to consult the young soothsayer. Her visit and that of another (an old soldier who had come to purchase an ointment for his leprous son) were discovered. Joshua, who with his father-in-law, the high-priest Hilkiah, was among the most fanatic in zeal for the new laws, had the unfortunate Shallum ejected from the city and warned him that a continuance of his secret practices would be visited with death. Almost a year after, a pestilence broke out among the cattle of a herdsman with whom Shallum had quarrelled the week previously. The man accused the soothsayer of casting spells upon him and his beasts. The poor fellow was pronounced guilty and condemned to death.

Frantic with grief, Vashni, then mother of a babe but a week

old, fled to her former mistress's home; but Abigail, whose intercession she hoped for, could not be seen. A little son had just been born to her. Joshua, at whose feet Vashni knelt in an agony, spurned the beautiful suppliant. He had her, faint with terror and weakness, dragged to the spot where her husband was just being assailed by an angry horde.

Those whose hearts had been touched by Vashni's suffering, looked upon Abigail's death the next day and that of her infant son only two days after, as a retribution for Joshua's hardness of heart. The priest himself, however, saw in his bereavement only a fulfillment of Shallum's curse. He came to regard Vashni herself as an accessory cause and grew to hate and fear her. The poor young woman, whom grief had literally crazed, had indeed been seen hovering around the priest's house during the night before Abigail's funeral, the night of the babe's death.

Vashni's insane desire to dwell near the scene of her husband's execution, the madness that at times flashed in her eyes, her fear-some withdrawal from the few who would have befriended her in her distress, and above all, her frequent nightly visits to "the Place of Stoning," whence her moans and sobs were heard by chance wayfarers, caused her soon to be shunned as a witch.

Of all this, Tola knew nothing. As he sobbed with head pressed against the little ewe lamb that had limped up to him, he was oppressed only by an indefinite kind of misery, stronger perhaps, because of its indefiniteness. He was, however, too accustomed to obloquy to remain long in this state of extreme dejection. By and by, he ceased sobbing, looked sorrowfully at the half dismantled rows of his pretty spring blossoms, looked more sadly still at the scattered wreaths and garlands, and sighing deeply, rose from under the olive tree to efface as far as possible, the traces of his late adventure. He worked very patiently, yet all the while he kept reiterating to himself: "Sorcerer? What is that? Why were they so afraid of me? Even *she* was afraid. I saw it in her last sad look. O why? Why?"

The pretty beds soon presented an orderly aspect, but in the disordered little mind, the shame and the mystery were not yet wholly put away. Long he sat on the mound brooding.

Just before noon, shrill trumpet-blasts sounded from Moriah. Tola gazed thither. O, that glad world of men and women, boys and girls! Why was it shut out to him? Anon, crowds came streaming out of the northern gate nearest the Temple, and each one of those distant figures seemed the especial object of the boy's

envy. A bitter longing to be one of them made him sob aloud once more. The little lamb snuggled closer to the child as if essaying to give him comfort. He pressed the pretty animal close. "O, Dodi (dear one), Dodi, if you could help me, you would. Yes," as the wistful eyes reflected his own yearning; "I know you would, poor little beast. But what can you do, Dodi? What can you do?"

A sympathetic bleat was his response.

Tola started. It was as if this bleat had spoken the solution to his trouble. He stared at the lamb and his expression became suddenly luminous. The sharp little features became softer, and in spite of dirt and freckles, wonderfully attractive. "Dodi," he whispered, "I know now. How strange that I never thought of it before. There in that beautiful Temple—look, yonder shines its highest white tower; we can see it from here, it is so high and gleaming—there where all those who despise me go to sing and rejoice, there dwells a god who could help me. He is very good to those who visit him with gifts; they are all happy; none are lonely and despised like me. O, Dodi, I think if I were to bring him something he desires very much, he would help me too. And I know what he desires most of all, that strange, great god. It is the blood of a little lamb. I have seen the herdsmen take their best and carry it to him. O my poor Dodi, you, too, saw the snow-white lambs with garlands about their heads; you saw the beautiful rams with the gilded horns only this morning, and don't you remember, I told you they would be taken to the god and that you were happier than they with all their beauty, for you might live and they had to die? O my Dodi, and now you too must die! And would you really be willing? Really? And ought I to do it?" He clasped the little creature convulsively.

The sudden intuition, the longing to be freed from the burden of obloquy resting upon him, proved stronger than his affection for his pet. After a few moments of struggle, he had resolved not only to offer up the lamb, but what would be almost as difficult for one so fearsome of human contact as he, to brave the contemptuous glances and the reviling words of those whom he might meet. The goal he hoped to attain was worth the sacrifice and the encounter.

"Only we must not appear before that great god as we are, Dodi," he said as he descended the mound. "The lady whose singing is as the voice of the stars, told me not to come grimy to her. Surely, then, the great god would not look kindly upon us unless we were clean. You will not like the cold bath, my Dodi; but it must be."

He walked rapidly beyond the copses toward his home, and down into a gully where in this rainy season, bubbled a little well. With the patience of a woman, he first pulled all the briars and burs from his goat-skin kirtle, then stepped into the spring and washed vigorously from head to foot. He emerged dripping and really almost clean. The lamb was less patient under the ordeal. It bleated pitifully, and all the caressing words lavished upon it by its young master were unavailing to soothe it. But soon, sitting in Tola's lap and drying in the warm afternoon sun, it looked up gratefully into the boy's face. How altered that face by hope and by cleanliness. It was almost pretty, framed in the glistening, dishevelled curls.

Tola looked toward Jerusalem's battlements, endeavoring to summon up courage and proceed to the city. The streaming of people out of the gates had by this time ceased. Only isolated groups emerged from beneath the huge archways into the high-road and thence dispersed into by-paths to right and left. Tola would have encountered but comparatively few at this early afternoon hour, but his heart beat violently even at thought of meeting those few. "I cannot, Dodi; not yet. What if they were to drive me away? O, I would never dare try again. I must wait. We will wait. Till evening, Dodi. Yet, this evening when all is dark—perhaps there will not even be moonlight. No, there will be no moonlight. There was none last night. Dodi, that is it. We will wait until tonight, when all are asleep, when even the great god is asleep and will not know of our coming until morning. Then he will see us both in his Temple, and then—O Dodi, I am sure of it, he will be kind. He will make the people understand. They will see what I have done and they will smile. And you—O, Dodi! ought I? Ought I, really?" But even as he spoke, he knew that the animal nestling so confidingly in his arms, would be dead that night. "Yes, we will wait until evening, Dodi."

He walked slowly in the direction of his home. He had not given a thought to his mother's distress if he were not home by sundown. Had he gone to the Temple, his return might have been delayed until after nightfall. He had always had liberty to roam from morning until eve; but on the two or three occasions when dusk had found him still absent, the anxiety his mother had suffered had made her ill for days after. He had never been so certain of her love as on those occasions of her fear for his safety. She was so taciturn, so almost indifferent when he played about the house; and only at times when after a day's absence he would come back,

did he see lovelight replace the strange, often wild, glare in her eyes, did he feel her caressing touch and hear words of tenderness.

It was so this afternoon. Before the door, he saw her tall, slim figure, with its long, straight black hair-masses falling almost to her knees, her slender brown hand shading her eyes. He saw the light of joy flash upon him, as she ran toward him, crying: "Have you come, Tola? O, my boy! my boy! I thought some harm had befallen you." And she clasped him close.

"But how fresh you are, my Tola! And your hair, it is like— O, Abigail, my sweet mistress!"

In her disordered mind the sight of him so fresh and clean was associated somehow with the days when she, a fair, indulged slave-girl, had shared with her mistress, the luxury of the household bath. Tola and no one else could have understood the connection. But the boy was too accustomed to his poor, mad mother's irrelevancies to heed the strange name. He heeded only the caress and her evident gladness, and was grateful that he had not distressed her by prolonged absence. O yes, it was well indeed that he had concluded to wait until evening.

THE HISTORY AND SIGNIFICANCE OF THE ROSETTA STONE.

BY THE EDITOR.

ONE of the most famous pieces of the British Museum is the Rosetta Stone which faces the entrance and is the first object of importance which greets the visitor. It is famous all over the world; yet its history and significance are little known and a comprehensive work on it has been written only now by Professor E. A. Wallis Budge, Keeper of the Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities in the British Museum. The book contains everything that is connected with the history of the stone, publishes a facsimile of the text, translations of the hieroglyphic, demotic, and Greek versions in Latin, French and English; it contains the history of its decipherment and adds also the texts and translations of some kindred documents, all of which have contributed their share to the explanation of the ancient Egyptian inscriptions, language and literature. The literature of the Rosetta Stone has become quite considerable and in the present work of Budge nothing is overlooked or neglected. "The Hieroglyphic text of the Rosetta Stone is given (with additions from the Stele of Damanhūr) in hieroglyphic type, together with interlinear transliteration and translation, and a running translation. The demotic text will be found in facsimile on the large plate which has been especially prepared for this work, and an English rendering, with a transliteration, will be found in the second volume. The Greek text is given, both in 'inscription type' and in transcript, the latter being arranged with a page for page English translation. At the end of each of these sections will be found reprints of all the principal translations of the inscriptions of the Rosetta Stone in English, French, German, Latin, etc., which were made between 1802 and 1901; they illustrate the history and progress of Egyptian decipherment, and the reader will find them useful for purposes of comparison."

As to the claims of Young and Champollion, Professor Budge formerly embraced the cause of the latter and following the traditional opinion of former Egyptologists spoke of Young's labors as "beneath contempt," but he was converted by John Leitch's book, *Life and Works of Thomas Young*, so he felt that he should make amends for his former mistake. He did so in a former book of his which appeared under the title *The Mummy*, and he says in the preface of the present book:

"I tried to right the wrong by describing at some length the work which both Young and Champollion had done, and by proving that Young was indeed the first to discover the order in which the hieroglyphics were to be read, and also the first to assign correct values to several of the alphabetic characters in the names of Ptolemy and Berenice, some three or four years before Champollion published the pamphlet which caused him to be considered, in some quarters, the veritable discoverer of Egyptian hieroglyphic decipherment."

Young's priority as to several most important discoveries in the decipherment of hieroglyphics must be conceded, although every Egyptologist will admit that in the consciousness of his success Young "went too fast" and with an insufficient supply of facts made many rash guesses and mistakes, but without the key furnished by Young, Champollion could not have accomplished the work he did, and he in turn was followed by Birch, Lepsius and other more modern scholars.

Professor Budge tells us of the discovery of the Rosetta Stone, incorporating as appendices the letter of Major-General Henry Turner and Mathew Rapes' account. He republishes the oldest descriptions of the stone and explains the oldest methods of decipherment, together with the several versions of its first decipherers. He allows us an insight into Young's methods of analysis and also into the labors of Champollion.

It is well known that names have given the first clue to the decipherment of the Egyptian alphabet, among them the names of Ptolemy, Berenice and Cleopatra. The latter name, however, does not occur in the Rosetta Stone as is frequently assumed, but in an obelisk discovered by Major J. W. Bankes at Philae, and so Professor Budge adds a chapter on this famous obelisk with transcriptions and translations of both the Greek and Egyptian texts.

The Rosetta Stone is broken on some of its corners, but "the ends of the twenty-six lines of the Greek version were admirably restored by the eminent philologist Porson, very soon after the discovery of the stone, and the fact that his restorations have been accepted

by scholars generally is an eloquent testimony to their correctness. Thus we may conclude that we know the contents of the Decree both in its Egyptian forms and in its Greek rendering."

The contents of the stone is a decree of the Egyptian priesthood which records the generosity of "Ptolemy, the ever-living, beloved of Ptah." It speaks of his beneficence to the whole country Tamermt (Egypt). It promises the remission of taxes to the soldiers and the priests. It contains an amnesty for prisoners and a release of punishment. It extends the privilege to boatmen not to be pressed into service in the navy. It restores the property of those who during the revolution which had just taken place fought against the government, on condition that they would return and cease being ill disposed. It describes the capture of the town Shekam by King Ptolemy, and makes endowments to temples, shrines and chapels. In grateful remembrance of this generosity the priesthood promises that his name shall henceforth be "the saviour of Egypt" and the statue of the king shall be set up side by side with the statue of the Lord (probably of the gods) and this decree shall be written upon a stele of hard stone "in the writing of the words of the gods, in the writing of the books, and in the writing of *Hani-Nebui*, i. e., Greek, and shall be set up in the sanctuaries of the temples of his name."

In the third volume of this work it has been thought advisable to give the texts, with translations, from the Stele of Canopus, because the decree of the priests, which is inscribed upon it in the hieroglyphic, Greek and demotic characters, has a great deal in common with the decree of the priests of Memphis which is inscribed on the Rosetta Stone. The texts on one monument help to explain those on the other, the phraseology is in many cases identical, and taken together the two documents, between the promulgation of which there is an interval of rather more than forty years, supply information concerning the relations which existed between the priests and Ptolemy III. and Ptolemy V., and the development of sacerdotal power, which cannot be obtained from any other source. The two large plates, which have been specially prepared for the third volume, illustrate the palaeography of the Stele of Canopus, and the vocabulary which has been added will enable the reader to compare the words common to the two texts.

These three volumes have been incorporated in the series of the books on Egypt and Chaldea. They are indispensable to the Egyptologist and at the same time of interest to all those who take an interest in things oriental and the history of the sciences.

PAGAN CHRISTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

JOHN M. ROBERTSON has written a book with the attractive title *Pagan Christs*,* in which he deals with one of the burning questions of comparative religion, the origin and history of the God-man, the incarnate deity that sacrifices itself, accomplishing an atonement for sin through the highest offer imaginable, the blood of a dying God.

Mr. Robertson discusses: the naturalness of all belief; the idea of the taboo as a significant stage in the development of religion, magic and also magic in the Old Testament, for Elijah figures as a magician; the interweaving of cosmology and ethics into religion, ancestor worship, and kindred subjects.

An analysis of the report of the crucifixion of Jesus and a comparison with anthropological reports concerning the sacrifice of deified victims, especially among the Khonds, the ancient Mexicans, and other nations, leads our author to the following conclusions:

"On what data, then, did the different evangelists proceed? What had they under notice? Not an original narrative: their dissidence is almost complete. Not a known official practice in Roman crucifixions; for the third Gospel treats as an act of mockery what the first and second do not so regard; and the fourth describes the act of limb-breaking as done to meet a Jewish demand, which in the synoptic narrative could not arise. Mere breaking of the legs, besides, would be at once a laborious and an inadequate way of making sure that the victims were dead; the spear-thrust would be the natural and sufficient act; yet only one victim is speared. Only one hypothesis will meet the whole case. The different narratives testify to the existence of a *ritual or rituals* of crucifixion or quasi-

* Published by Watts & Co., London, 1903. Pp. xviii, 441. Price, 8s. 6d. net. It is the intention of this sketch to present some of the salient and most interesting features of Mr. Robertson's book, not to criticise him or to point out those of his propositions where we believe that he has gone astray.

crucifixion, in variance of which there had figured the two procedures of breaking the legs of the victim and giving him a narcotic. Of these procedures neither is understood by the evangelists, though by some of them the latter is partly comprehended; and they accordingly proceed to turn both, in different fashions, to dogmatic account. Their conflict is thus insoluble, and their testimony alike unhistorical. But we find the psychological clue in the hypothesis of a known ritual of a crucified Savior-God, who had for universally-recognised reasons to appear to suffer as a willing victim. Being crucified—that is, hung by the hands or wrists to a tree or post, and supported not by his feet but by a bar between his thighs—he would tend to struggle (unlike the Khoud victim, whose arms were free) chiefly with his legs; and if he were to be prevented from struggling, it would have to be either by breaking the legs or stupefying him with a drug. The Khonds, we have seen, used anciently the former horrible method, but learned to use the latter also. Finally, the detail of the spear-thrust in the side, bestowed only on the ostensibly divine victim, suggests that in some ritual that may have been the mode of ceremonial slaying. We have but to recognise that among some of the more civilised peoples of the Mediterranean similar processes had been sometimes gone through about two thousand years ago, and we have the conditions which may account for the varying Gospel narratives.”

The Eucharist of the God-eating is a ceremony which is by no means limited to Christianity. Mr. Robertson says:

“That there was a weekly eucharist among the Mithracists is practically certain: the Fathers who mention the Mithraic bread-and-wine or bread-and-water sacrament never speak of it as less frequent than the Christian; and the Pauline allusion to the ‘table of daimons,’ with its ‘cup’ implies that was as habitual as the Christian rite, which was certainly solemnized weekly in the early Church. And this weekly rite, again, is not originally Mithraic, but one of the ancient Asiatic usages which could reach the Jews either by way of Babylon or before the Captivity.”

“That there were both orthodox and heterodox forms of a quasi-Mithraic bread-and-wine ritual among the Jews is to be gathered even from the sacred books. In the legend of the Exodus, Aaron and the elders of Israel ‘eat bread with Moses’ father-in-law before God’—that is, twelve elders and the Anointed One eat a bread sacrifice with a presumptive ancient deity, Moses himself being such. And wine would not be wanting. In the so-called Song of Moses, which repudiates a hostile God, ‘their Rock in which

they trusted, which did eat the fat of their sacrifices, and drank the wine of their drink-offering, Yahweh also is called 'our rock'; and in an obscure passage *his* wine seems to be extolled. Even if the Rock in such allusions were originally the actual tombstone or altar on which sacrifices were laid and libations poured, there would be no difficulty about making it unto a God *with* whom the worshipper ate and drank; and such an adaptation was as natural for Semites as for Aryans.

"But there are clearer clues. Of the legend of Melchizedek, who gave to Abraham a sacramental meal of bread and wine, and who was 'King of Peace' and 'priest of El Elyon,' we know that it was a subject of both canonical and extra-canonical tradition. He was fabled to have been 'without father, without mother, without genealogy, having neither beginning of days nor end of life, but made like unto the Son of God.' As the name meant King of Righteousness, and El Elyon was a Phœnician deity, the legend that Abraham paid him tithes tells simply of one more extra-Yahwistic cult among the Israelites; and the description cited must originally have applied to the Most High God himself. 'Self-made' was a title of the Sun-Gods, and King of Righteousness a title of many Gods (not to mention Buddha) as well as of Yahweh and Jesus. It is vain to ask whether the bread-and-wine ritual was connected directly with the solar worship, or with that of a King of Peace who stood for the moon, or both moon and sun; but it suffices that an extra-Israelitish myth connected with such a ritual was cherished among the dispersed Jews of the Hellenistic period. And the use made of the story of Melchizedek by Justin Martyr and Tertullian, as proving that a man could be a priest of the true God without being circumcised or observing the Jewish law, would certainly be made of it by earlier Jews of the more cosmopolitan sort.

"Further, the denunciations of the prophets against the drink-offerings to other Gods did not veto a eucharist eaten and drunk in the name of Yahweh. Those denunciations to start with are a proof of the commonness of eucharists among the Jews about the exilic period. Jeremiah tells of a usage, specially popular with women, of incense-burnings and drink-offerings to the Queen of Heaven. This, as a nocturnal rite, would be a 'Holy Supper.' And in the last chapters of the Deutero-Isaiah we have first a combined charge of child-sacrifice and of unlawful drink-offerings against the polytheistic Israelites, and again a denunciation of those who 'prepare a table for Gad, and that fill up mingled wine unto Meni.' Now, Meni, translated 'Destiny,' is in all likelihood simply Men the Asiat-

ic Moon-God, who is virtually identified with Selene-Mene the Moon-Goddess in the Orphic Hymns, and like her was held to be twy-sexed. In that case Meni is only another aspect of the Queen of Heaven, the wine-eucharist being, as before remarked, a lunar rite. Whether or not this Deus Lunus was then, as later, identified with Mithra, we cannot divine. It suffices that the sacrament in question was extremely widespread."

Similar parallels as those concerning the Eucharist can be traced between the Gospel accounts of the miracles of Jesus and other saviors, not only Mithras and the demigods of mythology, but also to an historical personality, Apollonius of Tyana, whose life as told by Philostratus has been embellished with many legends. Mr. Robertson says:

"A close comparison of the story of the raising of Jarius' daughter with the story in Philostratus, to which it is so closely parallel, gives rather reason to believe that the Gospels copied the pagan narrative, the Gospel story being left unmentioned by Arnobius and Lactantius in lists in which they ought to have given it had they known and accepted it. The story, however, was probably told of other thaumaturgs before Apollonius; and in regard to the series of often strained parallels drawn by Baur, as by Huet, it may confidently be said that, instead of their exhibiting any calculated attempt to outdo or cap the Gospel narratives, they stand for the general taste of the time in thaumaturgy. Apollonius, like Jesus, casts out devils and heals the sick; and if the *Life* were a parody of the Gospel we should expect Him to give sight to the blind. This, however, is not the case; and on the other hand, the Gospel story of the healing of two blind men is certainly a duplicate of a pagan record."

The religious cannibalism of the ancient Mexicans is well known from the history of the conquest of the country by Cortez. Mr. Robertson having mentioned the awful festivals that were celebrated with these most inhuman rites of human sacrifice adds:

"The recital of these facts may lead some to conclude that the Mexican priesthood must have been the most atrocious multitude of miscreants the world ever saw. But that would be a complete misconception: they were as conscientious a priesthood as history bears record of. The strangest thing of all is that their frightful system of sacrifice was bound up not only with a strict and ascetic sexual morality, but with an emphatic humanitarian doctrine. If asceticism be virtue, they cultivated virtue zealously. There was a Mexican Goddess of Love, and there was, of course, plenty of vice; but nowhere could men win a higher reputation for sanctity by living in

celibacy. Their saints were numerous. They had nearly all the formulas of Christian morality, so-called. The priests themselves mostly lived in strict celibacy; and they educated children with the greatest vigilance in their temple schools and higher colleges. They taught the people to be peaceful; to bear injuries with meekness; to rely on God's mercy and not on their own merits; they taught, like Jesus and the Pagans, that adultery could be committed by the eyes and the heart; and above all they exhorted men to feed the poor. The public hospitals were carefully attended to, at a time when some Christian countries had none. They had the practice of confession and absolution; and in the regular exhortation of the confessor there was this formula: 'Clothe the naked and feed the hungry, whatever privation it may cost thee; for remember, their flesh is like thine, and they are men like thee; cherish the sick for they are the image of God.' And in that very same exhortation there was further urged on the penitent the special duty of instantly *procuring a slave for sacrifice to the deity.*

"Such phenomena carry far the challenge to conventional sociology. These men, judged by religious standards, compare closely with our European typical priesthood. They doubtless had the same temperamental qualities: a strong irrational sense of duty; a hysterical habit of mind; a certain spirit of self-sacrifice; at times a passion for asceticism; and a feeling that sensuous indulgence was revolting. Devoid of moral *science*, they had plenty of the blind instinct to do right. They devoutly did what their religion told them; even as Catholic priests have devoutly served the Inquisition. This is one of the central sociological lessons of our subject."

Now it seems that the barbarous practices of sacrifice and the infliction of suffering should have become extinct in civilised countries, but wherever the ancient sentiment continues the same tendencies prevail, and will lead to the performance of similar cruel ceremonies. Thus, even in the United States, some religious performances of this type have been continued in defiance of the authorities that are trying to suppress them. The sun dance in the Indian reservations has been abolished only during the latter third of the 19th century; but even among Christians, the native inhabitants of New Mexico, even in recent times a repetition of the Passion Play has been performed which in the cruelty of its performance is paralleled only in the dim past of pagan savagry. Mr. Robertson quotes the following account of the New Mexico Passion Play from an American paper, dated Santa Fe, N. M.:

"Among the Americans who flock once in ten years to see the

Passion Play at Oberammergau, there are few who know of the more realistic performance given yearly by the Penitentes of New Mexico. This performance was first adequately described by Adolphe Bandelier in a report issued by the Smithsonian Institution about ten years ago.

"The full title of the Penitentes is Los Hermanos Penitentes, meaning the Penitent Brothers. The order was established in New Mexico at the time of the Spanish conquest under Coronado, about 1540. The purpose of the priests who accompanied the Spaniards was to form a society for religious zeal among the natives. They taught the natives that sin might be expiated by flagellation and other personal suffering. As time passed, the Indian and half-breed zealots sought to improve their enthusiasm by fiercer self-imposed ordeals of suffering. The idea of enacting the travail of the Master on Calvary was evolved. Hence the Passion Play of the Penitentes on each Good Friday.

"Mr. Bandelier learned from the Spanish archives that as early as 1594, a crucifixion, in which twenty-seven men were actually nailed to crosses for a half-hour, took place on Good Friday, 'after several weeks of pious mortification of the flesh with knives and cactus thorns.' The Penitentes numbered some 6,000 at the time of the American-Mexican war in 1848. The Catholic Church has long labored to abolish their practices. So have the civil authorities. Fifty years ago there were branches of the Penitentes in seventeen localities of the territory, and crucifixions took place in each of the branches. The organization has since gradually died away. Nowadays the sole remnant of the order is in the valley of the San Mateo, seventy-five miles north-east from Santa Fé. There is no railroad nearer than sixty miles.

"Some 300 Mexicans still cling to the doctrine that one's misdeeds are to be squared by physical pain during forty days of each year, finally closing with a crucifixion. Most of the Penitentes live at Taos, a very old adobe pueblo. They are sheep and cattle herders. Not one in a dozen of them can read and write in Spanish, and they have as little knowledge of English as if they lived in the heart of Mexico.

"The Penitentes keep their membership a secret nowadays. They meet in their primitive adobe council chambers (*moradas*) at night, and they conduct their flagellations and crucifixions as secretly as possible. Charles F. Lummis, of Los Angeles, Cal., was nearly shot to death by an assassin for photographing a Penitente crucifixion a few years ago. The Penitentes have several night meetings

during the year, but it is only in Lent that they are active. They have a head, the Hermano Mayor, whose mandates are strictly followed on pain of death. Adolphe Bandelier has written that up to a half century ago there were instances of disobedient and treacherous brother Penitentes having been buried alive.

"On Good Friday the Hermano Mayor names the ones who have been chosen to be the *Jesus Christ*, the *Peter*, the *Pontius Pilate*, *Mary*, the *Martha*, and so on, for the play. Notwithstanding the torture involved in the impersonation, many Penitentes are annually most desirous of being the *Christ*. The play is given on El Calvario. While the *pipero* blows a sharp air on a flute the man who is acting the part of the Savior comes forth. His only garment is a quantity of cotton sheeting or muslin that hangs flowing from his shoulders and waist. About his forehead is bound a wreath of cactus thorns. The thorns have been pressed deep into the flesh, from which tiny streams of blood trickle down his bronzed face and over his black beard. In a moment a cross of huge timbers that would break the back of many men is laid upon his shoulders. He grapples it tight, and, bending low under the crushing weight, starts on.

"On the way a path of broken stones has been made, and the most devout Penitentes walk over these with bare feet and never flinch. The counterfeit Christ is spit upon by the spectators. Little boys and girls run ahead of the chief actor that they may spit in his face and throw stones upon his bending form. When El Calvario is reached, the great clumsy cross is laid upon the ground. The actor of Christ is seized and thrown upon it. The assemblage joins in a chorus of song, while several Penitentes lash the man's hands, arms, and legs to the timbers with cords of cowhide.

"In several localities in Colorado and New Mexico it was once the practice literally to nail the hands of the acting Christ to the timbers of the cross, but the Catholic priest of this generation put a stop to that. There is no doubt that people have died from the tortures of the Passion Play. Only two years ago the Government Indian Agent in the San Rita Mountains reported several deaths among the Penitentes, because of poisoning by the cactus thorns and the lashing the men had endured. The Penitentes believe that no death is so desirable as that caused by participation in the acting of the travail of the Lord.

"After the first half hour of noise and flagellation about the cross at El Cavario the excitement dies away. The crucified man, whose arms and legs are now black under the bonds, must be suffering indescribable pain, but he only exclaims occasionally in Spanish,

'Peace, peace, peace,' while the Penitentes who have had no part in the punishment prostrate themselves silently about the cross. As the sun slowly descends behind the mountain peaks the *pipero* rises to his feet and, blowing a long, harsh air upon his flute, leads a procession of the people back to the village. Some of the leading Penitentes remain behind and lower the man from the cross. Then, following the narrative of the scenes on Calvary, his body is wrapped about with a mass of white fabric, and is carried to a dug-out cave in the hillside near at hand. In the cave the bleeding and tortured body of the chief actor is nursed to strength. If the man is of great endurance and rugged physical strength he will probably be ready to go home to his family in the evening, conscious of having made ample atonement for long years of sin, and having earned a reputation that many men in Taos have coveted."

THE VIEWS OF SHINTO REVIVAL SCHOLARS REGARDING ETHICS.

BY HARRIS LEARNER LATHAM, A. M., S. T. M.

SOME years ago Sir Earnest Satow after a painstaking investigation, prepared and later revised an essay on the "Revival of Pure Shiñ-tau." He deals with the life and teachings of a number of men, who, having studied the ancient documents of Japan, set about expounding the original religion of the Japanese people, that is, the religion which has left the oldest records. These scholars are principally Kada Adzuma-maro (1669-1736), Kamo Mabuchi (1697-1769), Motowori Norinaga (1730-1801), Hirata Atsutane (1776-1843). These men, while differing naturally in many points, yet have one great aim in common. Their influence during their lifetime was immense; their learned writings have continued to mould the thought of the succeeding generations. They turned the light from ancient days on the doings of their generation and did a large part in preparing the way for the Great Restoration of 1868.

Whether these and other scholars of similar ideas properly interpret the ancient documents or not, can be determined only by present day investigators of equal or superior attainments in Japanese lore. Whatever be the truth in the case, it remains quite evident that the Revival School challenges investigation both on account of its learning and also because of the present trend of Japanese thought attributable to its labors. Of course, Japanese minds are receiving more inspiration from Western sources than either Chinese or Japanese literature and religion or philosophy afford. But, underneath all the foreign ideas, there is the bed-rock of the Japanese mind; apart from foreign influence, it is a real entity, self-directing and self-conscious. This mind is fed every day from Japanese store-houses, and the supplies are thoroughly permeated by a strong flavor of Shintoism and Bushido.

To analyse the situation further is unnecessary in a note intro-

ductory to a number of extracts from Sir Earnest Satow's pages. The present aim is to let these venerable scholars tell us, as far as possible in their own words, what they have to say regarding ethics and ethical systems. According to Western notions, they deal strangely with the subject; Shintoism in one respect at least is the antipode of Confucianism, which is little else than a system of ethics.

These extracts are reproduced as nearly as possible with the punctuation of the learned author. In a few instances my summary of one or more sentences will be found enclosed in brackets, thus: []. At the close of the quotations, I have ventured to append a summary in the form of a few very obvious conclusions.

A CHARACTERIZATION OF CHINESE ETHICS.

[In foreign countries, particularly China, bad men dominate, and such men becoming rulers are examples to the remainder.] "In China the name *Sei-shin* ("Holy Men") has been given to these men. But it is an error to look upon these so-called Holy Men as in themselves supernatural and good beings, as superior to the rest of the world as are the gods. The principles which they established are called *michi* (ethics), and may be reduced to two simple rules, namely, to take other people's territory and to keep fast hold of it."

[The Chinese people imitating the Holy Men have gone to philosophizing and this has brought on internal dissensions.] "When things go right of themselves, it is best to leave them alone. In ancient times, although there was no prosy system of doctrine in Japan, there were no popular disturbances, and the empire was peacefully ruled. It is because the Japanese were truly moral in their practice that they required no theory of morals, and the fuss made by the Chinese about theoretical morals is owing to their laxity in practice. It is not wonderful that the students of Chinese literature should despise their own country for being without a system of morals, but that Japanese who were acquainted with their own ancient literature should have pretended that Japan also had such a system, simply out of a feeling of envy, is ridiculous."

"Wherein lies the value of a rule of conduct? In its conducting to the good order of the state." [China has been the scene of endless collision and parricide concerning the dynasties; Japan has been free from all this, remaining true to one dynasty.] "A philosophy which produced such effects must be founded on a false system."

[After the adoption of the Chinese customs and ideas] "this

foreign pomp and splendor covered the rapid depravation of mens' hearts and created a wide gulf between the Mikado and his people. So long as the sovereign maintains a simple style of living, the people are contented with their own hard lot. . . . If the Mikado had continued to live in a house roofed with shingles and whose walls were of mud, to wear hempen clothes, to carry his sword in a scabbard wound round with the tendrils of some creeping plant, and to go to the chase carrying his bow and arrows, as was the ancient custom, the present state of things would never have come about. But since the introduction of Chinese manners, the sovereign, while occupying a highly dignified place, has been degraded to the intellectual level of a woman."

[Some one observed to Mabuchi that it was owing to the Chinese systems of morals that the practice of marriage between brothers and sisters was discontinued. He explains in reply that] "according to ancient custom the children of the same mother were alone regarded as united by the fraternal tie; that it was not considered in any way objectionable for children of the same father by different mothers to intermarry."

"In ancient times when men's dispositions were straightforward, a complicated system of morals was unnecessary. It would naturally happen that bad acts might occasionally be committed, but the straightforwardness of men's dispositions would prevent the evil from being concealed and growing in extent. So that in those days it was unnecessary to have a doctrine of right and wrong. But the Chinese, being bad at heart, in spite of the teaching which they got, were only good on the outside, and their bad acts became of such magnitude that society was thrown into disorder. The Japanese being straightforward could do without teaching. It is said on the other side that as the Japanese had no names for benevolence, righteousness, propriety, sagacity, and truth, they must have been without those principles. To this Mabuchi replies that they exist in every country, in the same way as the four seasons which make their annual rounds. In the spring the weather does not become mild all at once. Nor the summer hot. Nature proceeds by gradual steps. According to the Chinese view it is not spring or summer unless it becomes mild or hot all of a sudden. Their principles sound very plausible, but are impractical."

"Human beings, having been produced by the spirit of the two Creative Deities, are naturally endowed with the knowledge of what they ought to do and what they ought to refrain from. It is unnecessary for them to trouble their heads with systems of morality.

If a system of morals were necessary, men would be inferior to animals, all of whom are endowed with the knowledge of what they ought to do, only in an inferior degree to men. If what the Chinese call Benevolence (*jen*), Righteousness (*i*), Propriety (*li*), Retiringness (*jang*), Filial Piety (*hsiao*), Brotherly Love (*ti*), Fidelity (*chung*), and Truth (*Shin*), really constitute the duty of man, they would be so recognized and practised without any teaching, but as they were invented by the so-called Holy Men as instruments for ruling a viciously inclined population, it became necessary to insist on more than the actual duty of man. Consequently, although plenty of men profess these doctrines, the number of those who practise them is very small. Violations of this teaching were attributed to human lusts. As human lusts are a part of man's nature, they must be a part of the harmony of the universe, and cannot be wrong according to Chinese theory. It was the vicious nature of the Chinese that necessitated such strict rules, as, for instance, that person descended from a common ancestor, no matter how distantly related, should not intermarry. These rules, not being founded on the harmony of the universe, were not in accordance with human feelings, and were, therefore, seldom obeyed."

NO ETHICS IN SHINTOISM.

"To have acquired the knowledge that there is no *michi* ([*tao*], ethics) to be learnt and practised is really to have learnt to practise the 'way' of the gods."—Motowori.

"All moral ideas which man requires are implanted in his bosom by the gods, and are of the same nature as the instincts which impel him to eat when he is hungry and to drink when he is thirsty. But the morals inculcated by the Chinese philosophers are inventions, and contain something more in addition to natural morality.

"To the end of time, each Mikado is the goddess' son. His mind is in perfect harmony of thought and feeling with hers. He does not seek out new inventions, but rules in accordance with the precedents which date from the age of the gods, and if he is ever in doubt, he has resort to divination, which reveals to him the mind of the great goddess. In this way the age of the gods and the present age are not two ages, but one, for not only the Mikado, but his Ministers and people also, act up to the tradition of the divine age. Hence, in ancient times the idea of *michi* or way (ethics) was never broached. The word was only applied to ordinary thoroughfares, and its application to systems of philosophy, government, morals, religion and so forth, is a foreign notion."

THE MIKADO IS SUPREME.

"The Sun-Goddess never said, 'Disobey the Mikado, if he be bad,' and therefore, whether he be good or bad, no one attempts to deprive him of his authority. He is the immovable ruler who must endure to the end of time, as long as the sun and moon continue to shine. In ancient language the Mikado was called a god, and that is his real character. Duty, therefore, consists in obeying him implicitly, without questioning his acts."

[An opponent named Ichikaha said that "to obey and revere a sovereign, no matter whether he be good or bad, is the part of women." Motowori replied:] "Thus, even, if the prince be bad, to venerate, respect and obey him in all things, though it may seem like a woman's duty, is the right way of action, which does not allow of the obligations of a subject towards his prince ever being violated."

EXAMPLE IS SUPERIOR TO PRECEPT.

"Most people are wont to suppose that the only way to attain to a knowledge of right conduct is to read books full of precepts, but they labor under a mistake. Precept is far inferior to example, for it only arises in the absence of example, while it is unnecessary when example exists. . . . The story of Oishi Kuranosuke and the forty-seven faithful retainers who underwent a thousand hardships and perils in order to slay Kira Kodzuke-no-Suke, the enemy of their lord, Asano Takumi-no-kami, will do far more to keep alive the flame of loyalty than any simple precepts about the duty of avenging a master. The ethical writings of the T'ang dynasty are full of the most admirable teachings of this kind, but when we find that the authors were themselves guilty of murdering their sovereigns and of treason, their words lose all their effect."—

HIRATA.

OFFENSES.

"Evil acts and words are of two kinds, those of which we are ourselves conscious, and those of which we are not conscious. Every one is certain to commit accidental offenses, however careful he may be, and hence the practice of our ancient tongue was to say 'deign to correct those failings of which I have been guilty.' But it is better to assume that we have committed such unconscious offenses. If we pray that such as we have committed may be corrected the gods are willing to pardon them. By 'evil gods' are meant bad deities and demons who work harm to society and individuals.

They originated from the impurities contracted by Izanagi during his visit to the nether world, and cast off by him during the process of purification. They subsequently increased in number, especially after the introduction of Buddhism. The two deities of wind can, of course, blow away anything it pleases them to get rid of, and among other things the calamities which evil gods endeavor to inflict. As man is dependent on them for the breath which enables him to live, it is right to pray to them to give long life."—HIRATA.

PUNISHMENT AND REWARDS.

"The most fearful crimes which a man commits go unpunished by society, so long as they are undiscovered, but they draw down on him the hatred of the invisible gods. The attainment of happiness by performing good acts is regulated by the same law. Even if the gods do not punish secret sins by the usual penalties of the law, such as strangulation, decapitation, and transfixion on the cross, they inflict diseases, misfortunes, short life, and extermination of the race. Sometimes they even cause a clue to be given by which secret crime is made known to the authorities who have power to punish. The gods bestow happiness and blessings on those who practise good, as effectually as if they were to manifest themselves to our sight and give treasures, and even if the good do not obtain material rewards, they enjoy exemption from disease, good luck, and long life: and prosperity is granted to their descendents."—HIRATA.

FEAR OF THE GODS SHOULD INSPIRE GOOD CONDUCT.

"Never mind the praise or blame of fellow-men, but act so that you need not be ashamed before the gods of the Unseen. If you desire to practise true virtue, learn to stand in awe of the unseen and that will prevent you from doing wrong. Make a vow to the god who rules over the Unseen, and cultivate the conscience (*ma-go-koro*) implanted in you, and then you will never wander from the way. You cannot hope to live more than a hundred years under the most favorable circumstances, but as you will go to the Unseen Realm of O-kuni-nushi after death, and be subject to his rule, learn betimes to bow down before him."—HIRATA.

"All that comes to pass in the present world, whether good or bad in its nature, is the act of the gods, and men have generally little influence over the course of events. To insist on practising the ancient 'way of the gods,' in opposition to the customs of the present age, would be rebellion against that 'way,' and equivalent

to trying to excel it. If men in their daily life practise the laws made from time to time by the authorities, and act in accordance with general custom, they are practising *Shinto*."—MOTOWORI.

The principal ideas expressed in the above extracts seem to be:

1. The Japanese people are naturally virtuous.
2. The Japanese have become bad through foreign influence, which, among other evil effects, corrupted the monarch and led him to become the object of envy.
3. Straightforwardness in disposition leads to the confession of sin and the limitations of its growth.
4. The Chinese are bad at heart.
[Had these scholars known other foreign peoples doubtless they too would have been included in this general condemnation.]
5. The Emperor rules according to the divine will.
6. The Emperor must be obeyed whether he be good or bad.
7. Men know by nature what is right and what is wrong.
8. It is best not to disturb natural good conduct by attempting to inflict ethical rules on the people.
9. Human lusts must be right because they are natural.
10. Sins are of two kinds: conscious and unconscious.
11. The gods observe men's sins and by some means or other inflict punishment on the evil-doer.
12. The gods reward the good with moral and temporal blessings.
13. Both the evil and the good in this world are attributable to the gods; men cannot change the course of events to any appreciable degree.
14. The words of a teacher of ethics are valued by referring to his manner of life.
15. To influence conduct one must resort to examples; mere mouthing of precepts is of little worth.
16. One's conduct should be so ordered as to avoid shame before the gods.
17. Learn to do right before death ends your existence.
18. The ancient method of practice needs not be insisted on; readjustment to the present age is necessary; men must be guided by the laws of today.

ASSYRIAN POEMS ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

BY THE EDITOR.

BELIEF in the immortality of the soul was an essential part of the Babylonian religion. The idea of the pit, called in Hebrew *Sheol*, in Assyrian *suala*, is decidedly dreary, but by the side of it we find a more optimistic view in the epic of Gilgamesh, where we read that the great and good among the dead live in the islands of the blest; and in "Ishtar's Descent to Hell" we become acquainted with a myth in which the Goddess of Life and Love, having heard of the death of Tammuz, follows the beloved one into the realm of Alatu, the Goddess of Death, and brings him to life again. We further learn of the death of Marduk, who is resurrected on the third day, opening the graves and bringing up with him the dead.* We must understand that in ancient Babylon and Assyria many million hearts found in these beliefs a genuine comfort and peace for their souls.

On a brick (published in the *Transactions of the Society of Biblical Archaeology*, Vol. II., page 29) we read the following short prayer for the soul of the dying man:†

"Like a bird may the soul fly to a lofty place!
To the holy hands of its God may it ascend."

The following poem reflects the same lofty spirit:

"The man who is departing in *glory*
May his soul shine radiant as brass.

* Some striking similarities of the Christian belief in the Resurrection of Christ to the Babylonian story of the Resurrection of Marduk have been pointed out by Dr. Hugo Radau in his article "Bel, the Christ of Ancient Times," *The Monist*, Vol. XIV., No. 1, pages 113—119.

† Translated by Prof. H. F. Talbot and published by Professor Sayce in *Records of the Past* Vol. III., page 133 ff.

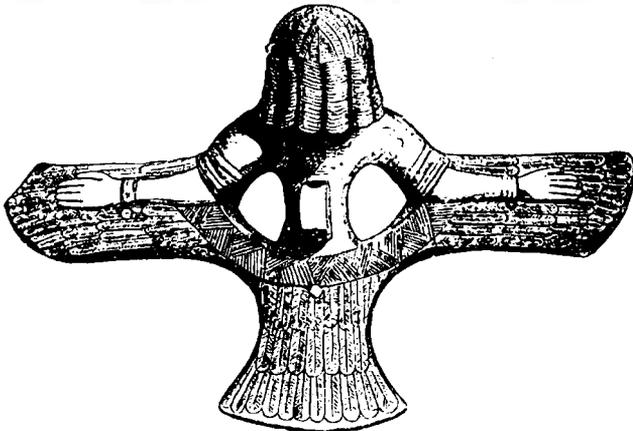
To that man
 May the Sun give life!
 And MARDUK, eldest son of heaven,
 Grant him an abode of happiness."

The Translator adds the following comment:

"The Assyrians seem to have imagined the soul like a bird with shining wings rising to the skies. It is curious that they



FRONT VIEW OF AN ASSYRIAN REPRESENTATION OF THE SOUL.
 Ancient bronze figure found at Van. (After Lenormant, *L'histoire de l'Orient*, Vol. IV, pp. 124 and 125.)



REAR VIEW OF THE SAME.

considered polished brass to be more beautiful than gold. A modern poet would have written differently."

As the Christians of to-day would see angels descend to comfort the faithful in the hour of death, so the main gods of the

Babylonians reappeared at the bedside of the good man and offered him the *khisibta*, a sacred cup used in religious service, which, judging from the context of our poem, must be not unlike the cup of the Christian Eucharist, and a drink called *sisbu* is poured into the *khisibta*. Then he is dressed in silver garments and the soul, white and radiant, ascends to heaven. The poem reads as follows:*

"Bind the sick man to heaven, for from the earth he is being torn away!

Of the brave man, who was so strong, his strength has departed.
The righteous servant's strength does not return.

In his bodily frame he lies dangerously ill.

But ISHTAR, who in her dwelling is grieved concerning him
Descends from her mountain, unvisited of men.

To the door of the sick man she comes.

The sick man listens!

Who is there? Who comes?

It is ISHTAR, daughter of the Moon-god SIN;

It is the god (. . . .) son of BEL;

It is MARDUK, son of the god (. . . .).

They approach the sick man.

(The next line, 14, is nearly destroyed.)

They bring a *khisibta* from the heavenly treasury.

They bring a *sisbu* from their lofty storehouse.

Into the righteous *khisibta* they pour bright liquor.

That righteous man, may he now rise on high!

May he shine like that *khisibta*!

May he be bright as that *sisbu*!

Like pure silver may his garment be shining white!

Like brass may he be radiant!

To the SUN, the greatest of the gods, may he ascend!

And may the SUN, greatest of the gods, receive his soul into
his holy hands!"

A prayer for an Assyrian king which wishes him length of days and all happiness in this life concludes with good wishes for his life after death in the following words:

"And after the life of these days

In the feasts of the silver mountain, the heavenly courts

The abode of blessedness,

**Transactions of the Society of Biblical Archaeology*, Vol. II., p. 1.

And in the light
Of the *Happy Fields*,
May he dwell a life
Eternal, holy,
In the presence
Of the gods
Who inhabit Assyria!"

These prayers for the bliss of the soul at the moment of death were written by pagan poets about two and a half millenniums ago, but they may be appreciated still to-day by us later born generations, even though we have ceased to believe in the Assyrian gods. The sentiments that pervade these lines are evidence of the faith that was then in the hearts of the people. Their religion has become a tale of history, but we feel that to them it was the truth. In spite of the mythological aberrations which were perhaps literally believed in by many, their religion was to them the truth, at least in so far as it afforded them in many great problems the right guidance in life and also an unspeakable comfort in the hour of death.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FATHER HYACINTHE LOYSON ON POPE PIUS X.

Father Hyacinthe Loyson is a remarkable personality. He still loves the Church which many years ago he left with deep sorrow. "My heart remains profoundly Catholic," he writes in a recent letter, an English translation of which appeared in the June number of *The Open Court*, (p.374). But like many pious Frenchmen he looks upon the present policy of the Vatican toward France as a grievous blunder, and he does not hesitate to express his opinion with remarkably outspoken frankness. Because he yearns for a higher Christianity and a genuine Catholicity, he boldly calls attention to things which even heretics would hesitate to say. A recent letter of his, published in *Le Siècle*, October 3, contains statements which have weight because they come from a venerable man in his seventy-eighth year, ready to leave the world at any time, a man of high ideals and noble aspirations, whose every utterance as well as his entire life aims at reform.

Our American readers will doubtless be glad to read an extract from that letter.

"SPAIN AND GERMANY AT THE VATICAN.

"It is said that Spain and Germany rule at the Vatican, and this is true in a certain way. Three men are especially influential there, Cardinal Merry del Val, Cardinal Vivès y Tuto, and Father Martini, General of the Jesuits. All three are Spaniards and reactionaries; all three are closely bound to each other by ties of blood as well as of thought. Spaniards are as clannish as the Jews.

"I am personally acquainted with Cardinal Vivès y Tulo. During the winter which, under the pontificate of Leo XIII., I spent at Rome with my family, he was sent to me from the Vatican upon a peculiar errand. The object was to reclaim me for submission to the papal authority, while I might still retain my wife, my son, and my priestly duties. This could not be accomplished because of my irreconcilable attitude—my *intransigeance*, but I have retained a respectful, and even affectionate remembrance of the Rev. Father Joseph Calazancio de Llevaneras, which was the name of Vivès y Tuto in the Capucin order before he was promoted to the Cardinalate. He is in his conviction very ultramontane, but in his sentiment very Christian—a combination which occurs more frequently than is believed among the laity.

"The same is true of the Pope, whom I do not know personally, but in regard to whom I am well informed. His is a fine character, sincere and

devout, but devoid of high culture. To satisfy his conscience he can read the works of the Abbé Loisy from beginning to end before condemning them; his mentality would prevent him from understanding them in the same way as the mentality of the Pope and Holy Office of 1633 prevented them from knowing what they were doing when they condemned Galileo. Coming from a family of laborers, which I am far from considering a reproach, he has retained too much innate crudity; and with no scientific or political horizon, this good Italian curé, Giuseppe Sarto, imagines that he can instruct France and the modern world by the divine inspiration within him. '*Deus providebit*,' he repeats devoutly after each of his blunders. 'God will provide,' is his entire policy; a sublime one, but none the less shortsighted.

"A friend of mine has had a special and very gracious audience with him, and yet his impression is rather mediocre. The Pope was not quite tidy that day—perhaps on account of the bad habit of taking snuff, to which some of his predecessors have also been addicted—which is a little shocking in a superhuman being. Pius X. expressed himself in very severe terms in regard to the President of our Council, Monsieur Combes—but in return he sang the praises of the German Emperor, and forgetting momentarily that he is a heretic, a schismatic, and excommunicated, he exclaimed, 'What a saint of an Emperor!'—'*quel santo imperatore*.'

"William II. without doubt is a superior mind, but I am sure he will himself be greatly surprised at the new title conferred on him. I do not think that he abuses this 'canonisation' in putting his personal influence at the service of the reactionaries of the clerical party. He is too liberal, in religious matters at least, and too true a friend to modern culture to share their views and to believe in their success. And when I say that he rules at the Vatican, it is only because of the admiration he excites there.

"Yet we remember the enthusiasm with which the journals of the Pope in Italy, during the visit of M. Loubet at Rome, spoke of the 'blond son of Germany casting his eagle glance over dazzled Europe,' and the complaisance with which they compared him to the 'vulgar commercial traveller of anticlericalism,' as they called the President of the French Republic.

"But what is more humiliating to us, is that our own bishops, and a large number of our priests, and our fellow-citizens among the laity, take sides with our foreign insulters and declare with the Count de Mun, that by recalling its Papal ambassador at Rome, our government has lowered France 'to the level of pagan nations.'

"The bishops of the old Galican royalty neither spoke nor thought in this way upon similar occasions. They were more truly 'Nationalists' than their foreign successors!

"*Deus providebit.*

HYACINTHE LOYSON."

* * *

Le Signal, the largest Protestant paper in France, published the following extract of a letter from the late illustrious Charles Renouvier, who stands in the first rank among the eminent philosophers of the past century, after reading Père Hyacinthe's article on the Death of Leo XIII.

"That which strikes me in your article, after its power and simplicity, is not to find you so marvelously delivered, as many others may be, from the chains which the church forces upon its slaves; but that you are delivered even from the least trace of these chains! I refer here to those errors of

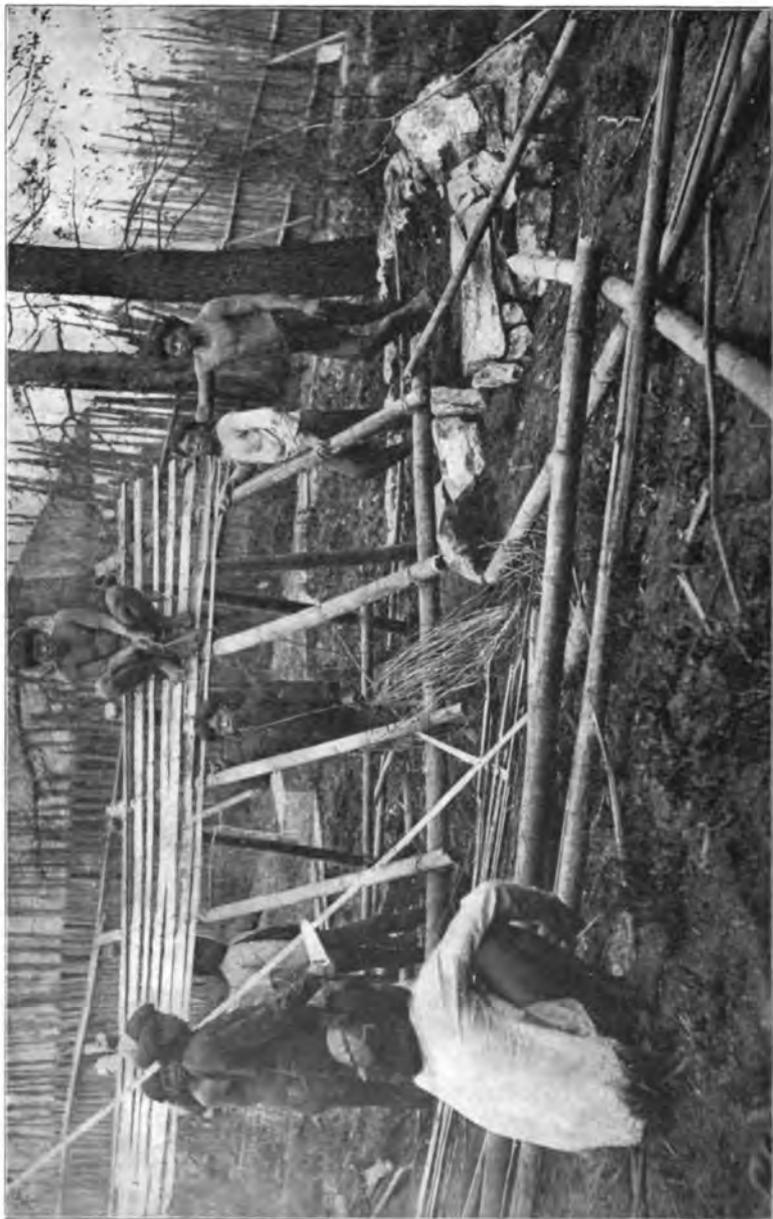
mind or conduct which rarely fail those men who 'change their party' after their revolution of sentiment, and who are in danger of taking action against their former beliefs, where they should not, and are led into regrettable affiliations. The elevation and originality of the position you have taken in religion is truly admirable. The world does not feel its power; but will it not some day?—Alas! the world is far from God! And is not Europe menaced to descend to the level of China, where religion is but superstition, and morals a more or less binding fagot of social convention?"

THE WIZARD'S PROFESSION IN ANCIENT JUDÆA.

We know from cuniform inscriptions that the ancient Babylonians believed in the immortality of the soul, and on special occasions they found satisfaction and comfort in calling upon their dear departed ones to communicate with them in affliction, and to ask for advice in tribulations. The same practice seems to have prevailed at times also in Israel. The Old Testament describes how Saul went to the witch of Endor to see Samuel's spirit rise from the realm of the dead, and to question him concerning the outcome of an imminent battle with the Philistines. Witches and wizards were an important profession in Hither Asia at that time, and their methods must have resembled the séances of modern mediums. They must have been quite prosperous, but with the rise of monotheism they were ostracised in Judæa by the priestly party as recorded in the priestly sections of the Mosaic law, and we may very well assume that before they were entirely suppressed, many a tragedy must have been enacted such as forms the historical background of the thrilling story of David Clarallen which appears in the present number of *The Open Court*, and will be concluded in the next. The author, who apparently is well acquainted with Old Testament history, writes that the suggestion of this weird tale, so dramatically related, came to him while conducting an advanced Sunday school class, and we hope that it will help our readers to form a realistic picture of the ancient Jewish hierarchy with its strong contrasts and intense religious devotion. Where there is much light there are deep shadows, and the religious zeal for the one and only true God has but too often been associated with a most narrow-minded and almost barbarous bigotry. The plot is true to historical accounts and bears testimony to the power of the author's imagination, which has restored to life the dry bones of Hebrew scholarship.

THE IGOROTES.

Among the new subjects of the United States there is a tribe of savages living in some remote part of the Philippine Islands, called the Igorotes. They are little known even in Manilla and may have lived in their present homes for many centuries at the time when the Philipinos took possession of the islands. The Philipinos (like the Japanese) appear to be a mixture of Malay and Hindu, while the Igorotes (like the South Sea Islanders) may have to be counted among the first settlers of the country. Obviously they are accustomed to a warm climate, for the men are only covered with a thin rope-like loin cloth, while the women are fully and decently dressed.



HOUSE-BUILDING.

The Igorotes live in thatched houses and display a peculiar fondness for roast dog. From time to time, or on festive occasions, they butcher one



BONTOC BELLE

of the canine species and relish the flavor of the meat which is quite offensive to Western people; but such is the difference of taste among different races!



THE LITTLE SWORDSMAN.

While to all appearances the Igorotes are savages and range very low in the scale of civilisation they are not lacking in mentality, and it is probable that they will make rapid progress under the beneficial influence of United States institutions. Their old habits will die out within two or three



THE LITTLE ARCHER

generations, and if we want to collect any reliable data concerning their original life, their social, industrial, religious, and ethnic conditions, we must study them before their ideas have been modified through the unavoidable contact with civilised people. On account of the peaceful nature of the



CLIMBING A TREE.

transition many changes will be so subtle that they may become imperceptible to the Igorotes themselves, and so even their own information will after a few years have to be suspected as influenced by a new interpretation



THROWING THE SPEAR.

of their old traditions which tries to eliminate the original savage logic and replaces it by modern conceptions.

The United States government, considering the importance of furnishing the necessary information to the student of anthropology, has given an opportunity to have the Igorotes exhibited among the various anthropological

departments of the St. Louis World's Fair, and we learn that the individual members of the company, imported for this purpose, are quite intellectual and take easily to modern methods and civilised institutions.



THE SPREAD OF CIVILISATION—THE SINGING LESSON.

Autero, a Bontoc Igorote, singing "My Country 'Tis of Thee."
(Note in the background a cash register.)

The Igorotes are an able-bodied strong tribe. The men are skilled in using their lances. They are fast runners and expert climbers. They make

their ascent on a tree, keeping their bodies aloof from the tree trunk, almost as easily as we walk up-stairs.

The women are as much addicted to tobacco as the men, if not more so. They are industrious housewives and good mothers. Our illustrations show them at their daily labors which consist mainly in weaving and rice-pounding.



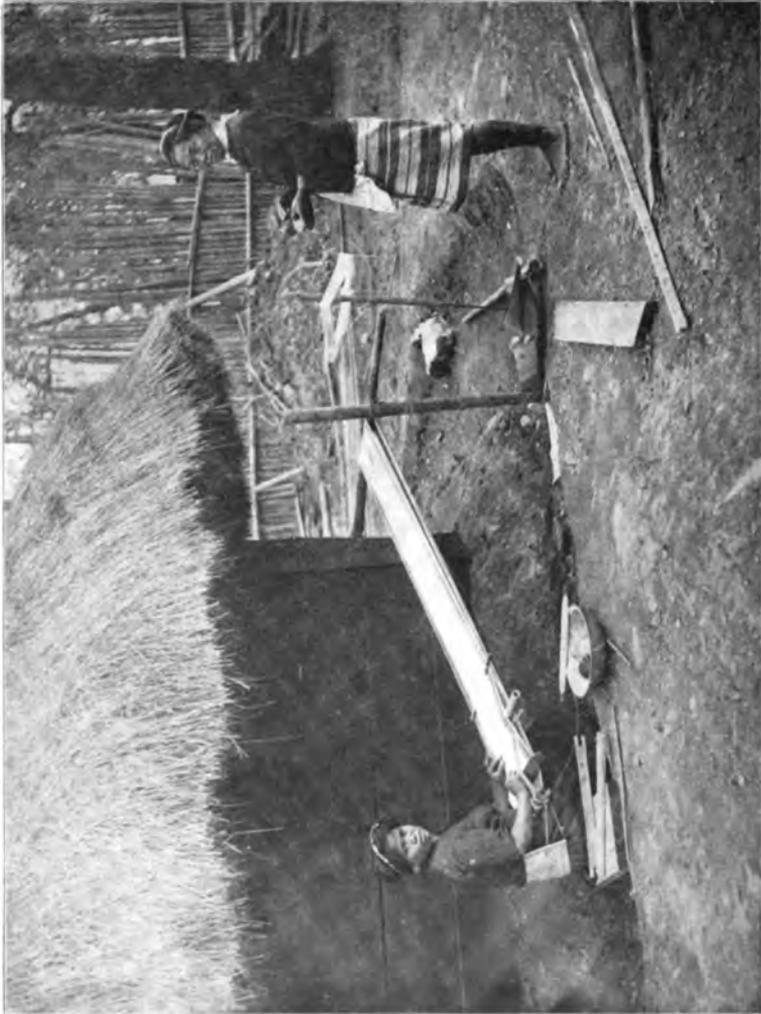
IGOROTE WITH LANCE ON GUARD.

The Igorotes have a peculiar method of killing a chicken, which they claim is painless. They put the chicken on the ground and apply with a thin stick light taps on its neck which the chicken endures without opposition, and strange to say, it dies without showing any symptoms of pain. Our illustration shows their treatment of a chicken that is to be prepared for a

wedding, the guests of which are represented in the last picture at the moment when the bride has been escorted to her new home by the groom's parents.

CONGRESS OF RELIGIONISTS IN JAPAN.

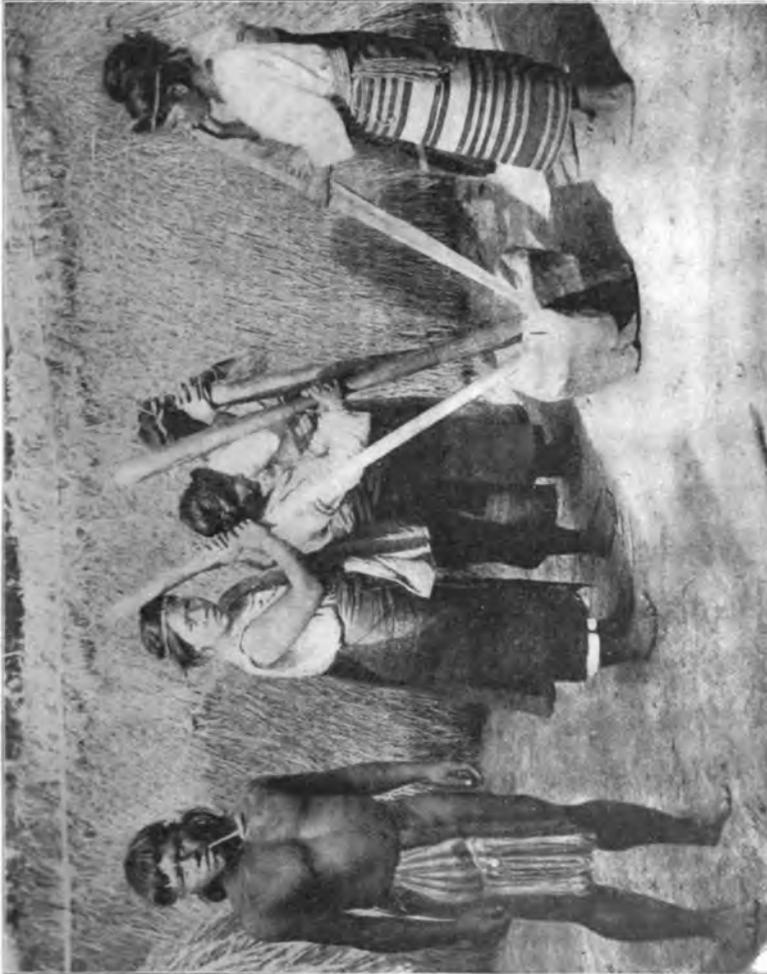
The Congress of Religionists, which was held in Japan a few months after the beginning of the present war in the Far East, has published an il-



WEAVING.

lustrated report of fifty-six pages, in which the proclamation is made that the present war has nothing to do with religious and racial differences between the belligerents. To all fair-minded observers there seemed to be no

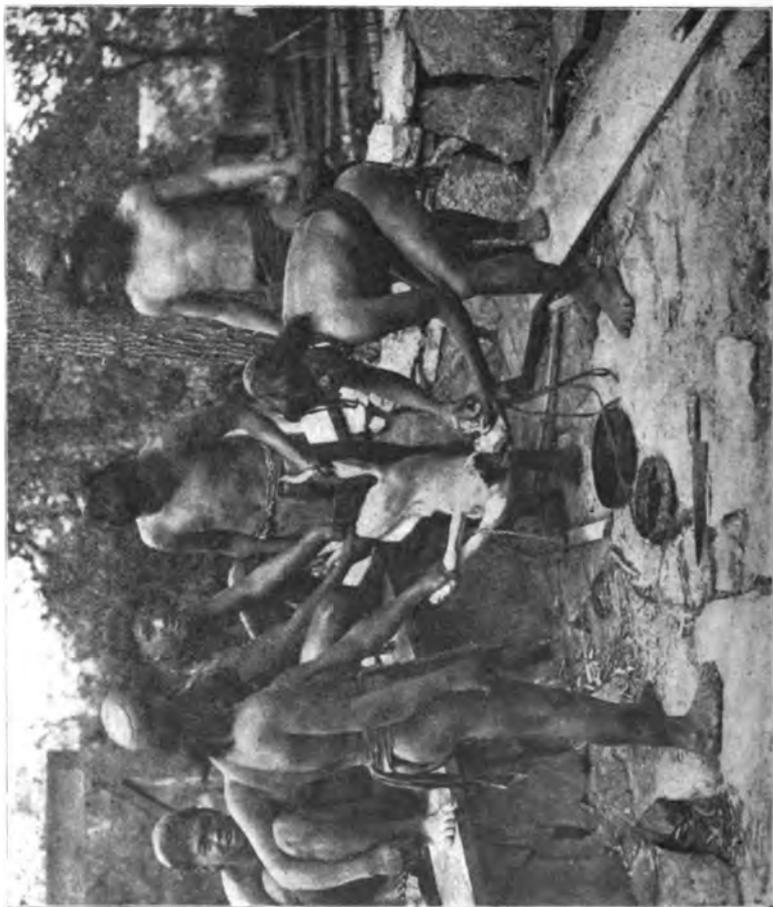
need of making such a demonstration on the part of Japanese religious leaders, Christian, or Buddhist, or Shintoist; for the war now raging is merely due to a collision between two sovereign powers. But, soon after the declaration of war, there was raised in the European press a cry of the "yellow peril," and insinuations were made that it was a struggle between Christianity and



GRINDING RICE.

heathenism. The alarm spread far and wide even in America. In so far as other nations were concerned, Japan might have regarded it with indifference; but by and by the Japanese public began to respond seriously, and the spirit of religious and racial antagonism was stirred up,—a state of things not very desirable from the broad religious and humanitarian point of view. Actuated by these considerations, Japanese religious leaders met irrespective

of beliefs, organised a great religious movement, and met in a Congress constituted of the most heterogenous elements, for there were Christians, orthodox as well as ultra-liberal,—including foreign missionaries, mostly Americans,—Buddhists—old as well as new, Shintoists, philosophers, statesmen, physicians, and members of other professions. The meeting was so well attended that the large hall was not adequate for the occasion, and many had to be turned away.



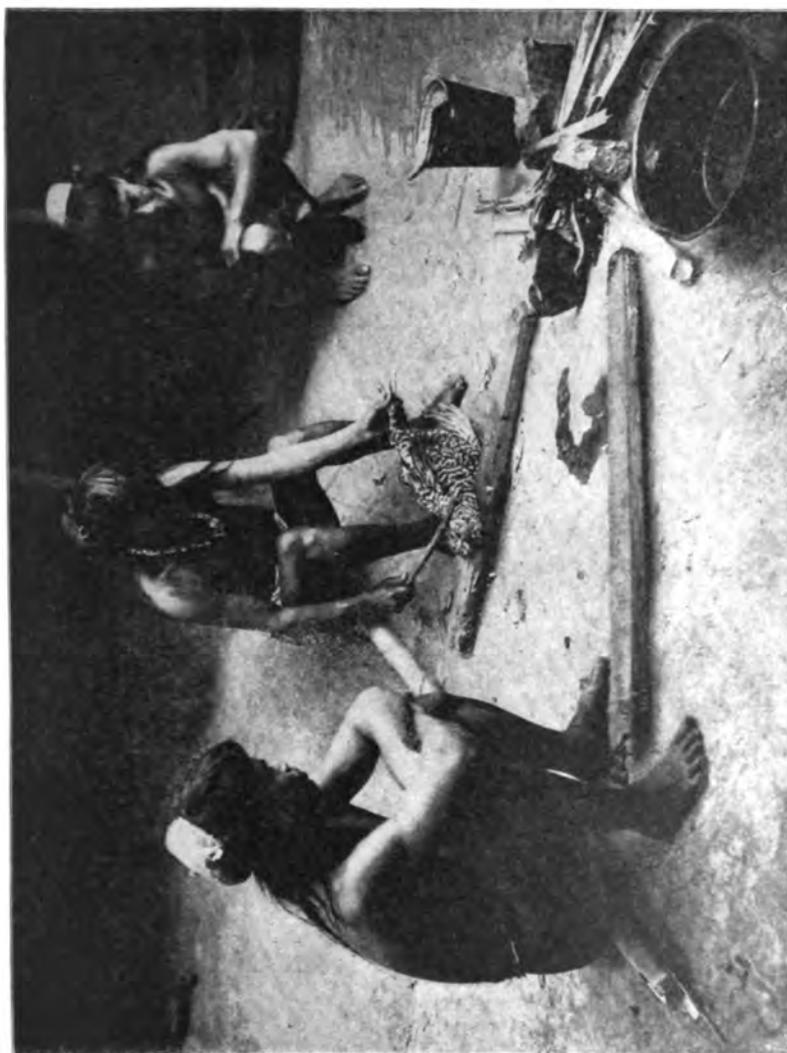
BUTCHERING THE DOG.

A number of addresses were made, both in Japanese and foreign languages, by men of different religious denominations. They denounced, on the one hand, the false claim of the "yellow peril" and the cry of heathenism, and, on the other hand, declared in most positive terms that the war had nothing whatever to do with either race or religion. A resolution made in this sense concluded with the sentiment that the members of the congress hoped for a speedy termination of the war by an honorable peace. D. T. S.

BOOK REVIEWS AND NOTES.

SONNIGE WELTEN. Ostasiatische Reise-Skizzen. By *Emil* and *Lenore Selenka*. Wiesbaden: C. W. Kreidel. 1905.

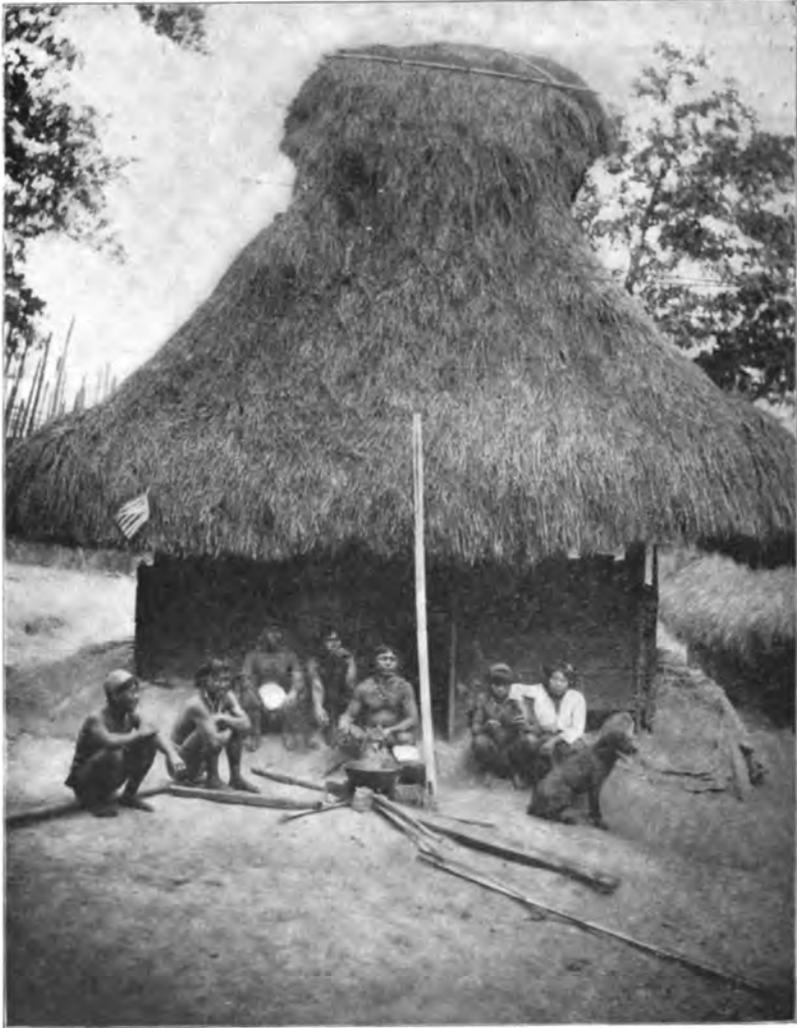
The late Prof. Emil Selenka of Munich was a naturalist by profession. He has done creditable work in biology and zoology, and his name has a



KILLING THE CHICKEN.

good ring among his colleagues. Nevertheless, his preferences do not lie in his specialty; he felt himself most at home in another field. His whole temperament was so artistic, that, in spite of his scientific education, he

wrote books which possess an idiosyncrasy of their own, being anthropological in their main character, interspersed with art and philosophy. The most important of his books which he published in company with his gifted wife, Frau Lenore Selenka, is a stately volume entitled *Sonnige Welten*,



A WEDDING FEAST.

being a description of, or rather reminiscences of his sojourn in, Borneo, Java, Sumatra, East India, Ceylon, and Japan. The book is profusely illustrated and of an artistic makeup. The author's philosophical inclinations appear in the dedication of the work, which is inscribed to the "Atman."

DER GEIST DES CHRISTENTUMS. By Josef Kohler. Berlin: C. A. Schwetschke & Sohn, 1904. Pp. 66.

Members of the University of Chicago will remember Prof. Josef Kohler, an eminent jurist of the University of Berlin, who was among the seven German guests last year and was conspicuous through the beautiful formation of his thoughtful head, surrounded by a halo of long white hair. All those who listened to his discourse had good reason to admire not only his juridical knowledge, but also the exact information he possessed of American conditions. The present booklet which lies before us shows that Professor Kohler is not only lawyer but also a philosopher, and his philosophy is of a broad religious nature. The work before us, a mere pamphlet of sixty-six pages, proves that Professor Kohler has been thinking much and deeply about the problems of life, and his religious conviction which he characterises as "the spirit of Christianity" is broader than Christianity as commonly understood. It incorporates also the *Bhagavadgita*, Lao-Tze's *Tao Teh King*, the Christian mystics, especially the sermons of Eckehart and Tauler. He declares that in the veneration of All-being lies the true greatness of the present time.

Professor Kohler believes in Christianity, but his Christianity is pantheistic and embraces the Brahmanism of India as well as all similar religious and philosophical movements. He sees in the incarnation of God a mystery which has conquered theism and transfigured it into a higher pantheism. What a poetry lies in the idea that the deity surrenders its transcendence and assumes human form, and this has become an historical fact, the popularity and significance of which take hold of our imagination with overawing grandeur. This is the noble poetry of Christianity and the infinite source of its artistic creativeness which never runs dry (p. 31-32.) The essence of Christianity can, according to Professor Kohler, not be found in the synoptic Gospels, but in the Gospel according to John whose beautiful introduction proposes the idea of the *logos* in which the deepest secret of Indian philosophy finds expression, and this secret, (it is the leading thought of all philosophy in India,) this truth so great that it overwhelms us with awe, was adopted by Christianity when the Fourth Gospel was attributed to the favorite disciple of Christ, St. John, and when the *logos* personality characterised in this book was identified with the historical Jesus (p. 33).

The path to truth, Professor Kohler says, is steep, and the aim can be reached only by wending one's way in many zigzag directions. When we look down upon one part of the way from a sharp corner we believe to see rationalised plains on the one side and deserts on the other. On such spots the average man halts and the half-educated expresses his rationalistic views of dogmas. Here the wiseacre atheist finds satisfaction and believes he has reached his aim, but he who rises higher and acquires the truly philosophical conception will soon arrive at another turn of the road which will show him the former path from a higher standpoint. Such is the evolution of the true thinker. It begins with the poetry of faith which allegorises philosophy. It then breaks the frame of the picture but will finally lead to the original conception which, however, is deepened, because now it is understood in its essential significance.

The booklet concludes with four poems entitled: "World Riddle," "The

Me and the Not Me," "Vedanta Doubts," and another entitled as the first one "World Riddle."

Miss Muriel Strode's booklet *My Little Book of Prayer* is greatly appreciated in both orthodox and heterodox circles. It is wholesome reading and will prove a spiritual tonic of great efficacy. Its originality consists mainly in finding the right tone and leading religious sentiment in the right direction. A clergyman friend of mine, to whom I had sent a copy, writes as follows: "It is certainly a store house of riches. Each saying finds my heart echoing and re-echoing its pleading, and to each one I say, 'That I believe.' A man came into my room the day I received the book. He was in trouble, and happened to pick up the book; and the pages opened and he read: 'I do not bemoan misfortune. To me there is no misfortune. I welcome whatever comes; I go out gladly to meet it.' He turned to me and said: 'The question I came to speak to you about is settled. That book settled it.' So you see the book has begun its missionary work already. I do appreciate it so much for it has done me good, and I doubly appreciate the thoughtfulness on your part to send it to me."

Moncure Daniel Conway has published his *Autobiography, Memoires, and Experiences* in two stately volumes (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$6.00 net per set), an ingenious *causerie* in which this versatile author tells his experiences from his childhood, the development of his convictions from orthodox Christianity to liberalism, beginning with anti-slavery times down to the present day, his numerous encounters with prominent and great men, and almost every page of this voluminous work is aglow with life and interest. It is as if we enjoyed a personal interview with the man who wrote it. Moncure D. Conway is sufficiently well known to our readers by his many contributions to *The Open Court*, so that we need not praise his accomplishments as a writer and story-teller, but we may say that the autobiographic style in which the author reflects his own personality in the events which he mentions shows Mr. Conway at his best, and so we do not doubt that whoever should devote a few hours of leisure to his book, will not close it without the satisfaction of having made the acquaintance of an interesting and highly cultured man.

Prof. Clemens Alexander Winkler of Freiberg, Saxony, one of the leading chemists and best known as the discoverer of the new element germanium, passed away on October 8, 1904. Popular articles of his falling within the lines of his specialty appeared some time ago in *The Open Court*, and in addition he has shown considerable interest in the solutions of the religious as well as psychological problems offered in our columns. There is but one voice that chemistry has lost one of its most brilliant representatives, indeed one who in his specialty has been unexcelled. An article by Th. Döring, entitled "Zur Erinnerung an Clemens Winkler," which has appeared in the latest number of the *Zeitschrift für angewandte Chemie* (1905, No. 1, pp. 1-7) contains perhaps the most thorough appreciation of the detail work of his several discoveries and accomplishments.

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*"Give me not, O God, that blind, fool faith in my friend, that sees no evil where
evil is, but give me, O God, that sublime belief, that seeing evil I yet have faith."*

My Little Book of Prayer

BY MURIEL STRODE

Miss Muriel Strode's booklet *My Little Book of Prayer* is greatly appreciated in both orthodox and heterodox circles. It is wholesome reading and will prove a spiritual tonic of great efficacy. Its originality consists mainly in finding the right tone and leading religious sentiment in the right direction. A clergyman friend of mine, to whom I had sent a copy, writes as follows: "It is certainly a store house of riches. Each saying finds my heart echoing and re-echoing its pleading, and to each one I say, 'That I believe.' A man came into my room the day I received the book. He was in trouble, and happened to pick up the book; and the pages opened and he read: 'I do not bemoan misfortune. To me there is no misfortune. I welcome whatever comes; I go out gladly to meet it.' He turned to me and said: 'The question I came to speak to you about is settled. That book settled it.' So you see the book has begun its missionary work already. I do appreciate it so much for it has done me good, and I doubly appreciate the thoughtfulness on your part to send it me."—*The Open Court*.

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Species and Varieties:

Their Origin by Mutation

By Hugo de Vries

Professor of Botany in the University of Amsterdam.

Edited by Daniel Trembly MacDougal, Assistant

Director of the New York Botanical Garden

xxiii + 380 pages



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CONTENTS:

	PAGE
<i>Frontispiece.</i> Yashodhara. EDUARD BIEDERMANN.	
<i>The Parable of the Talents.</i> EDITOR.	129
<i>The Romance of Automata.</i> (Illustrated.) HENRY RIDGELY EVANS.	131
<i>The Wizard's Son.</i> (Concluded.) DAVID CLARALLAN.	141
<i>Louise Michel, Priestess of Pity and Vengeance.</i> (With Portrait.) EMMA PADDOCK TELFORD.	156
<i>The Ainus.</i> (Illustrated.) EDITOR.	163
<i>Ashvajit's Stanza and Its Significance.</i> EDITOR.....	178
<i>The Essence of the Doctrine.</i> EDITOR.	182
<i>The Trees, the Rocks, and the Waters.</i> (A Poem.) C. CROZAT CONVERSE..	183
<i>The Cornplanter Medal.</i> FREDERICK STARR.....	186
<i>Do Animals Think?</i> LORD AVEBURY.	189
<i>Notes.</i>	192

CHICAGO

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BY EDUARD BIEDERMANN.

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THE PARABLE OF THE TALENTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

IN the *Uttarādhyayana*, one of the sacred books of the Jain sect, which in its ethics is very similar to Buddhism, we read the following parable (Lecture VII, 14 ff.):¹

"Three merchants set out on their travels, each with his capital; one of them gained much, the second returned with his capital, and the third merchant came home after having lost his capital.

"This parable, taken from common life, applies to religion.

"The capital is human life, the gain is heaven, through the loss of that capital man must be born as a denizen of hell or as a brute animal. (These two courses are open to the sinner.

"Bear in mind what is at stake, and consider the lot of the sinner against that of the virtuous man.

"He who brings back his capital, is like unto one who is born again as a man. Those who through the exercise of various virtues become pious householders, will be born again as men, for all beings will reap the fruit of their actions. But he who increases his capital, is like unto one who practises eminent virtues. The virtuous, excellent man attains to the glorious state of the gods."

The similarity of this ancient Jain story to the parable of the talents in the Christian Gospels is undeniable and a historical connection between the two is more than probable.

Matthew (Chap. xxv. 14 ff.) mentions three servants to whom talents are entrusted "to every man according to his ability" and the one who hides his talents is punished. Luke (xix, 12 ff.) amplifies the story and speaks of ten servants to whom talents are entrusted,

¹*Sacred Books of the East*, Vol. XLV, pp. 29, 30. Translated by Hermann Jacobi.

but the Gospel According to the Hebrews, which may have preserved the most ancient form of the Christian parable, is more similar to the Jain version, not only because it mentions three servants, (viz., one who has devoured his substance with abandoned women, one who hid his talents, and one who multiplied it,) but also preserves the characteristic feature of the moral. He who multiplies his talents is accepted, i. e., goes to heaven; he who hides them is blamed but not punished; and the one who wastes them is imprisoned.²

Prof. Hermann Jacobi, the translator of the *Uttarādhyayana*, believes that the story originated in India and not in Palestine. He says:

“Taking into consideration (1) that the Jaina version contains only the essential elements of the parable, which in the Gospels are developed into a full story; and (2) that it is expressly stated in the *Uttarādhyayana* (VII, 15) that ‘this parable is taken from common life,’ I think it probable that the Parable of the Three Merchants was invented in India, and not in Palestine.”

² The parable of the talents according to the Gospel of Hebrews is quoted by Eusebius in his *Theophania*, translated by Nicholson in *The Gospel According to the Hebrews* (London: 1879). The references are made from Mr. Hermann Jacobi's note to his translation of the *Uttarādhyayana*.

THE ROMANCE OF AUTOMATA.

BY HENRY RIDGELY EVANS.

I.

AUTOMATA have played an important part in the magic of ancient temples, and in the seances of mediæval sorcerers. Who has not read of the famous "Brazen Head," constructed by Friar Bacon, and the wonderful machines of Albertus Magnus? Modern conjurers have introduced automata into their entertainments with great effect, as witness Pinetti's "Wise Little Turk," Kempelen's "Chess Player," Houdin's "Pastry Cook of the Palais Royal," Kellar's "Hindoo Clock," Maskelyne's "Psycho," etc. But these automata have been such in name only, the motive power usually being furnished by the conjurer's *alter ego*, or concealed assistant.

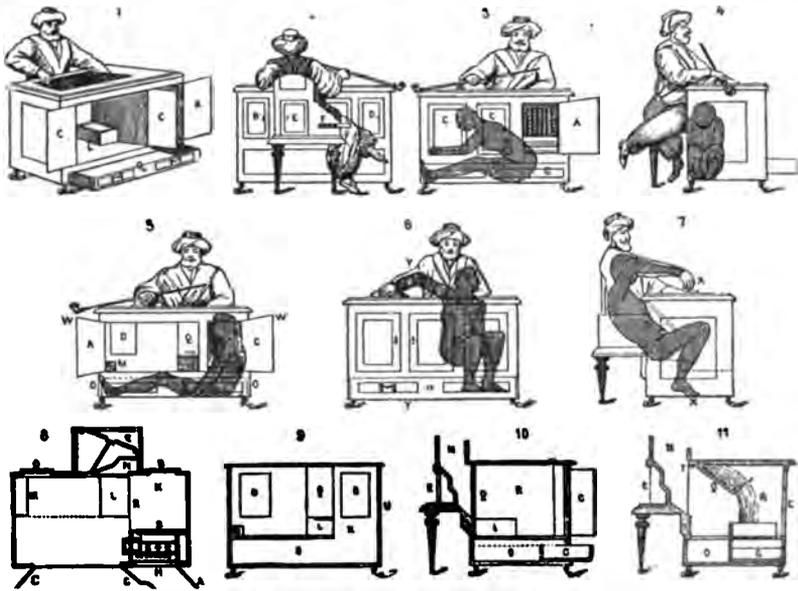
The so-called automaton Chess Player is enveloped with a halo of romance. It had a remarkable history. It was constructed in the year 1769 by the Baron von Kempelen, a Hungarian nobleman and mechanic, and exhibited by him at the leading courts of Europe. The Empress Maria Theresa of Austria played a game with it. In 1783 it was brought to Paris and shown at the Café de la Regence, the rendezvous of chess lovers and experts, after which it was taken to London. Kempelen died on the 26th of March, 1804, and his son sold the Chess Player to J. N. Maelzel, musician, inventor and mechanic, who was born at Ratisbon, Bavaria, in 1772. His father was a celebrated organ-builder.

Maelzel was the inventor of the Metronome (1815), a piece of mechanism known to all instructors of music; the Automaton *Trumpeter* (1808), and the *Pan-Harmonicum* (1805). He had a strange career as the exhibitor of the Chess Player. After showing the automaton in various cities of Europe, Maelzel sold it to Napoleon's step-son, Eugène Beauharnais, the Viceroy of the Kingdom of Italy. But the old love of "adventurous travel with the Turbaned Turk" took possession of him, and he succeeded in buy-

ing back the Chess Player from its royal owner. He went to Paris with it in 1817 and 1818, afterwards to London, meeting everywhere with success. In 1826 he brought it to America. The Chess Player excited the greatest interest throughout the United States. Noted chess experts did their best to defeat it, but rarely succeeded

Now for a description of the automaton.

The audience was introduced into a large room, at one end of which hung crimson curtains. These curtains being drawn aside, Maelzel rolled forward a box on castors. Behind the box or table, which was two feet and a half high, three feet and a half long, and two feet wide, was seated cross-legged, the figure of a Turk



THE AUTOMATON CHESS PLAYER.

The chair on which the figure was affixed was permanently attached to the box. At the top of the box was a chessboard. The figure had its eyes fixed intently upon this board. The right hand and arm of the Turk was extended towards the board, the left, which was somewhat raised, held a long pipe.

Four doors, two in the front, and two in the rear of the box were opened, and a lighted candle thrust into the cavities. Nothing was to be seen except cog wheels, levers, and intricate machinery. A long drawer, which contained the chessmen and a cushion, was pulled out. Two doors in the Turk's body were thrown open, and

the candle held inside, to satisfy the spectators that nothing but machinery was contained therein.

Maelzel wound up the automaton with a large key, took away the pipe, and placed the cushion under the arm of the figure. Curious to relate the automaton played with its left hand. In Von Kempelin's day, the person selected to play with the figure, sat at the same chess-board with it, but Malzel altered this. A rope separated the machine from the audience, and the player sat at a small table, provided with a chess-board, some ten or twelve feet away from the Turk.

The automaton invariably chose the white chess-men, and made the first move, its fingers opening as the hand was extended towards the board, and the piece picked up and removed to its proper square.

When his antagonist had made his move, the automaton paused and appeared to study the game, before proceeding further. It nodded its head to indicate check to the king. If a false move was made by its opponent, it rapped on the table, and replaced the piece, claiming the move for itself. Maelzel, acting for the human player, repeated his move on the chess-board of the Turk, and when the latter moved, made the corresponding move on the board of the challenger. The whirring of machinery was heard during the progress of the game, but this was simply a blind. It subserved two purposes: *first*, to induce the spectators to believe that the automaton was really operated by ingenious mechanism, *second*, to disguise the noise made by the concealed confederate as he shifted himself from one compartment to the other, as the various doors were opened and shut in succession. No machine could possibly be constructed to imitate the human mind when engaged in playing chess, or any other mental operation where the indeterminate enters and which requires knowledge and reflection. But the majority of people who saw the automaton did not realize this fact, and pronounced it a *pure machine*.

Signor Blitz, the conjurer, who was intimate with Maelzel, having frequently given entertainments in conjunction with him, was possessed of the secret of the Turk. In his memoirs, he says: "The Chess Player was ingeniously constructed—a perfect counterpart of a magician's trick-table, with a variety of partitions and doors, which, while they removed every possible appearance of deception, only produced greater mystery, and provided more security to the invisible player. The drawers and closets were so arranged as to enable him to change his position according to circum-

stances: at one moment he would be in this compartment; the next in that; then in the body of the Turk."

He says this concealed assistant was named Schlumberger.

This explanation is verified by Professor Allen,* who was very intimate with Maelzel.

William Schlumberger was a native of Alsace, a remarkable chess expert and linguist. Maelzel picked him up in the Café de la Regence, Paris, where he eked out a meagre living as a teacher of chess.

Occasionally, Schlumberger would over-indulge in wine, and as a result would be beaten, while acting as the motive power of the Turk. "On one occasion," says Professor Allen, "just as Maelzel was bringing the Turk out from behind the curtain, a strange noise was heard to proceed from his interior organization, something between a rattle, a cough, and a sneeze. Maelzel pushed back his ally in evident alarm, but presently brought him forward again, and went on with the exhibition as if nothing had happened."

Schlumberger not only acted as confederate, but served his employer as secretary and clerk.

Edgar Allen Poe, who wrote an exposé of the automaton when it visited Richmond, remarked: "There is a man, Schlumberger, who attends him (Maelzel) wherever he goes, but who has no ostensible occupation other than that of assisting in packing and unpacking of the automaton. Whether he professes to play chess or not, we are not informed. It is quite certain, however, that he is never to be seen during the exhibition of the Chess Player, although frequently visible just before and after the exhibition. Moreover, some years ago Maelzel visited Richmond with his automaton. Schlumberger was suddenly taken ill, and during his illness there was no exhibition of the Chess Player. These facts are well known to many of our citizens. The reason assigned for the suspension of the Chess Players' performances was *not* the illness of *Schlumberger*. The inferences from all this we leave, without further comment, to the reader."

Edgar Allen Poe, the apostle of mystery, certainly hit the nail on the head here, and solved the problem of the automaton.

The Chess Player had the honor of defeating Napoleon the Great—"the Victor in a hundred battles." This was in the year 1809, when Maelzel, by virtue of his office as Mechanician to the Court of Austria, was occupying some portion of the Palace of

* Fiske's *Book of the First American Chess Congress*, New York, 1859. Pp. 420-484.

Schönbrunn, "when Napoleon chose to make the same building his headquarters during the Wagram campaign." A man by the name of Allgaier was the concealed assistant on this occasion. Napoleon was better versed in the art of manœuvring human kings, queens, prelates and pawns on the great chess-boards of diplomacy and battle than moving ivory chessmen on a painted table-top.

Maelzel, in addition to the Chess Player, exhibited his own inventions, which were really automatons, also the famous panorama, "The Burning of Moscow." After a splendid tour throughout the States, he went to Havana, Cuba, where poor Schlumberger died of yellow fever. On the return trip Maelzel himself died, and was buried at sea. This was in 1838.

The famous Turk, with other of Maelzel's effects, was sold at public auction in Philadelphia. The automaton was bought by Dr. J. K. Mitchell, reconstructed, and privately exhibited by him for the amusement of his friends. Finally it was deposited in the Chinese Museum, where it remained for fourteen years, with the dust accumulating upon it. Here the Chess Player rested from his labors, a superannuated, broken down pensioner, dreaming, if automatons can dream, of his past adventures, until the year 1854. On July 5 of that year a great fire destroyed the Museum, and the Turbaned Turk was burnt to ashes. Better such a fate than rotting to pieces in the cellar of some old warehouse, forgotten and abandoned.

Robert-Houdin, in his autobiography, tells a most romantic story about the Chess Player, the accuracy of which has been seriously doubted. He also makes several errors concerning its career and that of Maelzel. R. Shelton Mackenzie, who translated Houdin's life (1859), calls attention to these mistakes, in his preface to that work. "This remarkable piece of mechanism was constructed in 1769, and not in 1796; it was the Empress Maria-Theresa of Austria who played with it, and not Catherine II of Russia. M. Maelzel's death was in 1838, on the voyage from Cuba to the United States, and not, as M. Houdin says, on his return to France; and the automaton, so far from being taken back to France, was sold at auction here [Philadelphia], where it was consumed in the great fire of July 5, 1854."

I believe that the true history of the Chess Player is related by Prof. George Allen, of the University of Pennsylvania (Fiske's "Book of the First American Chess Congress," N. Y., 1859, pp. 420-484), from which I have mainly drawn my account.

II.

Now for Houdin's entertaining story of the Chess Player. In the year 1796, a revolt broke out in a half-Russian, half-Polish regiment stationed at Riga, capital of Livonia, Russia. At the head of the rebels was an officer named Worousky, a man of talent and energy. He was of short stature, but well built. The revolutionists were defeated in a pitched battle and put to flight by the Russians. Worousky had both thighs shattered by a cannon ball and fell on the battle field. However, he escaped from the general massacre of his comrades by casting himself into a ditch near a hedge, not far from the house of a doctor named Osloff. At nightfall he dragged himself with great difficulty to the house, and was taken in by the benevolent physician, who promised to conceal him. Osloff eventually had to amputate both of Worousky's legs, close to the body. The operation was successful. During this time, the famous Baron von Kempelen came to Russia, and paid Dr. Osloff a visit. He also took compassion upon the crippled Polish officer. It seems that Worousky was a master of the game of chess, and repeatedly defeated Osloff and Kempelen. Kempelen then conceived the idea of the automaton chess player, as a means of assisting Worousky to escape from Russia, and immediately set about building it. It was completed in June, 1796. In order to avert suspicion Osloff and Kempelen determined to play at several of the smaller towns and cities before reaching the frontier.

The first performance was given at Toula. Says Houdin: "I possess a copy of the original bill, which was given me by M. Hessler, nephew of Dr. Osloff, who also supplied me with all these details. Worousky won every game he played at Toula, and the papers were full of praises of the automaton. Assured of success by the brilliancy of their debut, M. de Kempelen and his companion proceeded towards the frontier."

Worousky was concealed from sight, while traveling, in the enormous chest which held the Chess Player. Air holes were made in the sides of the chest to enable him to breath. They arrived without adventure at Vitebsk, on the road to the Prussian frontier, when a letter came summoning them to the imperial palace at St. Petersburg. The Empress Catherine II, having heard of the automaton's wonderful talent, desired to play a game with it. They dared not refuse this demand. Worousky, who had a price set on his head, was the coolest of the three, and seemed delighted at the idea of playing with the Empress. After fifteen days travel

they reached St. Petersburg. Kempelen had the automaton carried to the palace in the same chest in which it traveled, thereby secretly conveying Worousky thither. The Chess Player was set up in the library, and at the appointed hour Catherine II, followed by a numerous suite, entered and took her place at the chess-board. The members of the Court took their places behind the Empress. Kempelen never allowed anyone to pass behind the automaton, and would not consent to begin the game till all the spectators were in front of the board.

"The chest and the Turk's body were then examined, and when all were perfectly convinced they contained nothing but clockwork, the game began. It proceeded for some time in perfect silence, but Catherine's frowning brow speedily revealed that the automaton was not very gallant towards her, and fully deserved the reputation it had gained. The skillful Mussulman captured a bishop and a knight, and the game was turning much to the disadvantage of the lady, when the Turk, suddenly forgetting his dignified gravity, gave a violent blow on his cushion, and pushed back a piece his adversary had just moved.

"Catherine II. had attempted to cheat; perhaps to try the skill of the automaton, or for some other reason. At any rate the haughty empress, unwilling to confess her weakness, replaced the piece on the same square, and regarded the automaton with an air of imperious authority. The result was most unexpected—the Turk upset all the pieces with a blow of his hand, and immediately the clock work, which had been heard during the whole game, stopped. It seemed as if the machinery had got out of repair. Pale and trembling, M. de Kempelen, recognizing in this Worousky's impetuous temper, awaited the issue of this conflict between the insurgent and his sovereign.

"'Ah, ah! my good automaton! your manners are rather rough,' the Empress said, good humoredly, not sorry to see a game she had small chance of winning end thus. 'Oh! you are a famous player, I grant; but you were afraid of losing the game, and so prudently upset the pieces. Well, I am now quite convinced of your skill and your violent character.'

"M. de Kempelen began to breathe again, and regaining courage, tried to remove the unfavorable impression which the little respect shown by the automaton must have produced. Hence he said, humbly,

"'Will your majesty allow me to offer an explanation of what has just happened?'

“‘By no means, M. de Kempelen,’ Catherine said, heartily,— ‘by no means; on the contrary, I find it most amusing, and your automaton pleases me so much that I wish to purchase it. I shall thus always have near me a player, somewhat quick perhaps, but yet able to hold his own. You can leave it here tonight, and come to-morrow morning to arrange the price.’

“There is strong reason to believe that Catherine wished to commit an indiscretion when she evinced a desire that the figure should remain at the palace till next morning. Fortunately, the skillful mechanic managed to baffle her feminine curiosity by carrying Worowsky off in the big chest. The automaton remained in the library, but the player was no longer there.

“The next day Catherine renewed her proposition to purchase the chess-player, but Kempelen made her understand that, as the figure could not perform without him, he could not possibly sell it. The empress allowed the justice of these arguments; and, while complimenting the mechanic on his invention, made him a handsome present.

“Three months after the automaton was in England, under the management of Mr. Anthon, to whom Kempelen had sold it. I know not if Worowsky was still attached to it, but I fancy so, owing to the immense success the Chess Player met with. Mr. Anthon visited the whole of Europe, always meeting with the same success; but, at his death, the celebrated automaton was purchased by Maelzel, who embarked with it for New York. It was then, probably, Worowsky took leave of his hospitable Turk, for the automaton was not nearly so successful in America. After exhibiting his mechanical trumpeter and Chess Player for some time, Maelzel set out again for France, but died on the passage, of an attack of indigestion. His heirs sold his apparatus, and thus Cronier obtained his precious relic.”

III.

The Chess Player and Pepper’s Ghost Show were two magical experiments that caused the greatest amount of discussion and newspaper effusions in their time. At the solicitation of a leading theatrical manager of Paris, Houdin arranged the two tricks for a melodrama, in which Catherine II of Russia was one of the characters.

The automaton Whist Player, “Psycho,” was the invention of John Nevil Maskelyne, a descendant of Nevil Maskelyne, the English astronomer. “Psycho” far exceeds the Chess Player in ingenious construction, and its secret has never been divulged. Says

the *Encyclopedia Britannica*: "In 1875 Maskelyne and Cooke produced at the Egyptian Hall, in London, an automaton whist player, 'Psycho,' which from the manner in which it is placed upon the stage, appears to be perfectly isolated from any mechanical communication from without The arm has all the complicated movements necessary for chess or draught playing; and 'Psycho' calculates any sum up to a total of 99,000,000. . . . 'Psycho', an Oriental figure, sitting cross-legged on a box, is supported by a single large cylinder of clear glass, which as originally exhibited, stood upon the carpet of the stage, but was afterwards set loose upon a small stool, having solid wood feet; moreover, this automaton may be placed in almost any number of different ways. It may be mentioned that in the same year in which 'Psycho' appeared, the joint inventors patented a method of controlling the speed of clock-work mechanism by compressed air or gas stored in the pedestal of an automaton, this compressed air acting upon a piston in a cylinder and also upon a rotating fan when a valve is opened by 'an electrical or other connection worked by the foot of the performer or an assistant.' But it is not known whether the principle obscurely described in the specification was applicable in any way to the invisible agency employed in 'Psycho,' or whether it had reference to some other invention which has never been realized."

Maskelyne was born in Cheltenham, England, and like Houdin was apprenticed to a watch-maker. He went on the stage and made a great hit by exposing the frauds of the Davenport Bros., spirit-mediums. He is the proprietor of Egyptian Hall, London, a little theater devoted to legerdemain and illusions.

One of Maskelyne's best mechanical tricks is the "Spirit Music-Box," an exposé of which I am indebted to Mr. Henry V. A. Parsell, of New York City, archivist of the Society of American Magicians, himself a magician, and a lover of the art of magic. The construction of this novel piece of apparatus will afford a clue to many alleged mediumistic performances. Professor Parsons, of Hartford, Conn., is the owner of the box, reproduced in the illustration. Says Mr. Parsell:

"A sheet of plate glass is exhibited freely to the audience and proved to contain no electric wires or mechanism. This glass plate is then suspended horizontally in the center of the stage by four cords hooked to its corners. An ordinary looking music-box is then brought in by the assistant. It is opened, so that the audience can see the usual mechanism within. The music-box is now placed on the glass plate and the performer comes down among the specta-

tors. Notwithstanding the isolation of the box the command of the performer suffices to cause it to play, or cease, in obedience to his will. It matters not in what part of the room the conjurer goes—his word is enough to make silence or harmony issue from the box, always beginning where it left off and never skipping a note. The simple cause of this marvelous effect lies in the mechanism of the box and in its mode of suspension.

"A small music box of this kind is shown in Fig. 3. The box is seen with its mechanism removed and resting upon it. In addition to the usual cylinder, comb and wheel-work, there is a device for starting and stopping the box when it is tilted slightly endwise. This consists of a light shaft delicately pivoted and carrying at one

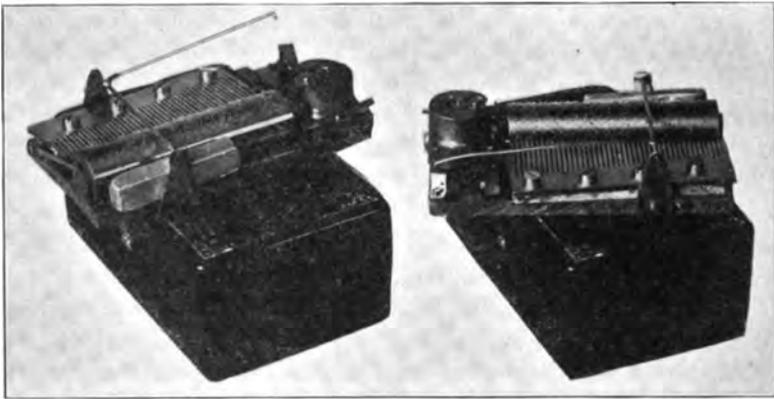


Fig. 3.

Fig. 4.

THE SPIRIT MUSIC BOX.

end a lead weight (seen just in front of the cylinder), and at the other end an arm of light wire whose far end is bent down so as to engage the fly of the wheel-work. In Fig. 3 the mechanism is tilted so that the wire arm is raised; the fly is now free to revolve and the box plays.

"A front view of the mechanism is shown in Fig. 4. Here the arm is down, arresting the motion of the fly and producing silence. When the box is resting on the glass plate an assistant behind the scenes causes the plate to tilt slightly up or down by raising or lowering the cords which support one end. The mechanism of the box is so delicately adjusted that an imperceptible motion of the plate is sufficient to control its playing."

THE WIZARD'S SON.

BY DAVID CLARALLAN.

III.

IN THE TEMPLE COURT.

It was far into the first watch of the night. All had been quiet for over an hour in the one chamber of Tola's home. The boy, who had been lying motionless upon his low pallet, now raised himself and looked furtively toward the corner where lay his mother. It was too dark to discern if she was sleeping, and the boy went to see. A wave or more than ordinary tenderness swept over him as he gazed upon the prostrate form. With her long lashes sweeping her cheeks, one arm thrown over her head whence the black locks escaped to fall luxuriantly over breast and shoulders, with her lips slightly apart and her features in the perfect repose of slumber, Vashni appeared to her son more beautiful, more lovable, and withal more in need of protecting care, than he had ever beheld her. O, if when she awoke in the morning, it might be to lasting gladness, to the smile of friends, to a life such as others led! His thoughts became an unformulated prayer. It was now not only his own shame, his own isolation, that concerned him. It was yet more to hope for better things for this poor outcast.

Dodi, who always shared her master's bed, was likewise fast asleep. She scarcely blinked or moved, when the boy (first slipping a short, sheathed knife into his girdle), lifted her, wrapped an old woollen cloth round her, and carried her to the door.

Once outside, he heaved a sigh of relief. He scarcely paused to let the calm of the sombre spring night soothe his excited mood, but sped with all his might to the high-way. He shivered in the chill atmosphere and pressed the lamb close to him for warmth. Here and there, copses dotted the slope toward the city; ominous shadowy masses they were, huge black patches in the dark expanse

of meadow-lands. They had no terrors for Tola, however. The sky, deeply blue, was spangled with its myriad stars. From the battlement towers toward which he was speeding, gleamed numberless friendly lamps. These luminous sparks above and before him, together with the sense of his present absolute isolation, gave the boy courage to face the impending ordeal: the meeting of people in the gate-ways and in the city streets.

He had never yet been in Jerusalem. He had no idea of the labyrinth of streets he must traverse before reaching the Temple from this, the westward direction, and he would, despite his resolution and his hope, have surely been forced to retrace his steps had there been the usual closing of the gates at night-fall. But the time was singularly propitious for his enterprise. That evening the Passover Feast terminated with song and dancing in the great Temple Court, and many of the peasants round about came to Moriah to participate in or watch the spectacle which lasted until near midnight. When, therefore, he emerged from the lane into the high-road, Tola saw white-robed, hurrying forms making for the great central gate-way. His first impulse was to turn back. All his afternoon fears returned in full force. Supposing he were to be questioned? Supposing he were recognized by some herdsman or farmer's boy and driven off with cursings? How could he ever hope again? Then he remembered the image Vashni had shown him that afternoon at sundown; his own image reflected in the brass plate she had polished for the purpose. The poor, mad mother, with new found pride in her son's comely aspect, had brushed his tangled locks and twined them about her fingers so that they fell in glistening curls below his neck. She had put a coarse but clean shirt over his shoulders and fastened a wreath of bright red crocuses round his head. He had not been able to recognize himself in the reflection thus presented. Surely then no one else would be likely to recognize him, especially in the shadows of night. "And if I am known and shamed, it will be no worse than it was this morning," he thought, striving to keep firm to his resolve. "Whereas if I go and the great god accepts my gifts, all my mother's shame and mine will be lifted from us. Oh, I may not falter. I must go on. What else is there to do?"

Some moments later, he was one of a numerous company that neared the gate. None of the gay, merrily chatting people before and behind him could have fancied that in the breast of the hurrying lad who bent his wreathed head over a large bundle, a frightened little heart was beating well-nigh to bursting. Absorbed as all

were in their own glad anticipations, Tola was scarcely noticed. Once he encountered an elderly woman's smile and nod, and later he heard a good-humoured: "Are you alone, lad?" addressed to him by a tall, broad-shouldered shepherd who carried a child in his arms, and by whose side trudged a little woman all smiles and chattiness. Tola nodded in answer and fell back a few steps, but the sturdy fellow turned to him kindly and said: "Then stay with us. You are too young to go alone by night into the city."

Tola gazed after him gratefully. "It is already beginning, the good," he said to himself. "Perhaps the god sees me coming and is already kind. O, Dodi, how good, how good it is to be happy!"

He followed his new acquaintance through the gateway and through the strange, abruptly ascending and descending thoroughfares; grateful as much for the little woman's constant chatter (since it precluded his being interrogated) as for the man's occasional: "Ho, are you still there? That's right!" Or to his: "Here, my man, turn this way. Careful over that gutter—no, not down those steps. Here, follow me." Were many people good as this great fellow, he wondered.

Half unconsciously he took in the picturesque and confusing scenes about him. Women and men leaning on the gayly draped parapets of house-tops; short processions with horn and pipe and cymbals and blazing torches; tall masses of buildings here towering above, there rising beneath him; yonder to the right, a gigantic square structure (the old citadel) upon whose projecting stone balconies and in whose court swarmed a mass of indistinguishable forms and whence flashed gleams like huge will-o'-the-wisps. The forms were the soldiers from the armory, returned from the festal parade, and the gleams were the scintillation of their brazen helmets and shields. A great hollow lay beyond the citadel, bare of structures and almost void of life, a solitude in the midst of the city's animated aspect. And now, beyond a causeway and its abutting turret, rose the Temple's western gateway, hardly less massive than the arched gates of the city's walls. Festoons of vines and flowers hung from its upper chamber; lanterns, some red, some green, some white, were fastened in a semi-circle above each of the three arches. To right and left stretched long, rather low, walls, surmounted at intervals by one-storied structures. Here dwelled the inferior priests and the Temple slaves. Every one of these structures was studded with twinkling lamps, and the effect combining with that produced by the illuminated, two-winged sanctuary rising from the unseen court within, was weirdly beautiful.

Tola, ignorant of even the every-day aspect of the great city, was almost breathless with wonder. All thought of himself and his purpose, his hopes and his fears, were forgotten. He had become one of a multitude, as insignificant, as little likely to attract attention as one of the stones upon which he trod. In the press through the Temple gate, he had lost sight of his friendly guide. He did not notice this. There was too much else to engross him. The crowds here were denser than in the narrowest street, and appeared all to be making in one direction: toward the smaller, but higher enclosed court to the south of the altar. Tola, to guard his lamb from jostling, sought a more secluded spot. This was easy enough. He had only to move closer to the outer parapet and allow the crowds to pass him. For a long time, his merely standing in an angle formed by the wall and a projecting pillar and watching the shadowy spectacle, sufficed to satisfy his roused curiosity. But as the number of new-comers diminished and a view of the terraced court above him was thereby opened, he felt the desire to see the proceedings more closely. Moving along the wall for some dozen yards, he came to one of the short flights of steps that led to the inner court. A high coping, broken at regular intervals by stairways, extended in a great square round it. In each of the four corners rose a structure that resembled the watchtowers on the northern battlements, save that the lower story was surrounded by a collonade porch between whose pillars heavy awnings or curtains were stretched. It was to the nearest of these structures that Tola directed his steps. The porch was thronged with spectators, and Tola could not press far enough to the front to see what was going on. Instead he was pushed more and more to the rear, until his shoulders struck the base of a pillar to which the end of a curtain was fastened. The pillar's base projected inward forming a kind of ledge. Tola, impeded by his burden, had some difficulty in climbing up to it; but once ensconced upon it, he could, by slightly pushing aside the curtain, obtain an excellent view of the panorama before him.

A thousand lights—purple, red, yellow, blue, and white—twinkled on the arched iron framework that stretched from gate to gate on three sides of the court. In front and on top of the coping that enclosed it, stood or sat the populace, a living wall of eager faces. In front of the altar stairway to the court's rear, so far from Tola that even his keen glance could scarcely distinguish their forms, sat those of the city's priests and dignitaries who cared to attend the festivities. The porch before the Holy Place and the

portals of each of the two high structures flanking it, were festooned with garlands and studded with lights, the latter so numerous that the two mighty brazen pillars upon the porch flashed as if under moonlight.

Tola did not know where to gaze first: at the wondrously illumined buildings, at the myriad expressive faces, or at the gracious maidenly figures dancing to the music of lute and harp in the court itself. His eyes roved hither and thither. He sought to disentangle the manifold impressions, but his mind was too confused.

Dance succeeded dance. The high-born maidens whose mincing steps were musically accentuated by the tinkling of their golden anklet-bells, had twice alternated with the more animated, if less airy, lowlier damsels, when from either side to rear of the court, there burst forth simultaneously a prolonged note as of a hundred stringed instruments, and in the next instant there issued a procession of choristers, decked with jewelled and brodered scarfs with sleeveless mantles and turbans, the latter blue or yellow or red, but so disposed that each hue formed a separate band in the broad ribbon of the processional. Tola had hardly time to wonder what this burst of sound might herald, had hardly noticed the dancing maidens join hands and encompass the advancing youths in an ever changing circle, now widening, now narrowing, when he became oblivious to everything but a swelling melody. Youthful masculine voices, lifted on wings of instrumental harmonies, sounded in his ears like supernal song. The chant, now glad and strong, now subdued and mournful, but always sweet, always thrilling, moved the boy to the depths of his being. The soul of music, awakened within him only that morning by Nelkah's singing, soared higher than then in its present enjoyment of the glorious tones. A something within him yearned to find expression in responsive song. His heart beat fast. What a blessing this was! O yes, here dwelled a wonder-working god. Here dwelled a god whose presence was light, whose presence was song. O, to be near such a one! To stand in that glad company, lifting voice and heart in praise and rejoicing! Were not that the richest blessing?

The chant ended. A merry outburst from viol and lute and harp gave the signal for youths and maidens to join in the dance. How fair the scene of flitting figures, of gay colors, of twinkling lights! But Tola saw it no longer. He had closed his eyes, seeking to resuscitate at least in memory the beautiful chant, the first choral melody that his artist soul had never known and with whose cessation all of joy had seemed to cease also. The bright strains that

still filled the air helped him sustain a delusion which his exhausted brain was conjuring up. He thought to hear anew the outburst of song. It became a deep, sonorous chanting, a glory of sound, above which Nelkah's voice rang clearest and most joyful. Lythe, airy forms bearing harps seemed floating around and above him. He, too, though he bore Dodi, a heavy burden,—no, it was a great, golden harp, this weight in his arms—he too, seemed rising; he too, was chanting. Yes, he had become one of the bright choristers soaring above the sanctuary, striving like the others to reach a radiant figure fitting above them all and beckoning him to follow. Was it Nelkah? Was it the kindly shepherd? Was it——? The boy, overpowered by a day's excitement and a night's unprecedented happiness, had fallen fast asleep on his secluded perch.

When he awoke, it was from a sense of cramped and aching limbs. He had been holding Dodi in his arms all the while he watched and slept and his sore muscles refused their office longer. He looked about him, startled and dazed. Where was he? He jumped from the ledge and emerged on the porch. Darkness all about him, with broad shadows frowning yet more darkly and towering grimly into the gray, starless heavens. Where was he?

The bleating of Dodi, who had fallen from his numb arms, recalled the confused child to his surroundings. All the beauty and joy of his last waking hour flooded his soul afresh as he scanned the sombre scene before him. He was in the Temple, where light and gladness had been revealed to him; in the Temple where he was to purchase continuance of that gladness by the sacrifice of his little lamb. His forgotten purpose, thus recalled, needed no effort in the fulfillment. He was certain that Dodi had been sent across his path for this only: to insure by her death his oneness with the people of the "great god." And now at this very hour, the last of a glorious night, the deed must be consummated. There, beyond the twin gates of the court, whence had issued those sweet-voiced choristers, stood the altar for the burnt-offerings, shadowy and awful, almost forbidding. There he must slay his one treasure.

Utterly void of fear—so used was he to solitude and silence—he sped across the great expanse where only a few hours (a short dream-moment) ago, a hundred feet had trodden the festal dance, around which had glimmered a myriad colored lights, and which had been enclosed by a living wall of glad spectators,—across this great expanse, so deserted and shadow-encompassed now, Tola sped, holding the lamb tight to him. Across the court and through one of the gates and toward the great altar.

Poor child! Does no instinct tell him that this ascent is sacred to the ministers of a jealous god? That no hand save that consecrated by years of service must lay a purified and sanctified offering upon the shrine? That a maimed beast is an abomination to the deity? No; no instinct warns him. Only for a second, the natural shrinking from bloodshed deters the little hand raised to strike the confiding creature placed at foot of the altar, then hope and resolve supervene. One agonized bleat and Dodi is bleeding her life away.

Tola clasped the neck his knife had so fatally pierced. "O Dodi, forgive me, I had to do it!" The little beast's cry had sent a pang to the boy's heart. He held it close till the death-struggle was over. He might have remained still longer, but as he raised his tear-stained face, a rosy streak on the edge of the eastern horizon warned him that it was nearly morning, and that he must return at once. He gazed round wondering how he might find his way back and out of the city. Beyond the altar, stood the "great god's" house, the same whose high, flanking towers he had often seen from his distant dwelling. Perhaps to its rear was an exit that might bring him speedily to the city's northern gate. He would try.

A vague misgiving was upon him as, so near to the abode of an unknown deity, he descended the altar steps on the farther side. In the bronze-pillared portico before the "Holy Place" a single large red light was shining. There dwelled the god. Tola gazed reverently within. A row of two-armed candelabra, fastened low on the walls to right and left, lit up the rather small but high apartment dimly; brightly enough, however, to hold the boy spell-bound at sight of the flowers, cherubim, palm-leaves and clusters of fruits carved in unbroken masses on the cedar walls from floor to ceiling. The latter, also carved, was a huge canopy of palm-branches and pomegranate blossoms. Garlands of natural flowers twined round the cedar pillars to the deep-recessed windows behind them, and hung festooned to the upper corners of a gorgeously woven curtain which hung suspended across the full width of the room.

Tola stood entranced at sight of this curtain with its wondrously wrought imagery: birds and winged animals and blossoming plants, their brilliant colorings only just discernable in the dim illumination. Silence and weirdness and beauty lured him within. He did not feel the damp chill of morn nor the gust of a sudden fierce wind that penetrated to even this secluded spot. He did not perceive the wild flaring of the lights to his left until a sharp, crackling sound in the midst of awful stillness, diverted his look. One

of the lights, elongated by the wind, had set fire to a garland just in front of it. Tola saw a little flame creeping swiftly toward the splendid curtain. One instant more and it would reach it. O, that must not be. This beautiful curtain, this dwelling of the "Great God" threatened with destruction? He rushed farther into the Holy Place, sprang upon the pillar nearest the flaring, greedy little flames, tore the garland from its place and trampled it violently under foot. O, how fortunate that he had been by to—

"Accursed, blasphemous viper, have I caught you in the act?"

IV.

"STONE HIM!"

Tola, pinioned by strong hands, powerless to move, turned his blanched face to the speaker. It was Joshua, the passionate priest who for the second time in twenty-four hours was converting his joy into bitterness.

Nelkah's father, whose duty it was, with two others, to offer up the daily morning-sacrifice that week, had risen before dawn. He dwelled with his father-in-law, the High-Priest Hilkiah, in the left wing of the sanctuary. When he issued into the court before the doorway, to await his comrades, he thought to behold a small figure flit past the pillar Boaz and into the sacred portico. He communicated his discovery to the two other priests as soon as they joined him. These, astonished as himself that any human foot save of the consecrated should dare to enter the naos, hesitated to investigate lest they be confronted by an evil spirit. Joshua was more determined. He ascended the porch steps, entered the Holy Place, and perceived with wrathful amazement that a boy with blood-stained garments and dishevelled hair, and with gestures of seeming hatred and rage, was trampling under foot the garlands which his own daughter and her companions had hung in the sanctuary. A glimpse of Tola's profile, and he instantly recognized "the sorcerer's son," and as instantly made up his mind that the boy's act was one of sacrilegious violence.

"Hither, Ithamar! Hither, Jonadab! An evil spirit it is, but one whose malice shall this day be strangled in death. A reviler of Yahvé, one of the cursed brood who still cherish their father's idols and who would gladly see the Lord's house trampled into dust as he has trampled yonder blossoms. What says the Law, Ithamar? Shall he burned with fire, or stoned, the daring wretch! Oh,

the abomination! The Moabite brat! The scorpion's nestling! Which, Ithamar, stoning or fire?"

Tola, beside himself with terror, would have fallen on his knees but that the iron grip still held him fast. His brain reeled. Only two words of the savage outburst penetrated his understanding. "A reviler of Yahvé!" "Stoning!"

"No, no, my lord!" he shrieked in his wild fear. "I did not desecrate this holy place. I only tried to save it. To save it! Oh, believe me, believe me, I only tried to save it!"

"Lying cur, silence!" Joshua was dragging the boy out of the naos and into the portico. Of the other two priests, the younger looked fierce as himself, but the elder's expression was one of doubt.

"Wait a moment, Joshua," he ventured. "Perhaps the lad may not be so guilty after all. What brought you to the Temple, boy? How did you enter? The gates have been closed since midnight."

"I came last evening. I wanted to sacrifice a lamb to the great god here," Tola answered, trembling in every limb. "I could not offer it till morning. I thought—I thought—"

"Offer up a lamb! You, an outcast slave, a wizard's brat!" Joshua shrieked the words. His fanatical spirit was more outraged by this revelation than it had been by the seeming blasphemous trampling of the consecrated flowers. "Where, O holy Yahvé? Where has he dared, where sacrificed?"

Tola, still pinioned, pointed as best he could toward the beautiful altar. A number of Temple slaves and Levites, roused by Joshua's outbursts, had by this time gathered round. Some of these, accompanied by the old priest Ithamar, ran toward the altar stairs. Joshua, in the meantime, told the others of the boy's fancied outrage upon the Holy Place, told of his shameful parentage, of his evident power for evil; that he had bewitched his daughter, Nelkah, the previous day. She had begged until nightfall to have the child brought to her and had become ill when this was denied her. Had not old Ithamar, zealous as any of them for the Lord, been softened by only a glance? But the priest's final words, his revilement of Tola's unholy sacrifice, enraged these narrow-minded men, proud and jealous of their prerogatives, more than aught else. A heathen child, one who did not even know the name of their deity, bringing him sacrifice? Incredible! On the contrary, obedient rather to the suggestions of his own evil gods, the boy had sought to pollute Yahvé's holy altar. Their belief in his guilt was confirmed when Ithamar, followed by the horrified Temple servitors,

came running toward them with little Dodi's carcass held aloft. The boy had really dared? Had spilled unhallowed blood! And, horror of horrors, the animal was a female and maimed at that! Triple pollution! Abomination of abominations! The child was death's.

"Stone him! Stone him!" they shouted.

Tola's frantic appeals, his sobs, his reiteration of innocence were not even heard in the tumult that now sounded about him. Almost fainting with terror, followed by an ever waxing concourse, he was dragged by a slave to whom Joshua had flung him, out into the court, through gates and down stairways, and over the narrow causeway into the stirring city.

"A blasphemer! A sorcerer's son! A polluter of the holy shrine! Stone him! Stone him." These cries were taken up by many of those whom the savage train encountered. If among the horrified throngs that ran to witness the grim procession, some gentle woman, some aged man, some uncomprehending child, looked mournfully at the hapless ashen boy, their sympathy could avail him nothing. Priests were his accusers, priests were his judges, priests his executioners. And to their revered decrees—reverenced profoundly since the discovery and promulgation and acceptance of the New Law a half a generation before—all true sons and daughters of Judah would bow unquestioningly.

v.

THE MOTHER.

Alas for Tola!

Vashni awoke at daybreak. Her head was heavy and painful as always after the torturing dreams that accompanied her slumbers. She tossed restlessly from side to side striving to shake off the dull aching. Then she missed something: Tola's quick step to her side and the wet cloth that he always placed upon her head when the pain at her temples was more than ordinarily intense. She started up with a cry. No, he was not on his pallet. She ran to the door, opened it, and looked anxiously into the little garden where he loved to work. But he was not there either. "Tola! Tola!" she cried in alarm. "Tola!"

Only the echo for an answer.

The unsubstantial fears and visions with which half this poor mad woman's life was filled, were dispelled by a real terror. Mother-love, almost always dormant in presence of her boy, became intensely, painfully roused under the influence of fear for his safety.

She longed to hold him close, to look into his sad eyes, to watch him dig round his flower-beds or water his plants, or only to hear his sweet, clear whistling beyond the hillock. O, for a sign of him!

Then she smiled as any sane mother might at her foolish terror. "He has gone to gather berries fresh for my morning meal," she said aloud. "The good child! Yes, he has gone to gather berries. Only yesterday he told me how fast they were ripening on the sunny slopes. I, too, must surprise him. I must make him one of the little cakes my mother taught me how to make in far-off Ar-Moab. The child, the dear child, he loves them. I have not made him one in many a long day. Alas, alas! you have not a good mother, my poor Tola."

But even as she busied herself, the terror returned, and ever and anon she ran to the door and called tremulously, shrilly: "Tola! Tola!" The little cake was done. Should she milk the goat as Tola always did after sunrise? Should she hunt for eggs by the bushes and in the hedge as he did? O, why was he so long at gathering the berries? Poor child, he did not think that his care to give her joy was giving her so much pain!

In her anxiety she wandered as far as the lane.

Hark! What was that buzzing sound from the distant high-road? O, Kemosh, great god, what are those tones, faint but menacing, abrupt and sharp, borne upon the misty air of morning? Nearer they sound; clearer. Now in isolated threats, now in commingled incoherence. Is it another poor wretch whom they drive hither to his death, those cruel people of Jerusalem? Will another victim's groans and cries for mercy swell the mad chorus that nightly shrieks in her dreams?

In the hideous recollection that made her live again as so often before that wretched hour when her husband in sight of her and his new-born babe was goaded on to a slow-torturing death, Vashni forgot her present fear. She turned to flee out of sight and hearing of the tragedy she felt to be impending. "Tola!" she screamed as she reached her patch of ground. "Child, child, you must not hear, you must not see! Come within! Come within!"

But now the deserted garden, the empty house, gave to her distracted thoughts another turn. Tola away. What if—O, what if it was upon him, too, his father's doom was descending? What if those dreadful voices were reviling him as once his father had been reviled? She reeled under the sudden intuition. A blackness, broken by flashes of lurid light, clogged her vision for a moment. Then, staggering at first, a roaring in her ears and a mist still blur-

ring her sight, the frantic woman rushed once more into the lane; faster and faster as the uproar approached; faster and faster and toward the highway.

Yes, there he came, tottering as he walked, driven toward the fatal rift by the lashes of his persecutors. The cowards, the curs, the cruel, wicked hundreds pursuing the one defenceless child, the innocent, the gentle! O, the dread in those great eyes! O, the pallor of his quivering features, and O, the heart-breaking portent of that baleful cry: "Stone him! Stone him!"

Above the muttered curses, the shrill denunciations, the revilings and the threats, commingled as they were in one sustained uproar, rang a piercing cry: "Tola, my son! O, No! No! No!" And a figure, as terrible in its frenzied fury and grief as an avenging angel, rushed from the by-path toward the panting child.

With an almost superhuman effort, Tola recovered his spent forces. "Mother, mother, O save me!" he cried, springing forward with a hunted animal's fleetness, and threw himself, utterly exhausted, into the protecting embrace.

"The witch! Kill her! Stone them both!" shouted sundry of the crowd, pressing forward, the infuriated Joshua at their head. "Snatch the boy from her!" "Let her see him die and then away with her, too!" "Accursed Moabites!" "Blasphemers of Yahvé!" Tola heard nothing of this. Wild sobs shook his frame. He clung with all his might to the dear, protecting arms. "Mother, mother!" he moaned in midst of his weeping.

His appeal and the imminence of his fate restored to the frantic woman all the courage and resolution, aye, and all the instinctive intelligence with which motherhood can be endowed. From that frantic, heartless priest whose hatred had pursued her husband unto death, whose hatred was pursuing her and her child to the brink of the same abyss, from him who led this murderous throng with the authority given by spiritual supremacy, from him she could expect no mercy. Where then find aid?

"The witch!" "The child of death!" "Stone him!" "Stone them both!"

"Mother! Mother!"

Aid! Where find it? Where but in self-forgetful, self-immolating love?

The advancing crowd now beheld a strange spectacle. The woman whose wild appeal had only a moment before rung forth so stridently, flung the child from her. With head erect and flashing eyes she awaited the oncoming of Joshua, first of the frantic pur-

suers to reach her. "Aye, stone him, stone him!" she cried in tones vibrant as her first appeal had been. "Stone him, and let me be avenged at last on your cruel will. Stone the child! Aye, stone him, heartless people all, and when 'tis done, let Joshua lament him as I lament a husband who was more innocent than the boy himself! Why should I shield the child? Have I a part in him? Nay, Know, cruel priest, the boy is no son of mine, the boy is yours!"

Joshua fell back. "She lies!" he cried. "It is a stratagem to save him. She lies!" But even with the words, his hands fell nerveless to his side. "Seize her! Bind her! Torture her with slow fire! Let her confess that she lies!"

"Lies? Nay, but that I nurtured him at this breast, but that I saw his first faint smile, but that I lied to myself all these years and taught myself to believe he was my own dead babe, I would keep silence now and let your hardness of heart revenge itself. You should, but that I loved him once, goad all that cowardly multitude to slay Abigail's son as they slew my Shallum!"

"It cannot be! It cannot be my son! My son died after but three days of life!" Joshua shrieked. "He lies upon his mother's breast in the tomb of Olivet. This child is yours!"

"Stone him then if you believe it!" Vashni laughed discordantly. "Stone him! See, I heed his prayers no longer. See, I must hate him now whom once I loved, hate him for his bloody father's sake!" She pushed Tola, who had been newly clinging to her, away as though she loathed him indeed.

Joshua was powerless to act. The crowd, silent now and straining to hear, closed round the strange group. "Her spell is upon me," groaned the priest. "Question her, Jonadab. Be you the judge of this. I cannot. My babe? It died twelve years ago. I have no son."

The young priest who had been a witness and a participant in Joshua's fury from its commencement, stepped close to the heroic mother. "Prove that you are not lying," he said sternly. "The boy is your son in spirit if not in flesh. He must die a torturing death in any case, for he is guilty of abomination. If he is Joshua's son, how came he to you? Speak, woman!"

Vashni felt her brain whirling. Fantastic thoughts again mingled with realities in her mind. She laughed aloud once more, a crazed, horrible laugh. "Come, Tola, come. We will go home. Mine? His? Whose? O, Shallum! O, Abigail! Tola, Tola! Would you go with your father? Horrible! Horrible! Would you leave me and go with your father?"

"Mother, mother, save me from him! Only save me!" Tola clasped her waist, his tears flowed on her hands.

At that word, love again dominated madness. "Mother? I am no mother of yours. My babe lies sleeping on Abigail's breast," she wailed, wringing her hands. "Give me back my dead babe, O cruel Joshua, and take your own again. Oh! you do not believe me. You think me raving as often I rave by the stony rift where you slew my Shallum. No, no! I speak truly. By Kemosh I swear it! Listen! Listen, my lord. Do you remember the night I came to implore Abigail to save my Shallum? Do you remember how you spurned me, albeit you were happy in the birth of a son and should have been merciful? Oh! yes you remember. But you do not know of the misery that followed. You did not see my Shallum stagger and bleed under the cruel missiles. Oh, I see him yet, I see him yet! I saw him all that day, all that night, as I sat by the rift. I heard not my infant's cry for food. I—I knew not I had an infant until I felt something icy cold against my arm. My babe it was, my little dead babe, dead—because its mother heard not its cries for food. I—I looked upon its little face and I called you its murderer, as I had called you Shallum's so often. I seemed to see you proud and happy in your boy while I was widowed and—and childless. Then came the news of Abigail's death, and some evil spirit whispered to me that your babe would die too, and that you would be punished for your cruelty to Shallum. I longed to see the babe die, longed to see your grief. I crept forth to witness both. Your old slave, Anna, thought I had come to take one last look at my poor Abigail, dead and cold upon her bier. But I had only come to see your grief. She took me into an inner chamber. There sat the nurse, and in her lap, strong and healthy, was your son. O no, he would not die. You would be happy in your son for years, I thought. Happy for years and years. Then the evil spirit whispered how I might be avenged. I—I—I—" Vashni hesitated. The stream of her narrative, a blending of truth and falsehood (for she had indeed gone to see her dead mistress the night before the funeral), the stream of her narrative threatened to be dammed. The breathless listeners fancied this hesitation due to reluctance to confess her full guilt. But almost instantly, an inspiration came. "I had learned a spell from Shallum," she continued, speaking faster and exultantly; "I cast it over the nurse, over the women lamenting in the funeral chamber. I caught up your babe, took off its dainty robes and put them on my own dead little one, and swiftly, ere the spell should break, I fled out into the night and

from the city. And now," she stood before them, wild, beautiful, defiant; "now kill me for the spell. I have robbed you of twelve years of happiness! Kill me for it!"

"Yes, kill her! Kill her, the vile wretch! The robber of babies! She has confessed, let her die!" These shouts, inaugurated by the priest Jonadab, were taken up by one and all of the enraged onlookers. But Joshua was still passive. He looked at the boy. That child his? That trampler of the sacred blossoms, that polluter of the sacred shrine, his son? He hid his face in his hands.

Tola had been gazing from his mother to the priest. He was too staggered by the revelation coming so immediately after his deadly peril, to think coherently. A father? No longer an outcast? Not his mother's son? A child as others, but destined to see one beautiful, beloved face no more! What could it all mean? Then he was dominated by two equally strong impressions: One was Joshua's furtive, fearsome, and yet longing gaze, a gaze that questioned even while it desired; a gaze of blended doubt and yearning. The other was the swelling chorus of threats against Vashni. His danger was becoming hers.

He threw himself at Joshua's feet. "Oh, if what my mother says is true, if you are indeed my father, forgive her! She cared for me, she loved me. She was so sad and lonely, but she loved me! Oh, if you are my father, grant my first prayer. She was so good to me!"

"Good?" Joshua found his voice at last. "She brought you up a wizard, an idolatrous wretch! She taught you her unhallowed arts and how to desecrate the shrine of Yahvé. My son? Nay, even so it be that Abigail bore you to me, I may not pardon. The hater of Yahvé I may not pardon."

"Listen, listen but once again, O you who are my father! I hate not the great god. I love him. I have loved him ever since I heard the sweet songs of praise his worshippers sang on the mountain yonder. It was because I loved him that I gave up my lamb—it was all I had. If I had been rich and blessed as you, I would have bestowed a greater gift. But it was all I had, and I thought the god would understand, would know how I longed to be one of his worshippers, and I thought he would accept the gift. And then when I saw the garland burning, when I saw the beautiful curtain threatened by the flame, I did not think I was doing wrong to snatch it down and extinguish the fire. I only thought to save the hanging and the beautiful chamber from burning. I did not know that the great god could keep his beautiful dwelling from harm

without my wretched aid. But now I know. Oh, you believe me now, do you not?" The fervor of his tone carried conviction. "You will believe me when I say that my heart longs to praise your god as you do, and, Oh! far more, longs to sing to him as I heard the glad youths singing to him in the Temple at midnight. O, you who are my father, you who love the god, see, I too, would love him. I would understand and serve him as you do! Teach me to serve him as you do!"

Joshua's fanatic heart was touched in its deepest feelings. Not a desecrator of the sanctuary, but its saviour? Not an idolator of the hated Kemosh, but a worshipper of Yahvé? One who might grow up to take his own place when age or death called him from his loved work? A son, who would consecrate himself to the Lord's service, who would love His precepts?

"My son, my son, indeed!" He stooped, raised the kneeling child and clasped him close. "Nelkah was wiser than I," he whispered. Then, turning his radiant face toward the people, he asked: "Do you believe him, my brothers? Aye, it was Yahvé's way of restoring unto me my own. But the woman—" His brow darkened. "Lost! twelve years of joy lost!" he muttered savagely. "Drag the foul slave—"

Tola's appealing look restrained him anew. "Let her go," he commanded hoarsely. "Yahvé shall judge her." His meaning look encountered Jonadab's.

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Not long after, any one entering the "witch's" dwelling, hard by "The Place of Stoning," would have seen a prostrate figure clutching the worn coverlet on Tola's pallet—would have heard low sobs and moans, and perhaps distinguished words that recalled those of King David mourning for Absalom: "O, Tola, my son, my son, I am dying for thee! O, Tola, my son, my son!"

Such a one, remaining until sun-down, would have seen two swarthy figures entering the hut; one the fierce young priest, Jonadab, the other a negro slave; would have seen a bright sword flash in the darkness of the chamber and seen it drawn, hallowed by a mother's sacrificial blood, from Vashni's quivering breast.

"O Tola, I am dying for thee!" The words were broken, inarticulate, but in the eyes, ere they closed in death, shone a great joy.

LOUISE MICHEL, PRIESTESS OF PITY AND VENGEANCE.

BY EMMA PADDOCK TELFORD.

IN the death of Louise Michel, variously known and designated as saint, sinner, Priestess of Pity, anarchist, poet, philanthropist, petrolleuse, musician and savant, the twentieth century loses one of its most romantic and remarkable figures; one whose name will doubtless go down to posterity with those of her countrywomen Joan of Arc and Charlotte Corday.

A born leader—though, by virtue of a massive virility and stormy impetuosity rather than feminine charm or personal magnetism—for nearly forty years she has swayed the militant socialistic party of France, fiercely carrying on the work of propoganda and at the same time acting the part of good angel to the turbulent elements of the under-world.

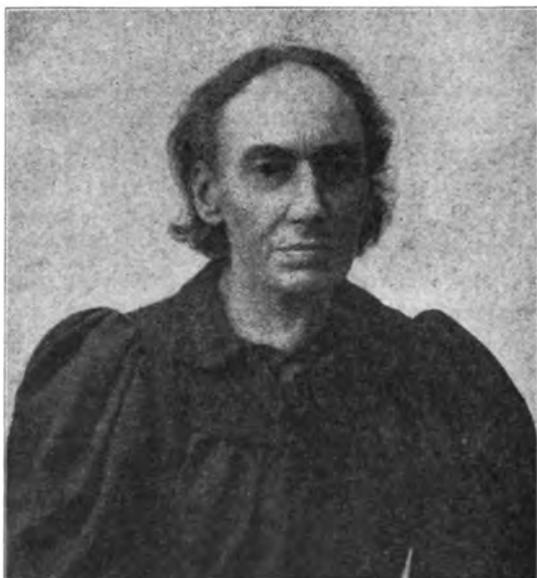
Born at the Castle of Vroncourt, in the department of the Haute-Marne, in 1839, she has lived a life full of the interest and intensity of human passion.

An illegitimate child, her early days were passed in an old feudal castle belonging to her father, surrounded by a "veritable menagerie of pets," as she says in her memoirs, and cared for by her mother and grandparents. Her earliest playmates included a pet deer, a tortoise, a tame wolf, several hares, owls, squirrels, bats, dogs in legions and cats in battalions, and among these the child Louise learned the law of compassion and pity that has dominated her whole life. Here, she first felt the spirit within her crying for vengeance upon the oppressors of her furred and feathered friends. She bought imprisoned larks and linnets as long as her toys held out as a medium of exchange, then failing the sinews of war for barter, she fell upon the enemy with tooth and nail, rescuing the tiny victims of childish inhumanity *vi et armis*.

"I took advantage," she naively admits, "of my strength over younger children; an excusable action on my part, since by so doing, I was placing my strength at the service of the right."

Thus she progressed toward womanhood—an ugly, homely child, with strongly marked features, dishevelled hair, skirts always too short, aprons torn, and the net in which she stored her toads usually dangling from her pocket; an unprepossessing exterior, doubtless, but the possessor of a heart pulsating with a passionate love of liberty and downtrodden humanity.

Her boon companion at this time was her cousin Jules, who romped with her through the woods, discussed all sorts of questions,



rearranged Victor Hugo's dramas and played them with her. Behind a convenient wall in the yard the children improvised a stage, and guillotine, and here they represented with great fidelity as to detail, the bloodiest scenes of the Reign of Terror, thus early showing a strange leaning toward the horrible.

Before she was fourteen, Louise had two suitors whom she summarily dismissed; the last one in the following emphatic words: "I do not love you. I shall never do so, and were I to be married to you, I should treat you as Madame Angelique treated Georges Daudin."

When Louise was fourteen years old, her grandparents died,

and she prepared herself for teaching. Pupils came in abundance, for the eccentric girl made friends among children as quickly as among animals; but her revolutionary sentiments soon proved her undoing with the authorities. She taught her scholars to sing the Marseillaise the first thing when school opened and the last thing before closing, and this often with weeping and on their bended knees. Such teaching, combined with newspaper essays comparing Napoleon to Domitian, brought her twice before the authorities.

In 1855 at the close of the Crimean war, Louise, then eighteen years of age, enthusiastic and passionately republican, came to Paris as an assistant teacher in the school of Madame Volliers. At this time, according to her own story, she and her mother, who was with her, were so poor and wages were so small that even a cook was better off and often lent them money. "Our black grenadine dresses," she said, "and our lace mantels were all got from second-hand shops, and seldom paid for in cash. To make ends meet we gave evening lessons and in that way earned a little more money." After her settlement in Paris, Louise Michel's revolutionary opinions grew apace, and she soon threw aside her books, became an avowed atheist and plunged madly into the cause of the people. She took part in many of the revolutionary meetings, and the lectures she gave and attended became centers of opposition to the Napoleonic dynasty. Soon the war came on and the Empire fell in a night. Louise, who had done what she could to protest against it, took her first conspicuous part in French politics by collecting signatures for the release of Endes and Brideau, who had proclaimed the Republic before Sedan. She, with others, carried the petition to the Governor of Paris, but they were refused admittance. "We have come in the name of the people of Paris," she said, "and we will not go until our petition is read." From this time on she threw herself, heart and soul, into the commune. Habited in the costume of a National Guard and shouldering a rifle, she was present at all the places where excitement, danger and death reigned, the head and front of every movement. Although no special atrocity was ever laid to her charge, she was held more or less responsible for everything. When the last stand of that desperate band of revolutionists was made in the Montmartre Cemetery, Louise was one of the handful of men and women who made battlements of the walls by pulling down the stones with their hands and hiding behind these fragile defences, dodged the shells sent into their midst by the Versaillist troops. When at last the position was stormed, and the futile struggle ended, Louise was banished to New Caledonia, where she spent her time

nursing the sick among her fellow prisoners. She was also employed as school mistress, becoming so devoted to her wild little Kanaka scholars that she declared herself more than once tempted to return to them after the amnesty in 1880 which carried her back to Paris.

Her return from exile was celebrated by monster demonstrations on the part of the Parisian populace. She brought with her a curious red cat of some wild species which became famous in connection with its mistress. Again she took up the role of propogandist, transferring to anarchy the devotion she had formerly shown for republicanism. Soon again she found herself in prison, this time for inciting the poor to plunder bakers' shops. Since then her life has been a succession of controversies with the authorities. She has been imprisoned as a lunatic, convicted as a criminal, and locked up in St. Hazen with the poor girls of the town. She wrote the first volume of her memoirs in jail. Her later years she spent in Paris, at Dulwich and Sydenham, London. She never married, and, until a few years ago, lived with her mother, the old peasant woman. After her mother's death she lived alone with her books and cats. Now and again she would emerge to wave the fire-brand of anarchy in Hyde Park and other places. The rest of the time she busied herself with her books and pen. She was an accomplished musician and did much musical criticism under the name of Louis Michel, her chances with the editors being bettered in this way. She was a fine botanist and ready writer. Altogether some ten volumes have come from her pen. Her plays and novels are all based upon the one question of social reform, the best known of the later being *Les Microbes Humains*.

She was a firm believer in the education of the masses, claiming for them the right of happiness, better wages, shorter hours of labor and a chance for their expansion physically, intellectually and morally. American women she esteemed highly and is quoted as saying: "French women are beginning to understand that they must take their place as the American women have managed to do. They talk less of the right of voting and are trying more to instruct themselves and thus assure their independence, without male guardianship."

Totally forgetful of self and comfort in her unceasing struggle for the betterment of the waifs and derelicts of humanity, she always occupied wretched lodgings, piled up with disordered heaps of rickety furniture, books, music, magazines and cooking utensils, while her dress was that of a beggar. Domesticity was not one of her attributes. An American who visited her in her squalid sur-

roundings a few years ago gave this pen picture of the "Red Nun," as the Parisians called her, and her unconventional manners: "I was ushered," he said, "into a room poorly furnished and in indescribable confusion and disorder. All at once, a side door opened, and Louise Michel literally flew into my presence, clad only in a woman's innermost garment and a petticoat. Tall, gaunt, with high cheek bones, big mouth and massive chin, she was never handsome, and now with her dishevelled iron gray hair flying about in all directions, her prominent and haggard features, her unwashed linen and the petticoat torn in a hundred places, she more resembled a witch or sorceress of the dark ages than a civilized being of this enlightened period."

She was a brilliant conversationalist, never uttering a commonplace remark, while so great were her powers of pleasing that in conversation one almost forgot the dinginess and squalor of her surroundings. Her voice was low and moderate, seldom rising to a tone consistent with the wildness of her words. Her language was good and her construction grammatical. When sitting on the platform waiting for her turn to speak, her hands lay quietly on her lap or played absent-mindedly with her chin. When ready to speak she would rise quietly and with a certain appearance of dignity.

A few years ago she planned to visit America, accompanied by her young secretary, Charlotte Vevel, a French woman whose anarchistic tendencies had led her to share the doubtful fortunes of the "Angel Anarchist." Her object in coming was to earn money enough by a course of lectures on her political theories to erect a home in London for political outcasts from all countries of the globe. Formulating her plans she said: "In this home they will live for a short time until they can find employment, lodging and food. English lessons will be given them, that they may know the language of the country where they are compelled to live. Newspaper advertisements offering employment will be brought to their notice and explained. As the object is charity, this help will be extended to all regardless of party or nationality. I have witnessed the pitiful arrival of a great many of these unfortunates, absolutely destitute and not knowing where to turn, and this has given me the idea of founding this shelter."

Just before she sailed, however, Louise Michel received word from this country that her views would not meet with the approval of those in authority, and her project had to be abandoned.

She died in Marseilles, death following an attack of double

pneumonia contracted while on a lecturing tour of the Southern Provinces of her own beloved France.

To many of the present day, Louise Michel may seem to have been a poor, mad creature with a tragic past, albeit one singularly honest and pure. But if love for one's fellow man be taken into account, in the years to come, Louise Michel's name may, like Abou Ben Adhem's, lead all the rest.

THE AINUS.

BY THE EDITOR.

ON Yezo, the most northern Island of the Japanese empire, there is living the remnant of a peculiar people, called the Ainus, who are commonly supposed to have been the earliest inhabitants of the whole archipelago. They were not unknown to the Chinese, who in a report of the year 310 A. D. about strange ship-wrecked people on their coast, speak of them as *mao jin* or hairy men. When the ruling classes of the present Japanese population, who are probably a mixture of Malay and Hindu, or perhaps Siamese, conquered the country, the Ainus were driven from their original homes, until now they are to be found only in the northern islands, counting a population of not more than 50,000 souls.

The Japanese as a rule look down upon the Ainus as an inferior race, and when Professor Starr went to Japan for the purpose of engaging an Ainu family for exposition at the St. Louis World's Fair, the Japanese authorities tried to frustrate the project. His wishes were acceded to only on his promise that he would not fail to impress the truth upon the visitors to the Fair, that the Ainus were not Japanese, but merely subject to the Mikado, and were primitive tribes speaking a language of their own, with their own peculiar customs and institutions.

Now it is interesting for us to know that the Ainus are obviously a white race and are nearer kin to the Europeans than any Asiatic races. They seem to have come to Japan from the continent of Asia, and may at a remote prehistoric time have extended over the whole of Siberia. *A priori* it would seem probable that they ought to be nearest in blood to the Russians—the most eastern inhabitants of Europe; and if we compare the features of the Ainus with the Russian type we are struck with their remarkable similarity.



