

The Open Court

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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

Founded by EDWARD C. HEGELER

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By SHIRLEY JACKSON CASE

*Professor of Early Church History and
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