AINU FAMILY WITH JAPANESE INTERPRETER.

Anthropologists, folklorists, and philologists have so far troubled very little about the Ainus, and the best authority on the subject, so far as we know, is still the Rev. John Batchelor who came to Yezo in 1879 and has worked among the people as a missionary and civiliser ever since. We learn from Professor Starr, who met



OLD MAN WHITTLING.

him at his home in the far East, that Mr. Batchelor has ready in manuscript a dictionary of the Ainu language, and it would be very desirable for the interests of anthropology in general to have it published, that students of comparative philology might be given

an opportunity to determine the character of the language and thus see whether or not there is any similarity to the Slavic tongues.

The Ainus, not unlike Russian peasants, are a most inoffensive



A TYPICAL RUSSIAN PEASANT.

and peaceable people. They are not rovers but like to remain at home, and are good-natured and amenable to authority. They become dangerous only when driven to despair by cruel treatment,



AINU MAN.

and since the Japanese government is very considerate with them, they have rarely proved anything but submissive. They are very industrious, and live mainly by hunting and fishing, but are also fond of weaving carpets, baskets, mats, etc., and are experts at whittling, by this means making spoons, bowls, and other utensils.



CARPET WEAVING.

The writer of this sketch visited the Ainus at the St. Louis Exposition in the company of Prof. Frederick Starr of the University of Chicago, and Prof. F. W. Kelsey from Ann Arbor. The head of the household was a venerable old man who bore a striking resemblance to the great Russian philosopher Tolstoy, not so much,

perhaps, in particular features as in his general appearance. Another AINU who represented the type of fullgrown manhood, looked like a Russian peasant of the better class, with benevolent features and an almost Christlike expression in his eye. So far as exterior is concerned, he would certainly be a welcome candidate for the



BASKET MAKING.

chief rôle at Oberammergau. The women among the Ainus are noticeably different and seem to be of a Mongolian type.

Their thatched hut was built exactly like the homes they left in Yezo, of materials brought with them for the purpose, and as we approached it, they greeted us after their native fashion by



AINU MOTHER.

raising three times both hands, palm upwards, with fingers widely spread, and then gravely stroking their beards downwards. The women who wore tattooed mustaches welcomed us in a peculiar manner which we could not help considering ridiculous, by drawing the first finger of the right hand under the nose, and Professor



MAKING MATS.

Starr thought that the artificial beard was probably made for the purpose of enabling them to imitate their husbands' method of greeting.

We discoursed with these amiable children of nature through

their Japanese interpreter who spoke enough English to make himself understood to us and had full command of Ainu speech. We squatted round the fire over which our hosts baked rice cakes and served tea.

The old man made wood-shavings which were curling under his knife. They serve a religious purpose, and he explained to us the orthodox way of making them, although the heterodox way was not so much abhorred as deemed inefficient. At any rate, he did not hesitate to make shavings either way and to reject the heterodox and throw them into the fire as useless.



AN "INAO."

The shavings are frequently left hanging from the top of the sacred willow-stick, called *inao*, and this gives it something of the appearance of a mop. A large *inao* is kept constantly in the northeast corner of the house whence it is never removed. It is called "the old man," and the Ainus dislike to speak on the subject, and regard it with great reverence. Other *inaos* are set up at places which they wish to consecrate—at springs, at storehouses, or wherever they expect divine protection. These odd symbols seem to serve as guardians, and are supposed to be endowed with supernatural power. A sacred hedge, called *nusa*, is grown on the east side of Ainu dwellings, and Professor Starr advises foreigners never to meddle with either *inao* or *nusa*.*

The Ainus are naturally devout, but their religion is so vague that it would be very difficult to give a definite explanation of it, for they themselves are probably least fit to be the interpreters of their traditional beliefs. They only follow the precedents established by their fathers, and any one who would

* See Starr, *The Ainu Group at the St. Louis Exposition*, pp. 26-28.



OLD MAN WITH INAO.

attempt to describe their religion would have to begin with simply a description of their customs, institutions, rituals, and festivals.

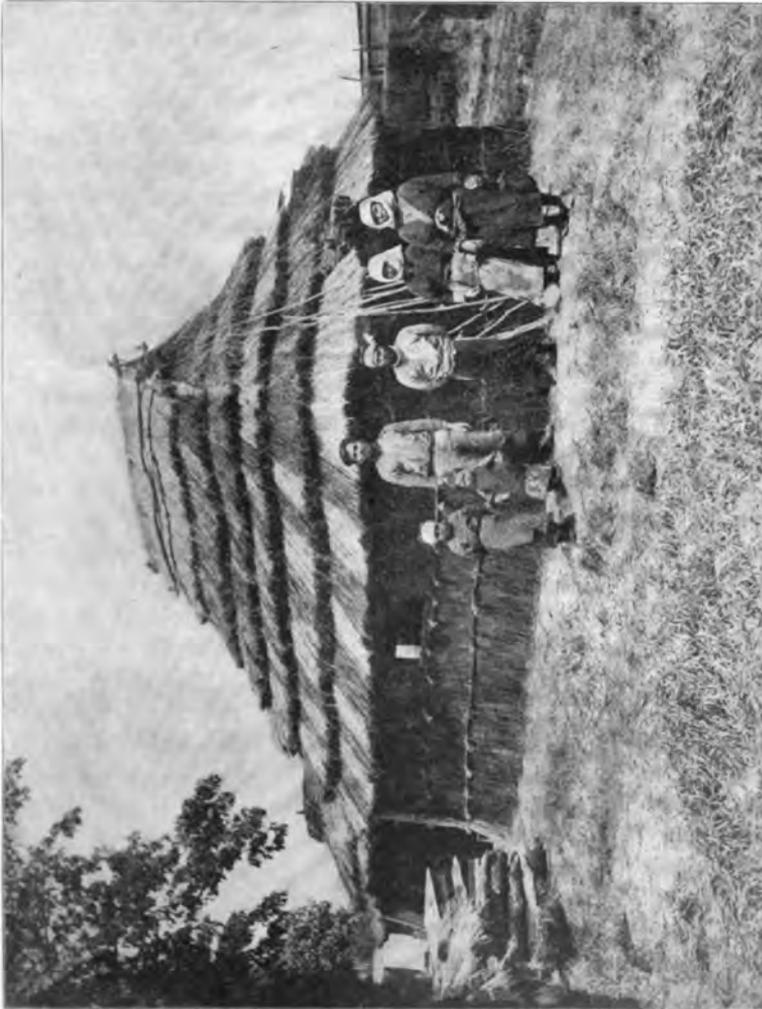


BEAR'S CAGE.

Explanations will have to be derived from the data of comparative religion.

It is characteristic of the Ainus that they celebrate festivals

in honor of animals, and the most important of these is the bear, which seems to be regarded as an incarnation of the deity who assumes this visible form in order to furnish the Ainus with food and clothing. The reverence with which the bear is regarded, the love



AINU HOUSE.

with which the cub is raised, and the religious observance with which he is finally eaten, furnishes us with a peculiar parallel to the customs of the Aztecs who feed a representative of the god and finally sacrifice and eat him ceremoniously in a sacramental meal.

We learn from Professor Starr's little book (pp. 45-50) that the festival is a regular institution among the Ainus. Bear hunting takes place in winter and early spring, and on one of their expeditions they are particularly anxious to capture alive a little bear cub. Mr. Batchelor told Professor Starr that the bear cub was suckled by the women of the village.

"On one occasion, when he was preaching in a house, the little cub was taken into the service and was passed from one woman to another and suckled, in the most matter-of-fact way. Later on, though no longer suckled, the pet bear is most carefully fed; sometimes the woman will give it a soft morsel with her lips. When the animal is too large to be longer kept in the house and petted, it is put out into a cage, constructed of a cob-web of logs and raised a little above the ground on posts. In feeding it there, a special wooden trough with a handle is used. Formerly the bear was kept two or three years in the village; now one rarely sees a bear more than a year old in the cages. Finally the time for the great ceremonial arrives. Food and drink are prepared in large quantities—millet cakes or dumplings, millet beer, and saké (Japanese rice brandy). Guests from other villages are invited. Everyone is dressed in their finest clothing. The older and more important men wear their crowns. The men have bathed and their foreheads and the back of their necks have been shaved and their hair trimmed; bathing, shaving, and hair trimming regularly occur but once a year. Abundance of fresh *inao* are cut. A preliminary feasting takes place, at which the men seat themselves in a semi-circle to the east of the house, facing the *nusa*, near the food and drink, which are placed before them; the women sit behind the men. Presently a man, chosen for that service, goes to the bear's cage, where he salaams and makes an address to the captive. Mr. Batchelor prints one such address, as follows: "Oh, thou divine one, thou wast sent into the world for us to hunt. Oh, thou precious little divinity, we worship thee; pray hear our prayer. We have nourished thee and brought thee up with a deal of pains and trouble, all because we love thee so. Now, as thou hast grown big, we are about to send thee to thy father and mother. When thou comest to them please speak well of us, and tell them how kind we have been; please come to us again and we will sacrifice thee." Two young men, one on either side, now noose the bear with lassoes and drag him out among the people. Armed with bows and arrows, with blunt, wooden points, they shoot at him to tease and irritate him. Such arrows are not used on any other occasion, and the tips are stained black after which

ornamental patterns are cut through, to show the white wood beneath; a bit of red flannel is added at the very tip. After being led around for some time, the animal is tied to a stout stake driven into the ground, and the teasing continues. Finally, two young men attack the animal, one seizing it by the ears and head, the other taking it by the hind quarters; a third man rushes up holding a stick by the ends in his hands and forces it between the bear's teeth; four other men seize the animal by his legs or feet and drag them outward until the bear lies sprawling upon the ground. Two long poles are then placed, one under the bear's throat, the other across the nape of his neck. Upon these the people crowd and weigh down to strangle the poor beast. Sometimes a man with a bow and arrow shortens the creature's sufferings by a well-directed shot. The bear is then skinned and its head is cut off, the skin remaining attached to it. The skin and head are then laid out upon a nice mat near the east window, and decorated with *inao* shavings, beads, earrings, small mirrors, etc.; a bit of its own flesh is placed under its snout; dried



ARROW USED IN THE BEAR FEAST.

fish, saké or millet beer, millet dumplings, and a cup of its own meat boiled are offered to it. A worshipper addresses it in some such fashion as this: 'Oh, cub, we give you these *inao*, cakes, and dried fish; take them to your parents and say, "I have been brought up for a long time by an Ainu father and mother and have been kept from all trouble and harm; as I am now grown big, I am come to you. I have also brought you these *inao*, cakes, and dried fish. Please rejoice." If you say this to them, they will be very glad.' Dancing and feasting then ensue. A cup of the animal's flesh has meantime been boiled; after this has been offered to him, a little is given to every person present, even the children. A general feast upon the meat of the bear follows, until practically nothing is left except his bones. The head with its skin attached is then placed upon the *nusa* and left there. In time, through decay and weathering, only the bleached skull remains."

ASHVAJIT'S STANZA AND ITS SIGNIFICANCE.

BY THE EDITOR.

THERE is a story related in the Mahāvaggo (sections 23-24)¹ about the conversion of Shāriputra and Maudgalyāyana,² two Brahmans who led a religious life as wandering ascetics, both bent on attaining enlightenment and reaching Nirvāna. And it happened one day that Shāriputra saw in the streets a young ascetic going from door to door begging for alms. He kept his eyes modestly to the ground and showed such a dignified deportment that Shāriputra thought to himself: "Truly, this monk is a saint. He is walking on the right path. I will ask him in whose name he has retired from the world and what doctrine he professes."

The young ascetic's name was Ashvajit, and on being asked as to his faith and the doctrine of his master, he said: "I am a disciple of the Buddha, the Blessed One, the Sage of the Shakyas, but being a novice, I cannot explain the details, I can only tell the substance of the doctrine."

Said Shāriputra: "Tell me, O venerable monk, the substance. It is the substance I want."

And Ashvajit recited the stanza:

"The Buddha has the causes told
Of all the things that spring from causes.
And further the great sage has told
How finally all passion pauses."

"Ye dhamma hetuppabhava.
Tesam hetum Tathagato
Aha; Tesanca nirodho.
Evamvadi mahasamano."

¹ *Sacred Books of the East*, Vol. XIII, pp. 144-151. Compare also the Chinese translation of the Buddhacharita, the *Fo-Sho-Hing-Tsan-King* IV, 17 (*S. B. E.*, XIX, pp. 193 ff.) and other sacred books of the Buddhists.

² Upatissa is commonly called after his mother, Shari, the son of Shari or Shāriputra (Pāli, Sāriputta), and Kolita, after his family, Maudgalyāyana (Pāli, Moggallāna).



ASHVAJIT'S STANZA INSCRIBED UPON A BUDDHA STATUE.

[This statue was discovered in the Mahabodhi temple at Buddha Gaya near the Diamond Seat, the place where the Bodhi tree stood under which the Buddha attained to enlightenment. When the temple was repaired by the British government, the statue was given to the Anagarika Dharmapala, who carried it (in spite of its not inconsiderable weight) with him on his journey round the world and had it exhibited at the World's Religious Parliament of Chicago in 1893.]

Having heard this stanza, Shâriputra obtained the pure and spotless eye of truth and said: "Now I see clearly, whatsoever is subject to origination is also subject to cessation. If this be the doctrine I have reached the state to enter Nirvâna which heretofore has remained hidden to me."

Shâriputra went to Maudgalyâyana and told him, and both said: "We will go to the Blessed One, that He, the Blessed One, may be our teacher."

When the Buddha saw Shâriputra and Maudgalyâyana coming from afar, he said to his disciples: "These two monks are a highly auspicious pair," and they became (not unlike the Christian James and John whom Jesus called Boanerges) the most energetic followers among his disciples.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF ASHVAJIT'S STANZA.

The stanza recited by Ashvajit has become famous throughout the Buddhist world and is inscribed under many Buddha statues, and also in rock inscriptions, but its meaning cannot be as clear to Western people as it was to Shâriputra. How can a simple statement as to the efficiency of causation have so great a significance?

Obviously we have to consider the stanza in the light of the doctrine quoted in connection therewith by Shâriputra, concerning origination and cessation, to understand that it is merely another statement of the truth that all compounds will be dissolved again.

The traditional Brahmanism at the time of Buddha taught that the law of causation can be broken; it advised its followers to set their trust in the saving power of sacrifice; it recommended sacred ceremonies, or sacraments, and especially prayers, and accepted the Vêdas as a divine revelation. Ashvajit's stanza denies all hope for salvation by any other means except such as are effected through the normal course of causation. It repudiates miracles of supernatural interference by unreservedly recognising the law of cause and effect as irrefragable.

The doctrine of Buddha must have appeared bold and iconoclastic to the pious Brahmans, who placed their trust in the special revelation of the Vêdas, who believed in the expiation of sin by the blood of sacrifice, and expected divine help by the magic charm of prayer. Their faith rested upon the assumption of some divine or extra-natural power that would overcome, or break, or upset the law of causation. Buddha teaches to give up all faith in the supernatural existence and the miraculous. He teaches that the origin and the end of all things depends upon causation.

The formulation of the essence of Buddhism in Ashvajit's stanza will scarcely appeal to those who are not initiated into the significance of these sentences, for the negative side of the rigidity of causation which teaches us that in the world of Samsâra everything springs from causes and will according to the law of cause and effect come to rest again, has its positive side and implies that we must seek for the permanent somewhere else; and it implies further that the law of causation holds good also for those who will energetically work out their own salvation.

Ashvajit's stanza suggests the four truths; viz., that this world of materiality (in which all things originate by being compounded, and cease to exist by being dissolved) is subject to disease and pain, to old age, decay, and death; but if causation holds good, we can, by a thorough surrender of all attachment, emancipate ourselves from the evils of life and thereby attain the freedom of Nirvâna.

The law of causation is a curse only for wrong-doing; it is a blessing for good deeds. It does not only teach that birth leads to death, but also that the abandonment of clinging involves the cessation of passion, of sin, of wrong-doing.

* * *

Some details in the story of the conversion of Maudgalyâna and his cousin Shâriputra resemble the calling of Andrew and Peter as related in the first chapter of the Gospel according to St. John (35 to 42), which reads as follows:

"Again the next day after John stood, and two of his disciples; and looking upon Jesus as he walked, he saith, Behold the Lamb of God! And the two disciples heard him speak, and they followed Jesus. Then Jesus turned, and saw them following, and saith unto them, What seek ye? They said unto him, Rabbi, (which is to say, being interpreted, Master,) where dwellest thou? He saith unto them, Come and see. They came and saw where he dwelt, and abode with him that day: for it was about the tenth hour. One of the two which heard John speak, and followed him, was Andrew, Simon Peter's brother. He first findeth his own brother Simon, and saith unto him, We have found the Messiah, which is, being interpreted, the Christ. And he brought him to Jesus. And when Jesus beheld him, he said, Thou art Simon the son of Jona: thou shalt be called Cephas, which is by interpretation, A stone."

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE ESSENCE OF THE DOCTRINE.*

A BUDDHIST HYMN ON THE LAW OF CAUSATION.

Done into English verse by P. C.

Music by Hans Georg Nägeli.

Solo.

Ye dham - ma he - tup - pa - bha - va. Te - sam he - tum Ta -
The Bud - ha did the cause un - fold Of all the things that

tha - ga - to A - ha; Te - san - ca ni - ro - dho, E -
spring from caus - es. And fur - ther the great sage has told, How

* For an explanation and the history of these lines see the article "Ash-vajit's Stanza and its Significance" in the present number of *The Open Court*. The chorus has been supplied by the well-known doxological formula of Buddhist worship which in literal translation reads: "Salutation to the Blessed, the Sanctified, the Completely Enlightened One."

Cres. *pf* Chorus.

van - va - di ma - ha - sa - ma - no. Na - mo tas - sa Bha -
 fi - nal - ly their pas - sion paus - es. Praise ye the Lord, the

Cres. *Dim.* *pf*

Cres. *f*

ga - va - to, A - ra - ha - to, sam - ma : sam - bud - dhas - sa.
 Bless - ed One, the Ho - ly One, the En - light - ened One.

Cres. *f*

 THE TREES, THE ROCKS, AND THE WATERS.

THE TREES.

They've learned Life's lesson well.
 Spring—their tiring-maid,
 Whispered it while she served,
 Charming their quickened thought to sweetness;
 Whispered it till weeping;
 Weeping for sympathy.
 Weeping till they smiled,
 Like gems, in the following sun-gleam,
 For sympathy.

Summer sought their sheltering arms.
 Fleeing from Summer's self:
 Shrinking sought their grateful shade,
 At thought of her ungrateful task
 To press to parched, longing lips,
 A mocking chalice.

THE OPEN COURT.

Autumn,—calculating coquette!
 Kissed them till they blushed,—
 In leafy glory;
 Kissed them till they deemed the dying day,
 But vanquished rival,

 Kissed them till they stood, her liveried slaves;
 Bending in tropic ecstasy,
 Casting all their riches
 At her vanishing feet:
 Waking not from their mad love-dream,
 Till roused by Winter's relentless grasp;
 Then, taking hood of snow,
 Hoping,—through icy penance, to gain
 A better for the old love;
 A better for the old life;
 Hoping now, that when the End comes,
 They'll bloom immortal
 By the Chrystal Stream.

THE ROCKS.

Who sings their charms?
 Who does them reverence?

 Upforced from earth's depths,
 Upraised to throne and crown,
 They moss-bedeck themselves;
 They vine-enwreath themselves.
 In differing glory, then, they rule;
 Rule both land and sea.

 Captives of hammer and chisel,
 They marshal themselves in strength and grace.
 Yet—swayed by primal purpose,
 They're loyal to ivy and mould:
 Yet—swayed by primal purpose,
 They court disorder;
 God's pictured disorder;
 Seemingly planless disorder.

 In concordant lines are bird and flower.
 Earth's chiefest glory-source;
 Earth's Architect's chiefest earthly things;
 Whose use contrasts Nature's harmonies,
 With seemingly lawless, errant force;
 These tell him, who sees aright,
 God caused man's love for pictures:
 Pictures, showing—by fragment-parts—
 Man's life, as like themselves.
 These tell him God forms, with broken hearts,
 Heaven's Glory-Scenes.

Broken rocks!
 Broken hearts!
 Earth's Architects chiefest earthly things:
 Heaven's Architect's chiefest heavenly things.

THE WATERS.

Envious waters! envious of earth.
 With green eyes, envious to madness.
 No heart have they for love:
 Envy has no heart.
 Their creed, that luring myth;
 That sea-dream,—
 The moon's dowry of power,
 To make them live, move, and be strong.

They fawn, submissively, to Luna;
 They propitiate her with wave-offerings;
 Offerings of homage.
 They murmur and sob and thunder to her,
 Praying for Earth's subjection;
 Loving, gracious Earth!
 Thus they pray; kissing Earth's feet,
 In seeming loyalty.

The waters are hypocrites;
 Courtly, treacherous hypocrites;
 Human in treachery.
 The waters are greedy of all things;
 Remorselessly greedy; pitiless in greed.
 The waters are human in greed.

Offended Æolus lashes the treacherous waters;
 Scourges them till they writhe and foam,
 And flood the marsh-land.
 The souls of treacherous men, transmigrated,
 Æolus torments.

Treacherous, huddling wave-crests are they.
 These shivering souls;
 These cowardly souls;
 Spectral and wan.

These trembling wave-crests; parasites;
 Unstabler are they than the waves that bear them.

Envious waters!
 Faithless waters!

"No more sea," the Good Book reads:
 When this globe takes fore-told newness;
 When this globe is freed from evil;
 No More Sea!

C. CROZAT CONVERSE.

THE CORNPLANTER MEDAL.

The idea of a medal, in recognition of research among the Iroquois Indians, first occurred to me in November 1901, when I was making some studies at Onondaga, New York. Since boyhood I have known one or another of those who have notably contributed to our knowledge of these most important and interesting tribes. Some of these workers, though diligent and profound students, have lived and died unknown outside of the communities in which they lived; others, while recognised as authorities in the world of investigators, have been little appreciated in their own homes. It seemed that the founding and endowing of a medal, to be given in public acknowledgment to such workers, might be worth while. I believed that it would be easy to interest some man of wealth, born and reared within the old Iroquois area, in establishing such a medal. This belief was a mistake.

At about the same time I came to know Jesse Cornplanter and his pictures. Jesse was a twelve-year old Seneca boy, of pure blood, who delighted in making pen-and-ink drawings of Indian life—games, dances, etc. Without being a genius, his work was really good for an untaught Indian boy. Some of his pictures had already attracted attention, and two or three had been printed. The pictures show firmness of line, boldness, and good skill in grouping. It seemed desirable to preserve some examples of this work, especially as writers have been accustomed to deny artistic ability to the Iroquois.

No man of wealth having been found, who desired to establish the medal, it was decided to combine the two aims of founding the medal and preserving samples of Jesse's drawings, making the one end contribute to the other. Jesse was employed to draw a series of fifteen pictures representing Iroquois games and dances, as follows: (1) Game of Peach Stones and Bowl, (2) Women's Football Game, (3) Game of Javelin, (4) Game of Snowsnakes, (5) Great Feather Dance, (6) Hands-Joined Dance, (7) Seneca Indian War Dance, (8) Fish Dance, (9) Green Corn Dance, (10) False-Face Dancers (two are doorkeepers), (11) Husk-Face Dancers, (12) False-Face Dancers Crawling Into the Council House, (13) False-Face Dancers Arriving at the Council House, (14) False-Face Dancers Sitting in the Council House, (15) The Doorkeepers' Dance.

Nine gentlemen (Milward Adams, Chicago; Joseph G. Butler, Jr., Youngstown, Ohio; Charles A. Ficke, Davenport, Iowa; Frank G. Logan, Chicago; Harold F. McCormick, Chicago; William H. Moffitt, New York; W. Clement Putnam, Davenport, Iowa; Frank W. Richardson, Auburn, New York; Frederick Starr, Chicago) contributed the money necessary for engraving and printing these pictures, with the understanding that they were to be sold to aid in establishing the medal. The sale of these pictures is still in progress and has warranted the cutting of the dies and the making of a first strike of the medal. After the cost of the founding of the medal has been fully met, further sales of the pictures will be devoted to the conduct of researches among the Iroquois.

The medal is called *The Cornplanter Medal for Iroquois Research*, from the boy artist and in honor of the famous Seneca chieftain, who figured conspicuously in the last part of the eighteenth century and the early part of the nineteenth century. It measures 54 mm. in diameter and is of silver. On the obverse is a profile portrait of the Cornplanter and the legend *The Corn-*

planter Medal for Iroquois Research. Below and to the left of the portrait is a turtle, the totem of the Cornplanter, while around the border is a beading of wampum. On the reverse are the names of the Iroquois tribes, "the Six Nations,"—Mohawk, Oneida, Onondaga, Cayuga, Seneca, Tuscarora. Within this circle of names is a string of plaques of shell bearing the totems—wolf, bear, beaver, turtle, deer, snipe, heron, hawk. Within this, occupying the upper third of the space is a picture of the Iroquois long house typifying the Confederacy, below which is the inscription *Awarded by the Cayuga County Historical Society to*, with space for name and date. The highest achievement of the Iroquois was their remarkable governmental system based upon the idea of kinship, and worked out through the clan, the tribe, and the confederacy. These ideas are commemorated in the design of the medal, the suggestion for which is my own, while the composition is that of Mr. Frederick W. Gookin of Chicago. The dies were cut and the strike made by Tiffany & Co. of New York. The medal will be given every two years, and



its administration has been accepted by The Cayuga County Historical Society at Auburn, New York, in the very heart of the old Iroquois country. Four classes of workers are eligible to receive it:

- (a) *Ethnologists*, making worthy field-study or other investigations upon the Iroquois;
- (b) *Historians*, making actual contribution to our knowledge of the Iroquois;
- (c) *Artists*, worthily representing Iroquois life or types by brush or chisel;
- (d) *Philanthropists*, whose efforts are based upon adequate scientific study and appreciation of Iroquois conditions and needs.

The first strike of the Cornplanter Medal was awarded to Gen. John S. Clark of Auburn, on June 8, 1904. For more than a half century General Clark has devoted himself to Iroquois studies. By profession a surveyor, he has done magnificent field-work in the identification of village sites, trails, and localities of historical events. His *Journal of Sullivan's Campaign*, published by the Cayuga County Historical Society, is a model of scholarly editorship and annotation. Every important contribution to Iroquois history and the history of our Revolutionary epoch is under obligation to him for advice, criticism, and annotation.

Though the meeting, at which the award was announced, was a special session, called at the time when the society is usually in vacation, a large attendance was present. A program of exceptional interest was carried out. Prof. Willis J. Beecher presided. In an introductory address he briefly stated the purpose of the meeting and the history of the medal. Mr. Frank W. Richardson, on behalf of the Committee appointed to receive and administer the medal, announced acceptance of the trust and the award for 1904 to General Clark. Dr. William M. Beauchamp of Syracuse, an eminent authority upon Iroquois matters, gave a carefully prepared address in which, after emphasising the important place of the Iroquois among American Indian tribes, he expressed his satisfaction at the founding of the Cornplanter Medal and sketched General Clark's labors in the Iroquois field. Frederick Starr then informally stated the plan and history of the medal and added a word of personal appreciation regarding General Clark and his work. During the program, Jesse Lyon, Honuses, an Onondaga chief, sang several Indian songs to the accompaniment of rattle and drum. At the close of the addresses, Albert Cusick, Sagonaquaten, Onondaga and one time head-chief of the Iroquois Confederacy, made a brief address and gave General Clark an Onondaga name, *Hahahesuks*, "the Pathfinder," at the same time leading him back and forth before the company, chanting the ancient formula of adoption. General Clark made a brief response after which Gen. William H. Seward, Jr., extended a vote of thanks to those who had been interested in the founding of the medal.

The Cornplanter Medal is to be permanently endowed.

FREDERICK STARR.

DO ANIMALS THINK?

BY LORD AVEBURY.

From his life-long and conscientious study of ants Dr. Forel is peculiarly qualified to write on such a subject; while from his position at the head of a great lunatic asylum he has had exceptional opportunities, of which he has ably availed himself, for the study of mind in various phases.

At first sight it might seem as if insects were hardly likely to throw much light on psychic problems. Nevertheless, if the dog and the elephant are in some respects pre-eminent, and if in bodily structure the anthropoid apes approach nearer to man than do any other animals, yet, when we consider the habits of ants, their social organisation, their large communities and elaborate habitations, their road-ways, their possession of domestic animals, and even in some cases of slaves, it must be admitted that they have a fair claim to rank next to man in the scale of intelligence. However this may be, Dr. Forel has selected insects, and especially his favorite ants, as the subject of his present memoir.

Many seem to solve the problem to their own satisfaction by saying that animals act by instinct and man by reason. I wish he did! How much happier and better the world would be! But in fact the subject is much more complex. Others believe, or think they believe, that their pets, and especially dogs, are as intelligent as man.

Many again seem to entertain two entirely opposite and contradictory opinions. I often hear people say that their dog, for instance, can do every-

thing but speak. But when I ask whether it can realise that two and two make four, which is, after all, a very simple arithmetical calculation, much doubt is generally expressed. That the dog is a loyal, true, and affectionate friend all will gratefully admit, but when we come to consider the psychical nature of the animal the limits of our knowledge are almost immediately reached.

I have elsewhere suggested that this arises from the fact that hitherto we have tried to teach animals rather than to learn from them, to convey our ideas to them rather than to devise any language or code of signals by means of which they might communicate theirs to us.

The difficulty of determining the intelligence of dogs is increased because they are so quick in seizing any indication given them, even unintentionally. This is well illustrated by an account Sir William Huggins gave me of a very intelligent dog, appropriately named Kepler, belonging to him. A number of cards were placed on the ground, numbered respectively 1, 2, 3, and so on up to 10. A question was then asked—the square root of 9 or 16, or such a sum as 6 plus 55 minus 3.

Sir William pointed consecutively to the cards, and the dog always barked when he came to the right one. Now, he did not consciously give the dog any sign, yet so quick was it in seizing the slightest indication that it was able to give the correct answer.

This observation is most interesting in connection with the so-called "thought-reading." No one, I suppose, will imagine that there was in this case any "thought-reading" in the sense in which this word is generally used. Evidently Kepler seized upon some slight indication unintentionally given by Sir William Huggins. The observation, however, shows the great difficulty of the subject, while it certainly seems to demonstrate a certain amount of psychic power.

If many are prone to exaggerate the intellectual powers of dogs, and horses, and elephants, others go to the opposite extreme. Descartes, we know, looked on animals as mere automata. Even recently Bethe, Uexkull, and other writers have denied the existence of any psychic powers, at any rate, in invertebrate animals, which they explain as reflex-machines.

I confess, indeed, that I cannot understand how any one who loves animals, or ever has devoted any study to them, can doubt that they possess some power of reason. Many of their actions are unconscious and instinctive; so are some of ours, as we may see by watching a child, but practice enables us to walk or run almost automatically.

Even as regards direction this may hold good. I have been for over fifty years a director of a company, which changed its offices twenty years ago, and I have not since had any occasion to enter our old house. One morning this summer, however, I was going to a committee in our present house, but thinking of other things I walked passed our door and two or three intervening houses and into the porch of our old office. In fact, many actions which cannot be called automatic are not necessarily conscious. They do not fall under the head of either instinct or reason.

Mr. Gladstone told me that once when he was forming one of his governments he had some difficulty in arranging the places. He and Mrs. Gladstone wrote down the titles of the offices and the names of the Liberal leaders on pieces of paper, and tried all the evening, but in vain, to fit them together.

At last they gave it up and went to bed. When Mr. Gladstone awoke in the morning everything was satisfactorily arranged in his head; his brain had worked it out for him in his sleep. This was not conscious reason, and certainly was not instinctive. Dr. Carpenter gave to such action the name of unconscious cerebration.

When birds build nests and bees cells, when they search for food, for warmth, and whenever they perform other similar actions necessary to life, we may, to some extent at any rate, find plausible explanations. No one attributes anything approaching reason, or even sensation, to plants.

The social habits of ants, however, afford other arguments which seem conclusive. Take first their relations with other insects. Those between ants and aphides, which have been called ant-cows, are indeed most remarkable. It is not merely that the ants milk them, defend them from attack, sometimes protect them by earthen enclosures from too great summer heat, but over and above all this they collect the eggs in autumn, keep them through the winter, and plant them out on their proper plant in the spring. Some of the root aphides may always be found in ants' nests, but I was much puzzled years ago by finding in ants' nests some black eggs, which obviously were not those of ants. Eventually I ascertained that they belonged to a species of aphid which lives on the leaves and leaf-stalks of plants.

These eggs are laid early in October on the food-plant of the insect. They are of no direct use to the ants, yet they are not left were they are laid, exposed to the severity of the weather and to innumerable dangers, but are brought into their nests by the ants, and tended by them with the utmost care through the long winter months until the following March, when the young ones are brought out and again placed on the young shoots of the daisy. This seems to be a most remarkable case of prudence. Our ants may not, perhaps, lay up food for the winter, but they do more, for they keep during six months, the eggs which will enable them to procure food during the following summer, a case of prudence unexampled in the animal kingdom.

Dr. Forel refers to the phenomena of memory as very conclusive. That insects remember cannot be doubted, for, as he observes:

"The slave-making ants (*Polyergus*) undertake predatory expeditions, led by a few workers, who for days and weeks previously have been searching the neighborhood for nests of *Formica fusca*. The ants often lose their way, remain standing, and hunt about for a long time till one or the other finds the topochemical trail, and indicates to the others the direction to be followed by rapidly pushing ahead. Then the pupæ of the *Formica fusca* nest, which they have found, are brought up from the depths of the galleries, appropriated and dragged home, often a distance of forty meters or more. If the plundered nest still contains pupæ, the robbers return on the same or following days, and carry off the remainder; but if there are no pupæ left they do not return. How do the *Polyergus* know whether there are pupæ remaining? It can be demonstrated that smell could not attract them from such a distance, and this is even less possible for sight or any other sense. Memory alone—i. e., the recollection that many pupæ still remain behind in the plundered nest—can induce them to return. I have carefully followed a great number of these predatory expeditions."

Again, ants are influenced by circumstances which can only affect mind. Dr. Forel says:

"While success visibly heightens both the audacity and tenacity of the ant-will, it is possible to observe, after repeated failure or in consequence of the sudden and unexpected attacks of powerful enemies, a form of ambulatory dejection, which may lead to the neglect of the most important instincts, to cowardly flight, to the devouring or casting away of offspring, to neglect of work, and similar conditions. There is a chronically cumulative discouragement in degenerate ant-colonies, and an acute discouragement when a combat is lost. In the latter case one may see troops of large, powerful ants fleeing before a single enemy, without even attempting to defend themselves, whereas the latter a few moments previously would have been killed by a few bites from the fleeing individuals."

Mr. Grote, the historian, in his *Fragments on Ethical Subjects*, regards it as an evident necessity that no society can exist without the sentiment of morality. He says:

"Every one who has either spoken or written on the subject has agreed in considering this sentiment as absolutely indispensable to the very existence of society. Without the diffusion of a certain measure of this feeling throughout all the members of the social union, the caprices, the desires, and the passions of each separate individual would render the maintenance of any established communion impossible. Positive morality, under some form or other, has existed in every society of which the world has ever had experience."

If this be so, the question naturally arises whether ants also are moral and accountable beings. They have their desires, their passions, even their caprices. The young are absolutely helpless. Their communities are sometimes so numerous that, perhaps, London and Peking are almost the only human cities which can compare with them. Moreover, their nests are no mere collection of independent individuals, nor even temporary associations, like the flocks of migratory birds, but organized communities, laboring with the utmost harmony for the common good. The remarkable analogies which, in so many ways, they present to our human societies render them peculiarly interesting to us, and one cannot but long to know more of their character, how the world appears to them, and to what extent they are conscious and reasonable beings.

I have not, at any rate, nor, indeed, has any one else, ever seen a quarrel between any two ants of the same nest. All is harmony. If, indeed, they are compulsorily made drunk, then, no doubt, they begin to quarrel. But no ant would voluntarily so degrade himself. Among the so-called higher animals which live in association, if one is old or ailing, it is often attacked. This never the case among ants. Instances of active assistance are, indeed, common. I have often witnessed cases of care and tenderness on their part.

In one of my nests was an ant which had come into the world without antennæ. Never having previously met with such a case, I watched her with great interest, but she never appeared to leave the nest. At length, one day, I found her wandering about in an aimless sort of manner, apparently not knowing her way at all. After a while she fell in with some ants of another species, who directly attacked her. I at once set myself to separate them, but, whether owing to the wounds she had received from her enemies, or to my rough though well-meant handling, or both, she was evidently much wounded, and lay helplessly on the ground. After some time another ant from the same nest came by. She examined the poor sufferer carefully,

then picked her up and carried her away into the nest. It would have been difficult for any one who had witnessed the scene to have denied to this ant the possession of humane feelings. In face of such facts as these, it is impossible to regard ants as mere exquisite automatons. When we see an ant-hill, tenanted by thousands of industrious inhabitants, excavating chambers, forming tunnels, making roads, guarding their home, gathering food, feeding the young, tending their domestic animals—each one fulfilling its duties industriously and without confusion—it is difficult altogether to deny them the gift of reason; and the preceding observations tend to confirm the opinion that their mental powers differ from those of men not so much in kind as in degree.

This is also Dr. Forel's view. He says:

"It results from the unanimous observations of all the connoisseurs that sensation, perception, and association, inference, memory, and habit follow in the social insects, on the whole, the same fundamental laws as in the vertebrates and ourselves."

NOTES.

It is strange how Muriel Strode's *My Little Book of Prayer* is received with sympathy in the most diverse quarters of both orthodox Christians and liberal thinkers. As a companion letter to the opinion of a clergyman we publish the following extract from a letter of Mr. Thaddeus Burr Wakeman, President of the Liberal University in Oregon, and at Kansas City, Mo., formerly editor of *The Torch of Reason*, and a well-known contributor to many liberal reviews. He writes:

"Lately there came to me a little book, *My Little Book of Prayer*, by Muriel Strode, published by The Open Court Publishing Co. It proved to be singularly suited to the state of mind which has followed from my retirement here during the illness of my beloved wife, and the affliction and grief which resulted from her death on the seventeenth day of November last. I love it because it is not 'prayer' in the old selfish, vulgar sense, but a noble dialogue between the transitory and the permanent in the human soul, and leaves the latter supreme as in the concluding lines of *Faust*. I like to think that it came from your hands, and because of some interest you still retain in me and my health, hopes, and work. I wish to assure you that you have my hearty thanks therefor. I think that some of my friends would also be pleased to see what has been so pleasing to me, and so for the enclosed please to let your clerk send me as many copies as it will cover, and at this address.

"Let us not forget these words:

"'When I pray it should be to the God within, and the responsibility of the fulfilment shall rest on me.'

"'I am the Suppliant,—and I am the God that answers prayer.'

"'Let me live this life with no thought of a hereafter, *then* I may live it as I would were there no hope to retrieve.'

"'Not that I may more rejoice to live, but that with impunity I may also rejoice to die.'

"'And if the plan be not for immortality, O I shall not complain. *What* had it not been mine, this too brief span of years? *What* had I missed this sweet mortality?'"

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A MORNING-GLORY SELLER

Two well-known poems about the morning-glory, taken from *The Japanese Floral Calendar* run as follows:

“Each morn, when the dawn brightens into joy,
The morning-glory renews it’s beautiful flowers,
And continues blooming long in this way,
To give us hope and peace that wither not.”

“Oh, for the heart
Of the morning-glory!
Which, though its bloom is for a single hour,
Is the same as that of the fir-tree,
Which lives a thousand years.”

Press Comments

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CONTENTS:

	PAGE
<i>Frontispiece.</i> The Prince and his Playmate. VAN DYCK.	
<i>The Resurrection of Jesus—An Historical Inquiry.</i> REV. JOSEPH C. ALLEN	193
<i>The Weapons and Tools of the Dog.</i> (Illustrated.) WOODS HUTCHINSON, A.M., M.D.	205
<i>Romantic Poetry in Germany.</i> JOHN FIRMAN COAR, PH. D.....	227
<i>An Original Sin.</i> WILLIAM J. ROE.	244
<i>The Symbols of God.</i> (A Poem.) DUDLEY W. WALTON.....	253
<i>A Correction.</i> FREDERICK STARR.	253
<i>Adolph Bastian: An Obituary.</i>	254
<i>Book Reviews.</i>	254
<i>Notes.</i>	256

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[Charles II of England as a child.]

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THE RESURRECTION OF JESUS—AN HISTORICAL INQUIRY.

BY THE REV. JOSEPH C. ALLEN.

WHAT occurred, after the death of Jesus, to give rise to all the New Testament stories of His resurrection? The problem is tremendously complicated, and no answer has yet been given that has satisfied the majority of those students even that are able to put aside theological presuppositions and the real or supposed interests of religious faith.

In passing, it is worth while, however, to point out that the question of the immortality of the human soul is not at all involved in this historical problem. If a human body became alive again after it had been dead three days, that would have no bearing on the immortality of the soul. If such a thing should occur quite a number of times, it would be evidence that the immortality of the body is a possible achievement for the race. But if it occurred only once in human history, it would indicate only that the body concerned was different from that of all other men. In neither case would physical resurrection have any bearing on the immortality of the soul. Nor would it, in case the resurrection were a solitary occurrence in all history, prove anything as to the soul or personality of the possessor of such a body. The divinity or deity of Jesus is not proved by his rising from the grave, nor is it disproved if the resurrection be refuted. No rational foundation of Christian faith can be shaken by an unbiased enquiry into this historical problem. But it is complicated enough, when we have laid hopes and fears aside, and are ready to consider it in the dry light of reason, and with no purpose but to ascertain the actual fact.

These stories of the resurrection of Jesus are so abundant that we cannot brush them aside as baseless and inconsequential. They are, however, at the same time so strange, and so contradictory one of another, that we are compelled to regard most of them as far from accurate, and all of them as somewhat suspicious. Did the risen Jesus appear to the disciples in and near Jerusalem alone, as Luke declares; or (except for the appearance to the women near the grave) in Galilee alone, as Matthew states? Was the first appearance to Peter (I Cor. xv, 5, Lk. xxiv, 34, and by inference from Mk. xvi, 7), to Mary Magdalene alone (Jn. xx, 14), or to Mary Magdalene and "the other Mary" (Matt. xxviii, 9)? Did He forbid to be touched before He ascended into heaven (Jn. xx, 17)? or, before this ascension had taken place, did He invite the disciples to handle Him (Lk. xxiv, 39; cf. 50 f.)? Again, when did Jesus ascend into heaven? Luke places this event on either the evening following the resurrection, or possibly very early the next morning. The same author, writing some years later, dates His ascension forty days after His rising from the tomb (Acts i, 3 f.). John's account of the appearance to Mary Magdalene, and of that to the eleven eight days later, imply that Jesus has ascended to heaven in the time intervening. No description of the ascension is given anywhere but in Luke and Acts, and the appendix to Mark. Mark's evidence is unfortunately lost, as we have not the genuine ending of his gospel. Neither Matthew nor Paul mentions the ascension. Paul appears to think of the resurrection and ascension as one and the same event, and to hold that Jesus either showed Himself from heaven, or came down to earth occasionally to meet His disciples.

Such glaring contradictions do not, however, indicate that the stories are baseless. On the contrary, they are evidence that something startling occurred, and that those who saw it were so moved by the experience that they were not able to remember and report it accurately.

And not only these contradictions, but the great volume of the testimony to the resurrection of Jesus, is evidence of some startling and definite fact or experience. Paul had spent fifteen days with Peter (Gal. i, 18). It is obviously, then, on Peter's authority that he gives a list of the appearances of the risen Jesus (I. Cor., xv.). Among these appearances, he states, was one to "above five hundred brethren at once, of whom," he says, "the greater part remain until now, but some are fallen asleep." We can hardly doubt that this particular statement of Paul is based on an actual experience of a

large number of disciples at some assemblage, or that the experience was of such a sort as to make them believe that they had either seen Jesus with the physical eye, or felt in the mind His real presence.

This story of the appearance to the five hundred was a part of the apostolic tradition. Why, then, is it not related in any of the Gospels? On the other hand, why is Paul silent about the empty tomb, the appearance to Mary Magdalene, the exhibition by Jesus of His wounds and His inviting the disciples to touch Him, and lastly His eating and talking with them? Here is indicated a profound difference of view between Paul and the evangelists. To him the resurrection was spiritual—not a reanimation of the body. Jesus, he says, "was seen" (ὤφη I. Cor. xv, 5) by Peter and others, and lastly by himself. The word emphasizes the mental element, and may be used with especial fitness of visions. It was, in fact, in a vision that Paul had seen Jesus, and he evidently did not think it necessary to distinguish between this vision and the other appearances that he summarizes. For to Paul's mind the body of Jesus that was laid in the tomb did not come to life, and the manifestations were not material.

On the other hand, the writers at least of the Synoptic Gospels believe that a physical resurrection took place; and therefore they are not interested in any appearance except such as indicated this physical resurrection. John possibly held a different view; but if he did the Synoptic tradition was in his time so fixed that he had to follow it in the main.

Paul, then, and the Gospels are not radically inconsistent in their accounts. Each selected such appearances as bore out the one or the other theory of the resurrection. Some at least of the appearances Paul enumerates were actual experiences, whether or not they correspond to any outward reality. Yet at the same time the Gospel stories of the physical resurrection may be based on actual occurrences.

A reanimation of the body is, however, too great a marvel to be proved on the evidence before us. Some even of the Gospel stories are really against it. For a human body cannot pass through walls, to appear to the disciples "when the doors were shut" (Jn. xx, 19 and 26; Lk. xxiv, 36 and 37), appear and disappear repeatedly without regard to physical conditions, and finally rise from earth to the sky. Moreover, the silence of Paul as to the physical manifestations is significant. He had visited Peter and received the Apostolic tradition somewhere between fifteen and twenty years after the event, while the memory of it was still fresh and many witnesses

were still alive. The Apostolic tradition must at this time have been a little uncertain as to a physical resurrection, or Paul could not have been utterly silent on this point.

Uniting, then, the evidence of the Gospels with that of Paul, we gather: First, that the disciples had such experiences as convinced them that Jesus was still alive; secondly, that they thought they had also some evidence of His bodily resurrection; but, thirdly, that they were not absolutely sure that His body had been restored to life.

What was the evidence that made them think Jesus had risen bodily? Among the Gospel stories of the resurrection, one stands in supreme and unique prominence, namely, the visit of the women to the tomb, and their finding it to be open and empty. All the Gospels, the uncanonical ones included, tell this story without serious disagreement. It is the only resurrection story to which the unanimous and consistent witness of the Gospels is given. In time of occurrence this precedes all other Gospel stories connected with the resurrection, save only Matthew's tale of the watch at the tomb. In all the others of these stories, the women's discovery is presupposed. To all of them it might give a natural occasion. The report of the empty tomb might give rise to the rumor that Jesus had come to life and walked bodily out of His grave. From this might grow other rumors of His being seen and touched, and of His eating with some of the disciples. These rumors would seem all the more likely when visions of Jesus had actually been experienced. But, on the other hand, none other of the Gospel stories, nor all of the visions, could give rise and general credence to the report that certain women had gone to the tomb on Sunday morning and found it to be empty.

A certain detail of this story of the women deserves more attention than is usually given to it. Mark relates (xvi, 5 f.) that, "entering into the tomb they saw a young man sitting on the right side, arrayed in a white robe; and they were amazed." Matthew also writes of the angel, but tells of his being seen outside instead of within the tomb, and of his rolling away the stone door and sitting upon it (xxviii, 2 f.). Evidently these are variants of the same story, and Mark's version is the more primitive. Matthew has also a story of an appearance of Jesus to the women on their flight from the tomb (xxviii, 9, 10). The original ending of Mark probably did not contain a record of this meeting. For the abrupt ending of verse 8. "And they went out and fled from the tomb; for trembling and astonishment had come upon them; and they were

afraid——," indicates that the writer has finished telling what they saw. Luke, moreover, tells nothing of this appearance to the women. But John (xx, 11 f.) comes to the support of Matthew in this particular.

Luke's version of the sight of angels at the tomb may throw light on Matthew's story of the appearance of Jesus to the women. He relates (xxiv 3 f.) that after they had entered the tomb and found that the body of Jesus was not there, "behold, two men stood by them in dazzling apparel." These were evidently angels; and apparently they were seen by the women inside the tomb. John also relates that two angels were seen in the sepulcher (xx, 11 f.). Now if an early, or perhaps the original, form of this story of the women's experience at the tomb, told of two angels being seen there, it might easily be transformed into the report that one angel and Jesus himself had been seen. But if the women had seen only the one angel, it is not easy to account for the report of two. Furthermore, (and this is a stronger point,) if they had seen anything resembling one angel alone, the story would have been quickly transformed to the effect that they had actually beheld, not an angel, but Jesus himself. Or if the story of the vision of a single angel were not based on an actual experience, it would just as quickly be transformed. Nothing but the point that two angels were seen, instead of one alone, could keep the story from changing to the effect that Jesus himself was seen.

On the other hand, we cannot think of this incident of the presence of two angels as an imaginative addition to the story of the empty tomb. If it were mythical, it would not speak of two, but only of one. The women must have actually seen what appeared to them to be two men or angels in white garments. This carries with it the necessary inference that the whole story of the visit to the tomb is in the main true.

The seeing of the angels at the tomb evidently made a deep impression on the disciples. All four of the canonical Gospels record it. John, moreover, seems bent on explaining it away. Angels are so seldom mentioned by this writer, and, when mentioned, referred to in so noncommittal a way that it is doubtful whether he believes in them. He relates, in substantial accord with Luke, that Mary Magdalene, looking into the tomb, beheld two angels in white. But he informs us (xx, 3 f.) that a little while before this, Peter and "the disciple whom Jesus loved" had gone into the tomb and seen on one side the linen cloths in which the body had been swathed, and, rolled up in a place apart, the napkin that had been upon the head.

The thought naturally suggests itself, that this was the cause why Mary Magdalene saw the two angels; and the writer seems to have had this thought in mind in telling of Peter's discovery. But beside this purpose to discount a miracle that seemed to him gross and meaningless, there is also here an effort to discredit the tradition that Peter had been the first to see the risen Jesus. For, according to the Fourth Gospel, it was not Jesus, but only the grave-clothes Peter was permitted to be first to see.

The attempt of the writer of the Fourth Gospel to rationalize the story of the angels at the tomb, is an indication that it was in his day a tradition so well established that he could not afford to ignore it.

The influence of this tradition is seen in one or perhaps two stories that relate to other occasions. The account of the ascension given in Acts (i, 9 f.) tells that, "while they were looking steadfastly into heaven as he went, behold, two men stood by them in white apparel; which also said, Ye men of Galilee—" etc. This is a close parallel to Matthew's, Mark's, and especially to Luke's story of the angels at the tomb. Compare, for example, Lk. xxiv, 4. Note also the reference to Galilee, which is given besides in Mk. xvi, 7, Matt. xxviii, 7, 10. and Lk. xxiv, 6. This story of the two angels present at the ascension, is evidently a reminiscence of the other story about the two angels at the tomb.

The tradition of the transfiguration (Mk. ix, 2 f. Mt. xvii, 1 f. and Lk. ix, 28 f.) may also have been influenced from the same source. Here also are the dazzling white garments, and the two personages from a supernatural sphere. Note, too, that according to Luke these two persons talked with Jesus "of His decease which He was to accomplish at Jerusalem." Finally, note that according to Mark and Matthew, Jesus commanded the three disciples that were with Him at the time, to keep silence respecting this thing until after His resurrection.

It has already been argued that the story of the angels must be historic, because otherwise it could not have kept its peculiar form. This conclusion is re-enforced by the consideration that the tradition of these angels was so fixed and persistent, and was potent to create the myth of the angels at the ascension, perhaps also to influence the story of the transfiguration.

Further proof of the authenticity of the women's story is found in the influence it as a whole appears to have exerted. As has been pointed out, the Gospel narratives of the resurrection are all pivoted on this story. That is to say, if these stories are myths, they could

not have arisen except on the basis of this report. The physical manifestations of Jesus, the proofs that He carried His natural body with Him, presuppose the empty tomb.

And, further, even the evidence that Paul summarizes also presupposes a physical resurrection, and consequently an empty tomb. Paul himself, as has been pointed out, did not believe in a physical resurrection. But unless the resurrection of Jesus was physical, it becomes so indefinite and indeterminable, that it cannot be identified for historical enquiry, and consequently cannot be classified as fact or fiction. Take away the defining concept of physical reanimation, and the resurrection from a thinkable historical occurrence dissipates into a series of visions, with no necessary connection and no definite and unalterable relation to an objective reality; or on the other hand it may lose itself in the general idea of personal immortality, or of living in human hearts as an influence.

To such a disintegration of the belief in the resurrection of Jesus, Paul himself was a witness and, though he did not know it, an unwilling contributor. He for his part went so far as to reject belief in a strictly physical resurrection (I. Cor. xv, 50). However, he held to the rising of a "spiritual body" resembling the natural one, but not the same, and free of all grossness (I. Cor. xv, 35 f.). This conception is necessarily vague and unstable; and it is obviously a modification of the idea of a physical resurrection. It is not surprising, then, that some of the followers of Paul took more advanced ground, and denied any sort of resurrection (I. Cor. xv, 12 f.). We must not infer that they doubted or denied the immortality of the soul. They were Greeks, and could conceive of the soul as something utterly distinct from the body. But Paul, with his Jewish training, could not go so far; and so an utter denial of the resurrection meant to him a denial of personal immortality. Such a fear we cannot share; but the point is well taken when he declares, "For if the dead are not raised, neither hath Christ been raised." The immortality of the spirit of Jesus is not disturbed by doubts of a physical resurrection. But His resurrection as a historical fact was unsettled by Paul's spiritualizing tendencies, and constructively denied by some of his followers.

The visions Paul enumerates could not of themselves alone be of great historical significance. Seeing dead men in visions was never a very rare occurrence. These visions might perhaps be subjective; but probably in an unscientific age they would be accepted without much question as evidence of the immortality of the person so seen. Such appearances, however, if they occurred at different

times for a month or a year, or possibly for several years, could not, even to an unscientific and susceptible mind, lead to the conclusion that a resurrection had taken place on a certain day. But given beforehand a report of such a resurrection, and these visions might confirm people in the belief that it had actually occurred.

But suppose these visions, or most of them, occurred on the same day—the third after the death of Jesus? In that case there must have been some occasion for their occurrence at that particular time. And that occasion could hardly be anything else than a report then received, that Jesus had risen from the grave. But even in that case it is difficult to believe that the visions would be confined to that day alone.

Accepting, then, as historical, these visions or most of them, that are mentioned by Paul, we must think that they were partly, at least, occasioned by the report of the women's experience at the tomb. This story would set the disciples in an attitude of expectancy and emotional tension very favorable to visions. Some difficulty appears, however, from the record of Mark. He declares that the women, after they had been to the tomb, "said nothing to any one." This may mean one of two things. First, that they did not immediately report what they had seen. If this is the meaning, there is no difficulty. It is easy to imagine that the women, "seized with trembling and astonishment," kept silent regarding the sight until their awe had somewhat abated. Prudence, too, may have dictated silence until they were safely out of Judea. It is possible, also, that Peter, suspecting they had something interesting to tell, questioned them until he obtained their secret.

Secondly, however, the meaning may be, that the women had carefully kept this a secret for years, until the writer of Mark, or of Mark's written source, obtained it as new or perhaps private information. In that case Mark must have had some particular reason for this explanation. We might conjecture that his purpose was to allay the wonder and suspicions of disciples that would ask, "How is it we never heard this story before?" But it is not likely the disciples would examine very curiously into such a story, or receive it with suspicion, even if it were not known until a generation after the event. They would gladly accept without question any tale of the resurrection that was not wildly improbable. We must seek another reason for Mark's explanation. It may have been felt that this evidence of the women was, after all, a weak point, and would weaken the whole story, not indeed in the eyes of the believers, but of unbelievers. Perhaps the disciples had already found this

in their efforts to convince others of the fact of the resurrection. Mark then may have wished to answer the charge already made, or to avoid its being made in the future, that all this story of the resurrection grew out of the report of two excitable women, respecting something they had seen at a tomb "very early in the morning." We can, then, imagine Mark to be saying in effect, "No, this story of the resurrection could not have begun with the women; for, until quite recently, they have been silent respecting what they saw." If such a purpose was behind Mark's statement that the women "said nothing to any one," we need not question his honesty, but may think it likely that the wish was father to the thought. On the other hand it is very unlikely that the women would keep the story strictly to themselves for any long period of time.

The story of the women is not improbable on either historical or scientific grounds. As Jesus was crucified on Friday, it was natural that the women should defer their return to Galilee until after the Sabbath. It was natural, too, that before beginning their trip homeward, they should go to see the place where Jesus had been buried. The tomb may have been opened over night. The body may have been removed just after the Sabbath to some other resting place. If this was done, it was probably done by order of the owner of the tomb. A reason for haste might be found in the fear that decomposition would set in, so that soon the removal of the body would be offensive. In the warm climate of Judea a dead body would soon show signs of decay. As to the appearance of the angels, two living men may have been in the tomb at this time. They may have returned for some purpose after removing the body. Perhaps they were talking together, and the women heard something about Galileans. This would be natural, since Jesus and His disciples were Galileans. The women, finding that the tomb was open and the body of Jesus was not inside, but seeing instead the two living men and hearing them speak—and all this in the dimness of early dawn—would naturally run away in great fear, instead of tarrying to make a careful investigation. The garments of the men may have appeared preternaturally white against the shadows of the tomb, so that the women would think they had seen angels. The men may have said to them that the body was not in that tomb. The imagination of the women would quickly add to the words, "He is not here," the further words, "He is risen." As they had overheard some remark about Galileans they would interpret it, "He goeth before you into Galilee," or else, "He told you in Galilee."

We may vary the conjectures. It may be that the men were

not at this time in the tomb, and that the voice was not heard but imagined. Certain grave-clothes may have been left when the body was removed. In the dim light of early dawn, the women may have taken these grave-clothes for living persons. Again, it is possible that the body had not been removed, but that the men were in the tomb for that purpose, at the time the women made their visit. Finding the tomb to be open, and seeing what seemed to be angels within, they concluded that Jesus had come to life and walked away. Finally, we may conjecture that the body was not at this time or ever afterward removed from the tomb. But the great stone door may have been hastily and carelessly rolled against the entrance, leaving an aperture through which one could look within. Some grave-clothes may have been left beside the body, as there had not been time for proper burial before the Sabbath. The women may have been ignorant of these circumstances. When they came to the sepulcher, they would marvel at seeing that the stone was not quite in its place. When they peered within, they could not make out the body in the dim light, but could see the grave-clothes, and thought they were looking at angels. There is, in short, a variety of not unlikely conjectures that can be made. The essential and trustworthy parts of the story are as follows: The women came to the tomb early in the morning. The stone was not in place. They looked in (perhaps hastily) but did not see the body. They did see two white objects that they took to be men or angels.

Naturally the women would think, from the presence of the angels, that something supernatural had taken place. The displacement of the stone they would attribute to the work of these angels. The fact that the body was not seen, would make them think Jesus had come back to life, with the assistance of these angels, and had walked out of the sepulcher. When they told the disciples the things they had seen and surmised, their story would cause great excitement, and in this excitement visions would easily be experienced. The first of these visions, we may well believe, was experienced, as Paul states, by Peter.

It may be well, at this point, to show that it is altogether unlikely that Peter, or any of the apostles, could have been concerned in the removal of the body, if it was really removed, or in any way parties to a fraud or deception. In the first place, they were too much dismayed by the death of their Master to think of any such scheme. But chiefly it must be urged, if they knew the faith of the early church to be based on a fraud, they would not have been wil-

ling to die for it. It is impossible to think these apostles were anything but sincere. So if the body was removed, this must have been done by order of the owner of the tomb, and the apostles must have remained in ignorance of the fact. The story of the Fourth Gospel about Peter and the beloved disciple going to the tomb after the report of the women, and carefully inspecting the place, is highly improbable. The disciples were probably at this time well on their way back to Galilee. But if Peter and John did inspect the tomb and ascertain its true condition, it would be their duty to enquire whether human hands in fact removed the body. Or, at least, what they had seen ought to have been made public, and become a part of the apostolic tradition. But the absence of any account of this in the Synoptics (Lk. xxiv, 12 is an interpolation), shows that it was not a part of the apostolic tradition.

We have, then, in this visit of the women to the tomb, the true historic basis for the Gospel stories of the resurrection. There was, however, at least one other factor that contributed to the formation of these stories—namely, the visions that our Gospels have omitted to mention, but Paul has enumerated. The story of the women would probably not have brought about this general belief in the resurrection of Jesus, without the help of these visions. It is true, on the other hand, that these visions must have been largely occasioned by the story of the women. But that is not to say that the visions were caused only by the excitement due to this story. What spiritual cause they may also have had, and whether they were entirely subjective, or were real manifestations of the spirit of Jesus, or revelations of His immortality, are questions that are, for the present at least, beyond the reach of historical enquiry. By these visions the disciples were at least convinced that their Master was still alive. If, as it appears, because of the report of the women, they also thought He had walked bodily from His tomb, it was a rash conclusion, it is true, from such slender evidence, but at any rate, only an incident to their conviction of the glorious immortality that belonged first of all to Jesus, and then to His disciples.

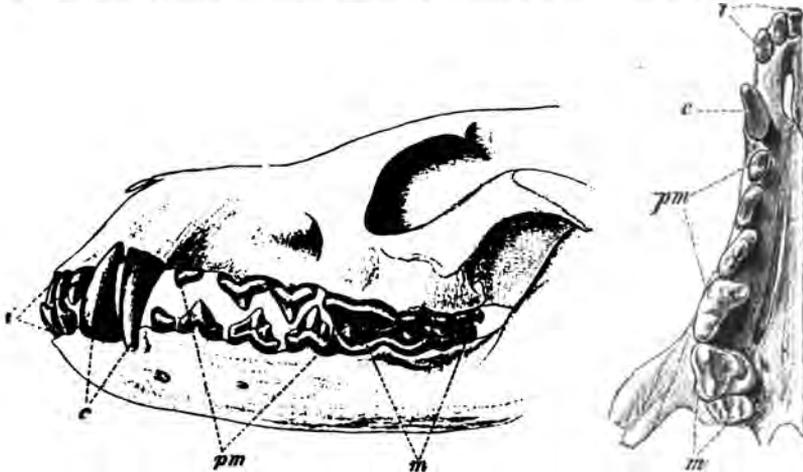
Lastly, it is proper, even in a strictly historical enquiry, to glance upon a certain poetic aspect of this story of the resurrection of Jesus. Without doubt the belief of disciples, from the first century until now, in the resurrection, has been based somewhat on their own personal experiences. "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world," are, according to Matthew, the last words of the risen Jesus, before he disappeared forever from the eyes of the disciples. The promise has been fulfilled from that day to this

in the experiences of many believers, who feel the actual presence of Christ in their hearts. This doubtless has made many feel that the resurrection of Jesus is indeed a thing they know to be true. And in this sense the resurrection is really true. For, beyond all considerations of personal immortality, Jesus lives to-day, perhaps as no other human personality, in the hearts of His followers.

THE WEAPONS AND TOOLS OF THE DOG.

BY WOODS HUTCHINSON, A.M., M.D.

THE main thing a dog is built for is to carry about and "back up" his teeth. If you know the teeth you know the dog. He is literally almost like the Cheshire Cat in "Alice in Wonderland," who could be built up again from his grin. And, indeed, this is true of all sorts of animals. Their teeth will give you the best possible key to the puzzle of their make-up. Look closely at any animal's



TEETH OF THE DOG. (*Canis familiaris*).

(Wiedersheim.)

teeth, or, if he be a bird, his beak, and if you know how to read them, they will tell you at once what sort of an animal he is, and even what kind of a body and legs or wings he has.

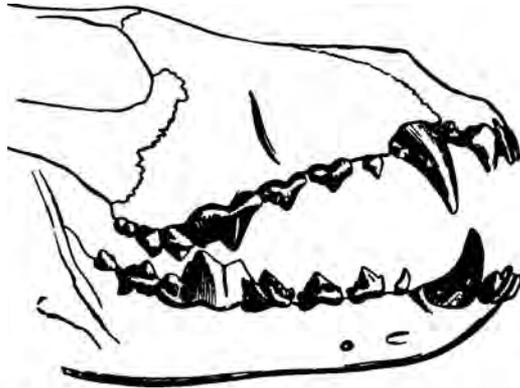
And if you will think a moment you will see why. An animal's teeth are fitted, not only to eat his food, but to cut it up and catch it as well.

You can tell what kind of food an animal lives on, by a look at his teeth, just as you can tell that you're going to have boiled eggs for breakfast by seeing the egg-cups on the table.

If you lift a dog's upper lip, or get him to smile at you, you will see that he has, right in front, six small, flat teeth and on each side of these, above and below, two long, strong, spear-pointed teeth, like curved ivory daggers.

If you have no dog, look at the first picture, but the real teeth are best.

What can these big spear-shaped teeth be for? Certainly not to clip, or crop, leaves and grass, or bite off bread and butter, or crack nuts. There's only one thing they could be useful for and that is to plunge into something and either tear it to pieces, or hang



GENERAL AND SIDE VIEW OF THE DOG'S TEETH. (Chauveau.)

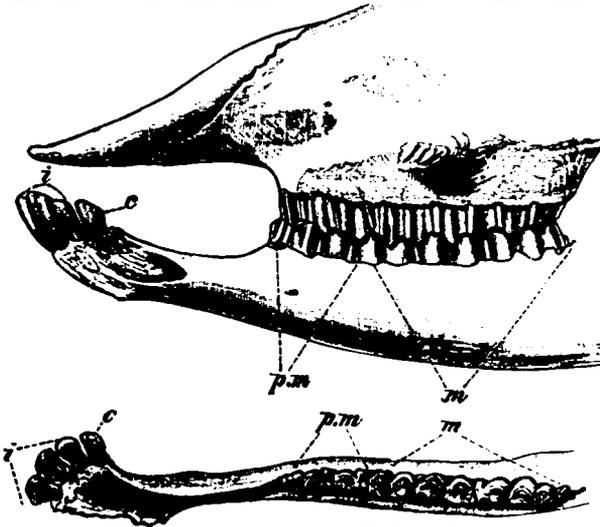
Notice number of teeth in each jaw, and small size of four front- or pre-molars.

on like grim death. If we look at the way the upper pair of these big teeth (which are called *canine*, or *dog* teeth, because they are so large in all the dog family) drop down behind and outside of the lower spikes, when the jaws close, locking them together like the teeth on the jaws of a rat-trap, we shall see that to hold fast to the throat of a deer, or the nose of a wild bull, or the hide of a badger, is just what they are suited for. If they were simply for catching little animals, like rabbits and squirrels, they would not need to be so big and strong, or to interlock so beautifully. Then in those tremendous battles which wild dogs and wolves have to fight, with one another for food, or from jealousy at the mating season, or with rival packs, these great, ivory daggers are deadly weapons. And as

dogs work for a living with their teeth as we do with our brains and our hands it is no wonder that they are so big and beautiful.

Supposing that we had never seen a dog and were to come across his skull somewhere, we should say at once, from the size of the "dog-teeth," that those were the only important weapons he had. And we should be quite right, for the dog has neither hoofs like the horse, nor horns like a bull or goat, nor fists like a man.

Then, says someone at once: "Have these animals no *canine* teeth?" Let us look at their jaws for a moment. Take the goat, for instance, and we find at once a row of chisel-teeth in front and a row of big grinding-teeth at the back of the mouth, but between the two a long



TEETH OF SHEEP. (*Ovis aries*.)

(Wiedersheim.)

Showing disappearance of upper incisors and incisor shape of canine and gap between canine and premolars.

gap, not a trace of a canine, apparently, although if you count carefully, you will find what looks like a small, extra fourth chisel-tooth, which is all that is left of it.

And here is his first cousin, the sheep, with exactly the same gap. If you had never seen anything else of a goat but this skull, you would be able to say at once that it defends itself with some other weapon than its teeth, and all of you who have seen—or felt—a goat "butt" know what a formidable battering-ram it has in place of canines.

In the horse's mouth you find the same gap, and here it is quite

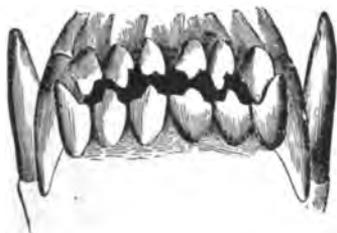
useful to us, as it is where the bit drops in when a bridle is put on. If you have tried to put a bit in a dog's mouth to drive him to a toy wagon you have found that there's no comfortable place for it to rest. Perhaps some of you may think that this space was made for the bit, or by wearing it constantly, but that couldn't account for it, for wild horses have it also. Indeed it was there long before there was such a thing as a bit, or even a man to think of using one.

And again, our rule holds, for, as you all know, a horse's most dangerous weapons are his hoofs, and especially his hind ones, though a few very vicious horses will use their front hoofs like a prize-fighter, and tremendously hard they can hit, too. But it is usually safe to walk right up to any ordinary horse in front, though never behind unless you know him fairly well. However, horses do bite sometimes with their front chisel-teeth, as we shall see when we come to look at them, and, to prevent your getting a partly wrong idea, I must tell you that in full-grown horses two small but very sharp *canine* teeth do grow up in this gap. But here again they are according to rule, for they come just when they are needed by the horse to fight off other horses, wolves or panthers, from his herd of mares and colts, and the bite of an angry stallion is one of the most dangerous injuries in the world.

In fact you will make up your minds from looking at these jaws that the goat, the sheep and the horse, eating no meat, hence needing no tearing teeth, and having other weapons to fight with, have practically lost their canines, while the dog, doing both these things with his teeth alone, has kept and improved his, and we shall see this still more clearly when we look at our own teeth. Turn to a looking-glass, smile broadly, and what do you see? Ivory daggers sticking up three-quarters of an inch above the other teeth? A gap between front and back teeth? Neither one, but if you look closely just at the corners of the mouth above and below, you will see four strong, spear-shaped, blunt-pointed teeth, the points of which may perhaps just stick up above the other teeth far enough to be seen. These are our dog-teeth, and by putting them alongside of the other skulls you have seen, you can soon puzzle out why they are so much smaller than the dog's and yet haven't gone the way of the goat's and the sheep's. When we go to war we fight with weapons held in our hands—swords, spears, guns, and have done ever since our savage forefathers learned to swing a club or throw a stone or dart, so that we no longer need great canine teeth to fight with, but we still eat meat, and hence need small ones to tear it with. If you find it hard to believe that they were ever big enough to fight with, just pass your

finger up under your upper lip from the root of one of them and feel the great ridge which runs upward almost to the floor of the nose and which indeed can be felt on the face through the lip.

This is made by the great, powerful root, almost twice the size of the part of the tooth that stands above the gum, which shows that our tooth-spear had once a much longer head than it has now. From its running up so far towards the eye, has arisen its common name of "eye-tooth," though it has, of course, nothing whatever to do with the sight. Although we have long ago forgotten that we had ever used our teeth to fight with, yet if you will stand before the glass and try to look very scornful and angry, you will see your upper lip curl up just like the dog's when he growls or snarls. And it curls up precisely at the point where it will show the canine tooth to best advantage, so that the "lip of scorn" or the sneer is really a threat of attack, by half drawing your weapon from its sheath.

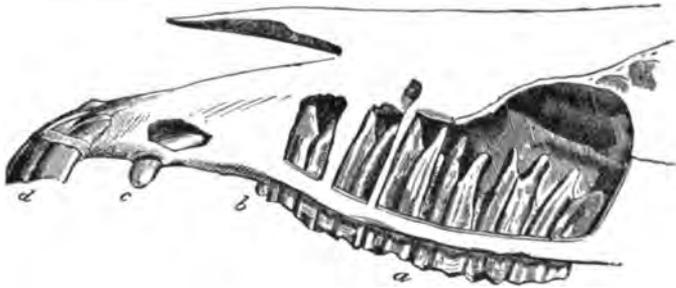


FRONT VIEW OF THE INCISORS AND CANINE TEETH IN A YEAR-OLD DOG. (Chauveau.)

Though we never think of biting any one we dislike nowadays, yet when we sneer we make a face just as if we were going to. So hard is it for our muscles to forget old habits.

Now that we have seen that the big "spear-teeth" of the dog are not only the largest but the most useful and important of all, let us look at the others. Here are a row of little ones across the front of the mouth which are quite different from the canines. Instead of being round and pointed, they are flat in front and behind, running up to a sharp cutting edge, like a notched chisel. They are very narrow chisels, however, and quite small, not more than a fourth of the size of the canines. Now what could such teeth as these do? They could not hook into anything so as to hold it firmly or tear it, because their tops are too wide and all on a level; besides they stand close together and the upper ones only just touch the tips of the lower ones when the jaws are closed, or perhaps overlap slightly, instead of fitting down between them. Evidently the only thing that

these teeth can do is for the six above to play against the six below, like the rather jagged blades of a pair of scissors, or the jaws of a pair of punch-forceps, and cut off anything that comes between them. They are so small, compared with the canines, that we should be inclined to think that the dog eats but little food which needs to be cut or sheared off in this way, and, of course, as we all know, this is the case, for neither the bodies of birds, nor of animals, or indeed meat of any sort could be clipped up in this fashion. What sort of food could be cut up with teeth arranged to act like the blades of scissors? Grass, or leaves of any sort, or fruits. Then if we were to look into the mouth of any animal which lived mainly upon any of these might we expect to find its front teeth well developed? Here is the horse's skull again, and we see across the front of both jaws a closely-packed row of large, strong, square-edged, chisel-like teeth, which your pony, when he is pretending to bite you, can bring to-



PROFILE OF THE UPPER TEETH OF THE HORSE.

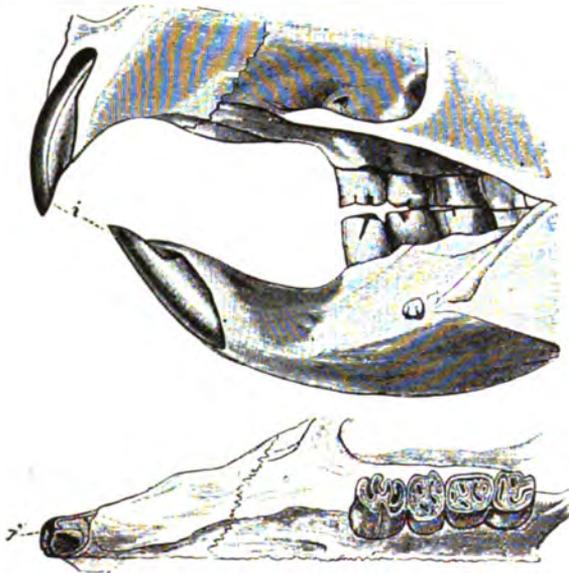
Showing molars, the roots of which have been exposed. (Chauveau.)
 (a) Molar teeth, (b) supplementary molar, (c) canine, (d) incisors.

gether with a snap like the jaws of a trap and which are just fitted to crop the grass off as close and even as a lawn mower.

Look at our picture of the sheep's skull. In its lower jaw you find just such another strong, keen-edged row, but in the upper jaw not a sign of a tooth. Was the poor creature so old that it had lost all its upper front teeth? Hardly, because here in the sheep and in the cow you find exactly the same thing; and if you will watch a cow or a sheep grazing you will see that instead of cropping quietly with both jaws, like the horse, they hook a tuft of grass into their mouths and across this tooth-sickle with the tongue, and then cut it off by jerking their heads upward and sideways, so that you can see their chins going jerk! jerk! the whole time. And this is why a cow cannot graze the grass off as close and clean as a horse can, although

a sheep with its much smaller jaw and sharper teeth can do almost as well.

Why hasn't a sheep or cow kept its upper front teeth like the horse? I will answer by asking another question: "What does a horse still do with its front teeth, which a sheep doesn't?" Then a dozen of you will answer: "Why, fight and bite, or course." The horse still uses his front teeth to fight with, especially against other horses and wolves, though not half as often as he does his hoofs. Most of the nips that you will see or feel him make with them are only half in fun and meant as a "Don't, please!" against having his hair brushed too hard or his harness put on roughly, yet when he's



TEETH OF THE PORCUPINE (*Hystrix hirsutirostris*).
(Wiedersheim.)

Showing huge development of central incisors and disappearance of canines and premolars.

really angry he can give a terrible bite with his hard, yellow teeth and huge jaws. A vicious stallion will sometimes catch his keeper by the arm or shoulder and lift him up and shake him as a terrier does a rat.

Now, if you will look at your own front teeth and see what broad, strong, straight-edged chisels and wedges they are, and what a close row they form, you will not be surprised to find how much

use you make of them in eating bread, biscuits, apples, celery, tarts, in fact everything that you don't cut up with a knife, or eat from a spoon. As we've only been using forks and spoons for about three hundred years, think how much more useful they must have been before that, and you will not be surprised to find that in a savage's skull they are often worn away down to *the very gums*.

Just to see what huge chisels they can develop into when needed for gnawing purposes, look at this porcupine's skull as a sample of all the "gnawers" or *rodents*, like the beaver, rat, squirrel, etc.

From their usefulness in cutting food up into bits, to be chewed or ground by the back teeth, they are called in all animals *incisors*, which is simply Latin for "cutters-into."

We have found from all these examples that the front or incisor teeth follow exactly the same rule as the canines, they are just as large, or as small, as fully present, or completely absent as the food of the animal requires.

If we look again at the dog's front teeth, after having seen those of the other animals, we are struck by their smallness and weakness and poor cutting-shape, the line of their tops is more like the top of a picket fence, than the edge of a sickle. Indeed, if you will examine a full grown dog's mouth or a skull that has been handled roughly, you will often find two or three of these teeth so loose in the jaw that you can move them about with your finger, while the canines stand as solid as fence posts. This further supports our rule, because the dog's incisors must be short to let his canines interlock (as you can easily prove by trying to make your canines interlock) and as he eats no grass, or leaves, or vegetables, and does all his fighting with his canines, he really makes very little use of his incisors, and they evidently incline to go the way of the goat's upper ones.

Now, although these cutters and canines are the only teeth which show in the dog's mouth under ordinary circumstances, if you can catch him at meal-times, or when he yawns, you will see that he has a whole mouthful of teeth behind these. Two long gleaming rows of ivories, all of about the same size and shape, apparently, but getting larger and stronger as they go back. The same row and canines show in the tiger and all the cat family. At first sight it looks as if there were ten or a dozen in each row, but when you look closer you will find that each tooth has from three to five points, or peaks, the middle one usually highest, and that there are only six teeth above and seven below, on each side.

Most of these smaller "teeth upon teeth," "cusps," as they are called, are placed in an almost straight line running backward, so

that this part of the jaw looks like the edge of a very large and jagged carpenter's saw. Now what can tools of this shape be useful for? Evidently not for cropping grass and leaves, for they are too jagged and too far back in the mouth, nor for plunging into things and hanging on, nor for grinding corn, or grass, into a pulp. But they would carve meat up into pieces very well and if you give a dog a large piece of meat, too big to be bolted, and especially one with a bone in it, you will see him turn the side of his mouth towards it, push it just as far back as he can, shut the eye on that side, and gnaw away at it with these great saw-teeth, until he succeeds in half cutting, half haggling off, a piece small enough to swallow. Then, when he gets down to the bone he'll hold that down with his paws,



THE TIGER.

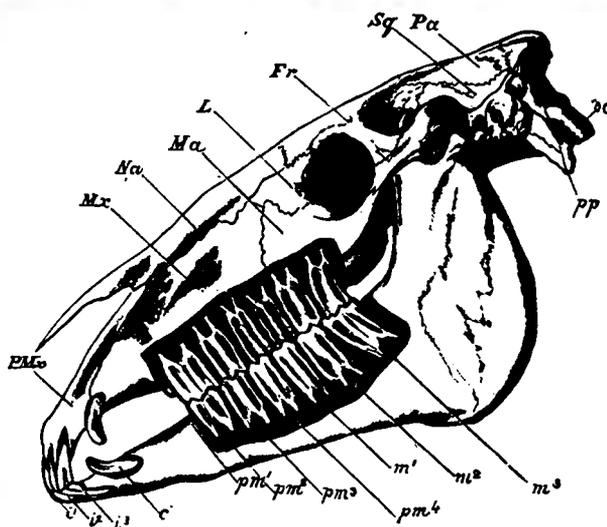
Showing slim body, muscular thighs, strong front legs and paws, and short face with large teeth, all with sharp edges, especially canines, and one (the *carnassial*) near the back in both jaws. (Tenney.)

and laying his head alongside of it rasp and gnaw and scrape with these double saw-blades till he has cleaned all the meat and gristle off it. If the bone is a round one, he'll thrust it right into his mouth, far back, and bring the largest of those strong white wedges together upon it with all the force of his jaws till "crack!" it goes into splinters, and he can lick the marrow out of the hollow inside it. A long, slender tooth like the canine would soon be broken to pieces in this sort of work and an incisor, even if big enough, would be too

top-heavy, so you see again that teeth are just the shape that is needed for the work they have to do.

But, if this be true, we ought to find the back teeth of the horse and goat of quite different shape, for they have no meat to cut up or bones to gnaw, and so you will see, at once, when you look at the cuts. Here you will find a thick, square-sided row of teeth on each side, as close together as bricks in a wall, their tops forming a broad, flat surface like a paved walk, broken only by fine curving ridges running across it every quarter of an inch or so.

Now look in your own mouth, and you'll see another broad, thick, solid row on each side, though not quite so flat and even along



SIDE VIEW OF SKULL OF HORSE.

With bone removed so as to expose the roots of the teeth. i^1 , i^2 , and i^3 , the three incisors; c , the canine; pm^1 , the situation of the rudimentary first premolar, which has been lost in the lower, but is present in the upper jaw; pm^2 , pm^3 , and pm^4 , the three fully developed premolars; m^1 , m^2 , and m^3 , the three true molars. Note how closely the surfaces of upper and lower "mill-stones" of molar teeth fit together. (Flower.)

the top. What do such teeth look fit to do? Grind something, of course, and if you will put a few grains of corn, or a piece of hard biscuit into your mouth, you will find that your tongue carries it back at once to between these teeth and your jaws begin to move, not up and down, but with a swing from side to side, and the corn is caught between and ground into pulp in a few minutes. Watch a horse

when eating, or a cow when chewing the cud, and you will see their jaws swing in exactly the same way, and then you may know that these big "mill-teeth" are at work on the hay and corn. And when you have seen them at work you will know why they are called *molar*, or "mill-teeth." The first two to four of this long line of teeth are usually smaller and less regular than the others, as you can see in the dog's and your own jaw, and are called *premolars*, or "fore-mill" teeth, *bicuspid*s in our own mouths.

Now that we have seen the shape of the teeth in the different parts of a dog's mouth, it will be interesting to watch and see how he uses his teeth. In eating out of a dish of scraps, he uses all sorts at once, or picks things up with his incisors, and, after a hasty crunch or two with his molars, swallows them whole. When he is picking up something carefully to see what it tastes like, or pulling burrs out of his coat—or off his master's clothes, as one good little dog of my acquaintance used to do—he uses his incisors. When he catches at anything to hold it, or bites savagely, he uses his canines; no matter how straight he may fly at another dog's throat he nearly always turns his head to one side slightly, before taking hold, so as to bring his canines into play. If he's trying to bite his strap or rope in two he gets it as far back between his molars as possible and chews till he cuts it across. Hold out a stick for him to tug at, and he will twist his head quite to one side, seize it between his strong back teeth and then pull for dear life. Throw him one to carry, and he'll slip it just behind his canines, and let it rest behind them and between his front molars, so that if you take an end of it in each hand and pull him straight towards you, you can lift him clear of the ground by it, for it is so "hooked" in behind his canines that he can hardly let go.

But it is the dog's great-great-grandfather, the wolf, who can do really artistic things with his teeth.

In the first place, he can open his jaws nearly twice as far as a dog. If you see a wolf yawn you think his mouth is going to open through to the back of his neck, and this gives him more room to swing his daggers. When he is fighting with an animal as large as himself, he doesn't seize it by the neck or shoulder and hang on, like a dog, but he just brings his jaws together with one tremendous snap, usually making his teeth cut clean through whatever he catches, and then springs back to watch for another chance. He will cut a dog in a dozen places before the latter can get hold of him, or even after he has pinned him, so that one wolf will often slash his way through a pack of five or six hounds.

Then, he is most cruelly clever in knowing just where to use his ivory lancets. If he is attacking a deer or sheep he aims at the neck, or slack of the flank, and either cuts its throat, or pulls it right down. But if a buffalo, he dares not risk a front attack direct, so, while two or three of the pack bark and snap at his head, to distract his attention, the leader makes a stealthy rush from the rear, a spring, a lightning-like snap at the leg just above the hock, and crack goes the great hamstring tendon and down goes the poor old bull at the mercy of the pack. He also knows just where the great veins run in the neck of a sheep or deer, and can plunge his dagger-teeth into them so exactly that scarcely a drop of the blood will be lost.

When I was a boy I had charge of a flock of sheep in a distant



THE WOLF (*Canis lupus*).

Showing the dog-like form and prominence of canine teeth.

pasture, close to a belt of forest. Three or four times during the summer, wolves, ranging through the forest from the "big woods" down on the river, got among the sheep at night and killed right and left, until we put bloodhounds on their trail and made the neighborhood too hot for them. I have gone down in the early morning and found two, three, or even four, sheep, lying quietly upon the ground just as if they were asleep. I could never discover a trace of injury until I turned them over and my eye fell upon a small patch of dull, red stain upon the wool of the throat. No wound or tear to be seen, but upon carefully parting the wool two small, oval slits in the skin could be found through which the canines had pierced the vein, and the life-blood been sucked out. Not another mark upon the body,

and unless you knew what to look for you might easily think that the victim had died from disease or poison, as indeed I did the first few wolf-killed sheep I saw. A dog's handiwork, on the other hand, can be recognized at a hundred yards, so that a shepherd can tell at a glance whether a dog or a wolf has been among his flock. This kind of skill sounds very cruel, but we must remember that we are hardly in a position ourselves to call poor "Brer Wolf" *very* hard names, because he kills sheep to get mutton-chops.

But you must not think that the dog and wolf use their teeth only for serious work, such as fighting and cutting; they're also very fond of playing with things with their teeth, just as we do with our hands. There is no prettier sight than to see a lot of puppies, or wolf cubs, pulling each other's tails, biting each others' ears and pretending to worry throats, just for the sheer pleasure of making their teeth meet on something, and I have seen scores of grave and solemn old dogs or fierce-looking wolves and vicious little foxes playing just the same tricks. A dog's teeth, especially his front ones, are his fingers, and a very little "nip" at a thing will tell him whether it's fit to eat or to play with, almost as quickly as your fingers will tell you how hard or how heavy it is. A dog boxes and wrestles and plays with his teeth just as we do with our hands, and old ranchmen upon the cattle ranges tell me that wolves get together in quiet places among the hills in the autumn, just for regular games of tooth-play and romping. One of them told me that he was out looking for lost horses one day, up in the foot-hills, when he suddenly saw the head of a big grey wolf stick up for a moment over the edge of a "blow-out," or great sand-pit scooped out by the wind. He had only his revolver with him, but, as the "greys" are terribly destructive to colts and young cattle, he galloped off down a side valley at once till he was well down the wind from the "blow-out," so that his scent wouldn't be carried toward the wolf, then hobbled his horse and worked his way across the ridges till he finally crawled on his hands and knees up to the edge of the hollow and peeped over, thinking to surprise Mr. Wolf. But it was his turn to be surprised, for there not thirty yards below him were seven great, shaggy brutes, each nearly as big as a Newfoundland dog, rolling and tumbling over each other and showing great rows of glistening teeth, that looked as long as his finger.

He said it struck him, all of a sudden, that it wasn't a very good day for wolf-hunting, after all, and he rolled down the side of that hill and scuttled across to where his horse was hobbled, as fast and as noiselessly as his legs would carry him. Fortunately the wolves

were so well pleased with each other and so busy with their game that they didn't see or hear him at all, for if they had and had caught him before he reached his hobbled horse, there would have been nothing left of either of them, except the wood of the saddle and a few of the largest bones.

In spite of their hardness and sharpness the dog can use his teeth surprisingly gently at times. Watch a mother dog carrying her puppies to another nest, and see how lightly and skilfully she balances them between her teeth so that they don't seem to mind being swung by the scruff of their necks at all. Any good setter or



A PRIZE-WINNER BULLDOG.

retriever will catch a slightly wounded quail, or duck, and bring it to you alive without even breaking a feather. And I have heard of a pointer who, while helping his master catch a canary which had got out of its cage got so excited that he finally gave one jump and a snap and poor Dickey disappeared between his great jaws. Everybody thought he had gone down like an oyster, but the old fellow walked quietly up to his master, opened his mouth, and out fluttered birdie, a little ruffled as to his feathers, but otherwise none the worse.

If what we have been finding out about the shapes of teeth is the rule, we ought to find the jaws and teeth of different breeds of the dog suited somewhat to the "trade" of each one. And so we do, only, of course, as all breeds of dog have to catch, eat and fight with their teeth, they are all much alike. A pug's, perhaps, have changed most, for in getting his poor little jaws short and small enough to give the "pug-nose" and wrinkled-up face that fanciers admire, his teeth have suffered sadly. They are so poorly-placed as to be almost useless, and some of them so slight and loosely set that if he were to attempt to fight with them they'd be in danger of pulling loose or breaking. Pugs are sometimes very plucky, but they cannot punish another dog to any effect and most dogs seem to know it and treat them with a sort of good-humored contempt.

Many of them cannot be fed on meat, but have to live on bread and milk, soaked biscuit, and other soft foods

On the other hand the bull-dog's teeth have gradually become so huge and strong that his square head and jaw look big enough to walk alone and almost seem to be dragging his body after them.

So long and powerful are his canines and so tightly do they interlock that when they are once clenched in anything it is really difficult for him to let go—and still more so for anyone else to make him. In training a bull-terrier for a fight he is egged on to set his teeth into a leather sack stuffed with hair, which hangs by a rope from a pulley, and when he has got a good hold he is hoisted clear of the floor and allowed to swing backward and forward by his teeth. A good dog can be hauled up almost to the ceiling and back by his teeth, when he's getting into proper condition. In a fight he will get a favorable "hold" and keep it without slackening for an instant, for three quarters of an hour if necessary. In order to be able to do this, however, two other changes in his "face," besides the size of his eye-teeth, are necessary, and these have spoiled his looks sadly. One of them is the strange tilting upward and backward of his nostrils. If you will look at the nostrils of an ordinary dog you will find that they open almost at and on the end of his nose. Now when he plunges his teeth deeply into the flesh of another animal he pushes the end of his nose into and against its side and thus nearly blocks up his nostrils; so that he cannot get breath enough through them to keep up his hold for long. But look at the bull-dog's nostrils and you will see that his nose is very short and square and that the nostrils are tipped upward and backward so that they open almost upon the upper surface of it. Thus he can crowd the end of his nose against another dog's throat or side as hard and long as he pleases and yet have his nostrils free to breathe through. The other is that in order to let him get a longer mouthful and a firmer hold, his lower jaw and teeth have pushed forward half an inch or more beyond the upper, so that his front teeth don't meet at all, and in some cases are not even covered by his lips when the mouth is closed. This gives poor "Bull" that sweet and engaging expression that we know so well and makes him look as if he were continually "showing his teeth" at you. His "face is his misfortune," for he is really a most good-natured and peaceable dog unless he has been fought too much, which isn't *his* fault, poor fellow. His "ferociousness" simply consists in not knowing how to stop after he once gets started fighting.

Like all really brave people, he is usually very slow to start a

quarrel and almost never will attack a smaller dog than himself, unless some cowardly scoundrels of boys or men make him. Like most animals his worst faults are really those of the men about him, and he would be a very decent fellow if he was not obliged to associate with a certain class of human beings.

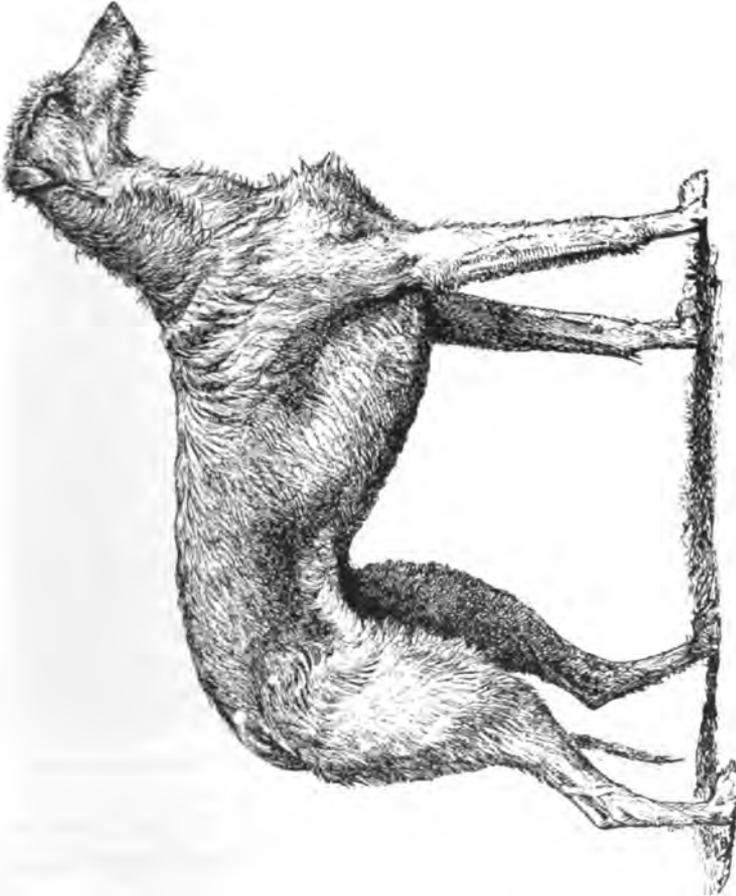
Now that you are getting to be judges of teeth you will not be



THE BULL TERRIER STREATHAM MONARCH.
(Wesley Mills.)

surprised to learn that the modern "Holy Terror" bull-dog of the bench-shows is not a fighting dog at all. He has been bred for so many generations, simply for the sake of his magnificently ugly face, that the projection of his lower jaw has become a positive deformity and though he can still pin a bull by the nose and drag him down, as he used to in the old cruel sport of "bull-baiting,"

which gave him his name, he is not half as effective a fighter as his smaller and much handsomer cousin, the bull-terrier. This latter gentleman has the handsomest set of teeth in the world and the intelligence which usually goes with good tools. He fights with his head and legs as well as his teeth and can use them equally well for a fierce razor-like slash or for a



THE SCOTTISH DEERHOUND RONA III.
(Wesley Mills.)

death-like grip. I have seen a particular friend of mine, of this breed, clear his way through a mob of strange dogs, who had rushed out at him as he galloped after my buggy, by three or four quick upward and downward slashes of his long canines, almost without checking his stride, just as a wolf would have done. He was a dear fellow, handsome as a picture, barring a trifle of squareness about the head, kind, affectionate and the most intelligent creature upon four

feet I ever knew, but he was led into trouble by some bad boys—who, of course, ran away and left “that savage brute of a bull-dog” to bear the blame, and I had to exile him to a lonely horse-ranch up in the sand-hills of Nebraska. There he met a young lady cousin of his, and in the course of their joint explorations a few weeks after he got there they stumbled upon a big rattle-snake. As neither of them knew what it was to be afraid, they walked up to him to see what business he had there, and he most injudiciously bit one of them. Then of course they killed him, both getting bitten several times in the process. Surprising as it may appear, they didn’t either of them die, but they lay about in doleful plight for a week or so, one with a head like a turnip, and the other with a paw like a boxing-glove, and everybody said, “Well! those pups have learned something, and will let rattlers alone in future.” But no such thing; the ball had just begun for the snakes, and as soon as they were able to toddle they went out and slew another. This time the bites didn’t swell half so much, and they only had to lie up for a day or two before they could go on the war-path again. As rattle-snakes in that neighborhood were, in the language of a scripturally-minded cowboy on the ranch, “as plenty as fiddlers in heaven,” they soon found another, and so they kept on, until, before frost came and drove the snakes into their holes for the winter, they had killed some thirty or forty of them. After their first three or four encounters they seemed to become completely hardened to the bites and showed no ill effects whatever from them, although killing sometimes two or three snakes in a day. The first kill was only ignorant rashness, but the second and third took real pluck, for the agony of the stage of swelling in a snake-bite is something terrific, and even to the last the bites must have hurt them at least as badly as hornet stings do us.

But you thought a rattle-snake bite was sure death even to a man? Not by any means, although most of the story-books say it is. I have known personally some seven or eight men who were bitten, and not one of them died. Indeed Dr. Weir Mitchell, who has experimented extensively with the poison—and been bitten himself in the process—declares that it is the exception to the rule if a grown man or woman dies after rattle-snake bite. When you remember that the rattle-snake cannot tear his prey in pieces but has to swallow it whole, you can easily see that it would be a waste of good poison for his sac to be “loaded” with more than about twice as much as would safely kill an animal the size of a rabbit, which is about the limit of his swallowing powers. Whether this is the explanation or not, the fact remains that animals weighing over forty

pounds usually recover from a single bite. The wonderful reputation of whiskey as a cure for snake bite rests chiefly upon the fact that the victim in nine cases out of ten would get better anyhow, if he never touched a drop of the "remedy."

There is another dog whose tooth-play is peculiar, and that is the grey-hound. This gentleman like his first-cousin, the deer-hound, has been bred solely for speed, and no special attention paid to his teeth, which have consequently remained pretty much as they were in his ancestor, the wolf, but a little blunter. His jaws are



A DISTINGUISHED MEMBER OF THE HUMANE SOCIETY.
(By Landseer.)

just the opposite of the bull-dog's—long, slender and with a very wide gape. And they are just suited to his method of using them. In picking up a hare at full speed (twenty miles an hour) all he has time to do is to make one, single, lightning-like snap—and if that misses, shoot past fifty yards until he can turn and try again. A bull-dog grip would be utterly useless to him. A clever old dog won't even waste time on a snap, but just thrusts his long nose under poor Puss, jerks her high into the air and catches her in his jaws before she touches the ground again. If he is loosed on a wolf or an

antelope he plays a very similar game. He knows perfectly that neither his jaws nor his neck are strong enough to fight one or pull down the other, so he makes flying snaps at the side, the shoulder,



DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE.

(By Landseer.)

the thigh, runs into them, between their legs, and in every way tries to delay them until the trail-hounds or huntsmen can come up.

I had a big black grey-hound once who was very clever in tackling a wolf. He would race up to him and, first of all, make believe to fly at his throat; the wolf would turn on him, he would spring back, and they would stand and snarl at each other for a minute or two. Then the wolf would hear the baying of the trail-hounds and decide to start on again and pay no attention to the grey-hound. This time Pedro would get closer and make a sharp snap at his shoulder or flank. He didn't attempt to hang on, simply to give one jerk and spring back, but if that jerk could be given well forward on the shoulder it would twitch the wolf's head round just far



DOG AND CAT. (By Landseer.)

enough to upset his balance and send him rolling over and over. Then if he missed this he would run off a little ahead and to one side, turn and charge him at an angle, just as an end-guard does a half-back who is too heavy for him to tackle. In fact he would try all sorts of clever tricks with his speed and quickness to delay the wolf till the blood-hounds who were following his trail could come up, knowing perfectly that the wolf dare not stop and fight him, for fear of the latter. Another grey-hound friend of mine used to play a very curious variation of the hare—throwing trick. He would tear up

to the wolf at nearly right angles to his course, but instead of charging right into him, give a sort of dive right underneath his body and come up on the other side. It was a risky play to make, for of course he ran the chance of a bad fall himself if he bungled but if he succeeded it was almost equal to the terrible "over-the-head" throw in wrestling; the tremendous speed at which both were going would send the wolf flying up into the air, to come down with a thud that would almost knock the breath out of his body. I have never seen this trick played, personally, but several of my old hunter friends have, and a dog that possesses the accomplishment is highly valued.

You can tell more about a dog's habits and character by a look at his teeth and jaws—whose shape is made by his teeth—than by any other three things about him. Now what have we concluded about the teeth of the dog by patching together the various things that we each know about them from personal acquaintance?

First—That a dog's longest and most important teeth are his canines (as their name implies) and that he uses them for catching and holding his prey, tearing up his meat, and fighting his battles. That sheep, cows, and most horses, which neither catch things alive, eat meat, or fight much with their teeth, have practically lost their canines, while we who still eat meat have kept ours, although they have grown smaller, as we no longer fight with them—except when we're very naughty.

Second—That a dog's front teeth or "cutters-into" are comparatively small and weak, as he only uses them for picking up soft food and "tasting" things, and if they were longer they would hinder his canines from interlocking so well.

In the sheep and goat, however, where they are constantly used for cropping grass and leaves, they are large and strong and even, though found only in the lower jaw, while in the horse, where they are sometimes used for fighting as well, they remain in both jaws.

Third—That the dog's back teeth are pointed and set like the teeth of a saw and used for cutting up large tough pieces of meat, cracking bones and rasping the meat off them. In the horse, sheep, goat and ourselves, where they are used only for grinding grass, corn, bread, etc., they have become broad, flat mill-stones, or "molars."

Fourth—That a dog or wolf knows just how to use his teeth to the best advantage.

Fifth—That our different breeds of dogs have had their original wolf set of teeth modified by the way in which they have been selected and bred for a particular "trade."

ROMANTIC POETRY IN GERMANY.

AN ATTEMPT TO ADAPT EMOTIONAL REALITIES TO INTELLECTUAL IDEAS.*

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THE idea of "the social soul" was latent in the intellectual life of Germany for half a century prior to its formulation in Romanticism. Klopstock, Moses Mendelssohn, Lessing, Hamann, Herder, the poets of the "Storm and Stress," Kant, Schiller, Goethe—these, and many others, contributed the intellectual elements for which Romantic philosophy, Romantic conduct, and Romantic poetry sought a common valuation in social experience. The failure of Romanticism was not due to the new principle of valuation, neither was the Romantic principle disproved, though it was for a time discredited, by the Romantic failure.

With Romanticism the old century closed and with it a new century began in Germany. Henceforth democratic individuality became the watchword. Under the influence of the new postulate of freedom German poets of the nineteenth century sought a new interpretation of the conduct of life. Through their work—whatever its esthetic value—they set forth the moral significance of life in a new light. They attempted more than this. They roused the "drowsy sphinx," and to her brooding query:

"Who'll tell me my secret,
The ages have kept?"

they made bold to reply: "We the modern seers! We the poets of the social soul!" And who shall say that they failed to "tell one of the meanings of the universal dame," or that they did not, in the entirety of their answers, reveal something more of

* The present paper continues the article "The Significance of German Literature of the Eighteenth Century," (*Open Court*, Dec. 1904,) in which article the Romantic principle was discussed at length.

"The fate of the man-child,
The meaning of man."?

Romanticism as a philosophy of life should not be confused with Romanticism as a method of poetic activity. The philosophy which we call Romanticism and the method of poetic procedure which bears the same name, were two entirely different things. Romantic philosophy postulated a new basis for poetry. Romantic poetics made the poetic realisation of this postulate a most difficult, if not an impossible, task.

Likewise it should be borne in mind that Romanticism, as a philosophy, was in its inception a theory. The Romantic idea of the "social soul" was invented, not experienced. As individual beings the Romanticists were children of their day; they were men of pronounced individualistic temperament. The social impulse was there, but it did not, and it could not, find its corollary in social experience.

The foregoing distinctions are of the greatest importance in the study of the religious life of Romantic poetry, since this life was an artificial composition of the disparate values of philosophical theorising and of individual daily experience. If we were to regard the speculations of Romantic poetry as the only content of Romanticism, we should do a grave injustice to the Romantic philosophy of life. If we were to regard these speculations as the equivalent of the human experience of the men who framed them, we should be identifying a poetic theology and a religious reality. It is true that the Romanticists finally adopted these poetic speculations as their religious reality, but in so doing they were insincere. They deceived themselves, and they paid the penalty in their human experience, in their philosophic speculations, and in their poetic creations.

The poetry of German Romanticism was at no time poetry of the religious life. Even if we judge this poetry by the standards of Romantic philosophy, we shall not escape this conclusion.

Modern thought and modern sentiment have passed through a similar judgment. The poetry of Novalis alone has, in a measure, retained a certain hold on modern life. Some of his *Geistliche Lieder* have been incorporated in every Evangelical hymnal of Germany, and in not a few of America; and they remain to this day warm favorites with the Evangelical church-going populace of Germany. Any one who has heard a German congregation sing the successive stanzas of Novalis's hymn:

“Wenn alle untreu werden,
So bleib' ich dir doch treu” etc.

[My faith to thee I break not,
If all should faithless be.]

will feel small inclination to declare that the hymn is not poetry of the religious life. And yet, it is true that this hymn (and indeed all the poems of Novalis) was not, and is not, what it seems, or professes, to be.

The question which Romantic philosophy undertook to answer was this: Can the *individual* fashion his intellectual and his emotional experiences into a religious unit? Or, to put the question in another form: Is the religious life a matter of *individual* experience? Romantic philosophy answered with a very positive No. It held that individualised experience cannot be religious experience. For example, the experiences that Professor James calls “religious” in his *The Varieties of Religious Experience* would have been characterised by Romantic philosophers as “individualised” experiences, and for that reason, as not religious. The Romanticists would have contended that in every case cited by Professor James the individual has failed to realise the source of his emotions, or of his ideas, in so much as he has looked for this source in his individuality. Hence, they would have concluded, the individual has created for himself only a fictitiously religious life. This assertion would have been supported by the following argument: Ideas and emotions are only individual differentials of a universal integral. Every experience, whether emotional or intellectual, is in its very nature an act that impinges on individuality, making it to the extent of this impingement, universal. You do not feel, nor do you think, as an individual. You feel as a personality and you think as another personality. You live the religious life when you feel and think as *one* personality. You can think and you can feel as *one* personality only when you are conscious of a universal, or at least a common source of your emotions and ideas. Manifestly this consciousness is impossible, or at least incapable of development, as long as you insist on the inceptive energy of human individuality. The perfecting of your personality depends wholly on the perfecting of your consciousness of the universal integral, and the more you perfect this consciousness the more nearly you realise universality in personality. Therefore, the moment this consciousness actually is perfected in personality, that moment the universal integral comes into absolute personal existence. All individual differentials have vanished. Individuality has merged completely in universality.

However, since by this last act the universe attains conscious life, it becomes *ipso facto* the absolute personality, and hence the sublime individuality. This was the tremendous paradox of Romantic philosophy: individuality becomes universality, universality becomes individuality.

Now if we look for a moment at the lives of the men who constructed this system of philosophic unity, we have to admit that they typified, on the whole, the exact reverse of that which their philosophy preached. They were as individualistic in their conduct as it was possible to be. Under conditions as they prevailed in Germany toward the close of the eighteenth century, it was an almost impossible task to realise conscious life as the reaction on individuality of social relations. The disintegration of social life very naturally centred the sources of conscious life in the characteristic energy of individuality. All we know of these Romanticists goes to show that they felt themselves cut loose from their day and generation. They went through life as individuals, and the very fact that they endeavored to found a "school" which should be the nucleus of a social life, proves their individualistic temper. They made the most wonderful efforts to live up to their doctrine, and succeeded only in discrediting it by their idiosyncracies. No other conclusion is possible than this: Romantic conduct reduced personal liberty to individual license.

One has but to observe the emotional life of any Romantic individual in order to become thoroughly convinced that this life was abnormal. Any happiness or pain that came to him was straightway hugged to his bosom and coddled, as though it were an experience in which the individual and the individual alone was interested. Its social significance dwindled into infinitesimal proportions, its individual significance waxed beyond all recognition. "Here am I," the Romantic individual seemed to say, "yonder is the universe, yonder all the endless phenomena of nature. Let me drink in all this magnificence, let it fill me. Thus shall I expand into universal being." In the conception of even those ideas, and in the exercise of even those emotions which the veriest tyro recognises as social, these men showed the same curious inability to avoid the purely individualistic attitude. What else than a parody on the social idea of love was the relation between Novalis and Sophie Kühn? When he and she first met she was a mere child of twelve, he a student of twenty-three. There can be no doubt that the charm of Sophie's personality was extraordinary. There can be as little doubt that she made a deep impression on Novalis. But how did

Novalis treat this impression? He magnified it, and kept on magnifying it, until he veritably believed that his love for the child was the love of man for woman. Within a few months he engaged himself to her, or if one desire to be facetious, engaged her to himself. Where is there a more striking instance of the individualistic interpretation of a social idea than this behavior of Novalis. He had heard of "love" and he forthwith gave to love no other content than that which suited his immediately individual experience. He prepared to marry the child, and certainly would have married her without any hesitancy, had his means and her parents permitted. Three years later Sophie died. And then what? Novalis constructed for himself a mystical world in which he sought communion with the dead. He prostrated himself before the idealised image of the departed. Here is an extract from the diary of Novalis, written a month after the death of Sophie Kühn, and dated—as was his wont—from the day of her death: "This evening I passed an hour of sweet, cheerful, and most vivid reminiscence. He who flees pain, no longer cares to love. A lover must keep filling in the gap forever, keep the wound open continually. May God always preserve in me this indiscribly precious pain, this sad memory, this courageous longing, this manly purpose, and this unshakable faith. Without Sophie I am nothing, nothing; with her I am everything!" Sophie died March 19, 1789. In December of the same year Novalis went to Freiberg to study at the mines. Here he met Julia von Charpentier, the daughter of the overseer of the mines. He was engaged to her before the month closed. Spring, summer, and autumn Novalis had passed through an intensely emotional struggle. On the one hand an almost extatic longing to be transported into those spiritual realms where the image of his idealised Sophie abode, on the other the insistent experiences of human life which summoned him back to sane activity and human society. The social experiences of life seemed to prevail. He surrendered to the charms of Julia. But how? Did this new relation supersede the old? Did Novalis interpret this new affection as consciously social beings would interpret it? Not at all! He interpreted it as the realisation of his previous conception of love. His union with Julia became the present actuality of his hypostatic union with Sophie. Is it possible to conceive of a more definite instance of the individualistic interpretation of social emotions than this?

One may assert without much fear of contradiction that the conduct of all the leading Romanticists was of this individualistic type. Ideas were constructed out of individual experience, and then

experience was distorted to sustain these ideas. The individual was the only conscious centre of life. It cannot be said that the Romanticists were aware of any insincerity in their conduct. Most of them, it must be admitted, believed themselves sincere. Certainly, no one can impute conscious insincerity to Novalis. Yet, so far as the conduct of Novalis and that of the others was sincere, it was the sincerity of insincerity. And for this paradox the practically avoidless emphasis that fell on individual life in those days and the equally resistless force that was secretly opposing this emphasis in the intellectual life of Germany must be held responsible.

Out of these two opposing factors Romantic poetry was produced, and we shall never understand its true character, particularly not its religious significance, if we persist in identifying the life of this poetry either with Romantic philosophy or with Romantic conduct. In this poetry we have an effort to unite the philosophy and experiences of these men, but an effort which resulted merely in a combination of both. And according to the manner in which this combination was effected, we may distinguish between poetry of the original school with Novalis, Tieck, and the two Schlegels as its principal representatives, and the poetry of their successors, among whom Fouqué, Achim von Arnim, and Clemens Brentano, Schenckendorf, and Kerner are perhaps the most prominent.

It follows from the foregoing, and should be clearly and definitely understood at the outset, that the poetry of these men was not a poetic search for original ideas to match individual experience. It follows likewise, that the poetic presentation of Romantic personality was not attained, or even contemplated effectively. In the case of Novalis, Tieck, and the two Schlegels, we come in contact with poetry which attempted the composition of Romantic personality through adaptation of individual emotions to social (traditional) ideas. In the case of the other poets mentioned, we observe the poetic attempt to compose Romantic personality through the adaptation of social emotions to individual ideas. The shifting of the emphasis from the social nature of ideas to the social nature of emotions caused the distinction between the religious poetry of the Romantic school and the religious poetry of its immediate successors.

The obfuscation of the spiritual vision in the poetry of Romanticism has been overlooked too frequently by students of the spiritual reality which this poetry represented. In the poem of Novalis, "Wenn alle untreu werden," to which reference was made in the foregoing, we have a case in point. The last stanza of this poem runs as follows:

"Ich habe ihn empfunden.
 O, lasse nicht von mir!
 Lass innig mich verbunden
 Auf ewig sein mit dir,
 Einst schauen meine Brüder
 Auch wieder himmelwärts
 Und sinken liebend nieder
 Und fallen dir an's Herz."

[Thou with thy love hast found me!
 O do not let me go!
 Keep me where thou hast bound me,
 Till one with thee I grow.
 My brothers yet will waken,
 One look to heaven dart—
 Then sink down, love-o'ertaken,
 And fall upon thy heart.]

(Novalis's *Spiritual Songs*, No. 6. Translation by George MacDonald.)

In the first lines, the Romantic desire for the translation of individuality into universality is distinctly expressed. In the last lines, the individualistic interpretation of social ideas is clearly manifest. It is apparent that the idea of "brother" has no real social significance in these lines. The poetic interpretation of this idea is extra-social. It is individualistic, since the subjective attitude of the man toward the universal so controlled the poet, that he disregarded the value of the idea which he as a social being recognised. If any one feels inclined to doubt this statement, let him turn to the last stanza of another equally well known hymn by Novalis, "Wenn ich ihn nur habe." Here is the stanza:

"Wo ich ihn nur habe,
 Ist mein Vaterland:
 Und es fällt mir jede Gabe
 Wie ein Erbteil in die Hand:
 Längst *vermisste* Brüder
 Find ich nun in seinen Jüngern wieder."

[Where I have but him
 Is my fatherland:
 Every gift a precious gem
 Comes to me from his own hand!
 Brethren long deplored,
 Lo, in his disciples all restored.]

(Novalis's *Spiritual Songs*, No. 5. Translation by George MacDonald.)

Do not these words of Novalis assert that brotherly love is an experienced reality only in the common surrender to his mystic conception of the Divinity? Does he not declare that the social

idea of "brethren" has no value save in his own dogmatic reality? The second stanza of the same hymn proclaims even more positively the poetic negation of social ideas. It runs as follows:

"Wenn ich ihn nur habe,
Lass' ich alles gern,
Folg' an meinem Wanderstabe
Treugesinnt nur meinem Herrn;
Lasse still die Andern
Breite, lichte, volle Strassen wandern."

[If I him but have,
Pleased from all I part:
Follow on my pilgrim staff,
None but him with honest heart;
Leave the rest, nought saying,
On broad, bright, and crowded highways straying.]

(Translation by George MacDonald.)

And now, if we revert again to the first hymn, what is it that Novalis tells us in the opening stanza?—This:

"Wenn alle untreu werden,
So bleib' ich dir doch treu,
Dass Dankbarkeit auf Erden
Nicht ausgestorben sei.
Für mich umfing dich Leiden,
Vergingst für mich in Schmerz:
Drum geb' ich dir mit Freuden
Auf ewig dieses Herz."

[My faith to thee I break not,
If all should faithless be,
That gratitude forsake not
The world eternally.
For my sake Death did sting thee
With anguish keen and sore;
Therefore with joy I bring thee
This heart forever more.]

(Novalis's *Spiritual Songs*, No. 6. Translation by George MacDonald.)

First and last the religious life is based on the definite dissociation of the individual from his social relations. It is worthy of notice that the idea of gratitude is treated in these lines in the same individualistic manner as the idea of brotherly love in the last stanza of the poem. A casual glance at the *Geistliche Lieder* of Novalis will convince every fair-minded reader that all ideas are deprived of their social values as soon as they come within the vision of the poet. Grief and joy; desire and fulfilment; love and hatred; peace

and discord; life and death; home and country; wisdom and folly; light and darkness; matter and spirit; past, present, and future—all these ideas are supplied with a purely dogmatic content. To the mystic life which Novalis pictured in these hymns one may apply his own characterisation of the ordinary social relations of life:

“Der Puls des Lebens stocket,
Und stumpf ist jeder Sinn.”

[Life's pulse is flagging listless,
And dull is every sense.]

(Translation by George MacDonald.)

It is difficult to believe that this substitution of dogmatic ideas should produce an unconditional balance. Especially is this the case when we notice that in fourteen out of the fifteen hymns, which make up the collection *Geistliche Lieder*, the religious life is based on a condition not merely implied, but expressed. This condition is the acceptance of traditional Christianity. The conditional conjunction *wenn*, or its equivalents, trails through every poem. It is evident that Novalis attempted to poise the intellectual and the emotional life of his poetry on dogmatic religion.

Novalis's poetry of the religious life was the sweetest and the least disingenuous of the religious poetry of the Romantic school. It certainly would *seem* as if he expressed in his *Hymns to the Night* and in his *Spiritual Songs* precisely that subjective mood which prevailed in his relations to Sophie Kühn and Julia von Charpentier. Apparently the same isolation of his individuality and the same sovereign license in the treatment of ideas and emotions prevails in the life of this poetry. Apparently the poet makes no effort to adapt the conduct of his life to the theory of his philosophy. If this were really so, the poetry of Novalis would base the religious life on a search for original ideas to match individual experience. This is not the case. Isolation of the individual is, indeed, the expressed cause of the religious longing; but it is not treated as the essence of the religious life. Moreover, there is no express mention of that Romantic personality through which individuality was supposed to expand into universality; but this personality is everywhere implied as conditioning the religious reality. In order to partake of this religious reality, the individual must first surrender his intellectual realities to the intellectual realities of theology. He thereby enters a world of spiritual ideas, which means that his individuality is transformed into a spiritual personality. He must

then make the effort to experience in this spiritual state the emotions of individual life.

These are the two conditions on which the poetry of Novalis would base the religious life. Observe, for example, how the transformation of the rational individual into Romantic personality and of Romantic personality into emotional individuality, is inferentially the essential motif of the following lines :

“Wenige wissen
 Das Geheimnis der Liebe,
 Fühlen Unersättlichkeit
 Und ewigen Durst.
 Des Abendmahls
 Göttliche Bedeutung
 Ist den irdischen Sinnen Rätsel;
 Aber wer jemals
 Von heissen, geliebten Lippen
 Athem des Lebens sog,
 Wem heilige Glut
 In zitternden Wellen das Herz schmolz,
 Wem das Auge aufging,
 Dass er des Himmels
 Unergründliche Tiefe mass,
 Wird essen von seinem Leibe
 Und trinken von seinem Blute
 Ewiglich.”

[Few understand
 The mystery of Love,
 Know unsatiableness,
 And thirst eternal.
 Of the Last Supper
 The divine meaning
 Is to the earthly sense a riddle;
 But he that ever
 From warm, beloved lips,
 Drew breath of life:
 In whom the holy glow
 Ever melted the heart in trembling waves;
 Whose eyes ever opened so
 As to fathom
 The bottomless deeps of heaven—
 Will eat of his body
 And drink of his blood
 Everlastingly.]

(Novalis's *Spiritual Songs*. Opening lines of No. 7.
 Translation by George MacDonald.)

In these lines the sexual emotion which we call love, is poetically treated as a satisfying reality only when, in its enjoyment, we

are conscious of being more than our individual self, and are conscious of that divine significance of our conduct which is expressed in the doctrine of the transubstantiation. Our individual idea of love must, therefore, first give way to the divine idea as interpreted by traditional Christianity. Controlled by this interpretation—which control Novalis identifies with Romantic personality—we are enabled to spiritualise our physical experience. Under these conditions love is infinite even in the finite.

“Nie endet das süsse Mahl,
 Nie sättigt die Liebe sich:
 Nicht innig, nicht eigen genug,
 Kann sie haben den Geliebten.
 Von immer zärteren Lippen,
 Verwandelt wird das Genossene.
 Inniglicher und näher.
 Heissere Wollust
 Durchbebet die Seele,
 Durstiger und hungriger
 Wird das Herz:
 Und so währet der Liebe Genuss
 Von Ewigkeit zu Ewigkeit.”

[Never endeth the sweet repast;
 Never doth Love satisfy itself;
 Never close enough, never enough its own
 Can it have the beloved!
 By ever tenderer lips
 Transformed, the partaken
 Goes deeper, grows nearer.
 Passion more ardent
 Thrills through the soul;
 Thirstier and hungrier
 Becomes the heart;
 And so endureth Love's delight
 From everlasting to everlasting.]

(Novalis's *Spiritual Songs*, No. 7. Translation by George MacDonald.)

Now the difference between the mystic process in the poetic activity of Novalis and the mystic process in the conduct of the man himself was simply this. As a man, Novalis did not surrender his reason into the keeping of traditional dogmatism, and then fit his emotions to this dogmatic faith. Out of his experiences, which were treated as facts of his individual life, he constructed, so to speak, his own theology. He believed that this theology was original with him,—which of course it was not. As a poet, however, Novalis did adopt traditional religion. Since this poetic adoption disagreed with his conduct it was insincere. It was, however, sincere as an

attempt to realise in his poetry the principle of his Romantic philosophy. In the traditions of life the Romantic poets recognised a social interpretation of life. They were quite aware that traditional religion is not necessarily the equivalent of the religious life. They knew that a generation which apparently submits to the intellectual rule of tradition may have advanced, or retrograded, to a point where tradition loses its spiritualising energy. Moreover, they recognised the fact that the intellectual content of the traditional religion in their day was out of keeping with its intellectual temper. Nevertheless the Romantic school of religious poetry made the effort to vitalise traditional religion, and this for two reasons. In the first place, the Romantic principle demanded that the poetic consciousness identify itself with social individuality. In the second place, these poets were unable to discover any evidence of social individuality in the Germany of their day except in the traditional forms of faith. Accordingly they adopted these forms as the only available expression or manifestation of the "social soul," and then adapted their individual experiences to this adopted reality. Under the circumstances this act individualised tradition, not in the sense that a general social experience was vitalised for the individual, but in the sense that the forms of traditional religion were used as allegorical interpretations of individual speculation. This peculiar tergiversation characterises the only song of Novalis's *Geistliche Lieder* which does not expressly condition the religious life on the acceptance of tradition. This poem is the last one of the series. The subjective interpretation of the dogma of the Virgin Mother is its theme.

"Ich sehe dich in tausend Bildern,
 Maria, lieblich ausgedrückt,
 Doch keins von allen kann dich schildern,
 Wie meine Seele dich erblickt.
 Ich weiss nur, dass der Welt Getümmel
 Seitdem mir wie ein Traum verweht,
 Und ein unnennbar süsser Himmel
 Mir ewig im Gemüte steht."

[In countless pictures I behold thee,
 O Mary, lovelily expressed,
 But of them all none can unfold thee
 As I have seen thee in my breast!
 I only know the world's loud splendor
 Since then is like a dream o'erblown:
 And that a heaven, for words too tender,
 My quieted spirit fills alone.]

(Translation by George MacDonald.)

It is, of course, hardly necessary to point out that Novalis voiced in this doctrinal allegory the adoration of his deceased and idealised Sophie. Somewhere in his diary, Novalis remarks: "I must endeavor to live more and more for her sake. I exist only for her, not for myself, not for any one else. She is the highest, the only one. The first purpose of my life should be to place everything in relation to the *idea* of her." Novalis's *Hymns to the Night* and his *Spiritual Songs* were written during the spring, summer, and fall of 1798, at the time when he was jotting down a record of his emotional life in his diary. A careful comparison of this record with its poetic counterpart establishes the fact that the idea of Sophie, i. e., Novalis's subjective idealisation of her being, was translated into poetic life by means of the dogmatic ideas of tradition. The man's mystical adoration of Sophie became the poet's mystical adoration of Jesus. In the dogma of the Redemption the poet incased, as it were, the thought of conscious perfection through intimate communion with his spiritualised Sophie. Novalis's poem "To Julie" was only the logical application to a new experience of this process of adoption and adaptation. The vinculum that unites the lovers in this poem is not the man's subjective idea of Sophie, but the poet's dogmatic idea of Christ.

All that has been said of Novalis leads inevitably to the inference that the religious life of his poetry was not the religious life of his daily experience, and also not the religious life of his Romantic philosophy. His poetry was a peculiar combination of both, in that social ideas—for as such the ideas of traditional religion were treated—took the place of speculative ideas, and were then in turn metamorphosed into speculative ideas through the individualistic temperament of the writer. If this is true of the sweetest and most genuine singer of Romanticism, how much more true must it be of his contemporary Romanticists? They were perhaps no more insincere in their poetic efforts than Novalis, but their insincerity was more apparent, and this for the reason that their conduct stood in no such intimate relation to their poetic dogmatism as that of Novalis. Z. Werner came to lead a dual life. He grovelled in the dust alternately before the dogma in which he sought his poetic imagery, and before the licentious passions which controlled his reason. The mysteries of dogma were not merely transubstantiated in the religious rodomontades of Werner; they became carnal realities in which the heated imagination of the poet revelled in carnal lust. His poetic insincerity was, however, of the same type as that of Novalis. Both poets adopted the intellectual product

of a past religious life as the emotional content of present religious life. Any one who can regard the familiar lines in some of our own hymnals:

"There is a fountain filled with blood
 Drawn from Inmanuel's veins,
 And sinners plunged beneath that flood
 Lose all their guilty stains"—

as poetry of the religious life, and not as poetical, or rather versified, theology, will of course look upon much of the poetry of Novalis as sincerely and genuinely religious. He should do the same with the poetry of Werner. But since he finds that Werner chose as the touchstone of the religious life the specifically Evangelical dogma not of the Protestant Church, but of the Roman Catholic Church, he refuses to regard this poetry as poetry of the religious life. And precisely the same view will he entertain of the poetry of Novalis whenever the doctrinal allegory of this poetry departs from the beaten track of the critic's dogmatic views. The Protestant Evangelical admirer of Novalis will always reject the setting which Novalis gave to the religious life in all those poems that seemingly glorify the Madonna.

The writings of Novalis and of Werner marked the two extremes of that phase of Romantic poetry which strove to vitalise experience through dogmatic thought. The poetry of Novalis was not without its appeal to the religious instincts of his readers, but it did not, and could not, satisfy these instincts. It intensified the longing of the soul, but freed this longing of none of its vagueness. That magnificent little story, the parable of "Rosenblütchen and Hyacinth," a perfect gem of Novalis's poetic art, is pre-eminently of this character. The fanatical outpourings of Werner made, and could make, no appeal, unless it was to the curiosity of the metaphysician. They disgusted where they purposed to allure. Negative pleasure and positive displeasure; between these two extremes the poetic adaptation of emotions to traditional ideas moved back and forth.

In a vague sort of way, we can feel in all this earlier Romantic literature the presence of that pantheistic experience which modern science has made the common privilege of all. But when we follow the indistinct traces of this pantheistic sentiment we nowhere meet with its poetic reality. The pantheistic temper of the authors developed none of that robustness which only a healthy interest in scientific realities can impart; and it never acquired that power of poetic concentration which is possible only when the emotional and

the intellectual experiences of the individual find their balance and come to rest in the social experience of his age.

The seeming disregard on the part of Lessing, and other earnest rationalists, of the spiritual force in life had become actual denial in the materialistic rationalism of men like Nicolai. Accordingly, the distinctively modern spirit in Rationalism was not realised by the Romantic opposition to the soulless materialism of degenerate Rationalism. No discrimination was made between that which Lessing, Kant, and Schiller stood for, and the fortuitous spread of materialism. Rationalism unfettered the impulse to substitute *living experience* for traditional authority. Materialism struck out the word "living" and treated experience as a mere sequence of physical facts. The revolt of the first Romanticists was directed against this materialistic development of Rationalism, but it expressed itself, as we have seen, in a manner that enthroned traditional authority over living experience. The poetry of Romanticism stultified the instinctive modernity of the men who wrote it. Passage upon passage, drama upon drama, poem upon poem, gives evidence of the pantheistic temper of the writers. But there is hardly an instance in which this temper is not poetically perverted to the glorification of dogmatic conceptions. Here is a passage taken from Tieck's *Leben und Tod der heiligen Genoveva*. It is characteristic of the peculiar Romantic subversion that left its stamp on the whole drama. It is also generally representative of the Romantic manner. The words are spoken by Genoveva (the canonised saint) just previous to her death.

"Wohin ich blickte, sah ich Blüten prangen,
Aus Strahlen wuchsen Himmelsblumen auf.
Am Trone sprosstes Glauben und Verlangen
Und rankten sich wie Edelstein hinauf.
Gebete blühend in den Himmel drangen,
Zu Füßen aller goldnen Sterne Lauf,
Und die Natur in tausendfachen Weisen,
Den dreimal heil'gen Gott, Sohn, Geist zu preisen.

"Gebete stiegen auf, herab der Segen
Zur Erde nieder durch das Firmament,
Die Sterne kamen Gottes Lieb entgegen
Und drungen in das ird'sche Element,
Verschlungen all in tausendfachen Wegen,
Dass Himmel, Erd' in einer Liebe brennt,
Und tief hinab in Pflanz', in Erzgestalten
Des Vaters Kräfte im Abyssus walten.

“Der Sohn war recht des Vaters Herz und Liebe,
 Der Vater schaffende Allgegenwart,
 Der Geist im unerforschlichen Getriebe,
 Das ew'ge Wort, das immerfort beharrt;
 Und alles wechselnd, nichts im Tode bliebe,
 Indes der Vater wirkt die Form und Art,
 So Lieb und Kraft und Wort in eins verschlungen
 In ewiger Liebesglut von sich durchdrungen.

“Wie Strahlen gingen Engel aus und ein,
 Entzückt in der Dreieinigkeit zu spielen,
 Sich niedertauchend in der Gottheit Schein,
 Die volle Seligkeit beherzt zu fühlen,
 Sie durften in der Kraft und Gnade sein,
 Die Sehnsucht in der grossen Liebe kühlen,
 Auch meine Seel' muss sich dem Tod entringen
 Und in dem Lebensmeer als Welle klingen.”

[And I beheld luxuriant vegetation,
 Saw rays of light break into heavenly flowers,
 Saw by the throne grow faith and aspiration
 And twine along its sides in jewelled bowers,
 In Heaven blossom human supplication,
 The stars beneath me course in golden showers,
 And Nature in her multinomial lays
 The Triune God, Love, Spirit praise.

Prayers upward rose, and down the heavenly blessing
 Descended earthward through the firmament,
 The stars toward Love Divine were closer pressing
 And entered in the earthly element,
 Their many courses merging, ever lessening,
 'Til Heaven and Earth to one great Love were bent,
 And in each plant, in all metallic form
 The Father's Will was the abysmal norm.

The Son made Father-Love reality,
 The Father was the omnipresent cause,
 The Spirit in mysterious activity,
 The Word Eternal without let or pause;
 A constant change robbed death of victory,
 Meanwhile the Father ruled in forms and laws;
 And Love and Cause and Word, in one united,
 The Passion Infinite thus mutually ignited.

And angels came and went, rays gleaming bright,
 Enraptured in the Trinity to play,
 And low they dipped them in the Godhead's light
 And dived in perfect bliss without dismay.
 For they could dwell in Grace Divine and Might,

Their longing now in Love Supreme allay.
 With death my soul must also end its strife
 And sing its wave-song in the Sea of Life.]

(Translation by J. F. C.)

It goes without saying that the pantheistic theology of Romanticism not only lacked, but often purposely neglected that robustness of scientific experience which the enlightened thought of Germany was demanding and which we find at its best in the writings of Goethe. This was true of Romantic conduct in its earlier stages, as well as of Romantic poetry. It was true also of the speculative theology of these men. In his *Reden über die Religion* and his *Mono-logen* Schleiermacher, to be sure, proclaimed the base of religion to be pantheistic. He heralded the fact that conscious life is full of the longing for an immanent God, and that the insistent aspiration of this life is for infinity in the finite and for immortality in the mortal. But Schleiermacher was in one respect less progressive than the poets Novalis, Tieck, or Heinse. These at least acknowledged the irrepressible impulse which has never, in the whole history of the religious life of mankind, permitted human beings to rest content with the mere feeling of their immortal and infinite essence. Schleiermacher upheld the sufficiency of this feeling. Despite the assertion of Schleiermacher, impartial students of religious history will admit that the mere feeling of unity in all life has always been accompanied by the effort to see that which was felt. They will also admit that this effort has been quickly followed by some image, some icon, which revealed to the intellectual vision, in some form, however imperfect, the content of the great aspiration. Modern life has not eradicated this tendency. It was as strong in Rationalism as it was in Romanticism, and it is as active in scientific Realism as it was in Romanticism. This only must be borne in mind: the *method* of meeting the intellectual demand of every stage of religious experience varies with the ages. Novalis and his fellow poets clung to the imagery of a past religious experience. Schleiermacher rejected iconography and the attempt at intellectual representation. He, however, paid his tribute to the modern spirit when he preached the community of feeling as the determinant of the religious reality of the individual. Modern life, in turn, demanded in those days and still continues to demand, something more than personification and something more than community of feeling. It demanded, and demands to-day, a community of scientific experience and the presentment of the infinite reality in terms of this common experience.

AN ORIGINAL SIN.

BY WILLIAM J. ROE.

WE were married in 1869; our daughter—Clara we have always called her, though she was named Clara, after her mother—was born in 1870, and was married and living near us, while our only son, Walter, born in 1874, lived at home.

Walter was cashier in a suburban branch of the — bank. His habits were extremely regular, and he was, moreover, engaged to be married to a girl of whom we had all grown fond. Walter had his latch key and came and went as he pleased. Sometimes when a late entertainment, theatre party, or even press of business was likely to detain him, he would mention the fact of his probable absence, telling his mother “not to worry if he did not turn up at breakfast”; but usually he said nothing, and Clara never worried, knowing that in such cases Walter went to a hotel for the night.

For these reasons, when one morning Walter did not appear at the breakfast table, neither of us felt the least anxiety. It was my habit to glance over the daily paper while sipping my cup of coffee. That morning Clara happened to speak of Walter's betrothed: “Eleanor is a sweet girl,” she was saying, “yet I cannot help wondering how she would stand any sudden reverse of fortune,” when my eyes fell upon this, in bold, black headlines: “Defalcation in the Harwick branch of the — National Bank—Cashier Walter Galbraith a Defaulter.”

I need not describe the miserable details of the next few days. It was all true; wretchedly true; Walter, our own boy Walter, had brought that disgrace upon us. When I read that startling headline I made an excuse and left the breakfast room. Alone I read the account through—the long column, full of brazen horrors—the criminal act, the cowardly flight, the successful evasion of the process of law. With Walter's mother lying stupefied with her grief and humiliation; with poor Clara, half frantic in her own agony, making

futile effort at consolation, was it less or more deplorable that Walter had fled beyond the jurisdiction of the state, beyond—as I knew—the chances of extradition? In a later edition of the daily there was more told; the door bell had been rung a dozen times, and the reporters—though I never saw one—had “written up” what they called “the heart-rending scenes in the defaulter’s family.” There was an editorial, too, in which the greatest wonder was expressed as to the motive for the crime:

“Thus far (so the editorial was worded) not a particle of evidence has been brought forward to show what disposition has been made of the stolen funds; it seems to be admitted that Walter Galbraith, Jr., had none of what are commonly called ‘bad habits’; he neither drank nor gambled; was engaged to be married, it is well known, to Miss Eleanor, daughter of Hon. John Bradish; in short, had every inducement to a perfectly correct life. And yet, he is a defaulter. Why? The answer is not to be found in any facts that have thus far come to light, or, we may add, are likely to come to light. We ask the question seriously, soberly—why is this young man a defaulter?

“Theology tells us of something called ‘total depravity,’ and of another, or the same, something called ‘original sin,’ and science—the science of psychology, yet ‘in its manger,’ has begun to give us hints of an element of certainty in ‘heredity.’

“Perhaps here may be found the solution of the difficult problem of motive; perhaps, even it may be centuries backward in the past, some degenerate ancestor of this young criminal betrayed a trust, so filling his veins that in him the virus—the ‘black drop,’ burst without volition, unbidden and unwanted.”

Our friends—and we had many that we considered real friends—were most sympathetic; our rector, Dr. Wainwright, perhaps more helpful in his sympathy than any other. Candidly I had never sought the “consolation of religion,” but to my wife and daughter his words were the greatest consolation as he prayed with them fervently for the “erring one,” and besought for his sin “absolution and remission.” To me he spoke of insanity—that “temporary insanity,” available often, I cannot doubt, as a plea for an act of sudden passion; but—who does feel instinctively?—hopelessly untenable to extenuate premeditated crime. The substance of those editorial remarks concerning “heredity,” seeming to cast the burden of guilt back upon some ancestral sinner, the good doctor made haste to repudiate as contrary to “the Gospel.”

One afternoon, about a week after the exposure, I was sitting

with Dr. Wainwright in our library when the servant brought in a card—"Miss Bradish." Clare was with her mother up stairs, so I saw Eleanor in the library alone with the rector. What occurred was hardly unexpected—the formal card, so at variance with her usual ways—gave ample warning. Remember, I do not in the least blame Eleanor Bradish; she was perfectly justified in breaking the engagement.

"I would have written," she said hurriedly, and evidently prepared for "an ordeal," "but—what was there to say? What could I say? Walter—I mean Mr. Galbraith—has written; he admits everything, and; well, Mrs. Galbraith sent to ask if I were ill. I thought it best—my mother thought it best—to call. Of course I am very sorry for you, Mr. Galbraith, and for your wife and Clare. Of course (she repeated nervously) I am sorry."

Mr. Wainwright relieved me of any necessity for reply. "My dear Eleanor," he said quietly and familiarly as to one whom he had known from her cradle, "you say that Walter has written. I am sure his father would like to know—has he told you that full restitution has been, or is to be, made?"

"Yes, Oh yes!" said Eleanor, "yes, he said that—"

"And that he is truly penitent?"

"Penitent!" she replied quickly, her tone sharp and harsh and her eyes snapping. "Well, he might be penitent, Dr. Wainwright; I sincerely hope he is penitent, for his sake I hope so. But what good will his penitence do now? Can it wipe out the disgrace to me?"

"Perhaps," suggested the rector, rather hopelessly, "perhaps he did not realize the nature of his sin—"

"Realize!" she exclaimed impetuously, "it was his duty to have realized. No, there is no excuse for him—none. Actually, I don't know what the man can be made of. He writes that he is—what he calls—bewildered; that he doesn't know why he did what he did; that the opportunity came—so he goes on, page after page, and ends by saying that he is sure that I will understand—that he relies upon my sympathy—"

"And do you not sympathize, my dear child?" asked the doctor, mournfully.

"Sympathize? Oh! in a way—yes, I suppose, as a Christian woman, I am bound to feel sympathy. But yet, how can I feel much? Why, doctor!" she burst out, passionately, "he begs me to forgive him—he even seems to imagine that I would marry him."

"I suppose," said the doctor wearily, "that that is now impossible?"

"Impossible!" she cried, scornfully. "I should think so. Surely you cannot imagine that I would marry a thief?"

"Eleanor!" said the doctor, sternly, "you are forgetting his father."

She started slightly, and her face crimsoned. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Galbraith," she said, not very graciously, "I had forgotten that you were in the room."

Forgotten! Yes, both of us had forgotten; Miss Bradish in the mad delirium of her wild justice—a justice none could gainsay—and I in a depth of misery too deep for words. There was but little more said, and this blurred to both hearing and consciousness. When at last Eleanor went away, Doctor Wainwright turned pityingly to me. "I fear," he said, soothingly, "that this has been too much for you, my friend; you seem to be completely stunned."

Yes, I was stunned. How could it be otherwise—holding alone the knowledge of my boy's innocence, conscious of his integrity and another's guilt? Stunned! Who would not have been so? If only I could have spoken; but well I knew how hopeless would any words of mine be. I do not remember, but I think—staggering under the blow—that I must have said something to this effect to Dr. Wainwright, for I recall his saying with unutterable sadness: "My poor friend, Oh! my poor friend."

Perhaps the good man thought me mad—that my terrible trouble had been too much for the fine fibre of my brain. But I was not mad.

Many remember, some to their sorrow, others that from that period dated the founding of their family fortune—the disastrous panic of 1872. There was then a most extraordinary fall in prices of even the most conservative securities; for three days—to avert utter ruin to all—for three entire days the doors of the Stock Exchange were closed; there was loss and disaster everywhere, and none could know or hope to forecast at all the future. The worst, perhaps—worse even than the terrible scaling down of values—was the gambling mania consequent upon the general demoralization, several of the stocks previously active beginning to fluctuate violently. At that time I was note-teller in the Northern State National Bank, then, as now, one of the strongest financial institutions of the country. When the panic broke out I had been married about three years. I had managed to save out of my salary something like ten thousand dollars, and this had been invested in the house that we occupied far up town.

My wife's father was president of the ——— Railway, and was

reputed to be a very rich man. As a rule he was extremely reticent about his business affairs; but one night in the midst of the very worst of the panic, he came to our house, and while my wife was up stairs after dinner with little Clare, he gave me his confidence. As men are often impelled to do in sudden straits, he was impelled to relieve his mind rather than in the hope of any counsel in what was really a serious difficulty. Briefly, he was what is called "long" of the stock of his own company. That is, in addition to his own holdings, he had bought "on a margin" many thousand shares at a price which, if he were now obliged to sell, would ruin him.

That night I confess to much more wakefulness than usual. I had never been a man to "wait for dead men's shoes," but it now occurred to me with tremendous force how great would be our loss if my father-in-law became insolvent. For some time past we had sensibly increased our expenditures chiefly on account of his liberality to Clara. She was his only child, and there seemed no reason why I should not accept willingly and gratefully what was so freely offered. At this very time I had gone to considerable expense—having a new bath room, steam heat introduced, and so on, reckoning upon our customary Christmas gift. It was with actual alarm that I thought of the chances of this amount not being forthcoming. I summed up what our improvements would be likely to cost. The aggregate, about three thousand dollars—exactly my year's salary—filled me with nervous apprehension.

The next day I was early at the bank, and as soon after ten as a pretext could be made, slipped out to look at the quotation of the — R. R. on the ticker. This stood at $28\frac{3}{4}$, an eighth above the closing price of the previous day. Before the crisis the stock had sold quite above par, but had dropped at once like lead. I knew the stock to be (as everyone did) in normal times a good six per cent. investment stock. Now, however, no one could tell how low it might fall. If it fell to 25, my father-in-law had told me, he would be called upon to make his margins good, and that he saw not the slightest prospect of being able to do so.

Just before noon, when a talkative customer came in saying "things are getting worse and worse; the bottom's dropped out of everything," I felt myself actually giddy with dismay. However, when I went out to lunch the tape showed — R. R. Common at about the same figure as at the opening. At three o'clock the closing price was $27\frac{5}{8}$ bid.

In that time of excitement the gamblers were not satisfied to quit at the close of ordinary business hours. I knew that there would

be many to keep up the feverish work far into the night; so after our late dinner I went around to "The Sutherland," in whose lobby I found spirited bidding going on for the more active securities. Suddenly someone offered to sell a thousand shares of — R. R. Common at $27\frac{3}{8}$, the closing quotation on the Exchange. There were no takers; then followed quickly offers at $\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{3}{8}$, $\frac{1}{4}$, $\frac{1}{8}$, 27, and still no sign of a buyer. What this man's object was I do not know; he was acting probably under instructions to depress the stock in the interest of the "shorts." I was talking at the time to an acquaintance, a member of the Exchange, and a very conservative dealer, who confined himself exclusively to a strictly commission business.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, when the offer touched 27, "that is 'bed-rock,' sure enough—the best purchase I know of; it almost tempts me. Why, that stock is dead sure to be back to 50 within a fortnight, and like as not back to par before the month is out." What mania seized me I cannot say; but on the spur of the moment I told my friend to buy me a thousand. In a breath the transaction was completed, and I went home having obligated myself to put up ten thousand dollars the following day, without having at my command as much as a tenth of the amount.

When the thought first occurred to me to write this true (too true) narrative, it was my intention to have related in detail the exact method by which I availed myself of the funds of the bank (for that was what happened) in order to make my account good with the broker. But this, on sober second thought, I have concluded to leave unsaid. Happily since then the system of bank bookkeeping has been so far bettered that the particular method employed by me is no longer possible. But—there are yet "others."

Not only did I abstract enough to make a deposit of my margin, but sufficient to greatly increase my holdings. For these additional purchases I gave the broker the full margins in cash, and he went over at once to the Exchange to fill the order. In a few minutes he returned, manifestly much excited.

"I have bought your stock," he said, "though I had to pay 28. You're in luck's way, I guess; at any rate someone's booming it. Before I left the floor — R. R. Common was up to $28\frac{3}{4}$. Come over to the ticker; let's see what it is now."

Trembling with nervousness I let the tape glide through my fingers. The record, fresh from the Exchange: — R. R. Common 30, $30\frac{1}{8}$, $\frac{1}{4}$, $\frac{1}{2}$, (skipping a fraction) $\frac{7}{8}$, 31. Then, while I watched, under my very eyes, the movement began to dart upward, no longer by fractions, but whole points—32, 33, 34, '5, '6. It was no ordinary

rally, no common recovery. Some power (I believe it was never positively traced) in finance had come into the market, and was now mercilessly "squeezing the shorts." At 38, at which price the stock stood at 2:30 p. m., I had cleared much more than enough to make good my deficit. Imagine the eagerness with which I hastened to get the cash and to restore what I had taken, and imagine too—if you can—the delirium of joy, with which at first no pang of conscience mingled, contemplating the possession of thousands of shares of the — stock "on velvet."

My father-in-law had failed to make his margins good (for the stock had gone below 25 early in the day), and that night on my return home I found the old man there, "all broken up," and poor Clara on the verge of hysterics. It forms no part of this story (if it may be called a story) to relate with what duplicity I managed in the way of gradually softening the blow. But I may say right here that I had "cleared up" over \$300,000.00.

In the following November I sent in my resignation as note-teller to the directors. As such matters inevitably will it had leaked out that my profits during the panic had been large. I may, of course, have been mistaken. But it is my belief that the president and probably the entire board had some vague ill-defined apprehension that there might be something wrong in my accounts. For some days, while the expert accountants were busy over my books, I knew myself to have been "shadowed." As I gave no sign of apprehension, and especially as everything was found in admirable shape at the bank, my reputation did not suffer.

About Christmas time I received an invitation to meet the Board of Directors "socially" at the bank. It was with no qualms (at least of fear) that I accepted the invitation. The greeting I received was remarkably cordial. We smoked and chatted (after a little "spread") and some jokes were made at my having ceased to be a "day-laborer" and joined the ranks of "bloated bond-holders,"—a favorite expression then, but now that the "trusts" and "industrials" have come, quite antique. After a while the president laid down his cigar, got upon his feet, and after some preliminary coughs, began what proved to be quite a speech. He himself (he said) was in a position to know, and he was sure (here he bowed and beamed at his associates in the directorate) that all connected with the institution knew, that having lost my invaluable services the bank had sustained a loss not to be measured by mere money. He trusted, however,—they all trusted—that I would pardon them for giving due expression to their feelings. So he went on, and at last, having alluded feelingly

to my "faithful and honorable services, as notable for ability as they had been for the strictest integrity," produced after some fumbling, from an inside pocket what he designated as "a small token of their high appreciation." This token was in the form of a small scroll, elegantly engrossed and illuminated, containing sentiments similar to those which had been orally expressed. With the scroll was a check to my order for \$5,000.00.

With some natural diffidence, but without perceptible embarrassment, I made the proper acknowledgements for this munificent offering, accepting modestly the scroll, but declining absolutely the gift of money, protesting that it was from no lack of respect, but that I had done only my duty.

Yet all the while that I was protesting, an undercurrent of cynical emotion filled my mind. How great, I thought, must the relief of those worthy gentlemen have been to discover, by the laborious investigations of their accountants, that I had not been a defaulter.

When these matters had been settled (with some difficulty, for they were very urgent) I begged to volunteer a trifle in the way of counsel. I then proceeded to explain at considerable length how such and such things might be made to happen in the hardly supposable case that a dishonest man had access to the cash in my department; how cash could be abstracted, accounts juggled with, and wool pulled over everybody's eyes—bank examiners and all. In short, while relating a purely hypothetical case, "gave the whole thing away." You may easily believe that I caused something of a sensation. When I concluded, the president, almost gasping at the ease with which speculation could have been carried out, arose again to say that he "voiced the sentiments of the entire board and of every shareholder in saying that I had added to the bank's indebtedness to me tenfold."

It is very far from my intention to inflict upon you any moral reflections; the style of acceptable "fiction" comes and goes, but always the thing of ugliness is a horror. You who read this have, one and all, being human, "secret sins" of your own; none, perhaps, as flagrant; none perhaps liable, as mine did, "to find you out" with such malignant cruelty. Say, if you please, that mine was a singularly good stroke of luck; delude yourselves with the sophistry that the "tracks were well covered up," yet I assure you it is with no specious causistry that for so many years I have succeeded in dulling the blade of relentless thought. The money that has surrounded my family with lavish luxury; that enabled me to provide abundantly

for my wife's father till the day of his death; that I have strewn in charity—none of it has been my own—it was all stolen.

At first I did not realize this; even, perhaps, "blasphemously" hugged the delusion that it was even "providential." For as much as a year the joy predominated over the sting. After that, little by little, the stings came more and more frequently and with increasing venom. Something would occur, some casual word, something on a printed page, something in the way of suggestion. By the end of the second year what I may call the habit of remorse quite mastered me. Never since then have I been wholly beyond the shadow of my crime; never have I awakened from even the most refreshing sleep but the thought of my guilt confronted me. In winter the sleigh bells jangled to the refrain: "You thief, you thief," and in the August nights the katy-dids chirped the same: "You thief, you thief!" It was, you say, morbid; yes, it was morbid, but very, very real. Do not think that it required the blow of my boy's crime to arouse the sense of the criminal in me. No, it was long before. Towards the close of that second year, Walter was born. He was a well grown lad—fifteen or so—before my attention was called to the possibilities of a development of evil in him. Then it was because of a lecture that I attended. After that I watched the development of his character with painful interest. At a large boarding school that Walter attended one of the boys was caught, red-handed, stealing. The paragraph in the daily (it was a "special") mentioned no names, but for some hours I was sure it must have been my son. But why need I go on? You know what happened. When we removed to a city of the Far West to be with our boy and help him to "live it down," there were many to say that we had been too lenient, too ready to forgive. Others loudly praised what they called my "noble conduct." What care I?—blame or praise are both indifferent to me. Walter knows and he has forgiven. I would have told his mother, but he implored me not, so I have kept silent, yielding for his sake to spare her some last lingering faith that all was not amiss with the world.

And all is not amiss. The world is right; the eternal steadfast laws are right. As a story, mine is woefully—even willfully—defective. From the standpoint of a casual reader not a ray of light touches the horror and the gloom. I offer it, however, to no casual reader, offending none with any obstructive moral reflections; offering it—with Walter's "vicarious atonement," his mother's faith, and this crucifixion of myself, in proof that though penalty to law must be exact, pardon and peace may be found.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE SYMBOLS OF GOD.

Men say: God is a tree,
With roots in hell, and branches in the sky;
Men are the leaves, which falling downward, die,
Again to grow; content to breathe and be
For some scant seasons in eternity.

Men say: God is a sea,
Embracing all the world, and men, as waves,
Leap to the crests of never-resting graves,
A part of the great ocean, bond, yet free,
And one brief moment holding life in fee.

Men say: God is a fire,
Illumining and consuming with a flash
These human sparks that for an instant clash
Against each other in a vain desire
For love and glory ere the light expire.

DUDLEY W. WALTON.

A CORRECTION.

To the Editor of The Open Court:

In the article upon "The Ainu," printed in the March number of *The Open Court*, the following statement occurs (p. 163): "...the Japanese authorities tried to frustrate the project" (of bringing a group of the Ainu to the St. Louis Exposition). This is a mistake. Before I left America last year, Mr. Ota, the acting Commissioner General at St. Louis, and the Japanese Minister at Washington, both took a hearty interest in my planned expedition and supplied me with strong letters to the Tokyo officials. Although I reached Tokyo on the very day upon which war was declared against Russia—when a lack of interest in my errand might have been readily excused—I found the warmest interest and the promptest and fullest aid. At Tokyo, Mr. Tejima, the Commissioner-general, and Baron Matsudaira, Vice-president of the Commission, and at Sapporo Baron Sonoda, Governor of the Hokkaido, met all my requests immediately and heartily. It would be inexcusable for me to permit the statement quoted to pass uncontradicted.

Chicago, March 3, 1905.

FREDERICK STARR.

ADOLPH BASTIAN: AN OBITUARY.

Adolph Bastian, the indefatigable explorer, the coryphaeus of ethnology, and the father of the great national *Museum für Völkerkunde* at Berlin, died on March 3d of this year at the advanced age of seventy-eight. He was visiting the island of Trinidad, while on a journey which he had undertaken in behalf of his scientific investigations, and was taken sick while on a trip to Grenada and Venezuela. On the second of February the German Consul was informed of his serious condition, and Mr. Bastian was placed in the care of the Colonial Hospital of Trinidad. The Consul visited him repeatedly, and it so happened that the famous traveller died in the arms of the representative of his country.

We published in June, 1904, an appreciative article on Adolph Bastian's work, and we feel ourselves indebted to the deceased for the various courtesies which he extended to *The Open Court* during his lifetime, and also personally to the Editor.

BOOK REVIEWS.

IDEALS OF SCIENCE AND FAITH. Essays by Various Authors. Edited by *The Rev. J. E. Hand*. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. London: George Allen. 1904. Pp. xix, 333. Price, \$1.60.

The editor of this book is anxious to find a conciliation between science and religion, and so he collects a number of essays by various authors who show the tendency of a mutual approach. The contributors of this symposium are: Sir Oliver Lodge, Principal of the University of Birmingham; Prof. J. Arthur Thomson, Natural History Department, University of Aberdeen; Prof. Patrick Geddes, University Hall, Edinburgh; John H. Muirhead, Professor of Philosophy, University of Birmingham; Victor V. Branford, Honorary Secretary of the Sociological Society; Hon. Bertrand Russell, author of *The Principles of Mathematics*; The Rev. John Kelman, author of *The Faith of Robert Louis Stevenson*; The Rev. Donald Bayne, editor *Hooker's Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity*; The Rev. Philip Napier Waggett, author of *Science and Religion*; Wilfrid Ward, author of *Witnesses to the Unseen*.

The spirit of the editor is expressed in his comment made in the Preface:

"That the feud between Religion and Science will wholly disappear is perhaps more than can be hoped for under present circumstances; but on all sides is a growing recognition that the ideals common to both Religion and Science are not only numerous, but are indeed the very ideals for which the nobler spirits on both sides care most. Hence it is that men of science and theologians alike evince an increasing desire for mutual toleration, sometimes even for some measure of co-operation, if not positive alliance. That is a position from which the deepest and most practical minds on both sides have never been far removed."

As to the contributors we can only say that, contradictory though they may be among themselves, we see much in all of them to admire and to sympathise with, but no one of them presents a solution that would prove satisfactory to both the man of religious sentiment and the truly rigorous scientist. Prof. Bertrand Russell is perhaps the most radical, yet his "Ethical

Approach of a Conciliation between Religion and Science" will be most disappointing to religious devotees. Yet, after all, Prof. Oliver Lodge's word with which he concludes his essay, remains true: "The region of religion and the region of a completer science are one."

RESIST NOT EVIL. By *Clarence S. Darrow*. Chicago: The Hammersmark Publishing Co. 1904. Pp. 179. Price, 75 cents.

Mr. Clarence S. Darrow, an author of no mean power, has been so influenced by Tolstoy that he adopts his theory of non-resistance and applies it to all the several provinces of life. He depicts his views in an interesting booklet entitled *Resist not Evil*, in which he claims that the nature of the State is usurpation. He says:

"Every government since then has used its power to divide the earth amongst the favored few and by force and violence to keep the toiling, patient, suffering millions from any portion of the common bounties of the world."

Our armies have no other purpose than to sustain the government in its unjust policy. Our government therefore is sometimes to be despised and condemned, and especially its theory of crime and punishment is to be abolished. Mr. Darrow says:

"The student who is interested in the subject of criminology, and wishes to carefully investigate crime and punishment, will find that most of the great historians, philosophers, and thinkers will amply corroborate the views herein set forth, as to the cause of crime, and the evil and unsatisfactory results of punishment."

His main principle is expressed in the concluding words:

"Hatred, bitterness, violence, and force can bring only bad results—they leave an evil stain on every one they touch. No human soul can be rightly reached except through charity, humanity, and love."

Richard Strauss is a new star rising on the musical horizon, and the German musical magazine *Die Musik* has devoted a special number to his compositions as well as his personality. This will be of great interest to all lovers of music, and especially to those who were fortunate enough to hear him in his recent tour through the United States. The contents of this special Strauss number are varied, consisting of articles by the New York musical critic James Huneker, as well as Dr. Alfred Guttmann, Prof. Karl Schmalz, and Wilhelm Klätte, who treat Strauss in his different aspects as a composer. In addition to these treatises, there is a series of very interesting portraits, caricatures and other pictures of Strauss himself, his father, and other persons of interest connected with his life.

The present war has suggested to Count Hans von Königsmarck, a former military attaché of Germany to Japan, the idea to publish his reminiscences under the title *Japan und die Japanesen* (Allgemeiner Verein für deutsche Literatur, Berlin, 1904), and the little volume makes an attractive book with twenty-seven illustrations and two maps. The Count tells of his arrival in Japan and his journey from Tokyo to Niko; he describes the city of Niko and its surroundings, Yezo, Tokyo, etc., and finally the imperial manœuvre of the Japanese army. He gives an account of ancient Japan, its mediævalism and its knighthood, of Japanese women, of the Mikado and

and his wife, of the Japanese love of the cherry blossom, and the chrysanthemum, Japanese art and religion, especially their ancestor worship, their peculiar conception of honor, Japanese patriotism and policy, its military accomplishments, and kindred topics. Among the pictures we find the author with other military attachés, a portrait of the Emperor, Japanese types, Japanese landscapes, towns and temples, and the great Buddha of Kamakura.

The book contains many undiplomatic statements and though its tone is kind, almost condescending, it is sometimes unjustly sarcastic. For instance, General Fukushima's long distance ride through Russia is spoken of with ridicule and its genuineness doubted. We trust that the author would be glad to revise and correct in a second edition many passages in which he failed to take the Japanese seriously or to appreciate their accomplishments; yet, in spite of several such shortcomings, the book is pleasant reading and will be welcome to those interested in the country of the Rising Sun.

NOTES.

Professor Leuba of Bryn Mawr, Pa., takes especial interest in the psychology of religion. His name is probably known to our readers through contributions to both *The Monist* and *The Open Court*, and also through his psychological investigations. His method consists in collecting materials from a great number of people, and he is grateful for any information that a serious person is willing to give him. He promises strict discretion and will make no use of data thus received except anonymously and for strictly scientific purposes. He wishes the Editor of *The Open Court* to publish the following *questionnaire*, to which, accordingly, we take pleasure in giving publicity:

"A great many persons who no longer accept Christianity as their faith, nevertheless continue to regard themselves as, in some sense, religious. What becomes of religious life when the traditional forms of Christianity are gone, is a question which is giving thought to many. To deal profitably with this problem, one should have definite information as to the actual religious needs, feelings, beliefs, and hopes of those who have left behind the Christian doctrines.

"Will you not jot down whatever answer you can make to the following questions, *even though it should be nothing more than a negative?* Any seriously considered answer expressing the condition of the writer himself—not his theoretical opinions—would be a valuable answer.

"1. What needs, desires, hopes, or beliefs do you have which you would call religious?

"2. Do you attempt to satisfy these needs and feed these hopes? If so, in what way; if not, why not?

"The answers need not be signed. When given, the names will be kept strictly confidential.

"Address the answers to PROF. J. H. LEUBA, Bryn Mawr, Pa."

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Not one holy day but seven;
Worshiping, not at the call of a bell, but at the call of my soul;
Singing, not at the baton's sway, but to the rhythm in my heart;
Loving because I must;
Doing for the joy of it.

Some one who has "entered in" sends back to us this inspiring prayer book, and to seize its spirit and walk in the light of it would still the moan and bitterness of human lives, as the bay wreath ends the toilsome struggle in the hero's path. Measure the height attained in this one reflection for the weary army of the unsuccessful: "He is to rejoice with exceeding great joy who plucks the fruit of his planting, but his the divine anointing who watched and waited, and toiled, and prayed, and failed—and can yet be glad." Or this, in exchange for the piping cries of the unfortunate: "I do not bemoan misfortune. To me there is no misfortune. I welcome whatever comes; I go out gladly to meet it." Cover all misfortune, too, with this master prayer: "O God, whatever befall, spare me that supreme calamity—let no after-bitterness settle down with me. Misfortune is not mine until that hour." Here, too, is the triumph of the unconquerable mind: "The earth shall yet surrender to him and the fates shall do his will who marches on, though the promised land proved to be but a mirage and the day of deliverance was canceled. The gods shall yet anoint him and the morning stars shall sing." And this the true prayer for the battlefield: "I never doubt my strength to bear whatever fate may bring, but, oh! that I may not go down before that which I bring myself."

Nuggets of pure gold like these abound in this mine of the mind which the victorious author has opened for us. To seek it out swiftly and resolve its great wealth for himself should be the glad purpose of the elect. And who are not the elect in the light of its large teaching? To claim them in spite of themselves is its crowning lesson. "It is but common to believe in him who believes in himself, but, oh! if you would do aught uncommon, believe in him who does not believe in himself—restore the faith to him."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat, March 5.*

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“Oh, for the heart
Of the morning-glory!
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Is the same as that of the fir-tree,
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Edited by Daniel Trembly MacDougal, Assistant
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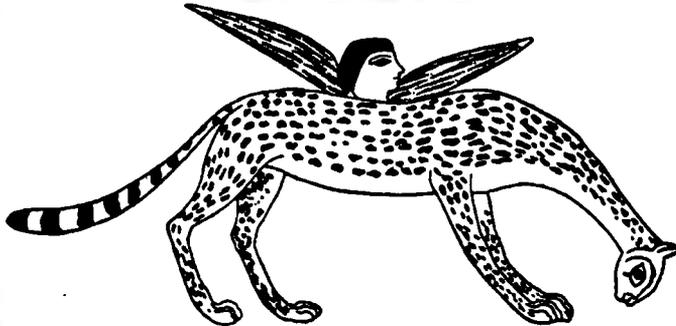
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VOL. XIX. (NO. 5.)

MAY, 1905.

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CONTENTS:

	PAGE
<i>Frontispiece.</i> Schiller at Weimar.	
<i>A Tribute to Friedrich Schiller.</i> (Poem.) E. F. L. GAUSS.	257
<i>Friedrich Schiller.</i> (Illustrated.) EDITOR.	260
The Poet's Biography.	260
Illustrations of Schiller's Poems and Life.	
The Lay of the Bell.	287
Expectation.	291
Schiller at Weimar.	292
Schiller a Philosophical Poet.	293
Selections from Schiller's Poetry.	
My Creed.	303
Division of the Earth.	303
Hymn to Joy.	304
Cavalry Song (From Wallenstein's Camp).	306
Proverbs of Confucius.	307
Light and Warmth.	308
The Lay of the Bell.	308
<i>Book Reviews and Notes.</i>	319

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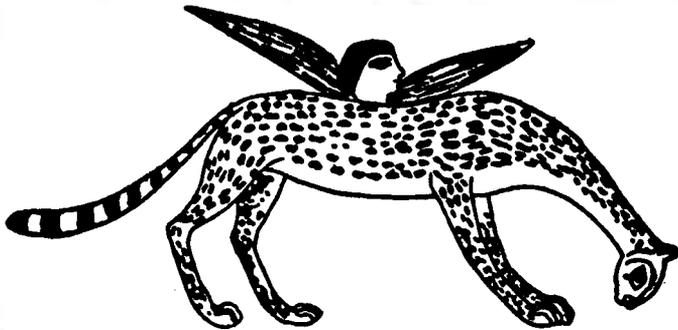
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1805—MAY 9TH—1905

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Nur halb ertheilt, soll ganz die Nachwelt geben.”
Goethe in his epilogue to Schiller's
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There is a debt of sacred obligation
Before all others deep and great and vast
Devolved unto the present generation,
We cannot fully pay while life may last—
More binding than to others to this nation:
It is our debt unto the bygone past.
A part of this great debt we now are paying
While Schiller's genius we are portraying.

Full many a poet has the world delighted
By wit and wisdom, pleasing mind and heart,
By comfort to the sad whose lives were blighted,
By truths their higher teachings did impart,
By setting spirits free which were benighted—
By thoughts sublime and by consummate art!
But name ye one of loftier ideal
Than Schiller, yet his worth is no less real.

Born of the people, against want contending,
The world hath seen him moved by purest fire
As ever he his way was upward wending,

Saw him unto perfection's goal aspire.
 Towards the highest aim he e'er was bending
 Until the heights he gained, his soul's desire,
 Where only free the spirit grandly towers
 Assisted by divine creative powers.

The world saw him in youthful ardor glowing,
 As if it would his very soul devour,
 Yet even then his best he was bestowing
 In earnest effort, biding but his hour.
 Though in the "Robbers" still the flood be flowing
 In torrents wild and violent in power:
 It cleansed its bed of stagnant putrefaction
 And urged unsettled minds to healthful action.

Clear burns the flame when smoke is superseded.
 Thus Schiller's great and penetrating light
 Filled all the heaven's dome by naught impeded,
 Then paled the starry host before the sight;
 The most resplendent suns their glory ceded
 Unto his star immeasurably bright.
 Thus for a century it has been shining
 And never shall its lustre know declining.

Who follows Schiller's mighty flight surprising,
 His effort often chilled yet ever sure,
 Himself will with the poet's strength be rising
 To heights sublime above earth's barren moor;
 He will be free, degrading snares despising,
 His mind and heart and wishes will be pure.
 The poet's works the upward path are showing
 And all along the beacon-lights are glowing.

"Cabal and Love" to higher deeds is leading,
 To "Posa's" words we list, so wise and brave,
 We hear "Maria Stuart's" fervent pleading,
 We see the "Virgin Maid" her country save:
 We feel the era of man's freedom speeding:
 "Man is created free, though born a slave!"
 We look on "Wallenstein's" commanding station,
 And on the poet's art with admiration.

Thus he leads on unto his last creation,
His song of liberty, great "Wilhelm Tell,"
In which he shows the struggle of a nation,
And how of needs its cruel tyrant fell;
How freedom comes by noble concentration
Of all the virtues which all tumults quell.
His spirit shapened liberty's ideal.
And unto both we'll evermore be feal.

Thus celebrate we him, the Prince and Master,
The type of manhood and man's mental stay;
The shield and comforter in life's disaster,
The prophet of a brighter, lasting day.
And though the centuries fly fast and faster:
His spirit still is nigh and lives for aye,
And more and more posterity is giving
What he but half received while he was living.

FRIEDRICH SCHILLER.¹

BY THE EDITOR.

MAY ninth, the centenary of Schiller's death, is approaching; and vast preparations are being made to honor the great German poet on the memorial day of the completion of his remarkable life.

Friedrich Schiller is not merely a great poet, he is great as a man, as a thinker, and as a leader in the progress of humanity. He is a disciple of Kant, but not his blind follower. He applies Kant's philosophy to practical life, but works it out in his own way. Especially in his religious convictions Schiller is far ahead of his time. He points out a way of conservative advance along the lines of liberty and reverence, and so the opposition in which he stands to the narrow dogmatism of his age, is not a lack of religion but the surest evidence of a deep religious spirit. It pervades all his works and makes him a prophet of the religion of the future, a priest on the altar of mankind, and a poet of the eternal ideals of life.

THE POET'S BIOGRAPHY.

The great poet's father, Johann Kaspar Schiller, was born October 27, 1723, in Bittenfeld, near Waiblingen. He was the son of Johann Schiller, the mayor of the village, and his wife, Eva Maria, whose maiden name was Schatz.

Schiller's father was a military surgeon. He served both as soldier and as army physician, especially in Holland. After his marriage, in 1749, he settled in Marbach.

In 1753 he entered the Württemberg army and fought against Prussia in 1758. He was made lieutenant in 1759 (March 21) and captain in 1761 (August 17). His regiment was stationed part of the time in Ludwigsburg and part in Stuttgart, and in 1770 he

¹With one exception the translations are adapted from Bulwer-Lytton, Bowring, and Baskerville.

was given a company of his own. In 1785 he was transferred to the Solitude in charge of the garden. Here he devoted himself to arboriculture and wrote two works on that subject, in which he incorporated his experiences of twenty years active service as a gardener.² In 1794 he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and died September 7, 1796.



HOUSE OF SCHILLER'S BIRTH.

Schiller's mother, Elisabetha Dorothea, was the daughter of Friedrich Kodweis, the baker in Marbach and owner of the Lion inn. She was married to the poet's father on July 22, 1749, and died April 29, 1802. Schiller had five sisters of whom two died early

² *Gedanken über die Baumzucht im Grossen* (1793), and *Die Baumzucht im Grossen nach zwanzigjähriger Erfahrung im Kleinen* (1795).

and three reached the age of maturity. The eldest, Elisabetha Christophina Friederika, (commonly called *Fine* at home,) was born at Marbach, September 4, 1757, and married June 22, 1786, to the poet's friend, the librarian Wilhelm Friedrich Hermann Reinwald of Meiningen. She died at Meiningen, August 31, 1847.



SCHILLER'S FATHER.

(After a painting by Ludovika Simanowitz.)

Of the two younger sisters, Luise Dorothea Katharina was born January 23, 1766, at Lorch. She was married October 20, 1799, to Johann Gottlieb Frankh, a clergyman and teacher of Möckmühl, who was born December 20, 1760, and died September 14, 1836.

Schiller's youngest sister, born September 8, 1777, at the Solitüde, was baptized Karoline Christiane, but always called Nannette or Nane. She died unmarried March 23, 1796.

The poet was born November 10, 1759, at Marbach. In baptism he received the name Johann Christoph Friedrich. When he



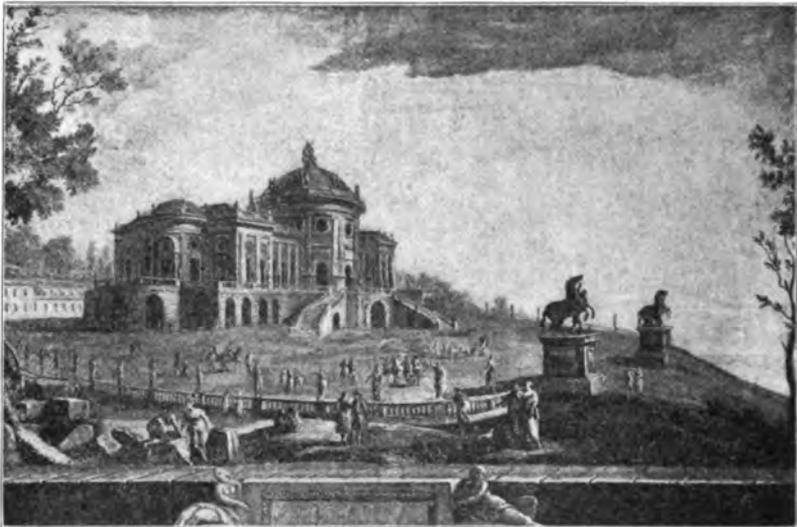
SCHILLER'S MOTHER.

(After a painting by Ludovika Simanowitz.)

was three years old the family moved to Ludwigsburg (1762) and two years later (1764) to Lorch. Here Schiller received his first instruction from Pastor Moser who was immortalized in the venerable character of the same name that figures in the poet's first great drama "The Robbers."

From 1766 to 1772, Schiller attended the Latin school at Ludwigsburg and at that age he cherished the ambition of studying theology. The Christian spirit of his thoughts is reflected in a tragedy which he conceived at the time under the title "The Christians."

In the beginning of the year 1773, Schiller entered the military school at Solitude, which was transferred in 1775 to Stuttgart and was enlarged by the addition of a medical faculty. Here he selected medicine as his specialty, but the spirit of the military academy was



CHATEAU SOLITUDE NEAR STUTTGART.

(After a painting by Viktor Heideloff.)

not congenial to him and if he had had his own way he would have left it.

While in Stuttgart, Schiller roomed at the house of a captain's widow, Frau Laura Vischer, to whom he addressed some of his still boyish lyrics expressing his first disappointments in love. The poems to Minna, Wilhelmina Andr ea, are perhaps an advance in taste and sentiment, but these early effusions possess merely historical value.

In 1780 (in the middle of December) he was appointed physician and surgeon to a regiment of grenadiers at Stuttgart. Here he made the acquaintance of Frau Henriette von Wolzogen, who

was the mother of Wilhelm von Wolzogen, his chum at the military academy.

Though the young poet was only twenty-two years old, he finished "The Robbers," a stirring and impressive tragedy which



SCHILLER READING "THE ROBBERS" TO HIS FELLOW STUDENTS
IN THE BOPSER WOODS.

was presented for the first time at Mannheim, January 13, 1782. In April of the same year he took his degree as Doctor of Medicine.

On May 25, Schiller left the garrison at Stuttgart without leave,

in order to visit director Dalberg of the Mannheim stage. Upon his return he was punished with fourteen days imprisonment, and



SCHILLER AFTER AN ENGRAVING BY F. KIRSCHNER.

(Made in 1782-83.)

The picture underneath the portrait is a representation of a scene from "The Robbers."

when complaints had been made with reference to some objectionable passage in "The Robbers." Karl Eugen, Duke of Württem-

berg, forbade him to pursue further his literary work, and ordered him strictly to cut off all connection with foreign countries (*Ausland*), referring to his visit at Mannheim in the neighboring duchy.



SCHILLER IN HIS TWENTY-SIXTH YEAR.

The critical incident in Schiller's life was his flight to Mannheim in the night of September 17, 1782,³ in company with his

³ Some authorities date this event on the night of September 22-23.

friend Streicher, a musician. Conditions in Stuttgart had become intolerable, and he felt that unless he surrendered all his ambitions and ideals, he was obliged to take the risk of cutting loose from his home and his duke, who still ruled in the old-fashioned paternal way which involved too much interference with personal liberty.

However, Schiller was greatly disappointed in his immediate expectations. When he arrived at Mannheim, Dalberg received him kindly and invited him to read his new drama "Fiesco" before the actors of his company. Unfortunately Schiller spoke the broad Swabian dialect and read scene after scene in an unabated pathetic



SILHOUETTE OF SCHILLER.
(Oldest portrait extant, probably
1772-73.)

JOHANNA JUSTINE SEGEDIN.
"Gustel von Blasewitz" in "Wallen-
stein's Camp."

monotone which made the context unintelligible. The curiosity with which the actors had received the young poet changed to indifference, and a general inattention resulted in the discontinuance of the recital. Many of those present doubted whether the young stranger was really the poet Schiller, and Dalberg himself was disappointed. But after Schiller had left, the director read the manuscript over and discerned that the fault had been in the reading and not in the drama itself. So he sent again for the author, who had become disheartened, and reassured him without, however, making definite arrangements.

In his extremity, the poet found some relief through the interest which a Mannheim publisher, Herr Schwan, took in the manuscript of "Fiesko." To him Schiller sold the right of publication for eleven *louis d'or*—just sufficient to pay his bill at the inn and for his immediate needs.



FRAU HENRIETTE VON WOLZOGEN.
(From an anonymous painting.)

Schiller left for Frankfort in October of the same year (1782). He returned to Stuttgart *incognito*, for he was in danger of arrest because of his desertion, and lived nearby in Oggersheim under the name of Dr. Schmidt. Here he recast "Fiesko" and worked out "Luise Millerin," the plan of which had been conceived at Mannheim.

Being practically homeless, Schiller was cheered by an invitation tendered him by Frau von Wolzogen, offering him an asylum on her estate at Bauerbach, to which place he traveled in December under the name of Dr. Ritter. This estimable woman remained Schiller's motherly friend to the end of her life, August 5, 1788.

It was while he was staying at Bauerbach that he made the



CHARLOTTE VON WOLZOGEN.
Afterwards Frau von Lilienstern.
(From an anonymous painting.)

acquaintance of Reinwald, the librarian at Meiningen who was later to become his brother-in-law. While there, he completed his drama "Luise Millerin" and began "Don Carlos."

During this same period Schiller conceived a warm attachment

for the daughter of his hostess, Charlotte von Wolzogen, of whom he speaks as a "most beautiful, innocent, tender, and impressionable soul, fresh from the hands of the Creator," but we find that as early as 1784 he had surrendered all thought of marriage with her. She was married four years later to August Franz Friedrich von Lilienstern, councilor at Hildburghausen, where she died September 20, 1794.

July 27, 1783, Schiller returned to Mannheim and accepted Dalberg's appointment as theatrical poet of the stage at Mannheim, promising to furnish "Fiesko," "Luise Millerin," and some additional plays.

Simultaneous with his sojourn at Mannheim is Schiller's interest for his publisher's daughter, Margareta Schwan, who later



SCHILLER'S RESIDENCE AT BAUERRACH.

on, July 16, 1793, became the wife of Karl Friedrich Treffz, a lawyer of Heilbronn.

At Mannheim, in 1784, Schiller met also Charlotte von Lengefeld, who was destined to become his wife; but his first acquaintance with her was so superficial that at the time it produced no deep effect upon his mind.

Although he was financially hard pressed, Schiller had now reached the zenith of his renown as a dramatic poet. On January 11, "Fiesko" was produced, and March 9, "Love and Intrigue" (*Kabale und Liebe*). In May he made the acquaintance of Frau Charlotte von Kalb who was visiting in Mannheim.

In order to popularize his ideas of dramatic poetry he originated a literary magazine, the *Rheinische Thalia*. Having traveled to Darmstadt, he met Karl August, Duke of Weimar, the wellknown patron and friend of Goethe, to whom he read the beginning of "Don Carlos," in recognition of which he received the title "Councilor."

In 1785 Schiller left Mannheim and took up his residence in Saxony, where he stayed partly in Leipsic and Gohlis, partly in Dresden as a guest of the Körner family with whom he had been previously in correspondence.



CHARLOTTE VON SCHILLER.
Probably 1784.



MARGARETA SCHWAN.
Afterwards Frau Treffz.
(From a miniature.)

The old councilor, Christian Gottfried Körner, was born July 2, 1756, at Leipsic. He studied jurisprudence in Göttingen and Leipsic and had been solicitor in the Consistory at Leipsic and Dresden. In 1790 he was transferred to the Court of Appeals, and in 1815 was called to Berlin on the State Council in the department of Church government.

It is well known that Schiller exercised a great influence upon the Councilor's son, Karl Theodor Körner, the young poet, (born September 23, 1791,) whose promising career was cut short in the

War of Liberation where he died on the field of battle at Gadebusch, August 20, 1813.

Schiller now began to consider seriously how he could settle in life and earn a living. He planned to resume his practice as a physician. He stayed in Gohlis where he wrote his "Hymn to Joy" for the *Thalia* and further scenes of "Don Carlos." September 12 he took up his residence in the little vintage house of the Körner estate



CHRISTIAN GOTTFRIED KÖRNER.

in the outskirts of Dresden, and in October he moved into town where he lived with his friend Huber at the home of the Fleischmann family opposite the Körner residence.

From Gohlis he proposed for the hand of Margareta Schwan, but her father refused without consulting his daughter's wishes on the plea that her character was not suited to Schiller.



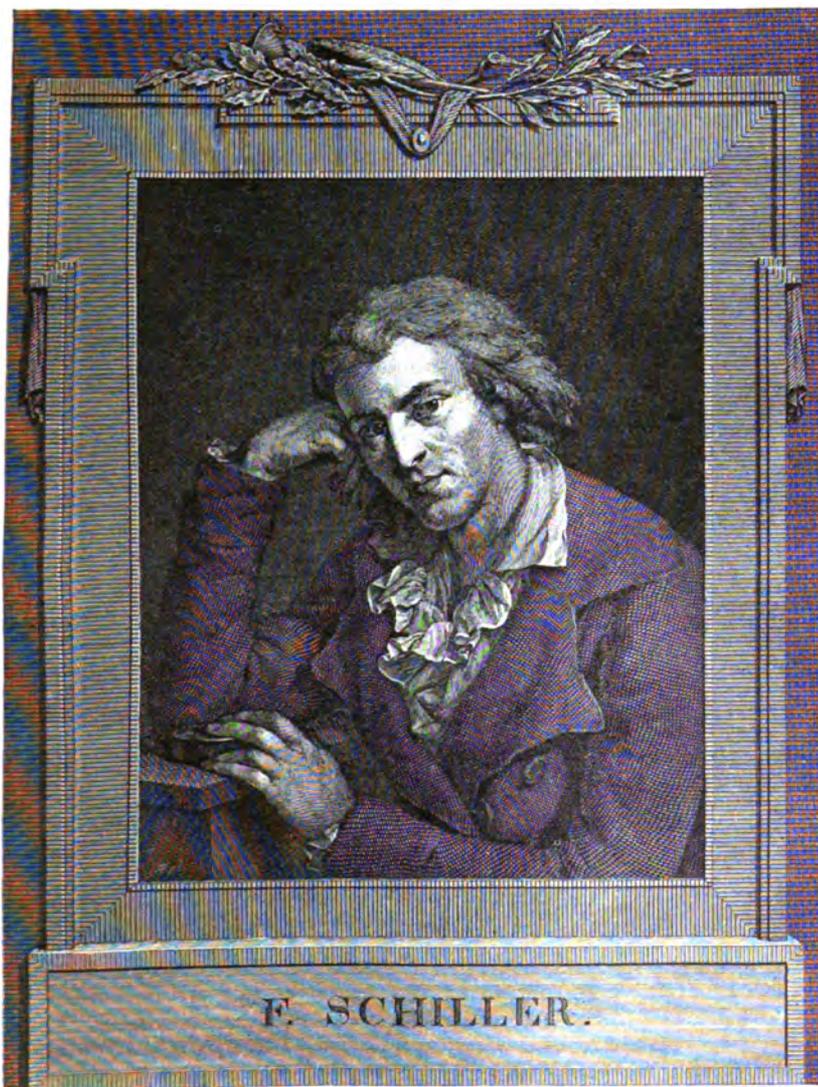
PAVILLION IN KÖRNER'S VINTAGE AT LOSCHWITZ, NEAR DRESDEN.



SCHILLER'S HOME IN GOHLIS NEAR LEIPSIK.
 (This is not the house in which he wrote the "Hymn to Joy.")

In 1786 Schiller began to study along historical lines. He became acquainted at this time with Henriette von Arnim.

In July 1787 he visited Weimar. Goethe happened to be ab-



SCHILLER IN 1786.

(Painted by Anton Graff, and engraved by J. G. Müller in 1794.)

sent, but he met Herder and renewed his acquaintance with Frau von Kalb.

He continued to pursue his historical studies, preparing a work on the Dutch Rebellion, and about this time he wrote "The Gods of Greece."

He met Goethe for the first time at Rudolstadt on September 9. On his frequent visits to that little city he became more intimately



CHARLOTTE VON KALB.

(Painted in 1785 by F. Tischbein. Original in her home Chateau Waltershausen in Thuringia.)

acquainted with the Lengefeld family to whom he had been introduced by his friend Wilhelm von Wolzogen. Mr. Lengefeld was the forester of Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt, and his two daughters.

Karoline and Charlotte, were distinguished for their grace and intellect.

At the request of Goethe, Schiller was appointed professor of history at the University of Jena, May 11, 1789, with an annual salary of two hundred thalers. His first lecture was on the subject, "What means universal history, and to what purpose do we study it?"



KAROLINE VON LENGEFELD.

Afterwards Frau von Wolzogen.

(Enlarged from an ivory miniature.)

On December 22, 1789, Schiller became engaged to Charlotte von Lengefeld (born November 22, 1766), and they were married on February 22 of the following year.

Charlotte's elder sister Karoline (born February 3, 1763.) had been Schiller's good friend and adviser. In 1780 she was married to Friedrich Wilhelm Ludwig von Beulwitz, a member of the



CHARLOTTE SCHILLER.

(After a painting by Ludovika Simanowitz.)

Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt Council; but later, having been divorced from him in 1794, she was happily married to Wilhelm von Wolzogen, Schiller's life-long friend.

During the summer of 1790, Schiller lectured on the theory of tragedy and on the history of the Thirty Years' War.

In February 1791 he had a serious illness; in March he began the study of Kant; in April he retired to Rudolstadt as a convalescent; in May he had a relapse which was so severe as to cause



FRIEDRICH DUKE OF SCHLESWIG.
(After a painting by Graff.)

a rumor of his death (June 12). He spent June in Karlsbad whence he moved to Erfurt.

Karl August bestowed a donation upon him, while Duke Friedrich of Schleswig and Count Schimmelmann, the Premier of Denmark, granted him small annual pensions.

In 1792 he visited Dresden again and received the honorary citizenship of the French Republic under the name "Sieur Gille." On September 14, 1793, while he and his wife were visiting his old home at Ludwigsburg, a son was born to them whom they named Karl Friedrich Ludwig.

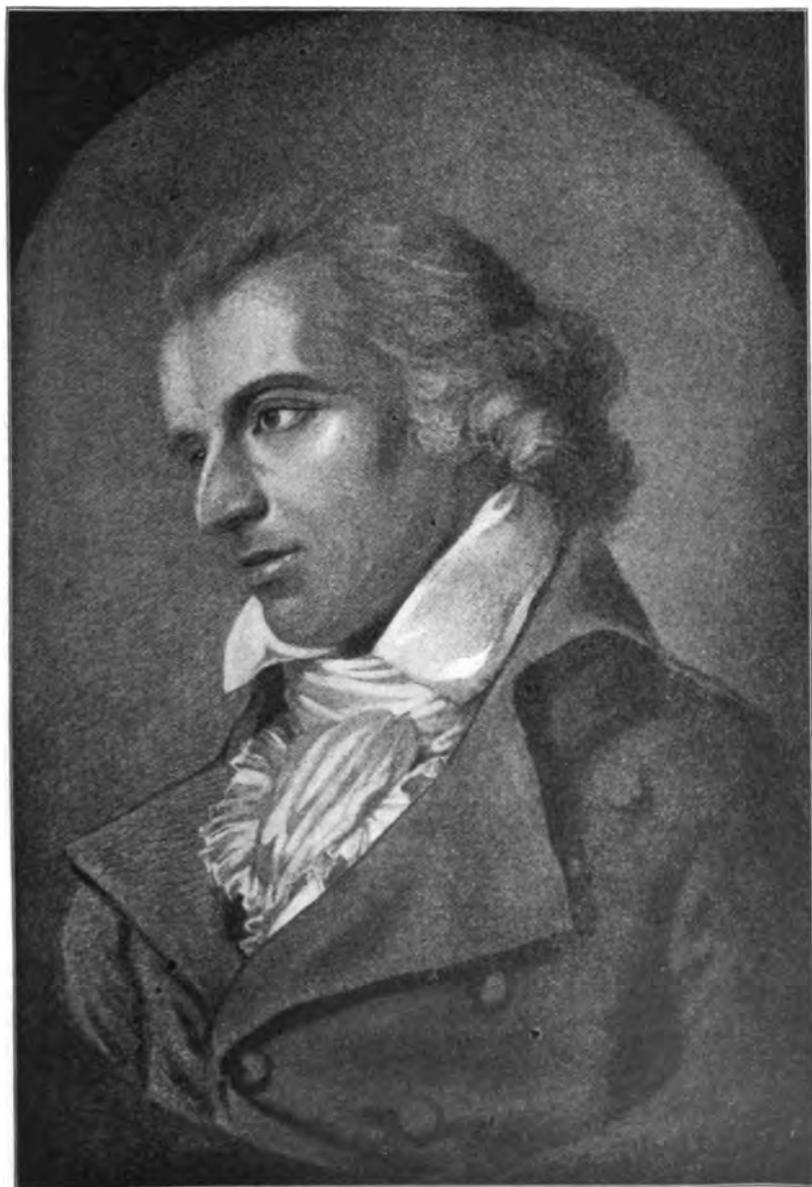


ERNST HEINRICH COUNT SCHIMMELMANN.

(After a painting by Paulsen.)

In 1794, Schiller and Goethe began a lively correspondence which was continued until Schiller settled permanently in Weimar five years later.

The friendship between the two great poets was firmly cemented and they published together a periodical under the title *Horen*, the



SCHILLER IN STUTTGART, 1794.
(After a painting by Ludovika Simanowitz.)

Greek name for the Seasons. It was at this time, when attacks from minor literary writers upon the two great poets became especially virulent, that Schiller and Goethe decided to open a general warfare upon their enemies in a series of sarcastic distichs which they called "Xenions," having in mind similar couplets written by Martial under this title.

This was the happiest period of Schiller's life. He wrote "Ideals of Life," "The Walk," "The Lament of Ceres," etc.

July 11, 1796, his son Ernst Friedrich Wilhelm was born at Jena.



A SATIRE ON THE XENIONS.

[This interesting drawing appeared in 1797 in the pamphlet entitled, *Trogalien zur Verdauung der Xenien* (Dessert for Digesting the Xenions). It represents the Xenions under the leadership of Schiller and Goethe, tearing down the Pillar of Decency, Morality, and Justice, while the gate-keeper refuses them admittance. Harlequin bears their standard with the inscription "Schiller & Co." Goethe, as a fawn, holds up a ribbon on which is the word "Zodiac" (*Thierkreis*, i. e., the circle of emblematic animals in the sky). It is to signify that he inaugurates a return to brute principles. Schiller is dressed as a driver in riding-boots with a lash in one hand and a bottle in the other. Both portraits are independent of any known picture of the two great poets, and must have been made from life by a skilled artist.]

1796 to 1799 Schiller worked out his great trilogy "Wallenstein."

In 1797 to 1798 he composed ballads and philosophical poems.

October 5, 1799⁴ his oldest daughter Karoline Henriette Luise was born.

Soon after the removal to Weimar, which took place December 1799, Schiller again fell sick and recovered slowly during the spring. In July he began to write "The Maid of Orleans." In 1800 he finished "Maria Stuart." He translated "Macbeth," which in his version was produced May 14, 1800. In the same year the first volume of his poems appeared.

In 1801 he completed "The Maid of Orleans" and began "The Bride of Messina."



SCHILLER'S SEAL AND COAT OF ARMS.

In 1802 he wrote his poem "Cassandra" and adapted Gozzi's "Turandot," which was produced at Weimar.

September 7, 1802, he was knighted by the Duke, the coat of arms being a unicorn rampant in blue and gold.

The "Bride of Messina" was completed in 1803. In April 1803 he wrote the "Count of Hapsburg"; in May the "Feast of Victory," and in August he began his work on "Wilhelm Tell."

In February 1804 he completed "Wilhelm Tell" and began a new play "Demetrius," which, however, was never finished.

⁴ Authorities vary on the day of the month.

In July he caught a severe cold on a journey to Jena, where on the 25th of the month his daughter Emilie Henriette Luise was born. In December he began a translation of Racine's "Phædra," which remained incomplete. His cold became worse, and under disconnected continuance of his work his illness lingered with him, until he died suddenly May 9, 1805, at 5 P. M., at his home in Weimar. His wife survived him until July 9, 1826.

* * *

We conclude this sketch with a description of Schiller's personality, mainly following Professor Brunner's notes on the subject which he collected from contemporary authorities.

Schiller was tall and almost lank. He measured 1.79 metres



SCHILLER'S SUMMER HOME AT JENA.
(From a drawing made by Goethe in 1819.)

in height, five centimetres more than Goethe. His bearing was always upright and betrayed the military training he had received in his early youth. His face was distinguished without being beautiful: the skin was delicate and covered with freckles; the mouth expressive; his lips were thin and the lower one somewhat protruding, which showed much energy when he was speaking; his chin was strong and full of character; his cheeks, however, were pale and somewhat sunken; his forehead was broad and evenly arched; his nose, prominent, but well-formed; his eyebrows were red and his eyes deep-set and of a dark gray color; his glance was firm and eagle-like. In discussion his eyes lighted up with enthu-

siasm, and his otherwise calm face seemed to indicate introspective thought, as if contemplating higher objects in his own soul. Yet when he looked at others it seemed to touch the very heart. His hair was blonde and almost yellow.

Schiller's voice was neither clear nor resonant but it was sympathetic, especially if he himself was in a state of emotion or tried to convince others. He spoke the Swabian dialect and was never



SCHILLER IN KARLSBAD.
(From a drawing made by his friend Reinhart
in 1791.)

*Ich zahle
für alle*



A HUMOROUS SKETCH OF
KÖRNER.
(Published by Schiller.)*

able to overcome it. Though his enunciation was poor, he loved to read his dramas and poems himself. He did not possess the art

* Schiller and other friends of Christian Gottfried Körner published a humorous booklet on his family life, which was presented to Councilor Körner on his thirtieth birthday, July 2, 1786. It bears the title "Avanturen des neuen Telemachs, oder Leben und Exfertionen Körners des descenten, consequenten, piquanten, u.s.f., von Hogarth in schönen illuminierten Kupfern abgefasst, und mit befriedigenden Erklärungen versehen von Winkelmann." It need hardly be said that the illustrations were not by Hogarth, and the present caricature, possibly drawn by Schiller himself, is a sample of the whole. The inscription, "I pay for all," refers to Körner's proverbial generosity.

of reciting, but his head and face were quite effective whenever he recited poetry. His forte was conversation. He understood very well how to interest people, and the flow of his words was almost uninterrupted, combining clearness of mind and a harmonious arrangement of ideas.



CHRISTOPHINE SCHILLER,

Afterwards Frau Reinwald.

(After a painting by Ludovika Simanowitz.)

Whenever Schiller smiled it seemed to come from his very soul, and his laughter was as pleasant as a child's.

When at rest, his face always bore in later years a serious and even a suffering expression, due to his bodily ailments; but he sup-

pressed complaints and preserved in his entire conduct, in spite of the disease to which he fell a premature prey, an amiable serenity,

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCHILLER'S POEMS AND LIFE.

The Lay of the Bell.^b

During 1797 and 1798, Schiller wrote his famous poem "The Lay of the Bell," which is commonly regarded as the crown of his



LUISE SCHILLER.

Afterwards Frau Frankh.

(From a miniature in water-color.)

lyric poetry. In 1788, in his frequent trips to Rudolstadt, he had repeatedly visited a bell foundry, and on these occasions had stud-

^b For translation of the poem see page 308.

ied in detail the process of casting bells. The idea came to him to represent the entirety of human destiny in a description of this typical industry as it is woven into man's daily work. The poet introduces the master of the foundry addressing his journeymen and apprentices on the significance of their labor, and every transaction leads him to see in it some suggestion of a similar occurrence in



NANNETTE SCHILLER.

(After a painting by Ludovika Simanowitz.)

man's life. Thus Schiller unrolls before our eyes the birth of the child, the home in which the mother rules, the father's industry, the danger of fire, the romance of love, marriage, and death, the horrors of revolution, and the peaceful development of civilization under the united efforts of all members of society. So he concludes

his poem by making the bell ring out victorious notes of joy and peace.

To Americans "The Lay of the Bell" is especially noteworthy



"The proud boy bids the girl adieu."

because it suggested to Longfellow the plan of his poem "The Building of a Ship." The meter changes frequently, and each change is quite effective in describing the changed situation.

"The Lay of the Bell" has been a household poem in German homes, and great artists have illustrated its incidents in pictures which are known to Germans the world over. Especially familiar are two paintings of Müller, which represent the scenes so impres-



"Then as a stranger homeward hies."

sively described by Schiller when the boy first leaves his parents' house, and later when he returns almost a stranger and again meets the maiden whom he left behind as a girl.

Expectation.

One of Schiller's later poems, "Expectation," afforded the artist, C. Jaeger, a good opportunity to paint the poet's portrait



EXPECTATION.
(By C. Jaeger.)

in the midst of beautiful scenic surroundings. He is represented as seated in a garden awaiting with impatience the arrival of his love. The poem opens with the lines :

"Do I not hear the gate flying?
 Did not the latchet just fall?
 No, 'tis but the zephyr sighing
 Gently through the poplars tall."

The lover's imagination interprets every noise into an evidence of his sweetheart's approach; but he continues to be disappointed until the sun sets, the moon rises, and he himself falls asleep, his expectation assuming the shape of a dream. At last the vision becomes a fact and his patience is rewarded:

"And as from the heavens descending,
 Appears the sweet moment of bliss,
 In silence her steps thither bending,
 She wakened her love with a kiss."

Schiller at Weimar.

[For illustration see Frontispiece.]

The happiest time of Schiller's life was spent in the bosom of his family at Weimar, where he enjoyed the friendship of the greatest literary men of his age; and a scene incorporating all these features of his domestic bliss has been painted by Lindenschmit, explained as follows by Mr. Erwin Foerster in an *edition de luxe* of Schiller paintings:

"Some of his happiest hours he enjoyed at Weimar where he moved to in 1799, on every Wednesday afternoon, when he, surrounded by his friends, could read to them whatever news the Muse had presented him with. It is such a meeting Lindenschmit preferred as a subject for his composition. Above Schiller, Musæus is seen leaning over the balustrade. Carl August and Wilhelm v. Humboldt are approaching. Before them is a very attractive group of ladies. Corona Schroeter, the celebrated actress, is standing behind Frau von Laroche who had gained some renown in German literature, and whose acquaintance Schiller had already made when at Mannheim. On her left side Charlotte von Kalb is sitting, the reconciled friend of our poet; —a lady to whom he, during his first stay at Weimar, bore as tender a love as Goethe to Frau von Stein. This intimacy, however, was, undoubtedly to Schiller's advantage, interrupted by Charlotte von Lengefeld, who now, a kind hostess, is sitting at the table. Her head is lightly resting upon her arm; her eldest boy in her lap, whilst she looks with pride, mingled with tender care, upon her husband. Upon her shoulder is her sister leaning, Frau von Wolzogen, in whose mother-in-law's house at Bauerbach Schiller met with the first friendly reception since his escape from Stuttgart. There is still another friend at the table, in the foreground, Frau von Egloffstein, a companion as spirited as she was amiable. It is to her the poet seems particularly to address his words, since he valued her judgment very highly. Between Schiller's wife and Laroche, Körner, the father of Theodor, has found a seat. He came frequently from Dresden to see his dearest friend. Behind him Herder and Goethe are standing."

SCHILLER, A PHILOSOPHICAL POET.

Again and again has the question been raised whether philosophical or scientific poetry is possible, and upon the whole it has been answered in the negative. I beg to differ from the commonly accepted view and would say that poetry may invade any domain without ceasing to be poetry. The main difficulty of philosophical and scientific poetry lies in the restriction of the subject to an extremely limited public and that is the reason why philosophical poetry does not find the all but universal recognition of love songs.

The possibility of philosophical poetry is best proved by the fact of its existence, but the truth is that the general public has not become acquainted with it or knows it only from hearsay. The large masses will never read, much less appreciate, philosophical poems.

Philosophical poetry is like classical music: few are the connoisseurs that can really judge of its merits. In a certain sense we may call Beethoven the philosopher among composers. His sonatas, though breathing all the freedom of art, exhibit a logical consistency which makes them appear like revelations of the law that is shaping the world; yet, since they are expressed in chords and tone-figures, his compositions appeal directly to sentiment, and their truth is felt even when not fully understood—a fact which considerably widens the audience of the music philosopher. We must not expect such a music philosopher to be as popular as a ragtime composer, and for the same reason poems of philosophical significance will naturally find few admirers.

Philosophical poetry flourished in Germany in the classical period when its intellectual horizon was decked with a galaxy of stars of the first magnitude, such as Klopstock, Goethe, Herder, Schiller, Lessing, Kant, Beethoven, Bach, Mozart, and Haydn.

In order to forestall any possible misinterpretation, we must first of all explain what we understand by poetry. Poetry is certainly not limited to meter and rhyme, and philosophical poetry is most assuredly not simply rhymed philosophy. Poetry is sentiment expressed in words, and so anything that effects sentiment can become a fit subject of poetry.

A mathematical theorem and its demonstration are prose. But if the mathematician is overwhelmed with the grandeur and wondrous harmony of geometrical forms, of the importance and universal application of mathematical maxims, or, of the mysterious

simplicity of its manifold laws which are so self-evident and plain and at the same time so complicated and profound, he is touched by the poetry of his science; and if he but understands how to give expression to his feelings, the mathematician turns poet, drawing inspiration from the most abstract domain of scientific thought.

Why a mathematical or otherwise scientific poetry has not yet developed, is due simply to the fact that there are not enough mathematicians in the world to form an audience sufficiently large to make the man of poetical sentiments a real poet as the word is commonly understood; for the poet is made by the people, and public recognition is the true laurel wreath of any real poet laureate. Practically speaking, any one who has poetical sentiments is potentially a poet, and if he expresses his sentiments in words, he becomes in fact a poet to himself. However, a poet is known as one only when he voices such sentiments as will find an echo in the hearts of large multitudes that recognize in him the prophet who can find words for that which they themselves feel but vaguely. Thereby he becomes a poet in name as well as in fact.

Thus the main condition of a poet recognized in literature as great, depends not merely upon himself, but also upon the circumstances under which he writes. No poet can originate in a country where poetry is not appreciated. The poetical galaxy of the classical period of Germany was conditioned by the broad intellectual atmosphere which prevailed at that time, when the Teutons' fatherland was politically weak, but very strong intellectually, having its best intellect concentrated upon international and human ideals. It was an age of cosmopolitan aspirations.

We cannot understand Schiller's attitude in religion and philosophy without bearing in mind the influences which ancient Greece (and especially Plato) exercised upon his mind. His classical ideas, however, were matured through a study of Kant's philosophy, which taught him to distinguish clearly between the formal and the material, in that the formal, represented by the so-called Platonic ideas, is the most essential part of existence from which rise all our ideals, and which alone can lift us into a higher sphere of life.

The purely relational in life seems to be a mere nonentity and yet it is the most important part. It is called in Greek the causal or causative⁶ and is contrasted with the material.⁷

All our spiritual life depends upon the formal. Logic, arithmetic, yea, reason itself is nothing but a systematization of the

⁶ τὸ αἰτιώδες.

⁷ τὸ ἰζικόν.

purely formal aspect of things, and moral aspirations are but its application. Schiller was fully impressed with the significance of the domain of pure form, and so builds his philosophy upon the traditions of classical antiquity modified by Kantism. He sees the contrast between the ideal life, or as he calls it,

"Yonder region of pure forms,
Sunny land e'er free from storms,"

and actual life on earth—material existence in which ideas are being realized in the actions of living bodies. The eternal ideals have found an appropriate representation in the mythology of Greece, while bodily existence is regarded as a vale of tears. It is peculiar to see how Schiller's view may be characterized at once as both Hellenic and as Buddhistic, and quotations will bear out these general characterizations.

In his famous poem "The Gods of Greece," he writes:

"Ye in the age gone by,
Who ruled the world—a world how lovely then!—
And guided the steps of happy men
In the light leading-strings of careless joy!
Ah, flourished then your service of delight!
How different, oh, how different, in the day
When thy sweet fanes with many a wreath were bright,
O Venus Amathusia!

"Then the soft veil of dreams
Round Truth poetic witching Fancies wreathed;
Through all creation overflowed the streams
Of life—and things now senseless, felt and breathed.
Man gifted Nature with divinity
To lift and link her to the breast of Love;
All things betrayed to the initiate eye
The track of gods above!

"Where lifeless, fixed afar,
A flaming ball is to our senses given,
Phœbus Apollo, in his golden car,
In silent glory swept the fields of heaven!
Then lived the Dryads in yon forest trees;
Then o'er yon mountains did the Oread roam;
And from the urns of gentle Naiades
Welled the wave's siver foam.

"In the Elysian grove
The Shades renewed the pleasures life held dear:
The faithful spouse rejoined remembered love,
And rushed along the course the charioteer.

"More glorious than the meeds
 To Labor choosing Virtue's path sublime,
 The grand achievers of renowned deeds
 Up to the seats of Gods themselves could climb.

"Art thou, fair world, no more?
 Return, thou virgin-bloom, on Nature's face
 Ah, only on the Minstrel's magic shore,
 Can we the footsteps of sweet Fable trace!
 The meadows mourn for the old hallowing life:
 Vainly we search the earth of gods bereft;
 And where the image with such warmth was rife,
 A shade alone is left!

"Cold, from the North, has gone
 Over the flowers the blast that killed their May;
 And, to enrich the worship of the One,
 A Universe of Gods must pass away.
 Mourning, I search on yonder starry steeps,
 But thee no more, Selene, there I see!
 And through the woods I call, and o'er the deeps,
 No voice replies to me!

"Deaf to the joys she gives—
 Blind to the pomp of which she is possessed—
 Unconscious of the spiritual Power that lives
 Around, and rules her—by our bliss unblest—
 Dull to the art that colors and creates,
 Like the dead time-piece, godless NATURE creeps
 Her plodding round, and, by the leaden weight,
 The slavish motion keeps.

"To-morrow to receive
 New life, she digs her proper grave to-day;
 And icy moons with weary sameness weave
 From their own light their fulness and decay.
 Home to the Poet's Land the Gods are flown,
 A later age in them small use discerns,
 For now the world, its leading-strings outgrown,
 On its own axle turns.

"Home! and with them are gone
 The hues they gazed on and the tones they heard;
 Life's Beauty and life's Melody:—alone
 Broods o'er the desolate void the lifeless Word.
 Yet, rescued from Time's deluge, still they throng
 Unseen the Pindus they were wont to cherish:
 Ah, that which gains immortal life in Song,
 To mortal life must perish!"

Judging from the text of "The Gods of Greece" it would be inferred that Schiller is hostile to Christianity, but this is not the case. His love for Greek paganism only points out an aspect in the conception of the world, which orthodox Christianity in his time neglected. Schiller himself in a letter to Körner says with reference to "The Gods of Greece": "If I succeed in making out of the shortcomings of religion or ethics a beautiful and consistent whole, I have made a piece of art which is neither immoral nor impious, for the very reason that I took both, not as they are, but as they became after the forceful operation of their separation and new combination. The God whom I criticize in 'The Gods of Greece' is not the God of the philosophers nor the beneficent dream of the multitudes, but he is one abortion out of many erroneous misshapen conceptions. . . . The gods of Greece as I represent them are only the beautiful qualities of Greek mythology comprehended in one general idea."

There is a truth in the polytheism of Greece which, philosophically expressed, would identify the gods with the eternal types of being commonly called Platonic ideas. In this ideal realm there is no sorrow, no grief, no pain, because everything material as well as everything sensual is excluded. It is thus as much contrasted with bodily existence as the Buddhist Nirvana is to the Samsara, the domain of birth and death, the eternal round of existence, the wheel of being.

It is peculiar that as the great founder of Buddhism insisted that Nirvana could be obtained in this life, so Schiller claims that even mortal man can attain to divine serenity. He says:

"Wouldst thou here be like a deity,
In the realm of death be free,
Never seek to pluck its garden's fruit."

The condition of Nirvana according to Buddha is the attainment of enlightenment which involves in its practical application the surrender of all clinging to the pleasures of sense, and obviously Schiller's view is to all practical purposes the same. The mental enjoyment of the artist, of the scientist, will be unimpaired so long as egotistic passions are not roused. This world of material reality is intrinsically a world of struggle, unrest, and suffering. Schiller regards as grievously mistaken the well-intentioned idealist who believes that he can ever attain a final state of perfection, that he can realize the golden age on earth. The evils of life are not unlike the giant Antæus of the Greek myth. As soon as Herakles threw

this son of Earth to the ground he rose stronger than before, because at each contact he received new strength from his mother. Hence it was only possible for the hero to conquer him by lifting him high in the air and keeping him at a distance from the source of his strength. Finally, Schiller believes that there is no finality to our search for truth, although the true exists and there is an obvious difference between truth and untruth. Mankind can never have the fulness of truth in such a way that it can be formulated in the shape of a dogma. Whenever man has tried to do so, he soon held an empty formula while the spirit of the truth was lost. Thus the "three words of error" to Schiller are: belief in eternal peace, in which the good would no longer have to struggle; belief in the attainment of happiness, or an earthly reward of virtue; and a consummation of man's advance in the search for truth.

The idea that the realization of truth is rather a process than a dogma—a single statement summed up in a formula—and that much depends on the way in which we search for and reach the truth, is set forth in the impressive poem "The Veiled Image at Saïs," which was suggested to Schiller by a passage in Plutarch describing the statue of Isis in the temple of Saïs which bore the inscription reminding us of the definition of the name of Yahveh in the Old Testament: "I am who was and shall be."

THE VEILED IMAGE AT SAÏS.

"A youth, athirst with hot desire for knowledge,
To Saïs came, intent to explore the dark
And hoarded wisdom of Egyptian priests.
Through many a grade of mystery, hurrying on,
Far, and more far, still pressed the inquiring soul,
And scarce the Hierophant could cool or calm
The studious fever of impatient toil.
'What,' he exclaimed, 'is worth a part of Truth?
What is my gain unless I gain the whole?
Hath knowledge, then, a lesser or a more?
Is this,—thy Truth,—like sensual gross enjoyment,
A sum doled out to each in all degrees,
Larger or smaller, multiplied or minished?
Is not TRUTH *one* and indivisible?
Take from the Harmony a single tone—
A single tint take from the Iris bow,
And lo! what once was all, is nothing—while
Fails to the lovely whole one tint or tone!"

"Now, while they thus conversed, they stood within
A lonely temple, circle-shaped, and still;

And, as the young man paused abrupt, his gaze
 Upon a veil'd and giant IMAGE fell:
 Amazed he turn'd unto his guide—'And what
 Beneath the veil stands shrouded yonder?'

'TRUTH,'

Answered the Priest.

'And do I, then, for Truth
 Strive, and alone? And is it now by this
 Thin ceremonial robe that Truth is hid?
 Wherefore?'

'That wherefore with the Goddess rests;
 "Till I"—thus saith the Goddess—"lift this veil,
 May it be raised by none of mortal-born!
 He who with guilty and unhallowed hand
 Too soon profanes the Holy and Forbidden—
 He," says the Goddess—

'Well?'

"HE—SHALL SEE TRUTH!"'

'A rare, strange oracle! And hast *thou* never
 Lifted the veil?'

'No! nor desired to raise!'

'What! nor desired? Were I shut out from Truth
 By this slight barrier'—'And Command divine,
 Broke on his speech the guide. 'Far weightier, son,
 This airy gauze than thy conjectures deem—
 Light to the touch—lead-heavy to the conscience!'

"The young man, thoughtful, turn'd him to his home,
 And the fierce fever of the Wish to Know
 Robb'd night of sleep. Upon his couch he roll'd;—
 At midnight rose resolved. Unto the shrine

"Timorously stole the involuntary step,
 And light the bound that scaled the holy wall.
 And dauntless was the spring that bore within
 That circle's solemn dome the daring man.

"Now halts he where the lifeless silence sleeps
 In the embrace of mournful Solitude.
 Silence unstimul'd,—save by the hollow echo
 Answering his tread along mysterious vaults!
 High from the opening of the dome above,
 Came the wan shining of the silver moon.
 And, awful as some pale presiding god,
 Glistening adown the range of vaults obscure,
 In its long veil concealed the Image stood.

"With an unsteady step he onward passed,
 Already touched with violating hand
 The Holy—and recoil'd! A shudder thrilled

His limbs, fire-hot and icy-cold by turns,
 And an invisible arm did seem to pluck him
 Back from the deed.—'O miserable man!
 What would'st thou?' (Thus within the inmost heart
 Murmured the warning whisper.) 'Wilt thou dare
 The All-hallowed to profane? "May mortal-born
 (So spake the oracle) not lift the veil
 Till I myself shall raise!" Yet said it not,
 The self-same oracle—"Who lifts the veil,
 He shall see Truth?" Behind, be what there may,
 I dare the hazard—I will lift the veil—'
 Loud rang his shouting voice—"Truth I'll behold!"
'Hold!'—

A lengthend echo, mocking, answered back!
 He spoke and raised the veil! And ask ye what
 Unto the gaze was there to him revealed?
 I know not. Pale and senseless, at the foot
 Of the dread statue of Egyptian Isis,
 The priests there found him at the dawn of day;
 But what he saw, or what did there befall,
 His lips disclosed not. Ever from his heart
 Was fled the sweet serenity of life,
 Deep anguish dug for him an early grave:
 'Woe—woe to him'—such were his warning words,
 Answering some curious and impetuous brain,
 'Woe—for she never shall delight him more!
 Woe—woe to him who treads through Guilt to TRUTH!"

As might be expected, Schiller's view of immortality is also idealized by Greek mythology. He hated the representation of death as a skeleton with all the terrors and repulsive horrors of decay. In "The Gods of Greece" he protests against the prevalent view of death, praising the Greek conception of the genius of the inverted torch and alluding to the Thracian legend of Orpheus which had become current in classical Greece, evincing the victory of music, the ideal, over the infernal powers.

"Before the bed of death
 No ghastly specter stood;—but from the porch
 Of the lip—one kiss inhaled the breath.
 And a mute Genius gently lowered his torch.
 The judgment balance of the realms below,
 A judge, himself of mortal lineage, held;
 The very Furies, at the Thracian's woe,
 Were moved and music-spelled."

There is a connection between the living and the dead which is symbolized in plant life, and this simile is used in the New Testament by Paul (1 Cor. xv, 36) and also in the Gospel of St. John

(John xii, 24) where Jesus says: "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." For this idea the author of the fourth Gospel and Paul are supposed to be indebted to Orphic mysteries. The resurrection of nature in spring symbolizes the continued soul life of man after death. This is also expressed in the great classical hymn to Demeter (or as she is called with her Latinized name, Ceres) a poem which has been retold by Schiller in his two poems "The Complaint of Ceres" and "The Eleusinian Festival." The significance of plant life is expressed as follows:⁸

"Is there naught of her—no token
And no pledge from her loved hand,
Proving love to be unbroken,
Howsoever far the land?
Can no loving bond be spread,
That will child to mother bind?
Can between the quick and dead
Hope no blest communion find?
No! not every bond is riven,
Separation not complete;
The eternal powers have given
Us a symbol language sweet.

"Spring's fair children pass away,
In the Northland's icy air;
Leaf and flower alike decay,
Leaving withered branches bare.
But I choose life's noblest glow
From Vertumnus's lavish horn;
As a gift to Styx below
Will I send the golden corn!
Sad in earth the seeds I lay
At thy heart, my child, to be
Mournful tokens which convey
My deep grief and love to thee!

"When the seasons' measured dances
Happy smiles of earth restore,
In the sun's reviving glances
What was dead will live once more!
Germs that perished to thine eyes
In the dreary lap of earth

Bloom again in gentler skies,
Brighter for the second birth!
While its roots in night repose;
Heaven will raise the stem above;
Thus the plant between them grows
Nursed by Styx's and Æther's love.

"Partly plants with Hades sleep,
Partly live in life's fair beams;
Heralds are they from the deep,
Messengers from solemn streams.
Like my child, the dismal tomb
Will them for a while retain;
But anon their tender bloom
Spring sends forth to light again,
Telling that where shadows meet,
Though so far from light above,
Hearts remain that faithful beat,
Hades doth not conquer love.

"Hail! ye children of the field,
Whom each coming year renews!
Your sweet cups shall richly yield
Heaven's purest nectar-dews.
Steeped in light's resplendent streams,
Hues that streak the Iris-bow
Deck your blossoms with the beams
Which in morning twilight glow.
Budding life of happy spring,
Yellow autumn's faded leaf,
Shall to hearts in sorrow bring
Symbols of my joy and grief."

In "The Eleusinian Festival" Schiller describes the Greek conception of human civilization as based upon a love of freedom

⁸"Complaint of Ceres," 7-11.

regulated by self-control and moral restraint. Having established agriculture and built the polity of communal life, Demeter says:

"Freedom's love the beast inflames,
And the God rules free in air,
While the law of Nature tames
Each wild lust that lingers there,
Yet, when thus together thrown,
Man with man must fain unite;
And by his own worth alone
Can he freedom gain, and might."

We see that Schiller indeed was not merely a poet but a philosopher. His philosophy, however, agreed very little with the verbiage and cant of the schools that posed before the world as holding in their abstract philosophy the key to the explanation of the universe. Metaphysics, according to Kantian terminology, deals with purely formal notions of science, and the purely formal as Kant expresses it, is empty as such. Thus it allows us a survey over the sciences and the whole field of experience. It sums up generalizations, which, although in themselves mere tautologies, help us to arrange our scientific material in a systematic way. How ridiculous, then, is the metaphysician whose philosophy is a mere air castle and who forgets that it should serve the practical purpose of survey. Schiller satirizes wiseacres of this type in the following lines:

"How deep the world beneath me lies!
My craft the loftiest of all
Lifts me so high, so near the skies
I scarce discern the people crawl."

"Thus shouts Tom Roofer from his spire,
Thus in his study speaks with weight
Metaphysicus, the learned sire,
That little man, so high, so great."

"That spire, my friend, proud and profound,
Of what is't built, and on what ground?
How came you up? What more is't worth,
Than to look down upon the earth?"

In another poem of the same significance entitled "Philosophers," Schiller ridicules those theorists who misunderstand the part their philosophies play in life, which is not to direct the world but to explain it. Philosophers need not worry about the universe for that will take care of itself, and until their wisdom can discover

a method of changing matters, the world will continue to run according to the old principles—it will still be swayed by hunger and love.

"To learn what gives to everything
The form which we survey,
The law by which th'Eternal King
Moves all creation's ordered ring,
And keeps it in right sway—
Who answer gives without disguise,
He is the wisest of the wise.
The secret I'll betray,
'Ten is not twelve,' I say.

"The snow is chill, the fire burns,
Men bipeds are; a fool
The sun up in the sky discerns:
This, man through sense-experience
learns
Without attending school!
But Metaphysics, I am told,
Declares that hot is never cold;
Dryness, not moist; and light
Is never dark but bright.

"Homer had writ his mighty song,
Heroes did danger scorn,
The good had done their duty, long
Before (and who shall say I'm
wrong?)
Philosophers were born!
Yet let but some great heart or
mind
Perform great deeds, some sage
will find
The reason why: He'll show
That this thing could be so.

"Might claims its right. That's
true always,
And weaklings strength o'erpowers.
He who cannot command obeys—
In short, there's not too much to
praise
On this poor earth of ours.
But how things better might be
done,
If sages had this world begun,
Is plainly, you must own,
In moral systems shown.

"Man needs mankind, must be
confessed,
His labors to fulfill;
Must work, or with, or for, the rest.
'Tis drops that swell the ocean's
breast,
'Tis water turns the mill.
The savage life for man unfit is,
So take a wife and live in cities.'
In universities
Maxims are taught like these.

"Yet, since what grave professors
teach
The crowd is rarely knowing,
Meanwhile, old Nature looks to each,
Tinkers the chain, and mends the
breach,
And keeps the clockwork going.
Some day, philosophy, no doubt,
A better world will bring about.
Till then the world will move
By hunger and by love!"

SELECTIONS FROM SCHILLER'S POETRY.

My Creed.

"What my religion? I'll tell you! There is none among all you may mention
Which I embrace.—And the cause? Truly, religion it is!"

Division of the Earth.

"'Here, take the world!' cried Jove from out his heaven
To mortals—'Be you of this earth the heirs;

Free to your use the heritage is given;
Fraternally divide the shares.'

"Then every hand stretched eager in its greed,
And busy was the work with young and old;
The tiller settled upon glebe and mead,
The hunter chased through wood and wold.

"The merchant grip'd the store and locked the ware—
The abbot chose the juices of the vine—
The king barr'd up the bridge and thoroughfare,
And said, 'The tithes and tolls are mine!'

"And when the earth was thus divided, came
Too late the poet from afar, to see
That all had proffer'd and had seiz'd their claim—
'And is there naught,' he cried, 'for me?'

" 'Shall I, thy truest son, be yet of all
Thy children portionless alone?'
Thus went his cry, and Jove beheld him fall
A suppliant before his throne.

" 'If in the land of dreams thou wert abiding,'
Answered the God, 'why murmurest thou at me?
Where wast thou then, when earth they were dividing?'
'I was,' the poet said, 'with thee!'

" 'Upon thy glorious aspect dwelt my sight—
The harmony of heaven enthralled mine ear;
Pardon the soul that, with thy dazzling light
Enraptured, lost its portion here!'

" 'What's to be done?' said Zeus, 'The world is given,
Mart, chase, and harvest are no longer free;
But if thou wilt abide with me in heaven,
Whene'er thou com'st, 'twill open be to thee!'"

Hymn to Joy.

"Joy divine, fair flame immortal,
Daughter of Elysium,
Mad with rapture, to the portal
Of thy holy fane we come!
Fashion's laws, indeed, may sever,
But thy magic joins again;
All mankind are brethren ever
'Neath thy mild and gentle reign.

CHORUS.

Welcome, all ye myriad creatures!
Brethren, take the kiss of love!

Yes, the starry realm above
Smile a father's kindly features!

"Joy, in Nature's wide dominion,
Mainspring of the whole is found;
And 'tis Joy that moves the pinion,
When the wheel of time goes round;
From the bud she lures the flower—
Suns from out their orbs of light;
Distant spheres obey her power,
Far beyond all mortal sight.

CHORUS.

As through Heaven's expanse so glorious
In their orbits suns roll on,
Brethren, thus your proud race run,
Glad as warriors all-victorious!

"To the Gods we ne'er can render
Praise for every good they grant;
Let us, with devotion tender,
Minister to grief and want.
Quench'd be hate and wrath for ever,
Pardon'd be our mortal foe—
May our tears upbraid him never,
No repentance bring him low!

CHORUS.

Sense of wrongs must not be treasured—
Brethren, live in perfect love!
In the starry realms above,
God will mete as we have measured.

"Joy within the goblet flushes,
For the golden nectar, wine,
Ev'ry fierce emotion hushes,—
Fills the breast with fire divine.
Brethren, thus in rapture meeting,
Send ye round the brimming cup,—
Yonder kindly Spirit greeting,
While the foam to Heaven mounts up!

CHORUS.

Seraphs praise his power and love,
Him stars worship as they roll,
To the spirit drain the bowl—
Yonder starry realms above!

"Safety from tyrant's power!
Mercy e'en to traitors base!
Hope in life's last solemn hour!

Pardon when before God's face!
 Eke to those in slumber lulled—
 To the dead, now drain your cup!
 May our sins be all annulled!
 Hell itself be swallowed up!

CHORUS.

When the golden bowl is broken,
 Gentle sleep within the tomb!
 Brethren, may a gracious doom
 By the Judge of Man be spoken!"

Cavalry Song.

(From the last scene of "Wallenstein's Camp.")

"Huzza! O my comrades! to horse! to horse!
 In the field still can freedom be wrested,
 For there in the battle is proved manhood's force.
 In the field our hearts will be tested!
 None can another's place supply,
 Each standeth alone—on himself must rely.

"Now freedom appears from the world to have flown,
 None but lords and their vassals one traces;
 While falsehood and cunning are ruling alone
 O'er the living cowardly races.
 The man who can look upon death without fear—
 The soldier,—is now the sole freeman left here.

"The cares of this life, he casts them away,
 Untroubled by fear or by sorrow;
 He rides to his fate with a countenance gay,
 And finds it to-day or to-morrow;
 And if 'tis to-morrow, to-day we'll employ
 To drink full deep of the goblet of joy.

"The skies o'er him shower his lot filled with mirth,
 He gains, without toil, its full measure;
 The peasant, who grubs in the womb of the earth,
 Believes that he'll find there the treasure.
 Through lifetime he shovels and digs like a slave,
 And digs—till at length he has dug his own grave.

"The horseman, as well as his swift-footed beast,
 Are guests by whom all are affrighted.
 When glimmer the lamps at the wedding feast,
 In the banquet he joins uninvited;
 He woos not long, and with gold he ne'er buys,
 But carries by storm love's blissful prize.

"Why weepest, my maiden? Why grievest thou so?
 Let me hence, let me hence, girl, I pray thee!
 The soldier on earth no sure quarters can know;
 With constancy never repay thee.
 Fate hurries him onward with fury blind,
 Nor peace nor rest is it his to find.

"Away then, my comrades, our chargers let's mount!
 Our hearts in the battle bound lightly!
 Youth's foam effervesces in life's bubbling fount.
 Away! while the spirit glows brightly!
 Unless you have courage your life to stake,
 Of life's true worth you will ne'er partake!"

Proverbs of Confucius.

TIME.

"Threefold is the march of Time:
 While the future slow advances,
 Like a dart the present glances,
 Changeless stands the past sublime.

(Time as Future.)

"No impatience e'er can speed him
 On his course if he delay.

(Time as Present.)

"No alarm, no doubts impede him
 If he keep his onward way.

(Time as Past.)

"No remorse, no incantations
 Alter aught in his fixations.

(Application.)

"Wouldst thou: wisely and with pleasure,
 Pass the days of life's short measure,
 From the slow one counsel take,
 But a tool of him ne'er make;
 Ne'er as friend the swift one know,
 Nor the constant one as foe!"

SPACE.

"Threefold is the form of Space:
Length, with ever restless motion;
 Seeks eternity's wide ocean;
Breadth with boundless sway extends;
Depth to unknown realms descends.

APPLICATION.

"All types to thee are given:
 Thou must onward strive for heaven,
 Never still or weary be
 Wouldst thou perfect glory see;
 Far must thy researches go

THE OPEN COURT.

Wouldst thou learn the world to know;
 Thou must tempt the dark abyss
 Wouldst thou life's deep meaning wis.

"Nought but firmness gains the prize,—
 Nought but fulness makes us wise,—
 Buried deep, truth ever lies!"

Light and Warmth.

"The world, a man of noble mind
 With glad reliance enters;
 Around him spread, he hopes to find
 What in his bosom centers;
 And to truth's cause, with ardor warm,
 He dedicates his trusty arm.

"But that the world is mean, ere long
 Experience shows him ever;
 Himself to guard amid the throng
 Is now his sole endeavor.
 His heart, in calm and proud repose,
 Soon e'en to love begins to close.

"The rays of truth, though light-bestowing,
 Not always warmth impart;
 Blest he who gains the boon of knowing
 Nor buys it with his heart!
 So thou shouldst worldling's ken unite
 To the idealist's vision bright."

The Lay of the Bell.

"Firmly bound the mould of clay
 In its dungeon-walls doth stand,
 Born shall be the bell to-day!
 Comrades, up! now be at hand!
 From the brows of all
 Must the sweat-drops fall,
 Ere in his work the master live;
 The blessing God alone can give.

"To what we earnestly prepare
 Now may an earnest word be said;
 When good discourse our labors share
 Then merrily the work is sped.
 Let us consider then with zeal
 What feeble strength can do by thought;
 Contempt for him we e'er must feel
 Who planned not what his hands have wrought.

'Tis this adorns the human race,
 For this to man was reason given,
 That he within his heart may trace
 The works that by his hands have thriven.

"Wood cut from the pine-tree take,
 But well seasoned let it be,
 Through the flue the flames thus break
 To the cauldron's molten sea.
 Boils the copper within,
 Quick, bring hither the tin!
 That the bell's tough metal may
 Smoothly flow in wonted way!

"What deeply in earth's hidden cell
 The hand with fire's assistance speeds,
 Will in the steeple's belfry dwell
 And loudly witness of our deeds.
 In many an ear its thrilling tale
 'Twill pour, nor heed the flight of Time,
 'Twill with the child of sorrow wail,
 And join Devotion's choral chime.
 Whate'er unto the earthborn crowd
 The frown or smile of Fortune bring,
 The metal tongue proclaims it loud,
 While far those cheering accents ring.

"See the silver bubbles glow!
 Now the molten billows swell,
 Potash in the furnace throw.
 For it speeds the casting well.
 And from frothing free
 Must the mixture be
 That the bell's metallic voice
 Every hearer's heart rejoice.

"With festive joyous accents rife
 It greets the well beloved child,
 Launched on his first career of life
 In slumber's arm so sweet and mild;
 In Time's dark womb for him reposes
 Life's thorny couch, life's bed of roses;
 A mother's love its guardian wing
 Spreads o'er his golden days of spring.—
 The years fly like the winged shaft.
 The proud boy bids the girl adieu;
 Out into life's wild storm he flies,
 A pilgrim, roams the wide world through,
 Then as a stranger homeward hies.
 And lo, as some sweet vision breaks

Out from its native morning skies,
 With rosy blush on downcast cheeks,
 The maiden stands before his eyes.
 A nameless yearning now appears
 And fills his heart; alone he strays,
 His eyes are ever moist with tears,
 He shuns his brothers' noisy plays;
 Her steps he blushing pursues,
 And by her greeting is made blest,
 Gathers the flowers of fairest hues,
 With which to deck his true love's breast.
 Oh, tender yearning, blissful hope,
 Thou golden time of love's young day!
 Heav'n seems before the eye to ope,
 The heart in rapture melts away.
 Oh, may it ever verdant prove,
 That radiant time of youthful love!

"Lo! the pipes already brown!
 I will dip this rod therein,
 Doth a glaze the surface crown,
 We the casting may begin.
 Quick! amid the glow,
 Test the mixture's flow!
 See if, with a goodly sign,
 Soft and brittle well combine.

"Where gentleness with strength we find,
 The tender with the stern combined,
 There harmony is sweet and strong.
 Then prove, e'er wedlock's wreath be twined
 If heart to heart its fetters bind!
 Illusion's brief, repentance long.
 Sweet on bridal brow is clinging
 Myrtle wreath of festive green,
 When the mellow church bell's ringing
 Bids us to the festive scene.
 Ah! life's sweetest festival
 Ends the May of life anon,
 With the girdle, with the veil.
 Is the fond illusion gone,
 The passions soon fly,
 But love must remain;
 The blossoms soon die,
 Fruit comes in their train.
 The husband must fight,
 'Mid struggles and strife,
 The battle of life;
 Must plant and create,
 Watch, snare, and debate,

Must venture and stake
 His fortune to make.
 Then boundless in torrents comes pouring the gift,
 The garners o'erflow with the costliest thrift,
 The store-rooms increase, and the mansion expands.
 Within it reigns
 The prudent wife,
 The tender mother,
 In wisdom's ways
 Her house she sways,
 Instructing the girls,
 Controlling the boys,
 With diligent hands
 She works and commands,
 Increases the gains
 And order maintains;
 With treasures the sweet smelling wardrobe she stores,
 And busily over the spinning wheel pores,
 She hoards in the bright polished presses till full
 The snowy white linen, the shimmering wool,
 The bright and the showy to good she disposes,
 And never reposes.

"Now the sire with joyful mien,
 From the house's lofty gable,
 Gazes on the prosperous scene:
 Sees the beams around him soar,
 And the barn's abundant store,
 Garners blest by Plenty's horn,
 And the waving sea of corn.
 Thus he fondly prides himself:
 'Firm and strong as earth itself,
 'Gainst misfortune's whelming shock,
 Stands the house, as on a rock!'
 But with Fate O! ne'er believe
 An eternal bond to weave.
 Swiftly on Misfortune comes.

"Now the casting may begin,
 Jagg'd the fracture is and fair.
 But before we run it in
 Offer up a pious prayer!
 Let the plug now fly!
 May God's help be nigh!
 Smoking in the hollow cave
 Rushes forth the glowing wave.

"How genial is fire's might,
 When tamed and watched by man aright!
 Whate'er he forms, or shapes, its source

He owes to this celestial force.
 But fearful this celestial force
 When, bursting forth in madden'd course,
 Unshackled on its path so wild,
 It rushes, Nature's free-born child!
 Woe, when bursting forth it flies,
 Spreading with unbridled ire!
 In the busy street arise
 Mountain waves of raging fire;
 For the elements despise
 Wealth that human hands acquire.
 From the cloud
 Blessings rush,
 Waters gush;
 Where it listeth lightning flashes,
 Thunder crashes.
 Hear ye that wail from yon tower's walls?
 The tocsin calls!
 Red as blood
 Glow the skies;
 That is not the sunlight's flood!
 Hark! what cries
 In the street!
 Smoke clouds rise!
 Surging upwards, higher, higher!
 Through the streets the pillared fire
 Rushes with the whirlwind's ire.
 Like the blast in furnace pent
 Glows the air, now beams are rent,
 Windows rattle, rafters creak,
 Mothers wander, children shriek,
 Kine are lowing,
 Underneath the ruins glowing:
 Running, rushing, coming, going,
 Night vies with the daylight's glowing
 As the zealous chain expands,
 Through the hands,
 Flies the bucket; arching o'er,
 Streams the jet, the torrents pour.
 Then the storm, 'mid howl and roar,
 With the raging flames dispute;
 Crackling 'mid the grain and fruit,
 Through the garner's space they gleam,
 Seize the dry and massive beam,
 And, as though they'd in their flight
 Earth from its foundation tear,
 Upwards sweeping through the air,
 Surge they to the heaven's height,
 Huge in scope!
 Stripped of hope,

Man submits as he surveys,
Wond'ring with an idle gaze,
What was done by Heaven's might.

"Waste is now
The place and dread,
Of wild storms the rugged bed.
In the hollow window-cells
Horror dwells,
And the clouds from Heaven's sphere
Downwards peer.

"One fond look, the last,
'Mid the gloom,
At the tomb
Of his wealth man turns to cast.—
Then takes his staff, nor wails his doom.
What though bereft by fire's wrath,
One comfort still his heart may cheer,
He counts the forms to him so dear,
Lo! all are left to cheer his path.

"Being in the earth received,
The mould the mingled metals fill;
Will the work when 'tis achieved
Recompense our toil and skill?
If the cast should fail?
If the mould be frail?
While we hope, e'en now, alas,
Mischief may have come to pass!

"Unto the lap of holy earth
Do we confide our work and deed,
The sower sows the earth with seed,
And hopes 'twill give to blessings birth,
Of Heaven's grace the grateful meed.
More precious seeds in earth's dark womb
We sow with sorrow's trembling hand,
And hope that, rising from the tomb,
They'll blossom in that Better Land.

"From the steeple
Tolls the bell,
Deep and sadly,
Death's last knell.
Mournful dirges from the lofty dome
Guide a wand'rer to his last long home.

"'Tis the wife, the well belov'd one,
'Tis, alas! the faithful mother,

Whom the Prince of Shadows chases
 From her husband's fond embraces,
 From his children in their bloom,
 Born of her, those lov'd ones, whom
 Oft she to her faithful breast
 With a mother's rapture pressed—
 Now, alas! home's tender ties
 E'er are sever'd from each other;
 In the Land of Shadow lies
 Of that home the gentle mother;
 Now her faithful rule is gone,
 Watchful, tender as the dove;
 At the widow'd heart rules one
 Who a stranger is to love.

“Till the bell can cool, away!
 Let us leave our toil awhile!
 As the feather'd songsters play,
 So may each his time beguile.
 When the stars appear,
 Free from care and fear,
 The workman hears the vesper bell;
 The master cannot care dispel.

“Cheerful, through the forest's gloom,
 Wends the wanderer his steps
 Back to his dear cottage home.
 Bleating seek the sheep their fold,
 And the herd
 Of the broad-brow'd cattle come,
 Homewards lowing,
 The accustom'd stables knowing.
 Through the gate
 Reels the wain,
 'Neath the grain;
 On the sheaves,
 With their many-color'd leaves,
 Garlands lie,
 To the dance the youthful reapers
 Joyful hie.
 Street and market now are silent,
 Round the taper's social flame
 Sit the inmates of the house,
 And the creaking town-gates close.
 Darkness spreads
 O'er the earth;
 But no honest burgher dreads
 Night's dark tide,
 Though it woo to fearful deeds,
 For the law is eagle-eyed.

"Holy Order, Heaven's child,
 Rich in blessings, who, so mild,
 Like to like so blithely calls,
 Who hath raised the city's walls,
 Who to quit his desert waste
 Bade th' unsocial savage haste,
 Who in human dwellings stealing,
 Taught mankind a softer feeling,
 And that best, that dearest band,
 Wove, the love of Fatherland.

"Countless hands to toil unfold,
 Cheerfully each other aid,
 And in vying zeal, behold,
 All their varied strength displayed!
 Man and master join'd appear
 With pure freedom in alliance,
 Each, rejoicing in his sphere,
 To the scoffer bids defiance.
 Labor is the subject's crown,
 Blessings are his labor's guerdon:
 Honor to the king's renown!
 Honor to the worker's burden!

"Gentle peace,
 Concord blest,
 Never cease
 Kindly o'er our town to rest!
 O may ne'er that day appear,
 When the savage hords of war
 Devastate this silent vale!
 When the sky,
 O'er which Eve her rosy shades
 Sweetly throws,
 With the wild and fearful glare
 Of the burning city glows.

"Break asunder now the mould,
 For its work is done at last,
 Let both heart and eye behold
 Proudly the successful cast!
 Wield the hammer, wield,
 Till it split the shield!
 Before the bell can rise on high,
 The mantel must in pieces fly.

"The master, when it seemeth good,
 With prudent hand may break the mould;
 But woe, when in a flaming flood
 The glowing metal bursts its hold!

Blind, frantic, with the thunder's swell,
 It bursts its fractur'd prison's side,
 And as from out the jaws of Hell,
 It vomits Ruin's flaming tide.
 Where brutal strength insensate reigns,
 No pictured beauty man obtains;
 When nations free themselves by force
 Ne'er prosper can their welfare's course.

"Woe, when within the city's wall
 The smould'ring sparks in silence burn,
 The people, bursting from their thrall,
 To savage wilfulness return!
 Then peals the bell upon its throne,
 And howls on high, rebellion calls,
 And, vow'd but to a peaceful tone,
 The signal gives for savage brawls.

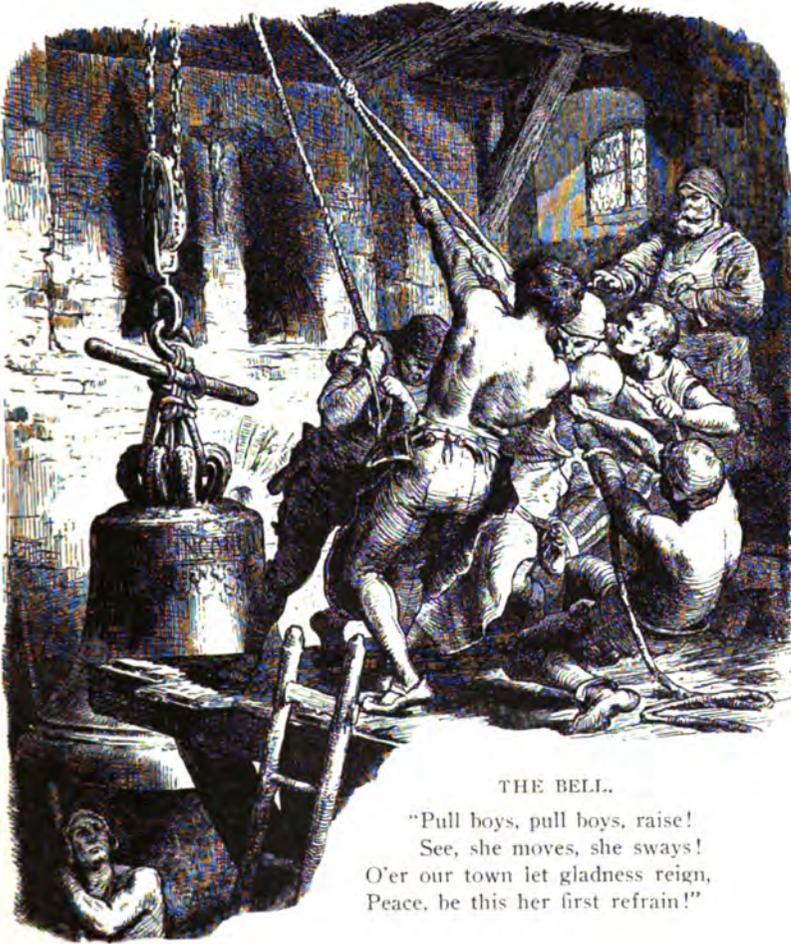
"Now Freedom's cry is heard around;
 The peaceful burghers fly to arms,
 The streets fill fast, the halls resound,
 And murd'rous bands spread dire alarms,
 Now like hyenas in their lair,
 'Mid horrors women jeer and jest;
 As with the panther's teeth they tear
 The heart from out their foeman's breast.
 Now all that's sacred men efface,
 And break all bonds of pious fear,
 Good now to evil giveth place,
 And vice runs on its mad career.
 Wake not the lion in his den!
 Destructive is the tiger's jaw,
 But far more terrible are men
 Whom passions in their vortex draw.
 Woe be to him who, to the blind,
 The heav'nly torch of light conveys!
 It throws no radiance on his mind,
 But land and town in ashes lays.

"God hath filled me with delight!
 Like a golden star, behold,
 Like a kernel smooth and bright,
 Peels the metal from the mould!
 How the whole doth gleam
 Like the sunny beam!
 And in the escutcheon's shield
 Is a master hand revealed.

"Come in and see!
 Stand, comrades, round, and lend your aid

To christen now the bell we've made!
Concordia her name shall be.
 In bonds of peace and concord may her peal
 Unite the loving congregation's zeal.

"And this be henceforth her vocation,
 The end and aim of her creation;



THE BELL.

"Pull boys, pull boys, raise!
 See, she moves, she sways!
 O'er our town let gladness reign,
 Peace, be this her first refrain!"

Above this nether world shall she
 In Heaven's azure vault appear,
 The neighbor of the thunder be,
 And border on the starry sphere;
 A voice of Heaven from above
 Like yonder host of stars so clear,
 Who laud their maker as they move,

And usher in the circling year,
Tun'd be her metal mouth alone
To things eternal and sublime,
And as the swift-wing'd hours speed on,
May she record the flight of time!
Her tongue to Fate she well may lend;
Heartless herself and feeling nought,
May with her warning notes attend
On human life, with change so fraught.
And, as the strains die on the ear
That she peals forth with tuneful might,
So let her teach that nought lasts here,
That all things earthly take their flight!

"Now then, with the rope so strong,
From the vault the bell upweigh,
That she gain the realm of song,
And the heav'nly light of day!
 Pull boys, pull boys, raise!
 See, she moves, she sways!
O'er our town let gladness reign,
Peace, be this her first refrain!"

MISCELLANEOUS.

BOOK REVIEWS AND NOTES.

Rev. Alfred W. Martin, Minister of the Seattle Society for Universal Religion, has written a thoughtful essay on *Immortality and Modern Thought*, in which he dwells on old and new conceptions of immortality, in four chapters: (I) Foundation for the Faith in Immortality; (II) Do We Earn Immortality? (III) Popular Abuses of the Faith in Immortality and Its Supreme Use; (IV) Life Here in the Light of Life Hereafter.

J. C. Hinrichs of Leipsic has just published *The Songs of an Egyptian Peasant*, collected and translated into German by Heinrich Schaefer, into English by Frances Hart Breasted. The English edition that lies before us contains one hundred and thirty-four poems of Mahmūd Mohammed el-'Itr, a fellah of the higher type who serves as a watchman of the Administration of the Antiquities in the Desert of Saqqara. The book is illustrated, (though not printed on good paper), the frontispiece being the Fellah-poet sitting before his tent, gun in hand. The other illustrations picture scenes in Egypt, landscapes, popular types, etc. Most of the poems are of a religious character, but the collection contains also songs of love, philosophy, and kindred topics.

Bill Hickman, the Danite chief of Utah, has written his confessions in a book with explanatory notes by J. H. Beadle, which was first published in 1872; and the Shepard Publishing Co., 22 State St., Salt Lake City, Utah, have republished the book at the price of \$1.00 per bound copy, and 50 cents in paper.

We are in receipt of a fine tribute paid to Muriel Strode by a member of Rabbi Hirsch's congregation. Mr. Walter Scott Rosenbaum, son of Mr. J. Rosenbaum, well known in Chicago business circles. It is interesting to notice how Miss Strode's *Little Book of Prayer* has been approved of by thinking men representing so different, and indeed opposed views as those of a Christian clergyman and one of the leaders of the Freethought movement. Jews belong to a third class in which progressiveness is combined with a conservative spirit. Mr. Rosenbaum writes as follows:

"*My Little Book of Prayer* is an heirloom—the original possessors were the old inspired prophets. Sacredly it has come down through the centuries, embedded in and ascending with the soul of man. It is the spirit of truth—

divine legacy immanent in the human soul, endlessly reverberated from one generation to another, expanding and enriched in its infinite course.

"*My Little Book of Prayer* is the Æolian harp, the soul of emancipated man, a literature of feeling rather than of thought, of heart-beats rather than cerebrations: It is, in a measure, as strikingly the ripened heritage of the ages as Shakespeare's soul or Darwin's mind. Nations, not individuals, beget genius; Miss Strode's book is an incontrovertible evidence of the continuous evolution of nations—and man.

"The prayers are timely. Through man's upward struggle the essence of prayer has been changed, and the prayers of yesterday are gone with its snows. Anthropomorphism, with all it implies, and self-mortification, have become anachronistic. Prayer to-day earns its holy name only in proportion as it incorporates truth—Modern prayer is winged to the God within. (Quoting Miss Strode) 'I am the supplicant and I am the God that answers prayer. I prayed for deliverance and to prove the efficacy of prayer, I became my own deliverer.'

"Though there may be 'A destiny that shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we will,' yet Miss Strode's invigorating philosophy impels the thought that the ends themselves are of our own choosing. The book is a revelation to the individual of the worlds that are his—not for the asking but for the trying—and it not only stimulates but inspires him to make the trial."

Count Leo Tolstoy has communicated to the Parisian Journal *Le Matin* his views concerning the present condition of Russia. He declares that the possibility of a great national revolution is excluded. Judging from Russia's past he would expect only a palace-revolution. He himself would not have advocated the convening of the *Zemstvo Sobor* although he approves of it. This institution, however, would help the Czar only to learn of the wishes of the people, or more especially of the peasants, but he does not believe that any man coming from the higher circles of life will venture to discuss any matters of importance at its meeting. For every one knows that in that country there is some one upon whose humor it depends whether or not everything that is said there is to be ignored. Thus the result will be that the *Zemstvo Sobor* will be incapable of bringing about any reform. Nevertheless, according to Tolstoy reforms are inevitable, and he feels convinced that before the year closes many features of the physiognomy of Russia will be thoroughly changed. It is especially noticeable that Tolstoy in the present complication regrets nothing more than the irreconcilable hatred of the two parties which are at present pitted against each other. The crimes of the government are the main cause of this intolerable situation. "And yet," adds the great reformer, "there is a book, the doctrines of which can procure the happiness of all. It is the Gospel, the best of all socialistic works, and in the Gospel we read, 'There shall be famines and pestilences and earthquakes in divers places. . . . And because iniquity shall abound, the love of many shall wax cold.' The condition of happiness lies in the communal possession of the earth."

We have asked Professor Carruth to write an article on "Schiller's Religion," which will presumably appear in the next number of *The Open Court*.

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By Hugo de Vries

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Edited by Daniel Trembly MacDougal, Assistant
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Devoted to the Science of Religion, the Religion of Science, and the
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CONTENTS:

	PAGE
<i>Frontispiece. Creed or Conviction.</i> C. GOLDSBOROUGH ANDERSON.	
<i>Schiller's Religion.</i> W. H. CARRUTH.	321
<i>Some Old Time Conjurers.</i> (Illustrated.) HENRY RIDGELY EVANS.....	337
<i>The Widow's Mite.</i> THADDEUS B. WAKEMAN.	358
<i>The Immortality of the Soul.</i> EDITOR.	363
<i>France and the Vatican.</i> YVES GUYOT.....	369
<i>Father Hyacinthe and His Wife.</i> (With Portraits.).....	371
<i>A Caprice on a Musical Theme.</i> EDITOR.....	376
<i>"The Third Commandment."</i> M. GELDZAELER.....	379
<i>Kappamanavapuccha.</i> (Poem.) E. P. BUFFET.	380
<i>Church and State in France.</i> EDITOR.	381
<i>Creed or Conviction.</i>	381
<i>Erratum.</i>	382
<i>Book Reviews and Notes.</i>	382

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CREED OR CONVICTION.

BY C. GOLDSBOROUGH ANDERSON.

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SCHILLER'S RELIGION.

BY W. H. CARRUTH.

IN view of the great changes which have taken place since Schiller's death, both in religious thought and in the average standpoint of the professional exponents of religion, a review of the judgments of Schiller in this respect seems called for, and this the more since it is reasonable to assume that no new material is now likely to come to light either from the pen of Schiller himself or from those of his competent contemporaries.

The labels "rationalist," "skeptic," "atheist," "deist," "infidel," which were once applied so freely and so indiscriminately to any one who differed in religious opinion from those who applied the labels, have changed their meaning or lost much of their reproach, and need to be examined and readjusted, if not thrown into the waste-basket altogether.

In the eighteenth century the doctrine "orthodoxy is my -doxy" went so far as to deny the name of religion to any but the Christian and ancient Hebrew faiths; indeed the more zealous members of the two great camps of Christendom inclined to deny the name to each other, to Protestantism and Catholicism as the case might be. Christianity was religion: all other beliefs were "superstitions," "paganism," and their adherents "infidels." At the same time it was quite common to confuse under the one common name of religion three more or less distinct things: theology, or the *theories about religion*; the Church, or the *outward forms and institutions of religion*; and the personal life and walk of the individual, his relation to God. Indeed it was rather the first two of these which were commonly meant when religion was under discussion.

In his *German Culture and Christianity*, London, 1882, Joseph

Gostwick says apologetically of Schiller: "As regards his unbelief, he must be classed with the more respectable rationalists." And of his middle life he says: "The poet, naturally a proud man, learned to look down with contempt on everything that in his boyhood had been believed." And as a sort of final judgment: "When the saying is once more repeated that for Schiller independent culture takes the place of religion, the truth of the conclusion is obvious, though it may require some qualification." This qualification is found in the statement at the end of the chapter on Schiller, that "there may be found passages in his later prose writings to support our opinion that near the close of his life he was led to think with reverence of religion." This judgment of Gostwick's may stand as a fair sample of the conservative view of Schiller's religion, and this by one who is partial to the poet and would fain count him as a fellow-believer.

On the other hand, there have not been wanting genial and charitable enthusiasts who have claimed Schiller as inherently a good Christian. Schlurick, for instance, in his *Schiller und die Bibel* says: "But his heart was richly impregnated with the spirit of the Bible and of Christianity." And Roscher, in his *Geistliche Gedanken eines Nationalökonoms*, expresses the opinion that Schiller "needed only to have his eyes opened (*bedurfte nur eines kleinen Starstiches*) in order to quickly become a very good Christian." It is hardly worth while to mention those suspicious orthodox of an older day who accused Schiller of a secret leaning toward Catholicism, or even of actual entrance into the mother Church, basing their suspicions, of course, on the poet's serious and reverent treatment of the Catholic rites in *Maria Stuart* and *Die Jungfrau von Orleans*.

Judgments of this sort once become current and conventional maintain themselves often for considerable periods among people who would by no means formulate them on their own account. Thus the orthodox opinion of the eighteenth century concerning Schiller's religion prevailed to some extent throughout the nineteenth century and is accepted to-day by those who are not disposed to re-examine the judgments of the past.

It is important to bear in mind, in considering Schiller's utterances on the subject of religion, that he himself was in some measure a victim of this religious astigmatism, or, if not, that he used the word religion frequently in the same partial senses as did his contemporaries, in order to be understood by them.

Moreover, we must ourselves learn to distinguish between the

poet's theological speculations, his sympathetic imaginings, and his deep convictions, which are to be judged chiefly by his life. So greatly has the religious climate of the present time changed, that the life seems now to be regarded as almost the only religious manifestation worth considering, if we may judge from certain recent biographies of Schiller, which abstain from all reference to the poet's religion distinctly as such.

Some light is thrown upon the religious development of Friedrich Schiller by the religious conditions surrounding his youth. His father and mother were sincerely pious adherents of the official Lutheran Church. They do not seem to have taken any interest in matters of doctrine. On the contrary, their religion was a simple matter of obeying the laws, worshiping their God, and observing the rites of the Church. In this simple religion they reared their children. The fact that they early destined Friedrich for the pulpit is not so much a proof that they were exceptionally devoted to the spread of the Gospel as that they approved of the ministry as a safe and useful calling. Young Friedrich's precocious predilection for improvising pulpits out of chairs and preaching at his playmates is sufficiently accounted for by the fact that he knew his parents' wish in the matter.

Under the influence of Pastor Moser, a truly zealous and benignant soul, it may well be that Schiller's piety sent down some roots into his youthful mind. But at the age of eleven he was brought under the instruction of the shallow and bigoted Zilling, whose insistence on the incomprehensible elements of the catechism undoubtedly sowed the seeds of dissent in the breast of the child he was preparing for confirmation. The unfavorable impression caused by this official representative of religion was supported in a positive way by the reading of Herder, Lessing, Rousseau, Mendelssohn, and Garve's comments on Ferguson.

These philosophical writers were the strongest influence upon Schiller's thought from his fifteenth to his twentieth year. But there is no reason to believe that the change to more liberal views was accompanied by any deep spiritual convulsions, such as those through which religious dissenters in Scotland or New England passed a generation later. *Die Räuber* and *Resignation* show clearly that he felt painfully the breach with the faith of his childhood. But if ever he passed through a spiritual "slough of despond" it was in the years 1783 to 1787, when his doubts were newest and strongest and at the same time his outward circumstances most depressing. Yet Schiller's enthusiastic and sanguine temperament

seems to have prevented his ever sinking into the depths of "the everlasting Nay," or at least his tarrying there any length of time. This was also due to the fact that the dogmas which he found himself obliged to surrender had never been deeply insisted on at home, or by those he loved, as necessary to salvation.

The sources for a judgment of Schiller's religious convictions must be: (1) The declarations of his contemporaries; (2) his own writings; (3) his life.

Of these the second and third are of vastly greater validity and importance than the first. Moreover, the utterances of really competent persons regarding Schiller's distinctly religious views and convictions are singularly scant, so far as I have been able to investigate, excepting for his youth, when in the nature of the case they are much less significant.

Of utterances by others regarding his religion, decidedly the most distinct is that of Karoline von Wolzogen, in her *Life of Schiller*:

"The universal significance of Christianity, the pure and holy personality of its founder, the infinite profundity of Nature filled him with reverence, which became more and more deep and sincere toward the end of his life. Truth and love were the religion of his heart, its result the striving after the purest things of earth and after the infinite and eternal—the true life of his spirit—which, despite its short stay on earth, left in all souls that could appreciate the higher life the conviction that few were ever nobler or had exercised a richer and more enduring activity than he."

This might serve as a summary of all that we can accumulate from Schiller's own utterances. Next to this stands the testimony of the one man best fitted to judge calmly and well, Goethe: "This Christ-spirit (*Tendenz*) was innate in Schiller. He touched nothing common without ennobling it"—to Zelter (9. XI) 1830. This is really better than the two beautiful lines of the *Epilog zum Lied von der Glocke*:

"Denn hinter ihm, in wesenlosem Scheine
Lag, was uns alle bändigt, das Gemeine."

This utterance of Goethe's is a double tribute, and the fuller of meaning for Schiller because Goethe was not wont to recognize or to pay tribute to the Christ-ideal.

As against these judgments of two of the most competent contemporaries I know of practically no opposite opinion based upon personal acquaintance with the man, but only such as arose in the criticism of Schiller's works, such for instance as Stolberg's review

of *Die Götter Griechenlands* in the *Deutsches Museum*, wherein he charges Schiller with blasphemy. But we are as competent as any one to form an opinion on the poet's published works, and hence we need not consider these charges.

In attempting to judge of Schiller's religion from his published and written words we shall group these under (1) letters; (2) essays and histories; (3) lyrics and ballads; (4) dramas and prose fiction. Translations may clearly be left out of account.

Utterances found in the first two of these groups may reasonably be taken at their face value, subject to a few minor deductions to be mentioned later. Lyrics and gnomic verse are much more surely the genuine expression of the poet's thought than ballads. In the ballad, especially when it is of a narrative or even dramatic character, we must hesitate to identify the sentiments of the personages with those of the poet himself. Finally, for the dramas and narrative fiction of the rules of interpretation must vary somewhat with the individual piece. In general, it may be safe to attribute to the poet the sentiments of the nobler personages—those who are plainly the poet's favorites, Karl Moor, Luise, Posa, Max Piccolomini, Maria Stuart, Paulet, Johanna—and to hold him guiltless of the sentiments expressed by the villains, such as Franz Moor, von Walther, Philipp, Gessler, and others. But in the case of commonplace and colorless characters, and those made up of good and evil, such as Fiesko, Don Karlos, Wallenstein, and the brothers in *Die Braut von Messina*, it is questionable whether we are justified in attributing any of their sentiments to the poet himself,—certainly not if these sentiments are clearly in conflict with sentiments expressed by the poet when writing *in propria persona*.

In saying this I do not ignore the fact that a man may harbor and even express conflicting sentiments. But we may trust the more permanent quality of those set down deliberately in letters and essays and histories. The evidence of the dramas is good when confirmatory of these testimonies, doubtful when it conflicts with them.

RELIGION.

On the subject of religion in general, apart from the special form of it which prevailed in his environment, Schiller has many serious thoughts, showing that he recognized it as one of the fundamental human institutions.

In a letter to Göschen, the publisher, 1792, touching a proposed history of the Reformation, he says: "I should be very sorry to

neglect this splendid opportunity to influence the whole nation in its conception of religion and to bring about by this single book perhaps a profound revolution in matters of belief."

In the Letters to the Duke of Augustenburg on Aesthetic Education it seems at times as though Schiller dreamed that the cult of beauty was to displace religion. But it seems to me that he aims rather at ennobling religion by the cult of beauty than at substituting the one for the other. "Just as the madman in lucid intervals subjects himself voluntarily to bonds,—so we are under obligation when free from the assaults of passion to bind ourselves by religion and æsthetic culture. . . . I have deliberately put religion and taste into the same class here, because both have the merit of serving as a substitute for true virtue. . . . Religion is to the sensual man (the man governed by his senses) what taste is to the refined man—taste is for every-day life, religion is for extreme needs. We must cling to one of these two supports, if not better to both, so long as we are not gods." Very much the same thing is said in a letter to Goethe about *Wilhelm Meister*, 1796. Perhaps the same notion of religion, as dominated by taste, is in his mind when in a letter to Goethe, 1803, about the approaching visit of Madame de Staël, he says, "But it will be a hard matter to portray our religion to her in French phrases."

But that he did not intend to separate his cult of beauty from the religion of his time is shown in a letter to Zelter, 1804, regarding a proposed Academy of Art: "Few feel that it is high time to do something for art, but it is possible to show everybody that the condition of religion cannot remain as it is. And since people are ashamed to have religion themselves and want to pass for emancipated (*aufgeklärt*), we must be very glad if we can aid religion through art. Berlin first lighted the torch of a rational religious freedom in the dark days of superstition. Now in the days of unbelief a different glory is to be won without sacrificing the first: let Berlin now add warmth to light and ennoble Protestantism, of which she is destined to be the metropolis."

In the essay on *Die Schaubühne als moralische Anstalt betrachtet*, 1784, occur a number of reflections on the subject of the service of the stage to religion, incidentally revealing the poet's views of religion in general. "To the greater portion of mankind religion is nothing if we take away its symbols, its problems, if we destroy its pictures of heaven and hell, and yet these are mere pictures of the imagination, riddles without solution, scarecrows and baits from the distance. . . . Even before Nathan the Jew and

Saladin the Saracen put us to shame and preached to us the divine doctrine that our devotion to God is not dependent on our notions about God, the stage had planted humanity and gentleness in our hearts."

From the essay *Vom Erhabenen* I take the following: "The divinity, then, represented as a power which is, indeed, able to cancel our existence, but which, while this existence is ours, can exercise no control over the processes of our reason, is dynamically sublime—and only that religion which gives us such a conception of the divinity bears the stamp of sublimity."

Of the more precise nature of his own religion Schiller did not write much, save touching special doctrines and concrete applications. (See, however, p. 334.) Aside from the passages already quoted a few passages from the dramas show that it was to his mind a profound and elemental interest of all living creatures. It is interesting to recall that Schiller wrote *Die Räuber*, according to his own Preface, "to overthrow vice and to avenge religion, morality and civil laws upon their enemies." The dramas are indeed full of the elements of religion. *Don Karlos* is dominated by God's providence and *Wilhelm Tell* by His justice. Ferdinand, in *Kabale und Liebe*, says: "If we can no longer serve God in a temple, the night will come with her inspiring awe, the moon with her changes will preach repentance, and a worshipful church of stars will join us in prayer." Wallenstein exclaims: "There is religion in the instincts of animals, and even the savage will not drink with the victim into whose breast he is about to thrust his knife." And Max says, also in *Wallenstein's Tod*: "O even the fair, sweet promptings of hospitality and of loyal friendship are to the heart a sacred religion." This suggests an expression in a letter to Charlotte von Lengefeld, 1787: "I shall build me an altar here where I can turn my face toward Rudolstadt, for there is my religion and my prophet."

Perhaps the best attempt to state his principles briefly is found in a letter to Erhard, 1795, although he does not call it a summary of his religion: "Ardent for the idea of humanity, kind and humane toward individual men, and indifferent to the race as a whole as I find it—that is my motto."

GOD.

From the letters of the poet's school years we learn that his belief in God and a future life is strong, and that these are the chief articles of his creed. To Boigeol, a schoolmate, who had accused

him of "feeling God only in poetry," which Schiller understood to be a charge of insincerity, he writes resenting the imputation, saying that he has found "a higher friend, who will never fail me," to compensate for the loss of Boigeol. This friend has "commanded me to love you to all eternity," which he will accordingly do, though for the present he proposes to "cut" him. To Captain von Hoven, on the death of his son, Schiller's comrade, the poet writes consolatory phrases about "an eternally wise decree that controls our days" and his hopes of another life, concluding: "These are not conned commonplaces, but the true and genuine feelings of my heart."

From many similar expressions at intervals through his life, I select one from the year 1796, addressed to his father on the recovery of his mother: "In such events I recognize a good Providence that rules over us and my heart is most deeply stirred by it. May Heaven preserve you and deal with us all much better than we can at present hope!" Perhaps there is some ground for regarding such expressions as this as *pro forma*,—not hypocritical, but such as must be used to convey the desired impression to the parents. But if there is one confidence which seems to be unclouded in Schiller's soul, and which has a thousand supports in his poems and dramas, it is the belief in a kind and ruling Providence.

The most explicit of Schiller's utterances on this head are found in his various prose writings, notably in the Julius-Raphael Letters. The *Theosophie des Julius*, 1783-7 which indeed Julius (Schiller) confesses has been somewhat undermined by Raphael (Körner), is a sort of confession of faith, suffused with Spinozist, Platonic pantheism. "The universe is a thought of God; . . . it is the function of thinking beings to find again in this present whole the original sketch (the image of God)" . . . "Harmony, truth, system, beauty, excellence give me pleasure because they put me into the active condition of their inventor, because they betray to me the presence of a reasoning and feeling being and give me a hint of my relation to this being." . . . "Every coming spring yields me a commentary and clue to the whole riddle of death and refutes my anxious fears of an eternal sleep. . . . And so I understand the immanence of God."

"All the perfections of the universe are united in God. God and Nature are two quantities which are precisely equal. . . . Nature is an infinitely subdivided God. As in a prism a beam of white light is split up into seven darker beams, so the divine Ego has split himself up into numberless feeling substances. And as seven darker

rays may combine again into one clear beam, so from the reunion of all these substances a divine being would emerge. . . . The attraction of the elements brought about the physical form of Nature. The attraction of spirits. . . . would needs finally put an end to that separation, or bring forth God. Such an attraction is Love. . . . So Love is the ladder by which we mount to likeness with God."

Later, in 1793, in the essay *Vom Erhabenen*, we find the following: "The divinity, conceived in all its omniscience, which pierces all the windings of the human heart, in its holiness, which tolerates no impure desire, and in its might, which controls our physical existence, is a fearful conception and can therefore become a sublime conception. We can have no physical guarantee against the operations of this power because it is equally impossible for us to evade or to resist it. Therefore there remains only moral certainty, which we base upon the justice of this being and upon our own innocence."

Still later, 1797, in the well known poem, *Die Worte des Glaubens*, he expresses the same faith in a supreme ruler of the universe, while we find also several confident utterances from an earlier period in the hymn *An die Freude* (1785) and in some passages of *Die Künstler* (1789).

In the dramas the thought of God as the genius of justice recurs most frequently. Thus in *Die Räuber*, especially in the mouth of Pastor Moser, "The thought of God rouses a fearful neighbor, whose name is 'judge.'"

It is a matter of course that such personages as Maria Stuart, Thekla, Johanna, Stauffacher, and Tell should express a firm and constant belief in the support of Providence. If their utterances were all we had to judge by we might question their value as evidence for Schiller's own views. But inasmuch as they are in harmony with his views expressed elsewhere, and in view of the quantity and quality of them,* they deserve consideration. Especially in *Wilhelm Tell* are the expressions of faith in the justice of God noteworthy. "There lives a God to punish and avenge." "Oh, the decrees of God are surely just!" "Then I believe God would not let you fall, but show his favor to the righteous cause." "But God is everywhere when justice calls, and all we stand beneath His sheltering sky."

Something is fairly to be inferred from the absence in these

* See a complete collection of these evidences in my paper, *The Religion of Friedrich Schiller*, in the *Publications of the Modern Language Association of America*, XIX, 4.

dramas of certain features of Christian doctrine, such as the trinity, atonement, etc.

CHRISTIANITY.

In considering Schiller's attitude toward Christianity it will be necessary to distinguish between pure Christianity—the life and precepts of Christ—and historical Christianity—the organized Church and the hierarchy. Of the first Schiller had a high opinion. In a letter to Goethe, 1795, he says: "It seems to me that too little has yet been said about the peculiar character of the Christian religion and of Christian religious fervor; . . . that it has not yet been fully expressed what this religion may be to a sensitive soul, or rather what a sensitive soul can make of it." And later in the same letter: "I find in the Christian religion the potentiality of all that is noblest and best; and the various manifestations of it in life seem to me to be so repellent and foolish merely because they are a blundering exposition of this highest. If we look for the distinguishing characteristic of Christianity, the one that distinguishes it from all other monotheistic religions, we find that it lies precisely in the suspension of the law, or of the Kantian imperative, in the place of which Christianity wishes to see established a voluntary and loving consent. It is, therefore, in its pure form a manifestation of beautiful morality, or of the incarnation of the Holy, and in this sense the only æsthetic religion."

In spite of this declaration, Schiller wrote almost no poems inspired by any distinctively Christian sentiment. One exception is *Die Johanniter*.

In Schiller's inaugural address as professor of history in Jena, *Was heisst und zu welchem Ende studiert man Universalgeschichte?* are several strong expressions and implications regarding Christianity, though it may be claimed that public policy dictated them in view of the exceptional occasion. But there is little room to doubt that Schiller was sincere in his high regard for the ideal Christianity. "Even our religion, distorted as it is by the faithless hands that have transmitted it to us, who can fail to recognize in it the ennobling influence of the better philosophy?" "In order that we might meet here as Christians, it was necessary that this religion be prepared by innumerable revolutions." "The Christian religion has such a manifold relation to the present condition of the world that its appearance is the most important fact in the history of the world. But neither in the time when it appeared nor in the

people among whom it originated is there to be found, from lack of sources, a satisfactory explanation of its appearance."

Sentiments of devout Christianity and Catholicism in the mouth of Johanna or of Maria Stuart are of course no evidence that Schiller held the same point of view, and need not be cited. Yet, the scantiness of doctrinal utterances from even such characters has a certain negative value in interpreting the poet.

But when we turn to expressions of disapproval of the organized Church, expressions which might easily be mistaken for Christianity *per se*, we find an abundance of material, the distrust of the hierarchy not being limited to any particular confession. A letter to Hans von Wolzogen, 1783, refers to the misfortunes of an ex-Catholic priest, "a living example of how much mischief the priests can do." In a letter to Körner, 1787, regarding Herder's sermon, which he had just heard: "But I must confess to you frankly that no preaching appeals to me. Sermons are for the common man. The intellectual man who defends them is either narrow, a visionary or a hypocrite." A number of letters contain gentle raillery upon his own or his friends' lack of Christianity. "For a long time the steady decline of true Christianity in the Lengefeld family has lain upon my Christian heart like a hundred pound weight." His work on *Der Geisterseher* "has almost unsettled my Christianity, which as you know not all the powers of hell have been able to shake." "You (Charlotte and Karoline) are beginning with the belief in sympathy and will end by becoming Christians. I shudder at the prospect." To Niethammer: "Heaven grant that no Würtemberg pulpit take you from us prematurely. That would not be calculated to reconcile me to Christianity (*dem lieben Christentum*), which, *inter nos*, has so little more to lose with me" (1791). To Körner, 1793: "But I doubt very much whether Kant has done well to support the Christian religion with philosophical arguments. All that can be expected from the well known character of the defenders of (the Christian) religion is that they will accept the support but reject the philosophical reasoning, and Kant will have accomplished nothing but to have patched up the crumbling structure of folly."

In the essay *Die Schaubühne als moralische Anstalt betrachtet*, occurs this passage at the same time praising pure Christianity and condemning the abuse of it by the hierarchy: "The religion of Christ was the wacry when America was depopulated. Damiens and Ravailac murdered to glorify the religion of Christ. and Charles IX in Paris fired upon the fleeing Huguenots. But who would dream of charging up to the gentlest of all religions an out-

rage which the rudest animalism would solemnly abjure!" From the *Abfall der Niederlande* a number of passages attest the same attitude. "Charles V, who in this great religious division had taken the side which a despot could not fail to take." "The clergy had always been a support of the royal power, and could not be otherwise. Their golden age always coincided with the servitude of the human mind, and like royalty we see them derive their harvest from stupidity and sensuality."

Unwarranted concern was aroused by *Die Götter Griechenlands*. It is a comparison of ideal Greek religion with a distorted conception of Christianity—the Christianity of asceticism (see the letter to Körner on this subject).

Of the dramas *Die Räuber* alone contains similar attacks on the organized Church, although it is professedly written in defence of true religion.

IMMORTALITY.

On the various details of the popular creeds Schiller scarcely touches at all. Indeed one might well derive from his silence a fair notion of the non-essentials in religion. Only on the subject of immortality do we find abundant utterance. In the main this utterance implies or distinctly expresses a belief in, or a hope for, personal immortality. In some cases there is a distinct doubt of this, or the expression of a different ideal of immortal life.

In his earlier letters, as that to Captain von Hoven on the death of the latter's son, the attempt to comfort makes a belief in immortality almost perfunctory. On the other hand, in letters to W. von Wolzogen regarding his mother's death and in others regarding his own and his mother's ill health there is a notable absence of allusion to a future life. On the death of his father the only expression on this head is rather non-committal: "It is well with him." To W. von Humboldt on the death of the latter's son he writes: "I know of no consolation but that which time will bring."

While the poem *Resignation* contains the most magnificent denial of immortality to be found anywhere in literature, other writings of about the same time strike the opposite chord. For instance:

"Life's counterfeit, by Hope, the fair deceiver,
 Embalmed with Death to lie!
 Time's bloodless mummy, niched in tombs forever,
 Which the crazed fancy of delirious fever
 Calls Immortality!

"Death has been silent for six thousand years;
Nor from the grave one corpse to living ears
Of the Requirer told."

On the other hand, certain lines from the *Theosophie des Julius*, the hymn *An die Freude*, and *Die Klage der Ceres* are worthy of consideration.

Several earlier poems, *Eine Leichenphantasie* and *Elegie auf den Tod eines Jünglings*, are very pronounced in their definite belief in resurrection, but are perhaps not so valid as later utterances. Of later poems among the finest (for there are many) is the familiar passage from *Das Lied von der Glocke*. And still more positive is the tone of the whole poem, *Die Hoffnung*.

Here and there occurs an expression with a less certain note, as in the inaugural address: "To every person with talents there is open a path to immortality—I mean to the true immortality, in which the deed lives and hastens onward even though the name of the performer be left behind." And with this goes the famous distich on *Immortality*:

"Fearest thou death, and wishest forever to live?
Live in the Whole, it will last when thou long art dust."

The dramas are full of beautiful passages bearing a belief in personal immortality.

PRAYER.

It is clear from a letter to Körner, 1788, that Schiller did not indulge in formal prayer: "If I could pray I would include you in my prayers." And this notwithstanding such expressions as the following: "Tell my mother that I sympathize deeply with her in her sufferings and am sending my best wishes to Heaven for her." But if we raise the question of the true meaning and value of prayer, who shall set himself up to judge against such devout thoughts as this?

THE BIBLE.

While in *Die Räuber* Schiller professes indignation against those who assail the noble simplicity of the Scriptures, in a letter to Goethe, 1787, he says: "I must confess that I approach these records with such a lack of faith on all historical points that your doubts regarding a single point seem to me to be very reasonable. To me the Bible only is true where it is naïve; in all the rest, which is written with actual consciousness, I suspect a purpose and a later

origin." While this is far from the standpoint of modern criticism, it leaves no doubt that Schiller did not accept the Bible as an exceptionally inspired or infallible book.

CREED.

If we look for condensed expressions of Schiller's faith, aside from those already incidentally quoted, we may well consider these: "I confess frankly, I believe in the actuality of unselfish love. I am lost if there is no such thing; I surrender God, immortality, and virtue. I have no longer any evidence for these hopes if I cease to believe in love."—From the *Theosophie des Julius*. And from a letter to Körner, 1787: "I have but one norm for morality, and that, I believe, the severest: Is the act which I am about to perform good or bad for the world if it should become universal." This is but a modification of Kant's familiar rule, and, after all, but an abstract formulation of the Golden Rule of Jesus.

Finally the famous and somewhat hackneyed *Die Worte des Glaubens*, in which the "three words," or essentials of Schiller's faith, are Liberty, Virtue, and God. The final stanza makes the appeal:

"Hold fast these three words of belief, and about
From lip unto lip, full of thought, let them flee;
They take not their birth from the being without,
But a voice from within will their oracle be;
And never in man will all true worth be o'er
Till in these three words he believes no more."

Julian Schmidt in *Schiller und seine Zeitgenossen*, expresses doubts of the sincerity of Schiller's sentiments in the *Theosophie des Julius*, finding there only beautiful pictures, more poetic imagination than overwhelming love of truth. Thus Schmidt repeats the reproach made to the youthful poet by his schoolmate Boigeol (page 327). But it seems to me that this criticism suffers from a painful misconception of the inherent nature of religion. A theosophy is a philosophy of the universe, and it is not yet religion. It may be a very important basis of religion, or again it may merely be abstracted from religion, but it is not itself religion. As Matthew Arnold defined religion to be "morality touched with emotion," so from another side of the same subject, one may define religion as theosophy touched with emotion. Emotion is at least an essential factor of religion.

In one way I regard Schiller's poems as a better evidence for

his religion than all his philosophical letters and disquisitions, and for this very reason: in the poems we find his philosophical speculations touched with emotion, and this very fact proves that they were sincere, this fact makes them religious.

While Schiller sometimes speaks with suspicion or even with hostility of "religion," it is quite easy to see in such cases that he has in mind the hierarchy or some certain outward religious organization. His famous epigram,

"What my religion? Of those that thou namest none;
The reason thou askest? 'Tis easy: Because I've religion,"

shows how keenly the poet distinguished between the spirit and the form of religion.

Religion was for Schiller: the longing and the striving for harmony with the spirit and tendency of the universe. This essence of all religion he embraced with a fervor and a deep reverence not exceeded by the most pronounced devotees of any sect.

From Schiller's letters and his various essays and histories alone we may then derive his views on the elements of religion and the various phases of religion as follows:

Schiller rejected practically the whole theological system of the Church as he understood it, and, very explicitly:

All impeachments of the law-full-ness of the Universe, including Special Revelation, the inspiration and peculiar authority of the Bible, the exceptional divinity of Jesus, his miraculous origin and deeds, and especial providences.

He distrusted religious organizations of all kinds, fearing their tendency to fetter the human spirit, whereas he found the very life of the spirit to consist in the liberty to discover and assimilate the will of God. Hence he avoided and to some extent antagonized the hierarchy, the clergy, public worship, and all rites and ceremonies.

And from these sources, supported by the evidence of his poems and dramas, we find that his religious sentiment, far from being simply negative, was deep and reverent and sincere. The one simple couplet, *Mein Glaube*, shows why he stood apart from the religious organizations of his day. And while the poet's reverent spirit shunned the formulation of a credo, the foregoing extracts from his writings afford ample basis for declaring that he held the following beliefs in a more or less positive way:

He believed steadfastly, with no more hesitation and intermission than many a patriarch and saint, in one All-good, All-

wise, All-knowing, Loving Power, immanent in the Universe, and especially in man.

He believed in Virtue supremely and trusted the Inner Voice, its monitor, holding virtue to be the harmonious adaptation of the individual's will to the will of God as revealed in the laws and history of the universe and in the heart of man.

He believed with a strong faith in Immortality, wavering sometimes as to the persistence of the individual consciousness, and rejecting all attempts to locate and condition the future state.

He believed in the Brotherhood of man, and trusted man as the image of God on earth.

He recognized the greatness of Jesus of Nazareth and revered his ethics and his life.

He recognized the immense service to mankind of the Christian religion.

He was intensely reverent toward all that was good and beautiful, and worshiped sincerely in his own way, which was, indeed, not the way of the Church.

But for one who was so inherently religious in the very fibre and marrow of his being, the attempts to demonstrate his religion seem bare and dead. It is a case of the letter that killeth.

Schiller had a true feeling in his youth when he believed himself called to preach. And in fact he did not forsake the calling, but chose only a wider and freer pulpit than the Church at that time afforded him. Every one who approached Schiller closely in life or in his writings was impressed with this sense of his priestly and prophetic character, using the words in their best sense. So true is this, that one of the chief criticisms of Schiller's work, on the part of those who hold that the artist must love beauty for beauty's sake alone, has been this tendency to preach.

For my own part, the beauty of outward Nature, the beauty of truth, and the beauty of holiness seem to me but varying manifestations of the one Beauty. A complete religion will ignore none of them, though apparently it will dwell more and more on the beauty of virtue. The supreme poet will ever be near to the priest, and I cannot find their alliance a reproach to either.

From the standpoint of the enlightened thought of the twentieth century Schiller was without question a deeply religious man, and all of his writings no less than his life bear testimony to the fact.

SOME OLD TIME CONJURERS.

BY HENRY RIDGELY EVANS.

I LOVE to read about the old-time conjurers, the contemporaries of Robert-Houdin, or his immediate successors. Literature on the subject is very sparse indeed. In his memoirs, Houdin gives us a few thumbnail sketches of his rivals in the mystic art, and then dismisses them with a kindly, *Vale*. He has something to say about Bosco's personal appearance and performances, but makes no mention of the romantic incidents in the great magician's career. I shall try in this paper to sketch the lives of some of these men, basing my information on rare *brochures* contained in the Ellison Library, and from information picked up by Mr. Harry Houdini in Europe. The great encyclopedic dictionary of Larousse—a monument of French erudition—contains something about Philippe, Robin and Comte. Mr. Ellis Stanyon, a conjurer of London, and author of several valuable little treatises on magic, has kindly furnished me with interesting data; the files of old newspapers in the British Museum, and the Library of Congress have also been drawn upon. Let us begin with

COMTE.

Louis Apollinaire Comte was a magician of great skill, a mimic and ventriloquist. He was born in Geneva, Switzerland, June 22, 1788, and died at Rueil, France, November 25, 1859. On one occasion he was denounced by some superstitious Swiss peasants as a sorcerer, set upon and beaten with clubs, and was about to be thrown into a lime kiln. His ventriloquial powers saved his life. He caused demoniacal voices to proceed from the kiln, whereupon his tormenters fled from the spot in affright, imagining that they were addressed by the Powers of Darkness.

When summoned to appear before Louis XVIII, at the palace of the Tuilleries, Comte arranged a clever mystification to amuse

his royal patron. During the course of the entertainment he requested the king to select a card from a pack. By his address, he caused the monarch to draw the king of hearts. Placing the card in a pistol, Comte fired it at a bouquet of flowers on a table, declaring that the pasteboard would appear in the bouquet. Immediately, a bust of the king was seen among the flowers.

"What does this mean?" said Louis XVIII, with a sarcastic smile. "I fancy, sir, your trick has not ended as you stated."

"I beg your Majesty's pardon," Comte replied, with a profound bow. "I have quite kept my promise. I pledged myself that the king of hearts should appear in that bouquet of flowers, and I appeal to all Frenchmen whether that bust does not represent *the king of all hearts.*"

The experiment was applauded to the echo by those present. The *Royal Journal* of the 20th of December, 1814, thus describes the affair:

"The whole audience exclaimed in reply to M. Comte, 'We recognize him—it is he—the king of all hearts! the beloved of the French—of the whole universe—Louis XVIII, the august great-grandson of Henri Quatre?'"

"The king, much affected by these warm acclamations, complimented M. Comte on his skill.

"'It would be a pity,' he said to him, 'to order such a talented sorcerer to be burnt alive. You have caused us too much pleasure for us to cause you pain. Live many years, for yourself in the first place, and then for us.'"

Comte was an adept at the art of flattery. Perhaps all the while, he and the fickle courtiers of the Tuilleries were secretly laughing at the poor old Bourbon king, the scion of a race that had all but ruined France, and were wishing back from Elba that Thunderbolt of War—Napoleon the Great.

Comte was made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor by Louis Philippe.

PHILIPPE.

Philippe Talon was born at Alais, near Nimes (France). He carried on the trade of confectioner first in Paris, afterwards in Aberdeen, Scotland. Failing to make a success of the sugar business, he adopted conjuring as a profession, and was remarkably successful. He was assisted by a young Scotchman named Macalister, who on the stage appeared as a negro, "Domingo." Macalister, a clever mechanic, invented many of the best things in Philippe's rep-

ertoire. From some Chinese jugglers, Philippe learned the gold-fish trick and the Chinese rings. With these capital experiments added to his programme, he repaired to Paris, in 1841, and made a great hit. Habited like a Chinaman, he performed them in a scene called "A festival of a Palace in Nankin." The fish trick he ostentatiously named "Neptune's Basins, or the Gold Fish." The howls of water containing the fish he produced from shawls while standing



HENRY ROBIN.

on a low table. He followed this with a production of rabbits, pigeons, ducks, chickens, etc.

ROBIN.

Robin, the celebrated prestidigitateur, was born in Holland about 1805, and died in Paris in 1874. His little theatre on the Boulevard du Temple was the scene of some of the finest exhibitions of conjuring. Robin was a man of considerable attainments in the

science of optics. He revived Robertson's ghost show with immense success, adding to it the latest effects, such as Pepper's illusions. When the Davenport Brothers, pretended spiritualists, came to Paris, Robin duplicated all their tricks at his theatre. He did much to discredit the charlatans. About 1869 he gave up his theatre, and became the proprietor of a hotel on the Boulevard Mazas. For several years he conducted a journal called the *Almanach illustré de Cagliostro*. He is the author of two works on magic: *Histoire des spectres vivants et impalpables*, and *Secrets de la physique amusante*, Paris, 1864.

BOSCO.

I look again into the magic mirror of the past. Who is this portly figure enveloped in a be-frogged military cloak? He has the mobile visage of an Italian. There is an air of pomposity about him. His eyes are bold and piercing. He has something of the appearance of a Russian nobleman, or general under the Empire. Ah, that is the renowned Bosco, the conjurer!

Bartolomeo Bosco had an adventurous career. He was born in Turin, Italy, January 11, 1793. He came of a noble family of Peidmont. At the age of nineteen he was one of the victims caught in the meshes of the great military drag-net of Napoleon I, that fisher for men. In other words, he became "food for powder" in the Russian campaign of the Emperor of France. He was a fusilier in the 11th infantry of the line. At the battle of Borodino, in an encounter with Cossacks, Bosco was badly wounded in the side by a lance, and fell upon the ground. A son of the Cossack lancer who had wounded him, dismounted and began to rifle his pockets. Like all soldiers on a campaign, Bosco carried his fortune with him. It did not amount to very much: a watch, a keepsake from a sweetheart, a few gold pieces, a tobacco pouch, etc. Fearing to receive the *coup de grace* from his enemy, he pretended to be dead. But on realizing that if he were robbed of his money he would be left destitute in the world, he put his abilities as a conjurer to work and dexterously picked the Cossack's pocket of a well-filled purse. It was a case of Greek meeting Greek. The Russian, grumbling, perhaps, at the paucity of his ill-gotten plunder, finally mounted his horse and rode away after his comrades, to discover later on that he had been *done* and by a corpse. Later in the day Bosco was picked up from the battlefield by the Russian medical corps, and his wounds treated. He was sent a captive to Siberia, near the town of Tobolsk. His talent for *escamotage* served him well. The long winter evenings of his captiv-

ity when the snow lay deep upon the earth, and the wind howled about the prison walls, were spent by him either amusing his jailors or his fellow-soldiers. He sometimes gave exhibitions of his skill before the high officials of the place, thereby picking up considerable money. He spent his earnings generously upon his poorer brethren.



BOSCO.

(From a rare engraving in the possession of Dr. Saram R. Ellison, New York City.)

Finally, in April, 1814, he was released. He returned to Italy, to the great delight of his friends, and became a professional conjurer. Bosco was a wonderful performer of the cup-and-ball trick. He also possessed great skill with cards and coins. He traveled all over

Europe. He gave an exhibition before Marie Louise, the widow of Napoleon I, on the 27th of April, 1836. His sonorous, bizarre name has become a byword in France for deception, whether in conjuring or politics. The statesman Thiers was called the "Bosco of the Tribune." Many of Bartolomeo Bosco's imitators assumed his cognomen. At the present day there is a French magician touring the music halls of Europe, who calls himself Bosco. The original Bosco, like Alexander Herrmann, was in the habit of advertising himself by giving impromptu exhibitions of his skill in cafés, stage coaches, hotels, etc. He was wonderfully clever at this. A Parisian newspaper thus announced one of his entertainments: "The famous Bosco, who can conjure away a house as easily as a nutmeg, is about to give his performances at Paris, in which some miraculous tricks will be executed." This illusion to the nutmeg has reference to the magician's cup-and-ball trick; nutmegs frequently being used instead of cork balls. Houdin describes Bosco's stage as follows:

"I entered the little theatre and took my seat. According to the idea I had formed of a magician's laboratory, I expected to find myself before a curtain whose large folds, when withdrawn, would display before my dazzled eyes a brilliant stage ornamented with apparatus worthy of the celebrity announced; but my illusions on this subject soon faded away.

"A curtain had been considered superfluous, and the stage was open. Before me was a long three-storied sideboard, entirely covered with black serge. This lugubrious buffet was adorned with a number of wax candles, among which glistened the apparatus. At the topmost point of this strange *étagère* was a death's-head, much surprised, I have no doubt, at finding itself at such a festival, and it quite produced the effect of a funeral service.

"In front of the stage, and near the spectators, was a table covered by a brown cloth, reaching to the ground, on which five brass cups were symmetrically arranged. Finally, above this table hung a copper ball, which strangely excited my curiosity.

"For the life of me I could not imagine what this was for, so I determined to wait till Bosco came to explain it. The silvery sound of a small bell put an end to my reverie, and Bosco appeared upon the stage.

"The artiste wore a little black velvet jacket, fastened round the waist by a leathern belt of the same color. His sleeves were excessively short, and displayed a handsome arm. He had on loose black trousers, ornamented at the bottom with a ruche of lace, and a large

white collar round his neck. This strange attire bore considerable resemblance to the classical costume of the Scapins in our plays.

"After making a majestic bow to his audience, the celebrated conjurer walked silently and with measured steps up to the famous copper ball. After convincing himself it was solidly hung, he took up his wand, which he wiped with a white handkerchief, as if to re-



HOUDINI AT THE GRAVE OF BOSCO.

(From a photograph in the possession of Dr. Saram R. Ellison, New York City.)

move any foreign influence; then, with imperturbable gravity, he struck the ball thrice with it, pronouncing, amid the most solemn silence, this imperious sentence: *Spiriti mei infernali, obedite.*

"I, like a simpleton, scarce breathed in my expectation of some

miraculous result, but it was only an innocent pleasantry, a simple introduction to the performance with the cups."

After many wanderings Bartolomeo Bosco laid down his magic wand forever in Dresden, March 2, 1862; he lies buried in a cemetery just outside of that city. Mr. Harry Houdini, the American conjurer, discovered his grave on October 23, 1903. Upon the tombstone is carved the insignia of Bosco's profession—a cup-and-ball, and a wand. They are surmounted by a wreath of laurel. Says Mr. Houdini: "I found the head of the wand missing. Looking into the tall grass nearby I found the broken tip." This he presented to Dr. Saram R. Ellison, of New York. Bosco's tombstone bears the following inscription: *Ice repose le célèbre Bartolomeo Bosco: Né à Turin le 11 Janvier 1793; decede à Dresden, le 2 Mars, 1862.*

ANDERSON.

One of the most celebrated English magicians was John Henry Anderson, the far-famed "Wizard of the North." He was born in Aberdeenshire, Scotland. Early in 1840 he came to London, and made a hit at the Strand Theatre with his gun trick and other illusions. Besides being a conjurer, Anderson was a clever actor, and often appeared in melodrama. He displayed a great collection of apparatus, which he described as "a most gorgeous and costly apparatus of solid silver, the mysterious mechanical construction of which is upon a secret principle, hitherto unknown in Europe." He claimed to have been the inventor of the gun trick, but this was not so, as Torrini and others exhibited it on the Continent in the latter part of the 18th century. All that Anderson did was to invent his own peculiar method of working the illusion. "The extraordinary mystery of the trick," he said, "is not effected by the aid of any accomplice, or by inserting a tube in the muzzle of the gun, or by other conceivable devices (as the public frequently, and in some instances, correctly imagine), but any gentleman may really load the gun in the usual manner, inserting, himself, a *marked real leaden ball!* The gun being then fired off at the Wizard, he will instantly produce and exhibit the same bullet in his hand." The bullet, however, was not a genuine leaden ball, but one composed of an amalgam of tin foil and quicksilver, which is as heavy as lead, but is broken into bits and dispersed in firing. He once played at a private engagement at the Winter Palace, St. Petersburg, before the Czar Nicholas and a brilliant audience of Grand Dukes and Grand Duchesses. His exhibition of second sight was a remarkable one.

Return from Elba." It was of gigantic size. Houdin describes it and other advertising schemes as follows:

"In the foreground Anderson was seen affecting the attitude of the great man; above his head fluttered an enormous banner, bearing the words 'The Wonder of the World,' while, behind him, and somewhat lost in the shade, the Emperor of Russia and several other monarchs stood in a respectful posture. As in the original picture, the fanatic admirers of the Wizard embraced his knees, while an immense crowd received him triumphantly. In the distance could be seen the equestrian statue of the Iron Duke, who, hat in hand, bowed before him, the Great Wizard; and, lastly, the very dome of St. Paul's bent towards him most humbly.

"At the bottom was the inscription,

"RETURN OF THE NAPOLEON OF NECROMANCY."

"Regarded seriously, this picture would be found a puff in very bad taste; but, as a caricature, it is excessively comic. Besides, it had the double result of making the London public laugh, and bringing a great number of shillings into the skillful puffer's pockets.

"When Anderson is about to leave a town where he has exhausted all his resources, and has nothing more to hope, he still contrives to make one more enormous haul.

"He orders from the first jeweller in the town a silver vase, worth twenty or twenty-five pounds; he hires, for one evening only, the largest theatre or room in the town, and announces that in the Wizard's parting performance the spectators will compete to make the best pun.

"The silver vase is to be the prize of the victor.

"A jury is chosen among the chief people of the town to decide with the public on the merits of each pun.

"It is agreed that they will applaud if they think a pun good; they will say nothing to a passable one, but groan at a bad one.

"The room is always crowded, for people come less to see the performance, which they know by heart, than to display their wit publicly. Each makes his jest, and receives a greeting more or less favorable; and, lastly, the vase is decreed to the cleverest among them.

"Any other than Anderson would be satisfied with the enormous receipts his performance produces; but the Great Wizard of the North has not finished yet. Before the audience leaves the house he states that a short-hand writer had been hired by him to

take down all the puns, and that they will be published as a Miscellany.

"As each spectator who has made a joke likes to see it in print, he purchases a copy of the book for a shilling. An idea of the number of these copies may be formed from the number of puns they contain. I have one of these books in my possession, printed in Glasgow in 1850, in which there are 1091 of these facetiæ."

Anderson died in 1865, having made and lost several fortunes.

Other conjurers of this period are Jacobs, Döbler, Frikell, Dr. Lynn, and the elder Herrmann. Frikell was born in 1818, at Scopio, a village of Finland. He performed entirely without apparatus, which was a decided novelty at that time. He gave his first entertainment in London in 1851.

STODARE.

Colonel Stodare is remarkable as the exhibitor of the far-famed Sphinx illusion, a masterpiece of its kind.

I summon now from the shades the spirit of Colonel Stodare. All hail, thou mystic with the military title! Colonel Stodare, however, never smelt powder, nor directed the manœuvres of a regiment of red-coats. His title was self-assumed, to bedazzle the English public. He never wielded any weapon save a wooden wand, tipped with ivory. But he did that to perfection. His real name was Alfred Inglis. Little or nothing is known of his early life and education. His first appearance was at the Egyptian Hall, London, on Easter Monday, April 17, 1865, when he introduced for the first time in England those celebrated illusions of Hindostan: the "Mango Tree" and the "Indian Basket." It was on the occasion of his 200th consecutive representation at the aforesaid hall that Stodare introduced the "Sphinx" trick, which at once attracted crowds. On Tuesday evening, November 21, 1865, he had the honor to appear before Queen Victoria, at Windsor Castle on the occasion of the birthday of H. R. H. the Princess Royal, afterwards the Empress Frederick of Germany. Stodare died of consumption in 1866. He wrote two small treatises on magic: "The Art of Magic" (1865), and "Stodare's Fly-Notes" (1867).

I come now to discuss his "Sphinx," which has formed the basis of nearly all tricks performed by the aid of looking glasses. Alfred Thompson, the well-known theatrical manager and raconteur, of London, some twenty years ago in the *New York Journal* related the history of the illusion, and how like an up-to-date Oedipus he penetrated its secret.

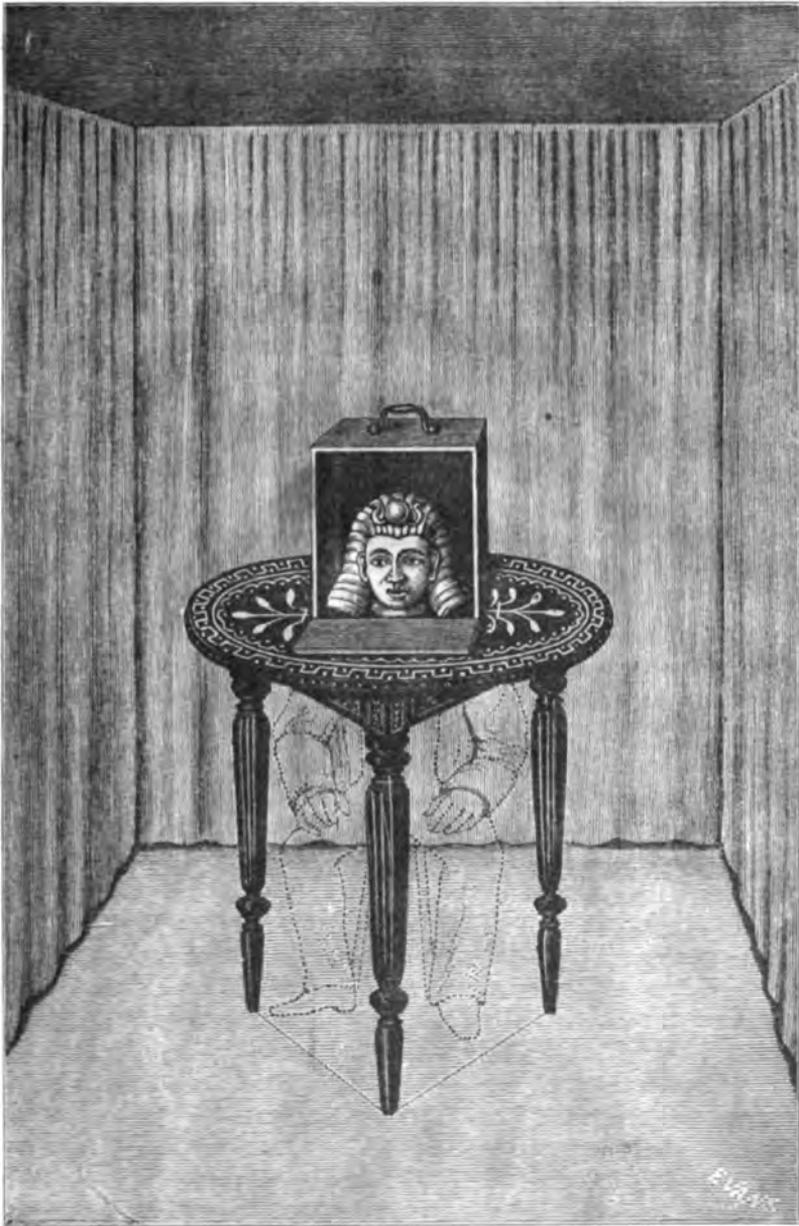
"I remember the first time I ever saw the curious ocular illusion known as the Sphinx Table. As I took an interest in all illusions which could be adapted to stage effects, and had heard from adepts that the new illusion was not only a marvel but absolutely undetectable, I attended the first performance of the resuscitated Sphinx, first performed at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, London, by a wizard calling himself Colonel Stodare. This clever trick was really invented by a young man named Thomas Tobin, who assisted Pep-



COLONEL STODARE.

per at the Polytechnic institution in Regent street, to whose genius the well-used ghost illusion also owed its invention.

"I was well in front and not too near, and after the usual rabbits had disappeared out of hats and become watches and the various pocket handkerchiefs had been turned into bouquets of flowers, the novelty was introduced as a climax and the sight-seeing public had a wonder to exercise its mind on for months to come. On



THE SPHINX ILLUSION.

(From the English edition of Hoffmann's *Magic*. London, 1877.)

the stage not far from the footlights was a three-legged table on the top of which was spread a small velvet cover with a border of gold fringe hanging over four inches. No room for a drawer beneath the table and clear space under and between the legs as far as the back of the stage. Simply three attenuated legs and a flat top covered with velvet. On a side table near the proscenium stood a handsome plush-covered box about a foot square. The lid, unlocked by Stodare, was opened on the side facing the spectators. In the box was seen the head of the Sphinx; a life-size head of a handsome Egyptian wearing the typical striped head-piece, and a collar-ette round the severed neck; for there was nothing but a head on a short neck in the box. The eyes were closed and the long eye-lashes fell on the cheek, which glowed with vital blood. Closing the lid for a moment, Stodare carried the box, by a handle on either side, from the table to the three-legged table and set it down in the center.

"Now understand, there was a simple unadulterated table without drawer or places of concealment. You could see beneath it and note the hangings on the wall beyond. The thickness of the table with the bottom of the box upon it could not have been two inches in all. Stodare reopened the box, which had never quitted our sight, and as the lid fell forward the Sphinx, still there, slept the sleep of thousands of years—but only to wake at the voice of the wizard. The splendid, calm, majestic eyes opened at command. I had no doubt, even before the lips opened and the voice spoke in measured, rythmic tones, that the head was human and not made of wax; but the more I looked and the more I calculated, the farther was I from a solution of the first mystery I had witnessed since I commenced the study of modern magic.

"The whole apparatus was in full light, not only of gas, but of a calcium directed on to the wondrous face while the box was open. Until the close of the exhibition I sat there dumbfounded and positively unable to answer the Sphinx enigma before me. Just before the conclusion I happened to rise in my seat, so certain I felt that some unexpected detail might disclose the whole secret to me; and in a moment the whole illusion was swept away. I saw where the body was concealed. I knew the trick and I went away perfectly happy at being the only one in London, besides the inventors, who could have reproduced the marvelous sorcery elsewhere. And the whole affair was given away for lack of a silk handkerchief. As I stood up, my eye caught, hovering between two of the table legs,

the marks of two fingers, such marks as may be often seen on a mirror when the light falls at a certain angle upon it.

"Those two finger marks, though close to the carpet, gave me the key to the riddle of the Sphinx. In my mental photograph I saw the confederate kneeling behind the table, his head passing through superposed apertures, one in the top of the table, the other in the bottom of the box. The figure was concealed from view by two mirrors of pure silver plated-glass, set at such an angle as to reflect either side of the room (on the stage) in such a way that what to the eye was evidently the back of the same room seen beneath and beyond the table, was really only a reproduction of those sides visible in the mirrors between the legs of the table.

"This Sphinx was the sensation of London for weeks following, and having occasion to go to Paris a few days later, I offered the secret to Robert Houdin's successor, Hamilton, who, however, refused my terms until he knew the trick. This delay of his was much regretted by him, for some other speculator produced the secret some three months later and made a colossal sensation in Paris with his 'Decapité Parlant.'

"In the same year I introduced the illusion for the first time on the stage in the celebrated spectacle of 'Babil and Bijou' at Covent Garden Theatre. In the ballet of 'The Seasons' Mlle. Henriette Dor, one of the most poetical dancers ever seen, appeared as the White Rose, and I designed a large rose bud on its stalk, which, coming up through the bed of summer flowers, blossomed wide until from its open petals the beautiful Dor rose up, apparently materializing as she issued from the calix on the stalk. The ballet was so arranged in groups around three sides (not in front) as to aid the deception by their adjusted reflection in the mirrors.

"Practically it was the same trick—two mirrors at a right angle and a trap door. This curious trick was never improved on. It was added to and altered at the Polytechnic, where, among other adaptations of the same principle, was shown an animated tableau of Sir Joshua Reynold's famous cherubs. Three cherubs' heads appeared in a moonlit sky, floating, and sang in sweet child voices the verses of an anthem.

"Curiously enough I met the original Sphinx not three years ago in the person of a business manager who had been Stodare's agent, and only three months back one of those very cherubs in Mr. Fred Solomon, the comedian, who was then a chorister at the Chapel Royal, and who was threatened with all sorts of tortures if he let the cat or the cherub out of the bag."

Stodare's powers as a ventriloquist enhanced the effect of his Sphinx trick. In carrying the closed box which contained the Sphinx, from the table to the footlights, he was enabled by his ventriloquial powers to apparently cause the head to speak. Finally, on opening the box, the head was found to have disappeared altogether, a heap of ashes having taken its place. The story told about the ancient head and the *mise-en-scène* of the trick were well calculated to impress the spectators and inspire them with awe.

The inventor of the Sphinx, Mr. Tobin, sold the secret to M. Tabrich, of Paris, the proprietor of a wax-works exhibition on the Boulevard de la Madeline. Tabrich called his collection of figures the *Musée Français*. Impressed with the success of Madam Tussand's "Chamber of Horrors," in connection with her wax-work exhibition, in London, Tabrich transformed the "Talking Head" into the "Decapitated Speaking," and surrounded it with a *mise-en-scène* calculated to strike terror in the mind of the observer. Underneath his museum was a damp and mouldy cellar, which he fitted up for the exhibition. The visitor was conducted down a stairway, dimly lighted by a couple of antique lamps suspended from the vaulted roof. When he reached the bottom he was suddenly confronted with a group of wax figures, representing a scene under the Inquisition. Every detail of a torture chamber was given, such as is described by Hugo in his *Notre Dame de Paris*. The cowed emissaries of the Holy Office were depicted in the act of putting a wretched victim to the torture. The light from a flambeau, held by one of the figures, illumined the ghastly scene. In this uncertain light everything was horribly majestic. Pushing onward and turning to the right, "the spectator passed through a dimly-lighted corridor, and found himself in front of a balustrade, breast-high, which extended across the entrance of a narrow recess. In the middle of this gloomy cellar, the floor of which was carpeted with musty straw, was seen a table, on which rested a human head, leaning slightly to one side, and apparently asleep. On being addressed by the exhibitor the head raised itself, opened its eyes, and related its own history, including the details of its decapitation, after which it replied, in various languages, to questions put by those present."

One day a party of young men, presumably medical students, out for a lark, and having imbibed a little too freely of *vin ordinaire* or *cognac*, began shooting pellets at the head in order to test whether it had entirely lost all sensation. The Decapitated One, in his wrath, abused them soundly, in an argot that savored more of modern Paris than the days of the Inquisition. This affair got noised

abroad, and gay young boulevardiers made up regular parties to go and shoot bread pellets at the head; this amusement they called "pop-gun practice." Some of these pellets, not so well *bred* (pardon the pun) as others, struck certain portions of the table, which were apparently *open*, but from which they rebounded, clearly indicating that the supposed vacant space was really a sheet of looking-glass. Mr. Tabrich then put a close-meshed wire grating between the spectators and their victim, but alas, the secret of the Inquisition was disclosed, and the palmy days of the *Musée Français* were over. Says Houdin: "The cause of Mr. Tabrich's failure was the same that brought disaster to the Brothers Davenport. Too great confidence in the Parisian public led both parties to offer what, after all, were but ingenious conjuring tricks, as supernatural phenomena."

BLITZ.

Signor Antonio Blitz was born June 21, 1810, in a little village of Moravia. At an early age he picked up, unknown to anyone, "a few adroit tricks from certain gypsies, who visited his native town." He began to exhibit these feats for the amusement of himself and friends. He made his professional debut at Hamburg when but thirteen years of age, and was known to the public as the "mysterious boy." His first appearance in this country was at the Music Hall, Broadway, New York. He had many imitators. Not less than thirteen people traveled the United States using his name, circulating a verbatim copy of his handbill and advertisement—"not only assuming to be the *original* Blitz, but in many instances claiming to be a son or nephew." "I have been," says Blitz, in his memoirs, *Fifty Years in the Magic Circle*, (Hartford, Conn., 1871), "in constant receipt of bills of their contracting, for, not content with taking my name, they have not even honor enough to pay their debts." The thirteen imposters exhibited under the following and other names:

- Signor Blitz.
- Signor Blitz, Jr.
- Signor Blitz, The Original.
- Signor Blitz's Son.
- Signor Blitz's Nephew.
- Signor Blitz, The Wonderful.
- Signor Blitz, The Great.
- Signor Blitz, The Unrivalled.
- Signor Blitz, The Mysterious.

Signor Blitz, By Purchase.
Signor Blitz, The Great Original.

Blitz was not only a magician, but a ventriloquist and trainer of birds. He relates an amusing encounter with the great but ec-

centric genius, the Italian violinist, Paganini, whose romantic life is known to all lovers of music. The adventure took place in the city of Glasgow, Scotland, where Paganini was giving concerts. Says Blitz: "He, (Paganini) was tall and awkward looking, cadaverous in features, ungainly in form, with long black hair, said to be very wealthy, and characterized as extremely penurious. No instance was ever known of his contributing a penny to the distressed, or to a benevolent institution. One morning I called and found him quietly seated in his room alone. After conversing with him a short time I noticed his violin case lying upon the table, when suddenly the cry of a child issued from therein.

"'Who is that?' said Paganini, quickly looking around.

"'It is *me*, with the babe,' answered a womanly voice.

"'My God! what is this?' inquired the astonished violinist.

"'You well know,' plaintively answered the woman, at the same time the infant again commenced crying.

Faithful Reproduction of the Programme of Signor Blitz.

Mrs. Thornhill.

An extraordinary **SEE SIGHTS** in the Ladies, & Gentlemen of GREAT BRITAIN, & the Possibility to Command the Passions in various other Parts.

SIGNOR BLITZ,

Has kindly offered his **WONDERFUL PERFORMANCES** (the like might never be seen) in the evening of last Evening. He will go through some 20 tricks of ART & MAGIC which has not yet been performed by him since his appearance in that part of the country. He will also by the common technique the **CELEBRATED GUN TRICK**, very Curious being allowed to bring their own **FOWLING PIECE**, & other, & Ball, & to fire at any part of his Body.

The Licensed,

Pottery Theatre. (SWAN INN) Hanley.

On Tuesday Evening, Aug. 10th. 1830.

The Performances this Evening will commence with

SIGNOR BLITZ,

FROM MORAVIA

Professor of

MECHANISM & METAMORPHOSIS,

FROM THE THEATRE ROYAL, LONDON;

THAUMATURGICS;

And may often Performances has occurred to meet.

In the Course of the Evening, **MONSIEUR BLITZ**, Will Command any Article to

Fly at the Rate of 500. Miles a Minute!

THE SIGNOR WILL ALSO

Perform With THREE HANDS!

The Table with

A Bushel of Rice, The Magnetic Dis.

The Diving Bell: & Learned Half-Crowns.

To conclude with the

Gun Trick & the Dancing of five Dinner Plates,

A Dance by Miss Thornhill.

A fine Medal will be brought forward the following Male Drama, called

CLARI,
The Maid of Milan.

Duke Visconti — Mr. Wood.

Antonio — Mr. Green. Jeannette — Mr. C. Thornhill. Muscato — Mr. Fisher.

Giuseppe — Mr. Thornhill. Prospero — Mr. Barrett. Paga — Mr. W. Wood.

Carl (the Maid of Milan) — Miss W. Thornhill.

CHARACTERS in the EPISODE.

Robinson — Mr. Denton. Paganini — Mr. Fisher.

Fisher — Mrs. Wood. Fugate — Miss Thornhill.

W. W. — Miss Thornhill. Lodo — Mr. Wood.

Particulars may be had of Mr. C. Thornhill at Swan Inn, Pottery Theatre, at the Inn.
To be performed at 7 o'Clock, Promptly. Pit 3s. Gal. 1s.
THE BAND WILL ATTEND IN UNIFORM.

PLAY BILL.

(From the collection of Mr. Ellis Stanyon, London, England.)

"'We know you are a bad woman,' vehemently declared the excited man.

"'And did you not make me so, you old Italian fiddler?'

"After this there was apparently a commotion in the box, when Paganini became alarmed and was about to leave the room when I unmasked myself and explained that he had been a victim to the vagaries of ventriloquism; which, on hearing, delighted him prodigiously, and grasping me by the hand he exclaimed, 'Bravo, Signor! —bravo!'"

ALEXANDER.

Alexander Heimbürger was born December 4, 1819, in Germany. He performed under the *nom de theatre* of Herr Alexander. He toured Europe, North and South America with great success for a number of years, and retired to his native land with a large fortune. He is at present residing at Münster, an old man of eighty-four, with snow-white hair and beard, and bent over with age. He was long supposed to be dead by the fraternity of magicians, but Mr. H. Houdini, in his tour of Germany in 1903, discovered that he still lived, and his whereabouts. Alexander had many strange stories to relate of his adventures in America and other places. He was personally acquainted with Houdin, Frikell, Bosco, Anderson, Blitz, the original Bamburg of Amsterdam, etc. He performed several times at the White House before President Polk, and hobnobbed with Henry Clay, Webster and Calhoun. With letters from Polk he visited Brazil, and was admitted into the most aristocratic circles. On leaving New York in 1847 he was presented with a heavy gold medal, cast in the United States Mint at Washington. This medal has his portrait on one side, and on the reverse the following inscription:

"Presented to Herr Alexander as a token of esteem from his friends. New York, 1847."

Mr. Houdini writes as follows about the old magician (*Mahatma*, June, 1903): "He was a welcome guest at the Palace of the King of Brazil. He showed me letters to him from King Pedro II and his wife, dated Brazil, 1850. After an absence of ten years from his native country he returned, and married. He is blessed with six children, two sons and four daughters. One is in New York at the present time. While in New York, Alexander was approached by an illusionist named Orzini, who had a cabinet mystery. He was in hard circumstances and came to Alexander for assistance. The genial German gave him ten dollars. Orzini secured an engagement at the Park Theatre, but alas, only played one night, as his art did not suit, so he was closed after his first performance. Said Alexander to me, and the statement caused me in-

finite surprise: 'This Orzini was the man who threw the bomb at Napoleon III in Paris, trying to kill the Emperor, but was himself killed; also blowing up several bystanders, and wounding the horses of Napoleon's carriage. The reporters discovered that Orzini had just arrived from America, and in his lodgings they found some kind of a mysterious glass house, which must have been the Illu-



ALEXANDER HEIMBÜRGER.

sion Cabinet. In this affair Napoleon escaped with his life and a few scratches.' "

This is a strange story. I am of the opinion that Herr Alexander is laboring under a mistake in trying to identify the illusionist Orzini with the celebrated revolutionist Orsini. In the first place, there is the different spelling of the names—*Orzini* and *Orsini*; but Mr. Houdini may have incorrectly reported Alexander in this respect. There is no record of Orsini having come to the

United States. Again, he was not killed in the attempted assassination of Napoleon III, in the rue Lepelletier, Paris, January 14, 1858. He was captured and suffered imprisonment, and was guillotined March 13, 1858. While in prison he wrote his memoirs.

Herr Alexander is the author of a work entitled *Der Moderne Zauberer* ("The Modern Magician").

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

DR. I. K. FUNK'S PRACTICAL JOKE.

BY THADDEUS B. WAKEMAN.

AS a people we are measured by the books we read and what we think of them. Dr. I. K. Funk's big book of over 500 pages, on "The Widow's Mite" and the "Spirit" of Henry Ward Beecher, has measured a great mass of readers to be far back of this age of science—which is not wonderful; but has it not done *the same* for a large part of our leading university professors and educators?—a fact, if it be one, of the greatest importance.

The book tells of two little ancient coins, one black and genuine, and the other light and dubious, supposed to have been like those of the widow's "mites" mentioned in Mark and Luke. They were borrowed by Funk and Wagnalls to be used in the *Standard Dictionary* and then returned. The spurious one was used by mistake, but both were then put in the safe in an envelope. Dr. Funk ordered the genuine one to be returned to its owner, Professor West, a neighbor and friend of Henry Ward Beecher, and principal of a young ladies' seminary on "The Heights." Nine years after this, and after the death of Professor West and Mr. Beecher, Dr. Funk was attending spiritualistic séances in Brooklyn. At one of them the medium suddenly gave a message to the Doctor, purporting to be from the "spirit" of Henry Ward Beecher, requiring of him the immediate return of this borrowed genuine black coin to its owner. The Doctor answered that it had been returned years ago. The spirit replied that it had not; but the medium could not learn to whom or where it should be returned. Upon search the envelope with both coins in it was found in the safe where they had been placed, presumably, nine years before.

Result: General surprise! Was this at last *one* genuine, decisive "spirit test"? Every one at the Doctor's office who knew of the

coin supposed that it had been returned. The medium and all connected with the séance swore that they never knew or heard of any such occurrence before this Beecher message. Professor West's son and executor certified that he is as certain as he can be of any thing that passed in his father's mind, "that he, too, supposed that the coin had been returned." The coin was rare and of great value—some say worth \$2,500.00.

Spiritualists claimed that the facts proved this message to be indubitable, and that Mr. Beecher's personal, living continuous consciousness, or spirit, was *a fact*. They even obtained another message, purporting to be from him, to the effect that he had sent this message about a trivial matter, because, from the nature of the facts, he saw that "the test" must be conclusive, and that he wished to open the portals to the earth from the spirit realm, from which he had most important matters to communicate. But notwithstanding the persistent efforts of Dr. Funk and of very many mediums all over the earth, those "most important matters" have wholly failed to appear. Finally even the mediums seemed to tire of their efforts, and this message was "received" from Mr. Beecher, who was bothered beyond celestial endurance: viz., "The widow's *mite* bother Dr. Funk to their heart's content for aught I care. I will have nothing more to do with the affair." Thus the Beecher wit came to his protection and relief; which, as Dr. Funk adds: "has at least something of the old Beecher ring in it."

Thus this "spirit" incident ends in nothing, as they all do, when it comes to anything of value or use. But far otherwise is the *revelation* of the consequences and moral of the story to those who think. Dr. Funk was at first under a great variety of doubts and bewilderment. This big book is his thrifty way of obtaining relief therefrom, and also fame, a good "ad.," and then too, "shekels"—worth far more than mites. Two of his experts intimate that it is also his "jest" and "practical joke," whereby his wit and humor also came to his relief—a view in which many a reader may concur, and to which finally the good Doctor may contribute a smile.

The gist of the book consists of a statement of the case, which was submitted to forty-two experts, chiefly professors of physics and psychics in our leading universities and colleges, commencing with the voluminous Professor James of Harvard. Then follow their answers, mostly in the Appendix. With all this we have an epitome of the best spiritualistic literature—trying to make this revelation and test seem probable, if not certain, as the work of the continuous Mr. Beecher.

The Doctor might have consulted others with other results: For instance, many an impartial counsellor-at-law would have given him the maxim of old Horace: *Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus*—"Don't call in a God (or even a Beecher), unless the knot is worthy of such an untier." That is, the supernatural is never in order until the natural, relevant to the case, is all *known* and exhausted in vain. Thus, it was not natural or probable for a coin of that interest and value to be unreturned and lost without being talked over by West and Beecher in the circle of their curious friends, some of whom were largely spiritualistic. Some of the friends or visitors of this resident medium would almost certainly hear of the story, and the medium consciously or unconsciously get it from them. Then—she may have forgotten it during the nine years, and recalled it unconsciously in trance; as is well attested in similar cases, even of languages heard and afterwards repeated in trance, by those at other times ignorant of them. Then comes in explanation the possible fraud or collusion of some of the parties including the medium. Indeed all of the natural solutions suggested by Dr. Funk and others in the book are to be taken as—more probable than any "spirit" from another state of existence. This much the counsellor would say—resting upon the common rules of evidence and experience.

But Dr. Funk says, in effect, that all such supposing does not negative the *possibility* of "spirit" existence and communication. Well on this point he might and should have consulted an up-to-date biologist, as well as professors of physics and psychics. And since he wandered all over the world (including Japan) to find experts, why did he not include Professor Ernest Haeckel of Jena, or some like scientist, without *reserve* in behalf of scientific truth?

Professor Haeckel is by many regarded as the first scientist of our age in his department—the one in which this question properly comes. In his *Theses* sent to the Congress of Liberals held at St. Louis in October last, he gives, not his verdict, but that of up-to-date science on this very point in these words, viz.: "The soul of man has been recognised as the totality of brain functions. * * * This activity, of course, becomes extinct in death; and in our days it appears to be perfectly absurd to expect, nevertheless, a personal immortality of the soul." That is, the scientific and social immortality have become *one*, and they take the place of the "personal." Thus science says: "Not possible"! And this not as the opinion of one man or set of men, but the result of the facts of biology—commencing with the simplest protoplasm, and rising with all of its cellular

combinations through all vegetative and animal forms and convolutions to the brain of man, and the co-operation of human societies.

This *induction* from all of the facts is clinched, he would say, by the two bottom laws of science, that is, of the universe, viz.: The laws of "substance" or "correlation," and the law of "economy." By the first law, all mental activities and processes, including the "soul," are the sequent or concomitant correlates which are found to be the results and *equivalents* of preceding correlative changes occurring in protoplasmic organisms, and in those ONLY! By the law of economy, the fact that these "activities" are the results of protoplasmic changes and actions is conclusive that they are not, and cannot be, produced or exist in any *other* place or way. For every such activity is the result of *equivalent* correlations only; which cannot be changed without a *different* result; and which cannot cease without a ceasing of their activity at the same time.

After the death of Mr. Beecher there was, therefore, no possible spirit, soul, or consciousness of him extant, to bother or be bothered about this "widow's mite," or anything else. Any other supposition is not only untrue but "absurd." This "recognised" fact, as Professor Haeckel styles it, is now "the commonplace of science." Thus, for instance, it underlies all medical treatment of mental ailments, except by frauds, quacks and the uninformed. In one or the other of those unenviable classes must not those stand, who by words, *silence* or otherwise, admit or imply that Mr. Beecher's conscious spirit or soul was not *existent*, so as to have possibly made this pretended communication?

Now, Dr. Funk's book reveals this astonishing *fact*, viz.: Not a single one of the said jury of forty-two experts does other than to directly or implicitly or tacitly *admit* the *then* existence of Mr. Beecher's soul, and its consequent ability to communicate as claimed! But this fact is not only astonishing: it is exceedingly important. Do our universities and colleges exist for the purpose of "raying out darkness?" Was there not *one* great professor who knew enough and dared enough to tell Dr. Funk the plain truth—the commonplace and bedrock of science?

What kind of leaders and teachers are we to have for the next generation, when those who are "liberally educated" in this, accept only a practical suppression of the truth as to the most important matter that science has made known to a human being—the nature, origin, duty and future of himself? Let us all have the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. For "in that only is there wisdom and safety," as old Goethe told us long ago.

Aside from their bearing upon the substance of Dr. Funk's book those arguments of "induction," "correlation" and "economy" are just now of extraordinary importance, for Professor Haeckel has seriously proposed to make them an important part of the basis upon which the freethinkers of every country should organize. I have never been able to answer those arguments, and never could find any one who could. If any such person exists, the occasion calls for him, and I believe *The Open Court* will be open to him.

THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

A REPLY TO MR. THADDEUS B. WAKEMAN.

BY THE EDITOR.

SOME time ago, Dr. Isaac K. Funk, of the well-known publishing firm, submitted to us evidences of spirit communication concerning an ancient Hebrew coin called "the widow's mite," which had been used by Funk & Wagnalls for illustration in their *Standard Dictionary*. Dr. Funk was reminded of the coin in a spiritualistic *séance* of an unprofessional medium who spoke in the name of the late Henry Ward Beecher, claiming that it had never been returned to its owner. The medium's claim (or shall we say the claim of Mr. Beecher's spirit) was substantiated, for the coin was discovered in the safe of Funk & Wagnalls, where it had lain unheeded for nine years, and it was now duly returned to the owner or his heirs.

Dr. Funk submitted the case and its value as evidences of genuine spirit communication to a large number of scholars, scientists, experts, psychologists, etc., and then published the whole account, together with these opinions in a book called *The Widow's Mite*. The case was also referred at the time to the editor of *The Open Court*, but his reply was too uncompromising to recommend itself for publication. It admitted the strangeness of the occurrence, provided that there was neither error in the facts, nor fraud, but it declared that a cross-examination of the several persons involved would be indispensable, and this being excluded we had to abstain from giving a definite verdict on the merits of the case. The book now lies before us, but the evidence being still hedged in with "ifs" and "buts" we cannot regard it as convincing. Considering the unsatisfactory character of a negative verdict, we delayed our review and kept the book on our shelf without being able to sum up the case in

a statement which would do justice to Dr. Funk's zeal and circumspection, yet also point out the weak spot of his argumentation.

At this juncture Mr. Wakeman's article came to hand and forced the issue again upon our attention. His verdict is very direct and simple. Quoting Haeckel he denies the possibility of the occurrence, and hence refuses to consider the argument. There must be an error somewhere, and thus the case is disposed of.

Now we agree with Mr. Wakeman on the main point. We, too, believe that there must be an error somewhere; but we think it equally certain that there must be a truth in a theory which, in spite of its crudity, exercises an enormous influence over multitudes of people, among whom we encounter men of business sense like Dr. Funk, and scholars such as Hyslop and James. There is a deep seated natural longing for immortality and we believe that although untenable in the shape in which it is commonly held, it is based upon fact. There is an immortality of personal character—different though it may be from the popular conception.

Prof. Haeckel's argument that there is no immortality, is wrong and can easily be refuted. He declares that soul is a function of the brain: accordingly the soul is lost with the decomposition of the body.

Now, it is true that the soul is our thinking, feeling and willing. But we must bear in mind that the soul is not the brain, but the purpose we pursue in life and the meaning which our thoughts possess, both being represented in certain forms of brain operation. There is no thinking without brain, but the brain is only the material condition in which thinking is realised. The thoughts themselves are not material.

Let us use the analogy of a book. The book itself or rather the soul of the book consists of ideas which are expressed in the printed words. Ideas cannot be communicated without some sensory means and a material of some kind is needed as a substratum to render them somehow actual and to convey them. We can burn a book but we cannot burn the ideas expressed in it. If a poet writes a poem on a sheet of paper the writing may become illegible, but the poem need not be lost; it can be copied and it remains the selfsame poem.

The same is true of the soul of man. Soul is the meaning and purpose of some living substance. It is not the substance but that unsubstantial something which gives character to it and anyone who declares that it is non-existent because it is purely formal and relational, and not material, would be driven to the paradoxical conclusion that the non-existent is more important in the material world

than all the innumerable concrete material objects. The essential part of our own being is not the material aspect of our cerebral activity, but the contents of our thought, the purpose of our will, the leading motive of our sentiments, which factors in their bodily actualisation are of course always of a definite structure.

Now Professor Haeckel will not dispute this point, but he insists that this cerebral structure which is the physical aspect of the soul will be destroyed, and being destroyed the soul is lost and gone forever. But we claim the same kind of a brain constitutes the same kind of a soul; and that the reappearance of the same form of brain functions denotes the rebirth of the same soul. Professor Haeckel's arguments would be correct if identity of soul depended upon an identity of the bodily elements, but that is not so.

We ought to grant that we are dying at every minute and that a new soul is being born in place of the other, for our cerebral substance is decomposed in the very act of thinking and the particles that are now functioning are at once changed into waste matter and are discarded from our system. In a certain sense it is quite correct to say that life is a constant dying—*media in vita nos in morte sumus*;—but in another sense, and with no less truth, we can also say “there is no death; what seems so is transition.”

It is well known that all the atoms of which our bodies are composed will change in the average within seven years. If the material elements and not the form in which they are grouped, be the essential part of our existence, we ought to consider ourselves new personalities as soon as the last atom of our former existence has passed away. The transition is slow and almost imperceptible, but it takes place none the less, and that after all we recognise our identity throughout all these changes is the best evidence that the material portion of our being is of secondary consideration.

Birth and death are the limits of individual existences, but we know perfectly well that we have not risen from nothingness and in the same way that we originated from prior conditions and are the continuation of former soul-life—so we are not annihilated in death and shall continue in the life of the generations to come.

Neither is birth an absolute beginning nor death an absolute finality. They are the limits of a series the character and form of which is determined by former lives, and our life is again determining the life of the future. Every individual is a link in the great chain of the whole life of mankind. The life of the individual is formed and in its turn is forming again, so as to produce a continuity in which the old forms of life are preserved, being modified

only by receiving new additions and being enriched with further details. Thus the soul of Christ is a living presence in all Christian souls, and Christ's promise is literally fulfilled when He says: "And lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." But in the same sense a father and a mother live on in their children, a teacher in his pupils, each one in the memory of his friends, martyrs and heroes in their cause, etc. And this immortality is not an illusion, nor a mere phrase, but a living power exercising a decisive influence upon the actions of mankind.

If Professor Haeckel were right, if the dissolution of the body ended all, constituting death a finality, we would not care what might occur when we are gone. The truth is that people are not indifferent to what will happen after their death. According to their different characters they endeavor to perpetuate their souls—and in this they succeed. Whatever a man does lives after him according to the nature of his deeds, and these deeds, the traces which they produce, the memories which they leave, the effects in which they are perpetuated, are nothing foreign to him, but in them dwells the quintessence of his soul. It is he himself.

Just as an inventor who has built up a factory to actualise his invention, is a living presence in every department of the plant, although bodily he may be absent, so the soul of man remains an efficient factor in life although he may be overtaken by death and rest from his labors.

Now, we grant Mr. Wakeman that from our standpoint a communication of a spirit through a medium in the way described by Mr. Funk should be considered an impossibility, but far from ridiculing Mr. Funk's attempted investigation I feel grateful to him for having ventured into the desert of vain speculations—only to find out the uselessness of his labors. He may not see the result himself as yet, but others do; and it is certainly necessary that all avenues of advance should be reconnoitered, even those which a sound scientific prevision condemns as hopeless. Those who undertake this thankless task are naturally enthusiasts and believers in the improbable. Their work is certainly not useless, for they call attention to the one-sidedness of the opposite view, and certainly deserve credit for the apagogic proof of an untenable position.

Mr. Funk's hope may prove an illusion, but Mr. Wakeman will pardon us for saying that his venture of establishing a proof of immortality—albeit of a counterfeit soul—should not be branded as a "joke." I, myself, made investigations along the lines of the Society for Psychological Research in what now appears to me an immature

period of my life; but though I have surrendered the expectation of finding anything in that waste and sterile field, I deem it wise from time to time to study critically the work of others and see whether they have furnished the world with new facts that would necessitate a revision of our present views. Their views may be untenable from the standpoint of science, yet our own view may also stand in need of emendation, or at least modification.

As to Mr. Funk's book I can only say that I fail to be convinced by his arguments. I will grant that the proof would be fairly complete if there were not ample scope for doubt on many points where a cross-examination of the persons involved would throw new light upon the case. I feel convinced that though it will impress the believer favorably, it will never convert the scoffer; and whether the impartial reader standing between the two opposite positions will be affected, remains to be seen.

I have learned from the book to appreciate the power of the belief in immortality, prompting a business man to go out of his way and collect the minutæ of so slender an evidence. This yearning for a personal immortality is as deep rooted as are the instincts of animals and I believe, as set forth above, it is well founded. Man feels that death does not end all, and so he expresses the truth of immortality in a mythical form, inventing the ideas of heaven and hell and representing the soul as a concrete being, built of some mysterious spiritual substance.

Upon the whole it is even better that man should believe in a mythical immortality than that he should deny the truth of the myth itself, for the idea is not without importance and exercises a practical influence upon our actions and our general attitude in life. We conclude, therefore, with the question: Is it better and wiser, or, even merely, more advisable that a man should always act as though the end of life were an absolute finality, or, on the contrary, should he so act as constantly to consider the part which his life and all the results of his life will play in the world when he is gone? I know that Professor Haeckel himself cares very much for the after effects of his life.

The period after death is certainly longer, as Antigone says, than the brief span of our earthly career.

"For longer time, methinks, have I to please
The dwellers in that world than those in this."

And yet the mere duration is less important than the dynamical aspect of our soul-life after death. There is reason enough to say that

if the idea of immortality deserves any consideration, it should furnish the ultimate tribunal before which all questions of importance should reach their final decision. Indeed, I can give no better rule for testing the correctness of moral actions than that a man in doubtful cases should ask himself: "How would you wish to have acted if your life were completed and you had passed away from the world below?" Anyone who is influenced by such a thought believes in fact in the immortality of the soul, though in his words he may flatly deny and ridicule it.

FRANCE AND THE VATICAN.

BY YVES GUYOT.

THE present conflict between France and the Vatican, which is sure to end in the separation of Church and State, is one of the consequences of the Dreyfus affair. That long struggle showed that the Jesuits had got control of the French army, and that the clerical party was bent on transforming a liberal republic into a monarchy or Cæsarean republic. It further revealed the fact that this party was in a state of perpetual conspiracy against the present constitution of France. This condition of affairs was the cause of the drawing up and passage, in July, 1901, of the law whose purpose was to curb these religious orders, which were a danger to our republican institutions.

Thereupon, the Jesuits, who control the policy of the Vatican, thought they might bring about an uprising in France at the moment of the enforcement of this law. They did their best to turn the army from the path of duty. They strove to awaken rebellion among the pious and ignorant peasantry of Lower Brittany. But all their pernicious activity ended in producing exactly the contrary effect from that which they hoped for. The popular mind throughout France was disgusted with their tactics and alarmed at their aims. So much for interior results.

In its treatment of foreign affairs, French clericalism is always Anglophobist and anti-Italian. But here too they counted without their host. The visit of King Edward to France and that of President Loubet to London checked this clerical policy. The diplomatic attitude of England and France led up logically to a better understanding between France and Italy, for Italy rightly considers England her protector against the efforts of the Pope to recover his lost temporal power. So the Jesuits advised the Pope not to receive M. Loubet when he went to Rome to visit the King. They even thought that the President would not dare to go when he knew that

the Vatican would be shut against him, and they felt sure that this attitude of the Pope would discredit M. Loubet in the eyes of French Catholics. Pius X even went further than refusing to receive the President; he sent out to the various governments a circular communication which was as insulting to France as it was impolitic. Not a Catholic deputy in the French Chamber dared to defend the course of His Holiness, and M. Ribot, leader of the Moderate Republicans, did not hesitate to condemn it.

But this was not enough. The Vatican was not satisfied with obtruding on the international affairs of France. She must next meddle in the home religious matters. Suddenly the Pope refused the investiture of the bishops selected by the French Government in accordance with the Concordate. Pius X adopted the policy of Pius VII in his famous encounter with Napoleon I. This course caused considerable commotion in 1810, but did not disturb anybody in 1904. The papacy has lost ground in a century, and the European mind, especially in France, has made progress in religious things during the same period. Then the unwise Jesuit counselors pushed the poor Holy Father further on the wrong path. Pius, in direct violation of the Concordate, called the bishops to Rome, suspended them and revoked them. By so doing, His Holiness cut the link which held together the Papacy and the French Republic. Separation could only follow. By this act the Pope deprived the defenders of the Concordate of the old stock argument that religious peace was assured by the government having a controlling hand over the bishops. The moment that the Pope declared that the bishops were alone subject to him, from that moment the main reason for the existence of the Concordate disappeared. It was the beginning of the end, and the end will come this year. Before the Chambers adjourn next July, the bill of separation will have been voted, and on January 1, 1906, the new order of things will come into practice, thank heavens!

The predominant character of the French people in matters religious is indifference. So long as the Church is an official institution, there is a disposition among many to accept, at least outwardly, many of its practices and observances. But let the Church once become a private institution, and it will slowly but surely lose its followers and see its resources diminish. The separation means, therefore, an advance of the free thought tendency of the French nation. The deluded Pope may think otherwise; but it is not the first time that an Italian ecclesiastic has misunderstood modern France.

PARIS, FRANCE, February, 1905.

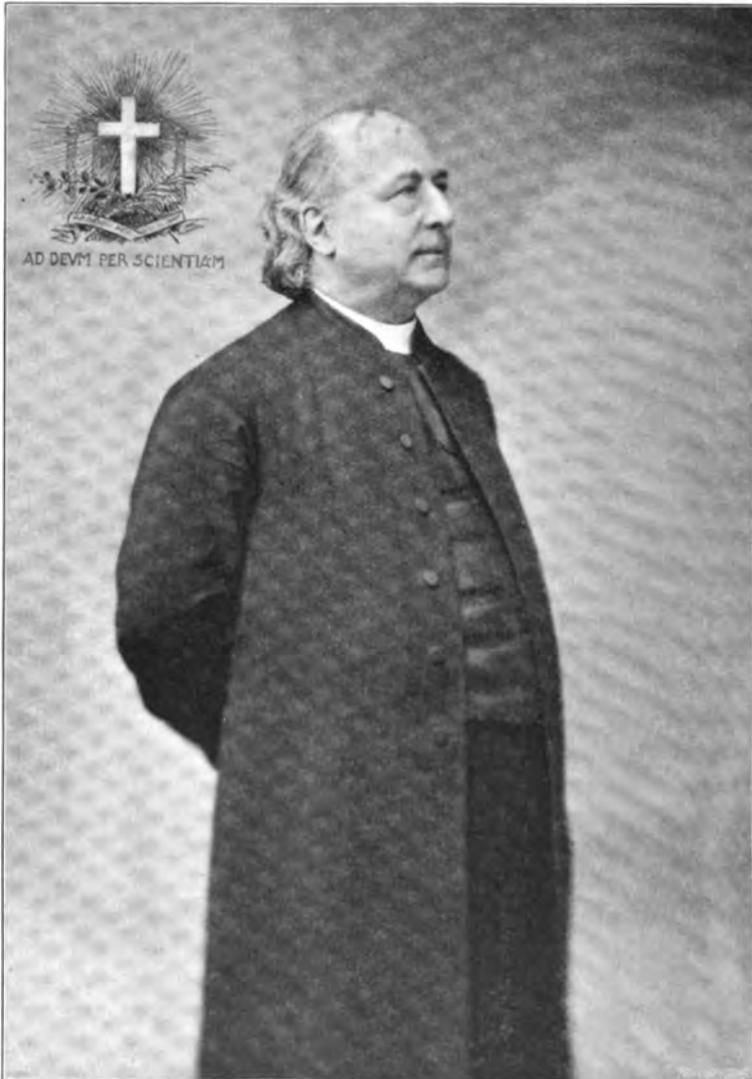
FATHER HYACINTHE AND HIS WIFE.

ON the occasion of Father Hyacinthe Loyson's second visit to America in 1884, when he came for the purpose of laying before the American people his work of Catholic reform, a little pamphlet was prepared by his friends here giving some account of the life and work of himself and his wife. From this we gather a few of the most important facts concerning the lives of these truly remarkable people.

Father Hyacinthe was born at Orlean, France, in 1827, of a family distinguished on both sides for its piety. His father as Rector of the Academy of Pau held educational jurisdiction over a large part of France, and his mother came from a Savoy family of ancient nobility. When he was eighteen he was suddenly especially impressed with the words of a psalm heard in church, which have been the inspiration of his life-work: *ecce quam bonum et quam jocundum habitare fratres in unum*—"Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." The next year he entered the theological seminary of St. Sulpice in Paris and when twenty-four was ordained priest.

"He was named at once professor of theology and philosophy at the theological seminary at Avignon, then at Nantes, and afterwards canon of Troy and curate at the church of St. Sulpice, at Paris. Then little did he foresee that in a few years he was to be the famous preacher, attracting eager crowds of listeners at the great metropolitan cathedral. He soon found the life of the secular priest insufficient to satisfy his desire for a more devout and contemplative life, and when thirty-two years old (in 1859), the young priest entered the order of the barefooted Carmelite monks, and became afterwards the Abbot of Paris...Père Hyacinthe soon became the most noted preacher of the Roman Catholic Church in France....He was offered by the Emperor Napoleon III any vacant See in France, but then, as now, refused to be made bishop.

...During the five years from 1864 to 1868, Père Hyacinthe delivered his famous *conférences* at Notre Dame. . . . These discourses exhibited a conservatism [against the innovations which actually



PÈRE HYACINTHE LOYSON.

took place in 1870] which did not fail to receive the denunciation of ultramontaniam. The Vatican itself interfered, and the Pope

summoned the bold preacher to Rome in 1868. He was ordered to desist from speaking on any controversial point, and to confine himself exclusively to those subjects upon which all Roman Catholics were united in belief. He felt this restriction upon his preaching, and more and more became the object of distrust of the Ultramontane Party. He was again summoned to Rome for having spoken in too liberal terms at the Peace League, but the Pope received him with pleasant speech and sent him away with his blessing, for he was beloved by Pius IX."

His protest against the non-representation of the Greek and Anglican communions in the Council of the Vatican convoked in 1869, caused his immediate excommunication although he still maintained the friendliest relations with his order. His rupture with Rome was complete the next year when the papal infallibility was established and he joined the Old Catholics. A few years after, believing in the holiness of the sacrament of marriage, as well for the priest as laymen—on September 3, 1872, Father Hyacinthe sent a shock throughout the entire world by his marriage with Mrs. Emilie Meriman, of New York.

Mme. Loyson belongs to the old Puritan family of Butterfield, and her father was prominent in the educational development of the pioneer days of Ohio. She had an unusually ascetic temperament and at a very early age showed real literary ability. At eighteen she married Captain Meriman of Ohio and lived for several years in New York and Brooklyn. She felt restless and dissatisfied with Protestantism, and a year after her husband's death in 1867 united with the Roman Catholic Church. From the time of her visit to Rome in 1863 she had been greatly impressed by the ignorance of Roman women, and now set about founding a college for their higher education. In this she had the support of women of rank and influence in England and Russia; the Italian government offered her money; the City of Rome gave her the choice of a site; the Vatican expressed its approval, and she was offered financial aid and the title of countess if she would accept the Pope's patronage, but she courteously refused on the ground that as a citizen of the United States she was a republican and needed no title. However, her second marriage forced her to abandon the project.

"She has marked individuality, and has shown herself an extraordinary co-worker with her husband. She had, indeed, given much attention to theological reading and to the subject of Catholic reform before her marriage to Père Hyacinthe. . . . Not lingering here to speak of her intellectual, literary, and artistic talents, the reader

will be interested in the speech of Pius IX concerning her: 'She is a thousand times more dangerous than if she had remained a Protestant; she is an Old Catholic.'

During the year following their marriage, a son, Paul Hyacinthe Loyson, was born to Father Hyacinthe and his wife. This son is to-day one of the rising poets of France, and dramas that he has written have been performed on the stage with marked success.



MME. EMILIE HYACINTHE LOYSON.

Soon after his marriage, Father Hyacinthe was invited to Geneva where he successfully inaugurated the Old Catholic movement, but, when the state tried to make a cat's-paw of him, resigned and preached throughout Europe with immense success. In 1879, when the Republic had become firmly established, he opened an Old Catholic church in Paris, and services have been regularly main-

tained there ever since. The liturgy is in French, and clergymen from American and English churches often assist in officiating. He believes in the Episcopalian form of government and from the beginning of the movement asked for Episcopal oversight from the Anglican Church. By 1884 this Gallican church in Paris numbered over fourteen hundred members.

"Some of the difficulties against which Père Hyacinthe contended when preaching Catholic reform have been removed.... With a hostile government, an opposing press, but few friends, with the immense power of the Roman Church against him, and infidelity scoffing; with all this, it is not strange that Père Hyacinthe did not accomplish more—but that he stood! It was no small thing to contend boldly for these reforms: Repudiation of papal infallibility; claiming the right to have the Bible and the liturgy in the vernacular, and reading of the Bible by the laity; voluntary (instead of compulsory) confession; giving of the cup to the laity, and freedom of priest to marry."

As an orator, Father Hyacinthe has undeniably held equal rank with the foremost among living speakers, making a profound impression wherever he has preached his message of fraternity and goodwill. His voice and manner are especially pleasing, and his diction is perfect. To quote again from the above-mentioned pamphlet: "Guizot said that only two Frenchmen have spoken French in this century: Chateaubriand and Hyacinthe; and as to his character, he is loved by even those who differ with him. His modesty is real and his humility rare, and above all is his charity, which forbids him ever indulging in personalities—no invectives nor anathemas, only the loving gospel of Christ."

The noble and ambitious desire of Father Hyacinthe and Mme. Loyson is not only purification and unity within the Catholic Church, but brotherhood and mutual sympathetic appreciation among all monotheistic peoples, Jews, Moslems, and Christians.

A CAPRICE ON A MUSICAL THEME.

BY THE EDITOR.

MUSIC has reached its completion in Beethoven. A number of great composers have attained the same height, but no one as yet has risen above the master. The general rules of counterpoint and the standard as to the beauty of tone in both melody and harmony have been laid down, and unless we abandon entirely our gamut and whatever depends upon it, the development of music has reached its climax. It has attained to the full state of maturity as much as, for instance, the norms of plane geometry have been settled once for all in Euclid. There are composers on the same height with Beethoven who bring out the same classical type in different fields,—Mozart, Handel, Haydn, Schumann, Schubert, Brahms, etc., but they have not made new applications of the musical ideal which seems to be determined for all the ages to come.

Mankind, however, is anxious for innovations. New generations grow up bent on doing better than their predecessors, and when a certain perfection has been attained, the genius of the time ventures into unknown regions and tries to construct something quite original and novel. It was in this way that Wagner undertook to outdo Beethoven whom, however, he still recognized as his master, and no doubt he succeeded, at least so far as he actualized his ideal of having the word wedded to the tone. Though Beethoven's *Fidelio* remains grand not only in its music but also when we consider the subject-matter of his opera, we know very well how poor were the librettos which Mozart and others of his peers had to set to music. Wagner has done away with senseless texts forever by creating the tone-drama, which changes the opera into a dignified product of true art.

Richard Strauss is ensouled with a similar ambition. As Wagner set to music the philosophy of Schopenhauer which inspires his *Nibelungen* trilogy ending in the great Nirvana of the *Twilight of*

the Gods, so also Strauss has ventured on the presentation of philosophical subjects, and he has selected the world-conception of Friedrich Nietzsche.

Whatever good there is in Schopenhauer's philosophy, and we are far from denying him a high rank among modern thinkers, we cannot help considering his pessimism, which in misconstruing the Buddhist Nirvana greets non-existence as the ideal state, as a symptom of degeneration. When Wagner applies this theory to the Asa gods, whose leader Wotan sinks into nothingness with the hope that the world-process is now forever finished, we deem it a serious aberration, or at any rate incongruous with the character of the vigorous and life-loving Teutonic deities.

Unfortunately Richard Strauss' theme is more inadequate than Wagner's, for Nietzsche is one of the most erratic thinkers of modern times. Of the music itself, we do not venture to express an opinion because we have not been present at the performance of his *Thus spake Zarathushtra!* and we can judge only from hearsay, which, after all, is a very unreliable source of information upon which to base a judgment.

We do not deny that it would be possible to express in music, sentiments which characterize the tendencies of philosophical systems, but would prefer other themes than the vagaries of a transient meteor blazing up in a fiery eruption, to vanish as suddenly as it appeared. Would not, for instance, a new interpretation of evolution—an analogy to Haydn's *Creation*—have been a worthier theme?

After all, when we compare the product of the classical music of the past with the so-called music of the future, we have this striking difference: that the former yields with a few simple notes, melodies and harmonies which appear like a divine revelation, while the latter needs large orchestras to affect our ears with massive impressiveness, and the result is that we are stunned and overwhelmed rather than charmed or elevated.

Beethoven is still (at least to me) a philosopher in tones. His sonatas are pervaded by a logical order which is like unto a revelation of the harmony of the spheres. There is a consistency in the development of his motives as they pass through a series of variations such as is absent in the work of the more pretentious composers of modern days.

If mankind must needs have something new, why has there not yet appeared a composer whose endeavor would be to construct music based on absolutely correct mathematical relations? The development of our gamut is a matter of history. We divide the scale ir-

regularly into seven intervals, or, if we consider the more regular chromatic scale, into twelve. Of these notes the octaves and the fifth alone are the result of arithmetically accurate relations, being in the ratio of 1 to 2. The third already involves an arbitrary element and so we have a choice between what is musically called the major and the minor, which are different in their musical effects. The notes between the fifth and the octave are divided in an approximately equal proportion.

Now we can very well imagine that we might have another kind of scale with different tone-relations. As a matter of fact the Chinese divided their scale into five notes, so that they have an hexate instead of our octave, and this results in a peculiarly plaintive music. Their instrumentation would be, approximately, as if a Western musician would limit himself to the black keys on the piano. Our ears have become accustomed, perhaps even by hereditary influence, to the octave system, and all our stringed and brass instruments are under the dominion of the piano interpretation of our scale. It is true that to a Chinese ear, our music is merely a medley of noises, as much as Chinese music is unmusical to the Western ear.

Now it would be very curious to try a construction of other musical systems and see whether a purely mathematical one would be possible, and, if so, what the result would be. If man must venture into innovations, why not try an absolutely new system of music, even if it were merely an attempt to see what can be done in these lines? It would at least be an interesting analogy to the metageometry of theoretical mathematics.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"THE THIRD COMMANDMENT."

To the Editor of The Open Court:

I read your article entitled "The Third Commandment" in the August issue, page 502, which is written to show that traditional interpretations of the Bible are in some cases unwarranted.

This assertion is quite true, as every advanced Bible student can see. But the instance is not well chosen, for Professor Patton's interpretation of the Third Commandment, though ingenious, is very unpalatable. May we assume that it is here as the Talmud has it:

כִּי יִיָּהוּ יִקְרִיב כִּבְ אָמַר לְהֵא שְׂמֵקָהּ

Apparently the master must have been fast asleep when he made that statement. I cannot understand how a learned man can advance such words. Indeed, this instance does not prove your true assertion at all. For, true that this commandment does not mean blasphemy, yet it means nothing else but perjury and verification of a falsehood by an oath, as can easily be proven as follows:

נָשָׂא means "to lift," "to take," "to utter words." נָשָׂא נֶפֶשׁ אֱלֹהִים means "to desire," "to list," "to crave for something," e. g.,

וְאָרְזוּ הוּא נֶשְׂא אֶת נֶפֶשׁוֹ

Deuteron. xxiv. 15.

Moreover, we read in Psalms xxiv. 4:

בְּקִרְבָּנָם וְכִי רָכַב אֲשֶׁר לֹא נֶשְׂא בְּקוֹל נֶפֶשׁוֹ וְלֹא נֶשְׂבַע הַמְּרִקָה

It is obvious that this means an oath to verify a falsehood.

Mark the word נֶשְׂא according to the כִּרְזִי which is נֶפֶשׁוֹ his soul, the meaning of the verse (a) would be: "He who had no desire for something which is a נֶפֶשׁ" (think of נֶשְׂא נֶפֶשׁ אֱלֹהִים). But the Massorites seem to have preferred נֶשְׂבַע (on account of the parallel לַמְּרִקָה) as we read: "My soul, my being"; and נֶשְׂבַע יְהוָה, "the being of JHVH." The words are therefore rightly translated: "He who has not invoked the being of JHVH for a נֶפֶשׁ and has never sworn to a מְרִקָה." A man who wrongfully wishes for something and in order to attain his wrong desire would invoke the נֶפֶשׁוֹ to establish the truth of his claim, is here spoken of as a נֶשְׂבַע נֶפֶשׁוֹ.

Finally I wish to remind you of Psalms xvi. 4, where we read:

וְכִל אֱשָׁא אֶת שְׁמוֹתֵם עַל שִׁפְחֵי

Thus our verse will read:

לֹא חֲשָׂא עַל שִׁפְחֵיךָ אֶת שֵׁם (נֶפֶשׁ) יי אֱלֹהֶיךָ בְּשׂוֹן

קָרָא קָשָׁם denotes "to appoint somebody out of many, e. g.,

רָאָה הָרְאִיתִי כָשָׁם בְּעֵלְאֵל-

(Exodus xxxi. 2.)

We grant that preaching was not instituted in the days of Abraham, but in the days of the narrator admonishing, teaching and preaching and pointing to the Great Name was not uncommon, and therefore the narrator tells us:

אֲזַ הַחַל לְקָרָא קָשָׁם יי

(Gen. iv. 26.)

At that period the calling out of the name of JHVH came into fashion; in the days of Enosh yet. And that Abraham built an altar,

וַיִּקְרָא קָשָׁם יי

Further that Abraham proclaimed the name of JHVH, seventeen generations later is not so strange. What else would one expect of a man regarding whom the Lord says:

דַּי יִבְרַעְתִּיו לְמַעַן אֲשֶׁר יַעֲוֶה אֶת קַבְּיוֹ וְאֶת בֵּיתוֹ בְּחַכְיוֹ וְשִׁמְרוֹ כִּדְבַר יי בְּעֵשׂוֹת צַדִּיקָה

וּמִשְׁפָּט.

(Gen. xviii. 19.)

What more does a modern preacher say?

That preaching the Zedakah and the Mispat commenced much later, must have been known to the narrator of Genesis, and so he uses the expression current in his time. Luther's translation is therefore quite commendable.

M. GELDZAEELER.

TORONTO, ONT.

KAPPAMANAVAPUCCHA.

(From the Sutta-Nipata; put into verse by E. P. BUFFET.)

"Where the spreading floods are surging,"

Venerable Kappa saith,

"All the race of men submerging—

Deluge of decay and death—

Tell me, Sage, of some lone highland

Still above the rising main;

Tell me, tell me of an island,

Refuge from return of pain."

"Where the spreading floods are surging,

Kappa," saith the Blessed One,

"All the race of men submerging,

By decay and death undone,

I will name an isle of saving;

Those who find it find the best;

Nothing holding, nothing craving,

They have reached the perfect rest.

"This the Island of Nibbana;
 Here decay and death expire.
 Happy that serene Samana,
 Lit by Truth's illuming fire.
 He hath triumphed o'er samsara.
 Calm and thoughtful are his days.
 Broken is the power of Mara,
 Unfrequented are his ways."

CHURCH AND STATE IN FRANCE.

We publish in the present number an article on "France and the Vatican" by Yves Guyot, and we wish to state that the author is one of the leading public men of France. He spent three months in this country and is generally known for his sober judgment and wide political experience. It is natural for a Frenchman who is well acquainted with European institutions, to think that the Church will lose its power as soon as it becomes a private institution; but if he had devoted some attention to the development in the United States, he would probably change his opinion. Religion fulfils a definite need of the people, and in the measure that the different churches minister to this need they will prosper. We believe that the Roman Church, in spite of its many shortcomings, is well adapted to the conditions of a large number of the inhabitants of France, and so it is not impossible that it will be only more powerful after its separation from the State. Separation may mean independence and freedom. Whether or not the Church will lose its hold on the people, will depend entirely upon the Church government. It is true that the separation is forced upon the Vatican, but it stands entirely with the leaders of the Church whether the separation will be a triumph or a defeat.

EDITOR.

CREED OR CONVICTION.

Our frontispiece is from the painting by C. Goldsborough Anderson, an English portrait painter of considerable reputation though not yet forty years of age. He studied art at the London Academy schools, and has had exhibited at several prominent exhibitions besides the Royal Academy where his paintings appear regularly. He has painted about fifteen hundred portraits including large numbers of the English nobility, and presentation pictures of Cardinals Manning and Vaughan and the late Lord Salisbury.

The picture, *Creed or Conviction?* which we reproduce in the present number, appeared in the Doré Gallery in London, where it met with conspicuous success. The artist has painted the dying man similar to Darwin in type, to help to express the idea of intellect and breadth of view as opposed to the type of the High Church parson or Roman Catholic priest. The question is raised whether at the last awful moment the convictions of the scientist's life-time will be strong enough to oppose the priestly exhortations, and thus refuse his family the consolation that would make his last act one of hypocrisy. The figures are powerfully painted, and the conflicting emotions in the three faces that are visible are shown with rare artistic skill, and with a delicate perception of the finer shades of human feeling.

ERRATUM.

To the Editor of *The Open Court*:

In my article on "The Resurrection of Jesus"—printed in the April number—an error is made in a quotation. At the bottom of page 196 the quotation of Mark xvi. 8 should read: "And they went out, and fled from the tomb; for trembling and astonishment had come upon them: and they said nothing to any one; for they were afraid—." The statement that "they said nothing to any one," which was omitted in quoting, is the real ground for my comment (at the top of page 197) "that the writer has finished telling what they (the women) saw."

JOSEPH C. ALLEN.

BOOK REVIEWS AND NOTES.

ETHICS OF DEMOCRACY. A Series of Optimistic Essays on the Natural Laws of Human Society. By *Louis F. Post*. New York and Chicago: Moody Publishing Company. 1903. Pp. xxiii, 374.

The author of this book, Mr. Louis F. Post, is the editor of *The Public*, a weekly published in Chicago which is the main and only exponent of the single-tax party there. The book is inscribed to the memory of Henry George of whom the author was a personal friend and disciple. In the Introduction, Mr. Post characterises his book with the following words:

"The opening chapters deal with the ethics of democracy in their bearing upon expectations of human progress. The difference is here considered between spurious and genuine optimism—between that vulgar optimism which is after all nothing but reckless indifference to social wrong-doing or wicked love for it, and the wholesome and effective kind of optimism which abhors and condemns what is wrong and inculcates what is right...."

"Out of this application of democratic ethics to individual life there naturally develops a consideration of democracy in business life. That in turn brings forward for examination a variety of economic tendencies and their governing politico-economic principles, through which the democratic ideal lights the way. With the economics of social life grasped, the problems of democratic government are easier to solve; and out of their solution there rises a conception of patriotism the thrill of which no man can know until he understands that the world is his country and all its inhabitants are his fellow citizens.

"The concluding chapter expresses what the preceding ones suggest, the truth that in the moral as in the material universe there is a great order, a great harmony, conformity to which leads mankind upward and onward.

"Out of that harmony the ethics of democracy are evolved. Along with its development the victories of democracy are won."

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL ELEMENTS OF RELIGIOUS FAITH. Lectures by *Charles Carroll Everett*; edited by *Edward Hale*. New York: Macmillan Co. 1902. Pp. xiii, 215.

Prof. Charles Carroll Everett was an unusual personality, beloved and admired not only by his students, but by his colleagues and by large numbers

outside of university circles. He was a favorite figure at Harvard, and when he died the wish was expressed to have some permanent record of his theological lectures. Accordingly the faculty of the Harvard Divinity School had recourse to notes taken by students, and committed to Prof. Edward Hale the task of giving the material final shape. Thus the book has become a memorial to Dr. Everett and will be welcomed by his many friends.

R. R. Donnelley & Sons Co. of Chicago are deservedly taking pride in a series of *Lakeside Classics*, one of which is being issued at the Lakeside Press each Christmas. This series appears as the protest of its practical publishers against the laborious methods and fanciful results of establishments of whatever merit, whose aim is to produce the unusual in any or every particular, rather than the useful.

Nothing more to the publishers' credit need be said than that they have succeeded in what they undertook, and that this is true the tasteful and artistic (though "machine-made") volume at hand bears silent testimony. According to the Preface of the first book, the series "aims to be readable rather than eccentric, plain rather than decorative, tasteful rather than unique, useful rather than useless; withal to hold the essence of the art of the old masters in book-making, and not to copy the mechanical shortcomings which they themselves strove so hard to overcome. . . . If in a modest way this volume conveys the idea that machine-made books are not a crime against art, and that books may be plain but good, and good though not costly, its mission has been accomplished."

No subject could be more appropriate to introduce the series than the "Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin," for no person made more sincere and successful effort than the once poor printer boy to take the treasures of libraries from the custody of the few to put them within the appreciation of the many. The second volume, which appeared last Christmas, contains "Inaugural Addresses" from Washington's to Lincoln's, and these are edited by Mr. John Vance Cheney of the Newberry Library, Chicago.

C. Ropp & Sons of Chicago have published *Ropp's New Calculator* (in three styles, prices \$1.50, \$1.00, and \$0.60) which ought to prove a wonderful labor-saving device. The comprehensiveness of the purpose it is to serve is indicated on the title-page where it is said to be a short-cut arithmetic containing an original and comprehensive system of tables; also the essence of arithmetic and mensuration condensed and simplified; it is to serve for practical use, handy review, and ready reference; and is designed for the use of merchants, bankers, farmers, mechanics, manufacturers, miners, and dealers in grain, stock, cotton, coal, lumber, feed, etc. On an introductory page the following information is given us: "In 1868 the author first computed a series of Grain Tables, which proved deficient. Ropp's *New Calculator* is the result of devising and improving system after system, of spending thousands of dollars in experimenting, of making millions of practical calculations, and of doing a vast amount of hard vigorous thinking during thirty-five years."

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Our readers will recall the name and work of the late Pratapa Chandra Roy, the Hindu scholar and enthusiast who devoted his life to the translation of Hindu books in order that Western nations might be instructed in the wealth of Hindu culture, and that the English-speaking generations of his own people, though forgetting their native tongue, might not become estranged from their national classics.

At the time of his death, Mr. Roy was engaged upon the translation of the Mahabharata. The necessary expense of its production was so great that it took the last farthing of his money, as well as the last of his strength. The concluding numbers were published by his widow at the expense of her *stridhana* (personal jewelry and ornaments), and she too died shortly after the completion of the work. The family of this sacrificing pair now consists of a widowed daughter and her son. Their only property is a homestead heavily encumbered, while the income from which these debts must be paid comes from the proceeds of the remaining copies of the Mahabharata.

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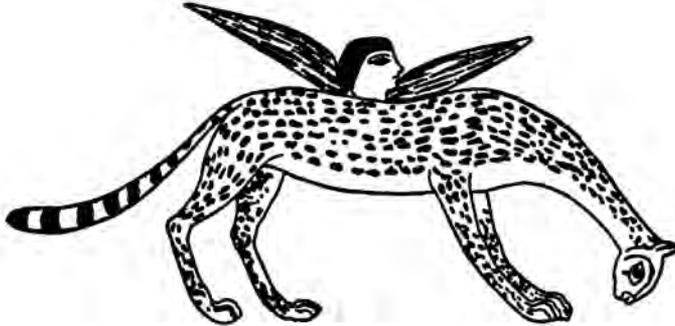
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CONTENTS:

	PAGE
<i>Frontispiece. Nanda, the Chief Shepherd's Daughter.</i> EDUARD BIEDERMANN.	
<i>Ambiguities.</i> THEODORE GILMAN.	385
<i>Professor Mills on the Logos Conception.</i> EDITOR.....	393
<i>The Secrets of Second Sight.</i> (Illustrated.) HENRY RIDGELY EVANS.....	398
<i>Zoroaster's Contributions to Christianity.</i> EDITOR.....	409
<i>Glimpses of Islam in Egypt.</i> (Illustrated.) MADAME EMILIE HYACINTHE LOYSON.	418
<i>A Representative Hindu.</i> MYRON H. PHELPS.....	438
<i>Exploration in Egypt.</i> An American Society to do the Work.....	443
<i>New Forms of Music.</i> I. L. SCHOEN.....	445
<i>Ethos Anthropoi Daimon.</i>	446
<i>The Morning Glory.</i> (Poem.)	447
<i>Memorandum Instead of Reply.</i> THADDEUS B. WAKEMAN.....	447
<i>Book Reviews and Notes.</i>	448

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AMBIGUITIES.

BY THEODORE GILMAN.

"The ambiguity of language, uncertainty of meaning, vagueness of thought, and confusion of ancient and figurative speech, underlying literature and tradition; the effect of ambiguity upon customs, laws and creeds."

YONKERS, April 29, 1904.

IN the fall of 1869 there occurred a public discussion between Dr. Mark Hopkins, President of Williams College, and Dr. James McCosh, President of Princeton, regarding what Dr. McCosh called "the very peculiar ethical theory of Dr. Hopkins." It was a battle between trained champions in the maturity of their powers and excited wide interest. The chief relation of their discussion to the above topic is to be found in the difficulty these accomplished writers and teachers had in understanding each other. Dr. Hopkins wrote: "and here I must notice a misapprehension of Dr. McCosh respecting the place assigned by me to the moral reason. He says my 'confusion arises from making the moral reason come after the end, after the end has been chosen.' I not only do not do this, but it never occurred to me as possible that any one should."

The chief characteristic of Dr. Hopkins's style was clearness and cogency of thought, and yet here in a studied and deliberate controversy, after carefully weighing his words, Dr. McCosh completely misunderstood him.

In closing the discussion Dr. Hopkins wrote, "But enough, all metaphysical points lie within a narrow compass, and it is both amusing and annoying to me to see what a fog of discussion, and often *nimbus*, will gather round them. Those involved in this dis-

cussion seem to me simple and luminous. Most of the difficulty in making them appear so to others arises from the imperfection of language. This has seemed to me so great, that for years I was deterred from attempting anything. I saw so much on these subjects of mere logomachy. This has been a difficulty between Dr. McCosh and myself. We evidently do not always attach the same meaning to the same word. If we could do that, I am confident it would bring us nearer together than we have seemed, for not only are all the intuitions of men on these subjects alike, but he and I belong to the same general school of thought, and are substantially working together." This discussion is an example of a class which seems to have been coexistent with language, the two contestants were skilled logicians, and yet the ambiguities of language were a constant stumbling-block in their way.

Few men have excelled Dr. Hopkins in lucidity of statement and clear thinking. The difficulty which deterred him from writing for publication may have been the cause of his great attention to definitions. His whole method in writing seems to have been the avoidance of ambiguity, uncertainty of meaning, vagueness of thought and confusion of figurative speech.

Nor do expert readers of an author get the same meaning from his words. As an example, Professor E. B. McGilvary writes in a late number of *Mind* as follows: "As I understand Hegel, he affirms exactly what his commentator (W. I. Harris) denies. And those who read Hegel's monism into a system in which there is no liberty, except the one single liberty of the one single whole, make Hegel do violence to the fundamental law of the totality of each logical distinction, a law which he himself made central within his system." Here two students read an author and come to exactly opposite conclusions as to his meaning.

It is said "Language affords one of the most intricate instances of creation by *consensus gentium*, and hence presents a field for astute sociological analysis. Now the word sociology may be stretched to cover everything in the heavens above, or the earth beneath, or be limited to apply to some narrow part of the universal field. Analysis of a word with reference to the science of sciences, it must be confessed, does require the gift of astuteness. Did not the writer mean that the analysis of language requires all the knowledge one possesses, or in other words, are not many high sounding words used because they are mouth-filling rather than mind-satisfying?

Or to take another example. Herbert Spencer in his *Social*

Statics, says, "If we would keep our conclusions from ambiguities, we must reserve the term we employ to signify absolute rectitude solely for this purpose." Yes, but the ambiguity does not reside in the term, but in the meaning we give to it. We could conduct a long discussion using the term, and at the end find that our opponent understood "absolute rectitude" in a different sense from that in which we did.

What different meanings Dr. Hopkins and Herbert Spencer would attach to absolute rectitude. One might have a human standard, the other a divine. The only way to prevent ambiguity in the use of this or any other term, is to define it. That requires a long discussion, and the presentation of arguments and other definitions, and the statement of philosophies and their histories. The result would be a disagreement as to the meaning, and an agreement only that each would use the term in their own way, and with their own meaning. That by itself would be a great advantage. There is sure to be a misunderstanding by avoiding the question in an *ad captandum* way.

Says Professor Ritchie, "When people talked to Socrates of 'just' and 'noble,' 'unjust' and 'ignoble,' praising or blaming people or deeds, he insisted on asking them to explain such words. The average man thinks he understands them because he is always using them. Men have a picture before their imagination of certain cases, and they think that is a knowledge of the subject. Such a reference to cases does not satisfy Socrates. He is not satisfied unless he can obtain a definition of justice or temperance or friendship that will fit every case. He starts with some traditional opinion, and then proceeds to test it by taking concrete instances, and seeing whether they come under the accepted formula. This is the Socratic method." That is, he would avoid ambiguities by a course of dialectics.

Ambiguities may be said to be the result of dialectics. The keen and trained logician analyzes his opponents' words and arguments, and discovers their ambiguities and confusions of thought. From Socrates down to modern philosophers, the work of the learned has been to force upon their fellow men a conviction of their ignorance, and to expose their false conceit of the possession of larger knowledge. Thus each successive school of thought has its own terminology. To understand any system or science we must first learn the language of its teachers. How true this is of Kantism. Idealists, nominalists, conceptualists, theologians, and philosophers of all sorts, have each their language. Chemistry, botany, medicine,

surgery, and every technical trade, have each their special terminology. We thus find many artificial systems of phrases and words used to describe ideas and facts.

One of the most popular words of modern times and one concerning which there is great ambiguity of meaning is "evolution." Some understand it to mean necessarily a slow process of development which requires millions of years for its completion. Others say that time is not the essence of its meaning; it rests chiefly on the materialistic theory, and requires that the power of development shall inhere in the matter, and therein is the potency which sets in motion all the phenomena of nature. Others say that evolution means that the forms of life have been orderly and continuous, and whether the time of their development has been short or long, or whether the progress has been *per saltum* or gradual, does not enter into the idea. Others that it means the survival of the fittest, and others natural selection. Others say evolution dispenses with God, others that evolution is God's method of creation. Questions therefore about evolution, and about other subjects also, are exceedingly difficult to answer without ambiguity.

A categorical answer to a question, yes or no, is often demanded by practical men. Frequently such an answer would be ambiguous, and create confusion of thought. You are asked whether you believe in this or that statement or theory or doctrine. Then you are pushed into a corner by being asked to assent to some deduction from the position your categorical answer seems to require you to take, and yet which you dissent from, though consistency seems to demand your assent to it. The contest in such cases should be made on the question, because it generally contains words or thoughts which are susceptible of different interpretations, and concerning which there is doubt as to which view is reasonable and true. The one who asks the questions is the attacking party, and has the advantage over the one questioned, who is on the defensive. The questioner assumes the chief point which is that his questions are based on acknowledged fact, and are a fair and complete statement of what should be taken as the true starting-point in the discussion, whereas the true starting-point is back of the question, and many things should be said and discussed before the question is reached. Putting the question should come after the discussion. Even a child can ask questions which it is hard for the parent to answer.

So to the question, are you an evolutionist, yes is an extremely ambiguous answer. The question should rather be, if you are an evolutionist, what kind of an evolutionist are you? for if you say

yes to the simple question, you are liable to be classed by some as an avowed infidel and materialist. The only way to escape ambiguity in using the word evolution, is to define the sense in which you are using it, whether general or specific, and if the latter, then give the special meaning you attach to the word.

Another modern ambiguous term is "natural selection." The meaning given to it depends upon the school of thought to which one belongs. It may be taken to mean selection by nature, or as Darwin expressed it, the selection by a shepherd to improve the flocks under his care. That involves a being different from the sheep, controlling them to attain a result of which they have no understanding or apprehension. This being acts with an intelligence which the sheep have no participation in. That is one meaning of natural selection. Another is that there is in matter a natural, though blind, force which determines the selection without the interference or help of any outside power. The selection under this view is one of the attributes of matter, and starting with the atom, it has progressed by chemical and other changes, until gradually the higher forms of creation and finally man, have been produced. The ambiguity of this term thus becomes apparent, and unless one carefully defines the sense in which it is used, great confusion of thought must result.

Confusion of thought is apt to arise in translating from one language to another. Professor Ritchie says, "It is clearly wrong to call Plato's ideas 'things.' The necessities of language unfortunately compel us to interpolate this word in translating Greek neuter adjectives and participles. τὰ ὄντως ὄντα are not properly 'things in themselves.'" And in another place he says, "If we ask ourselves in what sense a law of nature is real, we have perhaps the best clue to the meaning, and also to the ambiguities of Platonic language. The word real is ambiguous. 'Exist' is always apt to suggest existence in time and space. The Greek word εἶναι, 'to be,' had always the twofold meaning of existence and of validity and truth. 'Most really existent' is a less accurate translation of τὰ ὄντως ὄντα than 'most thoroughly true and valid.'" And in another place, "Apart from the misunderstandings likely to result from too literal an acceptance of Plato's occasional use of highly figurative language, it must be admitted that Plato led people to think of the intelligible realm as another world alongside of the phenomenal."

Oliver Wendell Holmes said that in every conversation between two persons there were six who took part. There was the imaginary person, whom the first person in the dialogue thought himself to

be, second the imaginary being whom the first person thought the second person considered him to be, then there was the true person who might have been very different from both the conceptions regarding him. The second person in the dialogue was likewise three-fold, and in the conversation words might be spoken in the character of either of the six. The first person might utter some lofty sentiment which in his sleeve he rather laughed at. He said it only because he thought it was such a sentiment as he thought the second person would expect to come from such a person as the first person thought the second person thought he was. Or the first person might say something *in propria persona*, and the second person would explain it to himself as coming from the person he thought the first person thought he was, but not coming from the first person as the second person thought he was. How to get at the true expression of ideas from both sides of a dialogue without confusion of thought, is a difficult thing. When mutual confidence exists, so that each is sure the other is speaking as he truly feels and believes, there is established the best basis for friendship, trust, and clearness of thought.

Then there is a class of ambiguities which arise from misconception and mistakes in the logic of an ignorant person, as when a woman was asked how she distinguished her twins. She replied that it was easy enough, she put her finger into Pat's mouth and if he bit real hard then she knew it was Mike. Or the emotional speaker who said, changing the first letters of two words, "brethren, you all know how it feels to have a half warmed fish in your hearts." There is also a confusion of thought in the term "to eat humble pie," the word "humble" having been put in the place of the original word "numble," which is a part of the carcass of a deer, and would make very poor pie. The words "humble pie" have the same original meaning as "to eat crow," a phrase common in political life. There is an enforced humility in this process, and the change from "numble" to "humble" introduced a thought which harmonized with the idea sought to be expressed, and the last form of the phrase has entirely supplanted the original.

One of the most remarkable words in the history of science is "phlogiston." It actually did not mean anything. The definitions of it used seriously by scientific men now provoke a laugh. And yet the theory of phlogiston was taught in all the universities of Europe up to the time of the chemical revolution. Then it was discarded almost unanimously by all scientific men. When the scientific investigations of Lavoisier revealed the truth as regards the com-

position of water, the confusion of thought in the word phlogiston became apparent.

The revolutionary period in science and thought is like the mutation period in plants. It does not always exist, but when events conspire to produce it, then new systems and new species of thought and science appear and propagate, and maintain themselves because they are true, and the confusion of thought contained in the old is exposed.

There are intuitions which are common to all men, but this is ground on which we should tread carefully. The brain of man is such a marvelously complex organ that there are many propositions which when presented to it by consciousness, are intuitionally accepted as true. The mind is built up by its intuitions and conclusions. Its formation is determined by the kind of propositions it accepts as intuitions. The mind, however, in the interest of clear thinking should be trained to rest not on intuitions only, but on definitions, or rather to test its intuitions by definitions. In modern phrase the universe is one intelligible system, of which the human mind can come to understand some part, just because and in so far as it applies the test of coherence or non-contradiction. The mind looks at any object presented to it, not only with two eyes but from a thousand or more standpoints of memory and association. The mind covers every object with a maze of triangulations from each point which it has verified by the base line of experience. Plutarch ascribes to Plato the saying "God always geometrizes." So truth may be said to be not a mere matter of personal opinion, but true to all intelligence. Given one base line of actual well defined truth, and we can triangulate and explore the entire universe.

The chief duty of every speaker or writer is to make his meaning clear, and this is by no means an easy task. Almost like this is the duty to think clearly. If these two objects can be attained, the writer or speaker will render a service to himself and to those who hear him. Of two words the one should be used about which there is the least ambiguity, and which has the greatest precision. The subject to be treated should be defined, and the sense in which topical words are used, clearly stated. Science began in Greece by the attempts of philosophers to arrive at the truth by means of definitions, and like the Corinthian pillars, those early Greek models are never to be surpassed.

There is yet a word to be said on the effect of ambiguity on customs, laws, and creeds. The frontispiece of the last *Open Court*, by C. Goldsborough-Anderson represents an old man reclining on

his bed; his white beard can hardly be distinguished from the coverlet; his erect head is fringed with snow white hair, making most prominent the massive development of his brain. Though lying on his last bed, his eyes have lost none of their keenness and his face beams with intelligence and kindliness. On one side, his aged wife is looking tenderly into his face. On the other his daughter lies prostrate with her emotions, her face buried in her hands. At the foot of the bed, facing the old man, kneels a priest holding up to his gaze a crucifix.

The story is told. The church with its authority and the wife and daughter with all the power of their tender love and religious devotion are urging the man of science to recant. How can he recant when he has reached his positions by processes as inexorable as those of geometry, and when he knows that if words were only rightly understood, all confusion of thought would vanish in the clear light of truth.

PROF. LAWRENCE H. MILLS ON THE LOGOS CONCEPTION.

BY THE EDITOR.

ONE of the most remarkable coincidences in the history of religion is the dignity which the term "word" has acquired not only in Christianity but also in the terminology of other systems in India and Iran, and—we may add—even in distant China. The theory naturally suggests itself that we are here confronted with the transmission of thought either from the East to the West or the West to the East, but it appears that neither hypothesis is admissible and that in both regions, in the sphere of Græco-Christian thought and among the Indians as well as the Iranians, we witness an interesting instance of a parallel development. The Rev. Professor Lawrence Heyworth Mills, D. D., Professor of Zend Philology at the University of Oxford, has devoted a special book¹ to a comparison of the Logos idea of Alexandrian philosophy, with analogous terms in the Zend Avesta, and he comes to the conclusion that the Persian conception of the *Honover*, the *Vohu manah*, and also of the *Asha* cannot be derived from Philo's logos² conception nor, *vice versa*, can the logos conception have originated from Zarathushtrian sources.

The Zend Avesta contains very ancient passages. It must still retain reminiscences of the time when the Brahmans and the Iran-

¹ *Zarathushtra and the Greeks: A Discussion of the Relation Existing Between the Ameshaspentas and the Logos.* Part I. F. A. Brockhaus, Leipzig. 1903-1904.

² Logos is commonly translated "word," but it means more than that. It is connected with the root from which our word "logic" is derived and it means orderly logical thought expressed in language. This same idea comes out in the Iranian term *asha* which is commonly translated "righteousness," but (like the Vedic *rita*) it means "the rhythm of nature," "the world order," especially "the moral world order," hence the translation "righteousness." *Vohumanah* is commonly translated "good thought" and *Honover*, which is the union of two words, the title of a prayer, the Ahuna vairya, a synonym which has been introduced in later writing.

ians were living together, using the same word, *Deva*, for supernatural beings; but while in India the term *Deva* never ceased to mean gods, among the Iranians it came gradually to stand for demons and evil spirits who did not deserve the honor of worship.

The ancient Iranians were virtuous husbandmen who, as says Professor Mills, preferred to worship God under simpler names than *Varuna* or *Indra*. They showed a tendency to develop a monotheistic conception of God, and the *Gathas* still retain echoes of the struggle between the pure worship of *Ahura Mazda*, i. e., "the Lord Omniscient, the author of all that is true and good," and the *Deva*-religion which appears to have been looked down upon by the adherents of the purer faith in the same way as the Israelites regarded their pagan neighbors as idolaters. The conflict is marked by a bitterness of constantly repeated feuds which finally led to the extermination of the cruder superstitious polytheism.

The sacred books of the worshippers of *Ahura Mazda* comprise a long period from the most ancient times down to modern days of *Parsi* literature, and, accordingly, there are as many phases in the development of *Mazdaism* as there are in *Christianity*. An exact knowledge of this enormous literature is limited to a small number of scholars, among whom we mention Professor Mills as one of the greatest authorities. No one is as well posted on the historic development of *Mazdaism* as he, for, in comparing *Mazdaism* with *Christianity*, we must always bear in mind the dates of the books from which we quote. The *Gathas* or *Zarathushtrian* hymns were written at an early period in remote times and reflect traits of the personal faith of *Zarathushtra*, while the *Pahlavi* books are of a much later date representing a phase in *Mazdaism* which would correspond to a similar phase in *Mediæval Christian* literature.

According to Prof. Darmesteter, there can be no doubt of an historical contact of *Zarathushtrians* with *Alexandrian* culture at a later period through some *Parsi* in *Persia* who had become familiar with *Platonic* philosophy and may possibly have visited *Égypt* in person. The most important document is a letter written by a *Parsi*, the name of which is sometimes transcribed "*Tansar*," sometimes "*Tosar*."

The author of this odd piece of literature, the alleged author *Tansar*, claims to be *Herbad* of the *Herbads*, i. e., priest of priests or chief of the religion, and he is claimed to have been the redactor of the sacred texts on which *Zoroastrianism* reposes, but if any portion of the *Avesta* could have been written at the period of *Tansar*, the implication is left that the *Gathas* themselves must have

been composed two or three centuries before, say, between 100 B. C. to 100 A. D. Hence, Mr. Mills comes to the conclusion that everything of the letter except its nucleus is entirely spurious. He says:

"Compare the Vendidad with this Letter!; — to regard the two as contemporaneous in the same locality would appear to be the ultra pointing of a sarcasm." (p. 49.)

Professor Mills devotes a careful investigation to the Tansar letter which he does not consider as genuine. On the other hand he proves the independent development of the logos idea in Greece from the first suggestion, given by Heraclitus, to Plato, further to Philo, and finally to Neo-Platonism. He shows that the Persian idea of Vohumanah is after all different from the Greek logos conception. The similarities are external and a close inspection betrays an independent origin.

The idea of a gradual personification of Asha and Vohumanah, originally mere qualities of God, is briefly sketched by Professor Mills as follows (pp. 20-21):

"I discover *Asha* and *Vohumanah* to be first of all simply expressions for the attributes of 'truth' and 'benevolence'; first as those characteristics are supposed to inhere in the supreme good Deity; and then I find them as expressing those qualities in the faithful disciple.

"After this I find that they become *also personified*, first *rhetorically*, then *doctrinally*, as *Arch-angels of God*, and later even as *his sanctified servants*, *Asha* representing in these instances the *orthodox community* and *Vohumanah* the *orthodox individual*. This explanation leaves them indeed very impressive and refined as *religious-philosophical conceptions*, but they seem to have been introduced in a spirit which was quite simple and without any trace whatsoever of hair-splitting dialectics. They however express in a significant manner *the activity of the Deity as directed by His justice and His love*, and by these as exerted toward His entire creation, which is declared to comprise the chief objects even of material nature. There is indeed 'an evil creation'; but with this the supreme Deity has nothing whatsoever to do, either directly or indirectly through either his *Vohumanah* or his *Asha* (except indeed to oppose and finally to overcome (?) it). It is the work of a *separate Original Spirit*, not supreme of course, but independent. *Such are Asha and Vohumanah in brief.*"

The personification of a quality of God reminds one of Philo's word "dynamis" (power). We may compare *Spenta-Mainyu* with Philo's *pneuma*, the *Amesha-Spenta*, or Bountiful Immortals,

the seven attributes of God, which might explain Philo's preference for the number "seven," etc., etc. We can follow up the similarities to some details, and yet in following the arguments of Prof. Mills, will have to acknowledge the independent origin of these notions in both Iranian religion and in Greek philosophy.

Professor Mills estimates the Zarathushtrian faith far higher than Philo's conception. In fact he says: "It would be an insult to the Avesta to compare the two." Philo's betrays a vanity and he claims that his soul or his mind had been furnished with information from God himself. Nothing so trivial appears in the *Gathas*. Professor Mills continues (pp. 204-205):

"The Avesta in the thought compared led the world of its time and place in one of the most important ideas which humanity had yet experienced. Nothing Philonian can approach it, much less this petty, but yet to some of us most interesting effect of diseased cerebral action.

"Philo's 'mind' was indeed 'speaking' to him and upon a serious subject,—a question in the theological exegesis of a passage in his Scriptures; but it concerned something of mere remote detail, a matter of little practical moment, however it might be considered. But Zarathushtra's point was vital and immediate, of the utmost critical effect to the immortal destiny of the human subject, and wholly moral. I may well fear that I do it dishonor to mention it in such a connection, or in such a tone."

The nucleus of the Zend Avesta is ancient and we find in it for the first time several characteristics of a distinctly moral character, based upon religious ideals. Professor Mills says (pp. 205-206):

"Up to the dates of those statements in the Zend Avesta men's thoughts as to future recompense, so far as they have been recorded, were all mechanical, ruthless and inconsiderate. The law of interior recompense, was perhaps not so consciously at hand in the thoughts of Zarathushtra, but his deducible ideas forecast it; subjective rewards and punishments are certainly foreshadowed.

"And this was epoch-making for the time and place, the first clear statement of such conceptions in all literature. The conscience becomes the executioner, if it indeed does not constitute the very pains of Hell; and in a corresponding sense an approving voice within fills the being with pervading peace, and it meets the saved man like a fragrant breeze to a traveller approaching home."

As to interpretations between the Iranian doctrine and the Alexandrian logos conception, Professor Mills is a little inclined to be-

lieve that Philo must have felt indirectly a Babylonian-Persian influence. He sums up his views as follows (pp. 206-208):

"The Avesta in no sense depends upon the Jewish Greeks. On the contrary, it was Philo who was in debt to it. He drank in his Iranian lore from the pages of his exilic Bible, or from the Bible-books which were then as yet detached, and which not only recorded Iranian edicts by Persian Kings, but were themselves half made up of Jewish-Persian history. Surely it is singular that so many of us who 'search the Scriptures' should be unwilling to see the first facts which stare at us from its lines. The Religion of those Persians, which saved our own from an absorption (in the Babylonian), is portrayed in full and brilliant colors in the Books of the Avesta, because the Avesta is only the expansion of the Religion of the sculptured edicts as modified. The very by-words, as we shall later see, are strikingly the same, and these Inscriptions are those of the very men who wrote the Bible passages. This religion of the Restorers was beyond all question historically the first consistent form in which our own Eschatology appeared.

"Before the Exile the Jewish creed was very dim indeed as to Resurrection, Immortality, forensic Judgment, and all we hold most dear. The people of Ragma (Rages, etc.) whose name the Alexandrians knew so well from their Tobias, or from its sources, lived and died under the strong personal influence of these beliefs, with other elements beside them so searching that we can scarcely trust our eyesight as we read. Even the harsher features are recalled; the very Demon of the Gathas figured in the tales of Philo's youth.

"There are more traces of the doctrines named above, with Heaven and Hell, as Orthodox Christians hold to them, in the texts of the Avesta than in all the Pre-exilic Books. . . .

"I have asserted with suggested reasons that *Philo must have felt indirectly a Babylonian-Persian influence* with the conclusion that any similarities supposed to exist between his writings and the Zarathushtrian system must have been owing to ideas which made their way from that system, or from a congeries of closely connected systems of which Zarathushtrianism was a prominent unit; and I have constructed a provisional conclusion from these premises in so far as they are now presented."

THE SECRETS OF SECOND SIGHT.

BY HENRY RIDGELY EVANS.

"Then a second-sighted Sandy said,
'We'll do nae good at a' Willie.'"

—*Child's Ballads*, VII. 265.

I.

I WENT on one occasion to dine with Mr. Francis J. Martinka, and while waiting for the repast to be dished up, seated myself upon an old-fashioned sofa in his dining room.



ROBERT HELLER'S MAGIC SOFA.

"Pardon me," said my host, gaily, "while I put a bottle of wine on ice. I will be back in a little while. In the meantime, you may amuse yourself looking over these photos of eminent conjurers.

And by the way, you are seated upon the very sofa which Robert Heller used in his second-sight trick. Examine it carefully and you will see where the wires and electric battery were located. I came into possession of the relic after the death of Heller."

So saying he went out to look after the wine.

And so the piece of furniture I was seated on was the veritable up-to-date tripod of that High Priestess of Delphi, Miss Haidie Heller, who assisted Robert Heller, acting the part of clairvoyant. It called up a flood of memories to me.

The magician of the Arabian Nights transported himself from Bagdad to Damascus upon a piece of carpet. In imagination that old sofa carried me back thirty years into the past. I was seated in the gallery of the old National Theatre, Washington, D. C. at a *soiree magique* of the famous Heller. I shall never forget his second-sight trick. It was the most wonder-provoking, the most mysterious experiment I have ever seen. In his hands, it was perfect. Robert Heller saw Houdin give an exhibition of this feat of mental magic in London. His acute mind divined the secret, and he set about devising a code for working the experiment. He added many new effects. Nothing seemed to puzzle him and his assistant.

At an entertainment given in Boston, and described by Henry Hermon in his work on Hellerism, a coin was handed to Heller. He glanced at it and requested Miss Heller to name the object.

"A coin," she quickly answered.

"Here, see if you can tell the name of the country, and all about it?" he next asked.

Without a moment's hesitation she replied: "It is a large copper coin—a coin of Africa, I think. Yes, it is of Tripoli. The inscriptions on it are Arabic; one side reads 'Coined at Tripoli;' the other side, 'Sultan of two lands, Sultan by inheritance, and the son of a Sultan.'"

"Very well," said Heller, "that is correct. But look, what is the date, now?"

"The date is 1-2-2-0, one thousand two hundred and twenty of the Hegira, or Mohammedan year, which corresponds to 1805 of the Christian year."

Tremendous applause greeted this feat.

Mr. Fred Hunt, who was for a number of years Robert Heller's assistant, revealed the secret of second sight soon after Heller's death. The performer has first to be initiated into a new alphabetical arrangement, which is as follows:

A is H; B is T; C is S; D is G; E is F; F is E; G is A; H is

I; I is B; J is L; K is Pray; L is C; M is O; N is D; O is V; P is J; Q is W; R is M; S is N; T is P; U is Look; V is Y; W is R; X is See this; Y is Q; Z is Hurry. "Hurry up" means to repeat the last letter. For example, the initials or name in a ring is wanted. Say it is "Anna." By the alphabetical arrangement H stands for A, D for N. The exclamation "Hurry up" always means a repetition of the last letter, and again H will give the answer when put as follows:

After the alphabet we have the numbers, which are arranged as follows: 1 is Say or Speak; 2 is Be, Look or Let; 3 is Can or Can't; 4 is Do or Don't; 5 is Will or Won't; 6 is What; 7 is Please or Pray; 8 is Are or Ain't; 9 is Now; 10 is Tell; 0 is Hurry or Come. "Well" is to repeat the last figure. Now for an example: The number 1,234 is needed; attention must only be paid to the first word of a sentence, thus—*Say* the number. *Look* at it. *Can* you see it? *Do* you know?

Suppose the number called for is 100:

"*Tell* me the number. *Hurry!*"

So much, dear reader, for the spelling of proper names and conveying numbers to the clairvoyant on the stage. In regard to colors, metals, precious stones, countries, materials, fabrics, makers of watches, playing cards, society emblems, coins, bills, jewelry, wearing apparel, surgical instruments, etc., etc., Heller had them arranged in sets of ten. The first question he asked gave the clue to the set; the second question to the number of the article in the set. Thus but two short questions were necessary to elicit the proper reply from the assistant. Miscellaneous articles were divided into nineteen sets. I will give examples of two:

FIRST SET.

What article is this?

- | | |
|------------------|---------------|
| 1. Handkerchief. | 6. Basket. |
| 2. Neckerchief. | 7. Beet. |
| 3. Bag. | 8. Comforter. |
| 4. Glove. | 9. Headdress. |
| 5. Purse. | 10. Fan. |

SECOND SET.

What is this?

- | | |
|---------------|--------------|
| 1. Watch. | 6. Necklace. |
| 2. Bracelet. | 7. Ring. |
| 3. Guard. | 8. Rosary. |
| 4. Chain. | 9. Cross. |
| 5. Breastpin. | 10. Charm. |

Supposing a spectator handed a *Rosary* to the conjurer. He would call out to his assistant. *What is this?* (Clue to second set.) Then he would exclaim: *Are you ready?* The word *are* would give the clue to number 8. And so on.

The clues to the sets were worded very nearly alike, so as to



ROBERT HELLER.

make the spectators believe that the same questions were being constantly asked.

Evoking the aid of electricity, Robert Heller was enabled to convey the cue words and numbers of the sets to Miss Heller *without speaking a word*. It was this wonderful effect that so puzzled everybody. A confederate sat among the spectators, near the center aisle of the theatre, and the wires of an electric battery were

connected with his chair, the electric push button being under the front part of his seat. Heller gave the cue to the set in which the article was, its number, etc., by some natural movement of his body or arms; and the confederate, rapidly interpreting the secret signals, telegraphed them to the clairvoyant on the stage. The receiving instrument was attached to the sofa upon which Miss Heller sat. The interchangeable use of the two methods of conveying information—spoken and unspoken—during an evening, completely bewildered the spectators. It was indeed a sphinx problem.

Robert Heller, or Palmer, was born in London in 1833. At the age of fourteen he won a scholarship at the Royal Academy of Music. In the year 1852 he made his debut in New York City at the Chinese Assembly Rooms. On this occasion he wore a black wig and spoke with a Gallic accent, believing that a French conjurer would be better received in this country than an English magician. He failed to make a success, and eventually drifted to Washington, where he taught music for a number of years. All this time he was perfecting himself in legerdemain. Finally he reappeared in New York and won unbounded success. He visited Europe and India, returning to the United States in 1875. He died in Philadelphia November 28, 1878. Soon after his death an absurd story went the rounds of the press that he had directed his executors to destroy his automata and magical paraphernalia. Such is not the case. Mr. Francis J. Martinka, of New York, possesses a number of his tricks. Heller was a magnificent pianist and always gave a short recital of his own compositions and those of the masters during his entertainment. He used to append the following effusion to his posters:

"Shakespeare wrote well;
Dickens wrote *Weller*;
Anderson was—
But the greatest is Heller."

II.

A curious exhibition of silent second-sight was that of the Svengali trio. The effect as described by the *New York Herald*, August 11, 1904, is as follows:

"Two persons (lady and gentleman) are on the stage, both with their backs toward the audience. A third one goes into the auditorium, with his back towards the stage, to receive the wishes of the audience. If the name of any international celebrity is whispered to him, with lightning rapidity the thought is transmitted.

The gentleman on the stage turns round immediately and appears in features, bearing and dress as the desired personage—with wonderfully startling resemblance.

"One can likewise whisper to the gentleman in the auditorium the name of an international opera, operetta or international song. The thought flies like lightning and the lady sings what is wanted, instantly accompanying herself on the piano.

"The secret of this trick is as follows: When the curtain rises, the master of ceremonies walks to the front of the stage and in a pleasing voice begins: 'Ladies and gentlemen—I have the pleasure of introducing to you, etc., etc. I will call your attention to the fact that the spectators must confine their whispered wishes to international celebrities, names of well-known personages, songs and operas of international fame,' etc.

"This limitation of choice is the key to the performance. They have lists of these 'international celebrities,' rulers, statesmen, diplomats, great writers and musical composers; songs of world-wide reputation, popular selections from the operas, etc. And the secret of the evening is that all of these carefully selected names, titles, etc., are numbered, as in the following examples:

STATESMEN AND RULERS.

1. Bismarck.
2. King Humbert of Italy.
3. Napoleon Bonaparte.
4. King Edward VII.
5. Paul Kruger.
120. Lincoln.

OPERAS.

1. "Faust."
2. "Lohengrin."
3. "Bohemian Girl."
4. "Lucia di Lammermoor."
5. "Carmen."
120. "Trovatore."

POPULAR SONGS.

1. "Home, Sweet Home."
2. "Last Rose of Summer."
3. "Marseillaise."
4. "The Jewel Song in Faust."
5. "Walter's Prize Song."
101. "Comin' Thro' the Rye."

GREAT WRITERS.

1. Thackeray.
2. Victor Hugo.
3. Dickens.
4. George Elliot.
5. Shakespeare.
101. Dante.

HOW THE SIGNALS ARE CONCEALED.

"The manager reiterates that if only names of international reputation are given the responses will be correct nine hundred and ninety-nine times in a thousand. Then he descends from the stage, and, smiling right and left, inclines his ear to catch the whispered wishes as he moves slowly up the aisle, generally with his back to the stage. An auditor whispers to him, 'Bismarck.'

"Herr Svengali, gesticulating freely but naturally, pressing his

eyes with his fingers for an instant as if going into a momentary trance—only a second or two, just enough to impress the audience—then thrusts a hand into the air, wipes the moisture from his face with his handkerchief or leans toward a spectator, seeking his attention, when a voice from the stage says, 'Bismarck.'

"'Right,' responds the man who whispered that illustrious name. Then there is a craning of necks and crushing of programmes, all eyes fixed on the stage, where the impersonator, standing before a cabinet of costume pigeonholes, with the aid of an assistant has donned wig and uniform in his lightning change and whirls around disguised as Bismarck, while the girl at the piano plays 'The Watch on the Rhine.' It is all the work of a few seconds and makes a great impression upon the spectator.

"The next man calls for an opera air, 'Bohemian Girl,' and the piano plays 'I Dreamt That I Dwelt in Marble Halls,' etc. Another man suggests the magic name 'Sheridan.' It is echoed aloud from the stage, while the audience applauds and the girl plays 'The Star Spangled Banner.'

"The few experts present pay little attention to the stage. Their eyes are fixed on the man Svengali in the aisle, noting every move he makes. It is observed that his numerous gestures, his frequent use of his handkerchief, the pressure of his fingers on his eyes, as if to hypnotize his assistant on the stage, are natural movements, attracting no attention, yet necessary to hide the vital signals in the cipher code of the show.

"In the programme and show bills it is emphasized that the lady and gentleman on the stage have their backs to the audience, while Svengali, down in the aisle, has his back to the stage, making collusion apparently impossible. This makes a profound impression on the public.

"A CONFEDERATE BEHIND A SCREEN.

"But not a word is said of that curious screen panel, bearing a double headed eagle—the Austrian coat of arms—surmounting a large cabinet of costumes occupying so much space on the stage. The programme does not explain that this screen panel is transparent from behind and that an accomplice with a strong magnifying lens reads every move made by Svengali and repeats his signals to the pretty girl at the piano and the impersonator at the cabinet.

"THE SYSTEMS EXPLAINED.

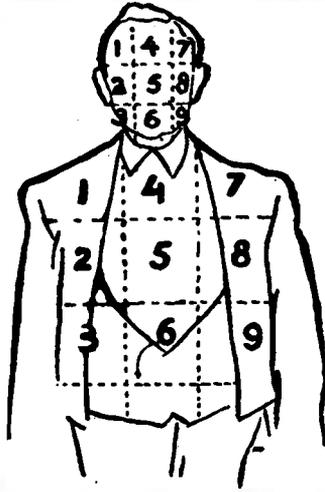
"Here is an illustration of how the figure system can be worked. As explained above, the famous personages, popular songs and

operas are on numbered lists. Svengali in the aisle, with his code of signals, has all these numbers committed to memory.

"When a spectator whispers 'Dickens' Svengali knows it is No. 4, and he signals accordingly.

"But how?

"By touching his head, chin, or breast, or that particular part of his body designated in the signal code of the Svengali Company. The diagram given herewith illustrates the system of communica-



tion by numbers, nine figures and a cipher (0), by which all the wealth of the world may be measured, and any number of words may be communicated without a word of speech. One has but to map out a square on his face, breast or body, and number it with these nine figures, with an extra space for the cipher, to be ready for the Svengali business. That is, when he has memorized the names and the numbers representing them.

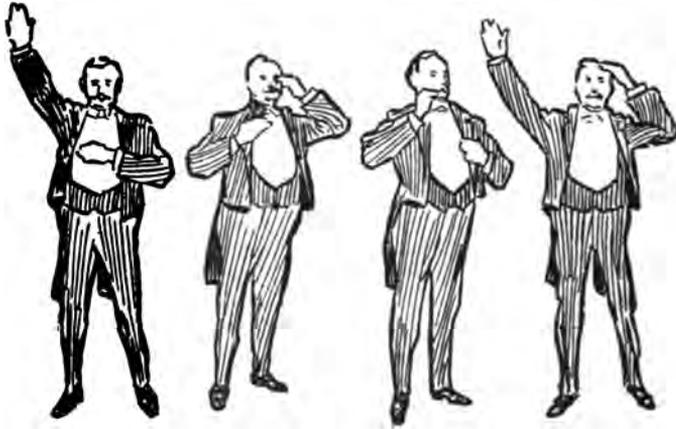
"Say the human head is used for this purpose. Imagine the top of the head, right hand side, as No. 1, the right ear as No. 2, the jaw as No. 3, and the neck as the cipher; the forehead No. 4, the nose No. 5, the chin No. 6, the top of the head on the left side as No. 7, the left ear No. 8, and the left side of the jaw No. 9.

"Thus you have the code system by which operators can communicate volumes by using a codified list of numbered words or sentences.

"If you label the Lord's Prayer No. 4, and the Declaration of Independence No. 5, you may instantly telegraph the mighty litera-

ture through wireless space—enough literature to save all Europe from anarchy—by two natural movements of the hand.

"You can label your eyes, your movements or even your glances, making them take the places of the nine omnipotent numbers. Again: Glance upward to the right for No. 1, straight upward for No. 2 and upward to the left for No. 3. Repeating, glancing horizontally for Nos. 4, 5 and 6. Repeating the same again, by glancing downward for Nos. 7, 8 and 9, and stroking your chin for the cipher (0).



SECOND SIGHT TRICK—SIGNALLING.

"With your back to the audience, you can telegraph in a similar way, using your arm and elbow to make the necessary signals. Let the right arm, hanging down, represent No. 1; the elbow, projecting from the side, No. 2; elbow raised, No. 3. Repeat with the left arm for Nos. 4, 5 and 6; with either hand placed naturally behind you, on the small of the back, above the belt and over your shoulder for Nos. 7, 8 and 9, and on the back of your head or neck for the cipher (0)."

III.

It is an interesting fact to note that the Chevalier Pinetti was the first exhibitor of the second-sight trick. Houdin revived (or re-invented) it.

On the 12th of December, 1846, he announced in his bill: "In this programme, M. Robert-Houdin's son, who is gifted with a marvelous second-sight, after his eyes have been covered with a thick bandage, will designate every object presented to him by the audi-

ence." In his memoirs he thus describes how he came to invent the trick:

"My two children were playing one day in the drawing-room at a game they had invented for their own amusement. The younger had bandaged his elder brother's eyes, and made him guess at the objects he touched, and when the latter happened to guess right, they changed places. This simple game suggested to me the most complicated idea that ever crossed my mind.

"Pursued by the notion, I ran and shut myself up in my work-room, and was fortunately in that happy state when the mind follows easily the combinations traced by fancy. I rested my head in my hands, and, in my excitement, laid down the first principles of second sight.

Houdin never revealed his method of working the trick.

Robert Heller's successors in mental magic are Max Berol and wife, and the Zancigs. Among other feats Berol is able to memorize over two hundred words called out by the spectators and written down on a slip of paper by some gentleman. Berol will then write these words backwards and forwards without hesitation and name any one of them by its number in the list. The Zancigs are marvels in the art of second-sight. They were born in Denmark, but are naturalized citizens of the United States. Clever advertisers, they lay claim to occult powers, as the following notice in the *Washington Post*, April 30, 1905, will testify:

"Although Prof. Zancig and Mme. Zancig, who will be at Chase's this week, are naturalized Americans, they come from Denmark. They first developed their transmission of thought from one mind to another—or what is known as telepathy—while journeying through the Orient. They found that quite a number of the Orientals had found it possible to control 'thought waves' and transmit them to the minds of others, just as Marconi, with his wireless telegraphy, controls electric waves and transmits them to an objective point. Prof. Zancig discovered that Mme. Zancig was inceptive, and he could readily transmit to her mind the thoughts of his own. The tests were continued, and became so positive and conclusive that it was decided to give public exhibitions.

"While in India, Prof. and Mme. Zancig saw some astonishing telepathic exhibitions, which encouraged them to still greater efforts. They gave exhibitions before the Maharajah, near Delhi; before the Chinese minister at Hongkong, and before the Japanese officials of highest grades, who took great interest in the mental tests. One remarkable incident occurred at Potchefstroom, South Africa, where

the natives are extremely superstitious. The exhibition had been extensively advertised, and the house was full. The entertainment created a sensation. As long as Prof. Zancig remained on the stage everything was all right, but when he went among the audience and read dates of coins, inscriptions on letters, and performed other remarkable feats, the audience suddenly became panic-stricken, and there was a mad rush for windows, doors, or any other means of exit. In five minutes the hall was empty, and nothing could induce the people to return. After concluding his tour abroad, Prof. Zancig and his wife returned to America, and began an American tour which has been uninterruptedly successful and will extend to every section of the United States."

ZOROASTER'S CONTRIBUTIONS TO CHRISTIANITY.

BY THE EDITOR.

WE read in the Arabic Gospel of the Infancy (p. 176) the following passage which we cannot doubt is but a more complete version of Matt. 11:1:

"And it came to pass when the Lord Jesus was born at Bethlehem of Judah, in the time of Herod the King, behold Magi came from the East to Jerusalem, as Zerdusht had predicted: and they had with them gifts, gold, incense and myrrh; and they worshipped him and offered unto him their gifts."

Zerdusht is the Arabic name for Zoroaster, and we have here the positive statement that Zoroaster had predicted the Saviour.

The three Magi are now commonly supposed to be representatives of the Gentile nations, but among the early Christians they were Magi, or priests of Mesopotamia. They are always represented as wearing Persian caps, the same head covering which Mithra wears, and which under the name of miter, has become the typical cap of honor of the Christian bishops. The names of the three Magi according to an ancient popular legend, are Caspar, Melchior and Balthazar. All are pagan names; not one of them is Jewish. Caspar means "radiance", Melchior means "the light of Malech or Moloch" (i. e. the king, viz., God), Balchazar means "Bel protect the king."

The story of the Magi is the last remnant in the Christian canon of the evidences of the influence which the religion of the Persians exercised on early Christianity. We know now that this influence must have been enormous although it appears that during the rivalry between Mithraism and Christianity, the vestiges that might testify to it have been systematically obliterated, leaving only hints of the significance of Zoroaster's faith at the beginning of the Christian era.

In the light of these facts, a knowledge of the noble faith of the Persians has become indispensable to a proper comprehension of our own religion, and so it is but natural that of late much attention has been paid to its sacred canon, the Zend Avesta.*

The study of the Zend Avesta will prove more and more important for our insight into the genesis of both Judaism and Christianity, and it is greatly to be regretted that the men who do the work in this important direction are very rare. It was begun on a larger scale by Spiegel, a German scholar; it was continued by Darmesteter, a Frenchman of Jewish blood; and is represented to-day in the Old World by Professor Lawrence H. Mills, and in the United States by A. V. Williams Jackson.

The religion of Zoroaster (or, as the original name reads, Zarathushtra) bears a close resemblance in many respects to both Judaism and Christianity. It is commonly called Mazdaism, or the worship of Mazda, Ahura Mazda, the Lord Omniscient, being the common appellation of God among the followers of Zarathushtra. While the Iranians, the inhabitants of Elam, and later on of Persia, were greatly benefited by the civilisation that had sprung up in the valley of the Euphrates and Tigris, they made a new departure in the line of practical religion by boldly taking the consequences of the philosophy of the day, by discarding the old polytheism, and by placing in its stead a rigid monotheism. While their knowledge of facts, their science, their culture, their art, and their habits of life generally were greatly influenced by Babylonian thought, these sturdy mountaineers in the highlands northwest of Babylon, resented the superstitions of the inhabitants of the plains, and felt a superiority in the purity of their religious conviction such as we find expressed also in the canon of the Jews.

Are we not perhaps entitled to assume that conditions similar to these prevailing in the mountainous provincial centers of the northwest obtained also on the highlands of Judah? Thus we are confronted by a parallel development of monotheism on similar lines accompanied by a similar scorn of Babylonian idolatry, while the entire atmosphere in both Judea and Persia is permeated with Babylonian culture.

The Babylonian captivity constituted the school-years in the

* In view of the importance of Zend Avesta study we will publish in the next number a condensed biographical account of Professor Lawrence H. Mills. He thinks that a publication of such a personal nature might be misconstrued as vanity, but grants at the same time that many students interested in his line of work have repeatedly called for just such details. Hence we deem ourselves justified in publishing both his portrait, and a short sketch of his course of study.

development of the Jewish people. After the conquest of Jerusalem, the nobility, and with them all intellectual leaders, including representative artisans of all the crafts, were transported to Babylonia and were there confronted for the first time in their national life with a civilisation superior to their own. Their view was widened, and while they felt themselves strangers in the new land, they there absorbed the best thought and reconstructed their own faith on broader lines.

It is well known that monotheistic tendencies existed in Babylon, that the different gods were interpreted to be different manifestations of the same deity, and we may very well assume that philosophical minds must have looked with disgust on the idolatrous practices of the national temple service. The Jews imbibed the monotheism of these isolated thinkers of their new home, because they were prepared for it through the prophetic movement that antedated the downfall of Judea and were thus enabled to identify that one sole and supreme God with Yahveh, their own tribal deity. Under such auspices the entire literature of Israel was revised and the history of the nation reconstructed from the monotheistic point of view, which made it appear that Yahveh had always been the one supreme God, who, however, had taken special pains to select Israel as his own chosen people.

It was no accident that Babylonian rule was overthrown by Persia, for the Persian kings and their people were a vigorous race ensouled with high ideals and noble principles. They had embraced the religion of Zoroaster and thus their cause in the destiny of nations had become identified with a monotheistic faith. There is but this difference between the Persians and the Jews, that the former were tolerant of other religious institutions while the latter were iconoclastic and over-zealous in condemning the idolatry of the Gentiles.

When Cyrus entered Babylon he took possession of the city in the name of Marduk, the tutelary deity of that great metropolis, identifying Marduk with his own god Ahura Mazda; and in the same way he recognised the religion of the Jews as being practically the same as his own, tacitly assuming that Yahveh, the Lord of the Jews, was but another name for Ahura Mazda, the Lord of the Persians.

Cyrus was a great man, and history has rightly named him "Cyrus the Great." He had a deep insight into the several nationalities whom he united under his sceptre. He was not only victorious in war, but also successful in peace; and so he amalgamated

this heterogeneous mass of people, speaking many different languages and being guided by as many different religions, into one



CLAY CYLINDER RECORDING THE ENTRANCE OF CYRUS INTO BABYLON.

After a photograph by Mansell.

great empire, of which his own people, the Persians, remained for many centuries the administrators and rulers. Thus the Semitic

world of Hither Asia was for the first time guided by a nation of Aryan blood, the rule of which continued until the Persian Empire broke down before the irresistible onslaught of Alexander the Great.

* * *

But let us now consider the significance of the religion of the Persians, and how it affected the development of the religion which dominates the civilised nations today. We shall see that it entered into the make-up of Judaism and exercised a most powerful influence upon it. At the time of Christ it became a factor in the origin of Christianity, and later on it affected its development, not only once but several times.

First of all, Cyrus is hailed by Isaiah as the Messiah, i. e., "the Anointed One," Chapter xiv, 1, where the passage reads in the authorised version: "Thus saith the Lord to His anointed, to Cyrus, whose right hand I have holden, to subdue nations before him." The famous passage which John the Baptist applies to Jesus when he speaks of himself, "The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make His paths straight," has originally been spoken by Isaiah of Cyrus, who in the same chapter as above quoted, declares in the name and words of God (Is. xiv, 2): "I will go before thee, and make the crooked places straight: I will break in pieces the gates of brass, and cut in sunder the bars of iron."*

Cyrus recognised in the monotheism of Judea a religion akin to his own, and therefore took a personal interest in the destiny of the Jews. He organised the temple service in Jerusalem, and with it introduced the Mazdaian symbol of the deity, the holy fire—an institution which has been preserved in Christianity under the form of the eternal lamp, which is even today kept incessantly burning in Roman Catholic churches.

Historians assume that a man of the great common sense of Cyrus was also moved by practical motives. In consideration of the fact that his own people were a small majority in that great empire which he had conquered, he needed sympathisers and supporters of his cause, which was nowhere more endangered than at the Egyptian frontier; and he was wise enough to show his clemency and bestow favors upon those people who held the key to the roads between Babylon and Suez. So long as he could trust the population of Jerusalem, an Egyptian invader could not take him by surprise; while, on the other hand, if the allegiance of the rulers of

* Cf. also Is. xl. 3-5, where the same idea is set forth without, however, making special allusion to Cyrus.

Jerusalem was doubtful, his Syrian possessions could easily be attacked by Pharaoh. The impulse which Cyrus gave to the development of Judaism was no doubt lasting, but in addition we know that Persian thought continued to sway the religious development of the Jews, and its traces are especially noticeable in the apocalyptic writings.

The canon of the Jews as we have it in the Old Testament does not as yet show the supremacy of the Persian faith. It is still an expression of the opposition made by the religious leaders of the Jews to the polytheistic superstitions of Babylon. Thus they oppose above all the idea of immortality, which is closely connected with Tammuz worship and is by no means free from idolatrous practices. It is presumably on this account that no reference is made in the Old Testament to the doctrine of immortality. Times changed, however, and the idea of the soul, of resurrection, and the establishment of God's kingdom on earth became powerful factors in the popular religion of Judea,—notions which appeared mainly in sectarian life and in the post-canonical literature of the times, commonly called apocryphal.

The Apocrypha consists of a peculiar mixture of Babylonian ideas, modified by the Persian religion, and finally assimilated to Jewish ways of thinking. They were written at a time of great tribulation for the Jews, who were suffering from persecution at the hands of the kings of Syria. This part of the Persian empire had fallen into the hands of the family of Antiochus, and these proud rulers endeavored to break the exclusiveness of Jewish institutions. In those troublesome days, the Jews felt consolation in the hope of a Messiah, which found expression in prophecies that were echoes of ancient legends ultimately founded on the aboriginal faith of the oldest inhabitants of Babylonia.

The ancient Babylonians looked upon earthly life as a reflection of heavenly events, and represented the successive eras of history as cycles; thus the stories of the gods contain prophecies concerning the destiny of mankind, and the legend of the origin of the world was considered typical for the regeneration of conditions in a new age. For this reason the story of the struggle of Bel Marduk, the main god of Babylon, with Tiamat, the monster of the deep, was regarded as prophetic, and the myths of cosmogony were interpreted as foreshadowing an eschatology.

The continuation of eschatological literature in the Christian era and its conclusion are found in the Revelation of St. John the Divine. This strange composition contains passages which remind

the student of the Babylonian antiquities of the ancient Marduk epic, and the chapters xii. and xix. contain a Christianity whose Christ has apparently nothing to do with Jesus of Nazareth. The Christ of the twelfth chapter is born in heaven, not on earth; and the mother is persecuted by a dragon who is evidently a creature of mythological significance, for we are told that "his tail drew the third part of the stars of heaven, and drew them to the earth." We are told of a war in heaven, in which Michael and his angels fought against the dragon, and the man-child that was born had to be reared in secrecy. "It was caught up unto God and to his throne."

The Christ of chapter xii. does not preach the love of enemies or the Golden Rule, but "is to rule all nations with a rod of iron." He rides on a white horse and is "clothed with a vesture dipped in blood and his name is called the Word of God." Further details are supplied by Professor Hermann Gunkel who was the first to call attention to the mythological features of the Book of Revelation in his book *Schöpfung und Chaos*.

The Jews under the tyrannical rule of the Antiochs were fully convinced that the present world-order had waxed old and that a change was close at hand. The Son of Man was expected to bring redress from evil, and perhaps for the first time in the history of the world individualism began to stir the people. It was no longer sufficient to glory in the continuation of the state. Every individual soul should be preserved and treasured up, and so the belief gained ground that those who had suffered in times of tribulation should be resurrected and live again on the great day of the regeneration of the world.

Similar ideas of a growing individualism can be traced in other countries, especially in Greece where the Orphic mysteries introduced similar ideals and hopes.

If we ask ourselves where the new faith that was to develop into full bloom in Christianity has been most clearly anticipated in the special form in which it appears among the Nazarenes (the primitive Christians of Jerusalem of which St. Paul is spoken of as a ringleader, Acts xxiv. 5), we can point only to Persia.

The Persians worshipped Ahura Mazda, the Lord Omniscient, as the only deity, but according to their faith he was opposed by the wicked demon Angra Mainyu. While the Lord Omniscient is omnipotent, the Evil One has great power in this world and the struggle is being waged between the partisans of the Lord and of the Fiend. Man stands between the two and has to take issue for or against God. No doubt exists that God will be victorious in the

end. In the right season a saviour, *Saoshiyant*, will be born of a virgin who will conceive while bathing in the pure waters of a lake. The Saviour is called Mithra, the Glorious One, who is a manifestation of God as much as its corona. is a manifestation of the sun. The Saviour will be the mediator between God and man. He will smite the Fiend and establish God's kingdom on earth, called *Khashathra Vairja*, "the Kingdom of Perfection." On his appearance the dead will rise and the age of immortality begin. Then Mithra will sit in judgment. The good shall be clothed with transfigured bodies that will cast no shadow, while the reprobates, the supporters of Angra Mainyu, will be doomed to the eternal fires of hell, but on earth an age of holiness, *Asha Vahista*,* will be established forever.

It is noticeable that many ideas bear a remarkable resemblance to Christian thought. The Word, for instance, played a very significant part with the Persians as it did also in ancient Babylon and in India. According to primitive logic, the word not only represents the thing itself, but contains the essence of its nature, and so the name of God, and also prayers, were considered as powerful spells, capable of working miracles. We know that Bel Marduk evinced his worthiness of taking up the fight with Tiamat, by showing that with his word he could call things into existence or make them disappear, and it is but a natural consequence of this idea that the Persians believed that Ahura Mazda had created the world by pronouncing the word, and Zoroaster drove away the fiend Angra Mainyu by reciting the formula of prayer.

The Persian religion was practical. It taught its devotees to trust in God whose nature was light. It taught them to regard the lie as the worst sin they could become guilty of, and they considered themselves champions of the cause of Ahura Mazda. Ahura Mazda was conceived after the allegory of a Persian King of Kings who had a host of messengers and officers at his command. So we understand that in combination with Persian monotheism was a belief in angels, and we can have no doubt that Persian ideas concerning angels, good as well as evil, were introduced in Judea. The Persian daily prayer was for the kingdom to come, and the liturgy in their temple service contains a passage which resembles the close of the Lord's Prayer. In answer to the question: "Who is there who will smite the reprobate and turn them aside from their wickedness?" the priest answers: "Lord, Thine is the power, Thine is the kingdom,

* Literally "Holy Order."

and by it Thou bestowest the highest bliss upon the right-living poor."*

The Zarathushtrian religion developed more and more the idea of Mithra the Saviour, and so Mazdaism comes to be named Mithraism. And Mithraism spread over Western Asia, and the great kings of the Parthians bore such names as Mithradates to show their reverence for the Viceroy of God that was to come and govern the world. Mithraism spread over the Roman Empire and in the second century became a powerful rival of Christianity. We know that the Christian sacraments, especially baptism and the Lord's Supper, resemble closely similar institutions of Mithraism, and the church fathers were appalled by this similarity discovered in a religion which was older than Christianity. Justin Martyr attributes their invention to the ingenuity of evil spirits, and Tertullian with reference to these parallels, pronounces the theory that Satan imitates the sacraments of God (*Satanus affectat sacramenta dei*).

The Mithraic institution of eating holy cakes (*myazda*) and drinking from a sacred cup the juice of the *haoma* plant, which is done to nourish the resurrection body, is ancient; for the custom is frequently referred to in the Gathas, which are the oldest Zarathushtrian writings. We might incidentally mention that it is most likely that the Persians did not originate this ceremonial eating and drinking, for there are allusions to similar practices in Assyrian monuments; and we have no reason to doubt that we have to deal here with a ceremony that is not only very ancient, but also widely spread over the whole face of the earth, since vestiges of it can be traced even among savages of the western continent.

In the struggle for supremacy Christianity conquered Mithraism, but the spirit of Mithraism continued to flourish and found expression in such sects as the Manichees, who are more and more recognised to be a continuation of the old Mazdaism.

Anyone who reviews the history of the Christian Church with a view of Mazdaic influences will understand how important our knowledge of the Zend Avesta and all the sacred writings of both Mazdaism and Mithraism must be for the proper understanding of the history of our own faith, and it is for this reason that comparative religion should devote more attention to a study of this much neglected branch of knowledge.

* *Sacred Books of the East*, Vol. XXXI, p. 194.

GLIMPSES OF ISLAM IN EGYPT.*

AS SEEN BY MME. EMILIE HYACINTHE LOYSON.

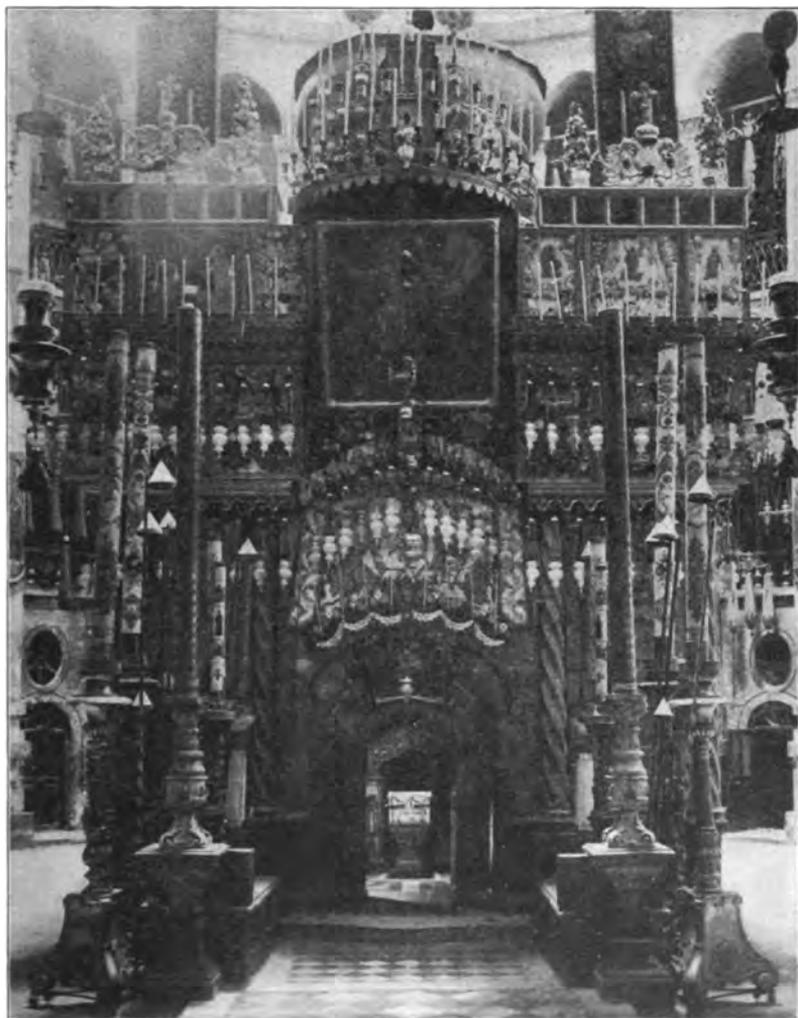
CAIRO.

A CORDIAL welcome awaited us in Cairo, from Christians and Moslems. For a fortnight we were the guests of Chefik Bey, Secretary to the Khedive, and were the recipients of a most charming hospitality. His residence is palatial, with all the comforts and conveniences of European life, yet is under the Moslem régime.

A suite of rooms were at our disposal, with French-speaking Arab servants. Our Egyptian host is a refined and educated gentleman, having studied in Paris and traveled extensively. He usually accompanied the Khedive on his European excursions. He is married to a beautiful and educated Turkish wife, and has a fine little son. To say more than this would be indiscreet, save that the harem, or wife's apartments, are luxurious, with heavy carved furniture in gilt, hangings of delicate pink and blue satin, and lace. The windows and galleries belonging to the harem are all closely latticed, as in all Moslem houses. It should be borne in mind that this seclusion of Mohammedan ladies is not imposed by their religion, or by their husbands, but by ancient custom; and they demand what to them is a sacred privilege—of living, and taking the air on their terraces or verandas, without the annoyance of being gazed at by curious neighbors or passing strangers;—and also, of walking or riding with their faces covered, without being obliged to suffer the vulgar stare or prying curiosity of the public. Their pride is in privacy and seclusion—the vanity of our women demands show and publicity. As to liberty, the Moslem wife in superior families, is not only free in her own domain, but she is a reigning queen, and by no means the abject slave we have been led to think. The husband

*This article consists of selected portions from chapters of Mme. Loyson's forthcoming book, *Through the Lands of Islam*. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co.

religiously respects her privacy—and when lady visitors are announced he always withdraws, never presuming to intrude upon their presence, nor upon his wife's prerogative of receiving what ladies she likes.



INTERIOR OF THE COPTIC CATHEDRAL, CAIRO.

We enjoyed every possible attention in this intelligent and cultured Moslem family—receiving many visits, both Moslem and Christian. Every day His Excellency received, at his table, men

of learning, distinction, and piety: Arabs, Turks, and Europeans,—which afforded us the rare opportunity of studying Mussulmans in their own *milieu*. I was, unfortunately, the only lady present.



GRAND MOSQUE OF EL-AZHAR, CAIRO.

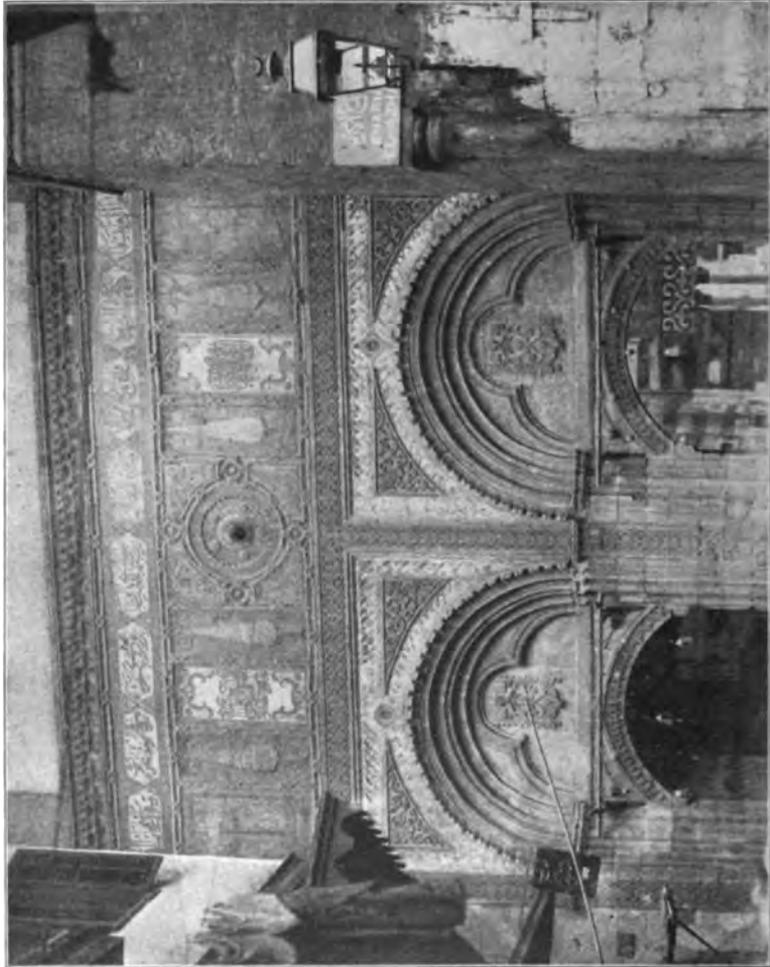
Here we made the acquaintance of the Sheik Ali-Youssef, the distinguished editor of the leading Arabic newspaper in Egypt, *El-Moayad*, one of the most notable leaders of the National party, a progressive mind, and promoter of all salutary reforms.

We had expected much from Cairo, but the first view and impression of this strange and unique city were overpowering. It was permanent phantasmagoria;—very human but withal something super-human. The mind could not seize or comprehend it; and it was only when we mounted the citadel, and rose high above its mixed and mottled humanity, and looked out over the marvelous metropolis, a forest of minarets and domes,—over the majestic Nile,—beyond the deserted city of the Tombs of the Khalifs, away to the distant Delta, with its deep, dark verdure,—out to the yellow desert belt—to the Arabian hills on the east, and the Lybian mountains on the west, which bind within this narrow strip of loam-land the richest granary in the world, and which compass the Pyramids and the horizon,—that we began to comprehend the majestic past and the marvelous present of Egypt.

Going about for the first two or three days among this heterogeneous mass of men—the mind is depressed and sometimes saddened. So many fellahs, barefooted and in tatters, so many women, all clad in black with long veils trailing in the dust, as if in mourning,—and they, too, barefooted; carrying their children on hip or shoulder, and, besides, often carrying a great jar on the head, and with only an attempt at covering their faces from below the eyes with a shred of thick black veil, fastened with a gilt perpendicular cylinder on the forehead. At first I could bear this only for two or three hours at a time, when I was obliged to seek my quiet room and shut my eyes and rest my brain, while meditating on this mysterious conglomerate world. But as the days, and my observation, wore on, my impressions changed. I remarked with what alertness all these people moved about. There was evidently something to do, and they were doing it. The Egyptians were never a cheerful people, and how could they be to-day with the ponderous past, the solemn present, and the portentous future! But in observing more closely, I perceived, especially among the fellahs, that there was a placid expression upon their faces which showed, if not content, something better:—faith. As I went deeper into their lives I found among them a relative happiness, certainly greater than with our European lower classes.

“Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.” But these unlettered people are not by any means untaught, and in what is most important in life:—humility, obedience to God and their rulers, (even if they do not like them—and therein lies a great virtue,)—resignation, and adoration. Here is certainly a grand basis for happiness. Life with them is certainly reduced to its preliminary prin-

ciples, moral, social, and religious:—to be born, to breathe warm, congenial air all the days of their lives, and to have just enough to eat to sustain them,—whether herbs, grain, or fruit,—with the free nutritious water of the Nile to drink and wherein to bathe—



ARABESQUE CARVING IN THE INTERIOR OF THE MOSQUE OF EL-AZHAR.

and above all perfect liberty to worship God!—What else could they ask?

The fellah is not often hungry, though he is often in need of food: but when he feels the gnawing, and has nothing to eat, he goes to the Nile and drinks;—and if he is *very* hungry, he drinks a good deal, and takes a bath! and then goes on with his work—

refreshed, sustained, content, remembering the Arab proverb: "He who has tasted a crust of bread has tasted all the stars and all the heavens."

ON THE NILE.

Not even Cairo nor the Pyramids could satisfy us,—for our goal in this land was in Upper Egypt:—the tombs of the great kings whose gigantic genius and superhuman power builded these stupendous monuments. So, after a month, we started on this long longed-for voyage up the Nile.

During the first day of our voyage all were occupied with the Pyramids which stand along the western shore of the Nile;—sublime sentinels, keeping count of the passing generations, dynasties, and centuries.

Any description of mine of life on the Nile would be very feeble and futile,—for those who never travel know all about it; but this much I must say: I have traveled in many lands, and have breathed the balmy winters in the south of France, Algeria, Tunis, in Italy, Florida, and California,—but nothing approaches this marvelous climate of Egypt! The beatitude of breathing is only here.

Above all else, however, we are interested in the people;—this strange race who carry the history of the past in their lithe forms, graceful movements, and deep dark eyes,—but most of all in their resisting force and native intelligence. Brains keep to the front. There is ignorance, but no degeneracy.—At every landing they swarmed upon us, these poor fellahs—some timidly, others courageously, and many asking for backsheesh. They often encumbered the pier and the plank, hindering business affairs, yet they were never treated with harshness by the upper native class. Occasionally, however, an onslaught was made upon them by some one belonging to the boat, then they scattered in an instant, but returned again, unchanged in humor and demeanor.

There is an intermediate class who bring their wares and products to sell. Mixed with the Mussulmans, who are the large majority, there are almost always a number of Copts. In the larger towns there is a considerable and very respectable community of these native Christians, but as they are of the same race and customs, save in their religion, they are not outwardly distinguishable to strangers.

The principal commodities they bring for sale are long sugar canes of 12, 15, and 20 feet in length, and bread which resembles a thick, soft pancake, made of coarse ground wheat, slightly sifted

—which makes it very nutritive, healthy, and really excellent to the taste.

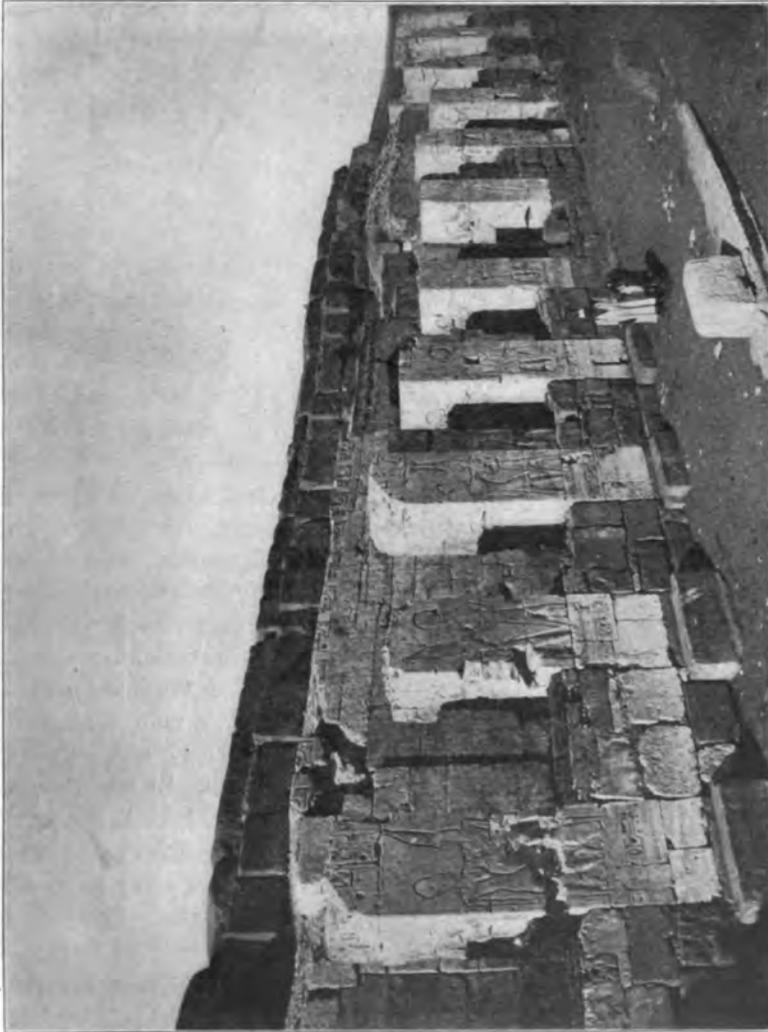
These gaunt, frugally-fed fellahs work all day long in the broiling sun, where a full-fed, muscular European workman would



THE NILE AND THE PYRAMIDS.

die before noon. They receive for a day's work but a few farthings, and I think the average workman lives on about two sous a day, women on less, and the children, after they are weaned, live on air

and water and sunshine, with a few herbs and a little bread added thereto. The health of the natives is generally good, but all over Africa and the East, many are afflicted with ophthalmia, owing to the dust and want of care of the eyes. I have seen poor Mussul-



TEMPLE AT ABYDOS.

mans who make scrupulous ablutions and wash their mouths with vigor several times a day, but who, if they are inclined to this terrible malady, are afraid to wash their eyes thoroughly. They have the fatal prejudice that when the terrible disease shows itself, the

eyes must not be touched. But blindness is not considered such a disaster with them as with us; as they deem affliction rather a blessing and bear it with a cheerful resignation. Insanity denotes sanctity; and both blind and insane are treated with special care and affection. But it is surprising that there is no more efficacious means employed by the government to prevent and treat ophthalmic contagion. There is, however, a free English hospital at Luxor, recently built mainly by Cook & Sons, the celebrated tourists' agents,—a worthy thank-offering for their great wealth acquired on the Nile.

ASSOUAN.

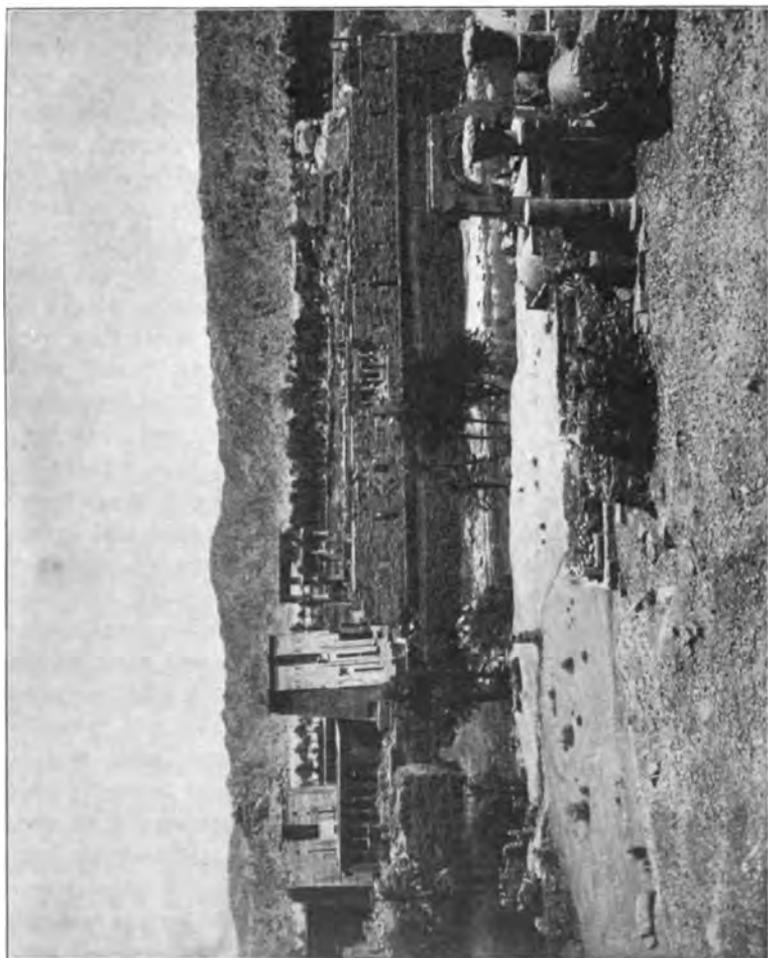
A Sheik's Home.

We arrived at Assouan, the capital of Upper Egypt, on the afternoon of the 28th of January, and it was as warm, if not as hot, as a July day in Paris. Lighter apparel was necessary as soon as we left the cool breeze of the river.

The city is on the high eastern bank of the Nile, and in its aspect reminds one very much of a young town on the banks of the upper Mississippi.

We were scarcely settled in the fine hotel, when we received the visit of the Governor of Upper Egypt, Colonel Aly Haïdar Bey, who proffered us his offices in every possible manner. His Excellency is a fine Egyptian gentleman,—intelligent and cultivated, having pursued his studies in Europe and particularly in Paris. The purity of his French, and his sympathetic manners almost led us to believe him a compatriot. Of course he is a Mussulman; but as with all educated and large-minded people, has nothing of fanaticism—though tenacious of his faith. Among other agreeable things, he brought us an invitation from the great Sheik, Bicher Bey, to visit him in his village out in the desert. This Sheik is the most important personage of the country,—as he is the chief or king of a great people,—or I should say of different tribes,—for he is the independent ruler of that immense nomadic people who occupy the vast desert region lying between the Nile and the Red Sea. Of recent years he has been induced to recognize the Egyptian government which has, in consequence, ennobled him with the title of Bey, and also bestowed upon him many privileges, in recognition of the peaceful and kindly relations which now exist between them. He is a power to be counted with, in religion and in war, and his people are devoted to him—knowing no other ruler. The well-known Bicheri are among his tribes.

Early the next morning after our arrival we saw a number of tall magnificent cream-colored camels approaching with saddles, caparisons, and attendants which indicated rank. At the same time the Governor sent to say that the Sheik, Bechir Bey, had asked him to accompany us, and had sent his camels to convey us to his resi-



PHILAE.

dence. These tribes are semi-nomadic and during the summer move about in the vast desert, and only come to their city for the winter. I said nothing, but I must confess that it was with no little trepidation that I mounted the ladder which took me to the top of the kneeling mountain. Ready and accomplished hands landed me in

what was more a high-backed chair than a saddle, but before I had time to reflect, much less to consent, there was a great lunge forward, and then another lunge backward, and we were in the upper air and *en route*. The Governor rode a superb Arab horse at my side. We passed through the sinuous streets out through the Moslem cemetery, and on into the desert, where I could descry no sign of a dwelling amidst the undulating sand. After about an hour's ride we came upon it unawares, so like the sand in color was the town-residence of the great chief. It was well built, in rectangular streets, with large houses of sunburnt brick, one story high. From my lofty seat I could see that the houses were mostly without roof, or half-roofed,—having large open courts within. At the entrance of the main street, we were met by an advance-guard of tall retainers who surrounded us with repeated salaams of welcome, and then we were soon amidst a score of still taller and more soldier-like men, and before I had quite time to take in the novel scene, a tall dark Arab—head and shoulders taller than them all—with a scepter in his hand,—appeared before my camel, which immediately at sight of him, fell upon its knees. It was the Sheik himself, and he forthwith assisted me to alight, and with such grace, strength, and dexterity as no lady could find outside the Arab world. The Governor had already alighted and stood by his side, and the formal presentation of Père Hyacinthe and myself took place. Salutations were reiterated, and then we were led within. We traversed court after court, with nothing but walls around, sand floors beneath, and blue sky overhead. At last we reached a vaster room which was partly roofed, and what an unexpected scene met us! Several steps led up to a high, carpeted floor around which were divans of rich upholstery and fauteuils, all gilded; and in the midst thereof a large round table covered with silken damask and laid with silver-ware and Sèvres China. At the back of this was a withdrawing room, furnished with massive Florentine carved and gold-gilt furniture, and mirrors from ceiling to floor—(mirrors are not usual in Moslem houses—which fact has perhaps a moral). Tea was awaiting our arrival and was served by the Sheik himself, with all the grace of a West-end Londoner to the manner of "tiffin" born. The large fauteuil opposite the Sheik was for the lady guest, my husband at his right, the Governor at mine. Though servants of all rank abound, they would be quite out of place and embarrassing with the Orientals, who deem it the highest honor to serve their guests themselves, becoming thereby according to Oriental Gospel, the servants indeed of those

who do them honor in accepting their hospitality. This is as sincere as it is dignified, and as gracefully done as by those whose prerogative they usurp; for according to our ideas, it is the rightful privilege of the lady of the house, to be the server of teas and the dispenser of indoor hospitalities.

In height, perfect build, and demeanor,—with fine straight Caucasian features and deep bronze complexion—amalgamated gold and steel—a keen black, intelligent eye, and benevolent, though austere, expression of the face;—this proud son of the desert, this great Moslem Sheik,—carried off the palm in high and noble dignity. He, like his body-guard, wore a long graceful black robe, like the Coptic cassock, open down the front, with long open sleeves, beneath which was worn fine black raiment, with a broad winding belt. His large turban was of black silk. In his hand he carried his *bâton* of authority, which represents alike the crook or crozier of the pastoral kings and the ruler's scepter. He spoke many dialects and, of course, the classic Arabic, but alas! no tongue which we could understand.

The Governor was our interpreter. For an hour we asked and replied to a multitude of questions,—the asking being certainly most on our side; and how admirably straight-forward, but respectful, without circumlocution or restraint, were the answers;—and what strange and valuable information he gave us. One of the most interesting subjects was that of ethnology, and when my husband asked whence his straight and fine features, deep bronze skin, and straight hair, he told us that their history—which is, of course, tradition, as these people have no literature save the Koran, which is common to all Islam—shows that their race was of European origin, probably Aryan:—"Our color comes from the sun," he explained, "Some of my people have straight hair and other tribes have crisp hair, but none are negroes."

In coming I had said to the Governor, "Very naturally the Sheik is married," to which he replied, "Certainly, as all Moslems marry;" and when I carried my curiosity a little further, I found that His Excellency knew absolutely nothing more, as inquiry is never made concerning harem life, even by the most intimate friends; and the kings of the desert have court protocol as rigorous as our sovereigns. So of course concerning this great Sheik who lives outside the more advanced and progressive Moslem life, there was little hope of hearing, and much less seeing anything of his mysterious shut-in-kingdom.

I had given a quiet signal to the Governor that we must not

abuse hospitality by remaining too long,—which signal, though given in a covered way, was seized at once by the quick eye of the Sheik, and he asked with perfect self-possession, if “Madame would not like to visit his Madame, who was waiting very anxiously to make my acquaintance.” Rarely have I been more surprised and never more gratified; and I was most happy to hear the waiting party spoken of in the singular.

Then, using the Governor for interpreter, I was obliged to tell him, and he to translate to the Sheik, all that I wished to say to his wife. For this I was forced to ask some questions—and the first



PÈRE HYACINTHE LOYSON.

of all as to her health and children;—and was assured touching the former with graceful salaams, and informed in the most easy manner concerning the latter:—that he had a son of four years old, his wife being now sixteen. The Sheik appeared to be about thirty-two.

Leaving the Governor and the Père to their conversation, the Sheik led me through a labyrinth of courts and corridors,—for the harem and the salemlik are always well separated (two distinct principalities in the great kingdom)—the same bare, sand-brick walls, and hard sand floors, with the same cerulean roof overhead. Not an object, nor a person was to be seen, save in one (was it

an augury?) a beautiful little lamb. Then through another door—and there she stood, on the covered dais:—a dream of beauty! white as milk with the faintest seashell blush of pink upon her cheeks and so transparent in complexion that the blue veins were easily traced upon her hands and broad finely developed forehead. She was evidently of pure Circassian, or Georgian blood; her type of beauty was pre-eminently intellectual. She stood in the middle of her throne-room to receive me like a reigning queen—with great dignity, yet with suave and graceful manner. With that mysterious and indescribable recognition which two sympathetic women possess in meeting for the first time, she and I simultaneously held out our hands and embraced each other, she kissing me on either shoulder, the mark of reverence for superior age, which, with the Oriental, is a first consideration. After repeated assurance of welcome, which I could easily understand, her husband began to explain my message. But to present the scene to the life, I must first say how she was dressed: She wore a long flowing soft blue muslin gown, the princess style, which is semi-adjusted and flowing full with a train—and, to my surprise she wore few ornaments; which proves that in the Orient, as in the Occident, real beauty and real distinction, as well as good taste, require few accessories. There was no henna upon her nails nor antimony about her eyes, whose lashes and eyebrows were jet black, as well as her wealth of hair, which was plaited in two massive braids, the classical Egyptian style which we see on its monuments, falling just in front of the ear—and almost to her knees; the back of the head and hair, enveloped in a pretty silken scarf, falling down the back. There was one very curious detail: just at the beginning of the straight parting of the hair, above the alabaster forehead, were woven in with infinite skill, small blue and golden beads, strung on each hair,—a little ornament, forming a sort of coronet.

And now began, in our respective and unintelligible tongues, yet perfectly understood, conversation. I was, however, struck by the changed, though manly attitude of the great Sheik,—which plainly showed that he was in the presence of his sovereign! And she was quite conscious of her sovereignty. Yet there was certainly a happy reign of mutual respect and love. After she had charged him with much to say to me, with her graceful gesture and pretty speech—we again embraced, and the Sheik and I returned to the salemlik, where, with great precision he carefully and most attentively,—as a prime minister would convey the orders of his ruler, recapitulated, through the Governor, all that his wife would have

me know. And what touched her most was my anxieties concerning the moral education of our sons in the fear of God. She was evidently as pleased as surprised that religion was our great preoccupation. And another thing which surprised her was,—and this the Sheik recounted with equal gravity as a matter of state or religion,—that I had not asked to see her jewelry and fine clothes, as it is currently believed by Moslem women that Christian women only wish to visit Oriental women to see their treasures and furbelows. I was certainly complimented by hearing that this little Moslem wife and sixteen-year-old mother, of a nomadic tribe of the African desert, had found me, an Anglo-Saxon, belonging to the highest civilization,—a serious, polite, and religious woman! Indeed I was never more flattered in my life! Such appreciation was well worth going for “down into Egypt,” “up the Nile,” and “out into the desert.” Whether she was born Mussulman, or Christian as most Circassians and Georgians are, I do not know; but I felt that I loved this fair little Moslem lady at first and only sight.

On taking our departure, I said to His Excellency, Bicher Bey, that my visit to him and the acquaintance of his wife, were among the most instructing and happy events of our long voyage. After his warmly expressed desire that we might come again to Upper Egypt, and visit him and his wife, I said: “Well, if God wills it, we will come again,—but if we are prevented by circumstance, and our advanced age, from seeing you again in this world,—we hope our son, whom God has given us, will meet your son some day,—but never on the battlefield! And though we may never meet on earth again, we feel certain that we are friends for life, and for eternity, and our sons will be friends, and also our peoples: yours wandering in the great deserts of Africa, and ours dwelling in the great cities and fertile gardens of Europe. They will gradually be drawn together by mutual needs, understanding and respect, and above all by the love of the brotherhood of the children of God!”

The Sheik, who was sitting on the opposite side of the table, hereupon rose and came to me, taking both my hands in his, pressing them warmly and in silence,—and with deep emotion, in which all present participated, presented me with his sceptre, saying, solemnly: “*We and our sons are friends for life—forever!*”

Then we made our adieux, and took our departure,—and as we crossed the court the Governor said to us: “Well, this is the first time I have ever seen tears in the eyes of an Arab!”

As we returned across the desert and through the ancient Moslem cemetery, which seemed like a city in ruins—almost buried in

the drifting sands, hundreds of people, particularly women and children, came flocking to salute the Governor and his Christian friends.—Thus ended one of the most interesting episodes of our travels—of our lives.

People of the Desert.

As in Christian lands there are beggars in Egypt; and even among these desert wastes there are those who ask for a "present," (backsheesh) particularly little children; but it really seems here more of a fashion and a compliment paid to the traveler than a necessity. Many travelers willingly give to those beautiful little creatures, scarcely clothed,—yet most modest and respectful. We might send our children to dancing schools a score of years without arriving at even an imitation of the native grace and winsome ways of these little children of the desert! I must confess that I gave them no money—but something infinitely better,—quiet little conversations and such friendly counsel that the second day no little hands were held out in my vicinity, save to clasp mine—and afterwards kiss their own in token of respect—begging me to visit their mothers. Indeed the invitations were constant and pressing to go to the homes of the people, and frequently the women came out in the streets plucking and kissing my garments with entreaties to go in and visit them, which I often did. The embarrassment was the difficulty of conversation; but with these people, everything is simple. Though the sexes, except those of near kinship, are separated, there is no distrust of men on the part of women, or disrespect of women on the part of men. When I entered their houses, our dragoman, quick and intelligent, either found a near relative who spoke some language I could understand, or they spoke through the door—the dragoman standing with his face outward—translating for us. Simple and straight methods are always found for right proceedings, even under difficulties.

I shall never forget one dark, lone figure who stood afar off from the street within her door, beckoning me to come to her. She could not venture out, for she was a lone widow, and childless—and such must not go abroad. "But," as she said, having heard of me, "she had been praying Allah every day to direct my steps to her desolate dwelling." As I entered her humble home, she fell upon my neck and wept,—telling me of her loneliness—a rare circumstance in the Mohammedan world—for she was without relatives. But happily she was not without support, as are so many friendless Christian women. Her daily allowance, though small,

was sure. The anguish of her widowhood was all the keener because she was childless—and for this she was inconsolable. In going away, Hamid, my dragoman (who had stood at the door with his face outward) said to me in a comforting way: "Ah yes, she is very sad now, but when the wailing is over, the 'wise women' will find her a good husband and, perhaps God will give her children at last, for her great consolation,—certainly nothing could be better!"

Another most interesting visit was to a numerous family presided over by a blind grandmother whose occupation was the grinding of wheat between two millstones, the scriptural custom of 4000 years ago. She was surrounded by a cluster of little grandchildren and great-grandchildren, all of whom vied with each other in helping their venerable grandmother who seemed perfectly happy. In entering any house, though chairs are not used, it is marvelous with what alacrity a high seat was improvised for me, as it is everywhere known that Christian ladies do not sit on the floor. In some cases where I was expected a chair had been purchased or borrowed.

In Ancient Quarries.

The principal attraction at Assouan in the way of ruins or monuments, is the great quarry of granite from whence were cut those gigantic obelisks which, by spoliation of Egypt, adorn the cities of Europe and America,—and in whose climate they will soon crumble into ruin. Paris, London, New York, and Rome, have a great debt of restitution to make to Egypt, to history, and to the world. I hope the restitution will be willingly and loyally made when the time comes—and before it is too late.

One afternoon, through the sand, on our faithful donkey, we rode to visit the great quarry, accompanied by our good Hamid, and an escort of about a hundred—for we were obliged to let them follow us,—reluctantly at first, not understanding the honor paid us, (what stupid people we white folks are!) by that troupe of all colors and ages, even little tots, who had to be carried on the shoulders of their fathers, elder brothers, or neighbors. These pretty little *bambins* so carried, continually sent me kisses with their little dimpled hands. A few dark young girls of unmarriageable age joined in the procession, and both youths and old men vied with one another in walking next to me to hold my donkey's bridle and even to push and almost carry him forward. A cluster of the little fellahs clung to his tail. No one asked for backsheesh. They were acting as became body-guards of the national troops, with full appreciation of the responsibility of hospitality, and respect for the

lady left entirely to their care. For once in my life I was rid of our effete civilization, and simply reveled in the simplicity of natural manners!

I rode out far over the rolling waste of sand, among the rocks of granite, which come to the surface here,—stopping often to rest and hold conversation with my troops—I told them that they could



DONKEY-BOY'S SIESTA.

each ask me a question upon any subject they liked, and I would answer it. How they pressed in upon us!—the dragoman, donkey, and myself—but without the least importunity—all eager to question me. And what do you think was the burden of their inquiries? It was big rivers, mountains, the products of the soil, harvests, steam-engines, canals, the animals of different countries, snow,

soldiers, steamboats, etc., and almost every one expressed the desire to go home and live with us, forever and without wages! Not one asked me where they could best earn money,—and not a foolish question among them all. But what astonished and pleased them most was when I told them how we believed and prayed to the same God—to their Allah—and how, therefore, we were of the same family. Among these people of the desert, the nearest to nature, as well as among all Mussulmans of higher classes, it was very remarkable that above all other subjects, religion interested them most,—though they seldom, if ever, broached the subject first, and are, therefore, never intrusive nor given to discussion and less to any attempt of proselyting. I also remarked how little to them is this life—all their hope and confidence is in the life beyond. Everywhere I found a quick and intelligent conscience concerning all duties toward God.—We found no indifferent believers nor infidels among this people.

At last we reached the quarry and stood upon the great recumbent obelisk, three-quarters cut and polished, and fellow to the one which stands upon the *Place de la Concorde* in Paris. It lies obliquely horizontal, in a most difficult position for cutting, yet those ancient mathematicians—compared to whom we are but pigmy pupils—knew measurements of geometry and trigonometry as well as algebra and astronomy, and made no mistake in cutting or transporting these gigantic stones, or laying them one upon the other with the precision of the stars. The lifting of heavy stones without machinery is a lost art. Some vandal Christian conquerors (I was glad it was not Napoleon, for he destroyed enough in other lands, in all conscience!) have tried to cut this recumbent monarch in twain, but failed in time and tools.

In spite of the oblique position of the monster monolith, one can sit or walk from one end to the other. Being more than half out of the sand, it offered me a solid high platform for speaking to my followers, who had not ceased to beg me, through the dragoman, to “preach more” to them. Standing upon the great half-cut obelisk, with my dragoman beside me, translating sentence by sentence, I opened fire against theirs—the little fire which almost every one carried in his mouth. They were visibly disconcerted—for these simple people evidently feel that by smoking they give proof of their participation in our modes of life—the adoption of a higher culture, modern progress, etc., etc. I told them I had come from a distant country to breathe their delicious air, that I might be strengthened and cured, and then I asked them if it was right to attempt

to change the designs of Allah, to which all protested. Then I explained how this air, which all made so pure, sweet, and healthful, became offensive and harmful, not only to me, but to many others, by the nauseating fumes of tobacco. I had not half finished my opening remarks before every cigarette before me had vanished. Then I cautioned them not to imitate our bad habits and vices, particularly of drinking strong drinks, but to reprove them, and keep unswervingly to their simplicity of life and the rectitude of true believers. They were enthusiastic in their approbation, and when I had finished, the great majority pressed around me and declared they would smoke no more.

I hope you have kept your promise, my good fellahs! Perhaps I shall go and see, some day. . . . I know you will remember me—and I shall always remember you.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A REPRESENTATIVE HINDU.

The pioneer in America of those Indian teachers who have to some extent familiarized Western minds with the religious conceptions of the far East was Mohini Chatterji, an eloquent barrister, who visited America in the eighties. Then came the Parliament of Religions at Chicago in 1893, which did so much to bring Eastern thought home to us; and there the striking figure and the fervid and elegant eloquence of Swami Vivekananda secured for him a respectful and interested attention which later followed him in his journeying to many other parts of this country. These have been followed by others, whose dark-skinned, turbaned, yellow-robed figures have become quite familiar to us; and to these visitors from beyond the seas we owe much in the way of more liberal thought—broader, more generous, and not unfrequently more Christ-like views of men and things.

Following the long procession of Indian teachers which has sought our shores during the past score of years, one whose position, attainments, and character are such as to cast a lustre upon all who preceded him, is expected to visit us during the coming summer. It is to make this fact known to your readers, that those who wish may avail themselves of the opportunity of meeting him, and that a fitting tribute of respect and honor may be paid by us to a really great man, that I am preparing the present paper. The person to whom I refer is the Honorable P. Ramanáthan, K. C., C. M. G., Solicitor General of Ceylon.

Mr. Ramanáthan is a man thoroughly representative of the Indian Nation, both in its external, material, and its inner, spiritual, aspects, in a higher degree, perhaps, than any one who has hitherto visited America from that land. His family is one of the oldest of Southern India and has long been the leading family of the Indian race in the Island of Ceylon. He himself was the representative of his people in the Legislative Council from 1879-1892, and was sent to England to represent them at the last anniversary festival in honor of Queen Victoria. Since 1892 he has been Solicitor General of the Colony. He has large wealth, has received a European as well as an Indian education, and is a man of sound knowledge and culture in the learning of both the East and the West.

It is the spiritual side of life, however, which in India is regarded as of chief importance—in fact as of sole importance. Sergeant Ballentyne, a famous English barrister, once went to India to defend a maharaja charged with murder. After traveling extensively over the country he is said to have

remarked that while there might be in some of the languages of India a word for *comfort*, he had not heard of it, nor had he found the article. The observation was well founded. Comfort is a despised word in India; for worldly comfort is esteemed to withdraw one from the Lord. I have myself had ample opportunity to note, during a somewhat protracted residence among the Hindus, that the end of life sought by them is not enjoyment, material or intellectual, but spiritual growth; and one who gains confidential relations with them soon learns that the most cherished hope of every intelligent man is to withdraw during middle age to a mode of life wherein, to repeat an expression which I had frequently heard them use, he "can think only of God."

It is with reference to the spiritual aspects of life, however, that Mr. Ramanáthan is pre-eminently representative of India. His repute as a man of wisdom—of spiritual illumination—is very great among his countrymen. Those who know him well, indeed, regard him as one of those sages who have endowed India with the mysterious majesty of Spiritual Wisdom—as, in short, a *Brahma-jnani* or knower of God. For in India there is commonly understood by Hindus—not, indeed, by most Europeans—to be a science quite unknown, quite undreamt of, by the "progressive" West, namely the science of *jnanam* or Spiritual Wisdom; a science which has to do solely with spiritual things, which deals with the principles which underlie both the visible and the invisible worlds, which is based upon actual and immediate knowledge of the spirit, of God.

Edward Carpenter's *From Adam's Peak to Elephanta* treats intelligently and entertainingly this interesting and, in the West, little understood subject. Of this book a distinguished native of India has said that it contains "the only Western account of India that shows a knowledge of the great under-currents of Indian life." (P. Arunachalam, District Judge at Kurunegale, Ceylon, in a paper entitled "Luminous Sleep," *Westminster Review*, September, 1902.) See also Max Müller's admirable *Life of Ramakrishna*, generally reputed in India to have been a *jnani*.

Men who have mastered this science of knowing God are called *Brahma-jnanis*. They are reputed to have attained to that stage of development—of evolution—where they are able by interior perception to gain direct knowledge of spiritual realities. These men represent for the Hindu the culmination, the full development of human life. They alone are esteemed to be genuine teachers and real guides, who cannot err. For they alone perceive the spiritual foundation upon which the material world rests.

The *jnanis* stand for the highest and most sacred ideas of the Indian civilization—for all that is finest, noblest, and purest in it. They are the efflorescence of the life of the nation, the life of the nation as a whole, not any sect, creed or division of it. To them all external religious forms are alike. The Brahmin, the Buddhist, the Christian, the Mohammedan or the Agnostic are to them the same. Development of character and aptitude for receiving spiritual instruction are the only credentials which they regard. The most enlightened men of India have always gone and still go to the *jnanis* when seeking spiritual light; for, it is said, they can always be found by earnest seekers for truth. Still, as of old, their prayer is:

"O Saint, teach us, for thou art the way, and there is no other for us.
O Saint, thou art the way, thou art the way."

Maitrayana Upanishad.

It is such a man that Mr. Ramanáthan is reputed to be among his countrymen who know him well; and whatever we may think of the claim, the fact that it is made is a most interesting and suggestive fact; since it shows that he is esteemed by them to be a representative of the highest spiritual achievement which can be attained by men.

Mr. Ramanáthan has made an extensive and critical study of the Christian Scriptures, and has written exhaustive commentaries on the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. John, and a portion of the Psalms of David. (The two Gospel Commentaries, published in London, may be obtained of H. W. Percival, 244 Lenox Avenue, New York. The Commentary on the Psalms is not yet published; a copy is in the possession of the writer.) These commentaries are in the highest degree sympathetic and reverent; and as the author has been from his youth imbued with the ideas of Indian civilization and is wholly loyal to them and to the Indian scriptures, his interpretation of the Christian Scriptures is essentially a harmonization of the two religious systems. He finds in the teachings of the Old and the New Testaments the leading doctrines of the sages of India, as these are laid down in the great Upanishads, the Bhagavad Gita, and other sacred writings in Tamil and Sanskrit.

It was through a friend who knew him, and these published commentaries, that, in the year 1901, I first learned of Mr. Ramanáthan; and I made the journey to India chiefly for the purpose of meeting him. My acquaintance with him resulted in my studying with him the underlying principles of religion for upwards of a year. I found him to be possessed of great powers of exposition, and by far the most spiritually illuminating teacher I have ever known. The most striking point in his character is the breadth and liberality of his view. As he knows but one God, so he regards all religious systems as equally paths to Him, each adapted to the differing needs of various portions of mankind, each a facet of the One Religion which is the essence of all. He seeks unification of form in recognition of identity of substance. The sincere Hindu and the sincere Christian are to him the same, since both are worshippers of the Lord.

Realizing the great good which Mr. Ramanáthan could do in America, especially because of his extremely reverent and sympathetic feeling toward Christianity, in the matter of establishing the unity of Faith and promoting the cause of Universal Brotherhood, I suggested to him that he should make us a visit—a suggestion which, somewhat to my surprise but very greatly to my satisfaction, he considered favorably, and has proceeded to make his plans to visit this country during the present year.

A number of circumstances combine to warrant the expectation that considerable results may follow this visit. Mr. Ramanáthan's perfect mastery of the English as well as his native language, and his extensive acquaintance with the science and literature of the West as well as of the East, fit him to be a more perfect interpreter of the one to the other than any one who has preceded him. Further, Mr. Ramanáthan's distinguished position as second law officer of the crown and as the recognized leader of the Tamil race in Ceylon, and his large wealth, are, in a measure, guarantees for the sincerity of his efforts. Moreover, he is a very winning and attractive speaker, and a man of great charm of manner and personal character. He is therefore,

I think, exceptionally qualified to secure the attention, respect, and affectionate regard of Americans.

But undoubtedly Mr. Ramanáthan's strongest claim to respectful and attentive hearing in the West is the fact that a man of his distinction among the people of India should have undertaken a careful and extensive examination and exposition of the Christian Scriptures. His views have more than a merely scholastic interest, since the general respect and regard in which he is held insure for them a wide-spread influence among his countrymen and make possible practical results which may even reach international importance. It is well known to those familiar with Indian life that hitherto the influence of the West, as represented by Christian missionary efforts, has had an almost inappreciable effect upon the life and thought of India. This influence has been limited to that small fraction of the enormous population of the country which comes in contact, chiefly in the large centers of population, with the European or Western element; while the deep religious life of the masses of the people flows on in a mighty current, feeling and knowing nothing of Western thought. It is therefore a remarkably impressive fact, as indicating the high estimation in which Mr. Ramanáthan is held among his people as a spiritual teacher, the cogency of his interpretation of the Western Scriptures, and the value and probable results of his work, that, since his commentaries appeared, orthodox Indian pundits have actually undertaken to translate the Gospels of St. John and St. Matthew, following Mr. Ramanáthan's interpretation, into the Indian vernacular, in order that they may be carefully read and studied by the people of India. Hitherto, it should be remembered, the Bible has been a sealed book to them, since the missionary translations have no value for orthodox Hindus.

Thus a direction is pointed out for really bringing the thought of the East and the West into harmony and co-operation, more hopeful than any which has hitherto been suggested. It is much to be hoped that the Christian Church of the West may be led to meet these generous and broad-minded advances in the spirit in which they are proffered; in the spirit indeed already shown by that most whole-souled and liberal man, Dr. Charles Cuthbert Hall, President of the Union Theological Seminary, who recently delivered in India the lectures provided by the Barrows foundation, wherein he announced as his platform the absolute and cordial brotherhood of the adherents of the Western and Eastern faiths. Thus may be inaugurated a movement for a nearer approach to unification of the religious systems of the world than has before seemed possible; a unification, that is based, not upon the desertion by some of their religion, but upon the better understanding on the part of each of the ideals of the others, and the perception that the essentials of true religion are in fact identical, however different external names and forms may be.

It must be admitted by those who are familiar with Indian life that Christian influence in the East has in reality been, not only in extent, but in quality and beneficial effect, far from what it has been supposed to be by those who have lent it their support. It is certainly true that human nature is so constituted that when man's religious ideals are once disturbed, those by which they may be replaced are likely to be so insecurely rooted in his nature as to have little determining effect upon his character or future career.

Still more serious, however, is the fact that the influences brought to

bear to secure a change of faith on the part of the natives of India are largely appeals to their desire for material advancement. Employment, both under the English Government and that controlled by Westerners resident in India, is frequently dependent upon religious affiliations. This state of affairs has produced a class of time-serving Hindus, which embraces most of the so-called Christian converts in the country, who have, nominally at least, repudiated their inherited faith and formally adopted Christianity for the purpose of securing worldly advantages. These unfortunate people have lost the sustaining moral influences of their native religion without securing any efficient substitute for it. Consequently they are, as a class, although nominally Christians, quite without moral basis of character.

I have myself lived for a considerable time among the Hindus, maintaining a domestic establishment, and have found it practically impossible to secure English speaking servants who are honest. There are indeed plenty of honest servants to be had, but they do not speak English, and have not been subjected to the demoralizing influences to which I have referred.

If therefore it be possible, as Mr. Ramanáthan's efforts and the success which has already attended them indicate that it is, to direct the energies which are now devoted to spreading Christian ideals into channels which shall attain that object without disturbing the religious convictions of those to whom they are addressed, much will be gained, not only in the effectiveness of the appeal, but in its results as regards the character of those who are influenced; while above all the unification of mankind, the recognition of the undoubted fact that under all names and forms and creeds there is but one Religion, as there is but one God in the universe and in the hearts of men, will be brought appreciably nearer.

Mr. Ramanáthan is expected to arrive in this country about the middle of July. During the remainder of the summer he will be the guest of the Green Acre Fellowship at Eliot, Maine, where he will deliver a number of courses of addresses on "The Unity of Faith" and kindred topics, and be freely accessible to all who wish to meet him.

In the Fall Mr. Ramanáthan will reside for some time in or near New York, and later will visit some of the principal cities of the country. He may be addressed in the care of the British Consulate, New York City.

The writer will be glad to furnish inquirers with further information about Green Acre and its resources as a place for summer residence, and may be addressed at the Union League Club, New York City.

MYRON H. PHELPS.

[In comment on Mr. Phelps's communication we express our satisfaction at the prospect of Mr. Ramanáthan's visit to this country. We have not yet been in any direct connection with him, but are acquainted with his books on the Christian Scriptures and know of his prominent position in Ceylon. It is highly desirable that men of Mr. Ramanáthan's stamp and influence should not only know the West, its institutions, church-life, universities, etc., but also be known in the West. India, Ceylon, and other Eastern countries are now passing through a crisis which has been caused by contact with Western civilization, and the way in which the problems that arise from this crisis are to be solved cannot be a matter of indifference to us. Mr. Ramanáthan who has, to some extent at least, solved the problem to his own satis-

faction, is a recognized leader in his country. Under Western influence he has modified his views as well as his Oriental garb, but he has not ceased to be a Hindu. It is by no means impossible that we shall have to greet him as the truest and best representative of the India of the future.—ED.]

EXPLORATION IN EGYPT.

AN AMERICAN SOCIETY TO DO THE WORK.

To the Editor of The Open Court;

In October 1902 a Boston committee was formed to conduct the affairs of the entire American Branch of the Egypt Exploration Fund. It has utterly failed to induce the subscribers as a body, and the eighty local secretaries, to renew subscriptions and to enlist any considerable support, notwithstanding paid advertising, the distribution of many circulars, and earnest personal work. At the annual meeting in November in London, lamentations went up over the enormous defection of American subscribers. Probably nine-tenths of the subscribers on the rolls of 1900-1902 failed to renew. Not willing to recognize the handwriting on the wall, this Boston Committee is now trying to form committees of its friends in a few large centers, who will solicit and forward funds for the work, not to London, but to Boston, which will credit them as by or through the Boston Committee and then forward the same to the London Committee. A New York circular being sent out reads as if its small local committee was directly connected with the London Committee, whereas its committee is created by that in Boston, to whom the funds collected are sent!

In view of these and other facts to be stated, the time is ripe for an American society which can manage its own affairs, select its agents for the field, and go ahead, without, however, any antagonism to any foreign society. The advantages are chiefly that to America would fall the glory of original discovery and work, and there would be no sharing of the "antiquities" taken from Egypt.

The other facts are these. In 1883 the American branch was founded by Rev. William Copley Winslow, Ph.D., LL.D., of Boston. He devoted himself to building up the society. Its receipts at times exceeded those of the English Committee from all over the Empire. He had suggested some sort of a committee to work with him. He had named eminent members in Chicago, New York, Philadelphia, Boston, who as a nucleus could by conferring with the local secretaries and other subscribers form a national and most representative committee. But what did the London Committee do and how did they do it? The Rev. Dr. E. P. Wright of Milwaukee stated in *The Living Church* these clearly established facts:

1. That the American Branch was reorganized by the London Committee without consulting the hundreds of members and eighty or more local secretaries, and against the protest of many of them.
2. That previous official assurances from London, such as that "in any reorganization of the American Branch the approval of American subscribers is essential," were violated.
3. That the London Committee, itself a body elected annually, probably exceeded its legal powers in *thus* forming, or causing to be formed, a committee to direct the affairs of a large portion of the entire society.

4. That the subsequent request, signed by eighty local secretaries, was shelved by the London Committee.

5. That Mr. Robinson, a non-subscriber and uninterested in the work, was *alone* asked by London to form a committee; that he informed Dr. Winslow that he had declined the appointment; and that, later, when Dr. Winslow, in his surprise, went to him, he said substantially that he had accepted the position "for the Museum's sake." That he formed a committee of seven, of whom three were officials of the Boston Museum, and one other devoted to its interests. That two of his Committee had emphatically disapproved of just such a reorganization previously, when they anticipated no appointment themselves on a committee.

6. That repeated efforts by subscribers to elicit any explanation or reasons for the extraordinary treatment of the American Branch have utterly failed.

7. That, apparently, only a portion of the London Committee attend the meetings; a small minority forming a quorum.

8. That such an act as that of Mr. Cotton, Honorary Secretary, in getting the Secretary in the Boston office placed upon the London Committee, reveals a state of affairs discreditable to any learned body. That if Miss Amelia B. Edwards and Dr. R. Stuart Poole were living, and on the Committee, the "reorganization" could not have occurred.

9. That the Committee of the Egypt Exploration Fund, whose work is partly Biblical, should include, like the Palestine Exploration Fund, a number of clergymen, whose presence at the meetings would ensure a better administration of affairs. That now the one "Rev." on the roll "seldom" goes to a meeting.

10. That the treatment of Dr. Winslow elicits from subscribers all over the land such words as, "If the London Committee were desirous of offending American subscribers they could hardly have chosen a more effective method. The subscribers generally should know the affront which has been put upon them in the indignity showed to you." Again: "You are insulted, the subscribers have been insulted, and the work has been stricken in the house of its friends."

11. That it is right and wise that subscribers and local secretaries have some choice in the selection of their officers.

12. That reorganization of some kind is now essential if those in Boston now managing the work, are to appeal justly, honorably, and *hopefully* to the American public for support. Under existing conditions, a well-known scholar of a New England university wrote to the new Committee: "Can you expect to command the confidence and further efforts of subscribers under such circumstances?"

"An enormous blunder," as Rev. Dr. Kittredge said, had been committed. At the height of prosperity, without giving reasons, or replying to many subsequent inquiries from eminent members, the affairs of the American Branch were overturned, and placed in the hands of a non-subscriber, uninterested in the work, to reorganize!

Dr. Winslow issued a pamphlet *The Truth about the Egypt Exploration Fund* (see *The Open Court*, July, 1904), and then a large circular of opinions about it from ninety-two eminent subscribers condemning the action of the London Committee in unqualified terms. The names represent the highest

Church officials, and some of the best known men in science, education, business, and professional life in America.

No wonder, therefore, that a Boston Committee thus established has not fulfilled its mission. It is really a local committee itself, and has added an eighth member also interested in the museum at Boston.

An "American Egyptological Society" seems to be the just, wise, logical outcome of what the London Committee foolishly attempted, the Boston Committee has signally failed to carry out, and of what we ought to have among our learned bodies as well as England, Germany, and France. Of great interest would be its annual meeting for reading of papers. It could raise much larger sums and from more subscribers than could a society directed by any foreign committee. The brilliant discoveries in Egypt by Americans well prophesy how richly rewarded an American Society would be in its explorations there.

NILUS.

April, 1905.

NEW FORMS OF MUSIC.

To the Editor of The Open Court:

Your "Musical Caprice" in the June number of *The Open Court* is most instructive, possesses also stimulating qualities which prompt me to offer the following comments:

You say in one part: "If mankind must needs have something new, why has there not yet appeared a composer whose endeavor would be to construct music based on absolutely correct mathematical relations?" This struck me as harboring possibilities fraught with much danger to the peace of mind of all music-loving people the world over. Let me attempt to prove the reasonable basis for my fears. Helmholtz, in his great scientific work on tone-sensation, tells of his practical experiments in the use of the just-tempered scales, by using a harmonium tuned scientifically exact through a limited number of keys. This instrument failed to serve his purpose satisfactorily, when modulations to near-by related keys were required. Helmholtz's translator and disciple, Mr. Alexander J. Ellis, went much further in elaborating a scientific formula, completing theoretically, the exact pitch for all the keys and modulations. His table of modulation divides the octave into 117 tones, whereas we use in our even-tempered scale only 12 semi-tones to the octave.

Mr. Ellis says regarding the practical value of this scientific performance: "Of course it is quite out of the question that any attempt should be made to deal with such numbers of tones, differing often by only two cents from each other. (Cent equals $\frac{1}{100}$ of an equal semitone.)

"No ear could appreciate the multitude of distinctions. No instrument, even if once correctly tuned, would keep its intonation sufficiently well to preserve such niceties. No keyboard could be invented for playing the notes, even if it could be tuned, although it is very easy to mark a piece of ordinary music so as to indicate the precise notes to be struck; hence some compromise is needed." (Helmholtz, English translation, p. 464.)

On the other hand, when dealing with our poverty-stricken system, containing only 12 equal semitones to the octave, Helmholtz finds certain disadvantages. His words may be considered as a scientific prophecy when we

contemplate the tendencies of our ultra-modern composers. Perhaps he foresaw the coming of such a writer as Max Reger of Munich, when he wrote the following lines:

"Continual bold modulational leaps reckon entirely to destroy the feeling for tonality. These are unpleasant symptoms for the further development of art." Bearing on this point, it may be interesting to insert at this place a few stray individual opinions concerning Reger's works. Both the following extracts are from the *New York Musical Courier* of November 9, 1904, and April, 1905:

"The Munich composer, (in his C-major sonata for violin and piano) has cut adrift from practically every tradition, *defying even tonality*. It is difficult to follow his bold flights of imagination and still bolder progression, much less to understand them. *Either this work is a revolutionary movement of great pith and moment, beyond the horizon of common mortals, or it is the work of a genius who will soon be a candidate for the insane asylum*. One thing is sure, a strong personality and great musical knowledge are revealed here."

"Max Reger is creating a stir here (Dresden). Roth in his Music Salon gave him a hearing. Reger's artistic instincts are deeply seated and he is much of an enthusiast. With Mahler, Brückner, and Nicode he has "lengths" in common. Parts of his chamber music seem endless. On the occasion we heard songs given by Sanna Von Rhyn and chamber music, all heavy musical fare; a series of contradictory terms, deep thoughts and good and bad jokes. His style is quaint, even stilty at times, but on the whole full of idealism. Reger seems a combative mind, ready to fight. *Many people (even musicians) left the hall in full despair over his so-called disharmonies.*"

In view of the facts presented above, permit me to ask you how a new departure, such as was recommended by you, to be taken in the direction of an accurate mathematical musical system, can be considered otherwise than with terror? If, as it appears, the character of our most modern compositions is already suffering from too great an inclination toward promiscuous modulation and threatens total loss of the sense of tonality, what dire results must we not expect to bear with if the just system with 117 tones instead of only 12 to the octave once becomes fashionable?

ST. LOUIS, MO.

I. L. SHOEN.

[In the article referred to by Mr. I. L. Shoen, I did not recommend but only suggested the possibility of other musical systems; but I would say that the failure of one attempt would not disprove the feasibility of the general scheme in one way or another.—ED.]

ἩΘΟΣ ἈΝΘΡΩΠΙΝΙ ΔΑΙΜΩΝ.

We have frequently made use of the Greek aphorism, *ethos anthropoi daimon*, as a motto. It is a well known and often quoted saying, but we have been unable to trace it to its source. We have repeatedly inquired of Greek scholars but so far without avail. Accordingly we now make public request for any information that a Greek scholar may be able to give us on the subject. For those who are not familiar with Greek, we might repeat what we said in *The Open Court*, Vol. I, p. 695, that the words are almost untrans-

latable. The translation "character is man's destiny" although quite correct, does not exhaust its meaning. *Ethos* means, like the German *Sitte*, custom or habit or character. But it conveys more than custom; it means the habits of man so far as they produce civilization and make him humane. It includes his morals. In this sense Schiller says in "The Eleusinian Festival":

"Und allein durch seine Sitte
Kann er frei und mächtig sein."

[And by his own worth alone
Can man freedom gain and might.]

Translation by Bowring.

From *ethos* is derived the English word "ethics," which has acquired the narrower meaning of *ethos* in the sense of moral behavior. This *ethos*, our Greek inscription tells us, is to man his *daimon*, i. e., his God, his deity, his conscience or guidance, his destiny.

P. C.

THE MORNING GLORY.

(After Ernest W. Clement's transliteration in the *Japanese
Floral Calendar*.)

Oh for the heart's deep story,
The heart's of the morning-glory,
Whose dainty flower
Blooms but an hour.
Yet the charm that's hers
Is more endearing
Than the grandeur of firs
For a thousand years persevering.

P. C.

"MEMORANDUM" INSTEAD OF "REPLY."

When we go a-hunting or fishing the game we get is often that for which we did not start out, but worth as much or more. So with the Editor's "answer" to my article "The Widow's Mite" in the June number of *The Open Court*.

I started out to get an answer to the spook-killing arguments of "induction, correlation, and economy," now presented to the world by Prof. Ernst Haeckel as the basis of the social, impersonal, and unselfish immortality of science, and the foundation of the religious regeneration and reorganization of all intelligent people.

Instead of an answer to those arguments stated in my article, we get what seems to me a practical admission of them, and an exceedingly fine advocacy of the rival immortality of science and humanity. I have spent a lifetime in advocating and learning to appreciate this latter immortality, which grows upon me the older I grow, but there are expressions in regard to it in Dr. Carus's "answer," which add so much to my realization of it, that I gladly forgive the Doctor for what I do not find in his answer in consideration of the real worth of what I do find therein.

That these immortalities are "rival" is without question after reading Haeckel, the fifth act of Goethe's *Faust*, Matthew vi. 24, and consulting your own common sense.

THADDEUS B. WAKEMAN.

BOOK REVIEWS AND NOTES.

SCHILLER IM URTEIL DES ZWANZIGSTEN JAHRHUNDERTS. Eingeführt von *Eugen Wolff*. Jena: Hermann Costenoble. 1905. Pp. xxxiii, 172. Price 4 m.

This year of the Schiller Centennial, besides bringing to pass local Schiller celebrations in different centers, special numbers in current periodicals, and new volumes treating of the poet's biography, poetry or philosophy of life, has produced also in Germany and the United States collections of tributes from the mature criticism of this later day. One of the most significant of these is the one issued by the press of Hermann Costenoble at Jena, which is entitled *Schiller in the Judgment of the Twentieth Century*. It is introduced by an essay by Dr. Eugen Wolff, professor of modern German language and literature at the University of Kiel, in which the author treats of the effect that time has had on the poet's renown, and the influence which he still exerts over the minds of men after the lapse of a century. The book itself consists of eulogies by more than a hundred and fifty prominent men and women among whom a few names of Americans may be found. In these, many phases of Schiller's character and influence are discussed, among others Schiller as a philosopher, artist and historian; as a political educator, and the embodiment of the German national spirit; his relations to twentieth century art and literature, and to the future. The frontispiece is an engraving after Anton Graff's famous portrait of Schiller, and at the back there is a concise index of subjects besides the list of contributing authors.

A Russian translation of Dr. Carus's *Gospel of Buddha* has just been completed by two Muscovites, Brovkin and Timofeeff, and only awaits the formality of the author's consent before publication. Russian is at least the eighth language in which this work has appeared, and the fifth language of Europe, for translations already exist in French, German, Spanish, Chinese, Japanese, and Urdu, probably also in Singhalese and Tamil, for which permission has been granted, although copies have not yet reached the author.

We wish to inform the public that The Open Court Publishing Company has procured the right of publishing Prof. Lawrence H. Mills's latest work, *Zarathushtra and the Greeks*, and expects to have it ready for the market within a short time. The regular price will be \$2.00, but applications received prior to September first will be favored with a reduction of twenty-five per cent.

Our frontispiece by Eduard Biedermann represents a significant scene in Buddha's life. In his search for enlightenment, the sage has broken down from exhaustion after his long fast, and the shepherd's daughter, finding him half-starved, nourishes him with rice milk. The disciples, who still believe in salvation through self-mortification, watch the scene from a distance with consternation. After he had thus been strengthened, the Bodhisattva went to the Bodhi-tree under whose branches he attained enlightenment.

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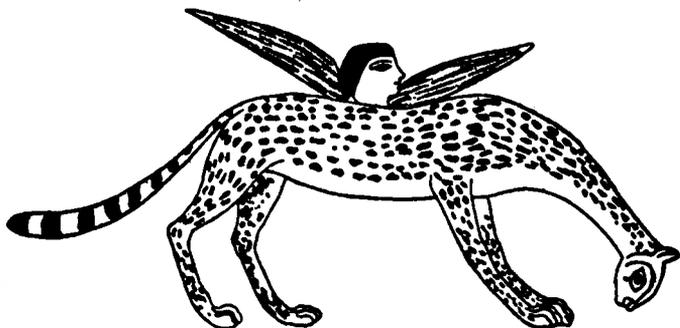
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Devoted to the Science of Religion, the Religion of Science, and the
Extension of the Religious Parliament Idea

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CONTENTS:

	PAGE
<i>Frontispiece.</i> Hugo De Vries.	
<i>Hugo De Vries.</i> (With Portrait.) DANIEL TREMBLY MACDOUGAL.....	449
<i>Some Magicians I Have Met.</i> (Illustrated.) HENRY RIDGELY EVANS.....	454
<i>A Religious Book of China.</i> Translated by TEITARO SUZUKI and DR. PAUL CARUS.	
Introduction	477
The Exalted One's Treatise on Response and Retribution.....	481
Notes	488
<i>Some Mediumistic Phenomena.</i> DAVID P. ABBOTT	494
<i>Professor Mills, the Zendavesta Scholar.</i> (With Portrait.) EDITOR.....	505
<i>Weligama Sri Sumangala.</i> An Obituary.....	510
<i>Character.</i> M. F. HEALY.	510
<i>Book Reviews.</i>	511
<i>Notes.</i>	512

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HUGO DE VRIES.

BY DANIEL TREMBLY MAC DOUGAL.

NEARLY half a century has elapsed since the formulation of Darwin's conception of natural selection, and the presentation of his conclusions as to the method of origin of species. The overwhelming number of facts brought together in his writings compelled the universal acceptance of the theory of descent. The wealth of detail described in his various books concerning organic evolution, together with the intricate theoretical explanations offered in connection with them, was so hopeless of duplication on the one hand, and so difficult of proof or disproof on the other, that the energy and attention of naturalists for half a century have been absorbed in discussions as to the interpretation and application of the broader generalisations, and in criticisms and counter-criticisms, while actual investigations of only minor importance were carried out, notwithstanding the period in question includes the time within which the biological sciences have had the greater part of their development.

That the establishment of organic evolution on a firm basis should be followed by a period barren of contributions to the subject is remarkable, but easily understood when the conditions are taken into consideration. Darwin's explanations of evolutionary movements supposed that the external changes constituting the apparent origin of types extended over many thousands of years, or over periods which could not be approximated. The methods proposed to account for the origin of species were extremely difficult of proof or disproof with any satisfactory degree of finality. The discussion of the value of evidence upon questions of such vague limits quite naturally became acutely controversial, and four-fifths of the literature upon this subject with which our libraries have been burdened during the last five decades might be discarded without injury to the subject.

In the consideration of the proposal of Darwin that characters or attributes need thousands of years, or indefinitely long periods for their external realisation or organisation, and that their disappearance was equally slow, the fact was almost wholly disregarded



PROFESSOR HUGO DE VRIES.

(After a photograph by Prof. F. E. Lloyd of Teachers College, New York.)

that many observations of a reputable nature were on record in which qualities and structures were seen to appear and disappear in lines of descent in a manner at variance with the methods implied in natural selection and adaptation. The significance of the atypical individuals

resulting from such sudden or saltatory changes was obviously beyond the comprehension of the earlier biologists, a natural consequence of inadequate information on the subject available.

Some advances in knowledge of the nature of attributes or qualities were necessary before material progress could be made in the interpretation of the relation of saltations or mutations to descent and inheritance. The formulation of the conception of unit-characters as set forth by Abbé Mendel, the useful speculations as to the mechanism of the transmission of characters by germ-cells, the theory of DeVries that qualities or characters are borne by minute structures in the protoplasm, that these qualities might be in either an active or latent condition, constitute the more important generalisations upon the basis of which it has been possible to construct a new working hypothesis as to the origin of species.

The most superficial consideration of the main problems in descent, inheritance and in organic evolution in general, reveals the fact that the questions involved are purely of a physiological nature, a fact fully recognised by Darwin. Comparative anatomical study may well give us some clue as to the main phylogenetic lines, to point out the main pathways in which organisms have moved from the primal organisms, but such studies most exhaustively applied may furnish but little of finality upon the actual segregation of a quality or a type from its main line of descent.

It is evident that if we wish to determine the method of progression of an organism it must be set in action and followed through many generations in order to ascertain the manner in which its characters are transmitted, modified or atrophied, instead of making sweeping deductions from "prima facie" evidence of proving difficult theories by "interpretations of the face of nature," which has been so much in vogue during the last few years.

It seems eminently fitting that the next real contribution to the subject after Darwin, should have been made by the strict application of experimental and observational methods. It is by the use of such methods that Professor DeVries has demonstrated that characters and groups of characters, originate, appear in new combinations, or become latent in hereditary series of organisms in such manner as to constitute distinct breaks in descent. This is the main thesis of his mutation theory—the saltatory movements of characters: of course its most important corollary is that the saltations in question do result in the origination of new species and varieties.

That the types formed in this way are really of specific rank has not been doubted by any systematist who has seriously con-

sidered the forms of the evening-primrose which have arisen by saltation or mutation, and similar evidence is furnished by many other groups of plants and animals. In still further confirmation of this conclusion it is to be said that statistical measurements of the mutant forms of evening primroses show that they are clearly separable from the parental types from which they are derived, and present the curious anomaly of being more widely variant in their single characters than the parent.

The history of the studies upon which the mutation theory is chiefly based forms one of the most inspiring chapters in the history of natural science. Twenty years ago Professor DeVries began bringing under observation successive generations of several species of plants in order to determine whether all of the thousands of individuals included in the progeny of one parent-plant would inherit all of the parental characters. Over a hundred species were examined in this way. Finally one was found which showed seed-sports among its progeny—individuals which in some types lacked some of the parental qualities and hence constituted retrogressive forms, and others which bore characters not manifested by the parent. In this momentous discovery he had happened upon one species which was in its mutative period, which might occur in the history of a species once in a century, or once in a thousand centuries, and which might extend over one season or over a hundred. With this clue he set to work to ascertain the principles governing such forms of inheritance. Greenhouses and experimental grounds were prepared and cultures tended for two decades with the most painstaking and microscopic care. Every precaution was taken to exclude the interference of the wind, insects, birds and other agencies in pollination and fertilisation. Exact pedigree-cultures were carried through two decades with a degree of care not hitherto used in any culture of plants. It is impossible to set forth the enormous amount of detail to be kept in mind and organised in such experimental observations. It may only be cited as an illustration that in some seasons the packets of seeds, each representing a separate experiment, and requiring separate notes reached into the thousands. Furthermore the striking character of the results to be tested made it necessary that the experimenter himself should perform the commonest operations of gardening, in the way of weeding, watering, etc., in order that a line of descent might be traced through an unbroken series of years without a trace of doubt as to the purity of its lineage. The splendid results derived from a collation of these observations well justify the work spent in obtaining them, consti-

tuting as they do the most important contribution to organic evolution since the appearance of Darwin's *Origin of Species*.

It seems eminently fitting that results of this character should be obtained by Professor DeVries when his experience and attitude toward research are taken into consideration. As a young man he had come into contact with Sachs, Hofmeister and Bunsen, and developed an enthusiasm that has never failed through the tedious ordeal of two decades of patient, arduous plodding. During the course of his studies he has been a student, lecturer and professor in universities in both Germany and Holland, and he came to his self-appointed task with a broad knowledge of physiological science obtained at first hand, and with the mental strength and support that came from contact with the leaders in biological thought in his earlier days, and with the technical skill that is to be gained by experience in many laboratories.

A keen insight into the problems awaiting solution, a clear conception of the methods applicable, a trained imagination to bring into review all of the possibilities, then the steady, strong, unrelenting attack, these are the qualities that mark the investigator of the first rank, and which insure progress in thought and advancement of human knowledge.

Nor is the mutation theory the first expression of DeVries's speculative insight into the nature of organized matter. The idea of ultimate units of structure bearing the indivisible qualities of the body of which it formed a part formed an important theoretical basis for his work, and the present conception of the ions of the physical chemist may be traced to a development of this conception originated by DeVries. This generalization, which is essentially of a physiological character, even when applied to inorganic substances, gave the basis for the researches upon descent which have been carried out with such notable results.

Beyond the value of the principles established by Professor DeVries he has rendered a notable service to biological science by demonstrating anew that the principal problem in descent, the origin of new types, is capable of investigation by actual observation, and by methods so simple that they may be followed by naturalists with only elementary training. To rescue the subject of organic evolution from the wearisome tangle of polemics, and bring it again before the student and worker as a proper matter for experimental inquiry is in itself a triumph and constitutes a service to biological science not surpassed in importance by the actual discoveries already made.

SOME MAGICIANS I HAVE MET.

BY HENRY RIDGELY EVANS.

I.

IMRO FOX, "the comic conjurer," was born May 21, 1852, in Bromberg, Germany. He came to the United States in 1874, and after serving as a *chef de cuisine* in several New York hotels, finally came to Washington where he presided over the kitchen of the old Hotel Lawrence, a famous resort for vaudeville people. When not engaged in his culinary duties, he practised sleight-of-hand tricks. In the year 1880, a strolling company came to the city, having as its bright, particular star a magician. The man of mystery, alas, was addicted to the flowing bowl, and went on a spree after the first night's performance. The manager of the troupe, who was staying at the Lawrence, was in despair. He told his woes to the proprietor of the hotel, who informed him that the *chef* of the establishment was a conjurer. Descending to the "lower regions" (a capital place, by the way, in which to seek a disciple of the black art), the theatrical man discovered the genial Imro studying a big volume. Near by a black cat sat blinking at him. Upon the stove was a huge caldron. The *mise en scène* of the place was decidedly that of a wizard's studio. But things are seldom what they seem.

The book which Fox was so industriously conning proved to be a dictionary of the French language, not a black-letter tome on sorcery. The *chef* was engaged in making up a *ménu* card, in other words giving French names to good old Anglo-Saxon dishes. The caldron contained soup. The cat was the regular feline habitue of a kitchen, not an imp or familiar demon.

"The *chef*, I believe," said the manager, politely.

"I am," said Fox.

"You are an amateur conjurer!"

"I amuse myself with legerdemain occasionally."

"You're the man I'm looking for. I am the proprietor of a vaudeville company playing at The gentleman who does the magic turn for me has disappeared; gone on a spree. . . ."

"Ah, I see," interrupted Imro, "a devotee of the 'inexhaustible bottle' trick."

"I want you to take his place," said the manager, "and fill out the week's engagement. I will arrange matters with the hotel proprietor for you."

"Donner und Blitzen!" cried Fox, "why I never was on a stage before in my life. I'd die with fright. Face an audience? I'd rather face a battery of cannons."

"Nonsense," answered the theatrical man. "Do help me like a good fellow. It will be money in your pocket."

After considerable persuasion Fox consented. The culinary department was turned over to an assistant. That night Imro appeared on the stage, habited in a hired dress suit that did not fit him like the proverbial "paper on the wall." With fear and trembling he made his bow, and broke the ice by the following allusion to his very bald pate: "Ladies and gentlemen, why is my head like Heaven? . . . You give it up! Good! Because there is no parting there!" Amid the shout of laughter occasioned by this conundrum, Fox began his card tricks. In the argot of the stage, he "made good."

This event decided him; he abandoned cooking for conjuring; *ménu* cards for the making of programmes.

His entertainment is quite original. The curtain rises on a gloomy cavern. In the middle is a boiling caldron, fed by witches *à la* Macbeth. An aged necromancer, dressed in a long robe with a pointed cap on his head enters. He begins his incantations, whereupon hosts of demons appear, who dance about the caldron. Suddenly amid the crash of thunder and a blinding flash of light, the wizard's cave is metamorphosed into a twentieth century drawing-room, fitted up for a conjuring *séance*. The decrepit sorcerer is changed into a gentleman in evening dress—Mr. Fox—who begins his up-to-date entertainment of modern magic. Is this not cleverly conceived?

II.

A few thumbnail sketches of some of the local magicians of New York City will not come amiss. First, there is Elmer P. Ransom, familiarly known as "Pop." He was born in *old* New

York, not far from Boss Tweed's house. He still lives in that quaint part of the city. He knows New York like a book. Once he guided me through the Jewish ghetto, the Italian and Chinese quarters. It was a rare treat. Ransom is a good all around magician, who believes in the old school of apparatus combined with sleight-of-hand. And so do I.

Next we have Adrian Plate, who was born in Utrecht, Holland, in 1844. His rooms in upper New York are the Mecca of all visiting magicians. He has a fine collection of books on magic, and a scrap-book *par excellence*. Thanks to this clever conjurer I have secured translations of rare and curious Dutch works on necromancy. Plate has always something new up his sleeve.

T. Francis Fritz (Frank Ducrot) edits *Mahatma*, a magazine for magicians, and is a good conjurer.

Sargent, the "Merry Wizard," is an adept in the psychology of deception and a recognized authority on the subject of patter. His articles on magic, published in *Mahatma*, are very interesting. He wields a facile pen as well as a wand, and like Silas Wegg occasionally drops into poetry. His poetical effusion, "In Martinka's Little Back Shop," brought out some years ago in *Mahatma*, has been widely copied.

Henry V. A. Parsell, the archivist of the S. A. M., is a devotee of magic and freemasonry; a student of the occult; and a mechanical engineer by profession. He is especially fond of electrical tricks. He signs himself *Paracelsus*, not that he has any special love for the Bombast of Hohenheim but because the name is a euphonic paraphrase of his own cognomen, and redolent of sorcery.

Dr. Goldin Mortimer, the president of the S. A. M., is a gentleman of culture. He was born in New York City, December 27, 1854. He began life as a magician, and was a pupil of Robinson, the Fakir of Vishnu. He eventually toured the country with an entertainment of the Heller order, known as "Mortimer's Mysteries" and was very successful. Graduating finally as a physician, he abandoned the *art magique* as a profession.

Krieger, the arch-master of cup-and-ball conjuring, the successor of Bosco, often drops into Martinka's. He is of Jewish birth. With his little family he travels about, giving exhibitions of his skill, at summer hotels, seaside resorts, clubs, lyceums, etc. The errant propensities of the Krieger ménage gained for it the sobriquet of the "Wandering Few," a paraphrase of the title of Eugene Sue's weird novel, *The Wandering Jew*. To listen to Krieger's funny accent; to see him shake his bushy locks; to watch his deft fingers

manipulate the little cork balls, is to enjoy a rare treat. When the small balls grow to large ones and finally change into onions, potatoes, lemons, and apples you are quite ready to acknowledge that Krieger's art is the acme of legerdemain.

But the prince of Hanky Panky is undoubtedly Nate Leipziger. For close work with cards, coins, watches, handkerchiefs, and the like he is pre-eminent in this country, perhaps in any country. His great forte is amusing after-dinner parties. His art is extremely subtle and undetectable, even to those acquainted with the mysteries of magic. He is the inventor of many new sleights and conjuring artifices.

Leipziger was born in Stockholm, Sweden, in 1873, and was apprenticed at an early age to an optical instrument maker. Grinding and polishing lenses is his trade, but he abandoned it for conjuring when he came to the United States. It is a curious fact that the majority of great magicians have been recruited from among watchmakers, optical instrument manufacturers, chemists, and physicians. Hundreds of them have been doctors. Among our American Indians medicine and magic are synonymous terms. The "medicine man" is the High Priest, the Mage, of the tribe. As every student of psychology knows there is a good deal of humbug about the practice of medicine. Suggestion aided by deception in the way of bread pills and harmless philtres effect as many cures as potent drugs. Surgery is an exact science, medicine is experimental. The medico takes naturally to magic, for he is already an adept in the art of suggestion. Apropos of this let me quote a sentence from a review by Joseph Jastrow (*Psychological Review*, Vol. 7, p. 617): "A dominant principle, most frequently illustrated, is the kinship of conjuring to suggestion; for it is the suggestion of things not done quite as much as the concealment of those that are done that determines the success of modern conjuring."

III.

Horace Goldin is known as the "Whirlwind Wizard," so called because of the rapidity of his work. His tricks and illusions follow each other with kaleidoscopic effect. Goldin can compress more magic feats in a twenty-minutes turn, than the average conjurer can execute in an hour. But his act is a silent one; he uses no patter whatever. As a general rule this is to be condemned. Amateurs are warned against it. Says Professor Jastrow, the psychologist: "The 'patter,' or setting of a trick often constitutes the real art of its execution, because it directs, or rather misdirects, the

attention." More than that artfully worded patter weaves about a conjuring experiment an atmosphere of plausibility; people are often convinced that red is black, etc. Consider the dramatic setting of Houdin's magic chest and aerial suspension. Without patter these charming tricks would have degenerated to the commonplace. But Goldin is a law unto himself, and must not be judged by any standards other than those laid down by himself. He is a genius.

Goldin, who is of Jewish birth, began life as a traveling salesman. He took to conjuring to amuse himself and his friends. Afterwards he went on the stage. He has played before Edward VII of England, and William II of Germany. While playing an engagement in New York City, at Hammerstein's Theatre, August, 1904, he went about the city in an automobile known as the "red devil." Some of his facetious friends described him as a "little white devil" in a "big red devil." Among the numerous clever illusions performed by him is the "Invisible Flight," an exposé of which was published in the *Strand*, as follows:

"A pedestal about seven feet high is seen in the centre of the stage. The performer introduces a liveried assistant and entirely envelops him in a black cloak and hood, and puts a pistol in his right hand. He then fetches a ladder, places it against the pedestal, walks up, and steps from it on to the top of the pedestal, behind a curtain, which is hung in front, just reaching to his feet. The assistant puts the ladder back and fires the pistol, when immediately the curtain rises and a great surprise meets the gaze of the audience, for there on the pedestal, where the performer stepped only a moment previously, stands the liveried servant; but the climax is reached when the supposed assistant pulls off the cloak and hood, showing him to be none other than the performer himself.

"To perform this illusion it is necessary to have two assistants as near alike as possible and of similar stature to the performer himself, the rest being quite simple but requiring much exactness in execution. The performer cloaks assistant No. 1 and hands him the pistol, then goes to fetch the ladder, part of which is showing between the wings, the other part being held by assistant No. 2, who is made up to look, at a quick glance, exactly like the performer. The performer catches hold of the ladder and steps between the wings, leaving one leg showing; the assistant (No. 2) steps out backwards with the ladder, covering the performer momentarily, who then steps right in between the wings. The natural movement of the assistant in stepping back at the right moment looks as if it is still the performer; indeed, he is never suspected to be other-

wise. Assistant No. 2 places the ladder against the pedestal, walks up, and, stepping behind the curtain, unhooks a duplicate livery from it, quickly puts it on, pockets wig and mustache, or any other make-up which went to match the magician's appearance, and stands ready for the curtain to be raised, at the sound of the pistol, by a string leading inside to one of the stage hands. During this time assistant No. 1 has taken the ladder back to its original place, and the performer, who has meanwhile quickly donned a cloak and hood exactly as worn by assistant No. 1, reverses his previous action, stepping back with a pistol in his right hand, this again being so natural as not to excite suspicion. He then fires, when assistant No. 2 is seen upon the pedestal, believed by the audience to be assistant No. 1, the idea of a duplicate never occurring to them.



THE INVISIBLE FLIGHT.

as they have not seen the change take place. The performer then takes off his cloak and hood, bowing smilingly to the bewildered audience."

IV.

One of the most entertaining men in the profession is Frederick Eugene Powell. He is a man of scholarly attainments. Powell was born in Philadelphia, and was attracted to magic after having witnessed a performance by good old Signor Blitz. He became quite an expert at the art and gave entertainments for the amusement of his fellow students at the Pennsylvania Military Academy, at Chester, from which institution he graduated in 1877 with the degree of Civil Engineer and the rank of Lieutenant. After a short

career on the stage as a magician, he entered into mercantile life. Eventually he returned to his old love, magic, and began a series of entertainments at Wood's Theatre, corner of Ninth and Arch Streets, Philadelphia. His "second sight trick," in which he was assisted by his brother Edwin, was one of his strong cards. Robert Heller had just died, and there was no one to continue the art of second sight but Powell. After touring the United States and Spanish America he left the stage to take the intermediate chair of mathematics at the Pennsylvania Military Academy, which post he held for three years. The sedentary life affected his health, and he returned to the stage. Powell has played several long engagements at the Eden Musée, one of them lasting for six months. In the year 1892, he produced at this theatre for the first time to a New York audience the illusion "She." In 1902 he visited the Sandwich and Samoa Islands, and played in the principal cities of Australia. Powell was the first conjurer to introduce the improved "coin ladder" in this country.

Howard Thurston, the American illusionist, was educated for the ministry, but abandoned theology for conjuring. He possesses great skill with cards, and is an inventor of many novel feats of spectacular magic.

His stage represents an Oriental scene. Enter Thurston dressed somewhat after the fashion of a Tartar chieftain, loose trousers, short jacket, turban and high boots. He introduces his act with card manipulating, after which he produces from a shawl thrown over his arm a bowl from which bursts a flame, then another bowl from which spurts a jet of water like a fountain. He stands on a small stool of glass and produces a great quantity of water from a large tin can, by dropping into it the half of a cocoanut shell. Enough water wells up from the can to fill several receptacles. The thaumaturgist then defies the laws of gravitation by suspending a large ball in the air, *à la* Mahomet's alleged coffin at Mecca, and passes a hoop above the ball. When he leaves the stage, the ball follows him. This feat is accomplished by a stream of compressed air which plays upon the globe from a receptacle secreted in the sleeve of the performer. The conjurer walks to a stool, covers it with a shawl, and produces a life-size statue, which undergoes various pretty transformations. The illusion suggests that of Professor Pepper. Finally he produces pigeons from a borrowed hat, and toy balloons which float in the air. Altogether it is a pleasing and curious act.

V.

William G. Robinson for years acted as Alexander Herrmann's stage manager and machinist. He is a devotee of the magic art, a collector of rare books on legerdemain, and the inventor of many ingenious sleights, tricks, and illusions. When not employed at the theatre, he spends his time haunting the second-hand book stores, searching for literature on his favorite hobby. He has found time to write a profoundly interesting brochure called *Spirit Slate-Writing*, published by the Scientific American Company. After reading this work, I cannot see how any sane person can credit the reality of "independent slate-writing." It is a mere juggling trick.

Robinson was born in New York City, April 2, 1861, and received a common school education. He started life as "a worker in brass and other metals," but he abandoned the profession of Tubal Cain for conjuring. After the death of Herrmann, Robinson went as assistant to Leon Herrmann for several seasons, and then started out to astonish the natives on his own account, but without any appreciable success. Just about this time there came to the United States a Chinese conjurer named Ching Ling Foo, with a repertoire of Oriental tricks. One of them was the production of a huge bowl of water from a table cloth, followed by live pigeons and ducks, and last but not least a little almond-eyed Celestial, his son. This was but a replica of the trick which Philippe learned from the Chinese many years ago. Foo's performances drew crowds to the theatres. It was the novelty of the thing that caught the public fancy. In reality, the Mongolian's magic was not to be compared with that of Herrmann, Kellar, or Goldin. Beneath the folds of a Chinese robe one may conceal almost anything, ranging in size from a bedpost to a cannon ball. When Foo's manager boastfully advertised to forfeit \$500, if any American could fathom or duplicate any of the Celestial's tricks, "Billy" Robinson came forward and accepted the challenge. But nothing came of it. Foo's impressario "backed water," to use a boating phrase. Robinson was so taken with Ching Ling Foo's act that he decided to give similar séances, disguising himself as a Chinaman. Under the name of Chung Ling Soo he went to England accompanied by his wife and a genuine Chinese acrobat. He opened at the Empire Theatre, and not only reproduced Foo's best tricks but added others of his own, equally as marvelous. His success was instantaneous. Theatrical London went wild over the celebrated Chinese wizard, and gold began to flow into the

coffers of the Robinson menage. So well was the secret kept that for months no one, except the attachés of the theatre, knew that Chung Ling Soo was a Yankee and not a genuine Chinaman. The make-up of himself and wife was perfect. Robinson even had the audacity to grant interviews to newspaper reporters. He usually held these receptions at his lodgings where he had an apartment



CHUNG LING SOO.
(Mr. Wm. G. Robinson.)

fitted up *à la Chinois*; the walls hung with silken drapery embroidered with grotesque dragons. The place was dimly lit by Chinese lanterns. Propped up on silken cushions, the "Yankee Celestial" with his face like a finely painted mask, sipped his real oolong and laughed in his capacious sleeves at the credulity of the journalistic hacks.

He gave his opinions on the "Boxer" trouble, speaking a kind of gibberish which the previously tutored Chinese acrobat pretended to interpret into English. Gradually it leaked out in theatrical circles that Chung Ling Soo was a Yankee, but this information never came to the public ear generally.

At the close of the "Boxer" uprising the real Ching Ling Foo



had returned to his beloved Flowery Kingdom, loaded down with bags full of dollars extracted from the pockets of the "Foreign Devils," yclept Americans. Under his own vine and bamboo tree he proceeded to enjoy life like a regular Chinese gentleman; to burn joss sticks to the memory of his ancestors, and study the maxims of Confucius. But the longing for other worlds to conquer with

his magic overcame him, and so in the year 1904 he went to England. Great was his astonishment to find that a pretended Mongolian had preceded him and stolen all of his thunder. In January 1905, Robinson was playing at the Hippodrome, London, and Ching Ling Foo at the Empire. There was great rivalry between them. The result was that Foo challenged Soo to a grand trial of strength, the articles of which appeared in the *Weekly Despatch*: "I offer £1,000 if Chung Ling Soo, now appearing at the Hippodrome, can do ten out of the twenty of my tricks, or if I fail to do any one of his feats."

A meeting was arranged to take place at the *Despatch* office, on January 7, 1905, at 11 A. M. The challenged man, "Billy" Robinson alias Chung Ling Soo rode up to the newspaper office in his big red automobile, accompanied by his manager and assistants. He was dressed like a mandarin. The acrobat held over his master's head a gorgeous Chinese umbrella. Robinson gave an exhibition of his skill before a committee of newspaper men and theatrical managers. Foo came not. The next day arrived a letter from Ching Ling Foo's impressario saying that the Mongolian magician would only consent to compete against his rival on the following condition: "That Chung Ling Soo first prove before members of the Chinese Legation that he is a Chinaman." This was whipping the Devil (or shall I say Dragon) around the stump. The original challenge had made no condition as to the nationality of the performers.

The *Despatch* said: "The destination of the challenge money remains in abeyance, and the questions arise: 'Did Foo fool Soo? And can Soo sue Foo?'"

The merits of this interesting mix-up are thus summed up by Mr. John N. Hilliard, in an editorial published in the *Sphinx*, Kansas City, Mo., March 15, 1905:

"While we do not take the controversy with undue seriousness, there is an ethical aspect in the case, however, that invites discussion. In commenting disparagingly on the professional ability of the Chinese conjurer, in belittling his originality and his achievements in the magic arts, Mr. Robinson (Chung Ling Soo) is really throwing stones at his own crystal dwelling place. Despite the glowing presentments of his press agent, one single naked truth shines out as clearly as a frosty star in a turquoise sky. It is violating no confidence to assert that had it not been for Ching Ling Foo, the professional status of Mr. William E. Robinson, masquerading as a Chinaman, and adopting the sobriquet of 'Chung Ling Soo,' would be more or less of a negative quantity to-day. Ching Ling Foo,

the genuine Chinaman, is indisputably the originator, so far as the Western hemisphere is concerned, at least, of this peculiar act, and Robinson is merely an imitator. Robinson is shrewd and has a 'head for business.' He doubtless realizes, as well as his critics, that in the dress of the modern magician, he would not be unqualifiedly successful, despite his skill with cards and coins and his knowledge of the art. The success of Ching Ling Foo in this country was his opportunity. Adopting the dress and make-up of a Mongolian, and appropriating the leading features of Ching's act, he went to Europe, where the act was a novelty, and scored a great success. Of course, from a utilitarian point of view, this success is legitimate; but in the light of what the American magician really owes to the great Chinese conjurer, it is ridiculous for Robinson to pose as 'the original Chinese magician,' and for him to say that Ching Ling Foo is 'a performer of the streets,' while he is the 'court magician to the Empress Dowager.' This may be good showmanship, but it is not fair play. The devil himself is entitled to his due; and, the question of merit aside, the indubitable fact remains that it is Ching Ling Foo, who is the 'original Chinese magician,' while 'Chung Ling Soo' is an imitator of his act and a usurper in the Oriental kingdom. But outside of the ethical nature of the controversy, we refuse to take it seriously."

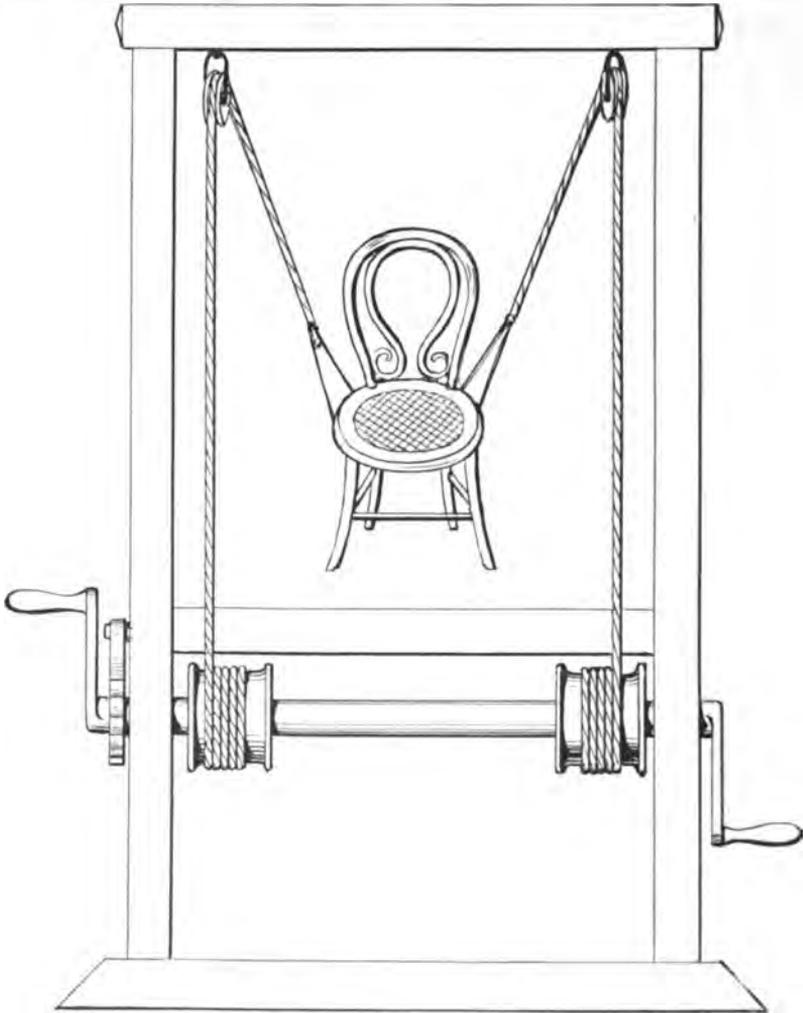
Robinson is the inventor of the clever stage illusion "Gone," which Herrmann exhibited, and which still forms one of the principal specialties of Kellar. I am indebted to my friend, Henry V. A. Parsell, for an accurate description of the trick, as at present worked by Mr. Kellar.

"At the rise of the curtain the stage is seen to have its rear part concealed by a second curtain and drapery which, being drawn up, discloses a substantial framework. This framework, at the first glance, gives one the impression that it is that horrible instrument of death, the guillotine. As will be seen, it consists simply of two uprights, with a bar across the top and another a little below the middle. Just below the centre bar is a windlass, the two ropes of which pass thorough two pulleys fixed to the top bar. The machine stands out boldly against a black background, the distance from which is indeterminate.

"After the introduction of the fair maiden 'who is to be gone,' an ordinary-looking bent wood chair is shown. The chair is then placed on the stage behind the framework, and by means of snap hooks, the two ropes from the windlass are attached to the side of

the chair. The maiden is now seated in the chair and her skirt adjusted that it may not hang too low.

"A couple of assistants now work the windlass and elevate the chair and its occupant until they are well above the middle cross



"GONE," ROBINSON'S ILLUSION.

[For an illustration of the trick see *The Open Court*, Vol. XIV, p. 431.]

bar. One assistant then retires, the other remains with one hand resting against the side of the framework. The performer fires his pistol thrice, upon which the maiden vanishes and the fragments

of the chair fall to the ground. The illusion is produced by a black curtain which lies concealed behind the middle cross bar. When the pistol is fired, the assistant, whose hand is on the frame, presses a spring which releases this black curtain which is instantly drawn up in front of the suspended girl. At this same moment the girl undoes a couple of catches which allows the main part of the chair to drop. She, meanwhile, being seated on a false chair-bottom to which the ropes are attached."

As originally devised by Mr. Robinson, the illusion was based upon the Pepper ghost-show, as will be seen in the illustration. Between the cross-bars of a slanting frame was a sheet of plate glass which, being invisible, left the lady on the chair in full view as long as the light fell upon her. A screen of the same color as the background was concealed above the curtain and placed at such an angle as to allow its reflection to pass out to the audience. The firing of the pistol was the signal for the assistant to turn a switch. The lady was then veiled in relative darkness while the screen was illuminated and its reflection on the plate-glass concealed her from sight. Carrying around the country a big sheet of plate glass is not only an expensive luxury but a risky one, so the illusion was simplified in the manner described by Mr. Parsell.

VI.

Bautier de Kolta was the greatest inventor of magic tricks and illusions since the days of Robert-Houdin. He was an absolutely original genius, who set at defiance Solomon's adage, "There is nothing new under the sun," by producing in rapid succession a series of brilliant feats that astounded the world of magic. I am indebted to my friend, Dr. W. Golden Mortimer, for facts concerning the career of de Kolta.

Joseph Bautier de Kolta was born in Lyons, France, in the year 1845. For centuries his father's people had inhabited the ancient palace of the Emperor Claudius. Each firstborn male of the Bautier family was given the Roman name. The subject of our sketch had a sister and two brothers, the latter, with himself, being set apart for the priesthood. His brother Claudius was not given to churchly ways but the second brother actually entered upon the holy orders. Joseph was at college when he first saw the wonders of magic as revealed by a strolling magician, and he became so fascinated with the possibilities of the art that he entered upon it at once.

He commenced his professional career at Geneva, Italy, in 1867, and shortly after became associated with his cousin, Julius Vidos de Kolta, who for fifteen years thereafter acted as his business manager. De Kolta was his mother's maiden name, adopted by her ancestors from one of the Hungarian provinces. Bautier de Kolta, as the magician was now known, traveled through Italy, where he presented a two hours' entertainment consisting of original sleights with a multiplicity of small properties. In 1875 he opened in Lon-



BAUTIER DE KOLTA'S FLYING CAGE.

don where a great furore was made with his flying cage, which he had introduced in Italy some two years earlier. Though de Kolta was not given to mishaps, at first presentation of his trick he threw the cage out into the audience, an accident which has been repeated by other performers.

He married Miss Alice Allen, in London, December 8, 1887. She afterwards traveled with him as his assistant, and acted as his business manager. In the year 1891, he made his first appearance

in the United States by playing a four months' engagement at the Eden Musée, New York City. On that occasion he introduced the large vanishing cage which he intended as a satire on the flying cage because of the repeated supposition that a bird was killed at each performance of that trick, but he never liked the large cage and soon abandoned it. In 1903 he returned to this country, and opened at the Eden Musée, on September 15, where he played many months. Among other new tricks he exhibited an improvement on the "rising cards," consisting in the continuous and successive rising of every card in a pack from out a glass tumbler; and a little sketch entitled "*la danse des millions*," in which the money-catching idea was elaborated. This number, delivered in Alexandrine verses with all the charm of a classic, was intended as hit at the extravagance of the Panama Canal Company under the régime of De Lesseps and his associates.

On that occasion he introduced an absolutely new illusion, the effect of which was as follows: The curtain rose showing a platform in the center of the stage. It was about four feet square and eighteen inches high, with four legs. The conjurer appeared conjuring a satchel in one hand. He informed the audience that he kept his wife in the receptacle. It was a convenient way of carrying her about with him. Opening the satchel, he took therefrom a die about six inches square, remarking that his consort was concealed within it. This he placed on the platform. After arranging two open fans on the back of the platform he touched a spring, whereupon the die opened to about two and a half feet square. Presto!—he lifted up the die and his wife appeared on the platform, sitting cross-legged like a Turkish lady on a divan.

The secret of this surprising illusion died with Bautier de Kolta. His wife refused to reveal it after his death.

From New York de Kolta went to New Orleans to play an engagement at the Orpheum Theatre. In that city he died of acute Bright's disease on October 7, 1903. The body was taken to London for burial.

Among the better known tricks and illusions invented by de Kolta may be mentioned the following: The flying bird cage (1873); the vanishing lady (1889); flowers from a paper cone (1886); the Cocoon and living pictures (1887); and his disappearance, at the top of a twenty-one foot ladder set upright against a bridge, in full light; soup plate and handkerchiefs; the decanters and flying handkerchiefs; multiplying billiard balls; production of a large flag on a staff; new ink and water trick, etc.

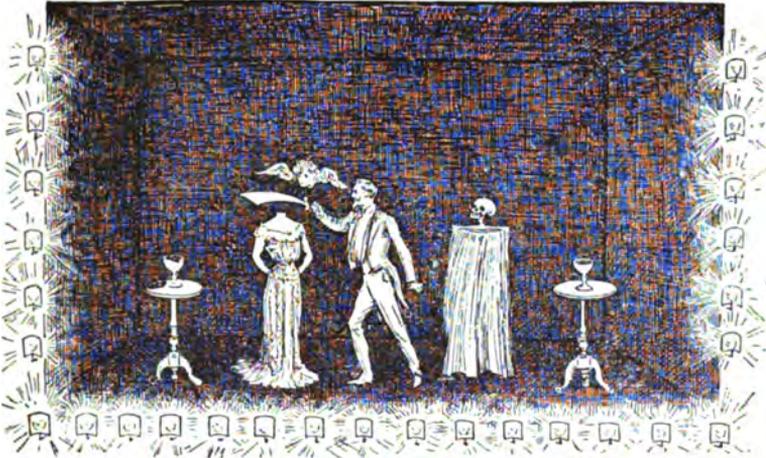
In conjunction with J. Nevil Maskelyne, he invented the "Black Art, or the Mahatmas Outdone." It has been exposed by the *Strand*, February, 1903, as follows:

"It is necessary for the benefit of those who have never seen an act of this kind to explain that everything is performed in a dark chamber—either the whole stage or a chamber fitted up in the center of it—draped entirely in black—sides, back, floor, and ceiling. The hall is placed almost in darkness, the only lights being a set of side-lights and footlights, which are turned towards the audience with reflectors behind, making it impossible for eyes to penetrate into the darkness beyond them. Everything used in the chamber is white, even the performer's dress, forming a contrast necessary to the illusion.

"The séance is usually commenced by the production of tables and goblets from space. In fact, everything required is mysteriously obtained from apparent nothingness. The performer, usually dressed in an Eastern costume, all of white, enters the empty chamber, and, requiring a wand, raises his hand, when one comes floating into it. He next taps the floor at the left side of the chamber and a small table suddenly appears. This he repeats at the right side, with the same result. He now taps one of the tables and a large goblet appears upon it in the same mysterious manner. This also he repeats at the other table, having now two tables several yards apart, with a goblet upon each. The whole are brought forward for inspection and replaced within the chamber. The performer takes one of the goblets, raises it, turns it over and around in several ways, and it is seen that the other is going through exactly the same movements without anyone being near it. The performer replaces his goblet upon the table; but the other remains suspended alone in mid-air, and the performer places a large ring over it and around it, showing wires or any other connection to be absent. He brings it forward and again hands it for examination, but on regaining it does not take it to the table, for by a wave of his hand the table comes dancing out to him and on receiving the goblet dances back to its original position. He next proceeds to borrow several watches and other articles of jewelry, which he takes into the chamber and places it into the goblet on the right. They are clearly seen to drop from his hand from several inches above; he shows his hands empty and immediately rushes across to the other goblet, brings it forward, and allows the audience themselves to take out all the jewelry which was placed in the right goblet only a moment previous. Having

finished with these articles they disappear as mysteriously and quickly as they appeared.

"The next illusion performed is the production from space of a live lady's bust suspended in a frame. The performer raises his wand and a large picture-frame suddenly hangs itself upon it. This is brought for examination, then placed in the center of the chamber, where it remains suspended in mid-air and sets up a swinging motion by itself. It is then covered momentarily with an Eastern rug, and when removed, a lady, devoid of legs, whose body completely fills the frame, is seen swinging with it. The 'live picture' is covered momentarily, and when the covering is withdrawn a large Union Jack is seen to have taken the place of the lady, who has vanished.



"BLACK ART"—SOME OF ITS MYSTERIES.

"The performer proceeds next with a decapitation act, in which a lady is beheaded in full view of the audience. At a wave of his hand a lady appears, and hands to him her own gruesome means of execution, a large, glittering sabre, which he takes, and with one swing cuts her head clean off where she stands. Catching the head as it falls, he places a pair of wings at the back of it, when it becomes a flying cherub, and immediately soars all about the chamber, finally returning to his outstretched hand. He then removes the wings and replaces the head upon the lady's shoulders, restoring her to life, for which kindness she quickly embraces him and vanishes. Wishing to get another such share of her favors the performer

endeavors to bring her back by magic aid, but is surprised by the appearance of a grinning ghost, whose whole body consists of a skull, with a moving jaw, draped with a white sheet. He catches it, and detaching its skull brings it forward for a closer scrutiny, the jaw moving all the time and the sheet dancing about alone. He then throws the skull into the air and it is seen no more.

"The séance is generally concluded by an invisible flight, the vanishing performer immediately reappearing amongst the audience. He takes the dancing sheet and entirely covers himself with it, standing in the center of the chamber, taking great care to drape himself in such a manner as to show the shape of his body. In a few seconds the sheet collapses, and before it has time to reach the ground a shout



INVISIBLE ATTENDANT PRODUCING
THE TABLE.



THE SWINGING BUST
EXPLAINED.

is heard at the back of the hall; the audience turning around naturally are surprised to see the performer standing amongst them, smilingly bowing in acknowledgment of the applause which greets him.

"As before mentioned, the whole of this takes place in darkness, obtained by the chamber being draped in black velvet and the floor covered with black felt. The brightness of the lights turned towards the audience, contrasting with the denseness of the black behind, dazzles the eye to such an extent that it cannot discern anything in the chamber that is not white or of a very light color. The stage is all arranged before the act, and the tables are in their respective places, but cannot be seen on account of their being draped with

black velvet. The goblets, frame, lady, ghost, etc., are all placed in readiness behind a black screen, also draped. None of this can be seen while they are behind the lights, if kept covered in black, no matter how near to the front they are placed. But how do they float about and appear so mysteriously? Very simply! An assistant is within the chamber, dressed in black velvet throughout, with black gloves and mask, covering all signs of white about him and making him perfectly invisible. He wears no boots, and the felt upon the floor deadens the sound of all his movements. He it is who really produces all the articles. When the performer stretches his hand out for the wand the assistant brings it from behind the screen and hands it to him with a floating movement. As the performer taps the



DECAPITATION.

Showing the girl's head covered with a black hood—The girl acting for the head falling to her knees.

floor he immediately pulls away the black covering and the table instantly appears to view. The goblets are painted black inside, allowing him to hold them at the back with his fingers inside, unnoticed. After the tables are both produced he places the goblets upon them at the right moment with one hand while he pulls off the velvet with the other. The exposition is so quick and sudden that nothing suspicious can be noticed. The turning of the goblet is also the work of the invisible assistant, and is quickly changed from one hand to another when the ring is being passed over it. The watches, etc., are not placed in the goblet as they appear to be, but

dropped behind it into the assistant's hands, who takes them over to the other while the performer is exhibiting his empty hands. The picture-frame is also handed by the assistant, and when it is apparently placed in mid-air is really passed to the assistant, who quickly



hangs it up. When it is covered the lady steps from behind the screen to the frame, and stands upon a swing which nearly reaches to the floor behind it, and catches hold of the frame sides; the assistant draws away the velvet which draped her, and keeps the

swing in motion. The frame is attached to the wires of this swing. The lady is dressed in white to the waist, which exactly reaches the bottom of the frame. Below the frame she is dressed in black velvet. When the frame is again covered she steps back behind the



CAZENEUVE PERFORMING A TRICK.

screen while the assistant fits the Union Jack in the frame. In the decapitation act there are two ladies, one dressed all in white, the other standing behind her dressed in black, with her head covered

by a black hood. When the performer swings the sabre the assistant covers the white lady's head with a black velvet hood, at the same time pulling the hood quickly from the other lady's head, who immediately falls to her knees. The illusion looks perfect—a body apparently standing without a head and the head apparently falling. When the wings are put on she flaps them by means of a wire and runs round the chamber, stooping at intervals, so as to take an irregular course. The beheaded lady is restored by exactly the reverse method, and she disappears behind the screen. The ghost is danced about on a stick by the assistant, and when its skull is thrown into the air it is caught in a black bag. The performer takes the sheet and goes behind it and hands it to the assistant, and it is the latter who is seen draping himself, the performer running around to the back of the hall meanwhile, where he waits to see the sheet drop. The assistant, allowing time for this, simply lets go the top of the sheet, and, of course, cannot be seen behind it. The performer runs in before it has time to reach the ground, his invisible flight and immediate reappearance greatly astonishing the spectators."

Cazeneuve, better known as *le commandeur* Cazeneuve, the great card expert and magician, was born in Toulouse in 1840. He adopted magic, after witnessing a performance of that original genius, Bosco. His chivalric title was conferred upon him by the Sultan of Turkey, with whom he was a favorite. At the Court of Russia he and his charming wife made a great sensation with the second-sight trick. When the Franco-Prussian war broke out, Cazeneuve returned to Toulouse and raised two companies of soldiers, one of which was composed entirely of theatrical people. He joined Garibaldi with his command, and fought bravely for France. After peace was declared he prepared a new programme of magic and toured Europe and the Americas. He has a handsome home in his native city of Toulouse, where he has collected many rare curios. In the year 1905, Cazeneuve was touring Algeria with a magic show. He is a member of several scientific societies, and manifests great interest in physics.

A RELIGIOUS BOOK OF CHINA.

T'AI SHANG KAN YING P'IEN. THE EXALTED ONE'S TREATISE
ON RESPONSE AND RETRIBUTION.

TRANSLATED BY TEITARO SUZUKI AND DR. PAUL CARUS.

INTRODUCTION.

IF the popularity of books must be measured by either the number of copies in which they appear or the devotion of their readers, the *T'ai Shang Kan Ying P'ien*, i. e., "The Treatise of the Exalted One on Response and Retribution," will probably have to be assigned the first place of all publications on the globe. Its editions exceed even those of the Bible and Shakespeare, which of all the books published in the Western world are most numerous, and many millions of devout Chinese believe that great merit is gained by the dissemination of the book.

The *T'ai Shang Kan Ying P'ien* is a work of Taoist piety and ethics. It is not so deep as Lao-Tze's *Tao Teh King*, but its moral maxims which are noble and pure, are presented with a more popular directness.

The main idea of the title is expressed in the words *Kan*, "response," and *Ying*, "retribution," which mean that in the spiritual realm of heaven there is "a response" to our sentiments, finding expression in "a retribution" of our deeds.

T'ai Shang, literally, "the Grandly High" or "the Exalted One," is a current name of Lao-Tze, the old philosopher, author of the *Tao Teh King*, who is revered by Taoists as the great teacher of mankind, the superior man, and the highest authority of religious truth.

Lao-Tze's philosophy has percolated into the Chinese nation and we can distinguish three strata: the first represented by the *Tao Teh King*, the second by the *T'ai Shang Kan Ying P'ien*, and the third by the stories appended to it. The first is profound though

partly obscure, the second elevating, yet mixed with those popular notions which belong to the domain of mythology, and the third is devout in tone, but sometimes silly in its details.

The text of the *T'ai Shang Kan Ying P'ien* consists of several parts: (1) an introduction, (2) moral injunctions, (3) a description of evil-doers and their penalty, (4) sayings from various sources, and (5) the conclusion. Internal evidence suggests that we have before us a compilation in which we can distinguish at least three authors of decidedly different characters. The introduction (being itself a compilation) and the passage "Punishment of Evil-Doers" apparently come from the pen of the final redactor, presumably a *Tao Shih*, a Taoist scholar or priest, while the second part, "Moral Injunctions," constitutes the most valuable portion of the book. The third part, "The Description of Evil Doers," is written by a moraliser, or even denouncer, rather than a moralist. Possibly (nay even probably) he is identical with the final redactor, but scarcely with the author of the "Moral Injunctions." He has incorporated quotations from an unknown Taoist source (e. g., the beautiful passage 1170-1198) and lines from the Buddhist *Dhammapada* (1210 ff.).

The passages on good words, good thoughts, and good deeds, and also on evil words, evil thoughts, and evil deeds sound like remote but clear echoes of the *Zendavesta*.

The second part, "Moral Injunctions," reaches the loftiest height of a truly moral and catholic spirit. It is short enough, but with all its conciseness every word of it is noble and deserves a place side by side with the best religious literature of the world. It should be quoted and requoted, learned by heart and acted upon by all mankind. The third part, "A Description of Evil-Doers," is on a lower level. The moral spirit of its author is narrower, more sectarian, nor free from superstitious notions. The introduction of the treatise (1-147) exhibits the attitude of a disciple,—a faithful devotee, who, however, has merely touched the hem of the Master's garment.

Some passages of the introduction, and perhaps its final redaction, seem to be written by the author of the third part.

The treatise, which is decidedly a work of Taoist devotion, shows obvious influences of Buddhist and Confucian* doctrines. Though it is not a canonical book its authoritative character is universally recognised in China, and it may be regarded as a typical

* Especially 172-175.

exposition of the moral convictions of the average Chinese. It has become the most important guide of the people's conscience.

Though the *T'ai Shang Kan Ying P'ien* may not have existed in its present shape before the fifteenth or sixteenth century, it contains passages which are very old, and though we are not prepared to give a detailed analysis of its contents, we will state here that some portions are quite ancient, belonging to the sixth century B. C. This is true not only of the Confucian and Buddhist maxims but also of the first sentence. Rev. James Legge makes the following statement concerning the words, 4 ff., in one of the footnotes of his translation: "This paragraph, after the three first characters, is found in the *30 Khwan* under the tenth and eleventh notices in the twenty-third year of Duke Hsiang (549 B. C.),—part of an address to a young nobleman by the officer Min 3ze-mâ."

The mythological background of the arguments of the *T'ai Shang Kan Ying P'ien* can be characterised as superstitious by those only who know nothing of comparative religion and are not familiar with the fact that the idea of Recording Angels is all but universal in a certain phase of the history of religion.

The treatise has its shortcomings, both in form and contents. Its materials are not systematically arranged, and side by side with maxims of highest morality we find such trivial injunctions as the one that we should not cook food with rotten sticks. Further, the idea of retribution is upon the whole conceived to work in a mechanical and external way, being doled out in exact proportions of merit and demerit. Yet, after all, if we consider the significance of its main idea, who will deny that there is a retribution which, though not meted out with a tape measure, is after all unfailing. We will judge mildly, if we consider that even in the Lord's Prayer, God is asked to "forgive us our debts as we also have forgiven our debtors"—a passage which sounds more mercantile in the original which means "Let off to us our debts as also we let off our debtors." The suggestion is made here as well as in our Chinese treatise, that as our dealings are, so Heaven and God will deal with us; and considering all in all, the underlying idea is true.

There is another weak point in the religious notions of our treatise, viz., the belief in demons which in the stories involves the superstition of obsession. But let us remember that the New Testament is full of it, and the era of witch persecution in Europe which is the worst aspect of obsession, is about simultaneous with the date of the *T'ai Shang Kan Ying P'ien*.

The Chinese may not as yet have passed entirely the stage of

their childhood diseases, but let us remember that the European race too had its measles.

Without being blind to the shortcomings of our "Treatise on Response and Retribution," considered as a whole, we cannot deny that its general tendency is noble, and true,—and, we may add, also practical.

Practical it is, and "practical" means that it is as exactly adapted to the life and views of the people of its origin as if it had been prepared for them and dictated to its author by Divine Providence. From this point of view we may truly say that it is a work of prophetic inspiration.

The shortcomings of the *T'ai Shang Kan Ying P'ien* appear to greater disadvantage in the stories which are appended to its moral maxims. Here the doctrine of the Exalted One reaches the broad strata of the masses, but even in this form a presentation of religious notions is needed so as to render its moral maxims intelligible among the superstitious. Perhaps we should say *vice versa*, that we see here how the uneducated assimilate a religious doctrine to their special wants. Every one has the religion he deserves, because every one adapts himself to his own spiritual needs.

The first translation of the *T'ai Shang Kan Ying P'ien*, made by a Western scholar, is Stanislas Julien's *Le livre des recompenses et des peines*, printed at Paris for the Oriental Translation Fund of Great Britain and Ireland. It contains the Chinese text of the book and in addition to the French translation of the main text, a French translation of the glosses and stories of the Chinese commentator, which swell the work to a volume of considerable size. The English version of Prof. Robert K. Douglas is a translation of extracts from this French edition made by M. Julien. It appeared in his excellent little volume *Confucianism and Taouism*, (pp. 256-271) in the series of *Non-Christian Religious Systems*, published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, London, 1839. Finally Prof. James Legge has translated our treatise in the *Sacred Books of the East*, Vol. XL, pp. 233-246, under the title *T'ai Shang, Tractate of Actions and their Retributions*.

* * *

Our text and illustrations of the stories are a facsimile reproduction taken (with the exception of one picture) from a collection of Chinese texts made in Japan by Chinese scribes and artists. The scribe calls himself Lai Ho Nien of Kwei Ping. Stanislas Julien's text agrees pretty closely with ours—closely enough to render any further comments redundant. The stories appended to

the main body of the book seem to differ considerably in different editions. At any rate they vary greatly in the French and Japanese versions at our disposal. They are of inferior worth and we deem it sufficient to have them here represented in extracts.

The present translation of the *T'ai Shang Kan Ying P'ien* is a product of the common labors of Mr. Teitaro Suzuki and the Editor. Mr. Suzuki, who among the scholars of Eastern Asia living in our midst is perhaps the best authority on the religious texts of ancient China, has gathered the necessary information concerning the lexicographical, grammatical, and archæological meaning of the text, while the Editor is responsible for the arrangement of the whole, together with the final version of the English text.

The italicised headings of the several parts are placed within parentheses, because they are not in the original text and have been made by the editor of the English version solely for the convenience of English readers.

THE EXALTED ONE'S' TREATISE ON RESPONSE AND RETRIBUTION.³

(Introduction.)

[The numbers at the end of each paragraph refer to the words of the Chinese text.]

The Exalted One says:³ (1-3)

Curses and blessings do not come through gates,⁴ but man himself invites their arrival.⁵ (4-11)

The reward of good and evil is like the shadow accompanying a body, and so it is apparent⁶ that heaven and earth are possessed of crime-recording spirits. (12-28)

According to⁷ the lightness or gravity of his transgressions,⁸ the sinner's term of life is reduced. Not only is his term of life reduced, but poverty⁹ also strikes him. Often he meets with calamity and misery.⁹ His neighbors¹⁰ hate him. Punishments and curses pursue him. Good luck shuns him. Evil stars threaten him; and when his term of life comes to an end, he perishes. (29-67)

Further, there are the three councilor¹¹ spirit-lords of the northern constellation,¹² residing above the heads of the people, recorders of men's crimes and sins,⁹ cutting off terms of from twelve years to a hundred days. (68-87)

Further, there are the three body-spirits¹³ that live within man's person. Whenever Kêng Shên day¹⁴ comes, they ascend to the heavenly master¹⁵ and inform him of men's crimes and trespasses.

(88-110)

On the last day of the month the Hearth Spirit,¹⁶ too, does the same. (111-118)

Of all the offences which men commit, the greater ones cause a loss of twelve years, the smaller ones of a hundred days. These their offences, great as well as small, constitute some hundred affairs, and those who are anxious for life everlasting,¹⁷ should above all avoid them.¹⁸ (119-147)

(Moral Injunctions.)

The right way leads forward; the wrong way backward.¹⁹
(148-155)

Do not proceed on an evil path. (156-159)

Do not sin²⁰ in secret.²¹ (160-163)

Accumulate virtue, increase merit. (164-167)

With a compassionate heart turn toward all creatures. (168-171)

Be faithful, filial, friendly, and brotherly.²² (172-175)

First rectify thyself and then convert others. (176-179)

Take pity on orphans, assist widows; respect the old, be kind to children. (180-187)

Even the multifarious insects, herbs, and trees should not be injured. (188-195)

Be grieved at the misfortune of others and rejoice at their good luck. (196-204)

Assist those in need, and rescue those in danger. (205-212)

Regard your neighbor's gain as your own gain, and regard your neighbor's loss as your own loss. (213-228)

Do not call attention to the faults of others, nor boast of your own excellence. (229-236)

Stay evil and promote goodness. (237-240)

Renounce much, accept little. (241-244)

Show endurance in humiliation and bear no grudge. (245-248)

Receive favors as if surprised.²³ (249-252)

Extend your help without seeking reward. (253-257)

Give to others and do not regret or begrudge your liberality.
(258-262)

(Blessings of the Good.)

Those who are thus, are good: people honor them; Heaven's Reason²⁴ gives them grace;²⁵ blessings and abundance follow them; all ill luck keeps away;²⁶ angel spirits guard them. Whatever they undertake will surely succeed, and even to spiritual saintliness²⁷ they may aspire. (263-294)

Those who wish to attain heavenly saintliness, should perform one thousand three hundred good deeds, and those who wish to attain to earthly saintliness should perform three hundred good deeds.
(295-316)

(A Description of Evil-Doers)

Yet²⁸ there are some people whose behavior is unrighteous.
(317-322)

Their deportment is irrational.²⁹ (323-326)

In evil they delight.³⁰ (327-330)

With brutality they do harm and damage. (331-334)

Insidiously they injure the good and the law-abiding. (335-338)

Stealthily they despise their superiors and parents. (339-342)

They disregard their seniors and rebel against those whom they serve. (343-350)

They deceive the uninformed. (351-354)

They slander their fellow-students. (355-358)

Liars they are, bearing false witness, deceivers, and hypocrites; malevolent expositors of kith and kin;³¹ mischievous and malignant; not humane; cruel and irrational; self-willed. (359-374)

Right and wrong they confound. Their avowals and disavowals are not as they ought to be.³² (375-382)

They oppress their subordinates and appropriate their merit.
(383-386)

They cringe to superiors to curry favor. (387-390)

Insentient to favors received, they remember their hatred and are never satisfied. (391-398)

They hold in contempt the lives of Heaven's people.³³ (399-402)

They agitate and disturb the public order. (403-406)

They patronise the unscrupulous and do harm to the inoffensive. (407-413)

They murder men to take their property, or have them ousted to take their places. (414-422)

They slay the yielding and slaughter those who have surrendered. (423-426)

They malign the righteous and dispossess the wise. (427-430)

They molest orphans and wrong widows. (431-434)

Disregarders of law they are, and bribe takers. They call crooked what is straight, straight what is crooked, and what is light they make heavy. (435-450)

When witnessing an execution, they aggravate it by harshness. (451-454)

Though they know their mistakes they do not correct them; though they know the good they do not do it. (455-462)

In their own guilt they implicate others.³⁴ (463-466)

They impede and obstruct the professions and crafts.³⁵ (467-470)

They vilify and disparage the holy and the wise. (471-474)

They ridicule and scorn reason and virtue.³⁶ (475-478)

They shoot the flying, chase the running, expose the hiding, surprise nestlings, close up entrance holes, upset nests, injure the pregnant, and break the egg. (479-494)

They wish others to incur loss. (495-498)

They disparage others that achieve merit. (499-502)

They endanger others to save themselves. (503-506)

They impoverish others for their own gain. (507-510)

For worthless things they exchange what is valuable. (511-514)

For private ends they neglect public duties. (515-518)

They appropriate the accomplishments of their neighbor and conceal his good qualities. They make known his foibles and expose his secrets. They squander his property and cause divisions in his family.³⁷ (519-542)

They attack that which is dear to others. (543-547)

They assist others in doing wrong. (548-551)

Their unbridled ambition makes for power, and through the degradation of others they seek success. (552-558)

They destroy the crops and fields of others. (559-562)

They break up betrothals. (563-566)

Improperly they have grown rich, and withal they remain vulgar. (567-570)

Improperly they shirk³⁸ without shame. (571-574)

They claim having done acts of favor and disclaim being at fault. (575-578)

They give away evil in marriage³⁹ and they sell wrongs. (579-582)

They sell and buy vainglory. (583-586)

They conceal and keep a treacherous heart. (587-590)

They crush that which is excellent in others. (591-594)

They are careful in hiding their shortcomings. (595-598)

Being on a high horse they threaten and intimidate. (599-602)

With unrestrained barbarism they kill and stab. (603-606)

Recklessly they cut cloth to waste.⁴⁰ (607-610)

Without festive occasions they prepare cattle for food.⁴¹

(611-614)

They scatter and waste the five cereals.⁴² (615-618)

They trouble and annoy many people. (619-622)

They break into others' houses to take their property and valuables. (623-630)

They misdirect the water courses and light fires to destroy the people's homes. (631-638)

They upset others' plans so as to prevent their success. (639-646)

They spoil a worker's utensils to hamper his efficiency. (647-654)

When seeing the success and prosperity of others they wish them to run down and fail. (655-662)

Seeing the wealth of others, they wish them bankrupt and ruined. (663-670)

They cannot see beauty without cherishing in their hearts thoughts of seduction. (671-678)

Being indebted to others for goods or property, they wish their creditors to die. (679-686)

When their requests are not granted they begin to curse and wax hateful. (687-694)

Seeing their neighbor lose his vantage they gossip of his failure. (695-702)

Seeing a man imperfect in his bodily features they ridicule him. (703-711)

Observing the talent and ability of a man worthy of praise, they suppress the truth. (712-720)

They use charms⁴³ for the sake of controlling others.⁴⁴ (721-724)

They employ drugs to kill trees. (725-728)

Ill-humored and angry they are towards teachers and instructors. (729-732)

They resist and provoke father and elders. (733-736)

With violence they seize, with violence they demand. (737-740)

They delight in fraud, they delight in robbery, they make raids and commit depredations to get rich. (741-748)

By artful tricks they seek promotion. (749-752)

They reward and punish without justice. (753-756)

They indulge in comforts and enjoyments without measure.

(757-761)

They harass and tyrannise their subordinates. (762-765)

They terrify and threaten to overawe others. (766-768)

They accuse heaven and find fault with man. (769-772)

They blame the wind and rail at the rain. (773-776)

They stir up party strife and law suits. (777-780)

Causelessly they join factious associations.⁴⁵ (781-784)

They rely on their wives' and other women's gossip. (785-788)

They disobey the instructions of father and mother. (789-792)

They take the new and forget the old. (793-796)

Their mouth asserts what their heart denies. (797-800)

Shamelessly greedy they are for wealth. (801-804)

They deceive their father and their superiors. (805-808)

They invent and circulate vile talks, traducing and slandering innocent men. (809-816)

They slander men and pretend to be honest. (817-820)

They mock spirits and claim to be right themselves. (821-824)

They reject a good cause and espouse a wrong cause, spurning what is near, longing for the distant.⁴⁶ (825-832)

They point at heaven and earth⁴⁷ to make them witnesses of their mean thoughts. (833-839)

They even call on bright spirits to make them witness their degrading deeds. (840-846)

When they ever give charity they regret it afterwards. (847-850)

They borrow and accept without intention to return. (851-854)

Beyond their due lot they scheme and contrive. (855-858)

Above their means they plot and plan. (859-862)

Their lusty desires exceed all measure. (863-866)

Their heart is venomous while they show a compassionate face. (867-870)

With filthy food they feed the poor. (871-874)

With heresies they mislead others. (875-878)

They shorten the foot, they narrow the measure, they lighten the scales, they reduce the peck. (879-886)

They adulterate the genuine, and they seek profit⁴⁸ in illegitimate business. (887-894)

They compel respectable people to become lowly. (895-898)

They betray and deceive the simple-minded. (899-902)

They are greedy and covetous without satiety. (903-906)

They curse and swear to seek vindication. (907-910)

Indulging in liquor they become rebellious and unruly. (911-914)

With the members of their own family⁴⁹ they are angry and quarrelsome. (915-918)

As husbands⁴⁹ they are neither faithful nor kind. (919-922)

As wives⁴⁹ they are neither gentle nor pliant. (923-926)

As husbands they are not in harmony with their wives;⁵⁰ as wives they are not respectful to their husbands. (927-934)

As husbands they delight in bragging and conceit. (935-938)

Always as wives they practice jealousy and suspicion. (939-942)

As husbands they behave unmannerly toward their wives and children. (943-947)

As wives they lack propriety to their father-in-law and their mother-in-law. (948-952)

They make light of the spirit of their ancestor. (953-956)

They disobey and dislike the commands of their superiors.
(957-960)

They make and do what is not useful. (961-964)

They harbor and keep a treacherous⁵¹ heart. (965-968)

They curse themselves,⁵² they curse others. (969-972)

They are partial in their hatred and partial in their love. (973-976)

They step over the well and they step over the hearth. They jump over the food and jump over a person.⁵³ (977-984)

They kill the baby and cause abortion of the unborn. (985-988)

They do many clandestine and wrong deeds. (989-992)

The last day of the month and the last day of the year they sing and dance.⁵⁴ The first day of the month, the first day of the year, they start roaring and scolding. (993-1000)

Facing the North, they snivel and spit; facing the hearth they sing, hum, and weep.⁵⁵ (1001-1012)

Further, with hearth fire they burn incense,⁵⁶ and with filthy faggots they cook their food. (1013-1018)

In the night they rise and expose their nakedness.⁵⁷ (1019-1022)

On the eight festivals of the seasons they execute punishments.⁵⁸ (1023-1030)

They spit at falling stars and point at the many-colored rainbow.⁵⁹ (1031-1036)

Irreverently they point at the three luminaries;⁶⁰ intently they gaze at the sun and at the moon. (1037-1044)

In the spring they hunt with fire.⁶¹ (1045-1048)

Facing the North, they use vile language.⁶² (1049-1052)

Causelessly they kill tortoises and snakes. (1053-1058)

(Punishments for Evil-Doers.)

For all these crimes the councilors of destiny deprive the guilty, according to the lightness or gravity of the offence, of terms from twelve years to a hundred days, and when the lease of life is exhausted they perish. (1059-1076)

If at death an unexpiated offence be left, the evil luck will be transferred to children and grandchildren. (1077-1085)

Moreover, all those who wrongly seize others' property may have to compensate for it, with wives or children or other family members, the expiation to be proportionate up to a punishment by death. (1086-1106)

If the guilt be not expiated by death, they will suffer by various

evils, by water, by fire, by theft, or by robbery, by loss of property, by disease and illness, and by ill repute, to compensate for any unlawful violence of justice. (1107-1132)

Further, those who unlawfully kill men will in turn have their weapons and arms turned on them; yea, they will kill each other.⁸²
(1133-1145)

(A Simile.)

Those who seize property, are, to use an illustration, like those who relieve their hunger by eating tainted meat,⁸³ or quench their thirst by drinking poisoned liquor. Though they are not without temporary gratification, death will anon overcome them. (1146-1169)

(Good and Evil Spirits.)

If a man's heart be awakened to the good, though the good be not yet accomplished, good spirits verily are already following him.
(1170-1184)

If a man's heart be awakened to evil, though evil be not yet accomplished, evil spirits verily are already following him. (1185-1190)

(Quotations.)

Those who have hitherto done evil deeds should henceforth mend and repent.⁸⁴ (1200-1209)

If evil be no longer practiced and good deeds done, and if in this way a man continues and continues, he will surely obtain happiness and felicity. He will, indeed, so to speak, transform curses into blessings. (1210-1230)

(Conclusion.)

Therefore, blessed is the man who speaketh what is good, who thinketh what is good, who practiceth what is good. If but each single day he would persevere in these three ways of goodness,⁸⁵ within three years Heaven will surely shower on him blessings.
(1231-1251)

Unfortunate is the man who speaketh what is evil, who thinketh what is evil, who practiceth what is evil. If but each single day he would persevere in these three ways of evil-doing, within three years Heaven will surely shower on him curses. (1252-1271)

Why shall we not be diligent and comply with this? (1272-1277)

NOTES.

¹ *T'ai Shang*, "the Exalted One," also called *T'ai Shang Lao Chün*, "the Exalted Ancient Master," is an honorary appellation of *Li Er*, who is popularly known as *Lao-Tze*, "the Ancient Philosopher."

² The title is commonly but not correctly translated "The Book of Rewards and Punishments."

For an explanation of the meaning of "Response and Retribution" see the Introduction.

³ The word "says" can scarcely be construed to imply a claim that the treatise has been written by T'ai Shang, i. e., Lao-Tze; it simply means that the doctrines here enunciated are his.

⁴ The phrase, "have no gates," presents some difficulties. The obvious meaning is that curses and blessings are not limited to special avenues, on which they come down to mankind from heaven. There are no special doors in our houses through which they enter; they are independent of space and come in response to our actions. In other words, it is not blind fate that directs curses and blessings, but we ourselves are the forgers of our destiny. Curses and blessings come in exact proportion to man's merit or demerit. Following the sense rather than the words, Stanislas Julien translates: "Le malheur et le bonheur de l'homme ne sont pas déterminés d'avance; seulement l'homme s'attire lui-même l'un ou l'autre par sa conduite." He adds the following explanation: "L'expression *wou-men* (6-7) veut dire qu'il n'y a point de porte ni de chemin déterminés d'avance par le ciel, qui conduisent au bonheur ou au malheur."

⁵ The word "arrival" does not stand in the original and is supplied by the context.

⁶ The two Chinese words here translated "therefore" are used (like the Latin *ergo*) to introduce a logical conclusion. They imply that the preceding statement is a proof for the truth of the following assertion. Accordingly, we translate: "and so it is apparent that...."

⁷ In the relative clause (words 9-14 of the Chinese text) the preposition "proportionately to" belongs to the nouns "lightness" and "gravity," and the whole relative clause, "man's of that in which he transgresses," is, in the Chinese, inserted. In such constructions we have a palpable instance of the incommensurability of the English and the Chinese grammars.

⁸ The character *i* is commonly translated by the preposition "through," or "with," or "by." Here it is used as an adverb "thereby," or "thus," which can be omitted in English.

⁹ In Chinese all words are monosyllables, and as there are more characters than sounds, the language abounds in homophones, i. e., words which sound alike but are written differently and have different meanings. To avoid a misunderstanding, the Chinese like to add a synonym to a doubtful word, so as to make sure of the meaning. Thus they add to the word "calamity" the word "trouble," which both together fuse into one idea, and there is no need of translating them by two terms. We have, as a rule, retained the Chinese mode of expressing one idea by two synonyms.

¹⁰ The Chinese character commonly translated by "all" has not the full weight of the English equivalent. It may simply be translated by the plural form of the following noun.

¹¹ The three councilor spirits are represented in the starry heavens (according to Giles) by three stars (ι, κ, λ), according to Stanislas Julien by the six stars ($\iota, \kappa; \lambda, \mu; \nu, \xi$) in the Great Bear. See Giles, *Chin. Dict.*, *sub voce* "the Dipper," and in China "the Bushel." See Giles, *Chin. Dict.*, *sub voce* *Tai* = "councilor," Morrison, II, p. 1072, and the Chinese Encyclopædia, *San tsai tou hoei* I, fol. 12. (Stanislas Julien, *loc. cit.* p. 13.)

¹² That part of the constellation Ursa Major (the Great Bear), which is called "the Dipper" in the United States, is called "the Bushel" in China. On account of the conspicuous place which it holds in the sky, it is counted among the three measures of time, the other two being the sun and the moon; and it is commonly regarded as sacred.

¹³ According to Chinese views, the vital functions of man's body are presided over by the three body-spirits called *san chi shên*. They are the upper chi, *Peng-Kiu*; the middle chi, *Peng-chi*; and the lower chi, *Peng-Kiao*. According to Basile's *Dictionnaire*, they reside in the head, the stomach, and the abdomen. (See Julien, *Le livre des récompenses*, p. 15.) Other authorities make different statements. See, e. g., Du Bose's *Dragon, Image and Demon*, pp. 395-396.

When a man falls asleep on Kêng-shên day, the three body-spirits leave their habitation to bring the Heavenly Master information concerning the sins which they have witnessed. Hence originated the practice of keeping vigils on Kêng-shên days so as not to be found sleeping at the time of judgment, or (as otherwise the custom is explained) to prevent the three body-spirits from leaving the body.

¹⁴ The Chinese calendar is a complicated affair. The names of days are made up by a combination of two words belonging to two different sets of names one of which is called the Ten Stems and the other the Twelve Branches. The Ten Stems are repeated six times and the Twelve Branches five times, which yields sixty combinations. The Kêng-shên day, the day of judgment in the heavenly courts, is the fifty-seventh day in this sexagesimal system. See for further information Dr. Paul Carus's "Chinese Script and Thought" in *The Monist*, April, 1905.

¹⁵ The "Heavenly Master" is a Taoist term denoting the governor and judge of the world. He is also called the "Pearly Emperor" and is identified with "Shang Ti," the Lord on High.

¹⁶ The hearth-spirit watches the events in the house, and his day of reckoning is the last day of every month, called *kuai* in Chinese, which we translate in our transliteration by "ultimo" in the sense in which the word is used in continental Europe.

¹⁷ The character "long life" practically means "immortality" in Chinese, and so we have here translated it by "life everlasting." Stanislas Julien translates: "L'immortalité."

¹⁸ Stanislas Julien translates this passage: "Il faut d'avance les éviter avec soin, si l'on veut obtenir l'immortalité."

¹⁹ The meaning of this sentence is that the right way is the one that leads onward. Stanislas Julien (*loc. cit.* p. 32) translates: "Avancez dans la bonne voie, et reculez devant la mauvaise voie." Legge (in the *S. B. E.*, Vol. XL, p. 237) translates: "Is his way right, he should go forward in it; is it wrong, he should withdraw from it." Mr. Suzuki insists that this interpretation, though it makes excellent sense, is positively untenable.

²⁰ "To be false to oneself" means "to do wrong," or "to sin."

²¹ "In the dark room" simply means "in secret."

²² This sentence is a condensed statement of Confucian morality.

²³ This sentence is a modified quotation from Lao-Tze's *Tao-Teh-King*. Lao Tze says (chap. 13): "Favor and disgrace bode awe." The Chinese word *ching*, which, following the traditional interpretation (see Carus, *Lao Tse's Tao-Teh-King*, p. 163) means "fearful surprise," or "awe," is the same that here simply means "surprise." We need not add that by the omission of the word "disgrace" the sense is somewhat altered. Yet, after all, the meaning of the word combination "favor and disgrace" does not so much mean "favor" and also "disgrace," but a condition of dependence, such as prevails in court life, where "favor and disgrace" are the significant features. It is an instance of an idea expressed in Chinese by the contrast of two opposites of which the idea consists.

²⁴ For the word 道 "tao" see Carus's *Lao Tse's Tao-Teh-King*, pp. 9 ff. and xxii-xxvi. The word *tao* is in one respect unlike its equivalent in Eng-

lish which we translate by "reason." It is a religious term with which is associated all the awe for the sanctity of the moral world-order, such as is attached to its Greek equivalent, the word *logos* or "word," i. e., "logical thought.

²⁵ Stanislas Julien translates: "La providence le protège."

²⁶ "Tous les démons s'éloignent de lui."

²⁷ The word "saint" consists of the symbols "man" and "mountain." The Man of the Mountain was a hermit or recluse, and so the word acquired the meaning "saint." The etymological significance, though still noticeable in its etymology, is, however, lost sight of, and the word now simply means "saint" or "saintly." According to Eitel (*Handbook of Buddhism*, p. 130), there are five degrees of saintliness: heavenly, ærial, human, earthly, and ghostly. In the present passage only two degrees of saintliness are referred to.

²⁸ All the following sentences are dependent upon this conjunction *Kou*, i. e., "if," in this way: "If some people do not behave righteously, (if) they are unreasonable, (if) they take pride in evil, (if) they inflict wounds," etc., etc., down to the last sentence of "a description of evil-doers." The main sentence begins with the part entitled "Punishment of evil-doers" with the words (1059 ff.): "for such crimes the controllers of destiny cut short people's lives." We break up this long-winded construction to render our English version more readable.

²⁹ The word "reason" is not here the same as *tao*, mentioned above, but *li*, which means "logical correctness" or "rationality," i. e., "reason," in a secular sense. The meaning of the sentence here is that unrighteousness is not only against the *tao*, i. e., against religion, but even against common sense,

³⁰ Stanislas Julien translates: "Regarder la méchanceté comme une preuve de talent."

³¹ M. Julien translates this sentence: "Divulguer les fautes de ses parens."

³² Stanislas Julien translates: "Ne pas savoir distinguer les personnes qu'il faut rechercher ou fuir."

³³ The expression "heaven's people" is a Confucian term, which is used in China in the same way as in Christian countries the phrase "God's people" would mean all those who bear God's image and are dear to the Deity.

³⁴ M. Julien translates: "Rejeter ses propres crimes sur les autres."

³⁵ These two words "divination" and "craft" denote first of all the practice of *Feng Shui* so common in China; but it is here used in a general sense and applies to all skilled labor, especially the professions. M. Julien translates: "Arrêter l'exercice des arts et des métiers." He adds in a footnote: "According to the dictionary of the Fo Kien dialect, the *Feng Shui* are (1) physicians, (2) men of letters, (3) painters, (4) divines, (5) journalists, (6) merchants, (7) workmen, (8) fishers, and (9) woodcutters." (*Ibid.*, p. 221.)

³⁶ "Reason and virtue," i. e., *tao* and *teh*, are the two main subjects of Lao Tze's doctrine. We are at liberty to translate "reason and virtue," or "the way of virtue."

³⁷ The term "bone and flesh" in Chinese means "family relations."

³⁸ The meaning may be either "to escape punishment" or "to shirk duties."

³⁹ "To give away evil in marriage" is a Chinese phrase.

⁴⁰ Literally, "they cut and clip," which is a term in tailoring. The meaning of the sentence is that they are wasteful with material, and it goes without saying that it refers to wastefulness of any kind.

⁴¹ It is customary in China to kill cattle on festivals only, and it is considered improper and even irreligious to slay cattle for food without due occasion.

⁴² Wilful waste of food is rightly considered sinful in China.

⁴³ Among the Chinese superstitions which are common also in other countries, is a habit to bury figures or worms, which are intended to represent some person, for the purpose of inflicting injury upon them, being a kind of black magic. This is called in Chinese "to bury vermin."

⁴⁴ Stanislas Julien translates (p. 345): "Cacher l'effigie d'un homme pour lui donner le cauchemar."

⁴⁵ Associations or fraternities have always played an important part in Chinese politics. The Boxer movement is a well-known instance of modern times.

⁴⁶ M. Julien translates: "Tourner le dos à ses proches parens et rechercher ses parens éloignés."

⁴⁷ To point at heaven and earth or the stars is deemed disrespectful in China, and the habit of making them witnesses of mean thoughts is considered a defiance of the divine powers.

⁴⁸ "Illegitimate profit" refers to the business not licensed by the authorities, such as was the opium before the opium war.

⁴⁹ The following sentences refer alternately to husbands and wives, which for clearness's sake has to be repeated in English.

⁵⁰ Literally, "the room," viz., the one in which the wife lives. Denoting the sphere of the wife's activity, the word has become a synonym for "wife."

⁵¹ Literally, "outside." An outside heart means a "treacherous heart."

⁵² According to the rules of Chinese grammar, the objective case of "self" precedes the verb.

⁵³ It is considered disrespectful in China to step over the well, the hearth, food, or a person.

⁵⁴ While the Chinese celebrate New Year's Eve as much as is done in Western countries, the custom to sing and to dance on such festivals is considered highly improper.

⁵⁵ No act that may be regarded as disrespectful should be done while facing the North, and also in presence of the hearth which is the most sacred place of the house.

⁵⁶ The proper way to light incense in olden times was to strike a spark from a flint. To burn incense in the fire of the hearth is both disrespectful for the hearth and improper so far as the incense is concerned.

⁵⁷ The command "not to expose one's nakedness in the night," is based upon an ancient notion, (viz., that spirits, angels, or demons may have intercourse with human beings,) a remnant of which is still preserved in the Old Testament (Gen. vi. 2), where we read that the sons of Elohim took to wives the daughters of men. One of the Chinese stories appended to the *T'ai Shang Kan Ying P'ien* tells of a woman that conceived a changeling from a demon, and the Apostle Paul, for the same reason that underlies the notion of our present passage in the *T'ai Shang Kan Ying P'ien*, requests women to wear a head covering (1 Cor. xi. 10.)

⁵⁸ It is considered as irreligious to have executions take place on festivals, a custom which is paralleled in the Jewish law, according to which it is unlawful to have a man stoned or crucified on the feast day.

⁵⁹ The word "rainbow" is here as in many other places represented by two words, the second of which means literally "colored cloud." See Note 9.

⁶⁰ The three luminaries (or more correctly the three kinds of luminaries) are sun, moon, and stars.

⁶¹ Hunting by setting the underbrush on fire in spring when animals begin to hatch, is rightly denounced as cruel in China.

⁶² I understand the sentence, "those who slay, exchange weapons," to mean that "he that killeth with the sword must be killed with the sword" (Rev. xiv. 10); and, further, adds the Chinese moralist in the following sentence, "such evil-doers will turn their swords against one another and mutually kill themselves," which is a gradation, for it is stated that not only will they be killed, but they will slay one another.

⁶³ Meat that has by carelessness been exposed to the water dripping from the eaves has frequently proved fatal to those who partook of it. Thus the term "dripping water meat" means "tainted meat."

⁶⁴ These passages are quotations from the *Dhammapada* which has become a household book of religious devotion all over China.

⁶⁵ The threefold way of good thoughts, good words, and good deeds, is a proposition which, so far as we know, has in the West been first taught by Zarathushtra, the great prophet of Iran.

SOME MEDIUMISTIC PHENOMENA.

BY DAVID P. ABBOTT

IN the book entitled "Psychics: Facts and Theories," by Rev. Minot J. Savage, at page 15, the following account will be found:

"Soon I began to hear raps, apparently on the floor, and then in different parts of the room. On this, the lady remarked, simply: 'Evidently there is some one here who wishes to communicate with you. Let us go into the front parlor, where it will be quieter.' This we did, the raps following us, or rather beginning again as soon as we were seated. At her suggestion I then took pencil and paper (which I happened to have in my bag), and sat at one side of a marble-top table, while she sat at the other side in a rocker and some distance away. Then she said: 'As one way of getting at the matter, suppose you do this: You know what friends you have in the spirit world. Write now a list of names—any names you please, real or fictitious, only among them somewhere include the names of some friends in the spirit world who, you think, might like to communicate with you, if such a thing were possible.' I then began. I held a paper so that she could not possibly have seen what I wrote, even though she had not been so far away. I took special pains that no movement or facial expression should betray me. Meantime she sat quietly rocking and talking. As I wrote, perhaps at the eighth or tenth name, I began to write the name of a lady friend who had not been long dead. I had hardly written the first letter before there came three loud, distinct raps. Then my hostess said, 'This friend of yours, of course, knows where she died. Write now a list of places, including in it the place of her death, and see if she will recognize it.' This I did, beginning with Vienna, and so on with any that occurred to me. Again I had hardly begun to write the real name, when once more came the three raps. And so on, concerning other matters. I speak of these only as specimens.

"Now, I cannot say that in this particular case the raps were not caused by the toe joints of the lady. The thing that puzzles me, in this theory, is as to how the toe joints happened to know the name of my friend, where she died, etc., which facts the lady herself did not know, and never had known."

It has been the writer's good fortune to witness practically this same experiment, performed by a very expert medium, Dr. Schlosenger, who was traveling over the country a few years ago.

I was residing at that time in Falls City, Neb., a place of a few thousand population. For two winters I had traveled some as a magician, so when the medium came to town, and began to perform his miracles, certain members of the community suggested having me witness one of his séances, thinking I would be able to discover whether his tests were genuine, or whether they were performed by the aid of trickery. Accordingly, one evening, a prominent physician invited me, with certain relatives and friends, to attend a séance given in his parlors.

When we arrived I was introduced to the medium, an elderly gentleman with a long white beard, and wearing glasses. He appeared to be slightly deaf, as he placed his hand to his ear and had my name repeated. He was introduced to the remainder of the company *en masse*, the names of the visitors not being given to him.

The medium soon announced that "his mission on this earth was to absolutely prove to humanity the immortality of the soul." He now offered to give some tests to those desiring it, and asked for a small table which was placed in an adjoining room. He invariably held his hand to his ear, to catch what was being said, being apparently quite deaf. He also used this same expedient when listening to the voices of the unseen spirits, and reporting their communications.

My father and another gentleman were selected for the first test, as they were considered very skeptical in such matters. As they retired to a closed room I did not see this experiment, but will give some parts of it as reported to me, further on. In a short time they returned to the parlor, engaged in a discussion over the matter; and my father remarked, "I do not know how you got your information, but I feel certain it was not from my brother, or he would have given a certain point correctly." The medium then said, "If I will tell you where your father died, and the disease he died of, will you be convinced?" My father replied, "I suppose I will have to be, if you can do that."

They then retired, and the medium succeeded partially in the

experiment; and would have certainly succeeded entirely, had my father followed his instructions. I will describe what was reported to me of this test, further on.

I now offered myself for a test. I retired to the room with the medium, and incidentally offered him one dollar and fifty cents, the same my father had given him; but he refused the money, saying: "Your father is not convinced, and I will not take any more money."

He now took a sheet of paper from a tablet, and drew five straight lines across it, spacing the sheet into six spaces about equal. Next taking my hand, and looking earnestly into my face, he said: "Promise me that if I succeed, you will not make light of this. Promise me, for this is very sacred to me." I did so. He now directed me to write names in the spaces on the sheet, any names I pleased, writing but one name in each space. All the names were to be of living or fictitious persons except one, this one to be the name of some one I had known who was then dead. He said, "Be fair with me, and I will scratch out the dead person's name." These were his exact words, therefore I in no way tried to hide my writing from him, although he stood at a distance and did not appear to watch me. I took a pencil and began writing the names; being unprepared I had to think of the names I wished to write. I desired to select names of persons living at a distance, so that he could in no possible manner know them. While I was writing he talked incessantly, which in spite of myself divided my attention. At the same time he kept urging me to write, and immediately after urging me, would begin talking rapidly on some spiritualistic subject. I remember saying, "You must give me time to think." I thought I used great care, so as to write each name with the same precision, and tried to betray no emotion when writing the dead person's name. I selected the name "Cora Holt" for the dead person's name. This was the name of an aunt who had died in another state.

As soon as I had written the names he asked me to cut them apart into slips, having one name on each slip. Now here I do not remember whether he folded them himself, or had me help, as I was not expecting them to be folded. However, we folded each one into a billet with the writing inside.

He now directed me to place them in a hat, and to hold the hat under the table, take out the billets one at a time, and throw them on the table top. This I did while he stood with his right arm extended toward the table and about one foot above it. After I had thrown a few billets on the table, as I threw the next one, I heard three loud distinct raps. He said, "There, that's the one that is dead.

Open it and see if I am right, but do not let me see it. Fold it up again and place it in your pocket." I opened the billet. I did not know what the name would be, as I had mixed them under the table; yet I had a feeling that it was correct. I opened it, and sure enough the name was "Cora Holt." I refolded it, placing it in my pocket. I must confess that I felt a momentary creepy feeling pass over me, as my emotions were wrought up to such a pitch by the intense manner in which I had watched all the details of the experiment. I informed him that he was right, but did not tell him the name. He now took my hand in his, and leading me into the parlor, had me state to the company what had just occurred. Now placing his hand on my head, he said: "I will endeavor to give you the name." Closing his eyes, his body trembled or shuddered with a kind of paroxysm, and apparently with a great effort he pronounced the name, "Cora Holt." This effort seemed to greatly exhaust him, and coming out of his temporary trance he begged us to excuse him, saying that there were opposing spirits present and he could do no more that night; that he had done all for us that lay within his power. He now took his leave.

This was all very impressive to me at the time, except the raps. It was only afterwards that I thought out the explanation, which I will give further on. As to the raps, they had the sound as of a pencil tapping loudly on a thin strip of wood, or a ruler, and not the sound of tapping on a table. I had previously known of the mechanical and electrical rappers, supplied by certain conjuring depots, and worn on the person of the medium, or attached to a table. My impression was at the time that possibly he had a rapper in the sleeve of the arm extended over the table, and by directing the attention to the table the sound would appear to come from there. As I was sitting right against the table, will say that the sound did not appear to me to come from the table, but more nearly from his person.

Referring again to the test given my father, the medium first announced his prices, which he would accept if satisfactory. This was agreed to and paid. He then had my father write names on a paper in a manner similar to the way I have described, except he did not request my father to write a dead person's name: instead, he requested him to write, among other names, his mother's maiden name, his wife's maiden name, his father's name, also the names of certain members of his family and of some of his friends, some of whom should be dead. This my father did.

Among the names written by my father was his mother's maiden

name, viz.: "Celestina Redexilana Phelps," a name certainly out of the ordinary. He also wrote his wife's maiden name, his father's name, his brother's name, and several other names—six or eight altogether.

When the medium had the billets taken out of the hat he said, "You have there the name of your mother; the name is something like 'Celestia (not Celestina) Roxalena (not Redexilana) Phelps,' thus giving wrong pronunciations to the first two names. However, when my father opened it, sure enough it was his mother's maiden name. My father now took another billet which had written thereon his father's name. This the medium gave correctly, stating that this was his father's name. The next billet had written thereon the name of my father's brother; the name was "James Asahel Abbott." The medium then said: "Your brother James is here, and he says to tell you that he is happy and that you are making a great mistake not to believe."

Now this brother had always been called by his second name and not by the name of James. My father said, "If you are my brother, give me your full name." The medium replied, "James Asha-bell Abbott," giving an entirely wrong pronunciation of the second name. This it was, with some other error, that led to the discussion they had on returning to the parlor, and in which my father remarked, "If you get your information from the dead, they should be able to pronounce their own names correctly."

My father, not being familiar with the methods of trickery could not with exactness give all the minute details of the test as I would have wished; and as I never had an opportunity to see this experiment myself, I can only surmise the means employed in its production.

The second experiment with my father had been an effort to tell the disease of which my grandfather died, also the place where he died. The medium required my father to write on the usual ruled paper, a name of a disease and also a name of a place, in each space, that is, one disease and one place in each space. He remarked in giving directions, "Like New York measles, Philadelphia smallpox, etc." He required, however that my father write *in the same space* the correct disease, and also the correct place of his father's death. The remainder of the spaces were to contain the names of any disease or any place he might choose.

This my father did, writing in one space "Sacramento dysentery." This was the correct disease, but the city was the place of my grandfather's burial, and not the place of his death, the latter

being a village called "Hangtown." The medium quickly gave dysentery as the disease, and Sacramento as the place of my grandfather's death. It was plain that had my father written the village where his father died, instead of his burial place, the medium would have succeeded.

This, however, proved beyond a doubt that the medium obtained his information *from the writing*, and not from spirits of the dead.

After thinking the matter over, I decided that, while I was uncertain as to the manner in which Dr. Schlossenger had performed all of these experiments, I could reproduce two of them with certainty as often as he did. I immediately made the trial and found I could succeed fully nine times out of ten on an average. I might state that the doctor also failed about one time in ten on an average; nevertheless, the people of the community were greatly excited, talking of his miracles, in groups on the streets, for some days. The medium was coining money, yet I found a few cases where he failed totally. The failures were seldom mentioned; it was the successes that excited the people.

The method I use in reproducing the first test given me, is to so direct the attention of the subjects before the writing, by my discourse, as to cause them to unconsciously select the name of the dead person in advance. This is easily managed with a little practice in talking, and still they will never guess that it is done on purpose.

Now, as they begin to write, they will naturally pause before writing each name, to think of a name to write. The pause may be but slight, yet there is some pause. Of course, when they write the selected name, no pause will be necessary; and if hurried properly at that time they will make none. This is the object of the incessant talking during the experiment. If left to themselves, the subjects will, in about one-half of the cases, write the selected name in the third space from the top. In about half of the remaining cases the selected name will be written in the fourth space from the top. This is especially true if in your instructions you direct the subject to "mix the dead person's name somewhere in among the others, where you cannot know where it is." In the remaining cases the subjects are liable to write the selected name anywhere, generally first or last. Now my object is to so manipulate my subjects as to cause them to write the selected name when I want them to do so. This is done by continuous talking, and distracting their attention until the proper moment. I choose the third space, since this, being the one they are most liable to choose of their own accord, is easiest to force. Just as they begin to write the first name, before they make a mark, I

say suddenly, "Now be sure and select names of living persons that I could not possibly know." This is almost certain to insure a pause, and the name of a living person to be written first. I continue my talking in a natural manner, taking the attention to a great extent from the writing, and nearly always observing another pause just before writing the second name. When the second name is almost finished I exclaim suddenly, "Now write as rapidly as possible!" If the subjects have been properly impressed with the seriousness of the experiment, they will almost invariably, on finishing the second name (in obedience to my command "to be as rapid as possible," and in their desire to please me), hurry into the name already in their minds, thus writing the selected name in the third space. If such is the case they will now most surely pause to think of a fourth name. If so, I am certain that I now know the selected name. However, if they should rapidly pass into the fourth name, it is then uncertain whether the selected name is in the third or fourth space. This, however, seldom happens if worked in an expert manner.

In rare cases the subject cannot be manipulated by the performer, in which case it is purely guesswork; even in such cases, however, I stand one chance in six of succeeding; and if I make a second trial on failing (not uncommon with mediums), I stand one chance in three of succeeding.

It is hardly worth while to say that as I fold the billets, I fold the third one slightly different from the rest, so that while it will not attract attention, I can see at a glance what it is when thrown on the table. I memorize the name; also, if in doubt, I fold a second choice in a still different manner for a second trial. Frequently I memorize more of the names, folding so I can pick them out. Then, after giving the dead person's name with proper effect, I pick up the others, hold them to my head and call out the names. The effect of this on a subject is very impressive.

With a little practice the above test can be given with very small chance of failure; and in the event of making a failure it can be explained by the statement that "there are opposing spirits present," or some similar excuse. If one has other tests at his command, it is well in the event of failure, to announce that he will try something else, and then give another test. As these experiments are always tried alone with one or, at most, two subjects, a failure attracts little notice.

Now I can not say positively that Dr. Schlossenger performed this experiment in exactly this same manner; but I do have a recollection of his hurrying me along in my writing at some stage of its

progress. I also know that I can succeed as often as he did. I will add further that a few days later I prepared six names in advance, and, with my wife, had a sitting with the medium; this time, although I paid him, he failed utterly. He tried in every way and had me write additional names. This time I guarded the points in above explanation, yet no matter how he tried, he made an utter failure. All tricks require certain conditions, and this is why it is not safe to repeat the same trick for the same person. There is too much danger that the subject may notice the sameness of the *modus operandi*.

Referring to the second test which was given by the medium to my father, will state that when the subjects are writing the cities and diseases, they will naturally pause after writing a city, to think of a disease to go with it. Of course, when writing the correct ones, which are already in mind, no pause will be necessary. Also advantage may be taken of the fact that a small per cent. of persons die of smallpox or measles. If in giving the directions one says, "Write like this: 'Philadelphia smallpox, New York measles,'" and the subject writes smallpox or measles in the list, it is safe to eliminate that from the case. This is especially true if written in connection with some large city, the name of which occurs readily to the mind. It is safe also to eliminate Philadelphia or New York if these should be written, providing you mentioned these names in the directions, and that the test is not being given in their section of the country. A small per cent. of the people of a country die in any two places of prominence. Yet these places will be written readily by most subjects, if they are suggested, or at least other places of equal prominence will be written. If an unusual place or disease should be written, it is almost certain these are the ones.

It can readily be seen how expert one can become at this by continued practice, such as a medium has many times a day; how one can learn to take advantage of every little point, and use it with telling effect on unsuspecting strangers, who do not know what is going to happen, or what to look for.

I have been told that Dr. Schlossenger had a very sharp eye, although wearing glasses; and that the glasses were probably to make the subject think it impossible for him to read writing when they were moved out of position and placed on the forehead, as they were during the tests. It has also been suggested that his poor hearing was feigned, to enable him to hear remarks made about himself in his presence. I have suspected that his memory had become trained to a high degree of accuracy, enabling him to give his tests with such marvelous success, as he did with nearly all wherever he

went. That he does not use one set of principles only in his tricks, I am certain, but has many more at his command which he uses continually. However, I can only vaguely guess at them from having seen his tests but once.

Now, I do not say that this was the method employed by the lady with Rev. Savage, given in the account at the beginning of this article. But as the experiments are practically the same, it is safe to conclude that the methods used are the same, or nearly so. If the test were genuine in the case of the lady mentioned, it was probably genuine in the case of Dr. Schlossenger. On the other hand, if it were trickery in one case, it probably was in both.

When Rev. Savage speaks in his book of spirit rappings, clairvoyance, etc., as established genuine phenomena in some cases, and even alludes to independent writing, I must conclude that he has been deceived in some instances; and if in some, probably in more.

With the knowledge of trickery that I possess, I have, in all cases where I have seen any thing of this kind, been able to explain it by trickery. All my life I have been looking for phenomena of this kind; but have never yet been able to see just one little thing that was genuine.

On the other hand, I know the apparently marvelous things that can be performed by the aid of trickery. Referring to clairvoyance, I will say that there are simple means by which sealed writings may be read with certainty and despatch. It is possible for a subject to write a name, or a question, on a thick non-transparent card, and seal same in a heavy non-transparent envelope; sealing same himself, with wax if desired; yet it is possible for an expert performer, on taking it in the tips of his fingers, instantly to read the writing, unobserved, in the mere act of placing same in full view on a table. The writing can be given with due effect, and the envelope returned at once unopened and undisturbed. Yet this is all trickery, pure and simple.

It is also possible to hand an ordinary slip of paper and an envelope to a subject; to let him write a question and seal it himself, using his own hand as a support on which to write; and after sealing same, to keep it in his own possession. Yet in a very short time the operator is in full knowledge of the writing.

It is likewise possible to allow a subject to write a question and also the name of a dead friend from whom he desires a communication, on an ordinary tab. After same is written he can tear off the sheet, folding and retaining same. The tab is an ordinary one, no carbon paper or anything of the kind being concealed therein.

Yet although the tab remains on the table in full view, the operator is in a short time informed fully as to what was written.

All of the above is trickery, pure and simple. Yet I will say that it makes little difference as to the intelligence of the subject. The wisest are deceived as readily as the most simple; and if anything, the effect is greatest on the most intelligent. The principle in each of the above experiments is entirely different. That which would explain one would not explain the others. I use all of them frequently in my parlor entertainments with the greatest success. An explanation as to the methods used would be out of place here, besides being too lengthy.

As to independent writing, I will say that among the many methods used, it is possible to allow sitters to clean two ordinary unprepared slates themselves and hold them under an ordinary unprepared table themselves; and yet to have any message desired appear on one of the slates in genuine chalk or slate pencil writing, no chemicals being used, and the slates being actually free from writing at the beginning. The clothing of the operator can also be examined before and after the experiment.

The effect of this is very startling; especially if the subjects have previously written the name of the person whom they desire to have communicate, and a question they desire answered, retaining the writing themselves.

This experiment is trickery of the simplest kind; yet the effect is so great that, although I always state afterwards that it is not performed by the aid of spirits of the dead, many, in fact most, of my subjects insist on believing that I use some occult power in its production, and in the production of the previous clairvoyant readings.

I recently had a sitter write the name of a person from whom she desired a communication, folding and retaining same herself. When afterwards she received a spirit message on slates cleaned and held by herself, signed "Governor McComas," the name she had written, and a relative, she remained affected throughout the evening, although I assured her that it was not done by spirit power.

With this knowledge of trickery, and my experience in investigating mediumistic phenomena at every opportunity, I have concluded that there are no genuine mediums; unless Mrs. Piper, whom the Society for Psychical Research has investigated for so long, be one. I can hardly pass judgment in her case, having never had a sitting with her myself, and I would be greatly pleased to see an article in your columns by H. R. Evans giving his ideas on the subject.

I will conclude with a short account of a medium who gave some very successful séances in Omaha a few years ago, as a "Materializing Medium."

The audience could examine his cabinet and himself thoroughly, then lock the only door to the room and keep the key themselves, besides bolting the door on the inside. The sitters would now form a circle about the room, holding hands and guarding the door. Nevertheless, as soon as the lights were lowered, the medium came from his cabinet, leading numerous spirits. Parents recognized their children; and one fond parent still has a withered flower which money cannot buy, given by the spirit of a dead child. The medium took the town by storm, carrying three thousand dollars away with him in a short time; yet his spirits were produced in the simplest manner.

He had trained children in costumes in an adjoining room. There was a trap in the base board running along the wall of the room. This trap was behind the curtains of his cabinet. Through this the children entered and retired at the proper time. As they hooked the movable part of the base board with strong hooks to the studding from the room where they were concealed, and as there were dummy nails in this board apparently holding it in place, the audience could not discover but that it was perfectly solid. In the room where the children were concealed, the base board was held in place by door knockers which were screwed through it into the studding. When time came to perform, the children unscrewed the base board on their side, letting it down; now unhooking the other board, they entered through the opening into the medium's cabinet. After the experiment the children hooked the base board in place and screwed the second board in place on their side of the wall; then with their make-up material they made their escape to other apartments, leaving the door open in a natural manner.

During this time the spectators were examining the medium, his cabinet and the room again, and telling each other of the "dear one" they had recognized, while the medium sat, exhausted, recovering from the weakening effects of his recent "trance."

PROFESSOR MILLS, THE ZENDAVESTA SCHOLAR.

BY THE EDITOR.

PROF. Lawrence Heyworth Mills holds the chair of Zend philology at Oxford, England, and is the leading authority on Zarathushtrian religion and literature. He is well known and highly respected among scholars, but since the public at large is not always posted on specialists, prominent though they may be in their own line, we will here for the benefit of our readers compile the main data of his career.

Professor Mills, though an English professor by residence and appointment, is a native American. He was born in New York, 1837, and is the son of the late P. L. Mills, a descendant of an old American family (in the country since 1693) whose name had been changed from "von Muehlen." One of his paternal ancestors studied at Yale in 1722, and one maternal ancestor is mentioned as having espoused the cause of the King in 1776. Dr. Andrews, author of the *Latin Dictionary*, re-edited by Lewis and Short, is also a paternal kinsman of his. His mother was Elizabeth Caroline Kane of the well-known old family of that name in New York, originally O'Cahan, of which Mr. Grenville Kane is now a prominent representative. He is married to Maria Bowen Swann, daughter of the late Robert Paige Swann of Leesburg, Va. He has three sons and a daughter now living, two sons having died in infancy.

Professor Mills received his education at the New York University, of which he holds the degree of D.D., and in the Theological Seminary at Fairfax County, Va. In 1861 he became Assistant Minister of one of the oldest churches in the country, Old St. Anns, in Brooklyn, Long Island, and was made Rector in 1866, succeeding Dr. Cutler, who himself succeeded Bishop McIlvaine. In 1868, he was called to St. John's, Hartford, Conn., succeeding the present Bishop of Albany.

He left for Europe 1872, and in 1873 accepted a position as

Associate Rector of the American Episcopal Church in Florence, Italy. He began studying the Dualism of the Avesta in 1876, having been led on to this subject by the necessity of examining the Gnostic Philosophy in its origin as being in all probability the real source of Hegel's "sublated negative." Having been from youth passionately devoted to interior investigations, he had endeavored to prosecute them while a parish clergyman, but found the two occupations incompatible. He laboriously re-read the Greeks and the Germans, and has still reams upon Kant which will only serve for posthumous cremations. He has the thanks of Zeller for undertaking the translation of his *History of the German Philosophy*. This he has still half completed; but he became so fascinated with Kant that he abandoned that translation for a special work. This engaged his time up to 1876. As said, his entire life's work came in through the study of the Gnosis begun in America before 1872.

From Florence he removed to Germany in 1877 upon the advice of his physician for the benefit of the health of a member of his family. Pursuing the subject in Germany he began to print tentatively his edition of the Gāthas with the four texts, the first three translated, this in 1879-81; and in 1883 he received the united urgent invitation of Professors Max Müller and James Darmesteter to undertake the most difficult volume in all the *Sacred Books of the East*, the XXXIst, which included a translation of the Gāthas. He came to Oxford in 1886-87 at the request of Prof. Max Müller to see this book through the press. The first instalment of stock sent to Bombay was at once sold out on its arrival. 1888 he was the means of procuring for the University Library what was at once reported by the Librarian as one of the "most precious gifts ever given it," viz., the oldest manuscript of the Yasna, a priceless codex, munificently offered without remuneration by the late High Priest of the Parsis, Destoor, Jamaspji Minocheherji, Jamasp-Asana, Ph.D., etc. of revered memory, author of a Pahlavi dictionary in five volumes, etc., etc. The Destoor had been offered £1000 for the manuscript by a wealthy Parsi, by no means an exorbitant price for such an object from such a person. To show its gratitude the University honored the venerable Destoor with a degree *in absentia* of D.C.L., an extremely rare occurrence.

Dr. Mills made up a collection among the leading officers of the University and sent the Destoor a costly gown. The signal gift of this manuscript afforded the Clarendon Press an opportunity of showing what it can execute in the way of unequalled workmanship. For it colloptyped the manuscript under the masterly management

of the Controller, Mr. Horace Hart, in its actual dimensions, even preserving the tint of the paper on a basis of brilliant white, manufactured especially for the purpose, an imposing volume of 765 large photographs. Nothing ever done in Europe of its kind surpasses it. It is even a commercial success, and is selling "slowly but surely" at eleven guineas.¹

Mr. Mills, though not wishing to "spoil" either the Parsis or the "Egyptians," still thought it would be more favorable to science to have the oldest manuscript in Europe and at the central seat of learning in the British empire; so he advised the Destoor again; and this time that distinguished scholar presented the oldest manuscript of the Yasna which is accompanied with the Sanskrit



translation, another valuable gift. This was, say, in 1890. He later procured permission to photograph other precious manuscripts sent him on loan by the Destoor and others, the curators of the Bodleian Library having the valuable MS. D in Gāthas, otherwise Pt. 4, again photographed at considerable expense by the Clarendon Press. Pursuing this policy up to the present moment, Mr. Mills has induced his auditors to copy codices for him sent on loan from the Munich Library and from the India Office in London to the Bodleian. One of these auditors, a lady of independent means, has just

¹ Strangely one prominent person was in favor of having only one copy colliptyped at enormous expense for presentation to the Destoor.

finished, say one eighth part, of the oldest manuscripts of the Vendidād, working for the Professor at the Library. Others have traced upon transparent paper nearly the whole of the Persian texts of the Yasna, as well as large portions of Haug's Persian manuscript of the Vendidād from Munich. Mr. Mills hopes at his death to leave at the Bodleian the finest collection of Parsi manuscripts in Europe.

In 1894 he wrote an article on "Zoroaster and the Bible" for the *Nineteenth Century Review* which was translated into Gujrati with his permission and with that of the Editor, and published in a large edition by the trustees of the Sir J. Jejeebhoy Translation Fund of Bombay. In the same year appeared in Roth's *Festgruss* his translation of Yasna XXVIII into Sanskrit. See also his translation of Yasna XLIV into Sanskrit, published in the *Transactions* of the International Congress of Orientalists, held in Paris in 1897. The object of these translations was to show that Zend is nearly Sanskrit. In 1892-4 Mr. Mills published his full edition of the Gāthas as in so far completed. It contains the Avesta texts with the Pahlavi, Sanskrit, and Persian texts as translations. The Pahlavi is there edited for the first time with the collation of manuscripts, and now prepared with all the manuscripts and translated into English. The Avesta text is translated verbatim into Latin with free metrical English accompanying it. A commentary follows (pp. 622, XXX), the whole affording nearly every alternative opinion of any importance. This work is now almost completely sold out, and commands £2. In 1898 he was appointed Professor of Zend Philology in the University of Oxford. In 1900 he issued his second edition of the Gāthas with the verbatim, this time in English, and with the free metrical revised. By the courtesy of the Delegates of the Clarendon Press he was permitted to add curtailed Introductory passages to the chapters from the XXXIst volume of the *Sacred Books of the East* (see *The Open Court*).

In 1902 he published the first section of his *Dictionary of the Gāthic language of the Zend Avesta*, Vol. III, and of the Gāthas, pp. 623-822. Further work on this book has been waiting for the appearance of a more general Dictionary long since announced by another scholar. In December 1902 he was made *ex officio* member of the Board of Oriental Studies by the Hebdomadal Council acting at the request of the Board. In May 1903 he was re-appointed Professor after most complimentary correspondence from the officials of the University. In the autumn of 1903 he published the first volume of his university lectures under the title *Zarathushtra, Philo, and Israel*, (see *The Open Court*). It should be "Zarathushtra,

Philo, the Achaemenids, and Israel." Vol. I is entitled "Zarathustra and the Greeks," pp. 1-208 + viii. It attempts to deal exhaustively with the Logos of the Greek philosophical writers as compared with the leading Amshaspends of the Zendavesta. In May 1904 he was invited by the Hebdomadal Council to attend the forthcoming Congress of Orientalists at Algiers in April 1905 as a representative of the University. He has just recently accepted a contract to write a popular handbook of the Zoroastrian Religion for a London Parsi firm to be delivered in 1905. Under the same general influences a Gâtha Society has lately been formed in Bombay, the Vice-chancellor of the University presiding at its first meeting in September, 1904. Also a distinguished young Parsi priest of Bombay proposes to come to Oxford to spend two years in perfecting himself in the higher criticism of his subject.

Since 1901 Mr. Mills has been editing the other Pahlavi texts of the Yasna beside those mentioned above in the Gâthas, some eighteen odd chapters having already appeared in the *Zeitschrift der deutschen morgenländischen Gesellschaft*, with the Srôsh Yasht soon to follow. These appear as for the first time edited with the collation of manuscript, and now with all the manuscripts collated (see the latest numbers). Yasna IX appeared with texts and translations in *JRAS* and in *JAOS*. Translations accompany the others in the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*, (see the number for January, 1905, containing the Yasna Haptanghaiti, pp. 22).

Following the repeated and courteous invitations of the managers of the Belgian Orientalist quarterly, the *Muséon* of the University of Louvain, Mr. Mills has prepared the first chapter of the Pahlavi Yasna in the costly Oriental character, the workmanship of M. Istas, printer to the University, being of the highest order, (see the forthcoming number). In addition to the above Mr. Mills has transcribed from texts copied at the Bodleian during the last few years the entire remaining Persian texts of the Munich manuscript, the part containing the Gâthas having been already edited in his larger work. These texts are almost ready for the press.

These studies taken in connection with the XXXIst Volume of the *Sacred books of the East* really constitute a most elaborate critical work upon the Avesta texts of the Yasna, to which reference is made or implied at every sentence. He has a second volume of his university lectures, pp. 209-405 nearly ready.

Mr. Mills has now reached the age of sixty-eight with his general health unimpaired.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WELIGAMA SRI SUMANGALA.—AN OBITUARY.

It is with profound regret that we learn of the decease on March 13, of the Right Rev. Weligama Sri Sumangala, a Buddhist High Priest of Ceylon, and a distinguished Oriental scholar whose place it will be hard to fill. He was in his eighty-second year and had led a life of remarkable usefulness. He came of one of the oldest and most respected families of the southern provinces. His father intended him to follow the medical profession but a serious illness compelled him to relinquish the plan, while the suffering he experienced at the time led him to renounce wealth and ease and give his life to the service of humanity. He entered the Buddhist priesthood when only twelve years of age, and received his education under the High Priest Bentota who was one of the most famous Sanskrit scholars of his day.

For almost sixty years he has been consulted as an authority in Singhalese, Pali, and Sanskrit by scholars from the West as well as from the East. Some of his works are the *Mugdha Bodha*, which is an extensive commentary on Sanskrit grammar, and a Sanskrit edition of the Hitopadesa with a Singhalese translation. He has also revised the text of the Three Pitakas. His influence will probably be most widely felt through the interest he took in educational matters, and his efforts to elevate the schools of Ceylon grew to be more and more appreciated by the government.

The Rev. Sumangala belonged to the Amarapura sect of Buddhist priests, and in 1894 his colleagues in Ceylon unanimously elected him as their Chief High Priest, at the same time bestowing upon him a distinguished title. He lived and dressed as did the Buddhist monks at the time of Buddha more than twenty centuries ago, and was a noble representative of the religion of "The Enlightened One" in its original and purest form. His whole life has been characterized by a single-minded devotion to the uplifting of mankind, and he was beloved and appreciated by high and low, Buddhist and Christian.

Reports of the impressive ceremonies at his cremation state variously the attendance to be from six to ten thousand persons, and Ceylon journals have devoted many pages to doing honor to the memory of this worthy Buddhist saint and sage. We are so fortunate as to have a copy of one of his latest and most characteristic portraits, which was published in *The Open Court* of February, 1904.

CHARACTER.

A growing tree is not thinking of the shadow it will cast. It is growing to bear its fruit or furnish the timber of its being. The shadow grows in con-

sequence. And it is so with an honest, good life. The inspiration of it is not the desire for others' applause or the growth of personal influence, but the wish to do the duty of the day because it is duty. It is not by mere brains that good, enduring influence is secured. Character, which inspires confidence, wins respect, and by the very laws of life tells on others—this is the force which a good man directs. But self-conceit, personal vanity and over-confidence in one's self are not consistent with this character. Let there be unaffected modesty behind obvious power and respect is won; and respect implies influences of the best kind.

M. F. HEALY.

BOOK REVIEWS.

TOLSTOY AS A SCHOOLMASTER. By *Ernest Howard Crosby*. Chicago: Hamersmark Publishing Co. Pp. 94. Price, 50 cents net.

It seems that Count Tolstoy is supposed to have in mind a book on education, his interest in which was aroused when he undertook the instruction of some forty children on his own estate in the early sixties. It was just after the serfs had been freed, and he wished the peasant children to be fitted for their newly acquired freedom. It was at this time that he first began to realize many of his later ideas on social and political questions. For the benefit of other landlords who might be interested in the same enterprise, Tolstoy soon set about editing an educational journal in which he gave the various results of his experience. This attracted much wider attention than was the editor's first purpose, and a number of French works on education published nearly thirty years afterwards are largely made up of articles taken from it. It is partly from such articles, apparently, that Mr. Ernest Crosby has collected the material for this little book, *Tolstoy as a Schoolmaster*, which gives us many of Tolstoy's ideas on the principles of education, punishment and crime, illustrated by graphic incidents taken from his own experience in the little school, together with Mr. Crosby's own observations, deductions, and applications of Tolstoy's ethical principles to the social and educational problems of to-day.

AN IMPARTIAL STUDY OF THE SHAKESPEARE TITLE. With Facsimiles. By *John H. Stotsenburg*. Louisville, Ky.: John P. Morton & Co. 1904. Pp. xii, 530. Price, \$2.00.

The author has carefully prepared this work from the study of Shakespeare and his contemporaries pursued in hours of leisure from daily business cares. He has made it an "impartial study" by stating facts and authorities on both sides of the question from which the reader may form an independent judgment. He does not force his own opinion arbitrarily upon others, but presents it clearly to be accepted for whatever intrinsic value it may possess. The style is informal throughout, almost confidential at times, but always popular and attractive.

Mr. Stotsenburg states the purpose of the book in the opening lines of his Preface as follows: "I have undertaken to present facts to show, first, that William Shaksper, of Stratford-on-Avon, did not write the plays and poems heretofore attributed to him; secondly, that the plays, or at least a

great part of them, were originally composed by collaborators; and thirdly, that they in part or in whole were corrected, revised, and added to by a person or persons other than William Shaksper."

The first point is proved mainly by the facts (1) that Shaksper's name is not even mentioned in the *Diary* of Philip Henslowe, the principal theatre-manager in London, and the man who secured the services of the best playwrights of the time for English audiences, while this same *Diary* does contain the record of a dozen or more plays with titles analogous to the Shakespeare plays, as being purchased from two or more playwrights of the time; (2) that he left no letters or fragments to indicate that he was accustomed to writing, that he possessed no library, and gave his children no education whatever; and (3) that his signature proves him to have been a man totally unaccustomed to writing at all.

That the plays in question were written by collaborators the author thinks conclusively proved by the fact that over 21,000 different words are used, more than three times as much as comprises the vocabulary of the most prolific writers. He is of the opinion that the plays were written by Drayton, Dekker, Monday, Webster, Chettle Heywood, Middleton, and Porter, and at least some of them were polished and reconstructed, though not originated, by Francis Bacon.

The present year has brought with it another number of *Who's Who*, that compendious biographical annual which all editors appreciate as indispensable for information about living authors. It is published by Adam and Charles Black of London who issue also other very desirable and helpful year-books. One of these is called *Who's Who Year Book*, (price 1 s., net), and is made up of tables which originally formed the nucleus of *Who's Who* before it finally developed on different lines and which were for a long time its most popular feature. These tables vary from lists of races, with dates of meetings and names of their clerks, to tables of great London preachers and leading specialists in other lines. Another helpful publication of the same firm is the *English Woman's Year Book and Directory*, edited by Emily James, (price 2s. 6d. net). The editor is the organizing secretary to the national association of women workers of Great Britain and Ireland, and the book contains comprehensive paragraphs on every conceivable occupation in which business women are to be found, with particulars in regard to duties, scope, demand, localities, necessary qualifications (educational and personal) and the average salaries relating to each.

NOTES.

The French Minister of Public Works has informed Dr. Petitjean, President of the Paris Committee for the organisation of the International Congress of Freethought which will take place at Paris on the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh of September, 1905, that the French Railway Companies will concede to members a reduction of 50 per cent. on the regular scale of prices.

It is hoped that the Railway Companies in other countries will agree to grant similar advantages.

Our frontispiece is the latest portrait of Prof. Hugo De Vries which is an art reproduction of a recent photograph.

Species and Varieties:

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By Hugo de Vries

Professor of Botany in the University of Amsterdam.

Edited by Daniel Trembly MacDougal, Assistant

Director of the New York Botanical Garden

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The announcement of the results in question has excited more interest among naturalists than any publication since the appearance of Darwin's *Origin of Species*, and marks the beginning of a new epoch in the history of evolution. Professor de Vries was invited to deliver a series of lectures upon the subject at the University of California during the summer of 1904, and these lectures are offered to a public now thoroughly interested in modern ideas of evolution.

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the results obtained by Professor de Vries in the Botanical Garden at Amsterdam during twenty years of observations are described.

Not the least important service rendered by Professor de Vries in the preparation of these lectures consists in the indication of definite specific problems that need investigation, many of which may be profitably taken up by anyone in a small garden. He has rescued the subject of evolution from the thrall of polemics and brought it once more within reach of the great mass of naturalists, any one of whom may reasonably hope to contribute something to its advancement by orderly observations.

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C. Retrograde Varieties. CHAPTER V. Characters of retrograde varieties. Seed varieties of pure, not hybrid origin. Differences from elementary species. Latent characters. Ray-florets of composites. Progressive red varieties. Apparent losses. *Xanthium Canadense*. Correlative variability. Laetinate leaves and petals. Compound characters. CHAPTER VI. Stability and real atavism. Constancy of retrograde varieties. Atavism in *Ribes sanguineum albidum*, in conifers, in *Iris pallida*. Seedlings of *Acacia*. Reversion by buds. CHAPTER VII. Ordinary or false atavism. Vicinism or variation under the influence of pollination by neighboring individuals. Vicinism in nurseries. Purifying new and old varieties. A case of running out of corn in Germany. CHAPTER VIII. Latent characters. Leaves of seedlings, adventitious buds, systematic latency and regressive evolution. Degressive evolution. Latency of specific and varietal characters in *Dianthus caryophyllus spicatus*, in the green dahlias, in white campanulas and others. Systematic latency of flower colors. CHAPTER IX. Crossing of species and varieties. Unisexual and bisexual, or species and variety crosses. Constant hybrids of *Oenothera muricata* and *O. biennis*. *Aegilops*,

Medicago, brambles and other instances. CHAPTER X. Mendel's law of biennial crosses. Pairs of antagonistic characters, one active and one latent. *Papaver somniferum*. *Mephisto Danebrog*. Mendel's laws. Unit-characters.

D. Eversporting Varieties. CHAPTER XI. Striped flowers. *Antirrhinum majus luteum rubro-striatum* with pedigree. Striped flowers, fruits and radishes. Double stocks. CHAPTER XII. "Five leaved" clover. Origin of this variety. Periodicity of the anomaly. Pedigree-cultures. *Ascidia*. CHAPTER XIII. Polycephalic poppies. Permanency and high variability. Sensitive period of the anomaly. Dependency on external conditions. CHAPTER XIV. Monstrosities. Inheritance of monstrosities. Half-races and middle races. Hereditary value of atavists. Twisted stems and fasciations. Middle races of triocotyls and syncotyls. Selection by the hereditary percentage among the offspring. CHAPTER XV. Double adaptations. Analogy between double adaptations and anomalous middle races. *Polygonum amphibium*. Alpine plants. *Othonna crassifolia*. Leaves in sunshine and shadow. Giants and dwarfs. Figs and ivy. Leaves of seedlings.

E. Mutations. CHAPTER XVI. Origin of the peloric toadflax. Sudden and frequent origin in the wild state. Origin in the experiment garden. Law of repeated mutations. Probable origin of other pelorics. CHAPTER XVII. The production of double flowers. Sudden appearance of double flowers in horticulture. Historical evidence. Experimental origin of *Chrysanthemum sogetum plenum*. Dependency upon nourishment. Petalody of stamens. CHAPTER XVIII. New species of *Oenothera*. Mutations of *Oenothera Lamarckiana* in the wild state near *Hilversum*. New varieties of *O. laevifolia*, *O. brevistylis*, and *O. nanella*. New elementary species, *O. gigas*, *O. rubrinervis*, *albida*, and *oblonga*. *O. lata* a pistillate form. Inconstancy of *O. scintillans*. CHAPTER XIX. Experimental pedigree-cultures. Pedigree of the mutative products of *Oenothera Lamarckiana* in the Botanical Garden at Amsterdam. Laws of mutability. Sudden and repeated leaps from an unchanging main strain. Constancy of the

Contents—Continued

new forms. Mutations in all directions. CHAPTER XX. Origin of wild species and varieties. Problems to solve. *Capsella Heegeri*. *Oenothera biennis* cruciata. *Epilobium hirsutum* cruciatum. *Hibiscus Moscheutos*. Purple beech. Monophyllous strawberries. Chances of success with new mutations. CHAPTER XXI. Mutations in horticulture. *Chelidonium majus* laciniatum. Dwarf and spineless varieties. Lacinate leaves. Monophyllous and broom-like varieties. Purple leaves. *Celosia*. Italian poplar. Cactus dahlia. Mutative origin of dahlia fistulosa, and *Geranium pratense* in the experiment garden. CHAPTER XXII. Systematic atavism. Reappearance of ancestral characters. *Primula acaulis* umbellata. Bracts of crucifers. *Zea Mays* cryptosperma. *Equisetum*, *Dipsacus sylvestris* torsus. Tomatoes. CHAPTER XXIII. Taxonomic anomalies. Specific characters occurring in other cases as casual anomalies. *Papaver bracteatum* monopetalum. *Desmodium gyrans* and monophyllous varieties. Peltate leaves and ascidia. Flowers on leaves. Leaves. *Hordeum trifurcatum*. CHAPTER XXIV. Hypothesis of periodical mutations. Discovering mutable strains. Periods of mutability and constancy periods of mutations. Genealogical trees. Limited life-time of the organic kingdom.

F. Fluctuations. CHAPTER XXV. General laws of fluctuations. Fluctuating variability. Quetelet's law. Individual and partial fluctuations. Linear variability. Influence of nutrition. Periodicity curves. CHAPTER XXVI. A sexual multiplication of extremes. Selection between species and intra-specific selection. Excluding individual and embryonic variability. Sugar canes. Flowering cannas. Double lilacs. Other instances. Burbank's method of selection. CHAPTER XXVII. Inconstancy of improved races. Larger variability in the case of propagation by seed. Progression and regression after a single selection, and after repeated selections. Selection experiments with corn. Advantages and effect of repeated selection. CHAPTER XXVIII. Artificial and natural selection. Conclusions. Specific and intra-specific selection. Natural selection in the field. Acclimatization. Improvement-selection of sugar beets by various methods. Rye. Hereditary percentage and centgener power as marks by which intra-specific selection may be guided.

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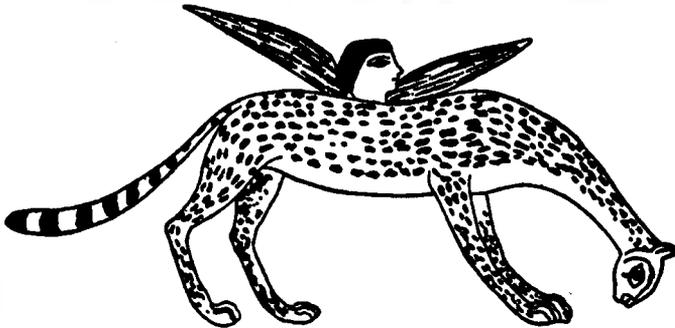
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NO. 592

CONTENTS:

	PAGE
<i>Frontispiece.</i> The Last Sermon. EDUARD BIEDERMANN.	
<i>Maxime Gorke.</i> OSSIP-LOURIÉ.	513
<i>Treweyism.</i> (Illustrated.) HENRY RIDGELY EVANS.	523
<i>Buddhist and Christian Gospels.</i> Work done in Comparative Religion by ALBERT J. EDMUNDS.	538
<i>Moral Tales of the Treatise on Response and Retribution.</i> With Illustrations by Chinese Artists.	547
<i>The Three Characteristics.</i> EDITOR.	563
<i>Newest Light on our Oldest Mother Country.</i> WILLIAM FAIRFIELD WARREN.	568
<i>Father Hyacinthe's Lecture at Geneva.</i>	573
<i>An Appeal from South Africa.</i>	574
<i>Book Reviews and Notes.</i>	575

CHICAGO

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THE LAST SERMON.

BY EDUARD BIEDERMANN.

Frontispiece to The Open Court.

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THE OPEN COURT

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Science of Religion, the Religion of Science, and
the Extension of the Religious Parliament Idea.

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SEPTEMBER, 1905.

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MAXIME GORKI.*

I.

GORKI'S work is the logical end of the literary and social movement of the nineteenth century in Russia, the natural and evolutive outcome of Gorgol's *Dead Souls*, of Tourguéniev's *Tales of a Hunter*, of Dostoïevsky's *House of the Dead*, of Tolstoi's *Popular Tales*.

Russian criticisms are almost all laudatory, apologetic, breathlessly enthusiastic. Whether from conviction or unconscious crowd-following impulse, the admirers give wild applause. Scarce are those who, while exclaiming "bravo!" stop to take breath and insinuate a few restrictions in their *vivats*.

Gorki's most incontestable merit is to have introduced into literature characteristic types of the most numerous class in Russia, the people. His glory is to have given us a lifelike picture of the new power on which Russia—advisedly or ill-advisedly—has been relying for a long time, on which all her hope, all her future depends.

* * *

Maxime Gorki (Maxime the "Bitter")—a pseudonym for Alexei Maximovitch Pechkov—was born at Nijni-Novgorod, in 1869. His father, an upholsterer, against his father's will, married the daughter of a former *bourlac*, a Volga bargeman. He died in 1873, during the cholera epidemic. The mother of the future novelist married again, and soon eight year old Alexei was sent out to a shoemaker as apprentice.

* This article consists of portions selected from a chapter of Ossip-Lourie's *La Psychologie des romanciers russes du XIXe siècle*, translated by Amélie Sérafon. Russian proper names have not been changed to the more familiar English forms but are left in the French transliteration as originally used by the author.

Gorki inherits a pensive sadness from his mother, and his violent temper from his father. Of an uneasy nature and left to his own devices, he changed his trade several times and ended by enlisting in the army of vagabonds, composed in Russia of work haters, ex-government clerks, former students, and moujiks whom scarcity of land drives from their villages; in short, of the dregs of society, all great vodka-drinkers, without any determined trade; at times laborers, at times thieves, ready for anything, capable of anything. Henceforth Gorki knows nought but the highway; and has for companions only vagabonds whose lives contain no secret from him—and he has understanding for none but scamps. He explores the banks of the Volga, the waters of which stir his imagination. Everywhere he observes, stores up visions, fills his memory with images, enriches it with models, with original types. Gorki's condition is truly pitiable; he becomes, by turns, cook on a steamer, vender of *kvass* (cider) and bargeman. The realm of ideas is absolutely foreign to him: some intermittent reading of Gogol, of the verses of the popular poet Kolsov here and there, of Stenko-Razine's history, or episodes from Russian history, and that is all. At the age of seventeen, by some chance he finds himself at Kazan, a university town. Here he becomes acquainted with the students who undertake to educate him, and, while working at a baker's Gorki reads the books they lend him. "The bakery was in a basement the windows of which were beneath the level of the street. There was little light, little air, but much dampness and flour-dust. An enormous stove occupied nearly a third of the kitchen. The smell of yeast pervaded the unwholesome atmosphere. The smoky ceiling, the gray day together with the fire of the oven produced a light fatiguing to the eyes."

But of what importance is it to Gorki? He makes friends with another journeyman-baker, a vagabond like himself, a true artist in his line. "You should have seen him handle a seven-pood block of dough! At first as I saw him dash the raw loaves into the oven faster than I could get them out of the trough, I always feared he would throw them on top of one another. But I felt real admiration for him, after he had taken out three ovens full, without one of the hundred and twenty crisp, beautiful loaves being damaged." Konovalov loved his work, raved over it, was sad when the oven wouldn't bake properly or when the dough wouldn't rise. On the other hand, he was happy when the loaves came out of the oven all round and even, just brown enough, with a thin crisp crust.

He would take the finest loaf from the shovel and throw it from one palm on to the other, exclaiming: "What a beauty!"

"After the work," Gorki relates, "we would stretch out on our backs in the yard, and contemplate the abyss over our heads. By degrees, the blue sky drawing us to its depths would invest our souls. . . . We lost the feeling of existence and were swimming in the secrets of the heavens. . . . We were in a condition of half-sleep and contemplation. . . . We would remain thus for whole hours together, and when we went home this communion with nature had refreshed our hearts. . . . In those days, the destinies of humanity occupied my thoughts. I strove to prepare in my own self an active and powerful force; I considered myself an important person, indispensable to the general life."

Gorki often read popular tales aloud to Konovalov.

"How strange it is," said the latter, "a man has written a book—it is but paper—and still it is a book! Those men live, and see life, and absorb all the pain of life. Their eyes must be extraordinary eyes! They look at life, a sorrow comes to them, and they pour their sorrow into their books! But that does not relieve them for their hearts are touched and you could not drive sorrow from them even with fire.—So they drink. The author dies, his book remains and is read."

Konovalov thought that those who write books should be encouraged "because they understood more than other people. I, for instance, who am I? A beggar, a drunkard. There is no reason why I should live. Why am I on earth, of what use am I to any one? I possess nothing: neither shelter, nor wife, nor child, and I feel no desire. I live and am lonesome. Why? I do not know. Something is lacking,—a spark."

Gorki began to read assiduously the books that the students lent him. The contact with the realm of ideas resulted in an attempt at suicide. Gorki was eighteen. His frail poet's soul was not prepared for intellectual light and the shock was too severe. But his friend Konovalov, the incorrigible vagabond, was there and said to him: "It is very wrong for you to have this mania for cities. Life is rotten there. There is neither space nor light. You are an educated man, you know how to read, what need have you of other men? Leave the cities. Books? One is not in this world only to read books. All that is nonsense. Buy some, put them into your bag and tramp! Would you like to go to Tashkent, to Samarkand? We shall go by the Amour river, don't you want to? There is nothing better than to wander about the world. You walk and

see new things and think of nothing. The wind blows in your face, and it seems as though it had lifted all the dust from your soul. You are free; nothing hinders you. If you are hungry you work for fifty kopeks. And you walk on. In this way we shall see many things."

And Gorki heard the voice of the highway and understood that "his place was not in intellectual circles." He left Kazan, revisited the banks of the Volga, visited the Caucasus, went as far as the Black Sea. Here, railroad official; there, laborer; he earned his living, talked to his fellow-travelers, observed much, saturated his mind with the beauties of nature. In 1892, he became acquainted with Vladimir Korolenko who revealed him to Russian literary men. Our vagabond began to write. His first tale "Makar Tchoudra" (1893) had some success. "It was night," Gorki relates, "when I issued forth from the house where, to a private circle, I had read my first printed story. I had received a great many compliments and, pleasantly affected, I was walking slowly along the deserted street, feeling for the first time in my life with such intensity, the delight of living. It was in February; the night was clear and the sky cloudless, woven with a rich tissue of stars; a bracing wind was blowing on the earth covered with an abundant and vapory raiment of fresh-fallen snow. The boughs of the trees reaching over the walls, cast on my way intricate arabesques of shadow; the snow-flakes glittered, dazzling and soft under the blue and caressing light of the moon. Nowhere was there a living being to be seen, and the creaking of the snow under my tread was the only sound that disturbed the solemn silence of that night, so present to my memory. . . . I was thinking: It is pleasant to be of some consequence on this earth among men."

Gorki writes much, produces tales and stories just as the apple-tree brings forth apples. His first volume of *Narratives* was published in 1896 in St. Petersburg. Criticism seemed rather doubtful, but the literary public gave this volume a warm welcome, and twenty-four thousand copies were sold in eight months. The life-like reality of the characters, the depth, energy, and picturesqueness of diction, very soon procured the author warm admirers.—Since Tourguéniev's *Tales of a Hunter* no such thing had been seen. The characters, conjured up in a realistic vision, delighted the readers.

And Gorki keeps on writing: he has published six volumes of short stories while continuing his vagabond life. The Kremlin at Moskow, the islands of the Neva, and editorial rooms, are uncongenial to him. He must have the highway with its tramp-philos-

ophers. Often, after an enthusiastic reception from students and literary people, Gorki says to all: "Good bye, brothers, I am off," and again takes up his endless wanderings.

II.

Maxime Gorki is a prolific and creative writer; his gift for observation is very powerful, and with him, creative imagination gushes forth like a flowing spring; there are true sobs in his unequal but always plastic, voluptuous, feverish and animated style. He knows how to conjure up in a few lines, a whole world of sombre or brilliant, gay or tragic images; how to bring forth the flow of ideas amid the tumult of metaphors. Though the form is of the romantic school, the thought is realistic; he does not analyze, but only sketches, draws, depicts. Always remaining within the limits of reality, Gorki, with rare exceptions, keeps up to a truly poetical pitch; he possesses the emotive gift to a wonderful degree. His language is rough and violent but sonorous; his descriptions are vigorous and lively. He conjures up life with a remarkable intensity; he sees life everywhere. Nature herself seems eloquent to him; he attributes to her a living force, and believes that she feels and understands. Nature plays the most important part in his narratives; all his thoughts, all his sentiments, refer to her, he uses her to make poetical and philosophical comparisons, he confides his griefs, his thoughts to her. . . .

" . . . The wind was caressing the powerful salty bosom of the sea, the sunbeams were warming it, and it sighed, fatigued by their ardent caresses. . . . Towards the misty horizon it extended perfectly calm and its transparent waves were breaking softly against the noisy and lively shore.—Radiant under the sunlight, it beamed, dazzling, great, strong, yet gentle, and its breath refreshed the workers on the shore who were striving to embank the liberty of its billows The sea seemed to pity men; centuries of existence had made it understand that the real culprits are not those who build. It knew that they are but slaves and that the fight against elements whose vengeance is ever ready, is forced upon them.—They toil; their blood and sweat is the cement of all that is done on earth. They, too, are an element, and that is why the sea looks kindly upon the work that they will not profit by. The little gray larvæ which exhaust the mountain are like the drops of the waves that first fall against the inaccessible rocks of the bank, urged on by the sea's eternal desire to enlarge its dominion, and are first to die, breaking against them."

Whenever Gorki remains true to himself, whenever he conjures up the world which he knows out and out—the world of vagabonds—he is remarkable. He has lived their life, and lives it still. Often it is his own story he tells; he knows how to animate his heroes, and thanks to him, we know their thoughts, their language, gestures, and aspirations—we watch them live. However, some of Gorki's narratives produce an almost weird impression. The setting is certainly always picturesque and the images are always lifelike; but all those highways, all those public houses and tramps finally overstimulate our nerves and sharpen our sensitiveness. The Russian soul sighs out a sort of painful song which goes to our hearts.

Most of Gorki's characters are devoid of moral sense. Hatred, vengeance, and anger have possession of their hearts. One of the favorite pleasures of his heroes is to beat their wives. Sometimes, a sunbeam, a burst of kindness will light up those rough hearts, lighten and pacify the troubles of their grieving souls.—

The characters in the "Orlov Family," Grischka and Matrena, are both young, in love with and proud of one another. Grischka is strong, passionate, and handsome; Matrena is fair and plump with flashing gray eyes—a buxom girl. They love each other, but are so bored with life! They have hardly any impressions or interests which might have given them now and then the possibility of taking a rest from each other's company, and have satisfied the craving of the human mind to torment itself, to think and to worry—in other words, to live. If the Orlovs had had any object in life, their life would have been easier. They had grown accustomed to each other, knew all each other's words, all each other's gestures. Day followed day and brought nothing into their existence that might have made a diversion. Sometimes, on holidays, they would go and call on other simple people, like themselves; sometimes others visited them; they ate, drank, and often had fights. Then the dull days would begin to pass by slowly, one after the other, like links of an invisible chain, making life heavy for them with work, tediousness, and an absurd irritation towards each other. By way of diversion they would often fight, and the neighbors would furnish an interested audience.

"You will kill me," exclaims the wife, all out of breath.

"That is nothing!" says the man soothingly, with concentrated anger, but quite sure of his right. The public lean out towards the Orlov window, seized with a frantic desire to witness the details of the struggle.

"He is astride her back"...."her nose is all bloody"....the

nearest cry out with delight. The yard is full of noise, laughter, and jokes.

After the fight, Orlov remains silent in a corner, without looking at any one. No one comes near him, for they know that at that moment he is a wild beast. His wife is lying all bruised on the floor; she groans and he feels that she is a martyr. He knows it. He even knows that she is quite right and that he is wrong, and that increases his hatred; for together with this knowledge, a furious and obscure feeling is seething in his heart, stronger than this consciousness.—Everything is muddled and painful inside him, he sinks down beneath the heavy burden of his inmost sensations, knowing of nothing else but a half a bottle of brandy to relieve him.

Often Orlov will groan:

"What a life! Continual work and then endless tiresomeness, tediousness, then again work. My mother brought me into this world by God's will. There is nothing to say against that! I learned a trade, but what for? Are there not enough shoemakers without me? I remain in a cellar and I sew, then I shall die, and after that? What is the meaning of all that? And why must I live, sew and die?"

"You had better not drink that nasty brandy; you would live happier and such thoughts would never enter your head," Matrena humbly suggests.

"With your wooden words you are nothing but a devil's doll! Rack your brains a little: why may I not drink, since it is my pleasure?"

Matrena was coming near him with caressing and loving look, trying to meet his eye, and nestling close up to his breast.

"Now all we have to do is lick each other like calves, isn't it?" said Grischka dully, pretending he wished to repulse her, but she nestled closer and closer to him. Then the shoemaker's eye would light up; he would throw his work on the ground, and taking his wife on his knee, would kiss her long and repeatedly, sighing with all the power of his lungs, and, speaking in an undertone, as though he feared some one might hear his words:

"Ah, Motria! We don't live together as we ought to, we snap at each other like wild beasts, and why? Such is my fate. Man is born under a certain star, and that star is fate. How can I help my disposition? You are right and I am wrong. . . .and the more you are in the right, the more I want to beat you. . . ."

"If a child would come to us, we should be better off; we should have a diversion and something to think of."

"Well, what are you waiting for? Have one then."

"Yes, but with such blows as you give me I cannot. . . . you hit me too hard. . . . If only you wouldn't kick me!"

"Can any one pay any attention at such times where to strike, and with what? Besides I am not an executioner, I do not beat you for pleasure, but because of anger. . . ."

"Where did this anger come from?"

"It is my fate! Look, am I worse than others, than that fellow from Little Russia for instance? Still he does not have this anguish. He is all alone, hasn't a wife, nor anybody. I should have burst without you. And he, nothing! That fellow smokes his pipe and smiles contentedly! I remain in this hole, and work all the time and I have nothing of anything. And even you—you are my wife—what is there of any interest about you? a woman like the rest. . . . I know everything about you. . . . Such a life, I tell you! So I go to the saloon—"

"Why did you marry?"

"Why? The devil knows why! I had much better have turned tramp. . . ."

"Then go and give me my liberty," declares Matrena ready to cry.

"Where would you go?" asks Grischka with an important air.

"That's my business."

"Where?" and his eyes flash fiercely.

"Don't make a row."

"Perhaps you have your eye on some fellow? Speak!"

"Let me go!"

He has her already by the hair; he is in a rage and beats her mercilessly. And half an hour after, "Come my deary dove, forgive me!"

And Matrena is ready to pay for these words with her bruised sides; she is crying, but only for joy in the expectation of caresses.

Now the cholera comes. The Orlovs get acquainted with a medical student who tends the sick people with remarkable disinterestedness in spite of the ignorance and ill-will of the peasants. They both join in nursing the sick.

One day the doctor tells Orlov that he is the man they need. That transforms the shoemaker completely. . . . He does more and more to please the doctor. Under the influence of all the combined impressions this new form of his existence gives him, a strange and enthusiastic state of mind develops within him. He has a passion for doing something that will attract the attention of all to himself;

that every one, struck with astonishment, will be obliged to recognize the force of his individuality. It is an ambition which by degrees becomes a craving for the accomplishment of generous deeds. Stimulated by this desire, Orlov executes all sorts of dangerous feats. For instance, he alone, without waiting for help from his comrades, drags with great difficulty some corpulent patient from his bed to the lazaret, or tends the dirtiest patients. But all that cannot satisfy him; he desires something grander; that yearning torments and exasperates him. Then he unburdens his soul to his wife because he has no one else:

"My soul burns—It requires space that I might freely bring all my force into action. Oh, I feel indomitable force within me! If, for instance, the cholera could assume the figure of a hero, of Ilia Mourometz* himself, I would attack him! 'Come on for a deadly fight! Thou art a force and I, Grischka, am another; we shall see who gets the best of it!' And I should strangle him, or fall myself. A cross on my grave and an inscription: 'Grigory Orlov has delivered Russia from the cholera.' I want nothing more. I would throw myself on a hundred knives, but I want it to be of use, some good for life must come of it.

"You see people such as the doctor, the student, who work wonderfully. They ought to be dead long ago with fatigue. You think it is for money. Money has nothing to do with it; it is for love of humanity. They pity mankind, so they have no pity left for themselves. Everybody knows that Michka is a thief, yet they take care of him and are pleased and laugh when he can get up again . . . I also wish to experience that joy. . . ."

When the hospital is closed, Orlov begins to drink and beat his wife again, and falls back to his old ways. . . .

Many among these people are convinced that if they are what they are, it is because man is not allowed to do as he chooses. "What is necessary, is strength," says one of the characters in "Thomas Gordieev," "for it bends steel and steel is a resisting metal! In resistance alone resides the value of man. . . his resistance to the pressure with which life bears down upon him. If he comes out of the fight victorious, I congratulate him! If he does not succeed, he is a fallen creature!"

"You perhaps think that man is free to act as he wishes? Mistaken, little brother! Tell me what you will do to-morrow? You will never be able to! You cannot say whether you will go to the right or left. That's how it is."†

* A legendary hero of Russia.

† "Jemelian Pilaie."

All these vagabonds are better than they seem, in spite of that instinct for crime and liquor-drinking, for they are all poisoned by alcohol, from father to son. To intoxicate themselves is the only liberty the czars graciously afford their millions of subjects. The latter indulge in it tremendously. Alcoholism is the chief cause of physical and moral decay in Gorki's vagabonds.

Old Tsergueï* believes she understands the cause of the dullness of Russian life: "I see that men do not live, but simply put up with existence, and exhaust all their strength in it. And when they have cheated themselves, having spent their time uselessly, they begin to complain about fate. Fate has nothing to do with it. Each man makes his own fate. I see numbers of men, but no strong men. Where are they? Mere thought will never remove a stone from the road. To the one who does nothing, nothing will come. Why do we exhaust our strength with thinking and lamenting? Arise! let us make straight for the forest and hew it down."

No one rises, no one moves, the black forest remains untouched. Here and there a cry of revolt, but a blow from the knout or *nahaïka*, and all relapses into a morbid silence; gloom gathers and Russia becomes sadder and more sombre.

But the charge of Cossacks, even deadly shooting, will not stop the run of historical events.—

Gorki has shown in what the new power on which Russia has been reckoning for such a long time consists. His task as a novelist is done: he closed the literary nineteenth century in a worthy manner. Others will now have the task of freeing that power of its morbid elements, of setting it in motion, of starting it in the right direction. That is no longer the novelist's business. No more arabesques, no more lessons nor pictures, no more teaching nor theoretical ethics—but examples! action! "The way! show us the way!" shouts young Russia.

Will Gorki point out that way? His name has almost a symbolic meaning. He is the incarnation of the sufferings, the misery, the aspirations of the people from whose ranks he rose.—Will he know how to avail himself of his fame to gather round his personality the crushed masses and lead them to the work of social justice, to liberation and, if need be, to revolt?

* In the story of that title.

TREWEYISM.

BY HENRY RIDGELY EVANS.

"Le mime-comédien Trewey est un prestidigitateur merveilleux, créateur vraiment surprenant d'ombres chinoises avec l'unique secours de ses mains. On peut dire que Trewey est de ceux qui ont agrandi le cercle de la fantasmagorie et en ont fait un des astres les plus vagabonds de la fantaisie."

DOM BLASIUS, *L'Intransigent*.

I.

MY favorite character in French fiction is Alexander Dumas's inimitable D'Artagnan, *le mousquetaire par excellence*, who comes out of Gascony with nothing but a rusty suit of clothes on his back, an ancestral sword at his side, his father's blessing, and a bony sorrel horse under him, to seek his fortune in the world. Aided by his good rapier, his wonderful *sang froid*, splendid audacity, and versatile talents, he elbows his way to the foot of a throne, to become Captain of the Grand Monarque's body-guard, and eventually a marshal of France.

In the world of magic we have a similar character, not a mere figment, however, of a novelist's imagination, but a living, breathing personality. I refer to Félicien Trewey, the eminent French fantaisiste, whose life reads like a romance. M. Trewey possesses all of the qualities of heart and mind of Dumas's hero: audacity, versatility, tireless energy in the pursuit of his profession, bonhomie, and what not. Had he lived in the seventeenth century, he doubtless would have been a soldier of fortune like D'Artagnan, fought duels, made love to duchesses, and outwitted a cardinal, but having been born in an age of steam and electricity, and fully realizing the fact that science has reduced the art of war to mere mechanics, he sought out a career that promised the most romance and adventure, and became a mousquetaire of magic, wielding the wand instead of the sword. It is a long, long way from the half-starved mounte-

bank of a wandering caravan to an *Officier de l'Academie* and landed proprietor living at ease in one's old age. But Trewey has accomplished all this.

II.

One evening when strolling along the Boulevard, I saw outside of the *Concert des Ambassadeurs* a bill-board with the following announcement: "Le Grand Trewey! Equilibre, Jonglerie, Prestidigitation.—Le Chapeau Multiforme ou 25 Têtes sous un Chapeau.—Mime.—Musique.—Silhouettes et Ombres des Mains, etc. Amusements Scientifiques et Récréatifs."



TREWEY'S VILLA AT ASNIÈRES SUR SEINE. AU CLAIR DE LA LUNE.

My interest was at once aroused. Here was no ordinary artist, but a man of versatility. I bought a ticket, and was soon seated in the theatre. After the usual infliction of skirt-dancers, acrobats, and eccentric singers with raspy voices, the curtain rose on M. Trewey's act. I sighed with relief. Ah, here was an oasis in the vast Sahara of vaudeville claptrap and mediocrity. I was not disappointed. The stage was elegantly set with gilt tables. The scene was boxed in with rich silk curtains *à la Pinetti*. A burst of applause (not confined to the *claque* either), and the great Trewey appeared. A long black cloak enveloped him. Throwing this off,

he appeared in full court costume—a gentleman of the reign of Louis XVI. I felt like asking him, "When did you see last the Chevalier Pinetti?" After a very superior exhibition of juggling, and sleight-of-hand with cards and coins, he passed on to ombromanie, or hand-made shadows, among them being portraits of

PROGRAMME

PREMIÈRE PARTIE

TREWY

Dans ses créations.

Ouverture. — Equilibres et Jongleries.

DEUXIÈME PARTIE

Fantaisies. — La Valse des Assiettes. — Les Cuvettes tapageuses. — Le Papier multiforme. — La Harpe éolienne. — Le Tabarin moderne.

ENTR'ACTE

TROISIÈME PARTIE

LES OMBRES DES MAINS

PAR

TREWY

Ouverture.

- 1^{re} Série. — Le Lapin. — Les deux Oies. — Le Perroquet. — Le Poisson. — L'Éléphant. — Le Tau-reau. — Le Cygne. — Le Prédicateur. — Le Chat. — Le Chien.
- 2^e Série. — Le Batelier. — Le Pêcheur. — Le Jockey. — La Danseuse de corde.
- 3^e Série. — Les Amours du Policeman, pantomime.
- 4^e Série. — Silhouettes et Profils illustrés.
- 5^e Série. — Le Clown et l'Ane savant.
- 6^e Série. — Le Buveur normand et le Rigolo. — Au Revoir..., galop final.

Le piano sera tenu par M. Henri DEVIENNE.

Tous les dimanches et jeudis. à 2 heures.

TREWY

MATINÉE DE FAMILLE

Thiers, Gladstone, Czar Alexander III, Emile Zola, Gambetta, Bismarck, Crispi, and Lord Salisbury. The art of casting silhouettes of animals, such as the dog, the cat, and the rabbit, upon an illuminated wall is very ancient. The Italian painter Campi was one of the first to add new types to the collection of figures. Trewey

raised the art to the dignity of a stage performance and endowed it with movement and life. I shall quote as follows from an article on Trewey contributed by me to the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* some years ago:

"He stands behind a screen, which is brilliantly illuminated by an oxyhydrogen light, and with his hands projects the silhouettes—pictures of soldiers, peasants, abbés, etc., to say nothing of animals. To form the headgear of his men and women, such as the grotesque bonnets of Norman bonnes, the képis of the little piou-pious, and the mortar-boards of the English scholastics, he has recourse to small pieces of cardboard cut to resemble the respective cranial coverings. Trewey is not content with the 'cold profiles,' as he calls them, of living creatures, but endows his shadows with animation. His old peasants, for example, smoke, imbibe liquor from large jugs, inhale snuff, roll their eyes, open their mouths, gesticulate; his animals are exceedingly mobile. Besides this, he makes his characters enact charming little pantomimic scenes. One he calls the 'serenade.' A piece of cardboard fashioned to represent the side of a house, constitutes the scenery. A gendarme (supposed to be violently in love with the servant girl) knocks at the door of the mansion, whereupon his fair *inamorata* appears at the upstairs window. After an exchange of compliments, she withdraws from the window and reappears at the door. She gives to her lover a drink from a suspicious bottle, and he, after wiping his beard, kisses her and retires. Then comes the strolling musician, playing a lugubrious melody on the clarinet. The owner of the house rushes to the bedroom window and motions the player away, but the musician derisively strikes up a lively tune. The irate proprietor now makes his appearance armed with a long broom, with which he thrashes the clarinetist. The musician still persisting, paterfamilias next produces the water-jug, and from the upstairs window pours the contents upon the head of the luckless serenader, who quickly makes his exit.

"The little accessories used in this act, such as the helmet for the policeman, the broom, bottle, etc., are cut from pasteboard and, where necessary, attached to the fingers of the performer by means of india-rubber rings. The water-jug, however, is an actual little vessel, which is filled with sand. When this is poured out, it simulates a flow of water in the most natural manner.

"The pulpit orator' is a clever silhouette. About the left arm of the performer is tied a small box, which represents the pulpit; the bent fingers make a canopy. Between the fingers of the right



TRUEN



GLADSTONE



BISMARCK



ALEXANDER III



GAMBETTA



LOUIS BAIERDREY



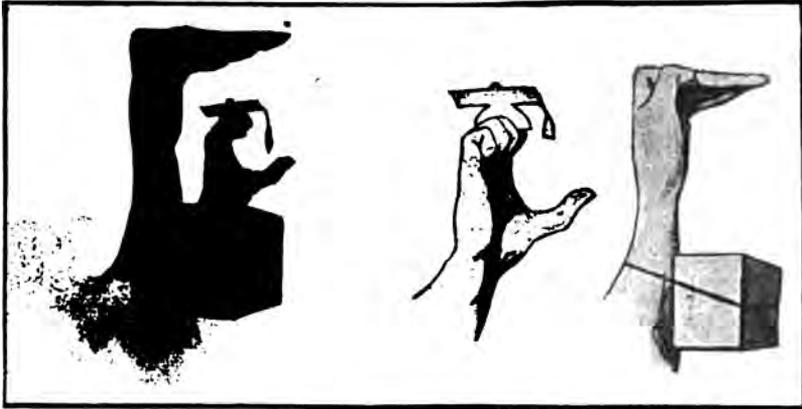
CRISTY



SOLO

TREWEY'S SHADOW SILHOUETTES.

hand is held a bit of pasteboard, cut in the shape of a mortar-board cap. The paraphernalia is very simple. You see the learned divine ascend the pulpit, bend forward in prayer, then begin to exhort an



THE PULPIT PANTOMIME.

imaginary congregation. He thumps the pulpit-rail vehemently, twists himself into all sorts of grotesque positions, and wipes his



TREWEY'S HANDS.

perspiring brow. After having blessed the people, he descends from his elevated perch."

I learned from him many interesting things about shadow-

graphy and sleight-of-hand generally. To excell in the art of ombromanie requires long practice. The fingers have to be exercised continuously in certain peculiar movements, such as are depicted in the accompanying illustration. Dexterity is largely dependent upon the formation of the hand, one of particular characteristics of skilfulness being "the faculty of reversing the metacarpal phalanges of the fingers, so that when the hand is extended it is convex." Trewey possesses this faculty. Another peculiarity of his hands is the formation of the fingers; they differ very much in length. The middle finger exceeds the ring-finger by nearly an inch.

III.

I met Trewey some weeks later in London at the Empire Theatre, and we struck up a great friendship which has lasted to this day. The story of his life is full of interest, and is a typical example of the folly of setting any one to a vocation for which he has no particular taste. Intended at first for the priesthood by his parents and subsequently for a mechanical trade, Trewey followed his own inclinations—conjuring and juggling. I will quote again from my paper in the *Cosmopolitan*:

"Like most artists who have risen to eminence on the French stage, Trewey has known hardships and bitter poverty. His youth was a struggle against adverse conditions. But he had in him, in its truest sense, the soul of old Gaul—that joyous insouciance, that sardonic humor, which laughs at fortune and snaps its finger at the world. Natural vivacity will often keep a Frenchman alive, though his body is clothed in rags and his stomach is empty. Trewey was born at Angoulême, France, during the Revolution of 1848. His father was an engineer in a paper-mill. Trewey père was ambitious for his son to enter the Church, so he sent him to the Seminary of the Holy Trinity at Marseilles to study for the priesthood. But fate had willed otherwise. When quite a young boy, Trewey had been taken to see a circus at Marseilles. Among the mountebanks was a conjuror, who gave a very interesting exhibition. The feats of magic of this strolling Merlin so fascinated the little Trewey that he forthwith secretly vowed to become a professional prestidigitator, as soon as he grew up. The studies pursued at the Jesuit college did not cure the boy of his love for the stage. He divided his time between Latin verbs and juggling, mathematics and the art of palmistry. Soon he was able to give little exhibitions, private, of course, for the amusement of his com-

rades. The good fathers must have thought him a very eccentric youth, for he was continually trying to balance his slate on the tip of his nose. Many a well-deserved cat-o'-nine-tails he got for his improvised feats of equilibration. Lying awake at night in the silent dormitory, he invented tricks, then fell asleep to dream of the wild delights of the mountebank's life—wandering like a gipsy over the country in a caravan, and performing at the little French villages and towns before crowds of rustics. He pictured himself dressed in gorgeous raiment, exhibiting magic tricks for the amusement of gaping yokels—pulling rabbits from hats, turning omelets into doves and producing bowls of gold-fish from shawls. The boom, boom, of the bass drum, calling the spectators together, resounded in his ears. The boy had in him the spirit of adventure; the blood of some old strolling player of an ancestor ran in his veins. He longed to escape from under the watchful domination of the 'black-ropes,' as he designated the good priests of the seminary. Three years passed. One day during the Christmas holidays, Trewey refused to return to his studies, so his father placed him in the engine-room of the paper-mill to learn machinery. Cog-wheels and oil-cans possessed no more fascination for him than Latin and Greek. One fine summer day he ran away from home in company with an acrobat.

"Trewey at this period of his career was not over fifteen years of age, and had but little experience of men and manners. The quiet cloisters of a Jesuit seminary are not conducive to knowledge of the world. Life now became hard for Trewey and his companion, the youthful tumbler. They exhibited in market-places, cafés, and in inn yards. The life they led was next door to starvation. Soon Trewey left the acrobat and obtained an engagement at one of the small music-halls of Marseilles. The munificent sum of six francs per week (one dollar and twenty cents) was the salary he received for his services. In addition to his juggling exhibition, given several times a day, he was obliged to appear in a pantomime performance at night. In this troupe was the famous Plessis, who eventually became one of the foremost comedians of France, rivaling even the great Coquelin.

"In those days it was the custom for people to throw money on the stage to favorite performers. Applauding with the hands being monopolized by a paid clique, there was no better way for enthusiastic spectators, in French places of amusement, to show their appreciation of the talents of an artist, than by showering upon him gold, silver, or copper coins. The vaudeville artists did not

consider it beneath their dignity to stoop and gather up these substantial evidences of public favor.

"Said Trewey to me: 'I saved these coins until I was able to purchase two fine costumes. Then I secured an engagement at the Alcazar at Marseilles.'

"Other engagements followed this, and Trewey became the most popular performer in the south of France. The desire for a roving life led him to become the proprietor of a traveling pantomime and vaudeville company. His versatility was shown here. He juggled, conjured, played Pierrot in the pantomime, danced in the clodoche, and managed the finances of the troupe. After two years of this life, he got an engagement at Bordeaux. It was here that he invented his ombromanie, and straightway became famous. From Bordeaux he migrated to Paris. His success was instantaneous."

The journalists rallied to his aid. He became the lion of the hour. *L'illustration* named his art Treweyism. His reputation was established.

IV.

Trewey is a mimic *par excellence*. He is past master in the art of pantomime and facial expression. One of his particular acts which has given rise to numerous imitations is entitled "Tabarin, or Twenty-five Heads Under One Chapeau." Thanks to a piece of black felt cloth, circular in shape, with a hole cut in the center, Trewey is able to manufacture in a few minutes all the varieties of head gear required for the Tabarin. For example: Napoleon—A couple of twists of the cloth, and lo! you have a representation of *le chapeau de Marengo*, the little cocked hat which Napoleon made famous, and about which so many legends cluster. With this hastily improvised hat on his head, Trewey assumes the Napoleonic attitude—one hand thrust into his vest, the other behind his back. His physiognomy is that of the great Emperor, as depicted by the painters of the Imperial régime. The likeness is perfect. And so with fat French priests, soldiers, bonnes, landladies, artists, diplomats, etc. It is a portrait gallery of French types; Gavarni lives for us again. And just here let me digress a moment to explain the origin of the curious word *Tabarin*, which, as all lovers of French comedy know, has passed into the repertory of the national theatre. Some two hundred and fifty years ago that bridge of memories, the old Pont Neuf of Paris, was the rendezvous of quacksalvers and mountebanks. Booths for the sale of various articles lined

the sides of the bridge. People flocked there to see the sights, to laugh, chat, make love, and enjoy life as only Parisians can. Students and grisettes from the *Quartier Latin* elbowed ladies and gentlemen of fashion from the Faubourg St. Germain. Bourgeois families came to study the flippant manners of their superiors. Poodle-clippers plied their trade; jugglers amused the *quid nuncs* with feats of dexterity; traveling dentists pulled teeth and sold balsams; clowns tumbled; and last, but not least, pickpockets lifted purses and silk *mouchoirs* with impunity. One of the principal venders of quack nostrums of the Pont Neuf was Montdor. He was aided by a buffoon named Tabarin who made facetious replies to questions asked by his master, accompanied with laughable grimaces and grotesque gestures. The modern ringmaster and clown of the circus have similar scenes together, minus the selling of medicines. Tabarin was celebrated for his wit. Some of his *bon mots* have descended to our time. He performed the feat of making some ten different hats out of the brim of a felt hat, giving appropriate facial portraits beneath each, and using wigs and beards to enhance the effect. Such, in brief, is the story of the famous Merry Andrew whose name has become a by-word in France for buffoonery and broad humor. The history of such men would make interesting reading for the student of sociology. But Dame Clio has eyes only for tremendous battles, diplomatic intrigues, the doings of royalty and great folk. The little world of every day life, that busy ant hill where the human comedy is so ardently played, is beneath her notice. The life and adventures of quacksalvers, minor poets, wandering jugglers, faugh!—that is asking too much of the Muse of History. Says Guizot: "History has no room for all those who throng about her gates without succeeding in getting in and leaving traces of their stay."

But occasionally a man or woman rises from the dregs of the people and compels recognition; and sad to relate, nine times out of ten, through the commission of crimes. Have we not Cagliostro and Madame de la Motte, thorough paced scoundrels and charlatans, but nevertheless very delightful folk, who have added a tinge of romance to history? I for one confess a weakness for the tittle-tattle of court gossip and backstairs diplomacy. Behind the scenes with Louis XV and XVI, Frederick the Great and Catherine II is far more entertaining than the battles of the period. Casanova gives one a better picture of eighteenth century morals and manners than any of the great historians of the time. History is the dry



THE TABARIN.

bones of an epoch; the memoir writers are the Ezekiels who behold the bones clothed with flesh and thrilling with life-blood.

Wandering across the old Pont Neuf, gazing over the parapet at the sunshine rippling in the flowing waters of the Seine, all these thoughts came to my mind. Once again, as in the days of long ago, I saw in my imagination, the bridge crowded with people. There came to me the faint rustling of silk skirts, the clatter of high-heeled shoes upon the paving stones. Boom! boom! goes the drum. I hear the strident voice of Montdor shouting out his wares, and the unctuous notes of the comical Tabarin uttering a *bon mot*.

v.

Trewey is the inventor of many clever card sleights and passes; for example, a color change executed by taking cards from the back of the pack with the fork of the thumb and forefinger and placing them on the front. The origin of this clever sleight is not generally known. I have seen him throw cards from the stage of the Alhambra Theatre, London, to the topmost gallery. This is a tremendous feat, as the Alhambra is one of the largest theatres in the world. He possesses the peculiar talent of writing in reverse, necessitating the use of a mirror in order to read it. The artistic sentiment was born in him. It seems to be a family characteristic. Rosa Bordas, the celebrated French *chanteuse patriotique*, is his cousin-german. A writer in *L'Echo des Jeunes* thus apostrophises him in verse:

"Dans le monde artistique ou son étoile brille,
Trewey ne peut que ressortir,
Vraiment, cela tient le famille,
Vu que bon sang ne peut mentir."

The most exclusive and aristocratic salons of Paris and Vienna have engaged his services for private séances. In Spain, Belgium, Austria, Russia, and England he was the sensation of the day. At the present time he is living in retirement at Asnières, near Paris, where he has purchased a charming home known as the Villa Traversière *au clair de la lune*. During the Exposition of 1900 he was the manager of the Theatre Phono-Cinéma. At his villa, he spends his time inventing and improving devices to be used in moving-picture apparatus; corresponding with his friends; meditating upon the works of his favorite authors, Confucius and Epictetus; and writing songs, farces, and dramatic articles. In the year 1903 he was made an *Officier de l'Académie* by the French Government. He married Miss Ixa of Trôçadero fame.

Trewey relates many interesting anecdotes of contemporary

French magicians whom he has met on his travels. He is literally a man without envy. His admiration for Buatier de Kolta was unbounded. They were close friends.



FROM "THE ENTR'ACTE," LONDON, MAY 7, 1887.

He once toured the Continent with the Hungarian conjurer Velle, who was the first to give exhibitions within a marked circle

where the audience could gather on all sides. Velle impersonated Mephisto to perfection. Trewey and August Lassaigne were once partners. Lassaigne was born in Toulouse, in 1819. Besides being a magician he was an aeronaut, having made 347 ascensions. He died in Montpellier in the year 1887.

When Trewey first toured the United States, under the management of Alexander Herrmann, he was very much annoyed by impostors, who advertised themselves as *Drewey*, but their performances were only weak imitations of the original—the merest shadows of a shade. In the wake of the whale follow little fishes—"pikers"—who grab at the crumbs dropped by the monarch of the sea, being too lazy or indifferent to find hunting seas of their own.

"Many amateurs are more skilful than professionals," said Trewey to me. "I have in mind my friend Alexander Osso, who was born in Paris in the year 1828. While a student he once happened to be present at a soirée where M. Comte was giving an exhibition. He was so fascinated that he afterwards took lessons in legerdemain from the professor. When he finished his schooling, he entered the service of the Count de Nigra, then Ambassador to Italy, and remained with him for forty years, visiting London, St. Petersburg, Vienna, and other great capitals. Osso often entertained the Count and his friends with conjuring séances. In this way he amused society at nearly all the Courts of Europe, besides giving many entertainments for the benefit of the poor. In spite of his advanced age he still keeps in practice as a conjurer, at his home in Paris, where he retired from an active life in 1903.

"Then we have M. Pitau, a wine merchant, who studied legerdemain to amuse his friends and increase his custom. He was a capital guest at the hotel table. People loved to be seated near him, for he was not only skilful at hanky panky with glasses, plates, napkins, knives, corks, coins, etc., but he was a brilliant raconteur and a mimic. His most amusing trick was the following: He would place his hat over his plate which held perhaps a chop and potatoes. Passing his hand under the hat he would bring forth several five franc pieces. Then he would pass it a second time beneath the chapeau and bring out five or six gold one-hundred franc pieces. Now he would exclaim: 'Ladies and gentlemen, I will give what is left on the plate for ten centimes.' Lifting the hat, a child's sock or an old shoe would be seen, the chop and potatoes having vanished. This feat was always greeted with shouts of laughter. Pitau often gave entire performances for charitable purposes."

Behind the scenes in an Egyptian temple would doubtless have

BUDDHIST AND CHRISTIAN GOSPELS.

WORK DONE IN COMPARATIVE RELIGION BY ALBERT J. EDMUNDS.

MR. Albert J. Edmunds of Philadelphia, who has contributed frequently to the columns of *The Open Court* on the parallelism between the Buddhist and Christian Gospels, published in 1904 the second edition of a pamphlet in which he brings out a general synopsis of his labors. In the Preface he expresses his impatience with the publishers on account of their reluctance in bringing out his lucubrations, and he adds thereto the hearty endorsement of his work by Prof. T. W. Rhys-Davids of London. We wish to state here that we deem the results of Mr. Edmunds's investigations important in a high degree and think that he is especially fitted for his task; because, on the one hand, he is a Christian and an accomplished New Testament scholar, and, on the other hand, he sympathizes strongly with Buddhist doctrines. There is perhaps no one in the world so well acquainted with the sources of both religions as he. If any one can with approximate certainty point out the date of a Pali text, it is Mr. Edmunds, and few indeed are the scholars that are posted on the subject as well as he is. He is perfectly familiar with the maturest results of New Testament criticism, and in the province of Pali scriptures he is himself one of the leading higher critics.

* * *

From this pamphlet we select for publication some of the salient points which may serve as samples of Mr. Edmunds's work.¹

¹ *Buddhist and Christian Gospels*. Now first compared from the originals. Being Gospel parallels from Pali texts, reprinted with additions by Albert J. Edmunds, Honorary Member and American Representative of the International Buddhist Society of Rangūn, Translator of the *Dhammapada*, "The Buddhist Genesis," etc., Member of the Oriental Society of Philadelphia. Second edition with a notice by T. W. Rhys-Davids. Philadelphia: Sold by the Author, 323½ Sansom St., and by Maurice Brix, 129 South Fifteenth St. Postal Orders payable at Middle City Station, Philadelphia. 1904. Price, 25 cents; Cloth, 50 cents.

Some parallels between the Buddhist and Christian Gospels are very remarkable but perhaps natural. So for instance: Christ is called "the Lion that is of the tribe of Judah," (Rev. v. 5) and Buddha is called "the lion of the tribe of Shakya" or briefly "Shakya-simha." We read in the *Numerical Collection*, v. 99:

"Lion, O monks: this is the appellation of the Tathâgato, the Holy One, the fully Enlightened One. Because, monks, when the Tathâgato proclaims the Doctrine to a company he does so with a lion-voice. If he proclaim it unto monks or nuns, he proclaims it comprehensively, with nothing omitted; and likewise unto lay-disciples, whether men or women. And if, monks, the Tathâgato proclaim the Doctrine to the common people even, who merely care for food and maintenance and wealth, he proclaims it comprehensively, with naught omitted. What is the reason? The Tathâgato, monks, is weighty in religion, an authority in religion."

The literal agreement of a very unique phrase is extraordinary and will go far to prove that there must have been a connection of some kind. We read in John xii. 34: "The multitude therefore answered him, We have heard out of the law, that Christ abideth forever." If we consider that the Greek New Testament texts are written without accents, the verb "abideth"¹ might as well be the future and could in that case be translated "will abide" or "shall abide." The term "forever"² is an incorrect rendering. It means in Greek "for the æon," and the word "æon" corresponds exactly to the Buddhist term *kappa* or in Sanskrit *kalpa*.

Mr. Edmunds quotes passages from *Enunciations* vi. 1, and *Long Collection*, Dialogue 16 (*Book of the Great Decease*. Translated in *Sacred Books of the East*, Vol. XI. p. 40.) and translates as follows:

"Anando, any one who has practised the four principles of psychical power—developed them, made them active and practical, pursued them, accumulated and striven to the height thereof—can, if he so should wish, remain [on earth] for the æon or the rest of the æon.

"Now, Anando, the Tathâgato has practised and perfected these; and if he so should wish, the Tathâgato could remain [on earth] for the æon or the rest of the æon."

Mr. Edmunds makes the following comments on the passage:

"As our text occurs also in the Sanskrit of the Divyâvadâna (which has an independent transmission) its antiquity is certain.

¹ μένει means "abideth," and μενεῖ, "will abide."

² εἰς τὸν αἰῶνα.

Moreover, the Book of the Great Decease and that of Enunciations are two of the oldest in the Pali, Enunciations being also one of the Nine Divisions of a lost arrangement of the Canon.

"The ascription of the saying in John to 'the multitude,' shows it to have been a current belief at the time of Christ. It is not a New Testament doctrine, though the physical Second Coming has been assimilated to it. Commentators have been at a loss to identify the Old Testament passage ('out of the Law') which is supposed to be quoted. The *Twentieth Century New Testament* proposes the Aramaic version of Isaiah ix. 7 as the source. The learned August Wünsch, in his work on the Gospels and the Talmud, says that the source is unknown. Be that as it may, we have here a verbal Pali parallel:

"Ὁ Χριστὸς μένει εἰς τὸν αἰῶνα: Tathâgato kappam tittheyya."

The beautiful passage in John xiv, which promises that Christ will manifest himself unto him who keeps his commands, can be matched by passages in the Buddhist text which bear a close resemblance to it. We read in St. John xiv: (21 αὐτὸς 24)

"He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me: and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself unto him [i. e., appear before him.]"

Mr. Edmunds quotes the following text from the *Logia Book*, 92 (Partly translated into French by the translator of Minayeff: *Recherches sur le Bouddhisme*: Paris, 1894, p. 218):

"O monks, even if a monk should gather up the folds of his robe and follow behind me, treading in my footsteps, yet if he be covetous, on lusts intent, bad-hearted, corrupt in his mind's aspiration, heedless, mindless, ill-conducted, with heart confused and unripe faculties, then is he far from me, and I from him.

"And why? Because, O monks, that monk sees not the Doctrine; and he who sees not the Doctrine sees not me.

"But if that monk should dwell an hundred leagues away, O monks, and be not covetous, nor intent on lusts, not bad-hearted nor corrupt in his mind's aspiration, but heedful, mindful, well-conducted, with concentrated heart and faculties restrained, then is he near to me, and I to him.

"And why? Because, O monks, that monk sees the Doctrine; and he who sees the Doctrine sees me.

[The word "Doctrine" is the ubiquitous *Dhammo*, Sanskrit *Dharma*; and can be equally translated "truth" or "religion."]

"COLLECTION OF SUTTAS, STANZAS 1139-1144.

(Translated by Fausböll: *S. B. E.*, X, part 2, p. 212.)

"From Him I am never absent,
O Brahmin, for a moment—
[Never absent] from Gotamo, the great of intellect,
From Gotamo, in wisdom great.

"'Twas he who taught me the Doctrine
Of instantaneous, immediate peace,
And destruction of Thirst,—
Whose likeness is nowhere.

"Him do I see in my mind, as with an eye,
Vigilant, O Brahmin, night and day:
Worshiping I pass the night;
Therefore, I ween, am I never absent.

"Faith and joy, mind and memory,
Bend me unto Gotamo's religion.
What way soever goeth the Great Intellect,
That way, and that only, am I bent.

"Of me who am aged and tottering
The body therefore fareth not thither,
But in imagination I go ever;
For, O Brahmin! my mind is yoked with him.

"Shivering in the mire,
From island unto island did I leap,
Until I saw the fully Enlightened,
The Flood-crossed, the Unsullied."

Fausböll adds: "The commentary here states that Gotamo, knowing from afar the mental state of this monk and his companion, sent forth a golden light, and stood before them in apparition. A similar Christophany is related in the Introductory Story to Jātaka No. 4. But in Jātaka No. 2, personal devotion to the Master is placed on a lower level than solitary thought."

The idea that Christ is the king of truth finds a literal parallel in Buddhist scriptures. We read in St. John xviii, 37:

"Pilate therefore said unto him, Art thou a king then? Jesus answered, Thou sayest that I am a king. To this end have I been born, and to this end am I come into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth. Every one that is of the truth heareth my voice."

In the *Sela-Sutta*, Buddha makes the same claim. He says:

"I am a King, O Selo!
 An incomparable King of religion;²
 By religion I set rolling a wheel,
 An irresistible wheel.

* * *

"What ought to be supremely known I know,
 What ought to be perfected I perfect,
 What ought to be renounced I renounce:
 Therefore, O Brahmin! am I Buddha.

"Discipline thy doubt of me,
 Surrender thyself, O Brahmin!
 Hard to obtain is the appearing
 Of fully Enlightened Ones repeatedly.

"He who indeed is hard in the world to obtain,
 In manifestation repeatedly,
 That fully Enlightened One, O Brahmin, am I—
 Physician incomparable.

"Godlike, beyond measure,
 A crusher of the Devil's army,
 Having subjugated all enemies,
 I rejoice as one who hath nowhere a fear.

* * *

"Thou art Buddha, thou art the Master,
 Thou art the Sage who overcomest the Devil,
 Thou hast cast off all inclinations:
 And having crossed over thyself, hast ferried this
 [human] race across."

As the disciples of Christ are not of the world, even as he is not of the world (John xvii. 16), so Buddha desires his followers to live in the world without being soiled by it. He says (*Classified Collection* XXII, 94):

"Monks, even as the blue lotus, a water-rose or a white lotus is born in the water, grows up in the water, and stands lifted above it, by the water undefiled: even so, monks, does the Tathāgato grow up in the world, and abide in the mastery of the world, by the world undefiled."

We read in Mark ii. 21:

"No man seweth a piece of new cloth on an old garment, else the new piece that filled it up, taketh away from the old and the rent is made worse."

The passage appears without any connection with the preceding statements and is followed by a similar passage concerning the new

¹Or *Truth* (as in John:) *Dhammo*, which we generally translate "Doctrine."

wine in old bottles. Both the sentiments, concerning the old cloth and the old bottles, are contradictory to the sentiment of Jesus uttered in the Sermon on the Mount where he declares that "till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law." The clause "till all be fulfilled" is not contained in the best codices, and is moreover contradictory to the other determination of time "till heaven and earth pass away." But whatever Jesus may have said, it is remarkable that we find a passage in the Buddhist scriptures which also speaks of the old cloth that has to be cut away. We read [*Middling Collection*, Dialogue 22. Partly translated by Copleston: *Buddhism*, 1892, p. 30]:

"Thus, O monks, is the Doctrine well taught by me—plain, patent, clear, and with the old cloth cut away. Seeing, O monks, that the Doctrine is thus well taught by me—plain, patent, clear, and with the old cloth cut away,—all those who have merely faith and love toward me are sure of Paradise hereafter."

The following note on the grotesque in Buddhism deserves special attention:

"The comparison of Buddha to an elephant excites in some a smile. But the elephant is just as gentle as the lamb and far more majestic, yet we are not shocked by the Apocalyptic Lamb upon the throne of the Godhead. I am told that certain items in the Buddhist scriptures are trivial or grotesque. Are the Gospels free from the like? Joseph's perplexity at the pregnancy of Mary, till a dream assures him it is supernatural; the food and raiment of the Baptist; the fantastic scenes of the Temptation; the baptismal Dove; the transmuted water; the extemporized creation of fishes; the Devils who know the Son of God; the clay and the spittle; the Gadarene swine (so humorously depicted by Carlyle); the coin in the fish's mouth; the Matthæan parallel between Jonah's three nights and Christ's; the rivers that flow from a believer's belly; the blasted fig tree; the Matthæan mistake about the two asses; the anointed feet wiped with a woman's hair; the whipping of the hucksters; the Matthæan apparitions of the corpses; the hand in the resurrected side; the risen Lord eating broiled fish; the vision of the sheet-full of animals; the Elect collected by a trumpet; the adulterers cast into a bed: are not all these New Testament incidents and saws grotesque except to us who are powerfully psychologized by the Christian ideals? No philosopher will make objection for a moment to the Buddhist books on the score of the grotesque."

Mr. Edmunds now proposes to bring out a more comprehensive work under the title *Buddhist and Christian Gospels Now First Compared from the Originals*. The book will compare the texts of the two religions. It is to be edited by Mr. M. Anesaki, Professor of Religious Science at the Imperial University of Japan, and he will add many other parallels between Buddhist and Christian writings derived from Chinese sources, printed in the original Chinese characters.

The book is to appear in Japan and The Open Court Publishing Company will act as its agent in the United States and Canada.

Mr. Edmunds trusts that the parallels between Buddhist and Christian texts will, in many instances, throw new light on the text of the Gospels, and after having completed the manuscript, which is now being set in Japan, he has discovered one more very important parallel which he publishes in a little pamphlet entitled, *Can the Pali Pitakas Aid Us in Fixing the Text of the Gospels?* Mr. Edmunds answers this question in the affirmative, and he has proposed in his book three important parallels which will be a help in determining the text of the Gospel. These are: First, The phrase, "An æon-lasting sin" (Mark iii. 29; Cullavaggo vii. 3). Second, The declaration that Christ remains on earth for an æon (John xii. 34; Enunciations vi. i, and Decease Book iii. 3). Third, Christ's word "I have overcome the world" (John xvi. 33; Numerical Collection i. 15). Mr. Edmunds has discovered a fourth one which has not been incorporated into his forthcoming book, but which was so important to him that he was anxious not to have it overlooked.

We will here recapitulate the contents of his pamphlet mostly in his own words.

When the Buddha was born, we are told Asito, the hermit, saw the god

"Sakko the leader and angels white-stoled,
Seizing their robes, and praising exceedingly."

He asks the angels why they rejoice, and they answer:

"The Buddha-to-be,¹ the best and matchless Jewel,
Is born for weal and welfare in the world of men,

¹ This term, in Pali Bodhisatto, is the word whose Sanskrit form Bodhisattva, through the Arabic Yudasaf, has been transformed into the Christian Josaphat. He (i. e. Buddha) is a saint of the Catholic Church (both Greek and Roman) and has a church at Palermo. See the Autobiography of Andrew D. White, who visited it in 1895 (Vol. II, p. 455. For a photograph of the saint's statue on the altar and further explanations see *The Open Court*, Vol. XV, p. 284). The Buddhist-Christian romance of Barlaam and Joasaph, after being rendered into most of the languages of Christendom from Armenia to Iceland, was finally translated into Tagalog (Manila, 1712 and 1837).

In the town of the Sakyas, in the region of Lumbini:
Therefore are we joyful and exceeding glad."

This passage agrees in some of its phraseology literally with the message of the angels to the shepherds as we read in Luke: (Π, 10-14)

"And the angel said unto them, Be not afraid; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all the people: for there is born to you this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this is the sign unto you; Ye shall find a babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, and lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, divine favor among men."

The parallel is further carried out in the narrative. The hermit, like the shepherds, goes to pay his reverence to the newborn Saviour. Considering that, between the Greek of Luke and the Pali of the Sutta Nipato, there lies a lost Aramaic version, many of the words in the two accounts are practically identical. The Pali words *hitasukhataya* ("for blessing and happiness") are a conventional phrase, often recurring in the texts. They are here translated "weal and welfare," for the sake of poetic effect, but they mean much the same as the English phrase, "peace and prosperity." Now if Luke, or rather his Aramaic intermediary, did actually use the Pali poem, it is evident that (omitting *jato*, "born") we find a very good equivalent of the line

Manussaloke hitasukhataya jato,

literally:

"In the world of men for weal and welfare born,"

in the line

ἐπὶ τῆς γῆς εἰρήνη ἐν ἀνθρώποις εὐδοκία.

literally:

"Upon earth peace, among men good will."

It is thrown into the form of a Hebrew parallelism, in which peace on earth and divine favor among men are interchangeable terms. But it is well known that the oldest manuscripts of the New Testament are at variance here over the word "good will."² Some read the genitive,³ and then we must render:

"among men of good will" (i. e., men of the
divine favor, i. e., the elect, as Alford says).

This is the reading of the Vulgate and of the English and American Revised Versions. It is because "good will" in the Septuagint

² *εὐδοκία.*

³ *εὐδοκίας.*

means so often the Divine good pleasure that the Revised Version has "men in whom he is well pleased." But the old King James reading (following the *textus receptus* afterwards fixed by the Dutch printers Elzevir) is borne out by the analogy of all Hebrew parallelisms. This is therefore a passage wherein the Pali Pitakas can probably aid us in fixing the text of the New Testament.

The same can be said of the Marcan phrase, "æon-lasting sin,"⁴ which, as Dean Alford long since pointed out, was so unusual that the copyists altered it to "eternal judgment" (or damnation). But the idea was a Hindu one, and as Buddhism in the time of the apostles was the most powerful religion on the planet, and actually sending missionaries into China, it is now coming to be admitted by scholars that it was not unknown in Palestine. As Van Eysinga,⁵ in his recent work on the subject, has said, we know that Christians borrowed stories of Buddhists from the third century onward, and the same channels of intercourse were open in the first.

Luke, the most learned of the Evangelists, was a physician of Antioch (according to a second-century tradition⁶), and it was precisely in the metropolitan centers Rome, Antioch, and Alexandria, that interchanges of religious ideas and the study of comparative theology then flourished. The lost work of the Egyptian Asclepiades, *Theologoumena*⁷ (i. e., what we should call Comparative Theology) must have been one out of many such. For further information about intercourse between Palestine and India we refer the reader to Van Eysinga and to Mr. Edmunds's forthcoming book.

⁴ αἰώνιον ἁμάρτημα.

⁵ *Indische Einflüsse auf evangelische Erzählungen*. Göttingen, 1904.

⁶ The Muratorian Fragment. Rendel Harris says that the information about Luke probably rests upon the lost work of Papias.

⁷ Referred to by Suetonius, Aug., 94.

MORAL TALES OF THE TREATISE ON RESPONSE AND RETRIBUTION.*

(With Illustrations by Chinese Artists.)

RAYS OF TRUTH.

A COPY of the *T'ai-Shang Kan Ying P'ien* had been handed down in the family of Wan Teh-Hsü from one of his ancestors as a very precious heirloom. Four successive generations had reverently read and recited it, and now when it came into the possession of Wan Teh-Hsü, he kept it in a place of honor in the Middle Hall; and he, and all the members of his family, had many merits recorded in their favor, for they vied with one another in living up to the moral principles laid down in the sacred document.

One day a Taoist priest visited the home of the pious man and was cordially received. Wan Teh-Hsü presented his guest with gifts and requested him to discourse on the mystery of religion, whereupon the stranger expounded the Tao, that divine rationality which pervades all things.

"The soul," he said, "is Tao, and the Tao is soul. The soul and the Tao are not different in essence. If the Tao is separated from the soul, you will transmigrate through the six domains and keep on the three paths,† but if the soul and the Tao are united, you will finally reach paradise and the land of immortals. Hell and heaven are in your own heart. Unless heaven reside within you, the mere reading or reciting of sacred books profiteth nothing." Then looking around in the Middle Hall he added: "You have a rare gem in your

* These little stories have been translated in part directly from the Chinese originals by Mr. Teitaro Suzuki, and partly through the French version of Stanislas Julien.

† The six domains are those of (1) the gods, (2) human beings, (3) animals, (4) *asuras* or fighting demons, (5) hungry ghosts, and (6) denizens of hell. The three paths are lust, wrath, and greed. The three paths and the six domains constitute the wheel of Samsara.

house; for when I entered I saw the radiance of a holy light. Where do you keep your treasure?"

The host answered: "In this poor dwelling there is nothing worthy the name of a treasure."

The priest then took Wan Teh-Hsü by the hand and led him to the place where the *Kan Ying P'ien* lay, saying: "This holy book



is the treasure. All the holy men of the three religions selected and compiled it to point out the way of virtue on which every one should walk. If a man disciplines himself according to its instructions, the truth will shine forth in all its glory, and every letter in the sacred writing will emit rays of divine light. But if you recite the sacred

text with a secret desire for profit or reward, selfishness will darken its native glory, and the writing will show no illumination. To my vision the glorification of the holy book is perfect. Its saintly atmosphere has ascended to heaven, resulting in an harmonious blending of your heart with the will of the Lord on High. Your immortality is assured and I bless you. But keeping in sight the heavenly station that awaits you, you must continue to exercise still more self-control in your dealings with your fellow men. Be diligent and fail not to fulfil the work so auspiciously begun."

In accordance with the words of the Taoist priest, Teh-Hsü practised the teachings of the *Kan Ying P'ien* with even greater zeal. For thirty more years, he did everything in his power to benefit others and to promote the general welfare. One day his neighbors heard heavenly music resound from above, and saw the entire family of Wan ascend to heaven in broad daylight, surrounded by a host of celestial beings.

Later the villagers built a monument to Wan on his own homestead, where they paid him homage and offered prayers which were answered and granted.

[Our illustration shows Ti Chün (the Taoist Good Lord) accompanied by two attendants, welcoming the good man and his family as they are carried up to heaven. Below we see the neighbors, some of them on their knees, witnessing the scene.]

THE PIOUS SCHOLAR'S GOOD FORTUNE.

Shang Shih-Ying of the Ming dynasty was a scholar and good calligrapher. Though poor, he was diligent in doing good. Once he saw a man asking for aid to print and distribute the *Kan Ying P'ien*. He wanted to help the man, and having no means, pawned his clothing. With the cash thus realized he gratified his pious desire, but on this account had to go without warm clothing in winter. Even when he was thirty years of age, he was as poor as ever. He went to the capital to try his fortune, but nobody seemed to recognize his abilities. To gain a living he was obliged to compose and copy for other people, poems which were to be dedicated to Kwang Ti.

New Year's Eve was approaching and the chief mandarin had some official business to attend to at the shrine of Kwang Ti. He sent one of his clerks who was a man of good judgment, and he greatly admired the work of Shang, hung up in the shrine, and asked the poor scholar to accompany him home as a guest of honor.

On the night of the fifteenth of January, the festival of lanterns, the chief mandarin, according to custom, decorated his garden and tested the poetical and caligraphic skill of his invited friends in competitive games, the best compositions to be attached to the lanterns. Since the result was not very satisfactory, the clerk recommended the



poor scholar who stayed at his house. Shang was at once summoned and his unusual talents were admired by the whole company.

It happened that evening that the Emperor came to inspect the illumination, and he was greatly impressed by the beautiful hand-writing of the inscriptions. He had their author presented to him,

and recognizing his worth, conferred a high literary degree upon him.

From that time, Shang's promotion was rapid till he was honored with the highest literary title and occupied the very important position of secretary to the Emperor.

One day after his regular work at the Court, he went to the shrine of Kwang Ti to give thanks for his prosperity. The priest received him very cordially, and when the ceremony was over, let him take a rest in the temple when lo, Kwang Ti appeared to him in his ethereal form and said: "The prosperity you are enjoying to-day is the result of your meritorious work in helping others print and distribute the *Kan Ying P'ien*. Keep on cultivating piety in your heart as before, be loyal and faithful to your superiors as well as to the state, and never think of abusing the power which is yours at present."

Coming to know the reason of his unparalleled success in life, he advised others to follow his example and made many converts.

[The reader of this story should know that Kwang Ti, the war god, is not merely the Chinese Mars but presides generally over the affairs of mortals. He may be compared to St. Peter or the Archangel Michael.

In the illustration, the inscription over the entrance of the temple reads literally: "All the heavens together are filled with glory," reminding us of the beginning of the nineteenth Psalm: "The heavens declare the glory of God." The inscription reading downwards on the column, is a loose quotation from the *Kan Ying P'ien*: "Lucky stars follow the good man."]

PHILANTHROPY REWARDED.

The people in the province of Chiang-Hsi had an objection to raising daughters, and on that account there were a great many bachelors there. The governor wanted to put a stop to the inhuman custom of drowning infants, and so he summoned some of his old councilors to see what measure could best be taken to effect this. Old state documents were consulted and it appeared that many of the preceding governors had attempted the same reform but had signally failed. So the task seemed to be beset with insurmountable difficulties.

After a meeting with his councilors the governor retired, still thinking that there must be some method which would effectively put an end to the barbarous practice, and he thought, what could cause people to suppress parental love but the expense and trouble they must undergo at the time of giving their daughters in marriage. If there were built a sort of public nursery where all the female

children could be provided for by the state, the cruelty of drowning girls would naturally cease.

While going over the old records, the governor had found that there were deserted temples and shrines to which a regular annual revenue was still attached. He thought these revenues might be used with great benefit to the public. In the morning he would go



to the temple of the Heavenly Mother and ask her gracious assistance for this scheme.

That same night the priest of the temple was informed in a dream by the Heavenly Mother concerning the governor's humane project and his impending visit in the morning. She added that

though his philanthropic scheme had not yet been executed, the very thought of lovingkindness that prompted it, had caused a commotion in heaven and he was attended by a host of angels.

According to the divine command, every preparation was made in the temple to receive the governor. After due salutation, the priest inquired whether his mission was about the establishment of a nursery. The governor was greatly surprised to find him well informed in regard to the secret plan which had not been divulged to anybody. The priest then told him all about the previous night's communication from the Heavenly Mother.

The benevolent plan was successfully put into execution and general prosperity began to reign in the district. The governor was promoted by the Emperor and died at an advanced age, surrounded by his children who were all prosperous and respected.

THE POWER OF A GOOD MAN'S NAME.

King Tsing, while on his way to a large gathering, passed through a district called Chun-Hoa, where there lived a young girl who was possessed of evil spirits. When King passed the night at her home the demons did not dare to enter, but they returned as soon as he left the house. The young girl asked them the reason and they answered, "We are afraid of King." She then told her father who ran after King Tsing to call him back. But the good man simply wrote these four words on a slip of paper: *King Tsing tsai tzu* ("King Tsing is here"), and advised him to paste it on the door. The demons never dared to return.

This true story goes to prove that the presence of a good man can put evil spirits to flight.

[This story encourages the use of charms and incantations, but it reveals to us the logic of exorcism. If the presence of a good man keeps demons away, the same result might be effected in his absence, if the demons can be made to believe that the good man whom they fear is actually present.

It is a common belief that the mere name of a person or god is as efficient as its owner, and hence is to be kept sacred. In this way, according to the faith of the early Christians, miracles are performed in the name of Jesus.]

A RUFFIAN'S REFORM.

Wu Chien-Chiu of Shan-Yu had wonderful muscular strength, and nobody in his town could beat him at boxing or fencing. He became so overbearing that any person who dared affront him was sure to pay a penalty for it. He borrowed the property of others

without ever returning it, and he compelled people to do things for him under threats of severe punishment.

One summer evening he went up to the tower to cool off in the breeze. When the people who had gathered there saw the ruffian come they ran away, except one old man who seemed quite indifferent to his presence.



“Why do you alone dare defy my power?” cried Wu, intending to intimidate the old gentleman, but the latter replied:

“How profound your ignorance is! Your mother’s womb sheltered you for ten long months, and your mother’s arms took tender care of you for three more years. Your parents wanted you to grow

and mature into a good, serviceable citizen of the Empire. When you would achieve something for the State, your family name would become known and glorified. You have undoubtedly some unusual talents. Why, then, degrade yourself thus and become the useless fellow you are now? The State loses in you a serviceable citizen, and the spirits of your parents feel disgusted with you. This is greatly to be deplored."

Wu felt so much ashamed that he had a chill of cold perspiration, and he said: "The people have marked me as a desperate character, and I have acted accordingly; but by your words I realize my predicament; pray tell me how to retrieve my good name."

The old gentleman replied: "You know the story of the butcher who became a saintly Buddhist at the instant when he repented and dropped the knife. Follow his example. If you repent and start on a righteous march onward, you will certainly become a just man and command the respect of others."

Wu was serious in his reform and having joined the army was finally promoted to the rank of general.

THE ANTS.

Ho Kwan of Kuang Nan was a kind-hearted man and never killed any living thing. He had a jar containing one thousand pieces of silver which he kept in a casket. The white ants, of which there were so many in his district, invaded the casket and ate part of the silver. When his family found what had happened, they traced the ants to a hollow cave where millions of them were living. They thought if they put all of these ants in a crucible, perhaps they could recover a part of the lost silver. But Ho objected to the scheme, saying: "I cannot bear to see all these many creatures killed on account of a small sum of silver."

So they let the matter drop. That night he dreamed that scores of soldiers in white armor came to him, asking him to enter a carriage which they had with them and to come to the palace of their king. Ho Kwan proceeded with the soldiers to a town where the people looked prosperous and the buildings were all magnificent. Numerous officers came out to meet him and took him to a splendid palace. The king, clad in royal fashion, descended from the throne, and, cordially saluting Ho Kwan, said: "By your benevolent acts we have been saved from our enemy. While not forgetting your kindness, the lack of strict discipline among my people caused you some trouble recently, but by your mercy they have again been

saved from calamity. How could I let your kindness go unrequited this time? There is a certain tree near your residence readily identified, under which in olden times a certain person buried a jar full of silver. Just dig that out and keep it for yourself. You are the unicorn of mankind (the emblem of perfect goodness) that will



never hurt any living soul. It is a pity that you are now too old to enjoy the fruits of your kindness yourself, but your descendents will reap what you have sown."

After this Ho Kwan was escorted back to his own house as before, by armed soldiers. When he awoke he meditated on the dream and found it to be the work of the ants. So he dug up the

place as told by their king and recovered a jar buried therein these many years. His son became an eminent scholar.

THE CRUEL HUNTERS.

In the county of Hsiang-Tan in Hu-Kuang there was an old and much respected gentleman. He had three sons who did not care for culture and refinement but spent every day in sports and roaming through the mountains.

One day the three went out hunting with a large company of young people and they met unexpectedly an old man in white garments who knelt and thus addressed them: "To refrain from injuring all growing things and from killing whatever is awakening into life is the part of universal lovingkindness as observed by saints and sages. It is now springtime when everything in nature is starting to life again. If you pay no attention to the tenderness of heart as practised by holy men, and, by unchecking the wild passions lurking in men's hearts, if you set the woods afire and exterminate the animals and insects that inhabit them, you will surely incur heavenly displeasure and suffer the consequences thereof. I, poor old creature, have seven young children in my family, and there is not time to remove them to a place of safety; but if you, gentlemen, have pity on us, we will never forget your mercy and will reward you later."

The three leaders of the party did not exactly understand what the old man wanted but without further thought promised to do as he had requested.

When the old man was gone some of the party began to wonder who he could have been and whence he might have come into this wilderness; and they argued that his appeal to their sympathy did not sound human. Possibly he was the spirit of some old wild animal living around in the mountains.

Upon this suggestion they pursued him, and, seeing him enter a cave, spread a net before it and started a fire in the entrance. Suddenly a white stag darted forth from the hole, and breaking through the besiegers, climbed up to a near rock, and then assuming the form of an old man, turned back to the hunting party, exclaiming: "You have killed my seven young daughters. You shall have to pay a penalty for this heartless act. A calamity ten times greater than I have suffered, will befall your family."

The three young men tried to shoot him, but he caught up the arrows in his hands and breaking them to pieces disappeared.

Later, there came to their house a Taoist monk who predicted for them an imperial career and great prosperity for the future. Incited by this prophecy, they organized a rebellion in which many of their friends joined, for the purpose of overthrowing the reigning dynasty and establishing a new government under their own



leadership. While the preparations were going on secretly, somebody betrayed their conspiracy to the authorities. Soldiers were immediately dispatched to their home, and, surrounding the house, put every one of the family under arrest. On examination they were found guilty of treason. Seventy members of their families and associates were executed according to law; but nobody ever

knew what became of the Taoist monk who had been the real leader of the scheme. He as well as the man who had betrayed them disappeared.

[This curious story, especially the figure of the mountain spirit who acts as a protector of wild animals, reminds us of Schiller's poem, *Der Alpenjäger*, which we quote entire from Bulwer-Lytton's translation, slightly modified:

THE ALPINE HUNTER.

- "Wilt thou not be lambkins heeding?
Innocent and gentle, they
Meekly on sweet herbs are feeding,
And beside the brook they play.
'Mother, keep me not at home,
Let me as a hunter roam!"
- "Wilt thou not, thy herds assembling,
Lure with lively horn along?—
Sweet their clear bells tinkle trembling,
Sweet the echoing woods among!
'Mother, mother, let me go,
O'er the wilds to chase the roe."
- "Wilt thou nurture not the flowers,
Tend them like my own dear child?
Dark and drear the mountain lowers,
Wild is nature on the wild!
'Leave the flowers in peace to blow.
Mother, mother, let me go!"
- "Forth the hunter bounds unheeding,
On his hardy footsteps press;
Hot and eager, blindly speeding
To the mountain's last recess.
Swift before him, as the wind,
Panting, trembling, flies the hind.
- "Up the ribbed crag-tops driven,
Up she clambers, steep on steep;
O'er the rocks asunder riven
Springs her dizzy, daring leap:
Still unwearied, with the bow
Of death, behind her flies the foe.
- "On the peak that rudely, dreadfully
Jags the summit, bleak and hoar,
Where the rocks, descending sheerly,
Leave to flight no path before;
There she halts at last, to find
Chasms beneath—the foe behind!
- "To the hard man—dumb-lamenting,
Turns her look of pleading woe;
Turns in vain—the Unrelenting
Meets the look—and bends the bow,—
Yawn'd the rock; from his abode
Th' Ancient of the mountain strode;
- "And his godlike hand extending,
To protect her from the foe,
'Wherefore death and slaughter sending,
Bringst thou to my realm this woe?
Shall my herds before thee fall?
Room there is on earth for all!"]

MISUSE OF BOOKS.

A temple in the district of Wu-Kung-Hien contained a library which students from the district school often consulted. One winter day, four of them used some of the sacred books for fuel to heat the room, while another burned one book to warm some water for his toilet. Only one of their number, Kang Tui-Shan by name, was indignant at their conduct, but he dared not offer a word of censure.

The next night Kang Tui-Shan had a dream in which he and his fellow-students were led before the tribunal of the three divine Lord-Superior Magistrates.* The six prostrated themselves and one of the gods said: "Buddha is a great saint, why have you dared burn his sacred books to warm yourselves?"

The four students struck their foreheads against the ground and besought pardon for their crime, but were condemned to death. The one who warmed water for his toilet was doomed never to receive any advancement during his life. Finally the god asked Kang Tui-Shan why he had not remonstrated with his companions.

"I knew that they were doing wrong," answered Kang, "but as they are my elders, I was afraid my reproaches would offend them."

"I will pardon you," said the god, "but when you have risen to a prominent position do not fail to give your support and protection to the religion of Buddha."

When he awoke Kang wrote down his dream. He obtained the degree of *Chwang-Yüen*† when the four other students failed in

† The first rank in the list of doctors.
their examinations and were excluded from the contest. Six months later the plague spread in their country and all four perished with their families, while the student who burned the sacred book to heat water was still, in his old age, merely a poor schoolmaster. He died from starvation in the seventh year of the reign of Shih-Tsung of the Ming dynasty (A. D. 1529).

Now it is a greater sin to waste sacred books than to mock and slander sages and saints. Paper, whether written or printed, often contains maxims that wise men have bequeathed to us. If we use

* The name of this divine tribunal is Shen San-Kuan Ti-Chün, which, literally translated, means the Divine Trinity of Official Lord Superiors. They are the gods of heaven, of earth, and of water. Their birthdays are celebrated on the fifteenth of the first, seventh, and tenth months, respectively. The first distributes blessings, the second forgives sins, and the third saves from fire.

it for unclean purposes, if we trample it underfoot, instead of carefully preserving it, we are committing a crime as serious as if we slandered them.

PUNISHMENT APPORTIONED TO CRIME.

In the garden of the city of Sieu-Shui-Siuen, there once lived a man by the name of Fan Ki, who led a wicked life. He induced men to stir up quarrels and lawsuits with each other, to seize by violence what did not belong to them, and to dishonor other men's wives and daughters. When he could not succeed easily in carrying out his evil purposes, he made use of the most odious stratagems.

One day he died suddenly, but came back to life twenty-four hours afterward and bade his wife gather together their relatives and neighbors. When all were assembled he told them that he had seen the king of the dark realm who said to him, "Here the dead receive punishment for their deeds of evil. The living know not the lot that is reserved for them. They must be thrown into a bed of coals whose heat is in proportion to the extent of their crimes and to the harm they have done their fellows."

The assembled company listened to this report as to the words of a feverish patient; they were incredulous and refused to believe the story. But Fan Ki had filled the measure of crime, and Yama, the king of hell, had decided to make an example of him so as to frighten men from their evil ways. At Yama's command Fan Ki took a knife and mutilated himself, saying, "This is my punishment for inciting men to dissolute lives." He put out both his eyes, saying, "This is my punishment for having looked with anger at my parents, and at the wives and daughters of other men with guilt in my heart." He cut off his right hand, saying, "This is my punishment for having killed a great number of animals." He cut open his body and plucked out his heart, saying, "This is my punishment for causing others to die under tortures." And last of all he cut out his tongue to punish himself for lying and slandering.

The rumor of these occurrences spread afar, and people came from every direction to see the mangled body of the unhappy man. His wife and children were overcome with grief and shame, and closed the door to keep out the curious crowd. But Fan Ki, still living by the ordeal of Yama, said in inarticulate sounds, "I have but executed the commands of the king of hell, who wants my punishment to serve as a warning to others. What right have you to prevent them from seeing me?"

For six days the wicked man rolled upon the ground in the most horrible agonies, and at the end of that time he died.

This story teaches us what punishments are in store for evil-



doers. How dare men act contrary to what they know to be just and right!

[This story is taken from Julien's French version, but the Chinese edition at our command contains a similar, though less detailed, story of self-mutilation, for the illustration of which the accompanying picture was originally used.]

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

THE THREE CHARACTERISTICS.

BY THE EDITOR.

I HAD been reading Buddhist texts to a friend, and the solemn proclamation of the three characteristics still lingered in my ear:

"Whether Buddhas arise, O priests, or whether Buddhas do not arise, it remains a fact and the fixed and necessary constitution of being, that all conformations are transitory. This fact a Buddha discovers and masters, and when he has discovered and mastered it, he announces, teaches, publishes, proclaims, discloses, minutely explains, and makes it clear, that all conformations are transitory.

"Whether Buddhas arise, O priests, or whether Buddhas do not arise, it remains a fact and the fixed and necessary constitution of being, that all conformations are suffering. This fact a Buddha discovers and masters, and when he has discovered and mastered it, he announces, teaches, publishes, proclaims, discloses, minutely explains, and makes it clear, that all conformations are suffering.

"Whether Buddhas arise, O priests, or whether Buddhas do not arise, it remains a fact and the fixed and necessary constitution of being, that all conformations are lacking a self. This fact a Buddha discovers and masters, and when he has discovered and mastered it, he announces, teaches, publishes, proclaims, discloses, minutely explains, and makes it clear, that all conformations are lacking a self."

This formula which constitutes a significant feature of Buddhism is called *tilakkhanam*, i. e., "three characteristics," and it reads in its briefest form in the original Pali:

*"sabbe sankhara anicca,
sabbe sankhara dukkha,
sabbe sankhara anatta."*

The word *sankhara* is an important Buddhist term. It is commonly translated by "compound," or "conformation." Other translations, such as "component things," "elements of being," "constit-

uents of being," or "factors of being," are not quite accurate. The word is derived from a root which means to adorn, to arrange, and denotes any arrangement, or composition, or configuration. It is a synonym of *dharmā* (Pali *dhamma*) which is etymologically considered as the same word as the Latin *forma* and has two meanings: first, any material or bodily form; and secondly, the norm or law that governs the formation of bodily forms. In the second sense *dharmā* has acquired the meaning of religion or truth. In the former sense it frequently replaces the word *sankhara* or conformation, in the official quotation of the *tilakkhanam*.

The idea is that all compounds are transitory because subject to change; are harassed by suffering, because they are liable to be joined to things unpleasant and disjoined from things pleasant; and that their construction is a mere combination, the unity being produced through composition. A compound does not form a thing-in-itself, called in the nomenclature of ancient Brahmanism *atman*, "self" (Pali *atta*). The contrast to this declaration of the impermanence of bodily compounds is found in the declaration of the permanence of things immaterial (called *arupa* in Pali) and these immaterial things are the ideals of Buddhist ethics, the treasures of the religion, such as insight into the impermanence of bodily existence, enlightenment, righteousness, the path of salvation and its aim, nirvana. These things are discovered by the Buddha, and we read in the *Jataka* the declaration that they are eternal and immutable, and that recognition of these truths constitutes the nature of a Buddha. We read for instance the following exposition of Gautama Siddhartha while he was still a *Bodhisattva*, a seeker of the *Bodhi*, and before he had attained to Buddhahood, when witnessing the words of his predecessor, the Buddha Dipankara:

"The Buddhas speak not doubtful words, the conquerors speak
not vain words,
There is no falsehood in the Buddhas,—verily I shall become
a Buddha.

As a clod cast into the air shall surely fall to the ground,
So the word of the glorious Buddhas is sure and everlasting.
As the death of all mortals is sure and constant,
So the word of the glorious Buddhas is sure and everlasting.
As the rising of the sun is certain when night has faded,
So the word of the glorious Buddhas is sure and everlasting.
As the roaring of a lion who has left his den is certain,
So the word of the glorious Buddhas is sure and everlasting.

As the delivery of women with child is certain,
So the word of the glorious Buddhas is sure and everlasting."

The doctrine of the Buddha was preached by his disciples who formed a great brotherhood called the *sangha*, which is the official name of the Buddhist order or church. Converts took their refuge in the trinity of the Buddha, the Sangha, and the Dharma. Of this trinity the Dharma was truth itself; the Buddha, the revealer of truth; and the Sangha, his church as the instrument of setting the example of a holy life and pointing out the way of salvation. This was condensed in the words of the refuge formula which reads:

"In the Buddha I take my refuge,
In the Sangha I take my refuge, and
In the Dharma I take my refuge."

The original Pali formula is repeated in Buddhist temples all over the world as follows:

*"Buddham saranam gacchami,
Dhammam saranam gacchami,
Sangham saranam gacchami."*

This refuge formula has been amplified into the following confession of faith, which we quote from the *Samyuttaka Nikaya* (III):

"To the BUDDHA will I look in faith. He, the exalted one, is the holy supreme Buddha, the all-wise, the great sage, the blessed one, who knows the worlds; the supreme one who yoketh men like oxen; the teacher of gods and men; the exalted Buddha.

"To the DOCTRINE will I look in faith. Well-preached is the doctrine by the exalted one. It has been made manifest; it needs no time; it says 'Come and see'; it leads to welfare; it is realized by the wise in their own hearts.

"To the ORDER will I look in faith. In right behaviour lives the order of the disciples of the exalted one; in proper behaviour lives the order of the disciples of the exalted one; in honest behaviour lives the order of the disciples of the exalted one; in just behaviour lives the order of the disciples of the exalted one: the four couples, the eight degrees of saintship, the order of the disciples of the exalted one, worthy of offerings, worthy of gifts, worthy of alms, worthy to have men lift their hands before them in reverence, the highest place in the world in which to do good.

"In the precepts of righteousness will I walk, which are beloved by the holy, unfringed, unviolated, unmixed, uncolored, liberating, praised by the wise, unpolluted, and leading to emancipation."

It was under these impressions that I listened in the evening to the powerful strains of the Andante from Beethoven's Seventh Symphony. The master exhibited here the full power of his genius and was preaching a religion. He emphasized his precepts with a serious conviction and vigorous earnestness, repeating the motive three times just as old Buddhist monks repeated their formulas three times in order to give emphasis to a truth and to inculcate its moral applications. The melody was almost a monotone, repeating the same measure again and again, without any attempt at embellishment; and the harmony consisted of a few changes in the accompaniment, apparently serving no other purpose than to lay stress on that one motive which was the main theme and the sole burden of the composer's thought. Without shaping my thoughts into definite words, I felt that Beethoven was a prophet who revealed the selfsame truths that had been explained by the Buddha. There was the same stern attitude, the same simplicity in propounding the doctrine and the same accentuating repetition, so that almost unconsciously the melody of the master's melodramatic theme spoke to me in words expressive of the Buddhist Dharma.

As in a dream I saw a Buddhist congregation, and a choir sang *sotto voce* the following formula three times successively:

"All conformations
Always are transient,
Harassed by sorrow,
Lacking a self."

A solo rendered in firm notes expressive of conviction sounded the answer in threefold repetition as follows:

"This is the doctrine
Taught by all Buddhas;
This is a fact and
Always proves true."

Finally the chorus of the whole congregation repeated the melody with the following words:

"Words of the Buddha
Never can perish;
They will remain for
Ever and aye.

"Words of the Sangha
Set up a standard,
Point out salvation,
Teach us the way.

"Words of the Dharma—
Truths are immortal,
Errors and passions
Will they allay."

THE TILAKKHANAM IN MUSIC.

L. VAN BEETHOVEN.

Grave.

Choir. mp
 1. All con - for - ma - tions Al - ways are tran - sient, Harassed by sor - row,
Solo. f
 2. This is the doc - trine Taught by all Buddhas; This is a fact and
Tutti. ff
 3. Words of the Bud - dha Nev - er can per - ish; They will re - main for

Lack - ing a self. All con - for - ma - tions Al - ways are tran - sient,
 Al - ways proves true. This is the doc - trine Taught by all Bud - dhas;
 Ev - er and aye. Words of the San - gha Set up a stan - dard,

Harassed by sor - row, Lack - ing a self. All con - for - ma - tions
 This is a fact and Al - ways proves true. This is the doc - trine
 Point out sal - va - tion, Teach us the Way. Words of the Dhar - ma

Al - ways are tran - sient, Harassed by sor - row, Lack - ing a self.
 Taught by all Bud - dhas; This is a fact and Al - ways proves true.
 Truths are im - mor - tal, Er - rors and pas - sions, Will they al - lay.

NEWEST LIGHT ON OUR OLDEST MOTHER COUNTRY.

BY WILLIAM FAIRFIELD WARREN.

WHENCE came we Aryans? In what remotest mother country did the first men of our blood and of our speech reside? What was their culture, what their religion in the prehistoric years prior to their differentiation into the great Indo-European peoples? From what center did they march forth, horde after horde, until the left wing of their ever-broadening array rested by the mouth of the Ganges and the right wing covered the Hebrides?—These are questions of perennial interest not only to us of Aryan stock, but also to all enlightened minds in other races.

During the second half of the nineteenth century a flood of light was thrown upon the thought and life of the primeval, as yet undispersed Aryas by studying, in the comparative method, the languages of the peoples known to have descended from them. Proceeding upon the sound principle that when one and the same word is used to express a particular idea in each member of this family of languages, it is safe to regard that word as having come down from the time when the ancestors of all the Indo-European peoples were as yet living together and of one speech, such scholars as Pott, and Burnouf, and Pictet, ascertained that those far-off ancestors were far from being in the conditions of savage life. They could count beyond a hundred. They built houses that had roofs, and windows, and doors. They navigated rivers and lakes in boats with oars. They used yokes and wheels, they spun and wove. They were acquainted with metals and could work them. They made swords and spears, and to the sound of the trumpet rode into battle in chariots. Family life was of a high type, with no sign of polygamy. There were family altars and social worship. Pictet even claimed that their philosophic insight had already reached a point

so high that for "conscience," "will," and "memory" they had words that are not traceable to material objects.¹

As to the land in which the Aryans dwelt the learned were for quite a period of one opinion, all agreeing that it was in Central Asia. More precisely it was on the great Plateau of Pamir, where modern Bokara and Tibet are found. Great interest was felt in its early exploration. Here are the words of Renan:

"When the Aryan race shall have become master of the planet, its first duty will be to explore the mysterious depths of Bokara and Little Tibet, where so much that is of immense value to science probably lies concealed. How much light must be thrown upon the origin of language when we shall find ourselves in the presence of the localities where those sounds were first uttered which we still employ, and where those intellectual categories were first formed which guide the movement of our faculties!"²

If instead of speaking of "sounds" and "categories," Renan had suggested the possibility of unearthing a few Proto-Aryan coins or crania in that first home-land of our race, his appeal would have seemed more promising.

This mid-Asian solution of the question as to the starting-point of the Indo-European migrations was not destined to be final. In the last quarter of the last century many philologists and ethnologists openly abandoned it.³ The majority of these located the starting-point in Scandinavia, or in other northerly portions of Europe. Some thought the data pointed rather to Siberia. At the close of the century not one leading authority remained to champion Tibet as the cradle-land in question. The weight of expert opinion inclined perhaps to Scandinavia, but in any case to some location much farther to the north than the Plateau of Pamir.

Just now a new and remarkable work, produced in India, is attracting the attention of European and American scholars. Its author is a native of the Orient, a man possessed of scholarly familiarity with the Sanskrit texts, yet well acquainted with Occidental science and learning. He writes English with a correctness and force which many an Englishman might covet. His training as a

¹ *Les Aryas primitifs*, II, 539-546.—Our best compendium for this information in the English language is Dr. Schrader's *Prehistoric Antiquities of the Aryan Peoples*. Translated from the German by Jevons.

² *De l'origine du langage*, p. 232.

³ So Latham, Spiegel, Schrader, Benfey, Poesche, Penka, Rendell, Isaac Taylor, Van den Gheyn, etc. Taylor declared, "There is no more curious chapter in the whole history of scientific delusion."

lawyer has given him lucidity of style and a proper appreciation of the principles of evidence. If, like other scholars, he needed experience in practical affairs to check speculative tendencies, he has had it in his habitual work as an editor, and as an official councilor in connection with the government of Bombay. In a former work, entitled *Orion, or Researches into the Antiquity of the Vedas*, he surprised his countrymen by showing that certain till then unnoticed astronomical allusions in the Vedic hymns gave evidence that these compositions must have been written at a period far more remote than commonly supposed; in fact, at a date about 4500 years before Christ. Naturally this claim was at first received by scholars in a very skeptical spirit, but soon after, without knowing of the researches of his Indian predecessor, Professor Jacobi of Bonn, one of the best Sanskritists in Europe, independently arrived at a conclusion substantially the same; since which time Professor Bloomfield,⁴ M. Barth, Professor Bühler, and others, have more or less freely conceded the force of the new arguments. A writer of these qualifications and antecedents is certain to have a respectful hearing. His name is Bâl Gangâdhar Tilak.

The title of his new and striking work is *The Arctic Home in the Vedas: A New Key to the Interpretation of many Vedic Texts and Legends*.⁵ He finds the cradle-land of the Aryans "at or near the North Pole." In his Preface he speaks of his ten years of search for evidence that would reveal the long vista of primitive Aryan antiquity, and adds: "How I first worked on the lines followed up in the *Orion*, how in the light of latest researches in geology and archæology bearing on the primitive history of man, I was gradually led to a different line of search, and finally how the conclusion that the ancestors of the Vedic Rishis lived in an Arctic home, in inter-glacial times, was forced on me by the slowly accumulating evidence, is fully narrated in the book."

The volume is an octavo of five hundred and twenty-four pages. Its first chapter treats of "Prehistoric Times" in general; the second of "The Glacial Age"; the remaining eleven of the following topics in due succession: "The Arctic Regions"; "The Night of the Gods" (a very ancient designation of the polar night of six months); "The Vedic Dawns"; "The Long Day and Long Night" in the Vedic hymns; "Months and Seasons"; "The Cow's Walk" (a ceremony in the ancient sacrificial system); "Vedic Myths—the Captive Waters";

⁴ See Professor Bloomfield's address at eighteenth anniversary of Johns Hopkins University.

⁵ Published by Messrs. Ramchandra Govind & Son, Bombay.

"Vedic Myths—the Matutinal Deities"; "The Avestic Evidence"; "Comparative Mythology"; "The Bearing of our results on the History of Aryan Culture and Religion." Two excellent indexes, one "General," and one "Index of Vedic and Avestic Passages," greatly increase the value of the work to all scholars.

Within the limits of this article no summary of the author's argument can be given. Suffice it here to say that in the judgment of the present writer the array of evidences set forth is far more conclusive than any ever attempted by an Indo-Iranian scholar in the interest of any earlier hypothesis. Absolute candor and respect for the strictest methods of historic and scientific investigation characterize the discussion throughout. This results in part no doubt from the fact that the author's own attitude of mind was at the outset highly skeptical. He says: "I did not start with any preconceived notion in favor of the Arctic theory; nay, I regarded it as highly improbable at first; but the accumulating evidence in its support eventually forced me to accept it." It is hard to see how any other candid mind can master the proof produced without being mastered by it in turn.

One criticism must not be suppressed. Both titles given by Mr. Tilak to his book are altogether too narrow. They prepare one to expect nothing beyond a discussion of evidences found in the Vedic hymns. In reality he deals with a far wider range of data. He draws almost as often upon Avestic texts as upon the Vedic, and in more than one instance finds the former more convincing than the latter. Probably the fact that he was writing in India and primarily for the heirs of Vedic literature, accounts for this undue restriction of the title.

Twenty years ago, in preparing my work on the broader problem of the cradle-land of the whole human race, I went through all the Vedic and Avestic texts so far as existing translations would then permit, reaching at the end the same conclusion that Mr. Tilak has now reached.⁹ Incidentally, in my argument a new light was thrown upon various points in the mythical geography and cosmography of the ancient Iranians,—light which the foremost Iranist of his time, Professor Spiegel, generously acknowledged. Incidentally, I also arrived at a new interpretation of the Vedic myth of the captive waters, and of other Vedic myths. Especially gratifying, therefore, is it to me to find in Mr. Tilak a man in no degree dependent

⁹ *Paradise Found: the Cradle of the Human Race at the North Pole.* Boston. 11th edition. 1904.

on translations, yet arriving not only at my main conclusion, but also at a number of minor ones of which I had never made public mention. I desire publicly to thank this far-off fellow-worker for the generosity of his frequent references to my pioneer work in the common field, and for the solidity and charm of his own, in certain respects, more authoritative contribution. Whoever will master this new work, and that of the late Mr. John O'Neill on *The Night of the Gods*, will not be likely ever again to ask, Where was the earliest home of the Aryans?

MISCELLANEOUS.

FATHER HYACINTHE'S LECTURE AT GENEVA.

Father Hyacinthe Loyson lectured of late (June 12) in the great Hall of the Reformation at Geneva, to a large audience of Protestants and liberal Catholics on "The Religious Crisis in France." The orator was by no means onesided, for he placed the blame for many misunderstandings between the religious and irreligious upon both parties, the leaders of scientific and liberal progress and the representatives of the Church. The latter he considers too narrow and blind to the significance of science, and the former, especially the Comtean positivists, would fairly limit man's life to the narrow span of the few experiences which the individual gathers between the cradle and the grave, while deifying that same limited humanity.

When the orator had finished the critical part of his lecture he was interrupted by the acclamations of his audience, and after a short pause proposed his remedy for the ills of to-day. He expressed his belief in a universal Christianity based upon the successive and progressive revelations of God, made according to the degree of man's intelligence. He stated his faith in a holy and eternal God, and explained that morality was based upon the respect of humanity as found in oneself and one's fellows. This is the gist of the saying of Jesus which bids man "love the Lord thy God...and thy neighbor as thyself."

Father Hyacinthe is not a Calvinist, but on the contrary is still a Catholic. He has cut loose from the domination of Rome and represents the liberal religionists of France who would continue in the forms and ceremonies of the Church without submitting to the hierarchy. The faction of those in sympathy with him will probably gain a new significance after the separation of Church and State in France.

Our own differences with Father Hyacinthe Loyson have been expressed in a discussion concerning the conception of God which appeared some time ago in *The Open Court* (XI, 618); and we must add that after the pleasure of having met him personally in Paris during the Exposition of 1900 the discrepancies of belief appeared greatly minimized; for we are perfectly willing to allow him the right of using terms in the sense to which he is accustomed, while he gave a much more philosophical and less dogmatic interpretation to his thoughts than might be anticipated by those who read his expositions or listen to his sermons. He is decidedly a man of deep thought who, though he loves the religious forms to which he has been accustomed from childhood, is broad enough to see that his mode of worshipping God and even his inter-

pretation of the nature of God are but one possibility among many, and he respects the scientific and philosophical conception above others for its exactness, provided it be not negative and destructive, while he would sanction the poetry of religious language and ceremonies according to the needs of the devotional heart.

AN APPEAL FROM SOUTH AFRICA.

An appeal comes to our readers from the Countess Evelyn Asinelli of Geneva, Switzerland, in her attempt to arouse the interest of Americans in the deplorable condition of the Boers. Besides making many thousand orphans the war has ruined nearly every home; and England's small indemnity does not go as far as it should towards adequate relief because of mismanagement in the distribution.

Miss Emily Hobhouse verified some very painful reports she had heard by spending two months in careful investigations, visiting the northern districts so difficult of access, and the desolated villages from which no word had come since the signing of the peace. In an open letter she has told of the miserable condition of the half-starved people and their ruined homes. She said, "Sad indeed it is to see the people on farms situated often twenty, thirty, or fifty miles from any town. The man has probably tramped away to seek work for cash; the women and children sit silent at home. No word of complaint is ever heard. There is nothing to do: no clothes to make, no food to cook, no garden to till, and neither seeds nor water. They sit in a row silent."

Countess Asinelli writes us the following account of this enterprising woman's brave endeavors towards the alleviation of the pitiful state of affairs:

"Miss Hobhouse who has devoted her life to those who suffer, is a very practical woman. She understood after having lived with the ruined Boers, that one thing alone could do them a permanent good, and that was to give them the means of gaining their living. She therefore settled at Philippolis, a small town in the Orange River Colony, where with the help of two experienced teachers, she opened a large work-room; young girls from sixteen to twenty-two years are taught to spin, to weave, and to knit by machinery; we hope by and by to be able to add a fourth branch of activity, namely lacemaking, for which there is good market in South Africa. As these industries were totally unknown in the country, they have a chance of success which might be doubtful elsewhere. The progress of the whole undertaking is most encouraging.

"Unfortunately, the current expenses are very high; life is expensive over there and moreover wood being costly and very scarce, our Boers can not reproduce the looms and the spinning-wheels to the degree required for all our new pupils and for the home use of our now very able first workers. This last point is a serious hindrance, as we shall be obliged to send the necessary material from our posts, which means an increase of expense."

As yet there are only one hundred subscribers to the undertaking, and any help from new friends who may see this appeal will be welcomed by Countess Evelyn Asinelli, 8 Grand Pré, Geneva, Switzerland, and wisely administered.

BOOK REVIEWS AND NOTES.

IL PAPATO. Sua origine, sue lotte e vicende, suo avvenire. Studio storico-scientifico di *Baldassare Labanca*. Turin: Fratelli Bocca. 1905. Pp. xxviii, 514.

The author of this book which purports to be a historico-scientific study of *The Papacy, its Origin, its Struggles and Vicissitudes, and its Future*, is the professor of the history of Christianity at the University of Rome. Some-what more than a year ago, he published a book on *Jesus Christ in Contemporaneous Italian and Foreign Literature*, which was favorably received in Italy and is being translated into French and Spanish. The present work does not pretend to be a compendium of the history of the popes, for there are already enough of those, both valuable and worthless; nor has the author undertaken to write a thorough papal history on scientific lines, for the reason that too many necessary documents are impossible of access. But since it is not possible to write a long history of the popes, he proposes "to give a scientific history of the papacy, in the same way that Max Müller and Tiele wrote the history of religion, when not possessing all the material necessary for a scientific history of religions."

The first half of the book is devoted to the philological and historical study of the origin of the titles "pope," "bishop," and "pontiff," including the controversy on the subject of the papacy between the churches of the East and West, and the reasons why its influence has always been so much stronger in the West than in the East. The second half of the book has to do with the history of the papacy as divided into four periods, while the last chapter treats of prophecies for its future.

The Buddhistischer Verlag of Leipzig has issued together in one copy, the first two numbers of a new monthly called *Der Buddhist* which, as its name indicates, is devoted entirely to Buddhist literature. In the back, under the same cover, are added a few leaves containing news items in relation to Buddhist missions and propaganda, together with reviews of books of Buddhist trend. These leaves in the back of the magazine are entitled "Die Buddhistische Welt" and can be had separately.

The motto of *Der Buddhist* is the verse from the Dhammapada which may be thus rendered in English verse:

"Commit no wrong, but good deeds do,
And let thy heart be pure.
All Buddhas teach this doctrine true
Which will for aye endure."¹

In the editor's announcement the *raison d'être* of the new periodical is expressed as follows:

"*Der Buddhist* does not wish to deprive any one of his religious conviction; our heartfelt wish for all people is that they may be at peace with

¹ See *The Open Court*, Vol. XVIII, p. 625. "Three Buddhist Stanzas" done into English verse and set to music, by Paul Carus.

themselves, and we sincerely rejoice when we see that a man has found repose and comfort in his religious convictions. On the other hand we know very well that hundreds of thousands, yes many millions in Germany have withdrawn from the established religion; a very large percentage of these millions are yearning for some compensating faith; to these unbelieving hearts, estranged from God and yet thirsting for religion, our journal will offer the teaching of an undogmatic religion, and a rational world-conception."

This same Buddhist press of Leipsic has published a simple and attractive yearbook, called *Buddhistische Vergissmeinnicht*. The well-chosen collection of helpful quotations is made by Bruno Freydank. The little volume contains a detailed index, which is followed by a summary of Buddhist rules for the conduct of life.

K. B. Seidenstücker, the editor of *Der Buddhist*, has provided the German public with a German edition of a number of Buddhist works. One of these, from the English-Japanese original of S. Kuroda, *Mahayana, die Hauptlehren des nördlichen Buddhismus*, is a German translation of the *Outlines of the Mahayana as Taught by Buddha*. This book was originally written for the instruction of non-Buddhists at the Parliament of Religions in Chicago. *Das Licht des Buddha*, also by S. Kuroda, purports to be an impartial summary of the main points of the Buddhist doctrine, but it is in fact of the greater interest because of its Mahayana or north-Buddhist point of view. The others, *Dhamma, oder die Moralphilosophie des Buddha Gotama*, and *Sangha, oder der buddhistische Mönchs-Orden*, are translated portions of Professor H. Tilbe's *Pali-Buddhism*, and the editor's purpose is thus expressed in the Preface to *Dhamma*: "May this little book, which was originally intended to arm Christian missionaries in their battles against Buddhism, serve an almost contradictory purpose in this present translation: namely, to make known the teaching of Buddha Gotama in more or less Christian Germany."

Our frontispiece represents the Buddha preaching his farewell address to the *mallas*, the inhabitants of the district where he happened to be staying. It closes the series of scenes from Buddha's life made by Eduard Biedermann to illustrate *The Gospel of Buddha*, which have been furnishing the frontispiece to *The Open Court* from time to time. This series is to be included with a number of representations of typical, historical Buddhist art products of both statuary and painting, in a *Portfolio of Buddhist Art* which The Open Court Publishing Company hopes to offer the public in a short time.

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- VIII. **MANY MEANINGS OF MONEY.** To virtue and intelligence, money would be merely the evidence of a trustworthy promise to deliver a defined value in a designated time.
- IX. **SOME ORIGINS OF THE NUMBER TWO.** A glimpse of what occurred while our every-day Two was gaining recognition. Later developments of the conception are not considered.

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The Mysteries of Mithra

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Devoted to the Science of Religion, the Religion of Science, and the
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OCTOBER, 1905.

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CONTENTS:

	PAGE
<i>Frontispiece.</i> Achala. SEISO HASHIMOTO.	
<i>Pro Domo. How Far have we Strayed from Christianity?</i> EDITOR.....	577
<i>Modern India.</i> (Illustrated.) Part I. A. CHRISTINA ALBERS	588
<i>Moral Tales of the Treatise on Response and Retribution.</i> (Concluded.) With Illustrations by Chinese Artists	604
<i>A Buddhist in Jewry.</i> E. P. BUFFET.....	622
<i>The New Japanese Education</i>	631
<i>Madame Loyson's Book.</i>	634
<i>State and Church.</i> A Reply with Editor's Rejoinder. YVES GUYOT.....	635
<i>A Biographical Sketch.</i>	637
<i>The Prince Priest.</i>	638
<i>Achala, our Frontispiece.</i>	639
<i>Book Reviews.</i>	640

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ACHALA (WILL-POWER).

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PRO DOMO.

HOW FAR HAVE WE STRAYED FROM CHRISTIANITY?

BY THE EDITOR.

SOME time ago there appeared in *The Expository Times* of London, some notices of my work in philosophy and comparative religion, intended as an impartial statement of facts, but containing a few misrepresentations which in the opinion of their author may be slight, but to my own view are important enough to call for a reply.

As a rule, too, I have refrained from discussing in my articles book reviews, because it would lead too far to correct the mistakes of every reviewer or writer. The present case, however, is peculiar in so far as I have a personal feeling of sympathy with the position of orthodox Christian authors, and I feel more anxious to be rightly understood by them than by liberals, agnostics, or those who are indifferent. Especially these last—the lukewarm, who according to the Revelation of St. John are distasteful to the good Lord himself—are in my opinion a negligible quantity and their likes and dislikes or misrepresentations are of little concern.

As a rule, too, I have refrained from discussing in my articles questions which touch upon my own mental or spiritual development, but when I have to cross swords with those who represent my former self, I cannot help unburdening my soul and discussing conditions which are of a personal nature. I do so not without reluctance, but I feel that a ventilation of my own experience will throw some light upon the conclusions which I have reached by strictly logical arguments. In considering the personal equation which naturally plays an important part in scientific calculations, both my friends and antagonists are at liberty to utilize these data with regard to statements of my philosophy.

My reviewer relies mainly on Dr. Minton's opinion* and following the latter, treats me with sufficient courtesy. Quoting from him he says:

"Dr. Paul Carus 'is a man of no merely amateur accomplishments in the arena of dialectical thought and discussion. He has convictions of his own, and he is not wanting in courage and ability to enforce them. He disclaims originality, or, more accurately, he affirms his endeavor to avoid it. In this, whatever his own modesty may lead him to declare, it will hardly be unjust to charge him with some measure of failure. It may be more surprising to the savants of the opening century, that a new and somewhat original philosophy should come out of the utilitarian and mammon-worshipping city of Chicago than it was to them of the old time that any good thing should come of Nazareth; but in both instances the thing which surprises is the thing which comes to pass.'"

The idea that I should be "a man of no merely amateur accomplishments" is interesting in consideration of the fact that I have passed through the mill of a technical philosophical education in the severest sense of the word, having taken in Germany all examinations and degrees necessary to justify my claim of being a professional philosopher. I have never laid stress upon the advantages I have had, for they constitute no argument for preference unless I make good use of them; and further that my philosophy comes from "the mammon-worshipping city of Chicago" is not so accidental as might seem at first sight.

I considered very carefully at the critical moment of my life, whether I should not settle at the German university and work my way up in the regular course of a German university professor; but after much hesitation, I finally came to the conclusion that Germany in its present condition is not favorable for the development of genuine philosophy. And I was right. Philosophical work that has come from German universities for the last thirty years is either purely critical, or purely technical, or purely historical, or consists of elaborations of some specialty, but nowhere has there been presented a philosophy in the true sense of the word. There are prominent professors of philosophy, scholars of great accomplishment and ability, but not one of them presents a comprehensive philosophical world-conception. A philosophy in the full sense of the word is positively discountenanced in official circles in Germany, for every philosophy that is taken seriously is possessed of a religious character. It has either to take issue against the existent religion or must identify itself with it; there is no middle course. When I felt that

* See the *Princeton Theological Review*, Jan., 1904; and *The Monist* Vol XIV, p. 452.

there was a reactionary breeze passing over Germany and that my aspirations were not in tune with the dominant spirit, I decided to seek a more congenial country, and in America I found a field for work in this "mammon-worshipping city of Chicago."

It may appear strange that I have found here the necessary support and encouragement, and some of my German friends have expressed astonishment at the fact. But I would say that the American spirit which also manifests itself in the city of Chicago is much more ideal than ordinarily people are inclined to believe. Even here in America we are in the habit of criticising American life and characterizing it as the restless pursuit after the almighty dollar—a statement which shall not be denied at all. The Germans, on the other hand, are in the habit of describing their country as the land of idealism, and that fact, too, is true in its way, especially when thinking of the age which produced Kant, Goethe, Schiller, and Beethoven. But if we understand ideal not in the sense of constantly harping on ideals but as the endeavor to realize them, to make sacrifices for their realization, to surrender the almighty dollar in our possession for ideal purposes, I would say that at present America is the land in which idealism is undeniably a living force.

For an explanation I will make this statement: Suppose there were in any great city of the United States an urgent public demand, be it for the establishment of a hospital, a university, or some work of public usefulness which could not be paid from the public treasury, and suppose that I were a man who commands the public confidence both as to executive ability and honesty of purpose, I am sure there is no city in this country where I could not collect in one or two days several millions of dollars paid without any consideration of return, simply for the purpose of serving the public good. Any one familiar with conditions in this country will testify that this statement is not exaggerated and it applies also and especially to the "mammon-worshipping city of Chicago."

My critic notices that I disclaim originality. This is correct, as any readers of the Preface to my *Fundamental Problems* will know, and he is also correct when he says that I affirm my endeavor to avoid it. But he is mistaken when he interprets both the endeavor and the claim as "modesty," for modesty has nothing whatever to do with it. On the contrary, I believe it is easy enough to produce half a dozen original philosophies within a week—every day a new one,—but it is difficult and takes a calm and critical mind to work out *the* philosophy that ought to be, the philosophy of science, or, if you prefer the expression, philosophy as a science.

Up to the appearance of Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason*, philosophy had been in its swaddling clothes, and the result is that the history of philosophy is filled with innumerable systems of original philosophies. Much ingenuity and originality can be discovered in the various systems of astrology and alchemy, but originality ceases as soon as astronomy and chemistry begin. There may be an originality in the personal character of the scientist who discovers scientific truths, but the truths themselves can hardly be called original. The condition of success in the line of science consists exactly in an absolute surrender of the endeavor to be original, and in a perfect submission to the truth. But the result will be that instead of presenting ingenious and alluring theories, the man who surrenders his private ambitions and his hankering after originality, if he be but careful in drawing his conclusions with consistency, will advance on the path upon which mankind will have to travel; and so I may be pardoned for being sufficiently immodest to think that my critic who stands now in the place from which I started in my younger years, or rather that particular kind of theology that he represents, will gradually be forced to follow my lead, and the time will come when our theologians will consider my position as not only tenable, but sound, nay even orthodox.

The position of *The Expository Times* which is that of Protestant Christianity, has been my own, and in spite of the changes which my views have undergone, I still feel the bond of union which connects me by invisible threads to its tenets, antiquated though they may now appear to me. It embodies the religion of my father and my father's fathers, and my own development is nothing but a logical result of circumstances, which now when I look back on my life appear to be necessary and inevitable according to psychological laws.

Religion has always been to us,—at any rate since the time of the Reformation,—a trust in the tenets of our faith as *being the truth*, and Luther held the conviction that the truths of Christianity were divine, while human reason is merely human and liable to error. In the meantime our views of reason and its application, science, have changed. We know that men are fallible but that reason itself is infallible. We know that scientists may go astray, but that science itself, if it be but faithful to its vocation and principles, is a reliable guide to truth. That view has been gaining ground not only in the natural sciences, but also in our study of the history of religion, the canonical scriptures of Christianity, and also in our inquiry into the philosophical foundations of religious ideals. It was under the influence of the light of science that my belief in orthodox Christianity

was transformed into a broader and more definite conviction, and several successive changes took place in spite of myself, and I was forced to accept conclusions, which from my former standpoint I would have abhorred. I will not here enter into details of my religious development, but I will only say that I know positively that no one who would take the trouble to let the light of science have an influence upon his convictions, can escape traveling the same path; and this must necessarily be the fate of every honest man unless he blinds himself, and commits the unpardonable sin against the Holy Ghost in dulling his reason and stultifying his intellect. For these reasons, I dearly wish not to be misunderstood in the circles of orthodox believers, and it is on this account that I will give an explanation to my kind reviewer in *The Expository Times*.

The writer takes me to be one of those liberals who are atheists as there have been many atheists before. He thinks that the negations of my religious position are based upon the old negative arguments of the one-sided rationalists of the eighteenth century. He imagines that I would look for God with the telescope, the microscope and every instrument that science has invented." He even quotes me with the intention of characterizing my conception of Monism, saying:

"Dr. Carus is Hegelian enough to recognize two substances. But he rises above Hegelianism as he rises above Spinozism. He affirms that neither spirit nor matter has existence. Both are forms of abstract thought. Both are lost in that higher unity which only has being, that Cosmos or Existence which in the most absolute sense is all and in all. There are no differences of kind in this All-Existence. There is no divine and human. All is nature. . . . There is no matter and there is no spirit; there is cosmos alone, the great All-One."

It is perhaps the first time that I have been accused of Hegelianism. Although I have a great respect for Hegel, I am most emphatically opposed to the method of *a priori* construction with which he builds up the universe like an air castle and expects facts to agree with it.

While it is true that spirit and matter exist only in connection with that higher unity which we call the Cosmos, or the All, or reality, I would not say, as states my reviewer that I do, that both matter and spirit are lost in that higher unity. The word "matter" signifies certain features of our experience and these features remain matter, and the word "spirit" signifies certain other features of reality and these too remain spirit. Spirit and matter are not identical. They are as different as good and evil, as pleasure and pain, or hatred and love, or whatever contrast we may refer to. The

higher unity in which all things are involved, does not reduce everything to one common level. The very nature of our abstract terms indicates their difference and proves the importance of making discriminations.

Then, too, I am not in the habit of speaking of the great All-One, although, of course, I would have no objection to using emotional words concerning the unity of all things; and, certainly, I would not deny the existence of either matter or spirit. I deny that there is matter-in-itself and spirit-in-itself. I deny generally Kant's theory of things-in-themselves, but I do not say that things for that reason are nonentities. On the contrary, I insist on their reality. That matter is not a thing-in-itself, means that you cannot produce anything that is matter and nothing but matter.

Matter is a name which denotes a certain and assuredly also an actual feature of existence. Matter is mass, which consists of volume and weight, and both are undeniably efficient factors in the domain of experience. The same is true of spirit. By spirit we understand certain definite phenomena in the life of man which are popularly subsumed under the general name of will, intellect, and sentiment. No one who understands the situation can deny the actuality of spirit. It is as real as the actuality of matter. It would be no error, however, to say that both matter and spirit are bound up with many other qualities of existence, and that the terms matter and spirit are mere abstractions.

The mistake of that branch of mediæval philosophy which goes under the name of nominalism, consists exactly in the denial of the reality of abstractions. William of Occam and his followers said that names are mere words, or rather as we would prefer to say, their contents, ideas, had no significance beyond their mere sound. Words designate realities, and thus these thinkers, Thomas Aquinas and his disciples, call themselves realists (a name which of course should not be confounded with modern realism).

We would carry the principle of this realism to its consistent conclusion when we say that all abstractions, if they are true and not mere fiction, describe features of reality which are actual. Abstractions are not empty, as is claimed in many quarters unaccustomed to scientific modes of thinking. They are full of meaning to those who know their significance; and thus if the scientist says that spirit, the soul, volition, sensation, sentiment, justice, yea even God himself, are abstractions, the uneducated pastor may stand aghast at this bare faced method of preaching nihilism and atheism. Nevertheless, we are conscious of the fact that all our ideas, all our scien-

tific terms, all our moral concepts are abstractions pure and simple, but being abstractions they are not nonentities, but they are the spiritual quintessence of the most significant features of reality. In these abstractions, cold and dry though they may appear to the man who is not trained in reducing his experience to the clearness of scientific formulas, is reflected the glory of God Almighty.

Modern rationalism and especially the negative philosophy which has waged war on religion both Protestant and Catholic, has risen from the nominalist school; and so it is perhaps natural that any critic who appears to the old orthodox party as an infidel, is deemed a nominalist, and is as a matter of course supposed to deny the existence of the reality of ideas.

To my kind critic (for I appreciate fully his fairness and good intentions) my objection may appear quibbling, but in my opinion it is of great and important consequence. I would make exactly the reverse statement, and say: "There is matter and there is also spirit. Both have an actual existence in the Cosmos—in the great All-One." He characterizes my attitude towards Christianity, in part correctly, as follows:

"Dr. Paul Carus plainly declares he is no Christian. He accepts the ethics of Christ. The Cosmos cannot give him better ethics or more workable. But the ethics of Christ, he says, are not the ethics of Christianity. Christ did not, Christianity does, disregard the order of the universe and the findings of science. Now 'the surrender of science is the way to perdition.' And, however reluctantly, Dr. Carus is obliged to break with Christianity out and out, for there is no supernatural and there is no God. 'By God,' he says, 'we understand the order of the world that makes harmony, evolution, aspiration, and morality possible.' It is not that he denies the personality of God. God is a person and more. He is all that a person is, and he is more than a person can ever be. He is the All-in-all. He is spirit and matter combined, and not merely combined, but lost in a higher reality. He is Cosmos. We may call the All-One God if we like. But to speak of the Cosmos as God is to use the language of poetry. We may compare it to a father and with Christ call it 'Our Father,' but we only mean what we mean when we speak of Mother Nature. And as there is no God, there is of course no worship. 'We do not call the "All" God in order to bow down into the dust and adore it. We regard adoration as a pagan custom, which, it is a pity, survived into Christianity.'"

As to my declaration that I am "no Christian," I have simply to say that it depends entirely on the Christians whether or not they would still recognize me as such. The truth is I have started from Christianity, I have shed the slough of that which is untenable or transient, I have incorporated into and assimilated to my views all that appealed to me as true and good in other quarters. I have grown in comprehension by becoming acquainted with the doctrine

of the Buddha, the teachings of the ancient Greek philosophers, the meditations of the old Chinese thinker Lao-Tze and kindred spirits. At first it was a shock to me, so long as I still thought that unless Christ and his truth are unique Christianity is worthless, and I passed through transitional phases in which the old orthodox narrowness was an impediment to my growth.

This attitude is still a remnant of the old materialistic view that ideas (and with them the truth) must be concrete, as if they were individual things, not omnipresent and universal factors—a lingering error of mediæval nominalism that would deny the reality of any thing purely mental and so would doom everything universal and omnipresent as non-existent. It is a proposition of materialism that the material alone—the concrete, the individual—is real and anything that is of a general nature—ideas, ideals, abstractions—are nonentities. If that were so, then Christ alone can utter the ideas of Christ, and it would seem like an infringement of his domain if the same truth be found in other places, and if it be uttered by other people. But the spirit of Christ is not limited to the personality of Jesus. I have come to the conclusion that Christianity exists not only in Christianity, but its essence appears also in other religions, Buddhism, Taoism, the old Zarathushtrian Mazdaism, Hindu philosophy, and I am convinced that it appears also on other planets wherever rational beings originate, and aspiring creatures actualize in their history the highest ideals of life.

The question, What is Christianity? has been answered again and again, and yet the problem has never been solved. Every generation has offered a new solution and the truth is, that we can as little settle it historically as we should be able to determine by historical investigation any philosophical problem. Christianity is a historical movement which, unless it be dead, is not as yet complete, and therefore it has passed through as many phases as the life of a man who was first a child, then a boy, then a youth, and then at last started out in attending to the serious duties of life. If the historian had to settle the problem of the nature of Christianity, we might as well declare that Christianity is a communist movement in its origin and would therefore have to regard it as socialism; for the primitive Christians had all things in common, and no one was considered a member unless he sold all he had and surrendered it to the apostles.

We need not recapitulate the history of Christianity. It is obvious that it has changed constantly, and the Reformation especially is not a restoration of primitive Christianity but a progress and a higher realization of its aims. Gottfried Herder, who held the

position of Superintendent-General of the Saxe-Weimar church, spoke of Christianity as a great stream which carried in its waters mud and foreign substances. He expected that it would be cleared in the future, but insisted on its now being in a state of unfinished growth. It is true he was more a poet and philosopher than a clergyman and theologian, but his official position in the church has never been disputed, although he indicated an advance among his contemporaries. If Christianity opposes that universal order of the Cosmos which in my interpretation is nothing but the omnipresence of God, it dooms itself. It thereby counteracts that living power which sustains it, and sinks back upon the level of paganism.

My critic of *The Expository Times* feels very well that there is more Christianity in my philosophy than he expected to find, but he is mistaken if he thinks it is unconscious on my part. He says in his review of my *Gospel of Buddha*:

"But Dr. Carus is more Christian than he thinks and less everything else."

Incidentally I might say that he takes offence at the title of "Gospel," obviously thinking that it should be reserved for Christianity alone. He says of the *Gospel of Buddha*:

"Its name is its worst enemy. There is really no absurd Buddhist apologetics in it. Belonging to the *Religion of Science Library*, it has genuine scientific intentions."

As a matter of fact I wish to say that Gospel translates the Greek *Evangelion* which means "good message," and is literally the same as the Buddhist terms *saddhammo* or *kalyamo dhammo*. The former is a contracted form of *sat*, "good," and *dhammo*, "doctrine," which fuses the two ideas into one word* in close analogy to the Saxon word *Gospel*† and its Greek prototype. *Kalyamo* means "glorious," "most excellent," "most beautiful," (analogous to the Greek *kallistos*), and *kalyamo dhammo* is used with special emphasis when the Buddha sends out his disciples to carry the "glad tidings" to all the world for the salvation of the multitudes.

To my reviewer my position is little different from that of the agnostic, but the fact is I negate only the old interpretation of his own Christianity and instead of holding a negative position replace

* *Sat* means "good" in compound words in the same sense as the Greek. The *t* is assimilated to *d* before *dhammo*. It is connected with *sādhu*, "good," which is used among Buddhists as a response in exactly the same sense and in a similar manner as the Hebrew-Christian *amen*.

† The English word "Gospel," (viz., good spell) still echoes the magic power of words. The Greek *angelion* means message and is connected with the word angel, which is the English form of the Greek *angelos*, messenger.

it by a new orthodoxy. I believe very vigorously in the ideal of orthodoxy.* I believe there is a right doctrine and a wrong doctrine. I believe that we can discriminate between truth and untruth, but I would deny that a mere tradition or a mere confidence in a collection of books called the Bible, or **faith** in convictions based purely on sentiment, on intuition, or mystic revelations of any kind, is sufficient evidence of truth. I believe that scientific inquiry can be applied also to matters of religion and that the verdict of science, if it be but true and genuine science and not merely the clamor of schools, is the voice of God.

I grant that I deny the supernatural in the old sense, but I do not, for that reason, discard the idea altogether. There is a supernatural, and the supernatural as I interpret it is to be understood in the literal and original sense of the term. The physical is the domain of physics, but the phenomena of zoology and biology reveal to us a new realm which as far as we can judge grows out of the physical and might appropriately be called the hyperphysical; yet the hyperphysical, according to common usage, is still included in the domain of nature, for the phenomena of life are commonly called natural. Within the domain of human nature, however, there again rise aspirations which carry man beyond his own individual interests and lead him into the higher sphere of moral ideals. If the natural man is simply the egotist who deems it unnatural to forget his own interest, we may very well call the moral aspirations of the higher man supernatural. The natural man deems it natural to hate his enemies, but there is a maxim that ranges above this nature of the natural man and preaches love even of our enemies. Accordingly, I do not deny the supernatural but interpret it in a new spirit, insisting on the truth that the supernatural develops naturally from the natural as much as the hyperphysical inevitably appears in the physical world wherever its conditions are present.

According to the negative view of agnosticism and of the average freethinker, Christianity and all other religions are a gross error, the sooner abandoned the better for mankind. According to my position Christianity is true, but the present interpretation of Christianity has not yet spoken the last word. It is our duty to purify religion, and the present age demands mainly an intellectual reform as much as in Calvin's and Luther's times a moral reform was needed.

I look upon the crudities and shortcomings of Protestant Chris-

* See my article "The New Orthodoxy," in *The Dawn of a New Religious Era*. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co.

tianity, and also of primitive Christianity, as necessary and unavoidable phases in the development of religious truth, and I believe that honestly pious Christians are actually in possession of essential truths, though they see them as through a glass darkly and not yet face to face. The dogmatic interpretation of Christianity is a surrogate for the more genuine and truer Christianity of the future, and I deem it wise that the transition from the old to the new should not be made hastily or unadvisedly.

In questions of fact I am frequently, and not altogether wrongly, classed as an infidel; for I deny the actuality of miracles and many other things which the traditionalist deems indispensable to his faith, and which in his opinion constitute a deep gulf between my religion and his religion. On the other hand there is a deep gulf between myself and the typical freethinker, inasmuch as he sees only the faults of traditional religion and fails to recognize the truth of its ideals, which after all are essential and more significant than he knows. Thus my position is not that of the iconoclast. It is not mere negation. On the contrary, it is a genuine positivism. I feel more and more the significance of my conservative tendencies which ultimately will be recognized by even those to whom at present my methods appear very subversive.

MODERN INDIA.

BY A. CHRISTINA ALBERS.

A SANYASIN of stately mien meditating over his rosary in the early morning hour; a pilgrim placing a flower on a wayside shrine; a chapel dedicated to a deity in the heart of the jungle, with the deep scarlet of the Jaba flower shining from dark green foliage; a group of nude children noiselessly playing, faces young yet dignified, classic in form and noble in expression; women talking silently, drawing their veil more closely as a stranger passes, leaving open to view a pair of eyes black and lustrous;—these are the visions, these and many others, that haunt the memory, that the eye having seen the mind will never forget. These are some of the expressions of the lifeforce of this ancient land, which is, as it was, the heart of the world. A strange land this India! Her masses are poverty-stricken, and suffering is intense; yet there is here a wealth of spirituality, which to him who has touched on it, is a revelation and opens up before him a world of the existence of which he had not dreamt.

"Dirty!" says the globetrotter, "In uncleanness this India surpasses all I have ever seen before." "Those natives," complains the European resident, "are an unclean lot." Alas, they know not that underneath all this they call dirt, underneath all this refuse of ages there runs a crystal stream, there burns a fire that centuries of foreign rule, centuries of missionary endeavors of foreign religions, have not been able to quench—the high ideals of the people.

The Hindu is calm, he is tolerant. He makes a broad allowance for all that goes on around him. He looks upon the Englishman as a burly policeman, who is useful as long he is there, knowing all the while that his rule will come to an end some time, just when, he knows not, nor does it matter. Another ruler will follow some day, just who, is hard to tell, nor does it concern him greatly. But there is one thing he knows better than aught else in the world, and

that is that the spiritual dominion that India holds over the lands of the earth will last for evermore. Here lies the secret of India's greatness and of her strength, here is to be found the reason why



HIGH-CASTE BRAHMINS.

the Hindus through centuries of oppression and hardship have retained their strong originality, have not lost their religion, their philosophies, their customs.

It is a vast land this India, and many are they who are her children, two hundred and fifty millions and more in number, and therefore it may be easily understood that in speaking of them as a race one statement does not apply to all. From the lowest coolie of the aborigines to the highest sage every step of human evolution is here represented, but there are among the Hindus those—men and women—who form the highest type of humanity as yet evolved. Stately they are, these men of the Brahmin caste, whose bearing is kingly indeed, men who are philosophers since generations, but who in many cases work behind the desk of a European for a mere pittance. Often have I watched them going to their squalid dwellings. Proudly and erect they walk, bearing their burden without a murmur, and inner consciousness of their inborn superiority shining forth from all their movements, which makes them look upon complaint with disdain. Sir William W. Hunter in his *Indian Empire* speaks of them as follows:

“The Brahmins of the present day are the result of probably three thousand years of hereditary education and self-restraint; and they have evolved a type of mankind quite distinct from the surrounding population.”

And again he describes the Brahmin as being “tall and slim, with finely modelled lips and nose, fair complexion, high forehead, and somewhat coconut-shaped skull—the man of self-centred refinement.”

And yet these men are not what once they were; they have fallen, we hear, from the lofty pinnacle of their ancestral greatness. What then must they not have been when India was in the palmy days of her glory? Unfortunately in these days of degeneration there are many who are Brahmins only in name, from whom the ancestral dignity has faded, but notwithstanding this a remnant of the old stock has been preserved to cast upon the world to-day a reflection of India's great spiritual inheritance from the past.

But even the coolies are a cause of much comment among strangers on account of the erectness of their figures, which is no doubt due in part to the physical training they receive from carrying weights on their head. Wherever one turns there is here a wealth of picturesqueness and artistic groupings, which is an ever new source of admiration to the beholder. Every coolie is a fit model for the artist's brush as he drapes his garments around him, however ragged and unclean they might be in many cases. He bears his turbaned head with dignity and would not exchange his birth-right for that of the wealthiest of foreigners.

A street scene in an Indian city presents untold variety. There are squalid little shops with tradesmen sitting cross-legged among their ware, offering goods for sale that often show a delicate taste,—gold embroideries on rich velvets, shawls and dresses of fine texture, embroideries in silk of rare designs, wood and ivory carvings of fine workmanship,—tailors, menders of boots, bakers, dyers, all busy at their respective trades on the public street; men in picturesque attire from many different lands. Yonder walks a woman with garments gracefully flowing from her shoulders. She carries a



A BHUTEA BAZAR.

heavy basket on her head, her infant on her right arm and a packet in her left hand; yet she walks with perfect unconcern. Haste and nervousness are unknown to her. A busy man passes a temple, he stops to make obeisance; a fakir with hair unkempt, his body covered with ashes, begs of the passers-by, and the vender calls out his ware with a strange pathetic cadence in his voice. From yonder mosque the priest calls forth at eventide, while from the church-towers the bells call to worship.

II.

"If we Hindus have not lost all that marks us as a nation, it is due to our women." How often have I not heard the men of India say that! It is the Indian woman, patient, long suffering, tender, and dutiful who has kept glowing in the hearts of men that great love for the land of their fathers, that reverence for the sages and the teachings of the ancient rishis that since time immemorial have been India's stronghold. Never was there a greater mistake than to think that the Indian woman is weak and that her position is one of slavish drudgery. To fully realize and appreciate her position one must first learn to thoroughly grasp Indian sentiment, for this, as in fact any other phase of the inner life of India, cannot be fully appreciated while beheld from a Western viewpoint. One must learn, as it were, to look with the Eastern eye, to go to that inner life itself to see it aright. It is only then that a life unfolds itself that is rich in its manifold coloring.

The whole life of an Indian woman is interwoven with religion. Everything she does has value for her only when viewed in a spiritual light, and her daily avocations cannot be separated from the higher thought. On rising from her bed she pronounces the name of the Deity or that of some of the holy personages who are so numerous in Indian mythology, at the same time doing homage to the pictures representing them, which are always found in the sleeping apartments of an Indian household. After taking her daily bath she worships the Deity in a sanctuary with which every Indian household is provided. The cooking is superintended by the matrons of the house, who also teach the younger female members. Never does a Hindu woman forget to give alms to the poor, and comes a stranger to her door begging he is certain to receive food. The instances are not rare when a mother, after, according to time-honored custom, having served food to all the members of the household before taking her own, has given away her own and cheerfully cooked again for herself before being able to eat.

Hindus are very sociable, and the ladies very frequently visit one another. When the work of the morning is done they gather together from neighboring houses and the elder women narrate stories of ancient times, through all of which runs a strain of woman's enduring love and sacrifice. Meanwhile she ministers to her children. The Zenana is really a world in itself, a world where woman rules. While her sphere of activity is confined to it, yet in

this realm she is quite free, and woe unto the man that trespasses upon the sacred precincts of the Zenana. The Indian women have the right of property even after marriage, and manifold are the duties of the men towards them.

The women, especially those of the higher castes, are dignified in bearing and often of rare beauty. Their dress, called *sari*, consists of one piece of cloth about eight or ten yards long. This is partly fastened around the waist to serve as skirt, and the remaining part draped gracefully over the hair, hanging down loosely over the



AN INDIAN WOMAN.

shoulders and serves as veil to protect the face when occasion requires it. It is a graceful robe, and when on festive occasions the lady of rank appears in bright gold-embroidered silk, richly decked with costly jewels, bracelets, and rings, toe ornaments and anklets, necklace, earrings and head ornament, the latter falling prettily over the forehead, she presents a picture of dignity and loveliness.

The life of the wealthier women of all castes has considerable variety. Aside from the mutual visits they pay one another, they often

go on pilgrimages to the holy places; they visit theatres where special seats, carefully screened, are reserved for them. They go to public gardens, museums, industrial and art exhibitions, in all of which there are special days for ladies. Notwithstanding all this the *purdah* is strictly observed, particularly in the cities, where the ladies go about in carriages and palanquins securely closed, occasionally venturing to leave the doors slightly ajar to take a peep at the world outside, and alight only when they are within the court



AN INDIAN WOMAN.

of the house they wish to enter, safe from the glances of profane eyes.

Their life becomes burdensome when lived in poverty. For aside from the usual pressure that poverty always brings to bear, the numerous caste obligations and the strict seclusion make a woman's life hard indeed. Not being in a position to hire a conveyance, she spends her days entirely in her lowly dwelling, which, alas! only too often is insanitary to a high degree, ill ventilated, and unclean. And if one adds to this the fact that in most cases

the poorer women are illiterate, and unable even to sew, one may form an idea of how sad their lot is. This is mainly true of city life. In the villages poverty presses less hard, for there all women enjoy more freedom. They frequently go to the river or public tanks for bathing, often having special roads set aside for them, where they move freely and without restriction.

There are among the women of India many of unusual mental caliber. Although not educated in the Western sense, they have that spirit of artistic discernment which is really the sum total of all education, developed to a very high degree. This is especially true of the elder ladies, who possess an unusual amount of common sense. They manage their large households with great foresight and are excellent financiers, in many cases having the entire management of their husbands' income, seeing to the investments and expenditures with no small amount of shrewdness, which is the more remarkable since they do not engage in the public affairs of the world.

When a woman enters widowhood her whole life changes and the restrictions put upon her are severe, too severe it would seem. Yet statistics prove that in most cases the widows live to a ripe old age, which does certainly not argue against adaptability to the rules imposed upon them. A widow may eat only one meal a day, and once in a fortnight she must fast entirely, not being then permitted even to take a drink of water. Her meal consists of certain food prepared of rice and vegetables, which she must cook herself. Simple white is her garment, all personal adornment is laid aside on the day that marks her widowhood, and in many instances her head is shaven. She retains, however, the right of property. Her time is spent in religious devotion and she frequently goes on pilgrimages to the holy shrines. Death does not sever the marriage tie, and the widow ministers ever to the spiritual well-being of him whom on earth she called her husband. She never marries a second time, remaining faithful to the man to whom she was joined for better or worse, hoping to be reunited to him in a future state. Many a child is a widow at the tender age of ten or twelve and spends her days henceforth doing penances and in humble service. It may be mentioned that at present there are societies that advocate the re-marriage of child-widows, and that such marriages have occurred of late.

There is one feature in the life of an Indian woman that above all others seems almost incomprehensible to her Western sisters, and one which when considered evokes universal sympathy. She

lives her life without a girlhood. From childhood to womanhood,—this is her lot. Her life is like a day without the rosy hues of morning. She bears children before her tender frame is fitted for the



BRAHMIN CHILDREN.

task, and of toys and childhood's plays she knows little.

Prior to the Muhammedan conquest girls were not married so young, nor were their lives so secluded, and it is in those districts

where the Moslem rulers had their firmest footing that the *purdah* system even now is observed the strictest. But sad necessity compelled the Hindus to protect their daughters, for in those days the beautiful women of the land were taken by force and the harems of the victorious oppressors held many a sad victim whose young life pined away behind the walls that imprisoned it. But now the people are awakening to the fact that the necessity for these customs is passing away and steps are gradually being taken to give the women more liberty and advance the marriageable age of girls to fifteen. But movements like this must needs come from the people themselves. The English Government has no control over this part of India; in the social customs of the land neither the King nor the House of Commons has a right to interfere. In his oath of office the King of England as Emperor of India distinctly vows to leave the customs of the people intact.

And here may it be understood that this India has never yet been conquered. She was defeated in many a cruel battle; for long and weary years she has been oppressed. But with the heel of the oppressor ever upon her neck, with the lifeblood sucked from her very veins India has stood and stands to-day a distinct nation. She has seen nations appear and pass away upon the world's arena, and she will live as long as she upholds all that is noble in her race and be a people when many great nations of to-day will have stepped behind the scenes forever, their parts finished. She will again take her place among the great powers of the world, for she has to give to the world a message. She is the spiritual teacher among the peoples of the earth, which is the most important of all objects to fulfil. Therefore she is not a vain imitator of another's method, but her work is to infuse new life into her old national ideals. Whatever she adopts from the West she must adapt it to her own ways.

And now that the dawn is once more heralding the day when India's daughters will enjoy greater freedom, it must devolve upon those women themselves to become the educators of their people, the women of India who are at once the foundation and the crowning glory of their race. In this their Western sisters can help them and have helped them much already. But so far the way has been greatly blocked by want of confidence. In too many instances the religion of the people, not being understood by the foreign educators, is taken from them in exchange for education. The Christians have won the lasting gratitude of the Hindus by their work in the lines of education and philanthropy; among them are many noble and self-sacrificing souls who work with undaunted perseverance. But

they would find their work much easier and accomplish more if they would try to grasp the spirit that underlies the life of the Indian people, if they tried to understand that back of what they call "idols" there lies a great truth. In their wake will yet have to come those who will prove to the people of this land that they understand their ideals and their religion and that they are willing to work with them leaving these undisturbed. For in this land there is a silent sea that may be navigated by no foreign bark, where bloom the sweet lotuses of the greater truth of which her ancient poets have sung. Such is the inner life of India. And if on the surface of this lake to-day there is a scum, if the flowers by the water's edge are overgrown by weeds, these can be removed by the hand of love. When Western people learn to take this India just as she is, when they cease to make their conditions as to what she ought to be, then will India open up to them her treasure house, then will she teach them the secret of a greater life and take them to her heart as her children.

To set one's foot upon the triangular peninsula of Southern Asia, to travel in railroad cars and live in hotels, to see buildings and throw a coin at a coolie,—these things are not knowing India; on the contrary they only confuse and estrange the more. But he who would know India aright must go in silence to her heart; he must tarry in her sacred places and sit at the feet of her sages; he must listen to the whisper of her palms and melt away with the mellow sadness of her plains; he must linger to behold the ancient prehistoric methods that he encounters everywhere and see India, as the artist, in a thousand forms of beauty; he must weep with her in her sorrow, weep as a child weeps that longs for a mother's soothing word; then will he feel her heart throb and she will open up before him a life that is fathomless in its depth.

But alas, how many are there that do this? Not they who call themselves the rulers of India, and the result is that the gulf between the rulers and the ruled is very wide and is ever widening. Nor will they be drawn nearer until the English learn to understand and appreciate the noble ideals of the race intrusted in their charge. It is remarkable to meet English people, who, having lived in India for years or in many instances were born in the country, and yet know absolutely nothing of these people; to whom the great literature of India is entirely unknown; who have never visited a zanana, a monastery, or a temple; the art ideals, the great religion of this land they are incapable of understanding. They place the native people in the same relation to themselves that the monkey bears to man, and to this the Hindu is too proud to reply.

Nor does the ruling race gain anything thereby, for the Englishman of ten years residence in India is not the Englishman of England. He sacrifices much of the culture of manners that marks the Englishman of his native land and only too often exchanges that spirit of independence, which is the natural inheritance of his race, for one of domineering and rudeness. I do not say that the English Government has not done good in many instances, but it has failed to touch the heart of the people. Instead of winning their love the foreign rulers have antagonized them and are still continuing to do so. And well might they beware, for they are antagonizing a people that is intense in its nature: intense in devotion, intense in gratitude, but intense, I fear, when once roused into revenge.

III.

Ceremonies form a very important part in the Indian home life. From the cradle to the grave they mark the different stages in the life of a Hindu. The first ceremony, after a child is born, is that of welcome by the father, when he prays for its health, long life, and wellbeing. When the child is about eight months old the ceremony of the first rice is performed, which is at the same time the naming ceremony. The child receives then its first solid food. Originally the naming ceremony took place about a fortnight after birth, but now the two are generally celebrated together. When the child reaches the sixth or seventh year the ceremony of the earboring is performed.

The most important ceremony in the life of a boy is the *Upa-nayam* or investiture with the sacred thread. He is usually nine or ten years old when this important event occurs, and he is henceforth known as a twice-born. This ceremony represents the birth into the spiritual life, and he then receives the triple cord, knotted together, which he must henceforth wear, and which is a symbol of the Trinity, the threefold forces in nature that manifest themselves everywhere. He who wears it must exercise a threefold control over himself: control over thought, speech, and action, and the twice-born must live a stainless life. This ceremony originally marked the student's life. From this ceremony the Sudras are exempt, it includes the Brahmins, Katriyahs, and Vaishnahs.

When a young woman is twelve, and often earlier, a bridegroom is selected for her by her parents, and the wedding that follows soon after is really intended to be a mere betrothal, and the bride remains

for two or three years in her parental home after she is married. During this time she visits the house of her father-in-law at intervals in order to become gradually acquainted with her husband. Unfortunately this last custom is not now always observed. The idea of early marriage is that these young people, being united in early youth, are to grow into each others lives, and the affection that thus springs up is very strong. The nuptial bond in India is considered a union of souls and the object is not so much the promotion of individual happiness as the joint performance of religious duties. Man or woman alone is imperfect, the union is necessary in order to complete the human being. The young people are trained to cultivate thoughts of affection towards each other after their young lives are joined, and although they did not know much of each other prior to their marriage the families are always well acquainted, and marriages in India are as a rule happy. In the villages the young men usually manage to have a glimpse at the maidens yet unwed, for Cupid will find a way, and the life of the young Hindus is not so devoid of romance as it would seem, and the whole not nearly so severe when seen close by as it appears when viewed from a distance.

It was in the house of a high caste Brahmin that I saw the choosing of a bride. The young lady, a distant relative of the family, was rather over age, for she was past fourteen. Her mother lived in a distant village, and had much to suffer, I was told, from tantalizing neighbors for having a fifteen year old spinster on her hands. But her friends in the city came to her rescue and took the young lady under their protection.

The day appeared when the guardian of the suitor entered the house. The young woman, fair as a lotus and shy as a doe, was dressed in her festive attire to appear before him. Robed in a graceful silk *sari*, prettily adorned with jewels, she looked more like a charming picture than a thing of flesh and blood. The elder ladies attended her with a solicitude tender and touching. There was not a sign of eagerness to make a bargain, on the contrary, a deep sympathy prevailed, and with sweet motherly tenderness they spoke to her in words of admonition. The young woman herself, however, seemed pleased with the romance of the situation in which sentiment she was joined by the young ladies of the house.

With downcast eyes the maiden entered. A rug had been placed for her in the center of the room, on a corner of which she took her seat, legs crossing, as is the customary mode of sitting in the

Orient. Around her sat the contracting parties, the maiden the while not venturing to raise her eyes.

When about a week later I entered the same house, I was informed that the marriage had been settled and that the husband had taken his young wife away to present her to his mother. The matrons were sad, the imprint of sorrow was upon their faces, and it was pathetic to hear them tell that their "daughter" had left them. For in India every young woman is looked upon as daughter and every elderly woman is called mother.

The marriage ceremony is very unique and full of deep symbols, and a house in which this event takes place is easily recognizable, for exterior and interior alike are festively adorned with garlands and lanterns, while music sounds through the halls. The ceremonies vary greatly in different parts of India, but fire always plays an important part, as in fact in many instances the deity is worshipped through the medium of fire. After a part of the ceremony has been performed in which the groom alone takes part, the juvenile bride is carried in, sitting on a litter, robed in a red or yellow *sari* that covers her from head to foot. After many rituals her face is uncovered before him, and separated from the bystanders by a screen, youth and maiden look into each others eyes. Romance is ever ready to weave her net around young hearts, and they must watch with care this first look. If it be one of joy then happiness may they expect from their wedded life, but if on the contrary there is any sadness felt, then, alas, such omen bodes ill. The ceremony lasts usually for hours and when the wedded pair at last arise, their garments are knotted together. They then proceed to the inner department, where there is an hour or two of frolic on the part of the female guests, only too often at the expense of the young couple.

On the day following the wedding the husband takes his young bride home to his mother's house where she remains for a few days. This is, however, a mere formality, an introduction into her new home, and that ended she returns to her parents.

The ceremonies performed for the departed are called *Shradha*, and the performance of these marks the end of the period of mourning. The Brahmins perform it on the tenth day after the day of death, the lower castes later. During this period the mourners wear a loose garment which must be undyed. They sit only on *kusa* grass, and those who are obliged to attend to worldly duties before this time expires, carry with them a mat made of this grass, to use whenever they are required to sit down, because it is said to possess

strong magnetic power and to keep off evil influences. Only one meal a day is eaten, and this must be cooked by a member of the family of the deceased. At this ceremony many offerings are made and the *mantras* are repeated by the eldest son after the priests. These latter are intended to send their vibrations upward to him who passed out and send him in peace into the land he must enter. The Hindu looks upon death simply as a stage in his existence, to him life is eternal, and he who departs goes but into a different sphere, where the blessings of his friends on earth will follow him.

The annual *Shradha* ceremony is performed for parents by the eldest son on the anniversary of their death. The spirit of the departed is then expected to hover near and receive the offerings given. And so strict are they as regards the performance of this duty, that a son cannot inherit his father's property unless he is qualified to perform *pinda*s (ablution for the dead.)

Begging in India is a profession, and bands of beggars are ever moving over the highways and crowding the cities. In an overcrowded country where industries and agricultural pursuits are at a low ebb, it would be impossible to find employment for its teeming millions in the field of labor; hence these organized bands, that are looked upon with perfect tolerance, and for whom the hand of charity is ever open. Is there an event of merrymaking, of thanksgiving, or the performance of a religious ceremony in any Hindu household; or if the revolving year brings the day of an anniversary of a wedding, a birth, or the death of a loved one, ever is the feeding of the poor a part of the day's doing. These almsgivings are frequent occurrences, and strange scenes does one see there. All that human misery can produce is here represented, and yet through it all runs a strain of deep devotion, of fond endeavor to uplift and to comfort. Here are men and women aged, crippled, leprous, and palsied, scarcely able to move along, tenderly supported by younger and stronger hands; infants carried by loving arms, often caressing the wan faces that bend over them, as if to assure them that in the depth of misery there is love. The picture of a sweet young woman that I saw on one of these occasions, I shall never forget. The modesty of her manners and the noble contour of her face spoke of happier days, and judging by these she might have been a Brahmin. She clung to a husband aged and blind whom she tried to guide on his dark road. There was depicted a deep sense of honor, of pride as yet unconquered which made the degrading situation apparently unbearable, yet there was a devotion that overruled all. But the

spirit of youth here too is found, and many a lad, yet in his teens, jumps buoyantly into the air in sheer delight after having received his dole and evokes a laugh from the surprised beholder who did not look for merriment in this division of human society.

The roving beggars have no homes, they live a nomadic life: the broad earth is their nightly couch and the sky their cover. They follow the profession that their ancestors of many generations followed before them, and it is looked upon as being perfectly legitimate.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

MORAL TALES OF THE TREATISE ON RESPONSE AND RETRIBUTION.*

(With Illustrations by Chinese Artists.)

[CONCLUDED.]

THE NORTHERN CONSTELLATION.

P'ang Hêng-Hsiu organized with his friends an association the purpose of which was to worship the Northern Constellation. He observed all necessary religious disciplines and recited the *sutras* with reverence. One day, however, he became so intoxicated that he forgot himself. He stripped off his garments and slept facing the north. Waking up in the night he showed his disrespect toward the constellation, when suddenly, he heard a series of thunderclaps in the northwestern quarter, and lo! the gate of heaven was thrown wide open. Awed by this unexpected turn of affairs, P'ang hastily put on his clothing and was at the point of paying due homage to the Lord, when a god with dark face and dragon-like whiskers, carrying a golden rod in his hand, came down from above. He severely censured P'ang for his offence, saying: "You have organized a religious society yourself and are well aware of the sacred laws. Therefore, your violation of them becomes doubly punishable."

P'ang humbly begged for divine mercy, excusing his deportment by the temporary derangement of his mind.

The god said, "The reason why men of good behavior are free from blame, is that they never relax their moral vigilance at any moment. Remember the story of Ch'ü Pai-Yü who at night passed by the royal palace, yet he dismounted from his carriage as was customary to do in the daytime, and paid proper reverence to the Imperial house. People are still praising his unparalleled sincerity.

* These little stories have been translated in part directly from the Chinese originals by Mr. Teitaro Suzuki, and partly through the French version of Stanislas Julien.

Even in darkness men must not unbridle themselves and yield to their wanton passions. We will let you go at present, but you will have to suffer for your offence later on in life by receiving some civil punishment."

Ever since, P'ang shut himself up in his house and did not dare



go outside lest some misfortune should befall him. But how could a poor mortal escape heavenly ordained punishment? One day he received an invitation from one of his honorable relatives who had just been promoted to an eminent official position at the capital. He accepted gladly and went to the capital. While there, he went

out and in at pleasure. Once he passed by an Imperial shrine, and, not knowing the official regulations, kept on riding apace. Thereupon, the guard of the shrine arrested him for the offence, and the judge sentenced him to one hundred stripes. P'ang then came to realize the significance of the divine prophecy.

[The Northern Constellation, called in Chinese "the bushel" and in Western countries "Ursa Major," is sacred to Ti Chün, (the Lord Superior), and any intentional irreverence shown to it is regarded as disrespect toward the good Lord himself. Our illustration shows a messenger of Ti Chün stepping forth from the gate of heaven to warn the trespasser.]

RESPECT WOMANHOOD.

There was a shrine to the water-goddess in the village of Ch'ing Ch'i, and her image that was placed there was so nicely carved that it looked like a real goddess of splendid beauty. The villagers made her the guardian of the district and paid her great respect.

It was the second month of the year when the pear-blossoms on the grounds were very pretty, that a party of young students was passing by and admired the flowers. One of them lifted the curtain that was hung before the image of the goddess and exclaimed: "How lovely she is! If she were alive I would make her my mistress!"

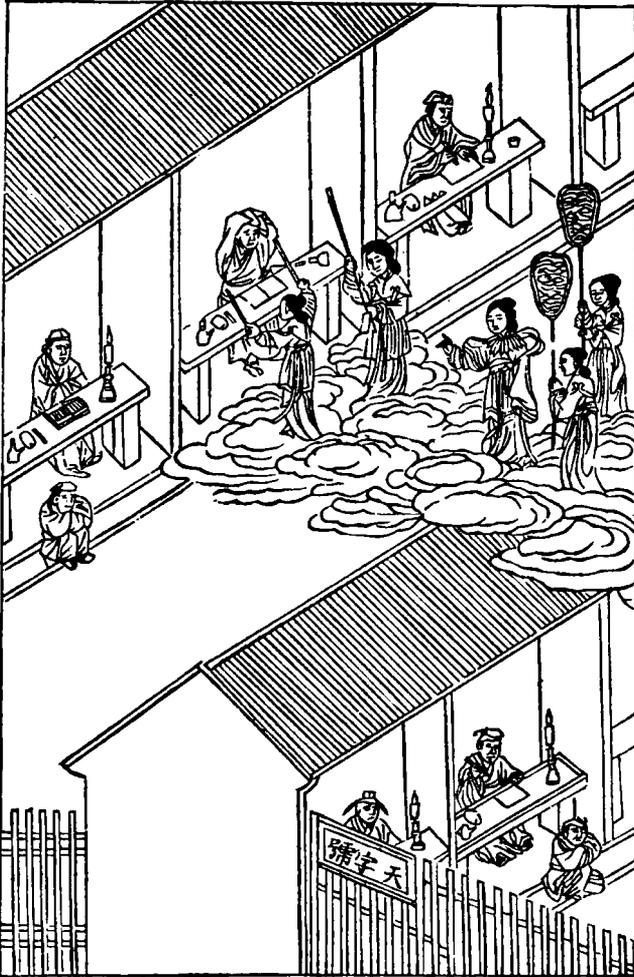
His friends were shocked, but he laughed at their scruples, saying that spirits and gods have no reality; that it is well enough for the people to believe in and fear them, because such superstition made them the more amenable. He then composed a libelous poem and wrote it on the wall, but his friends did not say anything more, knowing the uselessness of their advice.

After this they all went to the examination hall, and stayed at the Wên Chang Dormitory. One evening the Lord Wên Chang* appeared to them in a dream, and they were greatly afraid to be in the presence of his august majesty. He had a roll on his table and declared to them: "As you know well, any student who is guilty of trifling with women is excluded from the list. Even a plain, ordinary woman should be respected by you; and how much more this is true of a holy goddess, you all must know. According to a report I have received, it seems there is one of your number who has insulted the goddess of Ch'ing Ch'i." Having ascertained the name

* Wen-Chang means "Scripture Glory" and he bears the title Ti-Chün, "Lord Superior." He is worshiped all over China as the god of written revelation and is the patron of all educational institutions.

of the offender, the Lord cancelled it from the list, adding that this was done because the man was guilty of wronging a woman.

When the students met the following morning, they learned that each had had the same dream during the night. Yet the offender



himself was obliterate and said: "What has the Lord of Literature to do with such trifles? What harm can an image of clay do to me?"

He entered an examination cell, and having written down his seven essays with unusual vigor and brilliancy, felt assured of his final success. But when the night was far advanced, there appeared before him the Goddess of Water with her attendants. She censured

him for both his grave offence and impenitence, and then ordered her maids to strike him with their sticks until the student lost his mind and destroyed all of his papers. When he was carried out of the cell in the morning, he was unconscious and died soon.

[The accompanying picture illustrates the examination hall where every candidate is seated in a separate cell. The row in the corner is inscribed with the words, "Heaven-Character Number," which means "number one." In explanation we have to state that one way of counting in Chinese is according to the words of the Thousand Characters Book, *Chien Tzu Wen*, which begins with the words *Tien ti hsüan huang*. This book is used as a primer in Chinese schools and every partly educated Chinaman knows it by heart. It contains the thousand most important characters used in daily life and no two characters are alike. Thus, *tien* (heaven) means "one," *ti* (earth) means "two," *hsüan* (dark) means "three," *huang* (yellow) means "four," etc.]

THE SPIRIT OF THE HEARTH.

In the days of the Ming dynasty [1368-1628 A. D.] during the years called Kia-Tsing [1522-1567 A. D.] there lived in the province of Kiang-Shih a man named Yu Kong. His posthumous name was Tu, and his honorary title Liang-Chin. He was gifted with unusual capacity and had acquired a scholarship as thorough as it was varied. At the age of sixteen he received the Bachelor's degree, and had always been first in all examinations. But when he had reached the age of thirty, he found himself in such straits that he was obliged to give lessons for a livelihood. He joined several Bachelors who had studied at the same college and commenced with them to offer sacrifices to Wen-Chang Ti-Chün, "the Lord Superior of Scripture Glory." He carefully guarded written paper,* and set at liberty captive birds; he refrained from enjoying the pleasures of sense, from the killing of animals, and from the sins of the tongue. Although he had faithfully observed these rules of conduct for many years, he failed seven times successively in competitive examination for the second degree.

He married and had five sons: the fourth fell ill and died a premature death. His third son, a child of rare intelligence and charming features, had two black spots under the sole of his left

* According to Chinese views it is impious to throw away paper on which characters are inscribed, because words, both printed and written, are deemed to partake of the spiritual nature of the Tao; and this notion is not altogether foreign to the Western idea that the Logos or "word" is the incarnation of God. There is a class of Taoist monks who devote themselves to the task of collecting and burning all scraps of inscribed papers to spare their writing the sorry fate of defilement.

foot. He was an especial favorite with his parents, but one day when he was eight years old, while playing in the street he lost his way and no one knew what had become of him. Yu Kong had four daughters, but only one lived, and his wife lost her sight from mourning for her children. Although he worked incessantly year after year, his misery only increased from day to day. So he examined himself, and finding he had committed no great sin, became resigned, although not without murmuring, to Heaven's chastening hand.

When he had passed the age of forty, every year at the end of the twelfth moon he wrote a prayer on yellow paper and burned it before the Spirit of the Hearth, beseeching him to carry his vows to heaven. This practice he continued for several years without having the slightest response.

When he was forty-seven, he spent the last evening of the year in the company of his blind wife and only daughter. Gathered together in a room very scantily furnished, the three tried to console one another in their afflictions, when all at once a knock was heard at the door. Yu Kong took the lamp and went to see who it was, and lo, there stood a man whose beard and hair were partly whitened by age. The stranger was clad in black and wore a square cap. He entered with a bow and sat down. "My family name is Chang," he said to Yu Kong, "I have come hither a long distance because I have heard your sighs and complaints, and wish to comfort you in your distress."

Yu Kong was filled with wonder and paid him every mark of respectful deference. "All my life," he said to Chang, "I have consecrated to study and the pursuit of virtue, and yet up to this day have never been able to obtain any advancement. Death has robbed me of nearly all my children, my wife has lost her sight, and we can hardly earn enough to keep us from hunger and cold. Moreover," he added, "I have never ceased importuning the Spirit of the Hearth and burning before him written prayers."

"For many years," Chang replied, "I have taken an interest in the affairs of your house, and I am sorry that with your evil thoughts you have filled the measure to overflowing. Concerned only to acquire empty renown you send to heaven unacceptable prayers, filled with murmurings and accusations. I fear that your visitation is not yet at an end."

Yu Kong was frightened. "I have heard," he said with emotion, "that in the other world even the smallest virtues are written in a book. I have sworn to do good, and for a long time have care-

fully followed the rules which are laid down for men. Can you then say that I have worked for mere vainglory?"

"My friend," Chang answered, "among those precepts there is one which bids you respect written characters. Yet your pupils and fellow students often use the leaves of ancient books to redress the walls of their rooms and to make envelopes; some indeed, even use them to wipe off their tables. Then they excuse themselves by saying that although they soil the paper, they burn it immediately afterwards. This happens daily under your eyes and you say not a word to prevent it. Indeed when you yourself find a scrap of written paper in the street you take it home and throw it in the fire. While you suffer others to trespass, tell me please what good does it do that you act rightly? It is true, too, that every month you set animals at liberty that have been doomed to death; but in this you blindly follow the crowd and act only according to the counsel of others. It would even seem that you remain undecided and irresolute if others do not first set the example. Good feeling and compassion have never been spontaneous in your heart. You have kids and lobsters served on your table, without considering that they, too, are endowed with the breath of life. As to the sins of the tongue, you shine by reason of your readiness of speech and force of argument and never fail to silence all who dispute with you, but you are insentient to the fact that thereby you wound others' feelings and lose their friendship. Often too, carried away by the heat of discussion, you take advantage of your superiority and taunt your opponents with biting sarcasm. You pierce them with the bitter darts of your tongue and thus draw down upon you the anger of the gods. You are unaware of the number of your offences which are recorded in the spiritual world, and yet you picture yourself the most virtuous of men. Who is there who pretends to deceive me? Do you think any one can impose upon Heaven?"

"It is true that you commit no actual crimes; but when you meet a beautiful woman in another's home and cannot banish her from your thoughts, you have already committed adultery with her in your heart. Consider a moment! Would you have sufficient control over yourself to imitate the sage Lu Nan-Tze if you were placed in a similar position? When he once found himself obliged to pass the night in a house whose only other occupant was a woman, he lighted a lamp and read aloud until morning to avoid exposing her to unjust suspicions.* You say that you have thus kept yourself

* See Mayers, *Chinese Reader's Manual*, Nos. 429 and 403. This incident is commonly told of Kwang Yü, deified as Kwang Ti, the Chinese god of war

pure and unspotted throughout your life, and believe that you can without fear present yourself before Heaven and Earth, before demons and sprits! You are deceiving yourself. If this is the way you have followed the precepts which you have sworn to observe, what need is there to speak of others?

"I have presented to Heaven the supplications which you have burned before my altar. The Supreme Master has charged a spirit to keep careful account of your good and evil deeds, and for several years he has not found a single virtue worth recording. When you are alone and given over to yourself, I see nothing in your heart but thoughts of avarice, of envy, of selfishness; thoughts of pride, of scorn and of ambition; and thoughts of hate and ingratitude towards your benefactors and your friends. These thoughts grow on you; so plentifully they swarm in the depths of your heart that I could not enumerate them all. The gods have already recorded a vast number of them and the punishment of Heaven is increasing daily. Since you have not even time to escape the calamities which threaten you, what use to pray for happiness!"

At these words Yu Kong was panic-stricken. He prostrated himself upon the earth and burst into a torrent of tears.

"Oh Lord!" he groaned, "I know that thou art a god since thou knowest things which are hidden. Have mercy upon me and save me!"

"My friend," Chang replied, "you study the works of the ancients, you are instructed in your duties, and the love of truth has always been a delight to you. When you hear a noble word, you are for the moment carried away with zeal and emulation, while if you witness a good action, your heart leaps for very joy. But as soon as these things are out of your sight and hearing, you forget them at once. Faith has not planted her roots deeply in your heart, and therefore your good principles have no solid foundation. Then, too, the good words and actions of your whole life have never been anything but empty show. Have you ever done a single thing that betrayed a noble motive? And yet, when your heart is full of wrong thoughts which surround and bind you on all sides, you dare ask Heaven for the rewards which only virtue can claim. You are like a man who would sow only thistles and thorns in his field and expect a rich harvest of good fruit. Would not that be the height of folly!"

"From this time forward, arm yourself with courage, and banish all impure and unworthy thoughts that may present themselves

Cf. ibid., No. 297, where the common version of Lu Nan-Tze's adventure as told by Mayers, differs somewhat from our story.

to your mind. You must first bring forth a crop of pure and noble thoughts, and after that you may direct your efforts to the accomplishment of good. If an opportunity comes to do a good action which is within the limits of your strength, hasten to do it with a firm and resolute heart, without calculating whether it is large or small, difficult or easy, or whether it will bring you any advantage. If this good act is above your strength, use the same zeal and effort in order to show your sincere intention. Your first duty is patience without limit, your second, tireless perseverance. Above all, keep yourself from indifference and avoid self-deception. When you have followed these rules of conduct for a long time you will reap untold benefits.

"Within your home you have served me with a pure and reverential heart and it is for this reason that I have come with the especial purpose of bringing you instructions. If you make haste to carry them out with all your might you may yet appease Heaven and cause it to change its decision."

While speaking the stranger entered farther within the house. Yu Kong rose eagerly and followed. But on approaching the hearth, the weird visitor vanished. Then Yu Kong realized that it was the Spirit of the Hearth who presides over the destiny of men. He at once burned incense in his honor and prostrated himself in grateful acknowledgment.

The next day which was the first day of the first month of the year, he directed prayers and praise to Heaven. He avoided his former errors and began to do well with a sincere heart. He changed his literary name to Tseng-I Tao-Jen which means "the Taoist bent on the purification of his heart," and then wrote out a vow to banish all blameworthy thoughts.

The first day he was besieged by a thousand conflicting thoughts; now he fell into doubt, and again into indifference and inaction. He allowed hours and days to pass fruitlessly and it was not long before he returned to the path in which he had before lost his way. At last he prostrated himself before the altar of the great Kwan Yin* whom he worshiped in his home, and shed tears of blood.

* Kwan Yin, or in full Kwan-Shih-Yin Tze-Tsai, is the Buddha of mercy, a divinity which is peculiarly Chinese, having incorporated features of the founder of Buddhism but being represented as a goddess. She is the most popular deity in China and is in many respects comparable to the Virgin Mary in Roman Catholic countries. Her name in Tibet is Tara; her Chinese name is an abbreviation of the Sanskrit *Avalokitesvara* which means the *Isvara*, or sovereign Lord, and *avaloki*, on-looking, i. e., considerate.

In the *Saddharma-pundarika*, Chapter XXIV, (*S. B. E.* XXI, p. 410 *et seq.*), she is referred to as a preacher of the Good Law, and this chapter is recited daily both morning and evening in Buddhist temples.

"I vow," he said, "that my only desire is to have none but worthy thoughts, to keep myself pure and unspotted, and to use every effort to advance towards perfection. If I relax a hair's breadth may I fall into the depths of hell."

Every day he rose very early and invoked one hundred times in sincerity and faith the holy name of Ta-Tzé Ta-Pei (the Most Benevolent and Most Compassionate One) that he might obtain divine aid. From that moment he controlled his thoughts, words, and actions as if spirits were constantly at his side. He dared not permit himself the slightest wavering.

Whenever anything occurred to him that might be of use to man or beast, he did not consider whether it was a great or a small thing, whether he had time or was too busily engaged, or whether he had or had not sufficient ability and means to perform it. He hastened to undertake it with enthusiasm, and stopped only after its complete accomplishment. He did good as often as he found opportunity and spread benefits in secret far and wide. He performed every duty faithfully and applied himself to study untiringly. He practiced humility, bore insults, and endeavored to influence to well-doing all the men that he met. The days were not long enough for his good works. On the last day of each month he made a list on yellow paper of all his acts and words during the thirty preceding days and burned it before the Spirit of the Hearth.

Yu Kong soon ripened in the practice of noble deeds. While he was up and doing every one of his acts was followed by a thousand good results, and when he rested no blameworthy thought troubled the serenity of his soul. So he continued for three years.

When Yu Kong reached the age of fifty, in the second year of the reign of Wan Li (1574 A. D.), Chang Kiang-Lin who held the office of First Minister of State, sought an instructor for his son, and with one voice, every one recommended Yu Kong for the place. The minister himself went to invite him, and brought him and his family to the capital.

Chang, who appreciated Yu Kong's strength of character, induced him to enter the imperial college, and in the year Ping-Tsé (1576 A. D.) he competed for and obtained the degree of Licentiate and the next year was raised to the rank of Tsin-Ssé (Doctor).

One day while still sojourning in the capital, he went to visit a eunuch whose name was Yang Kong. Yang introduced his five adopted sons whom he had purchased in different parts of the realm to be a comfort to him in his old age; and there was among them

a youth of sixteen years, whose face seemed somehow familiar to Yu Kong. So he asked him where he was born.

"I am from the district of Kiang-Shih," the youth replied. "When I was a child I became lost by heedlessly embarking with a cargo of grain. The name of my family and also of my native village are very dim in my memory."

Yu Kong was surprised and deeply moved. Begging the youth to uncover his left foot he recognized the two black spots and cried out, "You are my son!"

Yang Kong rejoiced at the good fortune of this happy meeting and allowed the father to take his son home. The blind mother embraced her son tenderly and shed tears of sorrow and joy. The boy wept too and pressing his mother's face between his hands, gently touched her eyes with his tongue and instantly she recovered her sight.* Yu Kong's happiness was now complete, and in spite of the tears with which his eyes were still moist, his face beamed with joy.

From this time Yu Kong gave up his situation and took leave of Chan Kiang-Lin to return to his native village. The minister, however, affected by the nobility of his tutor's character, would not permit him to leave until after he had presented him with many rich gifts.

Having reached his native country, Yu Kong continued his good deeds with increased zeal. His son married, and had in his turn, seven sons, all of whom lived to inherit the talents and renown of their grandfather.

Yu Kong wrote a book in which he told the history of his life before and after his happy conversion, and gave the book to his grandsons to learn from his experiences. He lived to the age of eighty-eight years, and every one looked upon his long life as the just reward for his noble deeds by which he had changed the decision of Heaven in his favor.

THE IMPIOUS MAGISTRATE.

Wang An-shih, a high magistrate of the Sung dynasty (960-1278 A. D.), was a learned scholar but recklessly irreverent, and so introduced radical innovations in his administration. People complained, officers demurred, and the emperor expressed surprise; but he would say, "Heavenly omens should not be heeded, human dis-

* According to a very ancient belief spittle is possessed of magic power. We read in the Gospel that Jesus used it for healing both the deaf (Mark vii. 33) and the blind (John ix. 6).

content need not be minded, and there is no sense in following the ancestral laws." He and his son, who assisted him in his office, even attempted to revive the ancient cruel custom of corporal punishment; but before the law was passed, the son died, and Wang An-shih built a Buddhist temple on the site of his son's residence.



While the magistrate was performing the customary Buddhist rite, he thought he faintly perceived in the flame of a burning candle the image of his son, bound hand and foot in a cangue,* crying: "Our attempt to revive corporal mutilation angered Heaven, and I have no chance of getting out of this infernal torture."

* The Chinese pillory.

Later An-shih fell in disgrace; he lost his position and died miserably in exile.

Now it happened that soon afterwards, one of An-shih's relatives was taken ill and swooned, and when he recovered, he said that he had been ushered into a special department in hell, where hung the sign: "Wickedness and Crime Eternally prohibited," and there he saw a noble-looking man in a cangue, who had gray hair and large eyes. Though he did not mention the name of this unfortunate person, every one around knew that it was Wang An-shih of whom he spoke. When An-shih's daughter inquired what could be done, the sick man simply said: "All that is necessary is to accumulate merits, and nothing more."

[Our illustration shows the vision in which the the magistrate's son is seen to suffer. The inscription above the door reads, translated *verbatim*, "Eternally Prohibited Depravities and Crimes," which means that here is the department for punishing evil doers of this class.

It is interesting to see how closely this Chinese picture of the maws of hell, which is quite typical, resembles a great number of Christian illustrations of the same subject down to the age of the Reformation. Cf. Carus, *History of the Devil*, pp. 144, 181, and 185.]

VISIT TO HELL.

Ch'üan Ju-Yü of Pu-Hai was a poor man, but he was never tired of doing every good and charitable work in his power. He also employed himself indefatigably, although he was often in poor health, in copying many good books to be distributed among his neighbors. When he was asked why he exerted himself so much in spite of his physical weakness, he replied that he was not trying to seek any reward, but simply wanted to give relief to his mind, which could not be kept idle for one moment.

One day he went to sea, and encountering a strong gale, found himself stranded on a lonely island. The scenery was very beautiful and he was full of joy, when suddenly there appeared to him a Taoist scholar who said: "The world delights in hypocrisy, but the Lord on High praises sincerity. You have hitherto done good work in distributing sound moral tractates, and this not for the sake of courting a good opinion of yourself from others, but simply from pure unaffected good-will. So much the more praiseworthy are your deeds in the eyes of our Lord. Many scholars are clever enough, yet they do not employ their talents for the true cause; they abuse them in writing immoral, seditious books; but they are now suffering in the infernal regions the consequences brought on them by

their own acts. I shall take you there and let you see by way of contrast how much better your fate is."

Then they went through space to that strangest of lands. The Taoist explained everything they saw there. All kinds of torture were being applied to those immoral writers, who, while in the



world, stirred up man's beastly nature and allured many good people to an early downfall. The stranger also showed him a stately-looking man in the palace, who had been a good, upright officer when on earth, punishing every crime that tended to disturb social and political peace, and was now superintending this department in the world below.

When the visit was over, the Taoist scholar brought Ch'üan back to the same island, where he secured a sailboat and finally succeeded in reaching his home. Ever since, he is wont to tell his neighbors how horrible the scene was which he had seen on his visit to hell.

[The peculiar attraction of this story is in its parallelism to Dante's *Inferno*. The Chinese characters over the entrance of hell are, *Feng Tu Cheng*, which means verbatim "The Inferno's Fortified Castle." The last two characters, taken as one word, form the common term for capital, and so we might translate it briefly by "The Capital of Hell."

In the upper right hand corner we see King Yama, the sovereign of the under world, seated on a throne with one of his attendants.]

THE STORM DRAGON.

Shen of Tai-Ts'ang was wealthy, but a brutal and inhumane man who treated his fellow-citizens shamefully, and especially exhibited his bad character in damaging their instruments and machines, or any utensils which were used by workers in tilling the soil, manufacturing, fishing, hunting, and other occupations of life.

Once when he was building a guest hall in his house, he hired Liu of a neighboring village, well known as a skilled sculptor, to carve some figures on pillars and beams; but when the artist had finished his work Shen refused to pay him the stipulated sum. The sculptor remonstrated and the dispute was finally settled by a lawsuit against Shen, who for this reason began to scheme for revenge.

Some time later, the Buddhist priests in a southern metropolis intended to have the statues of the five hundred Arhats carved for their temple, and having heard of Liu's fame, invited him to compete for the task. Shen thought his opportunity had come. So he hired a man to join Liu's party. While on the way, this villain, following the instructions of Shen, spoiled the instruments of the sculptor and absconded without being discovered. When Liu on his arrival could use none of his tools he was unable to compete with the native sculptors, whereby he lost his employment and became quite destitute.

Since Shen continued in his evil practices, his daughter-in-law warned him that unless he reformed, Heaven would certainly visit the family with misfortune; but Shen resented her words and drove her from his home charging her with impudence, and disobedience. Before she was more than a mile or so away from the house, there came a sudden terrific outburst of thunder and lightning, and she hid herself in the woods near by. Then she saw a scarlet dragon

come out of the black clouds and enter Shen's residence. The building was completely wrecked, everything inside destroyed and every living thing instantly killed. No member of the family escaped, except the daughter-in-law who had been driven out. Heaven favored her and she lived a long and prosperous life.



[Our illustration exhibits the typical Chinese conception of thunder and lightning. The thunder demon holds a mallet in either hand and is surrounded by a circle of drums and flames. Lightning is represented as a woman from whose hands flow streams of flame. The scarlet dragon is the storm sweeping over the country leaving destruction in its wake.]

A CHINESE HOME MISSION PUBLISHING COMPANY.

There are Bible societies in Europe and America, the contributors to which deem it meritorious to publish and propagate the canonical books of Christianity; and in China we meet with analogous



sentiments which prompt people to spread abroad religious books proclaiming the moral principles of their faith. The Chinese think to gain merit by writing, copying, or publishing such books as the *Kan Ying P'ien*, and our illustration represents a publishing office maintained either by some pious man who is possessed of sufficient

wealth, or an association inspired by the same motive. It is the picture of a Chinese Home Mission Publishing Company.

We see in the lower left-hand corner two engravers busily employed in writing characters upon engraving blocks. At the further end of the table stands a pile of tracts, *Yü Hai Tse Hang*, which treat of the "Voyage of Mercy over the Ocean of Desire," a Buddhist *Pilgrim's Progress*. A man is engaged in storing away another tract, the *Hsing T'ien Yüeh Ching*, which discusses the subject "how with a heavenly nature we may adjust ourselves to circumstances."

At the right-hand table where the three men are printing with brushes, we see another tract, the *Kung Kuo Ko*, which means "the Table of Merits and Demerits"—a curious little book which is incorporated as an appendix to the Chinese copy of the *Kan Ying P'ien* in our possession. It contains a list of all good and evil deeds, and marks their value in figures in a system similar to that in use in our schools. Stopping a fight counts + 3; inducing people to abstain from eating flesh for one year counts + 20; gossiping with evil tongue, — 3; to return favors, + 20; to keep a promise seems to be considered as a matter of course, for it counts but + 1; to abstain from taking things that do not belong to us, counts also but + 1; sincerity, or, as the book expresses it, "to speak as one thinks," counts + 1 per day; betrayal of a neighbor's secrets counts — 50. At the end of the book there are blanks for lists of both meritorious and demeritorious deeds, for the sums total on both sides, and for the statement of the balance.

The pile of tracts which is just being carried to the shelves is a volume of the same book, as may be recognized by the first word *kung*, "merits."

The stacks in the background contain the following books: on the left upper shelf are three rows of the *Kan Ying P'ien*; on the left middle shelf is the *Yin Chih Wên*, or "Book of Secret Virtue," a translation of which we expect to publish in due time; on the left lower shelf we read the title *Ti Chün Hsiao King*, "The Imperial Lord's Book of Filial Piety," a work of Taoist ethics, probably written in the same strain as the *Kan Ying P'ien*; on the right upper shelf is the "Canonical Book (*King*) of the Pearly Emperor"; on the right middle shelf we see a Buddhist book called "The Diamond Cutter," *Chin Kang King*, a wellknown treatise published in English translation among the *Sacred Books of the East*; and on the lowest right-hand shelf is to be found the *Ta Chih King*, or "Book of Great Thoughts."

A BUDDHIST IN JEWRY.

PARALLELS TO THE PHILOSOPHY OF GOTAMA IN THE BOOK
OF ECCLESIASTES.

BY E. P. BUFFET.

FROM the days of Fathers Huc and Gabet, the many curious resemblances between Christianity and Buddhism have been a subject of lively speculation and attempted explanation. The parallels between these two religions have been found more in ethics and episode than in philosophy. So eminent an authority as Dr. Rhys Davids discredits the probability of any historical connection between them, in their earlier expressions, at least, and ascribes their coincidences to a similarity of the conditions from which they arose.

To the Hebrew Book of Ecclesiastes the teachings of Buddha present a deeper than superficial likeness. An attempt to seek out and set in order the proverbs of the Preacher so as to adapt them to the systematic elaboration of Gotama's doctrines, is well worth the trouble, for the student finds a surprising harmony in the life philosophy of this Semite and Aryan. Historical kinship would doubtless be an idle speculation; at any rate it is unnecessary to consider here.

When Buddha came and when Koheleth addressed his hearers, their respective nations were undergoing a somewhat analogous spiritual experience. The ancient, simple, and joyous faiths had been overwhelmed by advancing civilization and buried in burdensome ritual. The fruit of the tree of knowledge had been plucked but the fruit of the tree of life had not fallen. It was in either case an age of spiritual adolescence, which gave rise to mistrust and unsatisfied longings. At such a period the Enlightened One shone upon the Far East. In the Near East was enkindled many a provisional prophetic candle, of which the Preacher's, if not the brightest, burned with unsurpassed vehemence. Meanwhile the

world awaited the dawn of the Sun of Righteousness, which would know neither Far nor Near.

Unusual difficulty attends any exposition of Ecclesiastes, because theories of its date, authorship and meaning are as numerous and different as theorists. For purposes of comparison with Buddhist doctrine the work may be taken as it stands. This policy is favored by the fact that the present purpose is rather exegetical than textually critical, and also by the special employment that will be made of the various parts of the book. So far as pertinent, they may be selected, classified, and so co-ordinated as to show a new and particular unity.

At the very outset of his discourse Koheleth lays the foundation of Buddhist cosmic philosophy—*Impermanence*. . .Vanity of vanities, all is vanity—the profitlessness of labor, the passing of the generations, the circuit of the sun, the whirling of the winds, the return of the rivers. Old is new and new is old and there is no remembrance of former things. What is vanity but the instability of nature, whose flux and cycle the aspirant to the Paths must view with unclouded eyes? Through growth and decay, through production and dissolution, through becoming but not remaining, upon what transitory aggregate, upon what thing of name and form, can man seize as truly of value? In those who have felt this truth, whether Aryan or Hebrew, it is not strange that we detect some trains of thought leading far into modern scientific apprehension.

For Koheleth as for the Tathagata, the poignant fact in impermanence was its application to mankind. Fool and wise will be alike forgotten. There is no end of all the people that have been. Man spendeth his life as a shadow; none hath power to retain the spirit in the day of death, and there is no discharge from that war.

Buddha, however, predicated transiency not only of the body, but of the soul. He taught that the personality to be borne in a future birth is to be a result of previous character, and in that sense only is there a surviving identity. Thus, opposing the animistic creed of the Brahmans, he maintained that the psychical properties, like the physical, are evanescent, and that no conscious spirit or self is carried to the further shore of death. In eschatology, then, his teaching marked a destructive epoch, while Koheleth if representing the probable trend of Jewish belief, must have been constructive. That is no reason why their opposite tendencies might not find a meeting place. The Preacher's actual views have been interpreted anywhere from bald materialism to a lively faith in immortality. Concerning them it is necessary to speak with great reserve.

The Old Testament is, to a remarkable extent, engrossed with temporal affairs. It is astonishing that so earnest and theistic a religion as that of the Hebrews should have been taken so little apparent account of transmundane things. Aside even from the element of divine revelation, their capacity and opportunity for receiving ideas of another life must make us hesitate in construing their early silence as ignorance or indifference. Their literature is best regarded, however, as showing a growth of belief in immortality, which by the beginning of the Christian Era had become quite well defined. The light did not come steadily but by flashes, which, even in single books, are beheld alternating with intervals of seeming darkness.

If the task were merely one of picking out texts irrespective of context or real significance, the Buddhist negations could readily be paralleled. The Preacher's self-communings suggest many gloomy pictures—the equal fate of righteous and wicked; the hopelessness and oblivion of the dead; the failure of their love and hatred and envy, their knowledge and wisdom; and their portion with the beasts. It is quite evident, however, that these are not his best and true opinions. He is proposing a variety of doubtful hypotheses in the development of his argument. While it is difficult to judge how far his early observations describe his final sentiments, and how far otherwise, the conclusion of the book indicates that he held a firm belief in a surviving spirit. Even his query, "Who knoweth the spirit of man that goeth upward and the spirit of the beast that goeth downward to the earth?" betrays the existence of an animistic conception, which later is positively expressed when he predicts the return of the soul to God who gave it. Moreover, "God shall bring every secret work into judgment, whether it be good or whether it be evil," a result unfulfilled in this life, any critics to the contrary notwithstanding.

Koheleth, therefore, has expressed from his heart the extreme Buddhist conception of the spirit, but has been able to rise above it. Yet his practical estimate of the relative position of the present and future life has much in common with the Tathagata's. For while he sees light through the clouds, the clouds still chiefly obscure his sky. Or rather, his conception reaches to Sheol, but hardly to a resurrection therefrom. To him the existence of the discarnate soul, though actual, seems to be vague and filmy—no substantial continuation of this life as a state of activity and interest—nothing comparable to Christian immortality. Perhaps he really had no expectation of work or device or knowledge in the grave whither he

was to go. To him the present life was still the field of any happiness that might be found. So, in announcing its vain and transitory nature, the main consolations of existence were impugned, and if ultimately the path to peace was discovered, that peace was pre-eminently temporal. As a moral argument, then, his position accords with Gotama's. And notably, while both lack the Christian incentive of a glorious immortality, Preacher and Sage agree—each after his own fashion—in the expectancy of post-mortem retribution.

We shall now attempt to trace the argument of the four noble truths into which the Dhamma is crystalized.

First. *All stages of life are painful; individuality involves suffering.* Gotama taught that the evil in life outweighs the good, which is pure pessimism and in these modern days of riotous optimism, rank heresy. Koheleth's heart had drunken in the world-pain to its dregs. Predisposed, perhaps, to esteem life's happiness above its suffering, so long as it lasts, the thought of its ephemeral nature embitters his every experience. Almost despairing, he still refuses to abandon hope, and finds a place for chastened, wholesome enjoyment as the gift of God to the righteous. But it is the misery, rather than the way of escape, which chiefly colors his writings to the reader.

Considering the oppressions that are done under the sun and the comfortlessness of the oppressed, Koheleth praises the dead more than the living; while better than both is he that hath never been to behold the evil that is done. "Better is the end of a thing than the beginning thereof."

Compare the celebrated stanza of the Bhagavat:

"How transient are all component things!
Growth is their nature and decay;
They are produced, they are dissolved again,
And then is best, when they have sunk to rest."

It was no superficial judgment of Gotama that closely related suffering with individuality, no commonplace observation that all men meet trouble. The higher and more personal an organism, whether physical or psychical, the more numerous become its opportunities for pain and the more acute its sensitiveness. Through the whole gamut of experience Koheleth understood this truth and at its highest pitch voiced it when he said: "In much wisdom is much grief; and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow."

Second. *The origin of suffering is in craving thirst, which*

causes reincarnation. It is passion, greed, ambition, etc. Setting aside the mystical doctrine of the force Kamma, leading to re-births, the second noble truth follows logically and practically from the first. If individuality entails suffering, the more we selfishly stimulate and exercise the various qualities of our personality, the more bitterness we shall lay up for ourselves.

Koheleth assumed to be one who had tasted the pleasures and activities of life both low and high, both foolish and wise, and had found them alike Dead Sea fruit. Far keener is his anguish than that of the mediocre man. Impersonating a king of his national Golden Age, he catalogues the wealth of his accumulated possessions—his houses and gardens and orchards, his trees and pools of water, his servants and maidens, his great and small cattle, his men-singers and women-singers, and musical instruments and all delights of the sons of men. Looking on them all they are but vanity and a striving after wind.

One is here reminded of the sutta of the Great King of Glory, with his palaces and lotus ponds, palm trees of gems and precious metals, servants and wives, horses and elephants, and networks of sweet-sounding bells. Nor should it be overlooked that this great king, also, set his heart to know wisdom and instructed in righteousness the rival monarchs of the East. His life is made to teach the lesson that it is meet to be weary of, it is meet to be estranged from, it is meet to be set quite free from the bondage of all component things.

Koheleth continues his trials through many experiences. The tests described in Chapter II have been classified by Professor Moulton substantially thus: (1) Pleasure and folly, which prove illusory; (2) Wisdom itself, which is better, but futile; (3) Labor (production as distinguished from consumption) to the fruit of which a fool may succeed; (4) Appreciation of the process, whether of pleasure-seeking or labor, as differentiated from the results, which appreciation is the gift of God and not in the seeker's power. So the range of aspirations, low and high, ends in a striving after wind. It is fair to note, however, that the divine blessing of appreciation is attributed to the righteous man, thus anticipating the conclusion of the book.

From the tenth verse of the fifth chapter to the end of the sixth, we have what Professor Moulton has set apart as an essay on the "Vanity of Desire," thus unintentionally falling into line with the Buddhist classification. He that loveth silver shall not be satisfied with silver, nor he that loveth abundance with increase. The abun-

dance of the rich will not suffer him to sleep. The appetite is not filled by labor, neither (as is elsewhere remarked) the eye satisfied with seeing nor the ear with hearing. Vain is the wandering of desire, vain not only but hurtful, and who knoweth what is good for a man in his vain life which he spendeth as a shadow?

Third. *To get rid of the suffering we must get rid of the craving.* Gotama lays this down explicitly and Koheleth through his advocacy of a life of chastened equanimity. So far as this Buddhist doctrine refers to the destruction of Kamma it has no counterpart in the Jewish book. But the mundane and practical side of the Dhamma, if not paramount, was strongly emphasized. Tranquilization of the mind in this life is prominent in the aspirations of the Samana. The detailed means of purification, by which craving is to be destroyed, are reserved for the fourth noble truth, but it may be appropriate here to discuss the generalization thereof called the Middle Way. Such a life of moderation Buddha and Koheleth both recommended, differing, however in the severity of their judgment. It would be held by the American type of Christian that in endeavoring to steer between the Scylla of worldly voluptuousness and the Charybdis of Brahmanical self-torture, Gotama scraped his paint on the Charybdis side; for today asceticism is the worst of vices, though from the beginning it was not so. Koheleth was no such anchorite when he advised: "Be not righteous overmuch, nor overmuch wise, neither be overmuch wicked, nor foolish." Or again: "Better is a handful with quietness than both hands full, with travail." Further he proclaims:

"It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting; for that is the end of all men and the living will lay it to heart. Sorrow is better than laughter: for by the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better."

How suggestive is this of the Buddhist theory that benefit may be derived from meditation on the corruption of the body, which disillusionizes the mind and disgusts it with that which should be eschewed!

Some of Koheleth's precepts have, on the other hand, been pronounced Epicurean. "Go thy way, eat thy bread with joy, and drink thy wine with a merry heart," he says. "for God accepteth thy works." The pleasure he advocates is not riotous living, but the sober happiness which is possible for one who has found peace. The Buddhist disciples who had entered the paths to Nibbana experienced raptures of joy, but theirs was chiefly spiritual. Nevertheless their outward life was none of the saddest, being tranquil,

free from want and gladdened by communion with an expansive nature. To them, as to others, the light was sweet and it was a pleasant thing to behold the sun. Bhagavat himself frequently expressed delight in those things which had been made beautiful in their time. "How pleasant, Ananda," said he, "is Râjagaha . . . How pleasant the Sattapanni Cave on the slope of Mount Vebhâra . . . How pleasant the squirrels' feeding ground in the Bambu Grove; how pleasant Jivaka's Mango Grove; how pleasant the Deer Forest at Maddakukki!"

Fourth. *The way which leads to the destruction of suffering, the noble Eight-fold Path.* "Right views, right aspirations, right speech, right conduct, right livelihood, right effort, right mindfulness, right contemplation," says Buddha. "Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter," echoes Koheleth, "Fear God and keep His commandments, for this is the whole duty of man. . . . Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

It was an unknown God whom Gotama unknowingly feared, but few that have had a more perfect knowledge have served him so well. Koheleth's conception of the divine commandments, to judge not only from the aphorisms in his book, but from his presumptive opinions as a Hebrew, substantially agreed with the Eight-fold Path.

Several other ideas embodied in the Book of Ecclesiastes are eminently Buddhistic. The conviction of inexorable cause and effect so firmly ingrained in Gotama's philosophy is shared by the Preacher. "He that diggeth a pit shall fall into it; and whose breaketh an hedge, a serpent shall bite him. Whoso removeth stones shall be hurt therewith; and he that cleaveth wood shall be endangered thereby." "If the clouds be full of rain they empty themselves upon the earth. . . . Where the tree falleth there it shall lie." "That which is crooked cannot be made straight; and that which is wanting cannot be numbered." Even more than secondary causes, however, Koheleth emphasized the First Cause, for instance: "I know that whatsoever God doeth it shall be forever; nothing can be put to it nor anything taken from it; and God doeth it that men should fear before him." If there is any such conception as this in Buddhism it is implied rather than expressed.

Hopeless bewilderment before certain mysteries of being was confessed by the Preacher, who disclaims attempt to explain the nature of the spirit or the growth of the embryo; as by the Enlightened Sage, who deprecates questioning about the past, present, or future existence of the ego (*Sabbâsava Sutta*).

The sex whose "heart is snares and nets" were regarded by Koheleth with suspicion akin to that of Gotama, who, though he allowed them a place coördinate with that of the brethren, enjoined that it should be far enough away.

It is interesting to note the importance attached both by the Semite and Aryan to an apprehension of truth. The title-word of the "Wisdom" literature, among which Ecclesiastes belongs, is reiterated in its chapters too frequently to need special citation; nor does anyone acquainted with Buddhism require proof of the stress laid therein upon enlightenment, riddance from illusion, and a grasp of right views as prerequisites to all attainment in the Paths. Moreover, the special Biblical significance of Wisdom, as an interpretation of the whole, accords strikingly with the mind of the Tathagata.

That twentieth century Occidental clinging to existence and consciousness as indefeasibly good in themselves, that intense individualism which leads men to say that they would prefer the tortures of hell forever to extinction, was cherished by neither of these two prophets of the remote and proximate Orient. "Better," cries the Preacher, "than the long-lived man whose soul is not filled with good, and who hath no burial, is an untimely birth: *for this hath more rest than the other.*"

In concluding the subject it is impossible to forbear allusion to the suggestiveness of that verse in which the dust is predicated as returning to earth, as it was, but the spirit to God, who gave it. Some have found therein a hint of a Nirvâna, of a reabsorption of the soul in its native essence, by analogy to the reversion of the dust to its primal substance. This tends, of course, to establish a relation rather with Brahmanism than with Buddhism. Those who are seeking in the Bible for glimpses of an ultimate Unity of all things may find a grander, if somewhat uncertain, ground for their speculations in I Cor., xv, 24-28, and possibly in I Tim, vi, 16.

The present analysis of the Book of Ecclesiastes has been made with no pretension of completeness, or of following the lines that should guide its study independently of Indian dogma. It is not surprising to trace moral analogies. Morals are a finite science; in ethical expression all high religions—since they approximate, theoretically, at least, to the same ideal—are much alike. To discover as many points of contact between the theories of life underlying morals as apparently are found in the respective philosophies of Koheleth and Gotama, is a matter of rarer occurrence.

It is on the divine side, and in those considerations which transcend both morality and philosophy that we see the sharpest dis-

inction between different faiths; that we trace the workings of an Almighty purpose, which forbids coördination; and that we find an explanation of the relative weakness of some of these religions for abiding good. Theism, indeed, mainly differentiates Ecclesiastes from the Dhamma, while recognition of man's inherent helplessness and the remedial relation of its founder to this deficiency, separates Christianity from them both.

THE NEW JAPANESE EDUCATION.

THROUGH the thoughtfulness of Mr. E. W. Clement of Tokyo, we have received an elaborate review from a Japanese daily of a series of four graded text-books designed "to bring Japan's moral creed up to date," by inculcating high moral ideals while at the same time instilling the principles of the most primary instruction. They are of unusual value to foreigners who are interested in following the development of the Japanese mind, because they represent pretty thoroughly the national sentiment that prevails on ethical questions. The following paragraphs from the journal referred to, give an idea of the need of this series and the purpose it is to serve:

"Speaking generally, the ethical policy of the Department during the past twenty years may be said to have favored a reiteration of Confucianism in one form or other, while allowing teachers to introduce Western ethical teaching when so inclined. The result of this policy has been considerable confusion of thought. The old and the new have not been blended together by any means, and the minds of young men to-day as a consequence of this are very unsettled as to the moral standard which every true-hearted, loyal Japanese should implicitly follow. In this country morality as a rule does not rest on religion, and the government has most resolutely set its face against basing moral teaching on religion. But the Department of Education has naturally wished at the same time to make its moral teaching authoritative, and it has now hit on the happy expedient of building up a system of morality firmly based on the most indestructible of all foundations, utility.

"It has at last reached the conclusion that moral codes which suited the nation well enough in feudal days do not quite suit it to-day; that the new civilization, new form of government, and new customs render the recasting of the nation's code of morals a necessity. Traditional Japanese morality is tainted with a certain amount of despotism. Moreover, it is a onesided system designed especially to support the cause of those in authority. While it defines the duties

of inferiors to superiors, it says little about the duties of superiors to inferiors. Individualism as a principle is not included in the old system. There is no attempt to give due weight to egotism as well as to altruism, to teach self-development, self-respect, independence of spirit and the like alongside with devotion to others and self-sacrifice. The interest of these text-books is just this. They teach the boys and girls of Japan to-day that they are under an obligation to perform numerous duties of which the children of pre-Meiji days never heard."

The publication of these text-books is too serious an innovation not to meet with opposition from ultra-conservative statesmen. "The ground taken by these critics is that the new text-books do not give sufficient weight to the culture of loyalty, filial piety, and patriotism. They do not deny that these virtues are treated here and there, but they are put on a level with the development of independence of spirit, self-reliance, and the like; whereas in the opinion of these old statesmen they should occupy a higher rank."

They were answered by Dr. Kato Hiroyuki, the chairman of the committee that passed upon the value of the books and sanctioned their publication.

"He maintains that traditional Japanese ethical teaching is embodied in the text-books in a most unmistakable manner. But at the same time he and the compilers of the text-books are of opinion that the altered circumstances of the country demand that Japan should add some new elements to the moral training she gives her young people, and the most important of these elements is the cultivation of self-reliance, self-respect and independence of spirit. In Japan these qualities are not so highly developed as in the West, observes Dr. Kato, and this fact militates considerably against Japan in her competition with foreigners."

Because of this adverse criticism the Minister of Education has promised to revise the text-books by the end of the year, even though the majority of officials and statesmen are emphatic in their expressions of approval. "It remains to be seen how far the alterations will go. It is to be hoped not very far; for the qualities held up to admiration in these text-books are certainly those which after centuries of experience and experimentation have in the West been found worthy of implicit confidence. As moral text-books they have a brightness, a crispness, and pointedness, which we should be very sorry to see removed. Compared with the dreary text-books of old times, with their long, learned, and, to the child, unintelligible quotations, they are a perfect God-send to modern boys and girls."

"The text-books are graded so as to meet the capacity of elementary school children during the first four years of the course. The chapters are all very short and the language is most simple. The plan is to begin with the most easily understood subjects, reserving the most difficult ones for the last volume, though it can hardly be said that any of the topics treated are above the comprehension of boys and girls of average ability."

The books contain chapters on every conceivable virtue and relation in life, and these are made attractive by illustrative incidents from the lives of remarkable Japanese, Europeans, and Americans. The last chapter in the fourth book gives such an excellent summary of this entire code of ethics, that we quote it entire in translation:

"A good Japanese is one who fulfils all his duties to his parents, brothers and sisters, who never forgets the veneration due to his ancestors, who as a master is kind and considerate to his servants, who as a servant is faithful to his master. A good Japanese is a man who in his intercourse with friends, neighbors and the general public acts in a strictly correct manner, respecting the persons, property, liberty, and reputation of other people. He will never forget benefits conferred on him. He will act straightforwardly in all things, scrupulously observing his agreements, acting in a generous and large-minded way to others. He will be kindly and charitable, a respecter of what is right, and full of compassion for the unfortunate, holding in high esteem public order, devising schemes for furthering the progress of society and careful not to be guilty of any impropriety even in his dealings with foreigners. A good Japanese develops his physical powers, stores his mind with useful knowledge, cultivates valour, endurance, self-control, moderation, modesty, and self-examination, ever bears in mind what is required of him in work, business; competition, and money-making, and how men's trust is to be won. He forms useful habits, he practices virtue, he applies his mind to the practical application of learning, he devises measures for self-development and continual progress. A good Japanese thinks highly of his country, and by the culture of a spirit of loyalty and patriotism strives to fulfil all the obligations of a good citizen. In this manner should we develop our own personality, raise families, and do all that is required of us to benefit the world and our fellow-men, and thus shall we constitute ourselves good Japanese and shall carry out the Imperial desires set forth in the Imperial Rescript issued on October 30th, 1890." Then follows the Imperial Rescript in large print.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MADAME LOYSON'S BOOK.

The Open Court Publishing Company announces the publication of Madame Hyacinthe Loyson's book *To Jerusalem Through the Lands of Islam*, and we wish to state here that Dr. Carus met Father Hyacinthe and his wife, Madame Emilie Hyacinthe Loyson, in 1900 during the French exposition and that they became fast friends united by ties of common interest in spite of a divergence of standpoint. It is for these reasons and of course mainly in consideration of the great prominence of Father Loyson in the religious development of France that The Open Court Publishing Company has undertaken to publish this intensely interesting account of their journey to Jerusalem.

The following letter which Dr. Carus has received from the venerable Père explains itself:

"MY DEAR MONSIEUR CARUS:

"When we met in Paris at the Congress of History of Religions, I was about to take a second voyage to the Orient; a second pilgrimage to Jerusalem. I expressed to you the hope to arrange some notes for *The Open Court* which you have created and which you edit with so much distinction. I do more than that to-day and send you the narrative of our visit, written entirely by her who was then my companion as she has been the companion of my whole life. This journey we have lived together, but she has written it alone and in her own language, which is yours; and, as you see, she is of the ancient race of prophetesses more than of modern theologians. But the book as it is,—and it is not for me to praise it,—is the fruit of our common life and the true child of our two souls.

"It may be there will be Christians who will find our book not Christian enough—according to the letter—; to you it may, on the contrary, be too much so; but your mind is too broad, and with your heart you are on too high ground to take offence at certain divergencies and even oppositions, for you will seek for that which unites us rather than that which would alienate us.

"Thus have I done myself unto you, my dear Monsieur Carus. I feared first that yours was a spirit of negation and of destruction; but since I saw you and read, not only in your books but also in your soul, I have recognized that you are a religious man albeit in a different manner than am I.

Our philosophy is not the same: you are a monist and ontologist, while my supreme device is that of Horeb: 'I am He who is.' Yet I am none the

less certain that our aim is the same, and that it can be summed up in the Biblical words: 'Glory to God and peace unto men!'

"Pray accept the renewed assurance of my deepfelt and religious attachment in this Supreme Truth which governs the defective systems of mankind, which leads them to correct each other, and will, some day, reconcile them in one pure and living synthesis.

"HYACINTHE LOYSON."

STATE AND CHURCH.

A REPLY.

In that great work, entitled *Le XIXe siècle mouvement du monde* (The XIXth Century Movement of the World) published under the direction of Monsignor Pechenard with the approval of the pope, we read in an article on "The Struggles of the Church" (*Les luttes de l'église*):

"Two great facts are opposed to the doctrine of Catholic truth: first, the coexistence of several religions in countries of equal civilization; and second, the proclamation of the independence of philosophical thought."

What do these words mean, if not that the Catholic Church can not stand controversy? Has it prospered under it in the United States? According to certain documents which I have analyzed in my volume *Le bilan de l'église* (The Balance of the Church) there ought to be twenty-five million Catholics in the United States, if it were not for the defection of the descendants of Catholic emigrants; while in fact there are less than twelve millions.

In France religion is only an insignificant factor; it interests but a small minority of the people, and is regarded from the view-point of temporal benefits rather than in relation to questions of faith. Most of the people go to church three times in their life, and once after death: for baptism, first communion, marriage, and burial. It is a question of social policy—nothing more.

PARIS, FRANCE.

YVES GUYOT.

EDITOR'S REJOINER.

We take pleasure in giving publicity to the letter of M. Yves Guyot, the distinguished French deputy, whose article on "France and the Vatican" appeared in the June number of *The Open Court*. His comments are made in reply to the editorial view which was expressed in the same number, to the effect that the Roman Catholic Church could only gain by the separation of Church and State, which is now lamented by many ecclesiastics. We are pretty familiar with the conditions in France, and it is true enough that religion "interests but a small minority of the people." But it is our opinion that exactly the cure for many evils of church life in France will be its separation from the government. This division will deprive certain high ecclesiastics of much of their influence, but what they lose in one line, they will fully gain in others.

M. Guyot's claim that the Roman Catholic Church in the United States ought to count twenty-five millions, if Catholic immigrants had not abandoned their faith, may be true although the figures do not seem to me reliable. But granting the correctness of his statistics, I consider that the Church of twelve millions of real Catholics is stronger than a Church of twenty-five million

members who are forced into it against their will. The truth is that the Roman Church and its clergy are more respected in the United States than in such Catholic countries as Spain, Italy, and France.

I am told that what is true of America will not apply to Europe, but I claim that the psychological laws of mankind hold good universally. We would lower the standard of religious life in this country at once if we were to change any one of the Churches into a State Church, and religion can be purified only by being absolutely freed from political complications.

I will add incidentally, that when Church and state are separated it does not imply that religion itself must be ousted from political life. The people will retain their religious convictions when they go to the polls, and there is no need for the politicians themselves to suppress their religious ideals. On the contrary, if Church life is not implicated with politics the morality inculcated by religion will have a better chance to tell upon the legislature, institutions, and public life in general.

That the Roman Catholic Church in Europe is opposed to the coexistence of several religions is well known. That it claims the dependence of philosophy on Church doctrines is also a leading idea of the papal government. Both have been highly injurious to the development of the Church, and there are many serious Roman Catholics who are aware of the fact that the Church will never prosper, that it will never be a truly spiritual power in the world, unless it abandons its presumption to enthrall humanity in its doctrines.

In the United States these pretensions are void, and we Americans (I unhesitatingly include the intelligent Roman Catholics) all hope sincerely that they may never be enforced, or even thought of, here. They would not only be ruinous to our nation, but would mark the beginning of the decadence of the Church in this country.

From all I know of the Roman Catholic Church in Europe and America I do not hesitate to say that the life of the Roman Church in this country reaches a considerably higher level than that in the old world; and I find one main reason for it in the coexistence of several religions, which exercises a wholesome discipline and raises the standard of morality among both clergy and laity.

It is still a habit of Roman Catholic institutions wherever philosophy is taught to make theological students pray at the end of each lesson that if they have considered anything which is contrary to the tenets of their holy Church, it may be blotted out from their minds. I will not enter here into a discussion of the harm done by this practice; but I maintain that the growth of the Church is hampered thereby, and when the independence of philosophical thought will be recognized by Church authorities it will open a new era of religious development, promising a progress which so far has only been forced upon the Roman Church from the outside. At any rate the Roman Catholic countries have fallen to the rear in the progress of civilized nations. Even in this country a Roman Catholic education (though it might be better than to leave children to the hap-hazard of irreligious surroundings) is a decided drawback to young men and women in comparison to the more vigorous, more liberal, more critical, and liberty-loving Protestant methods. It is noticeable that Roman Catholics as a class show less ability, less independent judgment and also less enterprise than others, and this can only be due to their

training of "bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ" who is identified by them with the Church.

The free air of competition with other thought can never do harm to any religious institution, provided its adherents are earnestly seeking the truth. We see in a separation of the Church from the State only one important step in the religious development of a country towards purifying itself and developing its truly religious nature which can only be darkened by a too intimate connection with political affairs. That those to whom Roman Catholic ceremonies are most congenial will then be more enthusiastic and more deeply interested in the affairs of their Church than they were before, must *a priori* be expected, and has actually proved true in the United States. We have no reason to think that human nature is different in Europe and America.

It is possible that for a few generations the French people may fall away from the Church, but let them be deprived only a little while of religious comfort so as to feel an intense hunger for it, and they will gladly revert to their old faith. It is true that the age of transition will naturally afford other religious bodies a splendid opportunity for missionary work, but we repeat our conviction expressed before, that the religious life will not be obliterated, and that though the separation has been forced upon the Vatican by the State, it lies within the power of the Church to change this apparent defeat into a decisive victory.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

Miss A. Christina Albers of Calcutta, the author of the article on India in this number, at our urgent request has furnished a few notes in regard to her life and work from which we extract the following data, regretting that very limited space forbids us giving the sketch in her own words.

Miss Albers was born in Northern Germany "of a father with a powerful will, a kind heart, but of materialistic tendencies," and a mother of a delicate spiritual nature who died at Christina's birth. As a lonely child she took life and its problems very seriously, seeing visions and pondering upon the mysteries of existence. She was not interested in her school work, but her mind wandered from the lesson in hand and she was judged stupid and obstinate by her teachers who did not realize that what was lacking was the love and appreciative sympathy of a mother's comprehension.

Even as she grew older any attempts to express her emotions or to state the doubts and queries that arose in her mind were checked by rebukes, until finally she left home and fled to the United States. Here too she was disappointed and allied herself with one sort of association after another (at one time she even joined her interests with those of anarchists) in unsuccessful efforts to find sympathetic spirits.

"A happier day did dawn at last. That was like the budding of spring when in the inner consciousness dawned the truth that within himself must man redemption find." From that time she had but one desire—to go to India "the land whence came the message that gave me peace," and this wish was accomplished four years ago. But she lived in America long enough to grow to love it and appreciate its high ideals and inherent possibilities.

In regard to her life and work in India we quote literally from Miss Albers' letter:

"I have at present two girls' schools in my charge. One of these was founded by a Hindu gentleman now passed away, the other I have founded together with Mr. Norendra Nath Sen, one of the leaders of reform in India. Female education is one of the most important questions of the day, for on it will greatly depend the future existence of the race. The work, however, is critical, for there is danger that in the process of building up, one may overthrow fine structures already built. It is therefore our great endeavor to leave intact all that which has built up the fine fibres of womanhood in the Indian race. We take care to instruct the little girls in their own religion and to uphold before them ideals of that lofty womanhood that sends down its message through every page of Indian history; we do not interfere with their caste, we only try to add to their spiritual natures a scientific education such as is given in Western schools, fitting them to be stronger pillars of the society to which they belong. The little Bengali girls are very able, they have fine responsive brains and are tender and affectionate. We have further opened a *Zanana* class where instruction is given to married girls. This is a new departure, but by this medium we are reaching young women who have outgrown their school age and who may no more be seen in public.

"When the time will come that India's women will be educated to meet the requirements of the times, then will the fine spirit that animates the race be better understood, not only by a few as it is to-day, but by the world in general; then will India again take her place among the foremost nations of the world and will be better able to exercise the spiritual influence that it is her mission to spread over the earth."

THE PRINCE PRIEST.

Jinawarawansa, the brother of the king of Siam, is a monk of a Buddhist order. He is incumbent of the famous temple at Kotahena and is known as the "Prince Priest." Although a conservative Buddhist in faith, he is very progressive in his methods and has incorporated educational opportunities with the temple system.

On the occasion of a recent visit of the Governor of Ceylon and his wife to the temple of Kotahena and the temple school, the Prince Priest delivered an address portions of which are as follows:

"Until modern civilization was introduced into the East from the West, such an institution as a modern school was unknown to Oriental countries. Bartering knowledge for money was never dreamt of. Education was never paid for. Whoever was qualified by a life-long preparation to impart knowledge, gave it freely. The only requisite for a pupil was earnestness of which he was required to give proof. An education to the ancient meant a thorough complete education. But a smattering of it was regarded a most dangerous weapon—a two-edged sword. When the order of our Sangha arose, kings, princes, nobles, and wealthy men vied with one another in building temples and endowing them generously as gifts to the order, the members of which were public teachers in every sense of the word. Temples were public schools in ancient times.

"Bearing these historical facts in mind I propose to restore to this country if patriotic and broad-minded Ceylonese gentlemen, who can lay claim to being

the heirs to the most ancient civilization in the world will only lend me a helping hand—an institution which their ancestors had founded and maintained with conspicuous success more than two thousand years ago, I mean Free Temple Education. Some people who have but narrow ideas of Buddhism, and whose view of charity is limited to the Buddhists alone naturally object to secular temple schools and to education there being non-sectarian. This objection simply arises from the ignorance of the true spirit of the Master's teaching with regard to charity. Buddhist charity is universal, unlimited, and all-embracing. It never begins at home but rather abroad. We have here among the founders and supporters of this pioneer school which is intended to be an example to other temples to follow, Christians, Hindus, and Buddhists as regards creed, an Englishman (perhaps I should say an Irishman), Tamils, Cambodians, Chinese, Sinhalese, Burmese, and Siamese (labor only) as regards nationalities.

"Another project which should be mentioned is the proposed opening of a sister school for girls in the building which belongs to this temple.

"In the interest of free and non-sectarian education in which everybody can help, and in view of possible troubles that may arise in future and the necessity of providing means for overcoming present troubles, I would also suggest the formation of an association for the encouragement of a reformed temple education by those interested in the scheme and that a manager be appointed to manage this school. The title of the association explains its aim and scope, and I have but to explain the word "reformed" as meaning that education at temples should be modified to suit modern progress and to meet both the requirements of modern life and nature and condition of the people and country, and be eminently practical in its character giving an important place in its curriculum to agricultural and manual training, and that it should be treated as education pure and simple, secular and not religious, and that it should be open to all creeds, sects, and nationalities alike.

"If this scheme should be successfully carried out the public will be benefited by many hundreds of ready-built school edifices, spacious and airy, I mean the existing preaching halls of Buddhist temples which are only used for preaching once or twice a month and rarely, if ever, before 3 p. m., and many Up-country temples with rich endowments are now used as barns or stores only."

ACHALA, OUR FRONTISPIECE.

Achala, in Chinese *pu Tung* and in Japanese *Fudason*, means "irrefragable" or "unbendable" and represents a very significant figure in the Buddhist pantheon. It is a personification of that will-power which cannot be deflected from its purpose.

Achala is a virtue of which the Buddha himself was possessed when he determined to discover the root of evil in the world and to find the path of salvation. It is deemed indispensable to success of any kind whether in peace or war, but especially recommended to religious devotees, to men of earnestness and piety, to seekers of the Bodhi.

Seiso Hashimoto, a modern Japanese painter, has pictured this deity endowed with all the traditional features of his character. With a sword in

one hand, a chain in the other, and his figure wrapped in fiery flames, he is an artistic embodiment of the indomitable will which in spite of all hindrances and obstacles, in spite of danger and death, leads finally to victory.

BOOK REVIEWS.

SCHILLER. Von *Eugen Kühnemann*. Munich, C. H. Beck. Pp. 614. Price, 5 marks.

This book, written by a German litterateur who has made a specialty of Schiller's life, the author of "Schiller's Study of Kant," "The Composition of Wallenstein," etc., presents us with a lively account of the poet's best work, especially as contained in his dramas. The author has interwoven the work of Schiller's genius with the facts of his life, so that the latter throw light on the former and vice versa, and this treatment renders the account at once original and instructive.

The print and paper are good, but we regret that the publisher has adopted a new style, which consists in the omission of a special title page, and a table of contents and preface. The title appears on the paper cover, and the only atonement for the lack of the table of contents is an alphabetical index. The book, however, deserves the attention of all friends of Schiller literature.

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Devoted to the Science of Religion, the Religion of Science, and the
Extension of the Religious Parliament Idea

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CONTENTS:

	PAGE
<i>Frontispiece.</i> Called to the Colors. KIYOKATA KABURAGI.	
<i>The Philosophy of Pain.</i> ERNEST CRUTCHER, M. D.	641
<i>Modern India.</i> Illustrated. (Concluded.) A. CHRISTINA ALBERS.	657
<i>The Virtue of Pain.</i> A. P. H.	682
<i>Formula for the Risen Body of Jesus Christ.</i> WM. FROST BISHOP, PH. D., D. D.	686
<i>The Resurrection, a Hyper-historical Fact.</i> EDITOR.	690
<i>The Immortality of the Soul.</i> (With Editorial Reply.) HERWARD CAR- RINGTON.	697
<i>About ben Adhem.</i> Expurgated from Superstition. (A poem.) I. W. HEY- SINGER.	703
<i>Notes.</i>	704

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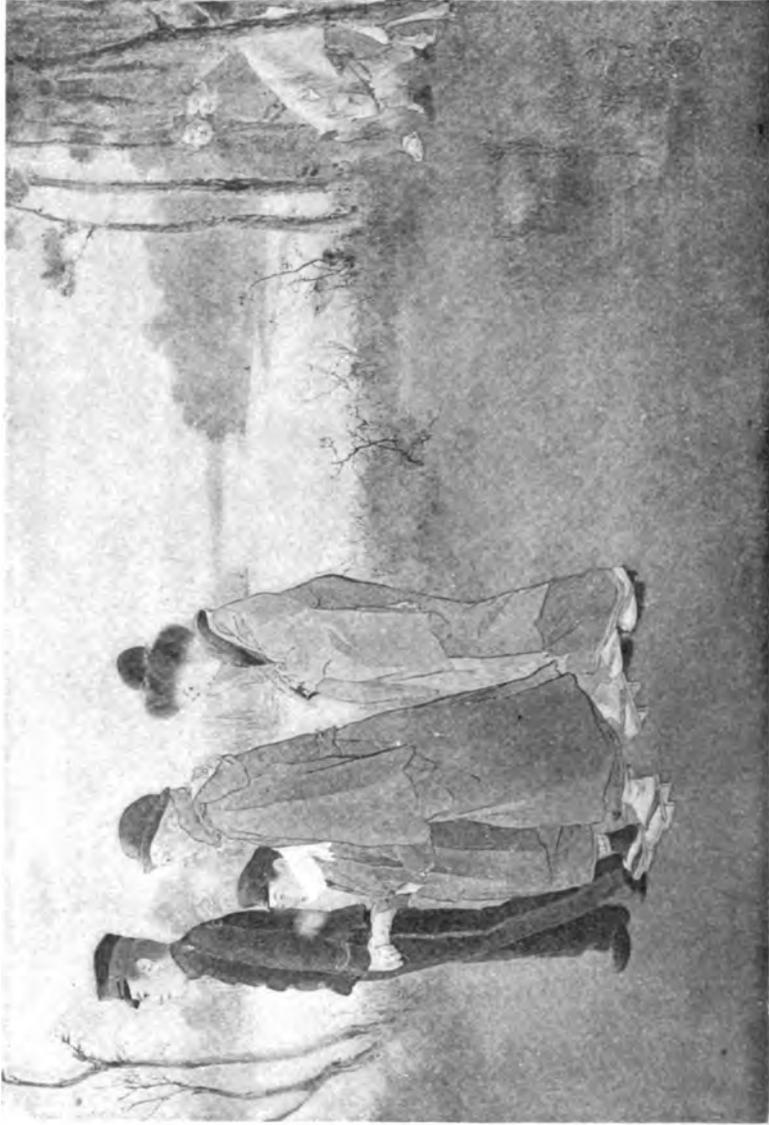
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THE PHILOSOPHY OF PAIN.

BY ERNEST CRUTCHER, M. D.

I.

THERE is no caprice in nature. All is the result of law. Ignorance speaks of chance. There are often chance-like occurrences, but the laws of nature are the immutable laws of the universe. Nothing can occur by chance except through infraction of unbreakable laws. Effects are from causes, however inexplicable they appear to our ignorance. The universe is a cosmos, not a chaos.

II.

One of the greatest laws of life is that of activity. Nothing within our comprehension is at rest. There is no such thing as dead matter. Death of anything is not annihilation, but a change; chiefly molecular re-arrangement.

Physicists group atoms into associations termed solids which we assume to be solids, and they are apparently at rest; free from any discernible activity, either as a whole or individually. Yet science tells us that there is constant re-adjustment of the particles composing this solid; and that all else in creation is likewise in a state of constant atomic re-arrangement. And whilst this activity is ceaseless there is a dominant force which prevents, under ordinary conditions, a dissolution of that mutual balance designated as "the static condition." It is probably this activity among atoms which, added to other forces in nature, collected into coherent masses the hundreds of millions of aggregated heavenly bodies of which our earth is among the most insignificant.

Nor is there any such thing as absolute rest in the universe. The crystals of hugest rocks, and atomic components of hardest

steel are constantly changing and re-arranging in position or form. Each orb in space is interrelated with every other sphere, and there is an endless interchange of energy among all. The same is true of every atom of matter and every individual personality in the range of creation. Nature works ceaselessly throughout her mighty realm. She destroys ruthlessly, but annihilates nothing; all is change. Rest in any form is simply a change in activity; possibly of vibratory energy.

"There is everywhere endless flux which the thoughtful of all times have seen to be the most evident feature in the universe; changes in the internal relations of structure,—breaking up of molecules, crystal passing into solution, the activity of spheres ending with the loss of heat which inspired their life." Then follows readjustment of molecular construction through temperative influences, aided by other cosmic agencies.

III.

It cannot be asserted that all matter is sentient, but it is rational to declare that it is instinct with life. And wherever life is, there must also be activity.

Contemplation of the tremendous activities everywhere, reveals the astonishing absurdity of the musty myth from Chaldea, brought away by Israelitish captives as a mental infection of her heathen legends, that a curse had been affixed to man: "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread."

"Work," said George Sand, "is not man's punishment; it is his reward and his strength, his glory and his pleasure."

In the light of to-day, to call the activities of our existence a "curse" inherited from Adam, is silly. Such theological nonsense has done much hurt, and caused futile repinings and complaints against God's injustice: blinding men to the real beneficence and meaning of work. Life would become as "tedious as a twice-told tale," did man have his food placed ready before him.

And if the pronouncement be a "curse," as alleged, then it applies to all creation, organic and inorganic alike; plant, animal, man, atom, and molecule; whether of earth or elsewhere in the universe. Even the beast of the field must chase its prey, fish for its dinner, crop its herbage, hunt afield for provender, use force, cunning, or artifice at every turn to compass its livelihood, and defend its own life. All of this involves activity, labor, and zealous effort: and all is designed by the Creator as health-giving, and strengthen-

ing to the mental and physical powers, and, mayhap, to fit each individual for yet more strenuous labors in a succeeding career.

Human life (and animal and vegetable as well) is typified by the story of Sisyphus in mythology, rolling the stone up the steeps of Caucasus, unendingly. The lessons of life are never complete, but each hour and day brings a task.

Inertia is as insupportable as labor, and enforced idleness is fraught with pain quite as much as necessitous work.

Out of the murkiness of life's *causa rerum* there comes "as through a glass darkly," a ghostly chimera or scintillation of reason, or dawning of intelligence, that there neither can be, has been, nor ever will be any progress in the universe known to man, except through struggle; that the efficient motive of advance in any line soever is the impelling pain of necessity.

Supineness means death, in any department of physical life; and the laws of the physical are related to those of the spiritual life. Release from effort induces decay; slothfulness of mind prefigures atony of brain power; too much sleep means dry rot of mind and body.

Inertness of life forces finds rigorous law as inexorable in enactment as the course of the spheres in their orbits: slothfulness means dissolution!

IV.

"In nature nothing is given; all is sold," said Emerson. It is true. Man pays a price for all happiness or advancement whatsoever. His upright posture of body is had at increased expense to life and added dangers to health.

If he can feel that he has anything gratis, it is the esthetic joy of refined sense that comes as the exultation of spring, the beauty of scene, the bloomings of flowers, the charm of music, the exuberance of spirit in the gladness of youth, and the blessedness of quietude in solitary places when the world-worn soul needs repose. But even these have been bought with a price; even these are artificialities. The nervous developments and psychical unfoldments that contribute to the faculty of esthetic enjoyment are not natural, but are the outgrowths of an unnatural condition of existence called society. It is, like the sense of conscience, an educative product largely dependent on geographical and environmental conditions. The age likewise is involved, for the orthodoxy of one period is the heterodoxy of another. The sin of yesterday is the virtue of to-day. The admired of to-day may be the hated of to-morrow. Ethics and

esthetics are artificial plants grafted on our civilized body, and subject to pruning and regrafting of other cults according to the changing views of clime and civilization.

In considering the ruthlessness of nature in exacting toll for every advance or happiness, man can not regard himself as above his fellow creatures of other species, whom he vain-gloriously regards as "lower orders." Man is no more a favorite of nature than the smallest insect or mollusk. He must fight for his life, and suffer pain, and advance only through struggle and rigor alike with all other creatures. Nothing is given him; he pays toll for every advantage, for every step forward, for every happiness.

Nor do I find any true relationship between happiness and pain, except that pain seems the parent of pleasure; that but for the faculty of pain man could not enjoy; and there is surely more pain allotted him than pleasure. Pain is absolute; pleasure is purely relative. Pleasure has its limits in pain, and for pleasure pain exacts compensation.

V.

There is a fly in the ointment everywhere. Nature has made nothing perfect. There is a flaw in all her works. The most beautiful form has the misprision of a plain face; or angelic features are fixed upon a misshapen figure. The rose has its thorn, and but few thorns are adorned with roses. Nature is a monster parent who doles out her gifts in a miserly fashion and rakes in usury with hard grasp.

It must be just right, though not comprehensible to our senses as right justice.

Nature is, to finite sense, the active refutation of our assertion God is love. Our love is finite, and blind. The babe shrieks in its bath, nor has remotest idea of the great mother love which smiles at its woe. We are merest babes in intelligence, and curse that fate or God which enforces exaction of world-baths upon us.

Surely the cares of life are meant for our good, else they should not be laid imperatively upon us. The child's bath is designed for its health and welfare. Our worldly inundations of care are much like the babe's washing.

VI.

"The consummation towards which organic evolution is tending," said Fiske, "is the production of the highest and most perfect psychical life."

Activities are needful. Activity is the agent of evolution, every-

where; for evolution is at work in all nature. There can be no progress in man's estate except through struggle, effort, work; "in the sweat of his face"; through the impulsion of pain.

Pain is the artificer that chisels and shapes the soul.

Pain is the arduous and ardent tutor of the mind.

Pain is man's fate: pain drives to effort.

Pain scourges to vigor.

Pain giveth man to understand;

Pain opens his eyes; and through adversity does he see.

Pain preserves his body, and makes him careful of that raiment of the soul.

Pain makes him relinquish it when it is worn or torn or unfitted for the indwelling of his spirit!

Pain makes him travail over-night, but joy cometh in the morning when he awakes in the likeness of psychical perfection designed and predicate of the soul.

Even the flounderings of the religious mind through the mazes of priestcraft and the insanity of zealot mystics that have surrounded man since his evolvment from the night of prehistoric savage life are typical of that laboring which marks every step in his advance. The goal is psychical growth, henceforth; and only through pain, pain, pain, can he advance.

VII.

Frost is essential to the future flower, vegetable, oak.

Pain is the sun which quickens the graces of soul, which awakens into activity the seeds of larger life, and brings to full fruition fortitude, energy, gratitude, pity, beneficence, altruism. It is the "fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind." It is the hurting "touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

The lashings of circumstance are providential; they are fatalistic; actually designed of God to refine our dross, to chip away the inequalities of our character; to strengthen our soul-fibres by adversity, as the reed is made withy and staunch in the wind; to educe vigor of soul; to provoke psychical development; to excite thought-force; to promote an evolution of the ego to—what end?

Cui bono?

Surely, to fit for superior and yet more strenuous stages to follow this present scene, and which are inevitable; which no death can obviate; which must be met soon or late, and which it were wisdom to courageously look forward to and serenely assume as fore-ordained of the Lord of creation, and of ultimate beneficence.

Verily, all is progression; and only through precedent struggle, pain. The soul is strengthened thus, and fitted for later burdenings; or else, sinking under lighter weights, goes down and out of life. It is the strong of soul who continue, much as it is a survival of the fittest in physical life.

Once, the development of man's physical life was paramount. Now the unfoldment of his soul-part is most essential, and we may expect reactionary involvement of his physical organism; as for instance, vestigial organs that yet hamper his physical form, and are subject to disease as outlawed tissue, redundant, undesired by the body, and seeking to be cast off.

VIII.

Pain is not to be reckoned as abnormal, but as nature's protest against the abnormal; it is her finger sternly pointing the other way that she means us to go.

The laws of nature are docile if harnessed in obedience to the laws of God. These laws are not written on tables of stone. Nor are they readable save by the light of experience. Experience is the essence of the earth-life.

Till we learn that a given act or want of action brings disease or injury to the body, we suffer. Fire would destroy if my hand felt no pain when in contact with the flame. Pain makes us care for this suit of the soul which temporarily invests the spirit.

If we go contrary to nature's laws, wittingly or ignorantly, we are victims of pain or destruction. Man, animal, and plant are all subject to the same laws.

Pathology is only physiology carried to excess. Fatigue is a form of suffering to warn that certain elements poisonous to the body have been generated within, and that we must pause till they are eliminated by the processes of life-chemistry, active during rest.

We can conquer pain by avoiding its causes; we can only avoid by knowledge. Knowledge comes by experience.

If we but knew or realized that no law of nature can be violated except an inexorable penalty be exacted in pain, how much greater happiness might result. This law applies equally to every department of our lives; whether it be physical, mental, spiritual, moral, or intellectual.

All our sufferings are due to ignorance. When we learn that fire is painful we avoid its burnings. We are taught only through pain.

The harsh grindstone makes the sharp axe.

Anguish drives us to effort, and it is only through endeavor that we make any progress whatever. There is no royal road to any success. The price for every gain must be paid. Let no man cheat himself by thinking otherwise, but rather let him gird up his loins and courageously endure hardships, care, and the drenchings of sorrow. They are designed for his advancement and good. It is only thus that he can go forward. To learn is his fate; and he can only learn through suffering. And if he does not see the lesson intended, he must suffer again and again till he has clear vision, and obedient heart. Nature is obdurate and merciless. She will be obeyed, or slays ruthlessly, even unto the last.

From infancy to manhood we grow in stature and strength, and are thus fitted for the rigors of man's estate. One life seems to prefigure and fit for a subsequent life; that is to be more strenuous than the preceding; else the sufferings of the one that now is were futile.

The experiences of a matured man are not handed on to his progeny, because the richest and most valuable of them do not come till he has passed the active procreative period. Then are not the accumulations of ripe age and intellect wasted if death ends all, if such harvested lessons are to be lost in the grave? No; we have need for such experiences; for the fruit of life seems to be to gain experience, which is to serve us in a subsequent career. If we enter a heaven of idle rest after death we have wasted our time in gathering experience during our earthly existence.

IX.

Physical pain is a consequence of that natural blindness to the results that follow our action or inaction. The unsophisticated babe grasps at the candle, and its hand would be destroyed by the fire, did not the nerves cry out in agony, causing the removal of threatened fingers. All physical pain is thus a teacher.

Psychical pain comes as the effect of heedlessness, want of thought, on our own or another's part; or because of a misconception of the function of death, which momentarily separates friends and loved ones. When the soul husks off its body it does not divide itself from friends more than the closing of our eyes cuts us off from visible communication.

The only painless thing in life is the act of death.

Aristotle suggested the hint that pain (evil) had an indispensable function: and that nothing found in nature was out of place, but had its uses.

In the blindness of our finite understandings we cannot quite comprehend the ever needful utility of pain; but as we work upward into the light of intellectual evolvment, doubtless we shall realize the beneficence of anguish, strife, activity; that the principle concerned is psychic unfoldment. Through the clarifying influence of this soul-intelligence there will appear much that is incomprehensible at this stage; there will eventuate ability to perceive and intelligence to avoid the evil of pain, the stress of work, the ardor of struggle. Knowledge will bring enlarged judgment, and appreciation of consequences of acts which are entailed by our present ignorance.

Some philosophers since Darwin consider the meaning of the universal struggle for existence to have been "to bring forth as the consummate product of creative energy, the Human Soul." Analogically, the gradual unfoldment of the psychical in the lower orders must likewise be reckoned thus; else, why do they, too, strive as man has striven?

Leibnitz regarded evil as a negative condition, i. e., the absence of the good; and held that "its active and seemingly positive character is an incidental and not an essential part of its nature." The pessimistic Schopenhauer retorts "it is good that is negative; happiness and satisfaction implying some desire fulfilled, some state of pain brought to an end." It seems that both may be mistaken.

The greatest good comes out of deepest sorrow. It is the contrast with one state that enables appreciation of the other.

The continued sipping of sweets cloy the taste. So likewise, the constant goad of care lessens its pricking.

A ship without ballast is as flotsam and jetsam. A career without responsibilities is inane.

A protected plant is brittle and weak; the one inured to winds is sturdy and withy.

The tales of the men of one age are soon told and soon forgotten.

"After the lapse of a thousand years," said Shaler, "not one name in a hundred million names is remembered."

What, then, is history? In the milleniums of the ages of creation what folly to reckon by time!

Life is an ever-fleeting change; a restless hurrying of kinematographic events; and he is the happiest man who seeks to utilize or enjoy the actual present.

Men toil and moil for the future, and lie down to die. What of their substance? It goes quickly; and those who are its heirs wonder aghast at the wings with which it has flown.

Life is simply a progression, without beginning or end, save as it is always beginning and ending.

Life is given to us to gain experience. And each fits for others yet to come. The more strenuous the experience, the deeper the lesson branded on the soul.

The motive of early existence seems to be to get experience which shall fit us for yet more rigorous endurings afterwards.

Please ponder this thought.

It is certain that we never learn anything except through pain. We did not learn to walk but by bumping our infant shins; nor to eat without the precedent pang of tooth-cutting; nor to lift a burden without previous effort at a lesser burden; much as the man who lifted a calf day by day that he might eventually lift it as an ox.

And the more highly we become developed in muscle, nerve, or intellectual nature, and the more refined and sensitized our emotional nature, the more keenly do we feel. The thrust of woe into the sodden of earth is infinitely less agonizing than to the finely drawn nervous organization of the more highly bred creature. The same is true of plant life as of man or animal. The more developed, the more delicate in sensibility and susceptibility.

The condition of growth in any department of life is exercise. Hence, the wrenchings and poignancy of heart suggest strength of soul added after each storm.

Life is a problem not yet solved. Yet he who has no trials is essentially weak of heart when the real assaults of life are upon him. One should be grateful to the fate which brings difficulties that must needs be overcome. Troubles should be regarded as blessings. They beat out the soul and make it strong,—much as enforced labor of body enables it to withstand hardship and toil that comes in later days. Strength of heart gotten in this life is but a preparation for yet more earnest tasks in a subsequent career. Else, why the threshings here? A supine heaven of idle rest seems absurd and unwarranted by any analogy in nature. The evolutionary history of all life, organic and inorganic, teaches thus; the survival of the fittest is conclusive. He who weakly succumbs, whatever his genera, goes down and out. His species is gone even, if it adapt not itself to conditions of nature.

The soul on earth has several physical methods of gaining information of mundane conditions. It can have no cognizance of this earth save through the senses operating through the eye, ear, tongue, olfactories, and nerves of sensation. If either sense organ

were destroyed the soul would have no cognition of the world to that extent. Hence, the soul is alive to earth only so long as its organs of communication are operative. The soul is alien to this planet: while here it is in the dark. Its lamps are the five senses. If one lamp be put out the soul perceives only by the others. The soul can suffer no physical pain for it is spiritual. When its mortal senses are destroyed it must flee away to its altersphere,—its alternity. The soul gets its perceptions of earth through the faculties of the body, and is alone sensible of its earth-existence through such powers or instruments.

Destroy certain brain cells and the soul to that extent is dead. Compress the brain in certain centers, and the soul is insensible to external conditions. Remove the compression, and the soul revives, and is alive to conditions about it.

There is another phase: a life of ease and luxury is selfish. For every day of leisure, some one else has had to toil and sweat. Inferentially, for every pang you escape some one else has had to endure. You may have learned by another's experience to avoid certain steps that lead into danger. Your woe, in turn, may save some one else sorrow.

As for psychical griefs: are they not bound up in the saying of the Bard of Avon: "There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so"? Society has certain laws, the infraction of which brings social disgrace. The odium of organized society gives mental pain. The view-point may be different to-morrow. For that which is creed to-day may be heresy to-morrow. The esthetic evils of life are not such *per se*, but in the prevalent opinion which the surrounding civilization holds in regard to them. Sin depends on the age and the social conditions obtaining. Take any of the cardinal sins: Polygamy for instance. Was it not the accepted will of God throughout the Israelitic régime; and instead of long petitions being presented the law-givers, protesting against the seating of an elector in the house of Judaic legislation, it was considered unbecoming for an unmarried or a monogamous man to be selected. History teaches that public opinion differs as time and conditions change. Many mental worries, therefore, are hateful simply because of the opinion we assume others to entertain of an act or condition.

x.

How is the psychical entity developed? Through the sensibilities; the affections, the sympathies, the strivings of spirit; through heart-burnings, mental agonies, the teasing ecstasies of apprehen-

sion, the desolation of loss, the midnight of despair, the weightings of woe, and the rackings of pain—pain of mind and body.

Pain is the food of the soul which grows with what it feeds upon.

The oak waxes strong in the winds that wrench its branches; the plant in the protected corner grows white and sickly and frail. The sturdy of soul is that one whom the storms of passion, sorrow, and poignancy have lashed and swirled and sorely wounded.

The fruit of life is Experience; and Circumstance is the school-master who whips with inexorable ardor; but never with unkindly meaning, however mercilessly. The apparent malignancy toward man is no less virulent than towards all of earth.

The planets in abysmal space are torn and rent with ceaseless storm and cataclysm only to fit them for their ultimate uses.

Inanimate things are as constant in activity as animate. Inorganic creation is as incessantly changing its molecular parts as occur the physiological mutations of organic career.

Nature is bloody-jawed toward all; plant, insect, animal, man. No life without death of some other life. No food but through the destruction of some other life, either of plant or animal. Nor is the educative sense yclept conscience to be heard when the remorseless stomach's call is made, and which ever recurs, as the ancient cry of the horse-leech: "Give, give!"

Nature is as merciless in her inherent demands as she is prolific in animate productions. Living creatures are born in multitudinous hordes only to be hustled into the hopper of death, through which operation strength is afforded other beings with which to procreate yet other teeming victims, who in turn eat their contemporaries and in their turn execute their little act of reproduction in pain, existing themselves through the pain of their victims to nutrition; and then, complete in due process the tragedy of their brief existence by passing out of life to yield up their own bodies and blood for the sustenance of those who follow hard after.

To kill life in one form means to create life in another form.

Life preys on life; death thrives only on death, even as it promotes life through continuing the decimation of life.

Oh! how inscrutable the hardness of that power which overrules all! Oh! how futile and sad the operation of the impulse of altruism in the face of such fatalistic careers which none can avert!

"How unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out!"

XI.

Life is a portentous actuality; and if unexplained by evolution or its outgrowth, then indeed is it an unfathomable injustice, and a gift thrust upon ourselves as causeless victims of implacable cruelty or meaningless fate.

"The history of civilization," said Huxley, "is the record of the attempt of the human race to escape from the indictment of nature." And as if man's woe in his battle with nature were not enough, it has been augmented by the frightful imagining of perverted or diseased minds. These for ulterior selfish motives, or having benevolent design and "thinking to do God service," devised supernatural, intangible, unseen, and mythical agencies to whom in the first instance must be made offerings of the "first fruits" and choicest products (through themselves as vice-gerents), in propitiation for innate impulse or thoughtless acts denominated sin; and secondly, that the darkened understanding of humanity might "serve the Lord with gladness."

Bewildered, man yielded worship to the God of Love whom he was told to "fear," and bowed in unfeigned fear and abject servility to the devil whom he was told epitomized Hate.

How silly and blind and sad is the record of theology! How much of selfishness and how much of goodness inspired the devotion of the theologians of the past! How tremendous the coming awakening of the near future! How quintescent the buffoonery of imagination that has tried to portray the mis-known God, and how grovelling and puerile His attributes as delineated by theology! "Who hath known the mind of the Lord? Or who by searching can find Him out?"

The dark ages did not end with the thirteenth century, but are fading with the dawn of the twentieth.

Reason "sits as a refiner and purifier," and the theology of yesterday and to-day will be cast out and trodden under foot as the rottenness of mildew, and "God, even our God," will be "worshiped in the beauty of holiness;" and the earth shall be filled with his knowledge and glory as the waters that cover the sea!

XII.

We do not possess life; life possesses us. We are life.

Each life is a duty to be done; death comes as its crown.

We are no poorer at the end of each day. Our existence is not shortened through the lapse of hours and days.

This life is but a brief period in eternity,—one end of it being before and the other behind us.

We are in eternity now, and as much in the presence of God as we will ever be.

Time is only man's mode of reckoning his sojourn on earth, and calculating events of history.

XIII.

The brain is the residence of the mind; and it is from there the mind chiefly directs the growth of the body, through which its mandates are obeyed. If the mind be stolid and dense the body must needs be coarse and gross, and the brain is less finer in texture and cell. Such a brain and body must hence blunder over and accomplish its tasks laboriously, painfully, uncouthly.

"The test of civilization is the saving of labor." (Jordan.)

The advance of intelligence means the emancipation of the body from effort, from pain of nerves, and weariness of muscles. "In the sweat of thy face" is God's greatest blessing. Its enactment gives that pain which awakes thought in the sufferer, provokes ideas, stimulates to inspiration, inspires intellectual growth, and thus contrives easier methods. Notwithstanding, with each advance is opened wider fields, newer duties, keener spurrings, stronger desires, greater aspirations, all of which tend to force the individual up onto higher planes of thought.

Where the brain will not work the pitiful body must. Idleness, slothfulness, undue sleep, all exact toll.

It is not the intermarriage of royalty that causes the degeneracy we prate of, but the purposeless life they lead; the want of necessity for activity; the curse of the parasitic existence maintained. It is not the intermixture of related bloods, *per se*, that educes the degeneracy; but the joining of two sluggish streams, enervated by inaction of idle strains, which, combined, find no energizing principle to be transmitted to their unfortunate progeny.

"The creatures which rule the world are the children of struggle and storm," be it of man or animal or plant. For plants are sessile animals, yet must work for their existence.

A tree or plant is never still; but even in stillest appearance is undergoing a vibratory, spiral working of trunk, or stem, or leaf. Thus it works for its living, even as the haughty descendant of him of Eden who was cast out to earn his bread by "the sweat of his face."

XIV.

"In the process of re-production" said an eminent scientist, "all the experience of antecedent life is passed on from generation to generation, over a molecular bridge,—a tiny mass of protoplasm,—imponderably small, carrying on from parent to child the body, the mind, all indeed that the predecessors in tens of thousands of specific forms and unimaginable millions of individuals have won of enduring profit from their experience." In the twilight of ancestral development, the struggle for existence, the pain endured, was of different sort from that of ten thousand years later, or than that suffered by us of present development. Theirs was less specialized sensibility, and necessarily less acute of perception. Their struggles and effort became an habituation of work, and as such effort became engrafted upon the organism, other lessons obtruded on the senses: and these became painful in turn till their goad became tolerant, and habit rendered their pain obtuse. Then came other woe or effort, or work in the struggle upwards,—all tending to the development of the psychical. Once, man had to fix his mind on the processes of digestion, on his heart beat, on his respiration, etc.

This struggle endured by his predecessors finds man of to-day fitted to the pressure of the air, the beat of his heart. Habit becomes second nature. But with each adaptation comes enforced progress: *for with each height gained there comes need for other climbing.*

Progress ever brings organic dissatisfaction; enlarged activities: imperative further effort; struggle with new conditions.

"A developed society is dynamic," says David Starr Jordan. "A static society, no matter how perfect it seem, whether a Utopia, Icaria, or City of the Sun, is a condition of arrested development. Its perfection is that of death. The most highly developed organisms show the greatest imperfections. The most perfect adaptations to conditions need re-adaptation, as conditions themselves speedily change. The dream of a static millennium, when struggle and change shall be over, when all shall be happy and secure, finds no warrant in our knowledge of man and the world."

So of all animate life. The attainment of one height but brings higher mounts in view.

The reaching of perfection typified by the Christ-life will bring hitherto unimagined moral planes into consideration.

That which is to-day our crystallized ethical thought in the Son of God must one distant day be displaced by another transcendently beyond our ethical ken of now.

The hardest tasks of the race lie before it; not behind. The ability to endure carries with it the necessity of endurance. The capacity for suffering will bring the pain; but with it there comes the intellectual ability to work out a way of escape; and upon such struggle there hinges that further soul progression towards which man has ever tended, and must ever go.

XV.

More and more grows the conviction that this present life is a crysalis of psychic growth, and that our encasement is "of the earth earthy," and intended for temporary corporeal use. Our present career is a transitory stage, and we pass through the process called death to lay aside a habitation no longer tenable, or perchance outgrown by the spirit seeking wider, newer, larger experiences, which tend toward imperative psychical growth and ripeness.

Hence, the wisdom of life is to live in the actual present; enjoy to-day as the only one vouchsafed; do good to-day as the "chief among ten thousand and altogether lovely"; spread the gospel of kindness *to-day*; deny ourselves no legitimate joy, for we have only this one day. Mayhap, another day will dawn, but it is only one more of to-day, and it should likewise be lived as yesterday,—as affording one other opportunity of usefulness, beneficence, experience-getting; all tending to soul-enlargement, spiritual grace, psychical unfoldment. For life is in no sense "a paltry misery closed in the grave."

XVI.

The troubles of this life clearly portray, by prefigurement, our need for soul-growth. The unborn infant is not conscious of the soul within itself, nor cognizant of its birth. The soul in the growing child is innocent of its progression. The spirit of the full-grown man is dimly conscious of being, and is most sensible of it when in pain. When he dies he enters upon another plane, mayhap like that he now finds himself upon, even as the infant enters here. The pang of death is no more to the dying than that of birth to the infant entering into life.

The child *in utero* is gathering physical lineaments; the man gathers spiritual markings. Each is a condition of nascency; and who shall say that it is all ended by the death of the individual any more than the unconscious child's life ends with its worldly entrance.

The *foetus in utero* passes through a kinematoscopic history of its ancestry's physical career throughout millions of years.

May not the death of the individual mean the enactment on or

in another element the soul-history of earth, which will fit by a mystical period of growth, for another and larger career?

XVII.

Surely, the prolonged grindings of the emery of time, the accumulations of experience, the brandings of pain, affliction, despair, and death, have unitedly their mission; they have wrought out the psychical part of man, of beast, of all creation. And this work is not done, but must continue. All creatures involved are being thus brought upon a plane of intelligence, whereby capabilities of forethought aid in avoiding the entailed disaster of ignorant acts, and facilitate obviation of woes common to progenitors.

It is the lessons of experience—pain—by which we learn. And with this development is a further price: the enlarged capacity for keener pangs, commensurate, too, with the ability to enjoy because of the refinement of nerve-cell. For with the chastenings of the physical comes a sensitizing of the susceptibilities. And as the progress of man in future will be along the psychical, the physical will become even more subordinate to the soul-part, and be simply the housement of the spirit, refined, purified, etherialized, fit for the Master's use, as the "temple of God."

Towards such consummation the whole creation groaneth and travaileth together.

Hear the conclusion of this whole matter:

Pain begets experience;

Experience is the genesis of real life;

Life is preparation through which the soul is individualized.

Death convoys into enlarged psychical spheres of activity, from whence, after seasonable lessons, the spirit passes on into yet higher fields.

And thus ever on and on through progressive evolutionary stages towards heights intellectual and spiritual not imaginable by finite powers.

Aye, life with its griefs is a mystery, but afterwhiles, we will be

"Laughing to learn

Death was so friendly, and the toils of life

So fruitful for all living things; and pain,

Seed of all pleasure; and our worst of woes

So like the foolish anguish of the babe,

Whereat the mother, loving most, smiles most."

MODERN INDIA.

[CONCLUSION.]

BY A. CHRISTINA ALBERS.

IV.

WHEN we consider the vast difference between the nature of the Oriental and the Western mind; when we stop to realize that the Hindu of to-day is the son of a race that traces its history and literature back to a hoary age, lost in the mist of tradition; when we learn to understand that his customs, his very life are the echo of a civilization that flourished when the ancestors of civilized Europe were as yet roaming over the plains, and America had not begun to play a part in the world's drama; when we begin to open our eyes to facts like these,—then I ask, ought we still to be surprised when we find modes of expression here which are vastly different from those we employ in Western lands? Would it not be vanity to think there is but one way to express thought and that is our way? Long before the printing press was launched into being, long even before the present mode of writing was introduced, people thought. And because they thought they wished to express their thoughts in concrete form, and they found means to do this. And again there are thoughts so lofty that language of grammar and syntax ceases to be sufficient to portray them. It is then that man has found a higher way to convey the truth. It is thus that the "idols" have found their origin. And after all it is but a tedious task to wade through books, and many a volume must be perused before even the simple facts of nature become clear.

The visitor to India beholds a sight that he calls ugly, and when he sees it he pities the "poor heathen" who believes in such a thing—the image of Kali. And certainly she is not fair to behold, this fierce goddess, black as night, with a necklace of skulls around her neck, her tongue protruding, a sickle in one hand, a bleeding human

head in the other, and her foot upon the prostrate form of her husband. And yet all this presents a mighty script, volumes made concrete to him who would read. For Kali the black, Kali the



KALI.

cruel represents nature in her lowest form. Earthquakes and cyclones; thunder and cloudbursts; famine, pestilence and death; the ravages of war; the horrors of brute creation in the field; the cruel-

ties of insect life and the still greater cruelties of the sea—these things and many others, are they pleasant to reflect upon? And yet is there one living who would deny their existence? Alas, no. It is these that have made the heart of many a scientist turn cold and caused him to declare that there is no creator behind so imperfect a universe. But the Hindu knows better. He has focussed in the image of Kali all the horrors of nature in her lower form and presents them to the mind with a force that is too strong for many. He also knows that human nature in its lower stages must be kept in check by fear. "Disregard the laws of nature and suffering will ensue; sin, and Kali—nature—will punish you." This is the fundamental principle on which Kali-worship is built. But it does not end there. Kali, we read, feels ashamed when she realizes that she has her husband (higher nature) under foot, and she releases him. Thus from nature in her lowest form we turn to nature in her beauties and learn the lesson that suffering, intense though it be, can still last only for a time, and the mind, when ready to receive the higher teachings, will be sure to find them. The votaries of the Kali cult are still numerous, and as long as it still holds in check and inspires to worship millions of human beings, we must accept it as an institution that has not as yet outgrown its usefulness.

A much higher form of religious worship presents itself in the Durga *poojah* or Durga worship. Durga represents a higher aspect of divinity. She is the Loving Grace, and she has the warfaring elements under foot. To her right is Lakshmi, the goddess of beauty and fortune, and to her left Sarasvati, the goddess of music and poetry; to the left of Sarasvati, riding on a peacock, is Kartick, the beautiful son of Shiva; the most beloved son of Durga, Genesh, the elephant-headed, the god of wisdom, is to the right of Lakshmi. Durga is many-armed, this indicates her strength. She controls the lower forces, yet blesses ever, while the sword of justice does not leave her hand. In this group are united the symbols of the Saving Grace and its attributes: prosperity, wisdom, beauty, strength, and justice, and the subjugation of the lower elements.

The annual Durga festival takes place at the time of the autumnal equinox. For this occasion numerous images are prepared of wood and clay and taken to the houses of the worshipers. The figures in these groups are often more than life size. The festival lasts for about a week, and during these days the worshipers come and go from early morning till late at night, bringing their offerings of fruit, flowers, cooked food and clothes. At the end of the festival these gifts are partly distributed to the poor and partly given to the

priests. The leaf of the Bael tree, which has the peculiarity that it grows in groups of three on one stem, is also offered, this as a symbol of the triple force or trinity. The ceremony is very impressive and not unlike some I have seen in the Catholic Church. The priest takes the different offerings and passes them before the goddess



DURGA.

from right to left, while cymbals beat profusely and incense fills the air. On the third day the ladies take part in the service, and this forms the closing ceremony. In groups of seven they walk around the image, each bearing one of nature's products over her

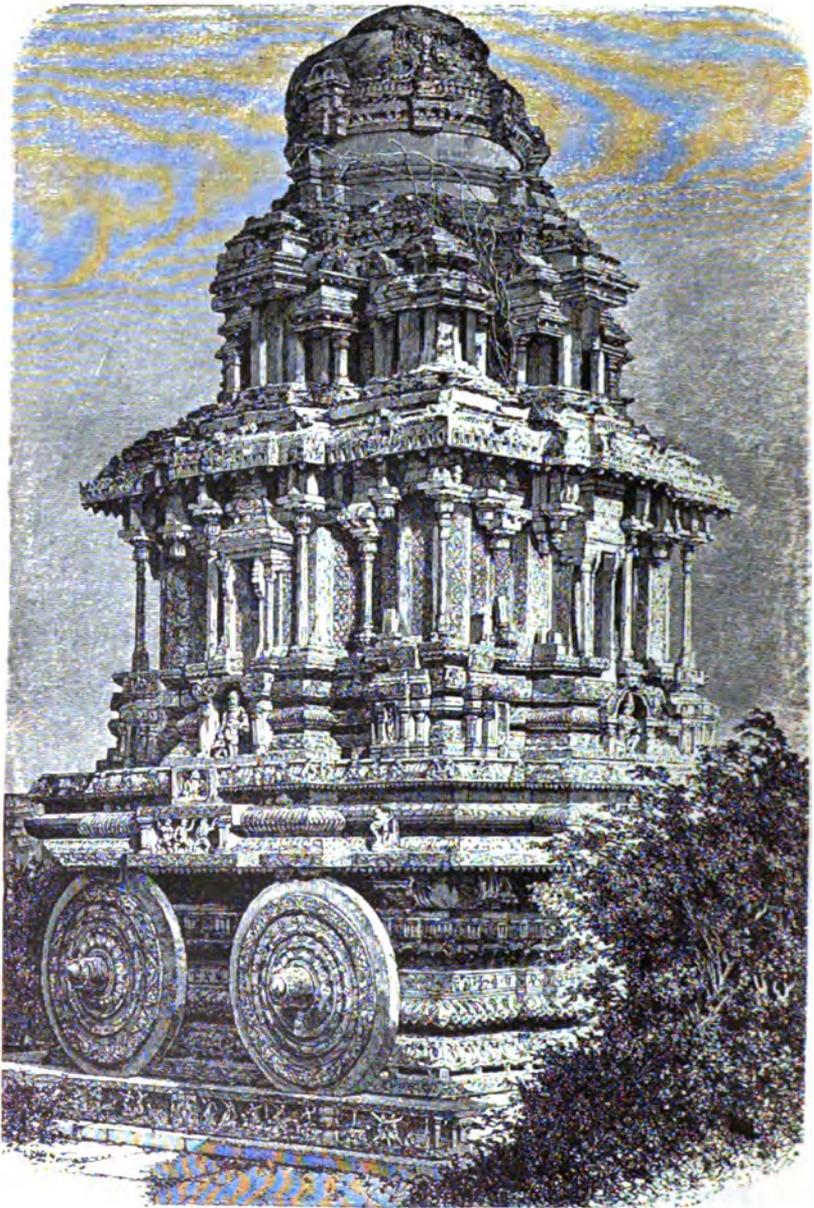
head—fruit, water, flowers, grain etc.—while leading the procession walks a priest sprinkling holy water on the ground. A charming picture it is, this last ceremony. With measured steps they walk, their robes flowing gracefully from their shoulders; jeweled hands drawing the veil over the face while dark eyes cast shy glances;



TEMPLE OF JAGANAT.

faces bending forward to whisper to a neighbor; the stern looking images the while throwing a feeling of awe over the scene.

This last rite ended, the image is carried to the river to be immersed in its waters, as an indication of the fact that when images have done their work then the devotee enters upon the silent stream that leads to the shoreless sea of peace.



CAR OF JAGANAT.

One of the most important religious holidays of the Hindus is the great festival of Jaganat, the Lord of the Universe, which takes place at the time of the summer solstice. Jaganat worship is gentle and pure. It forbids all self-immolation, and the stories of people throwing themselves under the wheel are exaggerated, for such acts would be in direct opposition to the teaching. But at the time when the huge wheel of Jaganat is moved along the street, enormous crowds gather around it and occasionally a death has occurred, which, however, upon investigation has invariably proven to be accidental. It is the occurrence of an occasional accident that has given



A TIBETAN GURU.

Behind the teacher (*guru*, or *pandit*) hangs a picture of the wheel of samsara which, according to Buddhist mythology, explains the concatenation of cause and effect, and portrays the several worlds in which living beings can be reborn. For further details see Carus, *History of the Devil*, p. 118.

rise to the horrible reports of suicide under the wheel of Jaganat. While in reality the spilling of a drop of blood bodes ill for the entire year and is considered a grave misfortune.

The religious festivals of the Hindus are numerous, too numerous indeed for all to be mentioned here. But all are the embodiment of a greater truth. Ritualistic performance is, however, not

the highest mode of worship in India, but only a stepping-stone as it were to the higher religious training, which latter is found at the feet of a learned Brahmin *pundit*, who instructs the *chela* in the philosophies and trains him in the different ways of meditation.

v.

Entering the interior of the country, away from the smoke and the whistle of the engine, the traveler sees along the sandy roads miniature structures, only a few feet high; they are the wayside shrines, built by religious people in honor of some unseen force, either good or evil. Having been trained since all time to respond to the unseen forces of nature, the Hindu expresses his reverence for these in a thousand different ways. To him behind all matter there is life; to him every flower, every stone is the reflection of an invisible force. "Brahm is all, and existence is but a manifestation of Him." And these tiny altars with the marks of vermilion ever fresh upon them and offered flowers drying in the sun, these little shrines, the poetry of the sandy plain, are but the expression of his subtle mind. The pilgrim, as he passes on his way, stops here to lay a flower. A while at the altar of his deity he seeks repose and finds his shelter in the mother-soul of space of which all existence is to him but a faint echo. I have seen them on these sandy roads with their tiny wayside altars and see them now as I am writing, and once again I seem to travel to that monastery in the heart of Behar, a visit that I shall never forget.

I thought I was in one of the tales of the *Arabian Nights* as I entered the court of this spacious mansion. Elephants and camels leisurely feeding, oxen pulling carts of rice, turbaned servants busy with the work of unloading, standing up to their knees in the grain—all this met my view in that picturesque disorder so characteristic of the Orient. A long passage, a stone staircase, a walk over an open terrace, another passage, again a stone staircase—all this seemed strangely romantic, more like the tale of an enchanted castle than reality. The higher I mounted the purer became the atmosphere, till at last my guide halted on a broad and spacious terrace far above the abode of men.

I was presented to His Holiness, the head of the monastery, a stately Brahmin, who greeted me kindly. I looked at his frank face and saw beaming forth from under a yellow turban a pair of jet black eyes, keen yet friendly. A genial smile and a nod of the head inspired confidence, and I was invited to take my seat in an

armchair while he seated himself crosslegged on a couch, his attendants squatting on the carpet around him.

He enquired with great solicitude about my comfort and told me that during my stay at the resthouse I must consider myself his guest. He offered to secure for me any article of food I might desire, even though it be of a nature that a Hindu is not allowed to touch, explaining to me that as my host he was entirely at my service. I spoke with him a long time and he answered my many questions with cheerful readiness. While he spoke he smiled and geniality shone forth from his noble countenance. This is indeed what I have noticed in the men of India, whose lives are given to religion: however different their features might be, they all accom-



TEMPLE ON A ROCK IN THE GANGES.
Near Jangira Bhagalpur.

pany their speech by a smile soft and benign, and in this they all resemble one another.

Nor did he let me go without a blessing. A wreath of flowers, with which he himself adorned me, a spray of roses, these were the tokens of his welcome, accompanied by a benediction. And as I knelt before his august presence, I know I had not come in vain, for great souls always impart of their essence to those who approach them in humility.

The seat of Hindu orthodoxy is Benares, the quaintest, the most picturesque and most interesting city imaginable. About one hundred and twenty miles below the place where the Jumna mingles her waters with those of the sacred Ganges, lies this place, the holy

city of Kashi, the Shining, the most sacred spot in the whole land. "Jai, jai, Kashinat" (Hail, hail, O Lord of Kashi!) calls out the worshipful devotee, as the towers of the sacred city appear before his view, often throwing himself into the dust full length before he ventures to set his foot upon her holy ground. Aged people come here to spend their days in prayer and the performance of religious rites and the Ganges, ever sacred, multiplies here her saving power.

How old this place is no one knows. In authentic history there is no record of its birth, and many are the legends that come floating on the hazy mist of tradition about old, old, happy days in



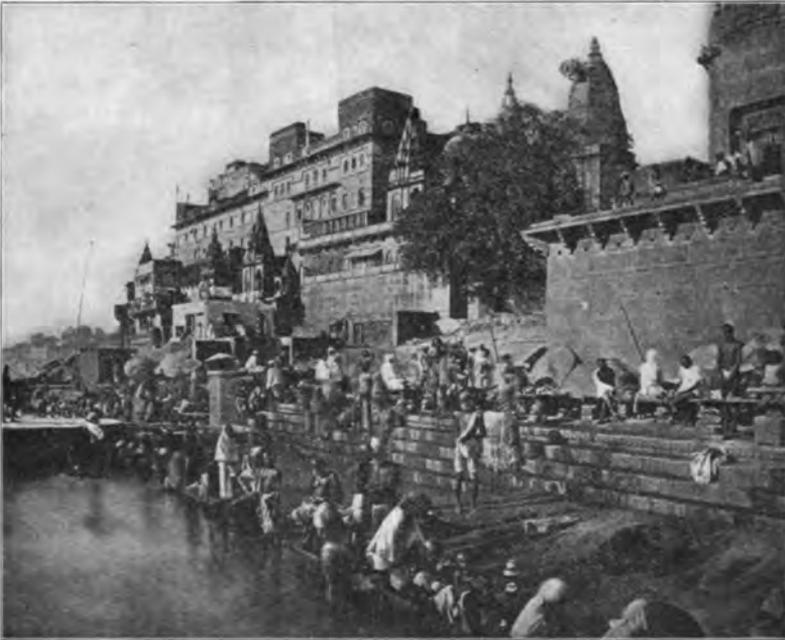
SHIVA SLAYING A DEMON.

kalpas long past, when the city was built of pure gold. It existed long before the "great flood" and to save it from destruction Shiva took it upon his trident and lifted it far above the waters. I asked for an explanation of this strange tale, and the following is what I learned:

While this universe was evolving it underwent many changes and passed through many different stages, and this earth of ours was covered by water prior to its present solid condition. This gradually receded leaving the surface exposed, and it was at this

spot, where now is Benares, that the first dry land appeared. The great threefold force, creation, preservation, and destruction—was made manifest here before any other part of the earth's surface appeared above the water—thus being lifted by the trident—the sacred trinity—above the flood. It is further recorded that primordial man first walked the earth here. The great object of the creative force of the universe being to evolve man, that object was finally accomplished, and it is in honor of this final triumph that the Hindu holds sacred the place of its achievement.

A boatripe on the river in the early morning hours affords a

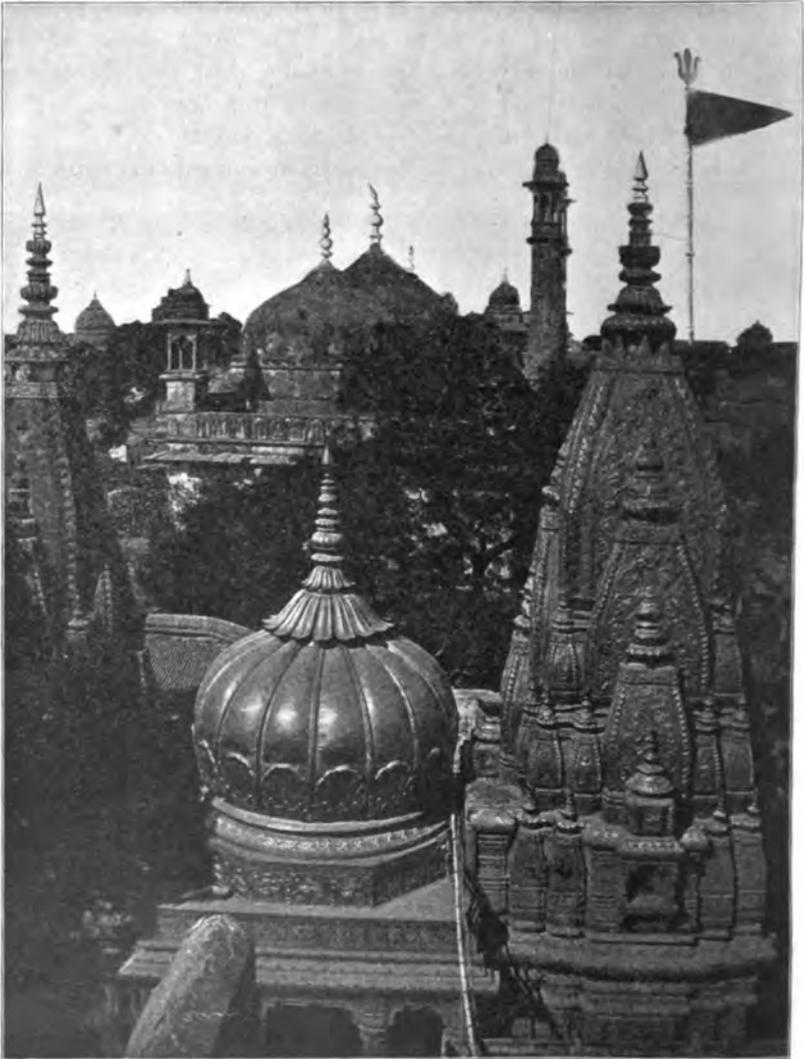


BATHING GHATS OF BENARES.

striking panorama. For miles along the river bank massive stone steps lead down into the water and are interspersed here and there by large platforms on which are picturesque shrines and bathing houses. On them one sees daily throughout the changing seasons crowds of men and women of all castes who meet here on common ground to share alike the rights that their religion affords them. At the time of an eclipse the desire to plunge into the cleansing flood is strongest, and the crowd on the steps by the river most numerous. It is at that time that the magnetic currents of the atmosphere are

disturbed by the influence of astronomical conditions, hence the greater endeavor for worship at this moment.

While in the water the bathers daily perform religious rites.



THE GOLDEN TEMPLE OF BENARES.

Some repeat *mantras*, others lift their triple cord and turn towards the sun in order to worship the creator through the medium of this

glorious work of his hand. Under large straw umbrellas Brahmin priests perform rites after ablution in the river, and around them gather the worshipers to listen to their discourse.

And they who die in holy Kashi, they too are taken to the water's edge, carried thither on a bier and wrapped in a thin white sheet. Once more they are lowered for a last embrace in the "sacred mother's" cooling waves, before they find their last resting-place upon the pyre, and the nearest relative lights the flame that consumes all that is mortal of man. The ashes are entrusted to the stream after the remains are destroyed by fire.

There are many temples in Benares, and they are ever crowded by worshipers, men and women alike. The foreigner is admitted as far as the door that leads into the sanctum sanctorum, but further he may not advance, for the right to enter the innermost shrine is vouchsafed only to those who can claim that privilege by right of birth. Fifteen hundred temples, it is said, does Benares hold, and this number does not include the smaller shrines and those on the terraces of many private houses. They were destroyed at times, these temples at Kashi, when the Mogul held sway over the land, but only to be rebuilt with greater vigor.

The Golden Temple is the most conspicuous owing to the magnificence of its domes which are covered with metal and overlaid with goldleaf, and glisten like burnished gold when the sun shines on their polished surface.

Annapurna is a temple dedicated to Durga. Here are kept sacred bulls and cows, fed daily by the worshipers. The cow is sacred to the Hindus because of the blessings she bestows on man; she, they say, is the symbol of motherhood, for on her bounty live old and young alike.

In the temple of Hanuman monkeys are kept sacred, in memory of the great sage by that name who came to earth in the form of a monkey in order to help Ramshandra, as stated in the Ramayana.

Kashi is dedicated to Shiva, the power beyond all form, which however is worshiped in the *lingam* form. The religious force in this place is very strong, and the devotee who places a flower on a shrine or sprinkles holy water over an image, does so only in reverence to the One Life above, to attain which all Hindus aspire. Here, too, live many sages, men whose entire life is devoted to religion. They spend their time in silent contemplation on the Divine, and some there are who never speak. Yet they send out an influence pure and strong, and the world is the better because they live. Others teach the sacred scriptures and in return for this

ask naught but a meal a day and a mat just large enough for their form to rest on at night. Any offer beyond that they refuse with a calm smile. The almighty dollar has no power over them, and the great philosophy of figures to them has a higher value than that of pounds, shillings, and pence. These are men who live the religious life in all its grandeur, in all its purity, and for their sanctity their worshipful followers are ever ready to do them homage.

There are others who try to subdue the senses by self torture; one sees them sitting on a bed of spikes or wearing sandals with soles of spikes. Others again hold an arm in the air until it has become paralyzed in that position, and the nails of the fingers have grown into the flesh of the closed hand. They do not think to gain



SHIVA AND HIS CONSORT PARVATI.

salvation by these means; their object is merely to gain control over the senses.

The streets of Benares are very narrow, so narrow in fact that in many of them no vehicle of any kind can pass; and they form such a complicated network that one imagines oneself to be in a maze; down steps and up again they wind,—between houses often from five to seven stories high, built so that the upper stories project over the lower until the pedestrian looking up sees only a small streak of blue overhead.

I have seen this quaint place when it was illuminated on the

night of a religious festival. Little oil lamps—wicks in tiny earthen bowls—were placed in untold numbers on the housetops, at the windows and above all on the countless steps by the river, until the silent Ganges was aglow with a million lights, which gave the whole the appearance of a fairy palace, and I have never seen a sight more charming.

The Mussulman too has erected here monuments in honor of his faith, the finest of which is the mosque built by Arungzeb, and which is noted for the exquisite beauty of its roof with its many domes and minarets, the two most prominent of which stretch their lofty pinnacles to a height of one hundred and forty-seven feet from the roof. It is from the top of these that one receives the finest view over the city and surrounding country. The followers of the Moslem offer no flowers and have no images. They prostrate themselves in silence before the Deity or stand with hands folded repeating prayers.

Benares is noted for its brass manufactures, the metal used for this purpose not being pure brass, however, but an alloy of six different metals and has a reddish golden tinge. It is worked into exquisite designs of vases and other ornaments, which bear the stamp of fine workmanship.

The famous gold embroidered silks that are exported from this place are woven at hand looms, and it seems almost like the irony of fate to see poor, half fed, half naked men, not able to cover their own bodies, produce garments delicate almost as a spider's web; for, as is well known, from the looms of Benares go forth the finest silks in the world.

Europeans are seldom seen in old Benares and excite much curiosity. I have seen little children run off screaming at beholding me and even the big buffaloes stop their slow walk and turn their big heads as if suspecting a danger signal.

Meanwhile this silent aged city dreams away, heedless alike of foreign dominion and the bustle of factory life; calmly she rules, this queen for whom time exists not, holding unopposed sway over the hearts of the millions of Ind.

VI.

Caste in India is a social organization, but it has its root in religion. In fact, the whole national life of India is religious in its principle and all its institutions are based on religion. The early classification consisted of four great divisions, these were the Brah-

mins, the Kshatriyas, the Vaisyas, and the Sudras. The first three of these are Aryan, the last is non-Aryan. The members of this last caste are denied the sacred thread, and originally had no access to the sacred literature. But the secular education that has of late years been introduced, has placed the Sudras in a position to be no longer exempted from approaching the sacred books; they are not now debarred from reading any part of them. Among the Sudras there are at present men of great learning and wealth, and many of them have Brahmins in their employ.

The original caste divisions are subdivided into many hundred sections, and the members of one of these may not intermarry nor eat food with one another. In the matter of food the people do indeed take extraordinary precautions. A Hindu will not touch food which is cooked by one inferior to himself in caste. He understands the magnetic vibrations that emanate from a person. These, he argues, are being imparted into the food, while being prepared, and transmitted to the partaker while eating. And in order to live a purely spiritual life he must keep the body in harmony with the higher forces of his being.

The numerous subdivisions of caste have done much to break up the national unity of the people, and many thinking men now advocate the intermarriage and joint partaking of food on the part of the members of one caste, independent of its subdivisions, as one means of procuring a stronger national unit. The caste is often subject to internal changes, as is proven by the new subcastes that are ever springing up, but it has withstood all pressure from without through many centuries. At present, however, its rigidity seems to be waning. The rules observed nowadays apply mainly to the questions of food and marriage. Yet, while it may seem strange to the Western mind that one Hindu will not sit down to eat with another, it is equally incomprehensible to him that Western people should often live for years without knowing their next-door neighbors. The Hindus are of a very sociable nature, and members of different castes visit one another freely and often are warm friends.

Nor are the different professions at the present day limited to the members of certain castes as they once were. As is well known, the Brahmins were the philosophers, the Kshatriyas the military men, the Vaisyas the merchants, and the Sudras the serfs. But now there is confusion of occupations. While there are as yet many Brahmins who would rather starve and assign their wives and children to the same fate, than stoop to a profession lower than originally intended for them, there are others who make a livelihood as

traders, porters, clerks, etc. The same rule prevails among other castes.

The minor caste divisions are in many cases trade guilds. These are built largely on the same principle as the Western trade unions, and attend to the regulation of wages and the general interest of their members, but they further exercise a strong influence over their moral conduct, caste members being usually under the strict surveillance of the authorities. A well-behaved caste member always receives his due reward, but ill conduct leads towards excommunication. The punishment then inflicted is very severe; none of his old caste fellows will take food with an outcaste, and the penalty is not infrequently carried to the extent of forbidding him the use of a spiritual adviser, or even the village washerman and barber. He thus finds himself entirely boycotted, and his lot is a miserable one. These are, however, extreme measures and are not resorted to until a man has proven to be a really bad man, and even then he is not without hope, for his conduct can be retrieved by expiations more or less severe in proportion to his offence.

Family life in India is still based on the old patriarchal system; every family is a small government in itself. The eldest male member is the head of the household, seeing to the wants and the moral and educational training of its members, and receiving undisputed obedience and service in return. When a youth marries he takes his bride to his parental home, and she is there installed as one of its members. It is the family of the husband that takes care of the widow when he dies, and the tie that binds kin to kin is stronger than one can realize before having seen its working. One of the results of this is that in India there is no poor-law; the caste and the family see to the helpless and the destitute. This makes the obligations of a householder often enormous, but the rule holds good throughout.

What will be the final outcome of caste is hard to foresee. There are among the Hindus those who venture to predict that in another century there will be practically no caste remaining; there are others who maintain that the salvation of the country lies in bringing back the original arrangement to four divisions. The Hindus are by nature an aristocratic race and there will certainly always be marked divisions between the higher and lower classes of society, but the indications now are that the dividing line will grow less rigid as time goes on.

One thing is certain, that unless young India learns to understand the value and dignity of manual labor, the country cannot

advance. The education they receive at the Government colleges may entitle them to a B. A. and an M. A. degree, but they are turned out from these places of learning entirely unfit to cope with the life they must encounter, and there is many a college graduate who is glad to earn his fifteen to twenty rupees a month. This small sum has in many cases to support large families, which, alas, only too often causes these people to fall prey to the money-lenders. And it is these money-lenders who are a great curse to the people. Charging ten and twelve per cent. a month with a serene conscience, they frequently keep whole families in bondage for generations, and it is as a rule the poor agriculturist who suffers from them most. Nor will they cease their work until the Government sees fit to put down their methods and establish other means for the people to raise their loans. But, alas, the Government does not encourage unity, for in that lies strength, and two hundred million people united might become unruly.

So poor India suffers on; suffers for the sins which her forefathers might or might not have committed long centuries ago, with every prospect that their children will continue to do so for generations yet to come. The poor laborer of the fields receives three or four rupees a month, which does not begin to be sufficient to supply him and his family with food. Many have no houses, not even a mud hut, which is in all cases the highest abode to which they may aspire. Some are the happy possessors of a pair of straw screens, about three or four feet long. These they place together in a triangular form and find their nightly shelter there, for a part of their bodies at least.

The handicrafts are at a low ebb and the industries are depleted. The Hindus, being of a metaphysical nature, have not as yet adjusted themselves to the mercantile spirit of modern times. Taking advantage of this, the Englishman takes the raw materials of the country to Lancashire, where factories thrive and merchants become daily wealthier on the very lifeblood of poor India. Fortunately the present generation are opening their eyes to their shortcoming; they are beginning to send their sons abroad to study the methods of commerce and agriculture to introduce these eventually into their own country, and this is one of the greatest needs of the times.

Thus then do we see the Hindus, the product of a great and ancient civilization: subdued by a material force, inferior to their rulers only in the art of modern warfare and trade; highly metaphysical and of strong spirituality; of high learning in philosophy; superior linguists and literary men; of fine oratorical powers; artists

who are not satisfied with the copying of scenes and forms in nature, but express in their work great spiritual truths; a race the very essence of whose being is spiritual, whose thoughts, literature, art, and institutions all have their root deep down in religion, on the whole advanced to a high state in all but matters material.



THE STUPA AT SARNATH.

A few miles from the city of Benares is Sarnath, the place known as the Deerpark in Buddhist history. It was here that Gautama, the Buddha, the ninth of India's Avatars delivered his first sermon after having attained to enlightenment. To-day a large *stupa* marks

the spot, erected by Asoka during his reign. This, however, is partly in ruins. The building represents a solid dome, ninety-three feet in diameter at the base and hundred and twenty-eight feet high. It still bears the signs of fine workmanship. Like all the monuments of Asoka's time it is a very solid structure.

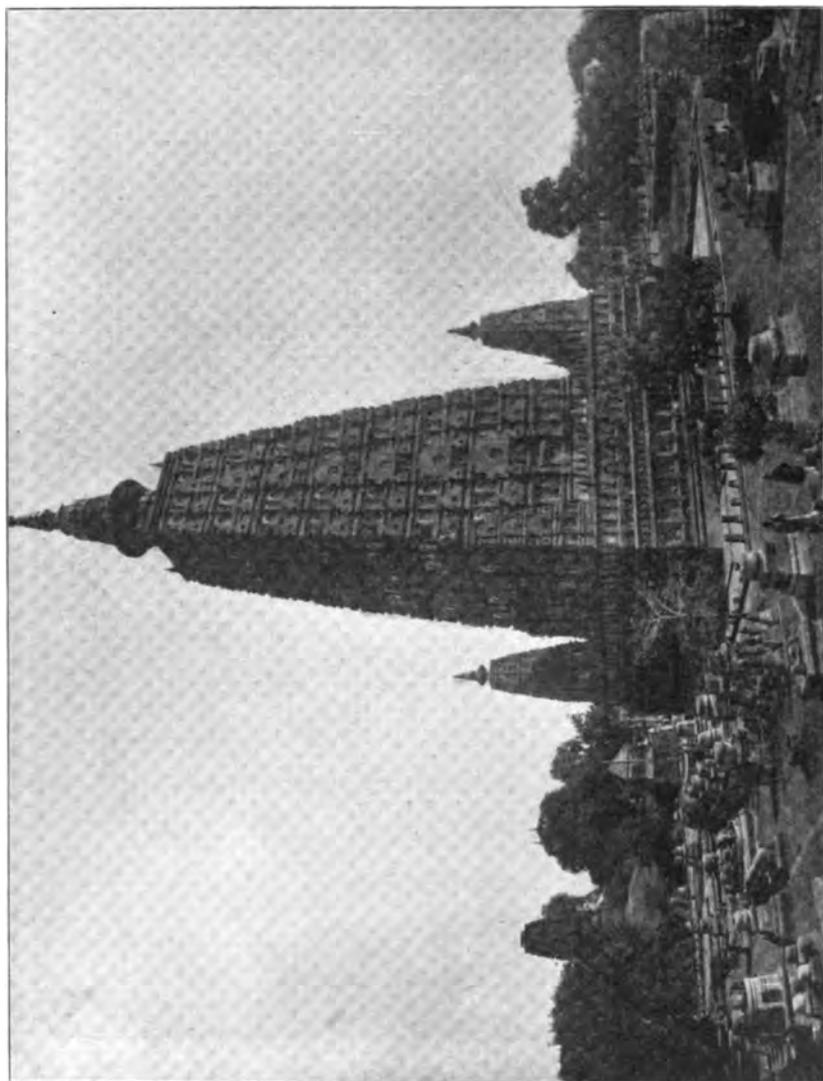
To the west of this *stupa* a few lines of brick, outlining the foundations of buildings, seem like a sad and silent voice from the past. Once stately monasteries graced this place, and yellow-robed monks lived in these halls of learning, while Sarnath was a center of activity. But the conqueror came and with the besom of destruction swept the buildings to the ground, consuming in one conflagration monasteries, hospitals, monks, manuscripts and all. This was what archæologists discovered centuries later when they found among the ashes huge masses of bones, iron, wood, and stone.

Does the voice of the great Teacher speak more plainly anywhere than here? Was it not the keynote of his lore that all which comes into existence must fade? And is it not a strange coincidence that at the very place, where he spoke his first words of enlightenment, the essence of his teachings should be portrayed so forcibly? "These buildings were the work of man," say the crumbling stones, barely visible above the ground, "and their fate is the common fate of all existence," and the demolished stone carvings of the half-ruined *stupa* re-echo this truth.

There is another place dear to all Buddhists, a place less sad, where the heart feels still the hope of life. This is the spot where Gautama meditated in the memorable night when he exhausted all causes and soared to the realm of silence and non-being. A mighty temple marks the spot where sat the silent sage, the work of Asoka again, the Constantine of the Buddhist era. This is the Mekka of all the followers of the Dharma, for to Buddha-Gaya they flock from all parts of Asia. From the banks of the Hoangho, from the Land of the Rising Sun, from hidden Tibet beyond the Himalayas, from the Lion Isle of Lanka, and above all from the land of the Pagodas—fair Burma—come the followers of the faith, pilgrims of many days, to worship under the branches of this tree, to lay an offering at the feet of the image of the Buddha within the temple. Here I have seen them sitting silently for hours under the Bo-tree—erect and motionless, lost in contemplation on the virtues of the great Teacher and the path he preached for his followers.

Before closing let me say a word about the stately mountain range which is the pride of all true Hindus,—the lofty Himalayas, of which tradition says that its chain is unbroken and which gives

to the world the grandest scenery. Here stretch fields unmeasured, clad in perennial snows, snows which when kissed by the early sun reflect tinges manifold, and are bathed in an ocean of scarlet when



TEMPLE OF BUDDHA-GAYA.

the evening sky reflects its glory upon them. I have seen this snowy grandeur at noontime, when the azure sky stretched a spotless dome above, and the mountains below were clad in a hazy blue. It

was then that the whole seemed suspended in space, floating in the ether as it were; the brooding soul of eternity hovering over the world below. It sends out strong magnetic currents, this snow-clad mountain crest, and the Himalayas abound with a thousand tales,



A BHUTEAN FAMILY.

told from grandsire to sons and sung by the Bhutea mother over her crooning babe.

The native people who live here are mountain tribes, the most

numerous of whom are the Bhuteas who hail from Bhutan. A hardy race they are, men, women, and children alike, and frugal and hard working. A Bhutea woman can carry as high as three



A LITTLE MOUNTAIN MAID.

hundred pounds on her back, and little boys and girls carry rocks for housebuilding enormous in size.

Buddhism of the Northern Canon is the religion of these people. There are several Buddhist temples in these districts where Tibetan

Lamas officiate, as in fact visitors from Tibet are numerous in this part of India.

A visit to a Bhutea village is most interesting, and I went there upon the invitation of one of the prominent members of the Bhutea community. I shall never forget this morning and that strange walk up hill and down, over quaint bridges and still quainter rock-hewn steps, wondering all the while whether I was walking three thousand years back in the wheel of time or into the heart of a land as yet unknown to the world, until we halted before the quaintest little cottage imaginable. And a strange gathering there was at the



A BHUTEA TEA PARTY.

house of this Bhutea host: a Japanese priest just returned from Lhassa; a Doctor of Philosophy from Russia; three high caste Bengalee gentlemen; two Bhuteas, and myself; while the lady of the house, a Himalayan mountain maid pure and simple, graced the meeting with her presence and attended with quiet dignity to her duties as hostess.

Thus have I seen it, this ancient land, and thus do I give it to the world. Whether I have idealized too much I know not. That these people are without their faults, that their institutions are perfect and need no reform; that the national life is what it should be—all this I do not for a minute assert. I only say in all this crying for

reform, in all this modernizing let them beware lest they lose the spiritual force that animates them. They hold within them all that can make a nation great; advance with the times they must, but in so doing let them retain their originality and be Hindus still.

To me India is the land of romance, the land of high ideals. A silence deep and wondrous; ancient temples, deserted buildings; an innate sense of poetry, art, and beauty of her people, to which they give expression in stately forms, grace of movement and picturesque groupings; souls seeking their own beyond the realm of matter;—and over it all the shadows and the whispers of a hoary past—this is the India that I have seen, this is what has appealed to me, and this I have tried to portray. Not the India of the tourist of a few short months; not the India of the merchant who seeks to fill his coffers at the expense of the much abused native; nor yet the India of him who would rob her of her ideals and implant his own instead; but the India that is found by silent hours spent at a ruined building; by the contemplation of a shrine; by listening to the sound of the silver anklet on the floor; by watching the deep, the fathomless silence of her sacred rivers, where the law of her teachings becomes concrete fact; the India that dwells in the heart of every true son of the soil and to uphold which her daughters have labored and suffered;—that is the true India, the “land of lands,” the India that has lived and will live evermore.

THE VIRTUE OF PAIN.

BY A. P. H.

BUT for the restraining influence of timely pain, bodily and mental, the vast majority of mankind would be irredeemable criminals.

Pain is nature's moral deterrent, and in its adaptation to the exact requirements of individual character and environment, the wise omniscience of a merciful Providence is apparent. The sharp rebuke necessary to pull up the robust, energetic youth, manifested in some dire, painful accident, would be wanton cruelty in the man of culture or years, and his more refined moral medicine of neuralgia, or dyspepsia, would not serve to stem the vicious torrent of the hardened ruffian; the prostrating bed of lingering sickness must be his cure. And the adequacy of the punishments is largely derived from the compatibility of the environment and vocation of each being.

The power of pain does not extend to the creation of saints, but it is indispensable to the consolidation of inherent character.

In a world of moral perfection, healthy buoyancy would be more an essential complement to, than a natural result of, that perfection; and in the harmonious cohesion of these two powers, would exist an invulnerable safeguard against any corrupt suggestion, or impulse. The moral laws complied with can exact from nature no penalties, and not till nature's appeal has been set aside, does Providence intervene; but a slip, a falling away from the ideal, and the sinking weight of evil at once forces upward a compensating, moral balance. For between pain resultant on a disregard of the natural or hygienic laws, and what might be termed providential pain, a subtle difference exists, apart from the source of each; a difference of intention, of application, of degree; the one, the consequence of an act and the other, prevention of it. The extent and power of the former is fixed and unalterable, and must work until the physical

balance is restored; but the latter is of divine purpose, and acts in varying degree, to secure with the minimum of force the necessary result, and then, as circumstances require, to at once disappear, or be indefinitely prolonged. Scientists may say that all pain is the retributive exaction of outraged nature; but no being is primarily responsible for all the pain he suffers. He is powerless to prevent the inherited pain; the sudden, accidental pain; the pain derived from some unseen, gripping infection; and, disclosing most the hand of Providence, the mental pain of acute affliction. The headache and general lethargy, which, on waking, warn the dissipated individual of the result of his previous night's infringement of the laws of moderation, and the inherited, constitutional headache or neuralgia of the physically anaemic, but morally obedient (because so constrained) act to the same end; both demonstrate clearly the need for quiet restraint and care. Thus does nature go hand in hand with Providence in its education of character.

Moral perfection in mankind is nearest approached by the being, who, physically infirm beyond cure at birth, struggles through a pain-wracked life to an early death. "Whom the gods love die young." Perhaps the underlying reason why persons who suffer much from bad health and constant pain, have no great dread of death, lies in the fact that in the clearness of their consciences they feel unconsciously morally prepared by pain for anything the Unknown may offer. Those with the greatest dread of death are those of most vigorous health. The greatest criminals have almost all been men of robust, even brutal health.

Though the mental tendency of humanity may be towards morality, it is a tendency wholly unsubstantial, imaginative, and without definite known compensation. And in the absence in these days of any great, purifying mind incentives, it must virtually exist on itself; and the absorbing, necessitous struggle for bodily existence in an intensely practical world, robs this soul-flame of its vital heat—and then one power only, can, with tempered breeze, keep alive the fire. For the animal propensity is at least stronger in its reality, its appeal to physical desire, with the known fact of tangible result and satisfaction. In animals from intuitive necessity, and in humanity, less from that reason than from imaginative desire born of idleness, it is a mighty cumulative force needing an exactly neutralizing, disciplinary force. For animals the prompt and severe code of nature suffices for its own ends, with the supreme final check of destruction. Self-preservation in them induces obedience. But for the reasoning, thinking man, a merciful Providence threatens

no dread annihilation for the non-observance of His laws, but appeals with lesser, fitting punishment, harmoniously applied. And in the mere sufficiency of this preventive punishment, we have abundant evidence of the perfectly balanced justice of Providence. Our physical pains and mental sorrows are precisely attuned to the needs of our moral character. Such as the latter is, it could not be stable, it could not progress (and in that event it must, of course, retrogress) without this exquisitely dovetailing, protective guidance.

Since the special food of the material inclination, then, is imaginative desire born of idleness, we have thus the paramount necessity for the first great moral armor of man, namely, work. But though continuous hard work or thinking is a natural safeguard of good, it is not always enough. The requirements of strenuous wage-earning leave little energy for vicious degeneracy; but a time of reaction creeps in, when, from prolonged undermining effort, the structure of character quivers, and seeks to right itself in other grooves. Then pain (but the mere minimum) alone can cement the foundation, and add stability. Man can work in moderate pain because he must, his physical nature is adapted to it; but his energy, sapped by that force, leaves him proof against the demands of passion, even where inclination exists. And when sharp sorrow has numbed the imagination, the starvation of the animal instinct following, must tend to solidify the moral.

Bodily pain adapted in degree to the individual is a deterrent of universal efficacy, and because of its special influence over man's stronger element, is superior to the restraint imposed by mental grief. The former appeals with equal physical force to all; the limited power of the latter—within the confines, to go beyond which may produce insanity—does not admit of adaptation to temperament, and therefore can never affect equally the individual of stolid, unemotional character, with the introspective, sensitive individual of active imagination. Thus the latter would be steadied and chastened by a great loss, which would perhaps have the opposite effect of plunging the former into headlong, vicious indulgence, only ended by the natural results of such conduct. Bodily pain stuns at once, and the peevishness or ill-temper which it engenders are mere bubbles on the surface of the ocean in whose bosom flows unmoved the steady current of character. Bound to his bed by the chains of wasting strength, acute sickness, or any physical defection, the most confirmed criminal must perforce awhile, must for the nonce be immune from vice, and give his disorganized, moral faculties time to recuperate, and weld the better elements of such char-

acter as he possesses. So that, as is probable, should the man again pursue a corrupt existence, the effects of chastening pain must prevent his overstepping the mark, must limit in extent his vicious propensity to the normal resisting strength of his character. It is only a matter of degree and external surroundings as to how far our immoral appetites can lead us, before being met and upset by the arresting limit. Every being, when in a lowered moral condition he has been slowly drifting down stream into the whirlpool of passion, must have many times been met and guided by the friendly current of pain in safety to the calm waters of submissive quietude.

How many of the worst criminals after a severe accident, necessitated, of course, by equally severe vice, have risen from their sickbeds morally new men. In their cases the checking power has been exerted at a crisis, and its strength, urged by necessity, has effected a revolution.

The timely grip of the lesser aches, mental worries, and disappointments, has a divine, corrective significance, that in our weakness and want of observation we neither see nor appreciate. But if with trusting insight we could only gratefully perceive the great truth of the divine virtue, and, in our frailty, the necessity of pain to our moral well-being, it should be our earnest endeavor to bear it with subdued fortitude, and instead of wasting our energies in useless repining and complaint, seek for the great need, which gave it timely birth, and suffered dissolution at its inception.

So, with the philosophic education of enlightened and discerning introspection, might we in time come to pray for pain.

FORMULA FOR THE RISEN BODY OF JESUS CHRIST.

BY THE REV. WM. FROST BISHOP, PH. D., D. D.

HALF the trouble with the Rev. Joseph C. Allen in his thoughtful article upon "The Resurrection of Jesus" in the April number of *The Open Court* is an oversight. He has for the time lost sight of what may be called the Formula for the Risen Body of Jesus Christ. That formula may be sufficiently indicated as follows:

What was natural to Him before His resurrection is now miraculous; what was before miraculous is now natural.

To partake of food before the resurrection was natural to him, but after it the taking of food was miraculous. Before the resurrection his body was naturally visible, but after it his body was naturally invisible. On several occasions during his ministry the body of our Lord became invisible. Notably so at Nazareth, when he escaped violence by becoming miraculously invisible and so escaping from the midst of his enemies. After his resurrection from the grave his body was naturally invisible to mortal eyes, but it became miraculously visible on several occasions, usually called "manifestations" during the forty days between his resurrection and ascension. While in the natural body Christ manifested his spirit through the body, but afterwards in the spiritual body he manifested his body through the spirit. What was natural to him before is now miraculous; and what was before miraculous is now natural.

So also of bodily fatigue and of sleep. His sitting down at the well of Jacob through exhaustion before his resurrection was natural. But after his resurrection fatigue would have been miraculous. His deep sleep on the Sea of Galilee in the little bark was natural at the time. But after the resurrection sleep would have been miraculous. So, too, of the tears of sorrow shed at the grave of

Lazarus. They were natural to him while in the flesh. But after his resurrection tears would have been miracles indeed.

Before his resurrection the natural way of entering into a room was through the door. After the resurrection he entered, "the doors being shut." It would have been miraculous, indeed, had an open door been needed for the Risen Body. That body was bound by no ties of space. Before the resurrection he rebuked the Tempter who bade him cast himself down from the pinnacle of the temple, but after it he moves as one free from the restraints of earth.

In fact, the mystery of the Risen Body of our Lord was not obscurely implied by the manner of his resurrection. For the sepulchre was already empty when the great stone was rolled away from its entrance. The stone was rolled away by the angel, not that he *might* come forth, but because he *had already* come forth. The appearance of the angel and the removal of the stone were to announce what had already taken place, and to demonstrate its reality. True, the exact moment when the Lord issued from the tomb is left undefined. But all the church fathers with scarcely an exception held the belief that the resurrection was already accomplished when the angel descended and rolled away the stone. A close reading of the evangelists will support this view. Christ Jesus needed not the angel's aid. He himself burst the bars of death and triumphed over the grave.

The resurrection brought about a change of attitude in Christ. Before it he refused the kingdom of the world which was offered to him by Satan, but after it he bids his ministers proclaim his sovereignty over all the nations. He journeyed with his disciples along the weary way while in the flesh, but not afterwards. In the Risen Body he appointed places of meeting, but he did not journey with his disciples as before. There was now a mysterious awe about his person.

Our contention is that the Risen Body of Jesus Christ revealed to the world a new state of human existence for the body of man. It was strictly a revelation—an unveiling of what before was not known and could not be known. Such a resurrection had never occurred before in the history of the world. Because the Risen Body of Christ, while the same as before his death, was changed. That body, while wholly the same, is now wholly different. This is the point that many miss. When Lazarus rose from the grave, his body was just what it had been before death. It was the same, but without change. On the other hand, the resurrection body, while the same, must be wholly different.

But, men will say, how can a human body be wholly the same and yet wholly changed? A hint of this paradox of change and identity is given in the transformation of insects. The caterpillar bursts the bonds of its silken shroud and enters upon a new mode of existence. The groveling worm becomes a winged insect, glorious in the golden sunlight. It is beyond all doubt the same creature, but now wholly transfigured and transformed.

The typical resurrection body was the Risen Body of Jesus Christ—wholly the same as before death and yet wholly different. It was for this reason totally unlike any previous rising from the grave. We see in the Risen Christ the change which would have passed over the bodies of Adam and Eve, if they had never sinned. We see in the Risen Christ the change which will pass over the bodies of the saints who will be living on the earth when Christ comes back to earth, who are not to die but who shall be changed in the twinkling of an eye. We see in the Risen Christ the change which passed over the bodies of Enoch and Elijah when they were translated—because flesh and blood, or the human body as now constituted, cannot exist in the unseen world. It is not adapted to the new conditions of that existence. We see in the Risen Christ the change which *did not* pass over the body of Lazarus of Bethany, when Christ called him forth. He was the same after his resurrection as before it: the same but unchanged: hence he died again. The natural body, if raised as a natural body, must die again. For *flesh and blood* cannot inherit the kingdom of heaven. But the natural body, if raised as a spiritual body, cannot die again. For *flesh and bones* can inherit the kingdom of heaven. It is noteworthy that our Lord changed the common phrase "flesh and blood," common in scriptural speech, to "flesh and bones." The natural body has the former, the spiritual body the latter.

The typical resurrection body, which shall be our own at the last day as we are distinctly told, was unknown and unknowable, till Jesus Christ rose from the dead. For the typical resurrection body, while wholly the same, must needs be also wholly different. Hence it is claimed and truly claimed, that "Christ is become the first fruits of them that slept." The Old Testament resurrections were not typical. Such persons were restored to life unchanged and just as they had been before death. But of the typical resurrection it is written: "Sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption. . . . Sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body." Till the resurrection of Christ, no natural body had ever been raised as a spiritual body, but the natural body was raised again as a natural

body, and as such again must go back to death. Because the bodies of Enoch and Elijah had never slept in the grave, the spiritual bodies given them at their translation do not invalidate the statement as to Christ being "the first fruits," for it is added, "*the first-fruits of them that slept.*" The Scriptures are marvelously consistent and inerrable.

Modern seances are discredited by our formula, and messages from the dead, because the manifestations of the persons are in all respects identical with what they were in life. But the Risen Body of Jesus Christ, while wholly the same, when risen from the dead, was wholly changed. What was natural to him before is now miraculous; what was before miraculous is now natural.

The key that fits the wards of the lock is the right key, and we commend respectfully the thought of this meditation to our brother, though a stranger to me, the Rev. Joseph C. Allen.

THE RESURRECTION, A HYPER-HISTORICAL FACT.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE Rev. Dr. William Frost Bishop's criticism of the article on the Resurrection by Mr. Allen, a brother clergyman, is to me a renewed evidence of the change in our philosophical world-conception which has set in among the progressive portion of mankind. Young men who have attended universities and have there become acquainted with other religions; who have had the opportunity of comparing their own thoughts with those of others; and who, above all, have had a thorough training in science (especially the natural sciences, physics, biology, psychology, zoology, etc.) can no longer accept uncritically the traditions of religion. They have acquired a knowledge of cosmic laws; they are familiar with the evidences of evolution; they know how religion develops; they are incapable of accepting any statement of miraculous events without an inclination to doubt and to investigate; and a mind trained in this modern mode of thinking will naturally modify the Christian faith as it has been handed down to him from parents and grandparents.

There is only one resource left for the old orthodoxy, and that is a reverently resigned agnosticism which is but very poor comfort indeed. Any attempt at explanations merely reveals the untenableness of the traditional view; and it is dangerous to enter into details, for it will be difficult to make the physiology of the risen body appear sufficiently attractive to render its immortality desirable.

Naturally enough there are still many people left who have remained untouched by the negativism of the *Zeitgeist*, and, sometimes not without great effort, have succeeded in resisting the inroads made by higher criticism and other influences injurious to implicit confidence in their religious doctrines. Dr. Bishop is one of these:

and we are glad to let him state his position on the resurrection which will come more and more to be recognized as the fundamental question in affording a test by which the old and new thought may readily be distinguished.

The new views of church doctrines and the later interpretations of the Bible are not primarily due to the discovery of new facts, either in the domain of biology, because there a general acquiescence in the acceptability of the theory of evolution has become established; or in the domain of archæology where the excavations in Bible lands help us to gain an historical insight into the development of the people of Israel. The new phase in our religious life is rather the product of a change in our entire world-conception, which has been brought about by a gradual growth of mankind, favored, no doubt, by new discoveries, but ultimately due to a more systematic conception of the old and well established data of human experience.

Though the writer is a representative of the new view, he is ready to concede that the reluctance is quite justified which some of us show in accepting the new way of thinking even where the old may have become positively untenable. In the popular comprehension of the world the old conception is intimately interwoven with all our moral maxims and spiritual aspirations. Accordingly it is not uncommon to find that in many cases where it is superceded a general upheaval follows in which all stability, all character, all ethical valuation is lost. Character has fallen with the former views of life and cannot be quickly rebuilt upon the foundations of the new. But it is easy to overlook the fact that the old view contains the truth in figurative and allegorical language. Though the dogmas of Christianity may have become untenable in their literal interpretation, they possess a significance which should not be rejected, and it is this significance which we should carefully sift out and preserve as the good and true.

The difference between the old conception and the new was driven home to me when I read a review of Professor Cornill's books on Old Testament history and prophecy. Professor Cornill is professor of Old Testament theology at the University of Königsberg. He is an authority in the line of his work and the results of his labor (at least in their general character) have been accepted as much as those of his co-workers by all who are familiar with the problems involved and with the arguments on which the fabric of our higher criticism is based. But in addition to the scientific qualification of Professor Cornill, we must add that he is personally of an extremely devout temperament and we know that he has

reached many of his conclusions against his own wishes. Yet, in the minds of those unacquainted with the real problems of the Bible he figures as a rankly destructive critic, and we read in a review of his *Prophets of Israel* by a writer of the old school the following humorous passage:*

"When Dr. Cornill gets to heaven, and hears Moses and the Prophets praising the Messiah they foretold in the sublime strains of their inspired prophecy, he will wonder that he wrote this book."

This is apparently not meant for a joke and we are even surprised at the breadth of the reviewer who grants the possibility that Professor Cornill may meet Moses hereafter and be sent to a different destination.

* * *

Among the dogmas of Christianity no one is so doubtfully established as that of the resurrection. The early disciples believed in it, but their views as to its nature and the facts upon which their belief was based are quite contradictory. The early Christians insisted on the resurrection of the body, and the apostolic confession of faith incorporates the hope of a resurrection of the flesh for all men. Let us briefly review the canonical statements concerning the resurrection of Jesus.

The apostle Paul bases his evidence on the vision which he had on the road to Damascus, that to him is identical to an actual meeting with Christ. On account of this vision he considers himself an apostle who has been called by the Lord himself; and he avoids meeting the apostles at Jerusalem (Gal. i. 17) to learn anything concerning the Christian doctrine from any of the others who had seen Jesus in the flesh, in order to be able to say that he "neither received it of man, neither was he taught it," but had it by "the revelation of Jesus Christ."

Among the four Gospels, that of Mark has been commonly recognized as the oldest, and it is peculiar that its conclusion is a later addition. The original conclusion has been lost or, as seems plausible, has been suppressed because it did not agree with the dogmatic views of the Church. It seems to have been in too obvious contradiction to the other records, especially that according to John. The original argument of the resurrection in the Gospel of Mark is expressed in the words of the angel: "He is risen; he is not here; behold the place where they laid him." The evidence is negative, being based simply on the statement of the empty tomb.

* *The Post-Graduate and Wooster Quarterly*, Jan., 1896, p. 170.

The account in Matthew is an amplification of the simpler story of Mark. There we read of an earthquake; an angel descends; rolls away the stone and sits upon it—all in view of the women visiting the tomb. The words of the angel are the same in each instance, but the motive of the visit of the women to the tomb is different. According to Mark they went to annoint the body, while according to Matthew they only visit the sepulchre. Perhaps the author of the later text deemed it doubtful that in an Oriental country an attempt should be made to annoint a body on the third day after death.

No reference is made by Mark to soldiers who should act as keepers of the grave. This feature of the story obviously belongs to a later period in its development, when unbelievers made the suggestion that the body might have been stolen.

According to Mark and Matthew the women remain outside the tomb; but according to Luke they enter, and while they are perplexed at not finding the body of Jesus, "behold, two men stood by them in shining garments," who preached a little sermon on the subject, "Why seek ye the living among the dead?"

While Matthew records one single appearance of the resurrected Jesus in Galilee (xxviii. 16-20), Luke also reports only one, but in Jerusalem (xxiv. 36-43).

The meeting with the disciples on the road to Emmaus belongs obviously to a later period. It is a most beautiful expression of the Christians' belief in the living presence of their master, but though an occurrence of the kind described is quite probable in itself, it contributes nothing that could be regarded as historical evidence. The two disciples, Kleopas and his companion, discuss with the stranger on the road the passion of Christ and the reports of the women who claim that he has risen, and afterwards they have the impression that it must have been Jesus to whom they were talking because he broke bread and gave thanks in the Nazarene fashion.

The story of the resurrection reaches a further phase in its development when skeptics offer the objection that Christ's appearance may have been an unsubstantial vision. In answer, such stories were produced as the account of Thomas whom Jesus bids "handle me and see, for a spirit hath not flesh and bones as you see me have."

The criticism that he may have been a mere ghost or spiritual presence, is further refuted in a story in Luke (xxiv. 41-43) in which the resurrected Jesus goes so far as to prove his bodily reality as to eat in the presence of his disciples in order to convince them of his actual existence: "And while they yet believed not for joy, and

wondered, he said unto them, Have ye here any meat? And they gave him a piece of a broiled fish and of an honeycomb. And he took it and did eat before them."

Obviously there are five stages in the development of the resurrection story: in the first stage, the appearances, as St. Paul states, belong to the domain of the sense of sight; in the second phase they extend to the sense of hearing; in the third place the sense of touch is added; fourth the resurrected one is made to eat; and finally he rises to heaven. This last and fifth stage completed the development of the legend, and was added in order to dispose of the skeptical query as to why Jesus did not continue to show himself on earth.

In all accounts we have narratives adapted to special dogmas of the Church, and we can see a development toward a more and more materialistic conception of the resurrection which is exactly suited to the materialistic spirit of the early Church.

The gradual development of the resurrection legend can scarcely be considered a matter of opinion, but is a text-critical fact which remains true whether or not Christ rose from the dead. Even the most orthodox theologians do not deny that the oldest account closes abruptly with the discovery of the empty tomb, and the original conclusion seems to be hopelessly lost.

Prof. H. J. Holtzmann, the greatest authority in New Testament criticism and well known and respected by theologians of all parties in Germany, says on page 304 of the first volume of his *Hand-Commentar zum Neuen Testament* (a learned work and perhaps the most complete in summing up all results of New Testament textual criticism):

"There is within the range of the synoptic gospels, no event whose narration is so full of contradictions...."

"At any rate the appearances at Jerusalem are so told that those in Galilee become impossible, and those in Galilee are so told that those in Jerusalem are excluded...."

"That gospel which can be depended upon, whenever contradictory references appear (viz. the Gospel according to Mark) breaks off suddenly here (Mark xvi. 8)...."

"Not less apparent are the contradictions concerning the way in which the life of the risen one is received. On the one hand tangible proofs are offered for the bodily identity of the risen one with the crucified. Yet while sensible tangibility and physical nutrition (Luke xxiv. 15, 16, 31, 36, 51) are attributed to him, other features do not show him as a man who has awakened from his

former life, but as a supernatural being who is worshiped (Matt. xxviii. 9, 17), whose face is only gradually recognized (Luke xxiv. 16, 31) even by his disciples, whose sudden appearance and disappearance (Luke xxiv. 31, 36, 51), cause his disciples to imagine that they see a ghost (Luke xxiv. 37) or to doubt the identity of his person (Matt. xxviii. 17). In general, the mode of existence of the risen one has thus early reached a stage which endows him in a certain measure with the omnipresence attributed to him in later days."

At present the tendency among theologians is toward a more spiritual conception of the resurrection; and the belief in the resurrection of the flesh is replaced by a belief in the immortality of the soul.

The early Christians were recruited from people in the lower walks of life. It is perhaps natural that to them the Pauline conception was too spiritual, since they would not care for an immortality unless their very bodily existence was reanimated. They were like the Esquimaux who insisted that if they could not have cod-liver oil in heaven they would not care to go there. Man is naturally materialistic and sensual, so he represents his natural longing for a preservation of himself beyond the grave in the form that is most suited to his taste, and we may deem it a symptom of the purification of our religious life if the doctrine of the reanimation of the corpse is abandoned for a nobler, more spiritual idea of immortality.

Present theology so far as it reflects the views of leading (I might even say orthodox) circles, differs from the old rationalism in this important point: that the old rationalists simply rejected in a spirit of contempt or ridicule the record of miracles and especially the miracle of the resurrection of Jesus, as an old woman's tale; while now our leading theologians recognize that the origin of legends is the natural effect of a great personality upon his disciples. The truth that the martyred leader of the Nazarenes who had died on the cross remained a powerful presence in the minds of his disciples, necessarily took shape in their hearts in such a form as was adapted to their state of culture and views of life. We realize very clearly now that ideas can not be disposed of by the death of those who hold them. Anarchists cannot abolish monarchies by slaying kings, and reforms can not be quenched by burning the reformer. The souls of the martyrs live on and march triumphantly in the progress of the age. Legends of a budding religion are the poetical expression of the faith that is in its devotees. It characterizes the bloom of religious growth, and far from despi-

sing the poetical form which religion assumes, we learn to appreciate it even though we may analyze its structure and mode of development. In this sense, men like Holtzmann do not denounce passages that reflect the enthusiasm of the growing Church in such a way as to be without foundation in fact, as spurious or fraudulent impositions, but regard them as hyper-historical truths.

Theology (as we have said in previous articles)* has become a science, and as a science it is bound to search for and state the truth; but the statement of the truth can be and should be made with tact and discretion and it is highly desirable that we should gradually learn to employ towards other religions that charity which we also need to practice at home. Comparative religion will not attain its full significance, until we can treat other religions with the same fairness with which we should treat and are beginning to treat our own.

* *The Monist*, Vol. XII, 544; XIII, 24.

THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.*

BY HEREWARD CARRINGTON.

THE attitude of mind assumed by Mr. Wakeman, in his criticism of Dr. Funk's book, *The Widow's Mite*, is quite understandable, very human, and—from one point of view—thoroughly justifiable. Mr. Wakeman's attitude may be taken, I believe, as fairly representing the average scientific mind of to-day; that of Dr. Carus as a typical scientific-philosophical mind. I shall devote a few words, first, to a consideration of the remarks of each of these gentlemen, before stating my main contention—which is, namely, that the majority of the *Open Court* readers do not look at psychical research phenomena in the proper spirit—or study them from the particular point of view of the psychical researcher.

Mr. Wakeman's main contention is, of course, that the majority (not all, but the majority) of scientific men, with the great Professor Haeckel at their head, have pronounced against the possibility of personal immortality; or of the existence of any such thing as "spirit" or "soul," separable from its material encasement. I quite understand and appreciate the strength and the character of the evidence upon which Mr. Wakeman relies for his dogmatic assertions—evidence undoubtedly strong, positive, abundant, and lending a very strong impetus to the materialistic cause. It is true that there is another way of viewing these newer results of science—a method of interpreting them which tells—not in favor of materialism, but just the reverse; and it is also true that there are many weighty philosophic and metaphysical objections to the doctrine of materialism—(meaning by this any system which excludes "spirit" as a separate essence or entity)—but on these I shall not dwell here. In the first place, this is not the time or place for such a discussion; and, in the second place, I am not at all sure myself that these ob-

* A brief criticism of the articles on this subject by Thaddeus B. Wakeman and the Editor of *The Open Court* in the number for June, 1905.

jections *should* carry weight, or even enter at all, into a scientific discussion. Science deals with *facts*, and it is the *fact* of personal immortality that we must now consider from that particular scientific or critical attitude.

I can quite appreciate the repugnance Mr. Wakeman feels in discussing any such thing as "spirit"—I have experienced just such feelings myself and fully understand them. Let us, then, eliminate "spirit" from our discussion, and use the expression "persistence of personal consciousness." Having thus eliminated the objectionable term, perhaps we may arrive at a basis for discussion.

The great point is, of course, that consciousness is indubitably bound up, in some way, with brain function; and the scientific man asserts that the thought—and so consciousness—is in some manner a product of this functioning, or, at least, so inseparably bound up with it that any existence *apart* from such functioning is unthinkable and altogether unwarranted. He asserts that thought is but one aspect of the nervous system's functioning, and that when that functioning ceases, there is and can be, consequently, no more thought or consciousness. The conclusion is obvious, therefore—it is claimed—that consciousness is obliterated at death, and, as Mr. Wakeman puts it—"After the death of Mr. Beecher there was, therefore, no possible spirit, soul, or consciousness of him extant, to bother or be bothered about his 'widow's mite,' or anything else." (P. 361.)

Now my claim is this: that in such reasoning the cart has, figuratively speaking, been placed before the horse; and that a wrong course of argument has been pursued. Instead of searching, impartially, for the facts in the case, an *a priori* denial of the possibility of such facts has been made—and, of course, if a fact is impossible it cannot exist! But how do we know that it is impossible? At the most we can only raise a *presumption* against its occurrence: and a dogmatic denial of its possibility has led science into great and preposterous blunders more than once. It is only necessary to recall such cases as the experiments of Galvani; and, more recently, the questions of meteors, hypnotism, etc., to be assured of the accuracy of that statement. Of course, scientific reserve in the face of new and strange facts is always justifiable, but that is a different matter to flat *a priori* denial. But the point is that instead of searching for such facts as tend to prove man's immortality, the majority of scientists content themselves with declaring, *without* investigation, that such a condition is impossible: quite forgetting the fact that logic shows us that it is impossible to prove a negative!

The psychical researcher also realizes the strength of the scien-

tific *presumption* against a future life of any sort, but says—"nevertheless, here are certain well-evidenced facts which seem to prove such survival. If I can obtain enough and definite enough facts and evidence of this character, then the presumption will be overthrown, because we have certain facts which definitely prove it to be incorrect." In short, the only method from which any conclusive result can follow is that in which all presumption is laid aside and deliberate experiment entered upon. That is the attitude of the psychical researcher. As I wrote some years ago, *à propos* of this very point,* "Obviously, the only way to decide this question is: not to speculate *a priori* upon the possibility of spirit existence, and reason from that, the possibility of its return—but to test and establish the possibility of its return, from which we can argue (should that be established) that man *has* a spirit *to* return. Here, as before, it is merely a question of evidence."

Now, of the character, the variety, and the strength of this evidence I cannot, of course, speak here. I must refer the interested reader to the eighteen printed volumes of the *Proceedings* of the Society for Psychical Research, (S. P. R.), or, if this is too much to ask, I would suggest that the reader peruse Professor Hyslop's very excellent book entitled *Science and a Future Life*. Professor Hyslop handles this question in what is to my mind an ideal manner, and I cannot too strongly recommend it to the serious attention of the readers of *The Open Court*.

To turn to the article by Dr. Carus: I am not quite sure that I fully understand his position in the matter. I take it to be (but I stand open to correction) that all *personal* or individual immortality is denied; but that the impression or imprint our life and personality have made upon the human race—or rather those of the race with whom we came into contact—constitutes the after-effects, or immortality of which Dr. Carus speaks. Of course, no one would deny *that* kind of immortality in any case, but I venture to suggest that—for the individual concerned—such an immortality practically amounts to annihilation. Immortality without individuality is no immortality at all. I cannot now go into any detailed discussion of Dr. Carus' attitude—because the length of this paper is already too great, but I can only say that it does not at all appeal to me. Either the individual exists *as such*, or he does not. If not, it is practically annihilation so far as *he* is concerned. With this I leave that branch of the discussion.

* *Metaphysical Magazine*, January-March, 1903, p. 198; article: "Psychical Research."

A few final words as to the interrelation of brain and mind; and the inferences that are drawn from the "admitted fact" of the correlation of mental states and cerebral changes. For every thought there is a corresponding change in the brain-substance—from which the conclusion is drawn that "when there is no more brain there can be no more thought or consciousness." But does that follow? Because the two facts are always coincidental, does it follow that the brain-change *produced* the thought? By no means! We might urge, on the contrary, that the brain-change was merely the *result* of such thought; or that it was merely coincidental in time, without the one affecting the other, or that both are but aspects of something else. This fact of functional dependence has been looked at from one standpoint only. As Prof. William James remarked in his *Human Immortality* "it would appear that the supposed impossibility of its (the soul's) continuing comes from too superficial a look at the admitted fact of functional dependence. The moment we inquire more closely into the notion of functional dependence, and ask ourselves, for example, how many kinds of functional dependence there may be, we immediately perceive that there is one kind at least, that does not exclude a life hereafter at all. The fatal conclusion of the physiologist flows from his assuming offhand *another* kind of functional dependence, and treating it as the only imaginary kind." But this is altogether unwarranted and unjustifiable. I have elaborated a theory of consciousness, and of its relation to brain function, in my article on "The Origin and Nature of Consciousness," (*The Metaphysical Magazine*, April-June, 1905, pp. 42-56) which accepts the *fact* of dependence, but endeavors to account for it in such a manner as would leave personality quite possible, and immortality an open question: one that could *then* be determined by direct experiment. Mr. Wakeman must not misunderstand me: I am not arguing that the soul *does* exist—but merely that it is *possible* for it to exist—and, this being the case we should endeavor to directly experiment in those directions which hold out some hope of its proof as existent. Personally I do not particularly care whether the soul lives after the death of the body or not. To me, as I have repeatedly stated, it is merely a question of evidence—of verifiable fact. But I do object to the attitude of men who assert offhand and *a priori*, that such an existence is impossible, because I do not think that such a conclusion is either justified or warranted by the results of modern science—especially in the face of evidence now accumulated by the Psychical Research Society—of which I am an unworthy member.

EDITOR'S REPLY.

Though I do not characterize my position as materialism, I feel convinced that Mr. Carrington would be obliged to call me a materialist according to his classification. According to my nomenclature, materialism* is that view which attempts to explain the world from matter and motion, and omits the most essential characteristic of existence—the significance and reality of purely formal relations. But in spite of my objection to materialism as a philosophical principle, I would not hesitate to deny the ghost existence of the soul which means that spirits could lead an independent life without being somehow incarnated into bodily actuality. I recognize the spiritual and I claim that it alone possesses significance, while the material part of the universe and even energy amount to nothing unless guided by the will of spiritual purpose. Further I wish to state that Mr. Carrington has probably understood my position correctly in appreciating the significance of man's after-life, the reality of which as he says no one would deny. But he does not grasp the implications of this view which might as well be stated in a negative form declaring that the individual as a separate entity, a kind of thing-in-itself after the Vedantist *atman* does not exist at all so it could not survive. The first question to be solved is not whether or not the personality of man will live again, but what is the personality of man, how does it originate, and whence does it come; and the solution of this will naturally answer the other question, Whither does it fare? I believe I have treated the subject with sufficient plainness in my little book *Whence and Whither*.

The negative aspect which denies that personality is a thing-in-itself is misleading in so far as it seems to deny the reality of personality. If our soul is not a thing-in-itself it is still a fact of real life, and though that congregation of ideas, impulses, sentiments, and purposes which constitutes myself at the present moment will be broken up in death it will nevertheless continue to constitute a factor in the world of living and aspiring mankind, and it will continue to be accompanied by the consciousness of living generations just as much as my ideas are conscious in my own body. We shall be preserved entire and nothing will be lost in death of the essential features of our personality.

This view may be unsatisfactory to many people and may ap-

* For details of my criticism as to the errors of the materialism of Carl Voigt, see *Fundamental Problems*, pp. 350-354.

pear tantamount to extinction from the standpoint of those who are under the illusion that their personality is in the present existence a thing-in-itself, and I would not deny that it is so; but I claim that kind nature has with seeming intention clothed the truth in the language of myth and has made mankind create different allegories as to the nature of immortality, making it more or less materialistic and sensuous. All the several religions present the truth of immortality in an artistic form which is only untrue if its symbolism is understood literally.

In Mr. Carrington's conception my views would probably appear identical with those of Mr. Wakeman, for like him I do not believe that spirits of the departed can be consulted or communicated with in the style of mediumistic séances, but I object to Mr. Wakeman's position in so far as I must emphatically declare that man's life is not finished at his death. That the after-life constituted by the effects of life itself is a salient part of the present life and has to be constantly considered in all our actions. A consideration of the status of our being after we are gone should be the supreme motive of all our principles, and I would not hesitate to say that it constitutes the basis of all true morality.

I have followed with great interest the work of the Society of Psychical Research, but I must confess that I do not deem its results as assured as do many of its enthusiastic members. So far as I can see they are of a negative nature and disproportionately small to the enormous output of labor and expense.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ABOU BEN ADHEM.

EXPURGATED FROM SUPERSTITION.

About ben Adhem, (why speak of his sire,
Foul gases decomposed by air and by fire?
Why of his tribe's increase, jest of the breeze,
Upcast like sun-hatched spawn, from unknown seas?)
So Abou, sleeping on his silk divan,
While indigestion's fancies through him ran,
Full-gorged with meat, and superstitions old,
Dreamed he saw writing, in a book of gold,
An angel. And of this subjective sprite,
Sport of his brain, he asked, "What do you write?"
The vision raised its head, "I write the names
Of those who love the Lord." "Dreams, idle dreams,"
Quoth Abou, "God is dead." "Alas! 'tis true."
She said, "that God and love are dead, with you."
"Nay! write me as one that loves his fellow-men,"
Said Abou; but the spirit spake again,
And asked, "Can lumps of gathered filth then love,
Hold fellowship, and faith? Pray, rise above
Such superstitions, let me write for you
Your debtors' names, whom it will pay to sue,
The cash you squandered on some deed of good,
And what you wasted when you shared your food;
If naught's worth serving save your appetites
Then drop your jargon-slang of wrongs and rights,
And be yourself; rob, ravish, lash your slaves,
For duty, mercy, love, are in their graves
With God." "But learning, fame," he cried, "are things
That outrun fate, and lend us God-like wings!"
"Do hunted rats," she said, "then outrun cats
To leave a record-mark for coming rats?
Winged bats, in caves, head-downward hang all day.
But use their wings to keep the light away;
If life's long quest for fame and learning fall
With your poor body's breath, why try at all?"
"Stop! Stop!" he cried; "Why should I stop?" she said.

"Do you fear truth? or is truth also dead?"
 "I'll slay myself," he shrieked, "and end life's woe!"
 "Nay," she replied, "you've done that long ago."

I. W. HEYSINGER.

NOTES.

In our frontispiece, "Called to the Colors," a modern Japanese painting by Yokokata Kaburagi, we see a young Japanese officer taking leave of his family, mother, wife, and child. He is in the modern uniform of young Japan while the women and children still retain the national costume of former times.

A souvenir of the Chicago Schiller Centennial Celebration has appeared in book form under the title *Schiller-Gedenkfeier*, and is for sale at Koelling & Klappenbach's, 100 Randolph Street, Chicago, for \$1.00 per copy (by mail prepaid, \$1.30). It is bound in buff linen with title embossed in red, and contains appreciations from about eighty well-known people, together with a number of portraits.

The Rev. Daniel Crosby Greene publishes a statement on *The Christian Movement in Its Relation to the New Life in Japan*, (published for the Standing Committee of Co-operating Christian Missions, Yokohama, 1904. Pp. 245.), which is full of promise for Christian missionaries and explains why both the Christians and native missionaries of Japan are patriotic and faithful supporters of the present imperial policy. There is scarcely any need to mention that the Japanese enjoy absolute religious liberty and that no objection whatever is made to Christian missionaries of any denomination.

"The Philosophy of Pain," by Dr. Ernest Crutcher, is a thoughtful article which proves that the author has pondered deeply on the problems of life. He has much to say that should be considered and remembered. His line of thought would indicate that he is rather isolated, and his very style seems to confirm it. Under these conditions we are not astonished to find that his conception of the soul not only betrays a spiritualistic tendency, but even as such it regards the soul as a stranger on earth. He says, for instance: "The soul is alien to this planet; while here it is in the dark. Its lamps are the five senses. If one lamp be put out the soul perceives only by the others. The soul can suffer no physical pain for it is spiritual. When its mortal senses are destroyed, it must flee away to its altersphere,—its altermity."

We believe that the soul has developed on this planet by and through and with the activity of its body. We believe that the soul does feel physical pain, for the spiritual is closely interwoven with the bodily life, and both are two different spheres of action of one and the same reality. We do not intend to enter into further explanations, for in spite of our discrepancies with Dr. Crutcher on this very important part, we have read his article with satisfaction and profit.

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The most remarkable feature of Edmunds' work is the fact that all his translations from the Pali have been compared by his Japanese editor, with Chinese versions of the early Christian centuries. As Anesaki says in his preface, this brings together two literatures which have been kept apart for a thousand years, one in the south of Asia and the other in the north.

The work aims at scientific impartiality in comparing the two faiths. While the author thinks it probable that one Evangelist—Luke—made use of Buddhist legends in his own poetical introduction, yet he fully admits the independence and originality of the Christian Gospels in the main.

The work abounds in misprints, because the publishers could not keep the type standing seven weeks, while the mails came and went between Tokyo and Philadelphia. But a list of errata may be had on application.

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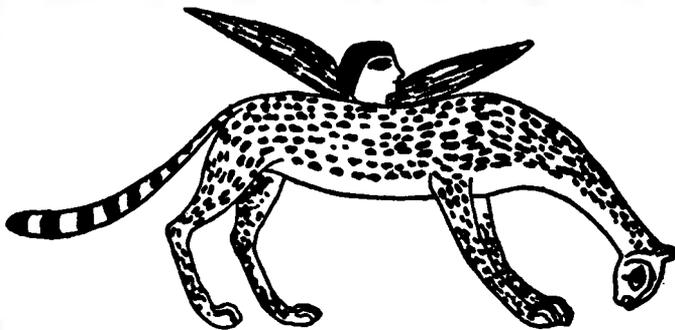
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Devoted to the Science of Religion, the Religion of Science, and the
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CONTENTS:

	PAGE
<i>Frontispiece. Macbeth.</i> WILHELM VON KAULBACH.	
<i>The Kingdom of Heaven and the Upanishads</i> CHARLES JOHNSTON.	705
<i>The Reality of the Devil.</i> EDITOR.	717
<i>A Visit to the Quinault Indian Graves.</i> LAETITIA MOON CONARD, PH. D.	737
<i>A Self-Sacrificing God and the Problem of Evil.</i> HENRY W. WRIGHT.	745
<i>Euclid's Parallel Postulate.</i> OSWALD VEULEN.	752
<i>Sampietro's Mother.</i> In Comment on Karma. EDITOR.	756
<i>The Verse of the Future.</i> C. CROZAT CONVERSE.	759
<i>The Risen Christ.</i> JOSEPH C. ALLEN and WM. FROST BISHOP.	761
<i>"How Far Have We Strayed from Christianity?"</i>	764
<i>"Church and State."</i> YVES GUYOT.	766
<i>Book Reviews and Notes.</i>	767

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THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

AND THE UPANISHADS.

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON.

WERE a student of the Upanishads, steeped in the golden air of Eastern wisdom, to turn to the Gospels of Palestine, what impression would he receive from them? That of a wonderful difference, and yet of a wonderful likeness. Finding himself in a new world, he would nevertheless encounter on all sides things very familiar. Take these two sentences, for example: "This soul of mine, in the inner being, is smaller than a grain of rice, or a grain of barley, or a grain of mustard-seed. . . . just as, beloved, birds of the air come together to a tree to rest, so indeed all this comes to rest in the soul."¹ Who can fail to think of the well-known words: "The kingdom of heaven is like to a grain of mustard seed . . . which indeed is the least of all seeds; but when it is grown, it is the greatest among herbs, and becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air come and lodge in the branches thereof."²

Here is a parallel even closer. Take first the words of the old scripture of India: "Just as a treasure of gold, hid in a field, is passed by over and over again by those who know not its place and find it not, even so, verily, all these beings enter day by day into the world of the Eternal, and know it not. This, verily, is the soul in the inner being."³

It is hardly necessary to add, for comparison, the words of the more familiar parable: "The kingdom of heaven is like unto treasure hid in a field; the which when a man hath found, he hideth, and for joy thereof goeth and selleth all that he hath, and buyeth that field."⁴

¹ Chhandogya Upanishad, iii, 14, 3. Prashna Upanishad, iv, 6.

² Matt. xiii. 31, 32. ³ Chhandogya Upanishad, viii, 6, 3. ⁴ Matt. xiii. 44.

Equally close is the likeness in the following: "Just as a sovereign orders those whom he has set in authority, saying: 'Be ye rulers over these villages and these villages;,' thus, verily, the soul disposes the life-powers in this direction and in that."⁵ This is exactly the frame of the parable of the talents or pounds, where "a certain nobleman went into a far country to receive for himself a kingdom," and, returning, said to his servant "because thou hast been faithful in a very little, have thou authority over ten cities."⁶ All these examples are taken from the "parables of the kingdom." We might get equally close resemblances at other points, as, for example, the "blind leaders of the blind,"⁷ which recalls the Upanishad sentence, "the deluded wander about staggering, like blind men led by a blind man."⁸ Or compare the image of "the salt of the earth" with this singularly vivid and charming passage from the Eastern Wisdom:

"Let the Master teach me more! said he.

"Let it be so, dear! said he.—Put this salt in water, and come to me in the morning.

"And he did so, and the Master said to him:

"The salt you put in the water last night—bring it to me!

"And looking for its appearance, he could not see it, as it was melted in the water.

"Taste the top of it! said he.—How is it?

"It is salt! said he.

"Taste the middle of it! said he.—How is it?

"It is salt! said he.

"Taste the bottom of it! said he.—How is it?

"It is salt! said he.

"Take it away, then, and return to me.

"And he did so; but that salt exists for ever. And the Master said to him:

"Just so, dear, you do not see the Real in the world. Yet it is there all the same. And this Spirit is the Self of all that is, it is the Real, it is the Soul. That Thou Art!"

The passages cited are all taken from the older Upanishads, and are, therefore, several centuries older than Buddhism. It is hardly credible that any of these passages is less than three thousand years old, thus antedating the Gospels by a thousand years.

II.

Our comparisons were made chiefly with the "parables of the kingdom," to which fifteen of the thirty-five parables in the Gospels explicitly belong. Many more of them doubtless belong to the same class, as we can see in the case of the "parable of the pounds,"

⁵ Prashna Upanishad, iii, 4.

⁷ Matt. xv. 14.

⁶ Luke, xix. 12.

⁸ Katha Upanishad, ii, 5.

which is simply introduced as a story by Luke, but which Matthew expressly numbers among the "parables of the kingdom."

It is well, therefore, to consider these parables, as a whole, in order that we may understand the meaning of the words "the kingdom of heaven" which run through them all like a golden thread. These words were not originated by Jesus. The phrase "the kingdom of heaven is at hand," or, more literally, "the realm of the heavens has drawn near," was the rallying cry of John the Baptist, and on his lips had doubtless a Messianic meaning. Jesus adopted the phrase, and we find him first using it himself, and then bidding his disciples to use it, as a text for their teaching. It would be difficult to gain, from the parables of the kingdom alone, any clear idea of the thought of Jesus. We should be at a loss to conceive anything which is like "a pearl, a net, a king entrusting money to his servants, a grain of mustard seed, leaven, wheat" and so forth; and only in the much-disputed "Tao" of the Chinese sage Lao-tse could we find an equal enigma. Nor can it be said that the meaning of the parables, as given by the Teacher, makes the matter altogether plain. Indeed, when we read for instance the explanation of the "parable of the tares," we are conscious that one parable is being explained by another, and so with the "parable of the sower."

A most illuminating sentence is preserved by Luke, though not in relation to the parables. It is in this passage: "And when he was demanded of the Pharisees, when the kingdom of God should come, he answered them and said, The kingdom of God cometh not with observation," or better "with outward show" . . . "for behold, the kingdom of God is within you."⁹ This is closely approached by the words of Paul: "the kingdom of righteousness and peace."¹⁰

It is noteworthy that the fourth Gospel contains no parables, and while we may in part account for this by saying that the last evangelist, writing in the evening of a long life, sought not to repeat what had already been recorded, but rather to complete the existing records; yet this is only a part of the truth. It would seem rather that John gives no parables, because the teaching of Jesus which he records was not, for the most part, teaching to the multitudes, but was preeminently teaching given to disciples, to "whom it was given to know the mysteries." If this be so, then we may well seek in the fourth Gospel for a more unveiled presentation of the great mystery, a teaching immediate and vivid, not clothed in similitudes and imagery.

We shall find the most direct statement, perhaps, in a verse

⁹ Luke, xvii, 21.

¹⁰ Romans, xiv. 17.

like this, a part of the last great discourse before the tragedy: "If a man love me, he will keep my words: and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him."¹¹ We shall not go very far wrong, if we take this to be a restatement of the wonderful phrase recorded by Luke: "the kingdom of God is within you," for we may believe that the king will dwell within his kingdom.

We come to this, therefore, as the heart of the matter: a clear statement that, as a result of certain things done and experienced, we may look for a certain indwelling of the divine principle of life, even of Divinity itself; and that this indwelling which will make itself known in consciousness, is the beginning of immortality, of a real and realized eternal life. The beginning of the way is very vividly described: "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."¹² It is probable that the reading "except a man be born from above" represents the original thought more closely, and we find this expanded thus: "except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter the kingdom of God." It may be suggested that we have here another phrase taken from John the Baptist, and clothed with a more living meaning, for the Baptist spoke of baptism with the Spirit and fire.¹³ And it is further of high interest to find the fourth Gospel using the phrase "the kingdom of God," though recording none of the "parables of the kingdom."

III.

We saw the first sign of spiritual rebirth thus stated by Jesus: "if a man love me, he will keep my words." A few verses earlier, a somewhat more expanded phrase is used: "he that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me."¹⁴ It seems fitting to enquire here what commandments are referred to. If we take all the specific commands given in the four Gospels, we shall find them grouping themselves naturally into two classes. The first class includes rules touching the relation of man to the divine power; rules such as this: "No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon."¹⁵ Even stronger is the following: "He that loveth his life shall lose it; and he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal."¹⁶

Here, at the beginning of the way, we may draw a very close

¹¹ John, xiv. 23.

¹⁴ John, xiv. 21.

¹² John, iii. 3.

¹⁵ Matt. vi. 24.

¹³ Matt., iii. 11.

¹⁶ John, xii. 25.

parallel from the Upanishads. The words spoken are put into the mouth of Death, the great Initiator: "The better is one thing, the dearer is another thing; these two bind a man in opposite ways. Of these two, it is well for him who takes the better; he fails of his object, who chooses the dearer. The better and the dearer approach a man; going round them, the sage discerns between them. The sage chooses the better rather than the dearer; the fool chooses the dearer, through lust of possession. Thou indeed, pondering on dear and dearly loved desires, hast passed them by. Not this way of wealth hast thou chosen, in which many men sink. The great Beyond gleams not for the child, led away by the delusion of possessions. 'This is the world, there is no other,' he thinks, and so falls again and again under my dominion."¹⁷

The phrase attributed to the deluded: "This is the world, there is no other," recalls a good many like the following: "My kingdom is not of this world,"¹⁸ or: "In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world."¹⁹ And it is impossible not to see a close relation between the idea of mammon and the "dear and dearly loved desires" of the Upanishads, the "way of wealth in which many sink," the way of the "lust of possession." The antithesis is even more strongly brought out in an earlier part of the Upanishad, where Death the Initiator, seeking to test the postulant's sincerity, tempts him thus: "Choose sons and grandsons of a hundred years, and much cattle, and elephants and gold and horses. Choose the great abode of the earth, and for thyself live as many autumns as thou wilt. If thou thinkest this an equal wish, choose wealth and length of days. Be thou mighty in the world: I make thee an enjoyer of thy desires. Whatsoever desires are difficult in the mortal world, ask all desires according to thy will. These beauties, with their chariots and lutes—not such as these are to be won by men—be waited on by them, my gifts. Ask me not concerning Death."²⁰

The postulant answers: "To-morrow these fleeting things wear out the vigor of a mortal's powers. Even the whole of life is short; thine, Death, are chariots and dance and song. Not by wealth can a man be satisfied. Shall we choose wealth, if we have seen thee? Shall we desire life while thou art master? But the wish I choose is truly that. Coming near to the unfading immortals, a fading mortal here below, and understanding, considering the sweets of beauty and pleasure, who would rejoice in length of days?"²¹

¹⁷ Katha Upanishad, ii, 1. ¹⁸ John, xviii, 36. ¹⁹ John, xvi, 33.
²⁰ Katha Upanishad, i, 23, 24, 25. ²¹ Katha Upanishad, i, 26, 27, 28.

If we remember that, in India, elephants are the sign of princely rank, we shall be able to find a fairly vivid expression of "mammon" in the sentence: "sons and grandsons of a hundred years, and much cattle, and elephants and gold and horses. . . . these beauties with their chariots and lutes—not such as these are to be won by mortal men." An expression even more perfectly modern in sound, though probably not less than three thousand years old, is found in another Upanishad: "he who amongst men is rich and happy, a lord, well endowed with all wealth, this is the highest bliss of mankind."²² A man who is "rich and happy and a lord" might very well stand to-day for the type of worldly success, just as in the days of the Vedas. And it would seem that it is precisely this ideal of worldly success which is meant in the phrase: "Ye cannot serve God and mammon." The tremendous tragedy of the Teacher's death shows once for all what meaning he himself attributed to his teaching; for, from the standpoint of worldly success, what could be a more ghastly failure than the felon's death, in the company of thieves?

IV.

The words "he that loveth his life shall lose it; and he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal" strongly remind one of the Upanishad sentence: "when all desires that were hid in the heart are let go, the mortal becomes immortal and reaches the Eternal."²³ In the phrase: "he that loveth his life," the Greek word *psychē* is used, a word which seems to cover one great idea in the New Testament, but whose identity is veiled under several different English words. The same is true of the derived adjective *psychikos*. For instance, *psychikē* is translated "sensual" in the verse "this wisdom descendeth not from above, but is earthly, sensual, devilish."²⁴ It is translated "natural" in a very famous passage of Paul's, a passage which comes closer to certain Eastern teachings than anything else in the New Testament. It is worth while substituting the anglicized word "psychical" for "natural," to bring out the original color of this passage: "There are also celestial bodies and bodies terrestrial: but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another. . . . So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption: it is sown in dishonor; it is raised in glory: it is sown in weakness; it is raised in power: it is sown a psychical body; it is raised a spiritual body. There is a psychical body and there is a spiritual body. And so it was written, The first man

²² Brhad Aranyaka Upanishad, iv, 3.

²³ Brhad Aranyaka Upanishad, iv, 4. ²⁴ James, iii, 15.

Adam was made a living *psychē*; the last Adam was made a quickening spirit. . . . The first man is of the earth, earthy: the second man is the Lord from heaven. . . . for this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality."²⁵

Paul here teaches some such doctrine as this: There are two realms of our life, beside the mere physical body. There is a psychical body, and there is a spiritual body. The psychical body is the realm of the passions and desires, of all selfish and self-seeking impulses, of which Paul himself has given such full and vigorous lists again and again. Those who live in the psychical body, with no sense of anything higher, he calls "the dead," as in the phrase "to be carnally minded is death";²⁶ or in the words, "you who were dead in trespasses and sins."²⁷ And the most complete worldly success would still leave its possessor numbered among the "dead" in this sense.

Paul then conceives a quickening of the life from above, or "a birth from above" as Jesus expresses it. In the more analytical teaching of Paul, this new birth comes through the intervention of the "spiritual body," the vesture of the Spirit, to which he gives the remarkable title of "the new man, the Lord from heaven." As he views the matter, it would seem that there must first be something like a softening or disintegrating of the psychical body or egotistical nature; there must be a weakening of the force of passion and desire, a "crucifixion" to use the word so often employed by Paul himself, of the body of lust and hate; and then, after this crucifixion, there comes the resurrection, when the man's life is no longer centered in the psychical body but in the spiritual body, in that divine Soul which Paul calls the new man, the Lord from heaven. Paul, everywhere throughout his writings, speaks of the spiritual body as inherently immortal, as already enjoying eternal life; and in his view, salvation is attained through the weakening and disintegrating of the psychical nature, and resurrection into the spiritual and already immortal nature. The immortal nature he speaks of as the Lord from heaven, and the Christ, and recognizes it as identical with the divine life manifested in Jesus. One might say, perhaps, that Paul regarded Jesus as one in whom the psychical and egotistical nature had been completely conquered, and whose whole life was centered in the spiritual body, whose consciousness was altogether that of the new man, the Lord from heaven, and who was, therefore, one with Divinity, one with the Eternal. We might further say that Paul teaches a like transmu-

²⁵ 1 Cor., xv. 40-53.

²⁶ Romans, viii. 6.

²⁷ Ephesians, ii. 1.

tation for all those who, from being dead in trespasses and sins, the power of the psychical body, have risen to the life of the spiritual body, and that those who have passed through this resurrection will be "like him in glory," in the fullness of time also entering into the life of the Eternal. This by no means signifies such an absorption as would mean the annihilation of individual being, such an annihilation as is often described by writers on popular Buddhism. One would rather say that real individuality begins only after the new birth, with the transfer of life and consciousness to the spiritual body.

v.

If we consider the matter thus, it will become quite clear why Jesus so imperatively laid down the law that we cannot serve "God and mammon"; and we shall begin to see what is meant by the declaration that "he that loveth his life (*psychē*) shall lose it, and he that hateth his life in this world, shall keep it unto life eternal." In the phrase of Paul, the meaning would be something like this: He who sets his heart and all his desires on the life of the psychical body shall lose it, since this is the way of 'death'; but he who weakens the psychical body and passes through the resurrection into the spiritual body shall thus transform his life, raising it to a condition which is inherently immortal, and thus keeping it to life eternal. This transformation, this "baptism from above" is an imperative condition of spiritual, that is, of immortal life; and the setting of the heart on worldly success makes the transformation impossible; for where our treasure is, there will our heart be.

There was a second element in the commandments of Jesus, as we saw. This second element is of the most vital import; moreover, it is much more intelligible than the first, in that it deals with things of common observation, and appeals very strongly to the best side of the emotional nature. For this reason, perhaps, it tends to become more conspicuous than the first, and somewhat to obscure the first. It is what Paul would call the law of charity. It is characteristic of the two teachers, that Paul teaches charity in a piece of splendid eloquence, every sentence of which is of universal import;²⁸ while Jesus frames the same teaching in a story, and makes the application in the highest degree direct and personal. It is quite impossible to mistake his meaning: "I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me."²⁹

²⁸ 1 Cor., xiii, 1.

²⁹ Matt., xxv, 35.

There is nothing vague here, nothing metaphysical, or capable of being misunderstood even by the simplest heart of man. Rather will the simple of heart most readily comprehend. Yet it is not so much a matter of comprehension as of action. As the teacher said, not merely "he that hath my commandments and understandeth them," but "he that hath my commandments and keepeth them" is beloved of the Father, and to him is the promise made. I am fully convinced that every sentence in the passage just quoted is meant to be literally and fully carried out. This is by no means weakened by the undoubted truth that there will presently arise a deeper understanding of the words. It will presently be seen that there are more ways of being an hungred than mere bodily lack of food, and that they are far more grievous; that there is another nakedness than that of the body, and one harder to bear. There is a hunger for human love; there is the terrible hunger for spiritual life. These also must be ministered to. Yet we can conceive nothing so likely to awake the keen sarcasm of the Teacher, as the pretence that, by claiming to minister to these higher needs, one is exempt from all claims of the lower, and may selfishly live one's life, seeking worldly success, and setting all the desires of the heart on the things that make for it.

It would seem that Jesus held egotism to be the chief sin and impediment to spiritual life; and it is significant that two of the most splendid passages in his teaching are directed against religious egotism. There is, first, the parable of the Pharisee and the Publican, which, amongst other things, is a matchless piece of dramatic characterization and living narrative; so powerful in sheer literary quality, that the two praying figures, the one erect and haughty, the other humble and abashed, have become part of universal thought. Then there is another parable of equal, perhaps of even greater literary perfection, the story of the Good Samaritan. It is a test of the force of Jesus, that his use of an obscure tribal name in this single story has introduced the word Samaritan into all modern languages; just as another parable has for all time changed the significance of "talent" from a Roman weight to an intellectual power. The persons against whom this parable is directed, are not a Dives and a Cæsar, as we might, perhaps, expect, but a priest and a Levite: as though, in the thought of the teacher, religious egotism is most prone of all things to check the flow of charity. The word Pharisee comes from a Hebrew root meaning "to separate," and the religious sense of separateness, which says "Lord, I thank thee I am not as other men," is thus made the target

of two of the most eloquent sermons in the whole teaching of Jesus. It is a warning that egotism finds no firmer fortress anywhere in our nature than in religious bigotry. Unfortunately the need of the warning is written large in the history of the world, with its red record of "religious wars."

There is one passage even more scathing, though far less often quoted. It is in the narrative of the dinner to which Jesus was invited by Simon the Pharisee. It is best recorded by Luke.³⁰ He tells us that, while host and guests sat at dinner, "a woman in the city, which was a sinner," entered the house, bringing a box of precious unguent, and stood behind the couch of Jesus weeping: washing his feet with her tears, she wiped them with her hair, and kissed his feet, anointing them with the ointment. The host, Simon the Pharisee, saw it, and wondered that any one claiming illumination could fail to discern that the woman was 'a sinner.' He said nothing, but his thought was read, and his guest addressed him: "Simon, I have somewhat to say unto thee," and told the story of the two debtors, to whom fifty and five hundred pence were forgiven. Then comes the application. Turning to the woman, he said to Simon: "Seest thou this woman? I entered into thine house, thou gavest me no water for my feet: but she hath washed my feet with tears and wiped them with the hairs of her head. Thou gavest me no kiss: but this woman since the time I came in hath not ceased to kiss my feet. My head with oil thou didst not anoint: but this woman hath anointed my feet with ointment."

VI.

Turning once more, for comparison, to the Upanishads, we shall find their teaching almost the same at each stage. We have seen already that the contrast between God and mammon is sharply drawn, by Death the Initiator, and that the postulant for spiritual life must renounce completely the ideals of worldly success, dear and dearly loved desires, riches and princely rank, sons and grandsons and gold, and the whole "way of wealth in which many men sink," before he can enter the path of immortality, the "small old path, stretching far away." Moreover, we have, even more explicitly than in Paul's great epistle, the teaching as to the psychical and spiritual bodies, a teaching which lies at the heart of all later Indian psychology. The psychical body is, in a certain sense the body of desire, the body of loves and hates in a purely selfish and personal sense. One might call it an etheric double of the physical

³⁰ Luke, vii. 36.

body; and to it are transferred the animal instincts of the physical body,—transferred and transformed. The instinct of self-defence becomes egotism, ambition, the desire of domination. The instinct of reproduction becomes passion and desire, and begins to take, in psychical life, a force and prominence which simple animal life knows nothing of. The psychical body is thus the body of desire, of darkness, of egotism. Above and behind it, according to the Eastern teaching, is the spiritual body, the body of immortality, to which the name "the Higher Self" is often given. This spiritual body is the vesture and dwelling-place of the Spirit, and has its own divine powers, its own divine senses. Between the spiritual bodies of different people there can be none of that enmity which reigns between psychical natures, for, before either can live in the spiritual body, they must have left all enmity behind.

Thus, for the Indian teaching, charity, the second of the commandments of Jesus, is the necessary consequence of obedience to the first. Charity is an inherent quality of the spiritual body, and it is impossible to inherit the one without inheriting the other.

Let us make this more explicit, by quoting a few verses from one of the Upanishads, one in which the spiritual body and its indwelling Spirit are called "the Lord," just as Paul so calls them: "All must be pervaded by the Lord, whatever moves in the passing world; through this renounced thou shalt enjoy, nor grudge to any one his wealth. . . . He who beholds all beings in the Soul, and the Soul in all beings, thereafter blames none any more. . . . He who has understood wisdom and unwisdom both, by unwisdom crossing through death, by wisdom reaches the immortal."²¹

VII.

According to the teaching of the Upanishads, behind and above the psychical body stands the spiritual body, the Higher Self, the immortal. To it are given many names: the Ancient, the Seer, the ancient Poet, the Lord. The aim of all life is the passage from the mortal, psychical self of illusion, of dream and desire, to the immortal Self of divine light.

Above the Higher Self stands the Supreme Self, the Eternal, in whom all Higher Selves are set, as the rays are set in the sun. He who rises first to the Higher Self will rise later to know himself as the Supreme Self of all beings, not thereby losing individuality, but rather finding his true individuality, immortal and eternal. He becomes possessor of endless worlds, who knows this.

²¹ Isha Upanishad, 1 et seq.

This path is entered only after all desires that dwell in the heart are set free; when the man dreams no more dreams, and desires no more desires. Then only does the mortal become the immortal, and enter the Eternal. Wisdom consists in the revelation first of the Higher Self, and then of the Eternal. When these have been revealed in the realm within, it might well be said that to such a one the Father had come, and made his abode with him; that he had entered the realm of the heavens, and found the king within his kingdom.

THE REALITY OF THE DEVIL.

BY THE EDITOR.

SOME time ago the editor of *The Open Court* published *The History of the Devil and the Idea of Evil* in a large volume of about five hundred pages containing a collection of all the pertinent



FAUST AND MEPHISTOPHELES.

illustrations of his Satanic Majesty which seemed worthy of reproduction. Since then the author has not lost his interest in the subject and now offers to his readers some more pictures which have happened to come to his notice. The first two represent a contrast

between a serious and a humorous conception of the devil. One of them portrays him with tail, bat-wings, horns, and claws, as he lived in the imagination of decent English people at the time of Shakespeare. It is a title vignette which appears in the first edition of Marlowe's drama, "The Tragical History of Dr. Faustus," published in 1620 and reprinted in 1631.

Christopher Marlowe, born at Canterbury in 1564, was the son of a shoemaker, and acquired more fame as a dramatist than Shakespeare ever enjoyed among his contemporaries. But there are not as many of Marlowe's works preserved as of Shakespeare's, nor do they exhibit the same dramatic force that we find in most Shakespearean dramas. Marlowe's tragedy, "Doctor Faustus," is very powerful and of special interest, because it is in many respects an important precursor of Goethe's "Faust."

Marlowe died young, stabbed in a brawl. England and the world may well bewail the loss of a dramatist who at the beginning of his career was more promising than Shakespeare. He is buried in the cemetery of the parish church of St. Nicholas and the burial register reads as follows: "Christopher Marlowe slaine by Francis Archer the 1 of June, 1593." At the time, the news of his death was received with indifference owing to the slight favor in which playwrights and all persons connected with so worldly an institution as the theatre were held.

The most noteworthy consideration shown him by contemporaries after death, so far as we can learn, is the application of his tragic end which a certain Mr. Beard makes in a book entitled *Theatre of God's Judgments* (1597). This pious author says:

"Not inferior to any of the former in atheisme and impietie, and equal to al in maner of punishment, was one of our own nation, of fresh and late memorie, called Marlow, by profession a scholler, brought up from his youth in the Universitie of Cambridge, but by practise a play-maker and a poet of scurrilitie, who by giving too large a swing to his owne wit, and suffering his lust to have the full reins, fell (not without just desert) to that outrage and extremitie, that hee denied God and his sonne Christ, and not onely in word blasphemed the Trinitie, but also (as it is credibly reported) wrote books against it, affirming our Saviour to be but a deceiver, and Moses to be but a conjuror and seducer of the people, and the holy Bible to bee but vaine and idle stories, and all religion but a device of policie. But see what a hooke the Lord put in the nostrils of this barking dogge."

Marlowe was probably as good a Christian as Shakespeare; and it is not impossible that his religious belief was still orthodox in all the doctrines now deemed essential.

Marlowe's conception of Faust and the devil still represents the seriousness of the mediæval fear of Satan, and so Faust is condemned to die the horrible death of a renegade.

But how greatly changed is the conception of the devil even since Goethe wrote his "Faust"! The power of evil according to Goethe represents that blind impulse which is anxious to do harm, yet finally serves the cause of goodness. To-day the humor of all devil-lore has come to the front, and this is reflected in the picture of "Tartini's Dream," commonly, and probably rightly, supposed to be founded on fact.



TARTINI'S DREAM.

Tartini, the great violinist and composer, (so the story goes), once lay soundly and quietly asleep when he dreamed that the devil came to him, seated himself on the foot of his bed, and, seizing the violin, began to play a wild and weird tune. Tartini was fascinated by the charm of the melody, and when he wakened from his trance repeated the devil's tune, wrote it down, and published it under the title "The Devil-dream."

Our illustration must have appeared in some Scandinavian journal, but we are sorry not to be able to give due credit. We happened to see the drawing when visiting the well-known violin-maker of

Chicago, Mr. Reindahl, who said that he had cut it from some Swedish periodical that had strayed into his hands; but as a Norwegian who had withdrawn allegiance from Sweden he disclaimed all further knowledge of its name or other circumstances.

The picture is of interest because we see a fine humor displayed here in contrast to the bitter seriousness in the illustration of Marlowe's Faust. Far from being frightened by the devil's appearance, or showing any of the tragic spirit reflected in Faust's face, the violinist is pleased with his visitor, and how much he



DEVIL MASK OF STERZING, TYROL.

enjoys the demoniacal strains of the violin appears from the attitude of his hands, which are raised to beat the time.

* * *

We must not assume that the devil idea, with all its intricate details, superstitions, customs, etc., is limited to Christianity. On the contrary, it is of special interest to note the parallel development between the history of these ideas in different countries. As an instance how sometimes even in details similar forms of artistic conceptions originate in countries which have no historical connection, we here reproduce a Tyrolian devil mask, the original of which was used in popular mummery festivals at Sterzing, and is now preserved in the Ferdinandeum at Innsbruck. It almost looks as if it had been made in Japan and resembles in all essential features the devil masks worn by Tibetan devil-dancers.

The Christian view of evil spirits had an unduly tenacious life because backed by New Testament authority; and the main deeds of Christ consist in the exorcism of demons, who according to the notion of the age were supposed to be the cause of all bodily and mental disease. On this account the representation of evil spirits shows the crudity of the conception in drastic naïveté. We here reproduce from Louisa Twining (*Symbols and Emblems of Early and Mediæval Christian Art*, Plate 76) a number of mediæval pic-



DEVIL DANCERS OF TIBET.

tures which were surely not regarded merely as symbolical representations.

The evil demon was thought to take possession of his victim and so he is pictured as actually taking hold of him. Such a representation is to be found in a manuscript Bible of the thirteenth century in the Bodleian Library. The expulsion of demons through Christ has indeed been a favorite subject with illustrators, and we see here reproduced from the same manuscript, how the seven evil

spirits quit Mary Magdalen at the behest of the Saviour. Sometimes we see the evil spirits escaping from the mouth of the obsessed person, and the recognition of Christ's authority by the demons



REPRESENTATIONS OF THE EVIL SPIRIT.

themselves is looked upon as an important evidence of his divinity. We read in St. Mark's Gospel, that "unclean spirits when they saw him fell down before him and cried, saying, Thou art the Son

of God." The illustration representing this scene is reproduced from a painted window in the Cathedral of Tours (XIII century).

Evil spirits are either painted in red or black, and the spirit of heresy is commonly pictured in human form; so we see it trodden under foot by St. Peter in a statue which stands at a street corner in Exeter, and is commonly known as "Father Peter." The idea that statues were ensouled by demons was common among the early Christians, and this belief was preserved down into the Middle Ages. An evil demon is seen fluttering around an idol of Venus in an illuminated manuscript of the sixteenth century, preserved in the Library of St. Geneviève, Paris.

An apocryphal story of the Christ child's flight into Egypt incorporates an old Buddhist legend. We read that when the young Bodhisattva approached the shrines of his native city, the statues of the Brahman gods descended from their pedestals and bowed down before the youth; and according to Pseudo-Matthew,



THE BODHISATTVA VISITING THE TEMPLE.

when Mary entered an Egyptian temple the idols fell prostrate on the ground wholly shattered and broken.*

We see the scene represented in a manuscript of the fourteenth century preserved in the British Museum. Mary with the child is seated on an ass, while a red figure, the spirit of the idol, is standing in an attitude of despair on the haunches of the animal, and (in an illustration of the same manuscript) a statue of Mars falls from its pedestal.

Buddhism was less iconoclastic than Christianity. It placed Buddha above all gods but suffered them to remain as mythological figures or angels, and this conception is visible in an artistic representation of this scene, preserved in the *hauts reliefs* of Borobudur, here reproduced.

In the time of the Reformation, the devil becomes more and

* See the author's *Buddhism and Its Christian Critics*, page 174.

more the representation of immorality and disobedience. Dogmatism begins to make room for moralizing, and the main stress of religion is laid more and more upon conduct. Naturally, too, the Church authorities come in for their share of vituperation, as is illustrated in the attempt of priests to cause dying men to leave their property to the Church as a means of their own salvation without regard to the needs of wife and children.

It is natural that Protestants and Romanists do not tire in mutually accusing each other of being under the influence of the devil, so the Protestants picture the pope as being bodily carried



Si quæres post te rna quid factura sit vxor.
 Was kümmerst dich vmb fremdes Gut/
 Was dein Frau nach dein sterben thut.

Difessu namq. est libera facta tva.
 Da frag nit mich/ſie iſt nit dein/
 Luß nit dein Seel bey Gott möß ſeyn.

A SATIRICAL DEATH SCENE.

to hell in the clutches of Satan (See woodcut of 1525 in the Berlin Kupferstich-Kabinet) while the Catholics accuse Luther of being inspired by the evil one. An elegant fly-leaf of the eighteenth century, preserved in the Munich Kupferstich-Kabinet, shows in the center a fair picture of Luther as "Doctor of Godlessness, Professor of Knavery, Villainous Apostate, Blasphemous Husband, and Author of the Augsburg Confession." The devil blows his heresies into the reformer's head with a bellows. Underneath we see the city of Wittenberg at the time of Luther's burial, while the reformer himself is being plunged into the flames of hell.

In connection with this subject we may here refer to one of the critics of *The History of the Devil*, who for some unknown reason is embittered at its treatment and states as a sample of the



THE POPE AT THE MOUTH OF HELL.

author's unfairness that an illustration on page 388 is entitled "The Christian Hell." This picture portrays a highly dramatic scene



LUTHER AND HIS BURIAL.

full of life and excitement. Many souls are being driven into the flames of hell by a vigorous devil, horned, hooved, and tailed, while



THE CHRISTIAN HELL.

in the remote distance his Satanic Majesty spreading his bat-like wings, raises a trident scepter in triumph. To satisfy this critic's

incredulity we wish to state that this same picture is still to be had for a few cents at any pious denominational book-store of the Roman Catholic Church. While the picture is still in the market, and while it is truly a representation of the Christian idea of hell, we would not venture to say that the Church expects its adherents to believe in pictures. Pictures are more or less artistic representations of ideas, and may be regarded as purely symbolical.

* * *

While the writer of these lines openly confesses to be a perfect infidel in the current sense of the word—especially as to the belief in the traditional devil, he wishes to have his readers understand that he believes, after all, in the reality of the devil in the sense that evil, of which the devil is a personification, is an actual presence with which we have to struggle in the world. One of the most important contentions made in my work on *The History of the Devil* rejects the idea, quite current in liberal circles, that evil is a mere negative factor and nothing positive, as absolutely misleading; and thus, if the traditional religion would not have to be taken literally but could be interpreted allegorically, I would side with the old orthodox conception against the superficial negativism of the modern liberal tendencies.

If we have but the right to interpret traditional dogmas as allegories, we may grant that they are justifiable; and we may go further still and insist that the devil is real to the one who believes in him. As my dreams are real to me, so also the ideas of any man are realities to him. The vagaries of Don Quixote are a real tragedy to him, and similar tragic comedies occur even to-day in many insane asylums. Spiritual facts are as much facts as material facts, and they remain actual to those who hold them to be true, even though they may be illusions to the rest of the world.

The original Macbeth story is quite a plausible narrative, but in dramatizing it Shakespeare changed the old fortune-tellers into mythological figures decked with all the supernatural tinsel in which the imagination of Macbeth sees them. They are temptation personified, and in Macbeth's case his ambition makes him trust the equivocal oracle which thus proves his temporary success through crime, and his final undoing. Our frontispiece represents the scene in Kaulbach's very beautiful and ingenious conception.

* * *

A friend of mine in England who is well known to the English reading public all over the world, communicated to me some im-

portant and interesting data concerning the devil's present activity which I will here state because they are well verified by good authority. He gives me permission to make public use of his communications, on the sole condition that I should not mention his name.



DON QUIXOTE.

saying, "It is a subject on which misunderstanding is so rife that I would not care to add this to the other burdens which I have to carry of public odium and misrepresentation."

My correspondent appears to have been disappointed when he read my book on *The History of the Devil*, and as an evidence that

the devil was a real person, an objective reality, he mentioned especially one case of a lady of his acquaintance who was frequently visited by a terrible demon tormenting her with his presence; and he adds that she could feel his furry arm, could see his burning greenish eyes, and his clutching embraces were as realistic as was the touch of any object of the real world.

* * *

In surroundings where bodily existence and particularly sexual life is regarded as the special domain of the devil, all natural impulses are as a matter of conscience, forcibly suppressed, and when they then, in spite of all, powerfully assert themselves, the sentiments or sensations to which they give rise are misinterpreted, thereby producing the most ghastly phenomena. Some cases are well established in history and we need not doubt that to-day they occur more frequently than is generally assumed in convents where mediæval conditions still prevail.

The very words *succubus* and *incubus* originated in the Middle Ages when the monkish view of life was commonly accepted, and we may assume from the very existence of the terms that then these devilish phenomena were not unwonted occurrences.

From a second letter of my correspondent I quote the following statements:

"I should have doubted that the doctors generally were so familiar with the phenomena of haunting by either *succubi* or *incubi*. The way in which they endeavored to treat my friend whose affliction I mentioned to you is sufficient proof of the fact that they are incapable of realizing the possibility that the thing may have an objective reality. Since writing to you she had one rather bad experience, an attack repeated five times in the course of a single night, but fortunately the strength of the creature seemed not to be so great as it was on a previous occasion.

"By the bye, did you ever come across the report of the trial of Major Weir, a wizard in Scotland, who was either hanged or burned on the evidence that his double had been in the habit of cohabiting with the wives of the burghers?

"Could you give me a note as to the more useful treatises upon the subject, which deal with this particular form of diabolic possession or obsession, or haunting? I can only repeat that I agree with you in thinking that such phenomena are by no means rare, that they are much more common in convents and monasteries than people imagine; but as a rule the visits of the viewless one are not regarded with the horror which this particular red-haired

gnome with reddy green eyes and apelike arms inspires in my unhappy friend."

We can understand that the phenomena of haunting, obsession, possession, etc. were more common in former days when their objective reality was positively believed in, and formed a part of the established orthodox religion, and when a public denouncement of the belief in a real personal devil would have endangered life and property.

We must emphasize the truth well established in psychology that a dream is as realistic as an actual sense impression. There is in the sentient subject positively no difference between both states, and we know that the dream of the savage is more intense than the dream of a civilized man. The main difference between our dreams and our waking state is that the former are discontinuous, while the latter is uniform and continuous. Dreams change like a phantasmagoria, and thus impossible things are frequently actualized, while the waking state is characterized by a steadiness and consistency which enforces in us a belief in its reality; but if a dream be taken by itself without reference either to other dreams or to reality, it will be found to consist of the stuff that life is made of. Dreams are no longer recognized as revelations or even significant. They are looked upon as mere wanderings of the mind, a play of our imagination, and for that reason are little heeded, the result being that when we awake in the morning we forget them and they fade rapidly from our memory. Not so with the savage. To him the friend that appears in a dream is an actual visitor. The words of advice which he receives in dreams are to him a message from the departed, and he looks upon his friend's return from death with religious awe.

Witness the significance which is still given to dreams in the New Testament. The angel appears to Joseph in a dream, and generally divine instruction or guidance is given in dreams.

Though we need no longer take the Gospel narratives as historical, we must accept them as evidences of the ideas that prevailed in those circles in which the Gospel of Matthew originated.

Those who are familiar with the habits and beliefs of the North American Indians know how natural a belief in the actuality of dreams and visions is to the unsophisticated man. There is no need for us later born generations to look down upon our ancestors on account of their superstitions. Their errors were but natural, and we go often to the other extreme and overlook the fact that our dream life is an actual part of our soul. In dreams it may

happen that voices of our better self awake in the calm hour of sleep counselling us more wisely than our conscious reasoning does in the broad daylight, and in the bustle of a strenuous life.

The reason why dreams are as realistic as our conscious life is obvious. Dreams are a revival of the sense impressions which we have received in a waking state, and so they are the same kind of sensations, only somewhat weaker. Our soul is like a harp which when not played may be moved by the passing breeze, and will then vibrate in the same notes for which the chords are tuned.

Hallucinations are wake-dreams, and, like dreams, they are subjectively indistinguishable from objective reality.

It is noteworthy that hallucinations can quite easily become contagious. Wherever the belief in ghosts prevails, we may be sure that if one person sees a ghost of a definite kind, there are others who see the same. Think of the miracles that happened in the cemetery Père La Chaise, mentioned by Hume, the visions of Mary at Lourdes, started by a poor peasant girl, etc.

Ghosts may be called real in two senses. First, spectres or ghosts or any visions are as real to the person who beholds them as any dream; and secondly, the ghost may possess a deeper significance by representing, or shall we say, symbolizing, a truth overlooked in our waking state. Every vision is an illusion in so far as there is no corporeal object in the place where it appears, but it may possess as deep a moral significance as the ghost of Hamlet and the dreams of Richard III. Such visions may become influential factors in our life for good and for evil.

* * *

I will in this connection, on account of their highly realistic character and importance as well-authenticated occurrences, mention the rather pleasant visions of a venerable and greatly esteemed judge of Chicago, who makes no secret of his experiences.

One evening I was the judge's neighbor at a banquet table, when my question, "Are you musical?" started the following conversation: "I am absolutely unmusical, and if I were not, I would not be here." "Why?" I inquired. "I had died," answered the judge, "and St. Peter wanted to place me in the celestial choir, when I told him that I could not sing. Then Peter ordered me back to earth and I awoke to life again."

On a similar occasion I overheard a lady ask the judge, "Do you believe in spirits?" and he promptly answered, "I do not *believe*, I *know* that they exist for I see them and converse with them,"

and at her astonished exclamation he gave further details of his experiences.

The judge sometimes sees angels or spirits of the departed. They come and go, but they do not walk. They glide along without visible effort and are surrounded with halos of light. The reality of the vision is so impressive that the judge seems never to have questioned their objective existence, or to have looked upon them as illusions.

I asked the judge whether he would accept the word of departed spirits as testimony for the sake of solving the mystery of a murder or of any other crime; and he said that he would not, because it would be no evidence before the law, however much it might influence his own personal opinion.

I will further state that the judge is of an unusually fine appearance, broad shouldered, and rather tall with a full white beard and thoughtful face, and of a kindhearted expression.

The spirit visitors of the judge caused him no anxiety.

* * *

In further explanation of the reality of visions I wish to state that men of a high strung nervous constitution and a vivid imagination can, and sometimes against their will do, visualize their thoughts. Nicola Tesla once mentioned in a lecture which he delivered at Chicago, that whenever working at a new invention, he was never in need of drawings because he saw the machinery so clearly before him in an actualized shape that he could take measurements therefrom. In his childhood his imagination had been even more vivid: whenever he thought of a cat, he could not help seeing an actual cat before his eyes. But since he grew stronger, he learned, to his great relief, to control his visualizing faculty.

We mention Nicola Tesla's remarkable faculty of visualization, because it throws light on the reality of dreams, visions, and hallucinations.

The Middle Ages are still lingering with us, and others are sometimes haunted by the wild fancies of bygone days. Wherever they appear they are undoubtedly due to pathological conditions, but the psychiatrist will appreciate that to the patient they are as real as the objects of the surrounding world. It will be difficult to convince a patient of the illusory character of his hallucinations, for if he is convinced of it, the cure is half done, or at any rate the most powerful influence for relief is brought to bear upon the situation.

There are cases of patients who have been perfectly convinced of the illusory character of their visions, and their despair proves how hard they have fought to master the situation, and make the vision disappear. The truth is that certain conditions in our nerves and sense organs will produce the illusion with the same accuracy as the presence of an object under normal conditions will produce on the retina its sense image which is located before us in space. It is a fact which can not be argued away by simply thinking that it is untrue. Nevertheless an attitude of calm confidence that the conditions are purely internal, either physiological or perhaps merely psychological, is most helpful to dispel the illusion, to make it disappear and fade away into thin air like a fog.

Happily the cases of obsession grow rarer with the advance of a scientific comprehension of the facts, and whenever cases occur, they are usually regarded, not as diabolical pranks played by demons or goblins but as pathological conditions which admit of treatment, and (unless they are of a desperate character) admit also of a cure by patience, rational diet, healthy exercise, and other therapeutic methods.

* * *

Some time ago the late Professor Vischer of Munich wrote a third part to *Faust*, intended to be a satire on Goethe's interpreters. There we find Faust in heaven, but because he has not yet fully expiated his sins, he is condemned to serve as a teacher in a school where the little angels attend. The most jovial poet in modern Germany, Rudolf Baumbach, who died September 21, has made good use of this idea in a pretty children's tale which tells the origin of the daisy is written in a vein of drollery. This story characterizes the latest phase in the development of devil-lore in which traditions about devils have lost all venom and have become simply humorous.

HOW THE DAISIES GREW.*

Everybody knows that all good children go to heaven when they die and become angels. But if you think that they do nothing all day long but fly around and play hide-and-seek behind the clouds, you are mistaken.

Angel-children have to go to school just like boys and girls on earth and sit in the angel-school three hours in the morning and two hours in the afternoon during the week. There they write with golden pencils on silver slates, and instead of ABC books they

* Translated from the German of R. Baumbach by Lydia G. Robinson.

read fairy stories with bright pictures. They do not study geography there, for why would any one in heaven need to know anything about the earth? And no one knows the multiplication-table in eternity.

Dr. Faust is the angel-school teacher. Once he was a teacher on earth, and because of a certain matter which does not belong here, he is obliged to keep school in heaven for three thousand years more before his long vacation begins. The little angels have Wednesday and Saturday afternoons for holidays, and then Dr. Faust takes them walking out on the Milky Way. But on Sundays they play in front of the gate of heaven on the great meadow, and to this they look forward the whole week. This meadow is not green but blue instead, and thousands upon thousands of silver and gold flowers grow there. They shine at night and we earthly people call them stars.

When the little angels take their exercise in front of the heavenly gate, Dr. Faust is not with them, for he has to rest on Sunday from the misery of the past week. Saint Peter who keeps guard at heaven's gate watches over them instead. He takes care that everything goes on quite properly in the playing and sees that not one runs or flies away. But if one should stray too far from the gate he whistles on his golden key, and that means "Come back!"

Once on a time it was very warm in heaven and good Saint Peter fell asleep. When the little angels noticed this, they swarmed here and there and scattered themselves over the entire place. The most adventurous of them started out on voyages of discovery and at last came to the place where the universe is surrounded by a board fence. First they tried to find if there were not a crack somewhere to look through, but when they could find no hole, they climbed and fluttered up to the top of the board wall and looked over.

There on the other side was hell, and in front of hell's gate was thronging a crowd of little devils. They were as black as coal and had horns on their heads and long tails behind. One of them happened to look up and noticed the little angels. Then they began immediately to beg and beseech the angels to let them into heaven for just a little while; they would behave very properly, with their very best manners.

The angels liked the little black fellows, and because they were sorry for them they thought it would be right to grant the poor little devils such an innocent pleasure. One of them knew where Jacob's ladder was kept. They brought it out of the store-room

(luckily Saint Peter was still asleep), lifted it over the high board fence and let it down into hell. As quick as a wink the betailed rogues had clambered up the rounds like monkeys, the angels had reached out their hands to them, and so the devils at last entered the grounds of heaven.

At first they behaved very properly. They walked about modestly, and carried their tails over their arms like trains, as their grandmother, who paid great attention to behavior, had showed them. It was not long, however, before they lost all self-restraint, struck madly at this thing and that, and growled like genuine imps of darkness. They even made fun of the good moon who looked down upon them kindly out of one of heaven's windows, put out their tongues and made ugly faces at her. Finally they began to pull up the flowers that grew in the meadow and throw them down onto the earth.

By this time the angels were alarmed and bitterly regretted that they had let these uncanny guests into heaven. They begged and threatened but the devils paid no attention and carried on more madly than ever. Finally in their terror the angels awakened Saint Peter and humbly confessed their fault. He clasped his hands above his head when he learned the mischief the devils had done. "Go in!" he thundered, and the little culprit angels with drooping wings crept through the door into heaven. Then Saint Peter called up some stout angels who caught up the little devils and sent them back where they belonged.

But the punishment was not over. For three successive Sundays the little angels might not go out of the door of heaven, and if they were taken out sometimes for exercise they must first unbuckle their wings and take off their halos. It is a great disgrace for an angel to be obliged to run around without his wings and halo.

Still some good came of the affair. The flowers which the devils had torn up and thrown upon the earth, struck roots and spread from year to year. Of course they lost much of their original beauty; still with their golden disks and crowns of silver-white rays they remind us of the stars or of the sun, and so people call them star-flowers or daisies (for the "day's eye" means the sun). In their modest simplicity they are lovely to look upon, and because of their heavenly origin possess a very especial power. When a maiden is in a doubtful frame of mind, if she will pick off the white petals of the star-blossom and at the same time recite a particular rhyme, by the time she has reached the last petal, she will know positively what she wishes to learn.

A VISIT TO QUINAULT INDIAN GRAVES.

BY LAETITIA MOON CONARD, PH. D.

THE same ideas that led the Egyptians to build the massive pyramids, sepulchres for the dead, were present with the American Indian, inspiring him to provide comforts of life for his departed. The Indian of the past has few living representatives, but such beliefs as these of the things beyond human ken linger longest. Practices remain yet longer than the beliefs on which they were founded; survivals of the old customs may still be found in many a corner of our republic. Burial in canoes in some tribes, in trees, in others, are recently reported by travelers. There are doubtless in different parts of the United States and Canada many hundreds of Indian graves at which food and tools are still placed for the use of the departed. Not many years ago the Indian war chief had his horse, if he possessed one, buried with him. We hear no more of the custom practiced in some tribes of burial or burning of slave with master and wife with husband.

The writer visited in the summer of 1902 the Quinault (or Quinaielt or Queniult) and the Queets (or Quaitso) Indians in western Washington. There were scarcely two hundred of them on their triangular reservation extending about thirty miles along the Pacific coast and at its broadest part thirty miles up the Quinault river. The older people live in houses roughly built of hewn timber, consisting of a single room serving to smoke fish and shelter the family; but the more civilized have several rooms and separate smoke houses. In the olden time they wore skirts woven of cedar bark and shirts of cat tail. Now the men wear shirts and trousers, and the women crude waists and skirts of some sort of white man's goods.

These are by no means the least civilized Indians in the United States. If one asks adjoining settlers what peculiar native beliefs and customs they retain, she receives the answer, "O, they are just

like low down white folks; they live very dirty, that's the only difference." But a residence of only a few weeks reveals to the student interesting customs and arts, and many curious superstitions that introduce one to the wild Indian of other days.

The writer entered the reservation by way of an Indian canoe on the Queets river, along whose lower course are scattered houses of the Queets Indians, of the same language and customs as the Quinaults. Our Indian boatman took us skilfully through the rapids, between the rocks and on to the smooth water of the lower Queets, where we had leisure to enjoy the scenery of the banks,—the dense forest, the huge logs at the water's edge, here and there the abrupt cliff of rock or sand. About four miles from the mouth



CHICKAMIN'S GRAVE.

(Photograph by the author.)

we caught sight on our right of a small tent, as it seemed, with basin, mirror and wash-board hung on the wall outside. From previous experience the traveler recognized it as an Indian grave. To the question, "What is that?" the Indian boatman remained silent. After repeated questioning he answered, "Chickamin." Now Chickamin means money in the Chinook jargon, frequently used in this section. A white man told me later that the Indian, John Chickamin, was laid here.

I asked Dick to "stop there," pointing to the bank; he obeyed without protest, although he had previously refused all my entreaties to escort me to Indian graves. His good old squaw looked at him reprovingly as I stepped to the bank and climbed the bluff. Some of the underbrush and timber had been cleared away from the immediate vicinity of the grave, giving an opportunity to walk

about and to take a snap shot. A bucket was turned upside down on a stump near by, some rags hanging by it; blankets were strewn on the ground near the grave; while the implements hung on the outside wall were yet more suggestive of the possessions of the dead. John Chickamin was an invalid and accustomed to use women's tools instead of the canoe and fishing net. What was inside the grave, I could not tell. The white muslin, which had suggested a tent as we saw it from our canoe, was the covering of a wooden shanty, to which it was tightly nailed. The wooden house itself was securely fastened, and without door or window. It was longer than a man and high enough for one to stand upright under its ridge pole, several times smaller than the smoky little houses of the living Indians, but built as securely as they.

During the several days that the writer spent with the Indian couple, Dick and Mary, she inquired in vain for information about graves,—where others were located, what were the ceremonies of burial, why the tools were placed at the graves. As well as Dick understood most questions he never could answer any of these things. Our motto "Speak no ill of the dead" adapted to Indian usage would be "Speak nothing of the dead."

A white man fortunately called one day at Dick's and located for me the Indian burying ground, by calling my attention to a roof visible through the dense forest of the opposite side of the river. After surveying the bank to choose a possible landing place near the spot, I agreed with Dick next morning to take me over and land me at the place indicated and call again near six in the evening. In this primeval forest of huge fallen trees and dense underbrush, even a good woodsman can go only about a mile in four hours. The feeble efforts of the writer brought her to the graves, a few hundred yards away, after a struggle of two hours over fallen trees ten feet in diameter and through underbrush between the hillocks of timber. One wonders how the friends of the departed ever escorted the dead men thither. During this scramble the graves were continually hidden from view by the debris. It is only when one is right upon them that they become visible.

The first grave that sprang up before me was the building whose roof I had already seen from the opposite bank. It was built on the hillside so that the eaves at the rear were not more than four feet from the ground. Mounting up on the roof from this side, one could scramble to the peak, and thence a glorious view spread out—the river below, a bit of timbered land, a sand bar, and beyond,—a half mile off,—the lovely blue Pacific. The trees

had been cut away just about the grave; moreover a place had been chosen where there was a natural break in the forest; and to make the outlook complete, the whole front of the grave was a window made of several sash pieced together. The survivors had not, I imagine, sought a beautiful view for its own sake, but they wanted the dead to have a good survey of river and sea and be able to launch his spirit canoe and sail away as of old. Within, two small drums lay untouched awaiting decay; the trunk and the dishes were growing old and dingy; the woven cat tail matting



A GRAVE ON THE QUEETS RIVER.

From a sketch by Miss E. L. Fletcher.

that covered the body was rotting; and the corpse, what power could it have to go out to sea? And yet the faith remains that provides all these things for the dead. But along with this faith is the haunting fear which leads the survivors to put the graves on the other side of the river and to stay away from the dead after he is placed in his house. Near this grave was an old broken trunk, a rusty tin pan and a wooden box with a lid covered with mouldy leaves. They were probably further possessions of the dead that had been originally placed carefully in front of the grave.

Some animal strolling by, or the wind and rain in their usual activity had swept these out of position and left them to rot the more quickly.

But there were other graves to be found in this impassable wilderness. Somewhere near here was a grave with images. Dick and the other Indians of course professed to know nothing of it or of any other grave; but the testimony of a white boy was my firm reliance, and he was right. Only a few hundred feet further up the river and easily accessible (as these woods are) from the



GRAVE AND IMAGE ON THE QUEETS RIVER.

Sketch by Miss Fletcher from a photograph.

first grave, I came upon the second building. And there in front of it stood a rudely carved wooden image six feet and a half high, judging by comparison with my own height, reaching above the roof, with stiff, black hair hanging from the top of its head and bits of iridescent blue shell serving for eyes. The dark red color of the whole figure was varied here and there with shadings of black and with bands of white and light blue in the upper parts. A similar image, but without hair or eyes of shell, stood in front of a tree at the rear. These were powerful helpers undoubtedly to dead

as well as living. I was unable to learn the special offices of these images other than that they were of value in curing disease and had formerly stood in the house of the Indian doctor who had made and used them. This I heard from a reliable old white settler who knew the Indians well and had formerly seen the images and learned of their use.

Aside from the images, the grave was an interesting one. Some two dozen or more dishes—bowls, plates, cups and saucers—some of them broken, lay scattered down the bank in front. Most



GROUP OF DISHES FROM A QUEETS GRAVE.

of them were pierced by a hole in the center, which had served probably to nail them to the side of the grave; according to another interpretation of the white neighbors, these holes are shot through the dishes to render them unattractive to grave robbers. A part of a roof lay down the bank; formerly, I suppose, the dishes were carefully placed in front of the grave and covered by this roof. Curiosity had to stop with the outside of the house, no glass front revealed the inside. The building occupied a space of about five by eight feet, with a height of five and a half feet. It was covered

with calico, now torn into rags. Pushing aside the curtain on the front wall, two framed pictures were revealed, one a photograph of Rosa Lee, and the other, a well-known chromo of a lady with a red cloak knocking at the door.

The profuseness with which the graves are furnished with articles of luxury and use is quite in contrast with the meagre furnishings of the houses of these Indians, which must be seriously diminished when a member of a household dies. Let us remember that in many tribes before the coming of the whites, even a rich family was reduced to absolute want by gifts to the dead and to those who came to his funeral. Two of the ideas that lay at the root of the custom were the desire to provide generously for the dead, and dislike or fear of using things that he had used.

Willoughby in 1886 writes:* "The house in which an Indian dies is sometimes torn down; recent orders forbid this practice now. Instead a tamanawas is often kept up in the house for three days after death to drive away the spirit supposed to be still haunting the place."

I have called these houses of the dead graves; but the word grave properly applies only to a place where one is buried. These corpses were placed above ground. In the Indian village, Granville, six miles further south, the seat of the government agency, corpses are buried. The United States government has compelled it for hygienic reasons. The suggestion of the former house remained in a roof over the grave and the usual sheeting of calico stretched over this. The debris rotting amid the underbrush indicates the former more elaborate methods of disposing of the dead. An old canoe lay wrong side up under the bushes. It was the coffin of an Indian, fallen from its supports. The settlers had told us of the canoe coffins that were used in former time. Willoughby mentions the canoe burial of a certain Quinault girl as representing an occasional practice only. Here there were few goods left at the burying place. A little fence built about one grave and other touches of civilized life, showed that the old customs were fast passing away.

But one mistakes if he depends on general appearances. Even with coffin and grave like a white man's there are many traces of the old Indian custom. A white settler told us of the burial of an Indian woman who had lived with her husband in the flourishing town of Hoquiam. He was a thrifty Indian and spent freely at his wife's funeral, for coffin and shroud such as his white neighbors would get. In addition he gave the corpse a hundred dollars in

* *Annual Report, Smithsonian Inst.*, pt. 1, p. 277.

bills, tearing them in shreds to prevent theft, and putting them in her mouth.

Let no one imagine that the day has quite passed in which one may see real Indian customs in our country. But if he hopes to see them, he must be prepared to bunk in a tent or stage or Indian house en route, and once arrived, to settle down expecting to see



A GRAVE AT GRANVILLE, WASHINGTON.

Photograph by the author.

and learn nothing until he has gradually become acquainted. His Indian neighbors will become social in time. The white men he encounters will show and tell him much without knowing it, and after the pieces are patched together, there appears to his delight a really suggestive picture of Indian life as it used to be.

A SELF-SACRIFICING GOD AND THE PROBLEM OF EVIL.

BY HENRY W. WRIGHT.

EMINENT authorities in science and philosophy frequently pass severe judgment upon the Christian doctrine of Atonement. The historic doctrine is declared to be essentially irrational and, more than this, to be positively inimical to right effort and moral development. Such beliefs, we are told by Sir Oliver Lodge in a recent article,* are "now recognizable as savage inventions" and hence are totally unacceptable to the religious consciousness of the present. Whatever force such criticism may have in other ways, it does not apply to one aspect of the doctrine in question,—*the revelation of suffering and self-sacrifice in the life and being of God*. It is my purpose in this article merely to suggest that this part of the Christian revelation is not repugnant to reason, and to point out how in one respect it has supreme value for moral and religious practice.

The rationality of the conception of a self-sacrificing God needs no defense, except from attacks in behalf of a logical consistency more formal than real. In previous times objections from such a source would require more serious consideration. To establish the possibility of suffering and self-sacrifice in the Divine nature, it would be necessary to prove that these qualities or manifestations can co-exist without contradiction along with other attributes such as, perhaps, immutability or imperturbability. But, happily, the tendency of our day is to consider it of primary importance that thought shall be concrete and practical rather than formally precise. Consequently, there is little inclination to condemn on account of any logical quibble a principle which has notable efficacy in adjusting the conflicting elements of human experience. Enlightened theists are agreed that the nature of God is most perfectly expressed

* Sir Oliver Lodge, "Suggestions Towards the Reinterpretation of Christian Doctrine." *Hibbert Journal*. April, 1904.

in His moral character and attributes. With the same unanimity, benevolence and love are recognized as the highest expressions of moral excellence. Furthermore, all human experience finds the culminating manifestation of love and benevolence in suffering and self-sacrifice for the sake of the cherished object. Therefore we should expect *a fortiori* to find these features most prominent in the life and character of God. To deny their possibility in His nature is to deny of God the height of moral perfection in all human understanding of it. Truly, such a conclusion would be a surrendering of the united testimony of our moral and intellectual faculties to a "metaphysical figment."*

More important for present consideration is the other question concerning the value of this revelation of the Divine nature for moral and religious living. To attempt a complete treatment of the subject would be to attempt a task which the totality of Christian thought in all the centuries of our era has failed to accomplish. My conclusion was stated somewhat abruptly in the opening paragraph. In justification of the position taken, I shall refer to only one conspicuous service rendered by the conception mentioned which is enough by itself to establish its surpassing worth for human life and conduct. This service is the solution of the problem of "physical" evil. By "physical" evil is meant the ill which man suffers from the operation of natural laws and forces, and, in short, from every agency apart from human volition. The presence in human experience of an enormous amount of sorrow, suffering and destruction due to purely natural or physical causes is the greatest hindrance to belief in a beneficent Providence in the world or a Divine purpose in history. Because the conception of God suffering and sacrificing Himself for humanity contributes to the solution of this aspect of the problem of evil and thus removes the chief obstacle to belief in the "powers of righteousness" and to faith in the moral order, I venture to affirm its supreme value for moral and religious practice.

The nature of the solution provided for the problem of physical evil by the idea of a self-sacrificing God will be apparent when we consider two changes which this conception effects in our usual view of things.

As a revelation of the essence of the Divine nature, it gives such positive significance to suffering and self-sacrifice in the discharge of duty that much of human suffering appears not as a

* Principal Caird, *Fundamental Ideas of Christianity*, II., p. 144.

negation of life but as the elevation of the sufferer to a higher and more real plane of living.

Notwithstanding their ruthless operation the laws and forces of the physical universe have revealed to the mind of man the existence of a Supreme Being of infinite power and majesty. The indestructibility of the basic material in nature suggests the permanence of a Being more everlasting than the hills. The fixity of His purpose is indicated in the uniformity of natural law. The decrees of God are as certain as the rising and going down of the sun. The persistence of physical energy typifies His irresistible power, as silent and inexorable as gravity. Such a Being of infinite might may well evoke feelings of deepest awe and reverence. But the homage paid is rather that of fear than affection. While man is constrained to worship a Being so majestic, there is no ground for assuming in Him a kindness that is considerate of human interest or careful of human welfare. In fact the natural order suggests upon its face an unbending and despotic will much more than a merciful Providence. Some have thought to find in the beauty of nature an evidence of the gentler side of the Divine character. But this is scarcely possible. The beautiful and the sublime in nature may be manifestations of the symmetry or splendor of the Divine personality; but these attributes do not necessarily imply a disposition to kindness or benevolence.

The effect of thus understanding the character of God solely through its revelation in the natural world is to put exclusive emphasis upon physical existence and efficiency in the life of intelligence. Not that we are impelled in this way to a materialistic conception of the universe, or to deny the personality of its Author. Since intelligence is the outcome of the natural evolution, it must be predicated of its ultimate ground. But because our conception of the Supreme Being is derived solely from His activity in nature we are bound to conceive of the reality of Absolute Intelligence as essentially expressed in the world of matter and of energy. Thus, if the only manifestation of the Divine nature is given in the evolution of the physical universe, man is compelled to conceive of the highest possible reality for himself or any other intelligent being in like terms of natural force and actuality. God and man have intelligence and personality in common. But God's life is to man's as countless cycles of alternate evolution and dissolution are to a short span of years. God's power is to man's as the momentum of a planet is to the strength of a human limb. God's purpose is to man's as the outcome of history is to the issue of one man's ambi-

tion. In short, the comparative reality of any person's life will depend upon the length of his physical existence and the amount of his physical energy.

If in this way we define the reality of intelligent life in physical terms, it follows necessarily that any shortening of the existence of an intelligent being or diminution of his potential energy will be a direct negation of his reality. Hence the many natural agencies which tend to curtail and cut off human existence,—calamity, disease and death,—are in the extreme sense evils; for they destroy the very essence and reality of intelligent beings. From this point of view, physical evil appears as a monstrous enigma, the spectacle of a Supreme Being in the natural exercise of His powers implicated in the torture and destruction of countless numbers of His creatures,—a spectacle which mocks both faith and hope. And this is the thought to which we have been coming. The conception of God derived from His revelation in the physical universe does not aid in solving, but rather aggravates the problem of evil. For if we thus understand the divine character in terms of infinite force and unending existence, in the same way we must construe the reality of every intelligent being. Furthermore, since physical evils do diminish man's strength and terminate his existence, they utterly annihilate his reality, and set at nought his every striving toward the infinite and eternal. If such is the fate which God has prepared for His creatures it is impossible to maintain belief in His goodness or faith in His moral order.

But let us add to the conception of God derived from the physical order the Christian revelation of His character as expressed in suffering and self-sacrifice. The majesty and power manifested in nature are not contradicted by this profound benevolence. Rather they are wholly absorbed in it and expressed through it; for, in the light of this new understanding of the Divine nature, infinite strength is seen to be subservient to infinite love. Such an alteration in our conception of the Ground of all being effects an entire transformation in our conception of reality in general. The real essence of intelligent personality is seen to reside not in its physical powers but in its moral capacities. If Absolute Intelligence finds fullest self-expression in sacrifice and suffering for cherished creatures, the reality of human intelligence will be proportionate, not to the amount of physical existence and energy, but to the exercise of moral capacities for benevolence and sympathy. The greater the benevolence becomes, the wider the sympathy extends, the closer will the life of the finite intelligence approach the Absolute Life

and, consequently, the more reality will it possess. Since benevolence is most perfectly expressed in suffering and self-sacrifice, so in activities of this kind human life comes nearest to the Divine life and hence attains highest reality. Therefore, pain and even death undergone in the discharge of duty, or for the sake of others, appear not as a negation of life but as an elevation of the individual into comradeship with God, his initiation into a higher mode of existence, an "eternal" life.

Thus the conception of a self-sacrificing God enables us to overcome one difficulty in the great problem of physical evil. By it we are given reasonable ground for believing that the pain and suffering, inflicted by natural agencies upon a man who is fulfilling his obligations and laboring for the broader human welfare, do not destroy or diminish his life, as certainly appears; but, if bravely borne in the pursuit of the chosen vocation, they are instrumental in giving to their victim more reality and a higher life. It is true that only those ills which are directly involved in altruistic endeavor come under the category of self-sacrifice. But in a thoroughly unselfish life which is governed entirely by benevolent purposes and actuated throughout by feelings of humanity, many if not the most of the ills endured are so intimately connected with social service that they deserve to be considered as integral elements in a career of self-sacrificing devotion.

The revelation of the Divine character which we are discussing not only overcomes the gravest difficulty connected with the problem of physical evil, i. e., the "suffering of the righteous," but also provides a new standpoint from which the whole operation of natural law, with its apparent cruelty and ruthlessness, may be interpreted as the expression of an infinite benevolence, obscured only by the boundless extent of its activity.

Physical evil occupies so prominent a place in human experience that it can be explained by one of two extreme and antithetic conceptions of the Supreme Being. No God of passive goodness or colorless amiability could be responsible for the suffering and torture inflicted upon human beings by natural agencies. Either the Supreme Being is a veritable monster of cruelty who is oblivious to the agony of His defenceless creatures, or He is a God of benevolence and self-sacrifice, who is willing to share to the utmost the sufferings of His creatures in order that they may attain some higher good, some end of transcendent value which is a compensation for all the pain and suffering.

Of the two alternatives suggested, the former is perhaps the

more plausible if we confine ourselves to individual cases of calamity and destruction that have occurred within our own experience, and if we receive our ideas of the Supreme Being solely from the natural universe. To give the latter view of a God of infinite benevolence any degree of probability requires that we should take a wider outlook upon the problem of physical evil than is at first natural,—in fact that we should consider it rather in its universal aspects than in individual cases. Now, it is the merit of the Christian conception of a suffering and self-sacrificing God that it gives us such a new standpoint and induces us to take such a wider outlook. For a God who would sacrifice Himself for humanity would not be content with casual or sporadic expressions of His devotion to men, but His benevolence would be so wide and all-embracing that it could be obscured only by its vastness.

From this standpoint and this only the facts of physical evil admit of an explanation which is compatible with the demands of morality and the cravings of religious feeling. Taking a large view of man's experience, we are emboldened to ask if through the disastrous clashing of human personality with the forces of nature any end is attained of such transcendent worth as to commend itself both to the finite intelligence that suffers from the contact, and to a God of infinite benevolence. The result of man's experience in a world of uniform,—if inexorable,—law is not difficult to discover. Through continued observation of the regular sequences of nature, he has gained foresight, self-reliance, and the ability to protect himself. Such a result would be impossible in a world whose forces were incalculable and worked at haphazard. So also it could not be achieved in an environment whose agencies were miraculously guided at every turn so that human safety might be guarded. Even the direst accidents contribute indirectly to human well-being. For through the horror which they excite, society is aroused to take additional precautions for public safety, and thus more lives are saved eventually than were originally lost. The end attained through man's struggle with the forces of his environment is, therefore, the cultivation in him of *free and independent personality*. To man, this is a result of inestimable value, for it is the realization of those higher possibilities peculiar to human nature, the promise and potency of which raise man above the level of the brute and suggest his kinship to the Divine. It is a result which might have supreme value for a God of infinite benevolence, as well; for it represents the development of a society of intelligent persons who are appro-

priate objects of His care and devotion, and capable of returning to Him a tribute of disinterested love.

But the more difficult question is still unanswered. Was there no other way for a God of infinite power to achieve this result? Must man be exposed to the blighting ills of nature in order to win the dignity of free personality? In answer to this question I will only say in conclusion that one who can accept the Christian revelation of the Divine character has convincing proof that there was no other way as well as remarkable testimony to the value of the prize which man gains through his experience of earthly suffering, in the fact that God Himself has chosen to share the suffering and sacrifice endured by man in his painful progress upward.

EUCLID'S PARALLEL POSTULATE.*

BY OSWALD VEBLEN.

MATHEMATICIANS are in possession of several bodies of theory which they call geometries. A geometry (and, indeed, a mathematical science in general) is a set of propositions stated in terms of symbols some of which are defined in terms of others, but some of which are necessarily undefined. The majority of the propositions (those called theorems) are logical consequences of other propositions, but some of the propositions are necessarily unproved. The latter are called axioms or postulates or, more plainly, *unproved propositions*. In its mathematical aspect, a geometry is rather completely characterized by its undefined symbols and its unproved propositions since all other features of the science are derived from these by the two processes of definition and deduction.

Geometries might have, but actually have not, been created in an accidental or artificial manner. The symbols (in particular the undefined symbols) of geometry stand for the words that we use in describing that complex of sensations, perceptions, etc., called space, and its propositions are statements which one makes (or may make if learned enough) about space. Thus there are two questions which may be asked about a geometrical proposition: (1) Is it an axiom or a consequence of the axioms of a certain geometry? (2) Is it true of space? The first of these questions is strictly mathematical. The second belongs perhaps to mathematics, perhaps to natural science, but probably to philosophy. The two questions were formerly jumbled into one and it is only in recent years that the mathematicians have fully separated them.

For a long time, there existed only one geometry, that of Euclid, and this geometry because of its uniqueness occupied a post of peculiar sanctity. Its propositions were not only held to be true of space,

**Euclid's Parallel Postulate: Its Nature, Validity, and Place in Geometrical Systems.* By John William Withers, Ph. D. Chicago, The Open Court Publishing Co. 1905.

but they were supposed by many (e. g. Kant) to be necessary laws of thought. In the last century, however, there appeared on the scene first one, and then many, geometries which contained propositions different from those of Euclid. These geometries are in the first place so logically consistent that if one of them contains a self-contradiction, so does Euclid, and in the second place certain of them, notably those of Lobatchewsky and Riemann, have claims to truth that rival those of Euclid.

The philosophical importance of a theory which, on the face of the returns, seems to destroy Kant's main example of an *a priori* synthetic judgment will hardly be questioned. But on account of the difficulty of the technical language of the philosophers for the mathematicians and *vice versa*, the subject has not yet had an adequate discussion.

Mr. Withers is one of the first who comes to the subject as a philosopher and yet is in possession of the necessary mathematics. His book, which is a Yale Doctor's Thesis, begins with a history of the mathematical researches that is probably clearer than any available to non-mathematicians in English. It does not contain a complete account of the corresponding philosophical discussions—an omission which probably makes for clearness since many of the discussions were beclouded by misunderstandings between the mathematicians and philosophers.

The historical introduction is followed by a couple of chapters which, waiving for a moment the notion that no thought is possible which does not presuppose a Euclidean space, discuss the claims of the geometries of Euclid, Lobatchewsky, and Riemann to validity as exponents of our geometrical experience. Mr. Withers reaches the conclusion, familiar to mathematicians, that we cannot at present decide; that a decision against Euclid is possible; that one absolutely in his favor probably is not. In the discussion leading to this result, by some remarks on the empirical origin and the psychology of certain conceptions like that of direction he successfully disposes of several of the usual errors.

On the other hand, a mathematician is pretty sure to feel the need of a few more "ifs" and "buts." For example, on pages 106-107 where the author very clearly exposes the "shortest distance" fallacy, he ought also to note that distance can be defined analytically so as to avoid the difficulty. Without citing further instances we will assert that throughout the book there are statements uttered directly that a mathematician would prefer to see qualified. We will not deny, however, that for the purpose of conveying the right

emphasis the methods of Mr. Withers may be better than the attempt at literal accuracy of a mathematician.

There are places where Mr. Withers seems to overlook temporarily the nature of an abstract science. For example, he regards it as a difficulty (page 112) that Pieri should use undefined symbols and unproved propositions which involve metrical ideas in making a definition of metrical terms; and of Riemann he says (pp. 112, 113): "In other words by assuming metrical properties in his *ds* and then proceeding to determine these properties upon the basis of this assumption, he easily draws out at the faucet what he has already poured in at the bung." But this is what we always do in mathematics. In geometry no more than elsewhere do we expect to get something for nothing. The axioms of a science must necessarily involve the whole structure. We never expect to *generate* anything by a logical process. By mathematical language we can never tell the meaning, say of a straight line, (cf. Chap. IV), in any other sense than that we utter a set of propositions, logically related and including the statements that can be made about straight lines.

It seems that by being more explicit in his statements about abstract science in general, Mr. Withers might have considerably abbreviated and improved his statements about curvature of space and the necessity or lack of necessity of assuming a Euclidean space of higher dimensions in order to realize a space of constant positive or negative curvature. Presumably for a like reason, the discussion of Peano's work on pages 107-108 seems to confuse two separate studies in one of which "distance" was the undefined symbol and in the other of which the notion of "betweenness" was fundamental.*

After having shown that Euclid's geometry cannot be proved true by any appeal to experience, Mr. Withers decides in the last two chapters that there is no way of accomplishing this result by an *a priori* method. We have remarked above on the details of this argument and here raise only one further question—perhaps without putting it in a clear-cut form. How shall we use the word exist? There is a technical usage which says that a mathematical science (cf. our first paragraphs) exists if no two propositions deducible from its hypotheses are in contradiction. In this sense (due to

* We note in passing that the second footnote reference on page 108 is incorrect; that in the bibliography under the single head, Moore, appear works of two men, one an American and the other an Englishman; that on page 96, line 7, the word "of" should be deleted; that on page 142, "motion" is printed for "notion."

Hilbert) we are able to say that all mathematical sciences exist if arithmetic exists—i. e., the science of the positive whole numbers. One is tempted to say that surely the whole numbers, 1, 2, 3. . . etc. exist. But what would be the content of such a statement? and do we know these numbers except by the propositions which we wish to prove consistent?

A more difficult form of the same question would be to ask what Mr. Withers means by such language as this: "...nor is it maintained that a merely formal world could really exist or be truly known if it did exist" (page 147). Or the following from pages 160-161: "We cannot in any *a priori* fashion dogmatically deny the existence of a four-dimensional space-world any more than our two-dimensional beings could deny that our world exists." Altogether the discussion in Mr. Withers' last chapter is obscured by the lack of a satisfactory meaning for the word "exist."

We have taken pains to warn the reader not to accept all the statements of Mr. Withers as representing a mathematical point of view with strict accuracy because we believe that the book, on account of its general clearness, ought to have a wide circle of readers. It might well be read as an introduction to the large work of Russell on the *Principles of Mathematics*.

SAMPIETRO'S MOTHER.

IN COMMENT ON KARMA.

BY THE EDITOR.

IT is not easy to analyze an artistic composition, whether it be a poem, a story or a melody, that has grown not after a pre-meditated plan, but by inspiration, for in a subconscious process many phases remain concealed in the recesses of unconscious mentality. The story *Karma* is of such a nature, and the little tale of the spider's web is an echo of an ancient fairy tale about a carrot that might have saved a sour-tempered old woman from the pains of hell, had she not forfeited salvation in her meanness and envy by her desire to keep to herself the benefit of the miraculous means of escape. I have never seen the story in print, but knew only of it from hearsay.

Lately I have been so fortunate as to find a story which is practically the same except that for the carrot an onion top is substituted. It is told of the "mamma of Sampietro" and has been published in a collection of six tales printed in *The Yellow Book* in 1895 and reprinted in Frederick Baron Corvo's *In his own Image*.* There we are told that the mother of St. Peter (in the story always called by the popular form of his Italian name "Sampietro") was "the meanest woman that ever lived" who when she died, "was not allowed to come into paradise. Sampietro did not like this at all, and when some of the other gods (*sic!*) chaffed him about it he would grow angry." At last he went to the Padre Eterno to plead

* London: John Lane, 1901.

for his mother, claiming that her case had been too hurriedly decided. Then the Padre Eterno ordered her guardian angel to bring the book in which all her good and bad deeds had been written down, whereupon the story continues:

"'Now,' said the Padre Eterno, 'We carefully will go through

this book, and if We can find only one good deed that she has done. We will add to that one good deed the merits of Our Son and of hers, so that she may be delivered from eternal torments.

"Then the angel read out of the book; and it was found that, in the whole of her life, she had only done one good deed; for a poor starving beggar-woman had once prayed her, per l'Amor di Dio, to give her some food; and she had thrown her the green top of an onion which she chanced to be peeling for her own supper.

"And the Padre Eterno instructed the angel-guardian of Sampietro's mamma to take that identical onion-top from the Treasury of Virtuous Deeds, if indeed he could find so insignificant a thing; and to go and hold it over the pit of hell; so that if' by chance, she should boil up with the other damned souls to the top of that stew, then she might grasp the onion-top and by it be dragged up to heaven.

"The angel-guardian did as he had been commanded. He hovered in the air over the pit of hell. He held out the onion-top with his right hand. The furnace flamed. The burning souls boiled and writhed like pasta in a copper pot, and presently Sampietro's mamma came up thrusting out her hands in anguish. And when she saw the onion-top she gripped it, for she was a very covetous woman; and the angel-guardian began to soar into the air, carrying her up to heaven.

"Now when the other damned souls saw that Sampietro's mamma was leaving them, they also desired to escape; and, clutching of the skirts of her gown, they hung thereon, hoping to be delivered from their pain. And still the angel-guardian rose, and Sampietro's mother held the onion-top, and many tortured souls held her skirts, and others held the feet and skirts of those, and again others held the last, and you surely would have thought that he! was about to be emptied straight away. And still the angel-guardian rose higher, and the long string of people all hanging to the onion-top rose too, nor was the onion-top too weak to bear the strain: so great is the virtue of one good deed,—of but one small good deed! But when Sampietro's mamma became aware of what was going on, and of what a perfect godsend she was becoming to the numbers who were escaping from hell along with her, she was annoyed: and, because she was a nasty selfish and cantankerous woman, she kicked and struggled, and even took the onion-top in her teeth, so that she might use her hands to beat off those who were hanging to her skirts. And she fought so violently that she bit through the onion-top, and tumbled back once more into hell flame.

"So you see, sir, that it is sure to be to your own advantage if you are kind to other people and let them have their own way, always supposing that they will not interfere with you."

I could not call this tale the source of the spider narrative, but I consider it a parallel; and the reader can easily see how an echo of a similar story has been here transformed under the influence of the Buddhist conception of the ego and the notion of "mine" resulting in selfishness. It seems to me, however, that the story is essentially Buddhistic and probably belongs to that class of folk tales which together with the story of "Barlaam and Josaphat," "Everyman," etc., have traveled west and have been changed to suit Western conditions.

In the adaptation to Christian doctrines, the original sense of these stories has sometimes been obliterated or turned into an opposite meaning. For instance, the moral of "Everyman" clearly points out that only good deeds can save, that the ecclesiastical Brahman methods of sacrifice, of prayer, of ritual, etc., have no saving power, and yet in the well-known Christian mystery play the sacraments of the Church are reintroduced as helpful and even indispensable means of salvation. In like manner, I should not wonder at all if a Buddhist story should sometime be found to which my tale of the spider's web, in the reconstruction which it has received in the story "Karma," would be of closer kin than the stories of the carrot and the onion top; for I deem my version to be not an improvement, but an actual reconstruction which particularly brings out the underlying sense that must have constituted the original meaning.

THE VERSE OF THE FUTURE.

BY C. CROZAT CONVERSE.

I BELIEVE that it will be euphonic,—not metric—and that it will gradually free itself from rhythmic metes and bounds, because its art should be free, untrammelled.

Rhyme surely is not verse's highest, best form; and rhyme's bonds have marred some of the grandest of verse-thoughts; or have been substituted for all thoughts, as witnesseth Sir T. Elyot, who says: "They that make verses expressynge therby none other lernynge but the crafte of versifienge be not of auncient writers named poetes, but only called versifiers."

Blank verse, with its ten-syllabled lines, is not free, as see Browning, in his exceptional eleven-syllabled lines; which exceptions sustain my present belief; as does Dryden, in his "Essay on Dramatic Poetry," when deriding a poetaster of his time as "creeping along with ten little words in every line."

The English poet, Cowper, chafed under its bonds, saying: "I do not intend to write any more blank verse. It is more difficult than rhyme; it requires so close an attention to the pause and the cadence, and such a peculiar mode of expression, as render it, to me at least, the hardest species of poetry that I have ever meddled with."

That there were attempts, in verse's early days, to free it, the works of the classic writers, Cadmus and Perecydes, prove; in which these poets gave up its metre, while retaining its other poetic features.

Cowper, too, hews to the line of verse-reform when saying: "Blank verse is susceptible of a much greater diversification of manner than verse in rhyme; and why the modern writers of it all thought proper to cast their numbers alike I know not."

Free all verse—blank and rhyming—from metrical uniformity, making euphony its dominating feature,—that feature which dis-

tinguishes it from prose,—and it will then be free indeed, and completely fit for every use of the imagination; and—as an art—as obedient to it as is the art of painting.

Mr. Converse has written for this magazine and other publications, in that form which he advocates, and which he illustrates in this:

SELF AND UNSELF.

1

The years are in their thousands,
And the rule for loving is old;
Yet self, to-day, is not unself,—
And not love.

2

Paul philosophized charity,
And Peter idealized giving;
Yet who, of us, gives as they gave,—
And in love?

3

The years are in their thousands,
And the rule for loving is old;
So when will self unself itself,
And be love?

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE RISEN CHRIST.

To the Editor of The Open Court.

It may be because I am slow of heart, but I have not yet been able to see how the "Formula for the Risen Body of Jesus Christ," which Rev. Wm. Frost Bishop, Ph.D., D.D., offers for my consideration, meets half, or any, of my "trouble" about the Resurrection. Part of my "trouble" was that the evidence is not strong enough for so marvelous an event as a physical resurrection. But the rest and main part was the discrepancies in the accounts. Does Dr. Bishop's formula solve these discrepancies? Does it explain whether the risen Jesus appeared first to Mary Magdalene or to Peter; whether the visit of the women to the tomb was on Saturday evening (according to Matthew), or before sunrise Sunday morning (according to Luke and John), or after sunrise (according to Mark); whether all the appearances were in or about Jerusalem, or (except for that to the women) all in Galilee? Such material contradictions are evidence, as I urged, that while something startling occurred to give rise to the stories, "those who saw it were so moved by the experience that they were not able to remember and report it accurately." I do not see how Dr. Bishop's formula, granting that it is correct, meets this "trouble."

Furthermore, the formula presents new difficulties. Let us quote the formula, and then we can easily see these difficulties. "*What was natural to Him before His resurrection is now miraculous; what was before miraculous is now natural.*" Now if we grant that the risen body was so completely changed as this in its nature, why should it still retain the mortal form? Why should it have hands and feet if it can pass through walls as easily as light passes through a window pane, and no material object possesses resistance enough either to be grasped, or to furnish a support? But we are told in the Gospels that the risen body bore a perfect resemblance to the corpse, even to the wounds that were inflicted in the crucifixion. This we should expect if the risen body were in most points of the same nature as it was before death; but if it is now so changed that nothing is natural that was natural before, we should think the form would be revolutionized to correspond with these changes in nature. Our mortal bodies are formed to suit their functions. Is a risen and immortal body inferior in this respect? That would be as if men wore tails, or had claws instead of nails. It would be also a physical absurdity—as if a cake of ice were changed into steam, and yet though unconfined retained the shape and size it had as ice.

I should like to take this occasion to say that I have slightly modified my view of the genesis of the visions of the risen Jesus. In my article in the April number, I expressed the opinion that all the visions, including that of Peter were occasioned by the report of the women. I am now inclined to make an exception of the appearance to Peter. But I think the vision of Peter, if it had not received a certain support from the report of the women, would not have been of great importance. Perhaps on the other hand, the report of the women would have had less effect without this vision to confirm it. So I should now say, that "in this visit of the women to the tomb," *and the vision of Peter*, we have "the true historic basis for the Gospel stories of the resurrection."

Let me say in conclusion, that I heartily agree to your opinion that the Resurrection is not a historical, but a hyper-historical fact. The best expression of this fact is in Matthew xxviii. 20. "Lo I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." This is a fact experienced by all earnest followers of Jesus Christ, from the vision of Peter to the present hour.

JOSEPH C. ALLEN.

To The Open Court.

Your accomplished Editor was kind enough to publish an article of mine upon the Risen Christ, in which is feebly presented the old orthodox view of this great subject.

But in commenting upon my article, the Editor accounts for my position by supposing that I had not been to school. He says that "young men who have attended universities, who have acquired a knowledge of cosmic laws, and who are familiar with the evidence of evolution," "will naturally modify the Christian faith as it has been handed down to them from parents and grandparents." This is not the quotation in full, but it is enough to give the drift. If I understand his remarks, the good Editor dismisses me and my position with the good-natured assumption that I am an old fogey, living in the distant past and ignorant of modern thought.

Were nothing at stake but my poor scholarship, I should have been silent. But the importance of the matter in debate will not suffer this.

With profuse apologies, then, let me say that besides my training in the universities of England and America I was educated at Jena under the very nose of "the great Professor Haeckel." I can read and write, and even do a little in arithmetic. At all events the author of the article upon the "Formula for the Risen body of Jesus Christ," published in *The Open Court* for the month of November, 1905, knows enough of the history of modern speculative thought *not* to fall into an error or misstatement, which characterizes an article in the same number of *The Open Court* and which the gifted Editor commends. I refer to the statement that "the majority (not all, but the majority) of scientific men, with the great Professor Haeckel at their head, have pronounced against the possibility of personal immortality, or of the existence of any such thing as 'spirit' or 'soul,' separable from its material encasement," (*Open Court*, November, 1905, p. 697).

Professor Haeckel contradicts this statement. He states that the majority of scientific men have renounced Monism and gone back to Dualism. This is the burden of his books and of his lectures in the class-room. No man that has read his two last books or ever heard his lectures in late years can be

ignorant of this fact. Almost with tears he laments the defection of Germany's chief scientists from the ranks of the Monists and their return to Dualism, the old orthodox view. He states the fact over and over again, and deploras it. He calls names and cites instances. Either, therefore, the writer in *The Open Court* is in error, or else "the great Professor Haeckel" is mistaken. As Elijah the prophet complained that "he alone was left," so Professor Haeckel complains that the vast majority of modern scientific men—the very chiefest of them—have reversed themselves, and that on the Monistic side "he alone is left." Undoubtedly, the highest scholarship of the day—even pure physical science—has parked its mighty battery under the shadow of the cross on Calvary, and the Halls of Highest learning are reverberating with its cannonade in defence of "the faith once delivered to the saints."

Kant was one of the first minds that thought out a complete theory of the descent of man from the lower animals. After elaborating the theory fully, he rejected it. The same is true of Kant's early speculation to account for the existence of the world by a mechanical or Monistic theory, as Haeckel the Jena biologist claims to do. Afterwards this most famous philosopher of the age rejected Materialism as insufficient and put in its place a theistic speculation. Haeckel deploras the fact that Kant is a Dualist and orthodox, after having been a Monist.

It is well known that Kant repudiated Fichte, his most brilliant pupil, because he seemed to deny the existence of God. All this while Fichte was teaching the absolute necessity of such existence. Schelling, too, though at first a pantheist, spent the closing years of his life in an effort to reconcile his views with the doctrine of a personal God. Hegel, like Schelling, was a mystic. Condillac, the founder of the French Sensational School and the disciple of Locke, was an abbe of the Church.

Herbert Spencer goes out of his way to declare most positively that whatever he may be, he is in no sense of the word a materialist, and Huxley fiercely objects to the word as applied to him. When John Locke, also called a materialist, was dying, he said: "I am in perfect charity with all men and in communion with the Church of Christ by whatever name it may be distinguished."

Hobbes, called the Father of Materialism, was a true and reverent Christian, stating the first article of his creed to be: "Jesus is the Christ." We all know that religion with Spinoza was a passion. He could conceive of no existence apart from God.

Du Bois-Reymond, the Secretary of the Berlin Academy of Science, at one time was inclined to hold the Monistic theory of nature, describing mind and matter as attributes of one substance. But this view he abandoned. His great name now ranks with the Dualists or transcendentalists, who assert that consciousness reveals two distinct worlds, one of matter and one of mind. Many regard Du Bois-Reymond as the chiefest authority upon such questions of the present age, and he pronounces finally against Monism.

A like change of principles, from Monism back to the old orthodox view of Dualism, was characteristic of Wundt, Virchow, Karl Ernst Baer and many others, whose names are "a light and a landmark along the cliffs of fame." The majority of biologists, physiologists, and philosophers of modern times, Haeckel says, are against him, having returned to the older and more popular view. After Kant, perhaps Wm. Wundt of Leipsic is thought to be the ablest

psychologist of the world. He is a perfect master of zoology, anatomy, and physiology. It is tremendously significant that he abandoned the Monistic view and became a pure Dualist. That he should ever have lent the influence of his great name to the heresy of Monism he publicly confessed to have been a "crime and a sin."

The last word of science, with few exceptions,—our enemies themselves being judges—is out and out in favor of orthodoxy and the Church.

No man can fail to admire the candor and enthusiasm in the search for truth characteristic of Haeckel, but throughout Europe he is *not* regarded as a safe man. His posing as a true and strict disciple of Spinoza, while ignoring the cardinal principle of the Spinozistic philosophy which makes the attributes of thought and extension independent, co-ordinate and mutually oppugnant—this disregard of what may be called the very citadel of Spinoza's marvelous speculation is an illustration of Haeckel's lack of caution. The great Darwin, you remember, had to utter a silent prayer, to be delivered from his own disciple.

If any word in this communication can bear the remotest shade of discourtesy, the writer begs to withdraw it. He is most grateful for the privilege of stating his views before a "court" of such culture, offering meanwhile with best wishes for its Editor the sentiment: "*Me Socium Summis Adjungere Rebus.*"

WM. FROST BISHOP.

[The application which Mr. Bishop makes of a passage in my article is *his*, not *ours*. We know very well that a man may be very scholarly, and yet have remained untouched by the spirit of modern science, which can be acquired only through a familiarity with the natural sciences.

As to the problem of personal immortality, we should first settle the question as to the nature of personality. What is the person of a man? Does or does not his body form part of it, and if so is a resurrection of the corpse necessary for the preservation of a personality?

It goes without saying that we are not responsible for Mr. Bishop's statements concerning Kant, Du Bois-Reymond, Wundt, and others.]

"HOW FAR HAVE WE STRAYED FROM CHRISTIANITY?"

To the Editor of The Open Court:

I was very much interested in your article in the October number of *The Open Court* entitled "How Far Have We Strayed from Christianity?" for the reason that you voice my own experience to a remarkable degree with regard to the development of my present religious convictions.

A person can not advance very far in the study of science before he discovers that the point of view and the conceptions of science are at variance with those held by the writers of the Bible, and expressed by the average orthodox minister of to-day. He soon becomes impressed with the thought that if God is the ruler of the universe He must rule and manifest Himself through the forces of nature which orthodox churchmen affect to disregard as important avenues through which we may increase our knowledge of God; that if God is present in the cosmos it must be in the order and orderly unfolding or evolution of the same.

It seems to me, too, that even a superficial study of comparative religion and religious literature profoundly impresses the unprejudiced mind with the thought that God's revelations and inspirations are universal, and that in any age the crude and imperfect character of the inspired messages are the measure of the ignorance that darkened the intellect of the religious teachers. Such literature testifies to the fact that God has never left Himself without a witness to the one who has earnestly sought for Him, and that the similarity in essence of the highest ideals and moral conceptions found in all the great religions of the past and present attest the universal character of those principles that the orthodox Christians are wont to regard as peculiarly Christian.

I believe that the truths and methods of science are the leaven whose slow working in the minds of men will eventually bring about a more reasonable attitude towards the Bible and towards scientific instruction. I believe that the principles of science will gradually give rise to a Christianity that furnishes a broader outlook; that contains a more grand conception of God, of His ways of working in the world and of manifesting Himself to mankind; that owns a wider brotherhood and extends a warmer sympathy to humanity. It seems to me that the general diffusion of the facts of science must surely bring about this larger Christianity that is founded upon truth, as nearly as truth can be discovered by the reason of man,—necessarily scientific truth attained by the most rigid scientific methods. This Christianity will consist much less of creeds and much more of deeds; much less of assenting to statements about the Christ and much more in exemplifying the spirit that characterized not only the Christ but also all of the great moral and religious teachers of the world. This Christianity will lead its adherents to seek above all things else to know and conform to the world order which is the manifestation of the divine.

This larger and better Christianity is more and more gaining the assent and approval of the better informed and more progressive minds, and, it seems to me, it will necessarily grow up out of the old faith as the knowledge of the facts and principles and methods of science become more and more disseminated among the people.

Your publications are accomplishing a very important and much needed work towards this end and I wish you God speed in your labors.

T. E. SAVAGE.

When the Editor of *The Open Court* made the remark in the October number (p. 583) that "as to my declaration that I am 'no Christian' I have simply to say that it depends entirely on the Christians whether or not they would still recognize me as such," he had no thought that men and women known to be prominent in Christian circles would take this opportunity to express their assurance that no line of demarcation exists between their position and his own. This, however, has already been done in the case of a few, among others Madame Hyacinthe Loyson, wife of Father Hyacinthe, who tersely writes, "*You are a Christian!*" while the following letters come from R. J. Campbell, the well-known English Congregational preacher and minister of City Temple, London, and John Harrington Edwards, a Presbyterian divine of Brooklyn:

To the Editor of The Open Court.

"I have just read your *apologia* in reply to the *Expository Times*. If the title Christian does not describe you then I have no right to it, for I not only take what is in the main your view of the truth, but I preach it. I often tell my people that even Jesus did not speak of Christianity, but of the truth.

R. J. CAMPBELL.

To the Editor of The Open Court:

Your personal *Apologia pro fide sua* in the October *Open Court*, gives opportunity which perhaps others as well as myself will embrace, to express interest in what you have so frankly said, whether friendly or adverse. I have only this excuse, as a monthly reader of your valuable magazine, and as a seeker for the same ends which you seek with such evident sincerity and ability, for retouching the personal note sounded in your article.

Probably there are other Presbyterian ministers besides myself who have read with mingled approval and criticism your very interesting account of your changes of thought, and therefore, of faith. We children of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries must be stolid indeed not to have heard the voice of the *Zeitgeist*. Unless pledged and bound to tradition, who of us but has moved on in the direction you have gone, though it may be to find a resting-place for faith much nearer the old hearthstone?

With most of your philosophical positions, I am in full agreement. As to your ethical sympathy with essential Christianity, *Das Wesen des Christentums*, I am also in accord with you. Only it seems to me that it is not necessary to give up the personal Divine of Christ especially as manifest in the consummation of vicarious love on Calvary. On the whole I can echo word for word the sentiments of Père Loyson, quoted in your notice of Madame Loyson's book.

I have noted in the margin of your article some points of your philosophical creed which I perhaps do not fully comprehend, about which I would like to talk with you. But as to the spirit of your theological assertions, I fancy even my friend Dr. Minton must be in responsive sympathy with that.

JOHN H. EDWARDS.

"STATE AND CHURCH."

To the Editor of The Open Court.

I do not write to engage you in a controversy but to thank you for the number of *The Open Court* for October, 1905, which contains my letter on "State and Church." Nevertheless, you will permit me to say that your answer does not invalidate my proposition in any particular.

It is not my idea that the Catholic Church cannot brook either the competition of other religions or the independence of philosophical thought; this statement was merely borrowed from a religious work published with the approbation of Leo XIII. I simply told you that in France, religion was an insignificant factor because to the great majority of the French it means nothing but some outward and occasional ceremonies. The ballot on the separation of Church and State has verified this assertion.

The partisans of the Church prophesied that this measure would cause

a revolt among the people, but they have acquiesced in it with perfect indifference.

You think that perhaps, after several generations, the French "will be glad to revert to their old faith," but you do not take into consideration one factor of the intellectual condition of my countrymen of the future, i. e., the development of the scientific spirit.

The old Catholic faith cannot flourish where the number of men who repeat with Tertullian: "*Credo quia absurdum*" is constantly decreasing.

PARIS, FRANCE.

YVES GUYOT.

BOOK REVIEWS AND NOTES.

THE SUPREMACY OF JESUS. By *Joseph Henry Crooker*. Boston: American Unitarian Association. 1904. Pp. 186. Price, 80 c.

Rev. Joseph Henry Crooker, the Unitarian minister of Ann Arbor, Mich., publishes his view of Christ in a book entitled *The Supremacy of Jesus*, and he treats his subject in the following chapters: (1) The Historic Position of Jesus, (2) Jesus and Gospel Criticism, (3) A New Appreciation of Jesus. (4) The Master of Inner Life, (5) The Authority of Jesus.

While Mr. Crooker is a liberal who finds the divinity of Jesus in his ennobling mission and the great example which he gave the world, his "New Appreciation of the Historical Jesus" does not leave him without power and man without motive. It brings Jesus close to us to rebuke our sins, to heal our wounds, to strengthen us against temptation, to move us to service." Whatever the higher criticism may have to say of the central figure in the New Testament, "only in this way can he be most historical and also most helpful to us." (P. 115.)

THE NEW LIGHTS. A Drama in Four Acts. By *Hugh Mann*. Boston: Richard G. Badger. The Gorham Press. 1904. Pp. 51. Price, \$1.00.

The poet, Mr. Hugo Mann, does not intend this drama to be a mere product of *belles lettres* but incorporates in it a tendency which characterizes the present phase of our religious life. "New Lights" is the name of a sect locally called New Mennists, a branch of the Mennonites of Pennsylvania. They are very devout and look upon all other confessions as heretical. They are non-resistant; take no part in politics, not even to the extent of voting; refuse to go to war, and also to go to law even to recover stolen property; and they are earnest, hard-working, law-abiding citizens. They dress in a peculiar garb somewhat resembling that of the Quakers. Despite their narrowness they are serious and well-intentioned, and we can understand that many interesting events in their religious development have taken, and are still taking place.

The details of the plot, our author informs us, are founded on fact and occurred about a generation ago. The concluding words of James, a heretic and the hero of the tale, when he wins Katherine, a member of the sect, express the general tendencies of the drama. They read as follows:

"There is no such thing as sin, Katherine,—there is only ignorance. And ignorance shall be dissipated as we grow in knowledge through experience. You know Jesus, your Saviour, as you call Him, said, 'Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free.'"

Mrs. Elizabeth E. Evans, wife of Prof. Edward P. Evans, an American litterateur who settled in Germany and was for some time connected as a teacher of English language and literature with the University of Munich, has expressed her religious belief in a book entitled *The Christ Myth*, brought out by the Truth Seeker Company. From the preface we learn that her unbelief developed independently of the higher critics and that she was led to give up her Trinitarian creed by her own reflection. She feels in duty bound to give her reasons for her abandonment of orthodoxy by outlining the results of her private studies in comparative religion. The book contains a series of chapters on Mediators and Trinities, on Divine Paternity, on Virgin-born Saviours, Buddhistic Legends, Parallel Legends, Borrowed Miracles, the Impossibility of Christ's Trial, the Contradictory Events after the Crucifixion and other Inadequate Explanations. The book closes with the positive ideals of her religious convictions, which she expresses as follows:

"So long as human beings live and suffer and enjoy in this, the only world open to our present knowledge, the Brotherhood of Man will be the highest possible ideal, and the effort to realize that ideal will be the noblest and most satisfactory occupation of every individual intelligence. The end can be attained only by learning and obeying the eternal laws of nature, as these are demonstrated through the discoveries of science."

THE MIRACLE. Translated from the German of *F. Bettex* by *H. M.* For sale by German Literary Board, Burlington, Iowa. Pp. 78. Price, 50 c.

The pamphlet *Miracle* has been translated from an unknown German author who writes under the name *F. Bettex*. It is a defence of the Christian belief and the author defines his position by pointing out the most salient points in the controversy concerning the question of miracles. Can we or can we not believe in the supernatural and the revelation of the supernatural? The author claims that miracle is simply that which we do not understand because it does not conform to our ideas and our experiences,—in short he identifies it with the inexplicable. The supernatural is justified in the same way that our experience is limited to the present world, and yet, beyond the mountains which bound our world and above the blue sky, there may be a wider world of activity. Nature teaches the supernatural and therefore the miracle is not unknowable. In fact the miracle surrounds us; the world is full of unknown laws, and science, far from having done away with the miracle, induces a new belief in it. The most important activity of religion is found in prayer. Without prayer there is no religion, and through religion man views the proper ends of creation. The false prophets of which we should beware are the scientists who deny the existence of the miraculous, and therefore our author claims that those modern Protestants who would rid Christendom of these miracles teach a fallacious doctrine that should not be countenanced. The conclusion is that we cannot do without miracles and to relinquish them for the sake of a would-be enlightenment seems ridiculous. The miracle therefore is the author's hope and delight which will find its highest fulfilment when we shall rejoice in the wonderful body of our resurrection and in a world of heavenly miracles where we shall forever contemplate God, the fountain and origin of all miracles.

The Principles of Descartes' Philosophy

By Benedictus De Spinoza

The Philosopher's earliest work. Translated from the Latin, with an Introduction by Halbert Hains Britan, Ph. D.

Pages lxxxii+177. Price, cloth 75 cents, mailed 85 cents; paper covered, sewed, 85 cents, mailed 42 cents

This work of Spinoza, here translated for the first time into English, is this philosopher's earliest work, and, strange to say, the only one to which he ever subscribed his name. As the title indicates, it is a presentation of Descartes' "Principles of Philosophy," but ample material is also given to reveal the character of Spinoza's early thinking. Little has been done to study Spinoza's system historically, so this book evidently has a place in the literature on this subject.

In his Introduction the author has sought to point out the causes that turned Spinoza's thought, even at this early period, irrevocably to Pantheism. The two points upon which he centers most of his attention are the geometrical method, employed by Spinoza only here and in the "Ethics," and the concept of God. These are both shown to be the acme of logical procedure from the standpoint of deduction. Spinoza, better than any of his predecessors, carried this method of thought through to its logical conclusion, with the results found in the "Ethics." This work, therefore, by directing attention to Spinoza's early thought and to the forces that were, even then, carrying him on to his pantheistic conception of God, cannot but add new light to the "Ethics," and help the student to a fuller appreciation of Spinoza's mature philosophy.

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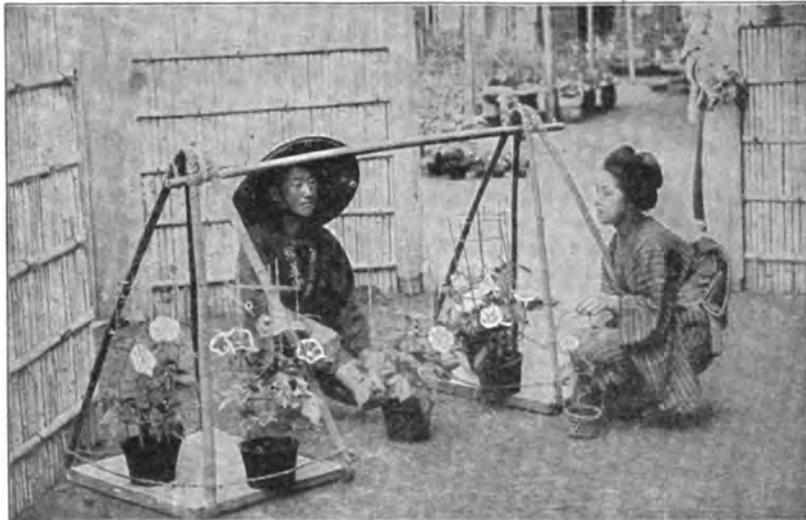
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To give us hope and peace that wither not.”

“Oh, for the heart
Of the morning-glory!
Which, though its bloom is for a single hour,
Is the same as that of the fir-tree,
Which lives a thousand years.”

Press Comments

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"Give me not, O God, that blind, fool faith in my friend, that sees no evil where evil is, but give me, O God, that sublime belief, that seeing evil I yet have faith."

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Not one holy day but seven;
Worshiping, not at the call of a bell, but at the call of my soul;
Singing, not at the baton's sway, but to the rhythm in my heart;
Loving because I must;
Doing for the joy of it.

Some one who has "entered in" sends back to us this inspiring prayer book, and to seize its spirit and walk in the light of it would still the moan and bitterness of human lives, as the bay wreath ends the toilsome struggle in the hero's path. Measure the height attained in this one reflection for the weary army of the unsuccessful: "He is to rejoice with exceeding great joy who plucks the fruit of his planting, but his the divine anointing who watched and waited, and toiled, and prayed, and failed—and can yet be glad." Or this, in exchange for the piping cries of the unfortunate: "I do not bemoan misfortune. To me there is no misfortune. I welcome whatever comes; I go out gladly to meet it." Cover all misfortune, too, with this master prayer: "O God, whatever befall, spare me that supreme calamity—let no after-bitterness settle down with me. Misfortune is not mine until that hour." Here, too, is the triumph of the unconquerable mind: "The earth shall yet surrender to him and the fates shall do his will who marches on, though the promised land proved to be but a mirage and the day of deliverance was canceled. The gods shall yet anoint him and the morning stars shall sing." And this the true prayer for the battlefield: "I never doubt my strength to bear whatever fate may bring, but, oh! that I may not go down before that which I bring myself."

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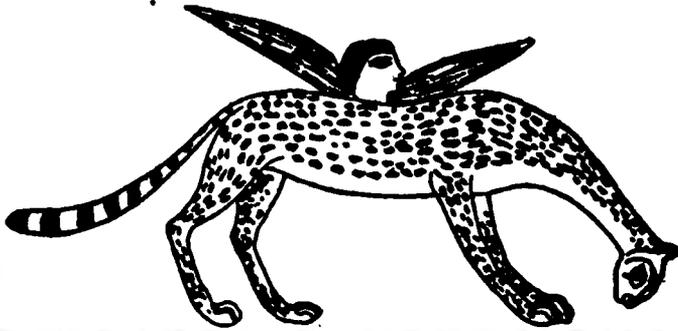
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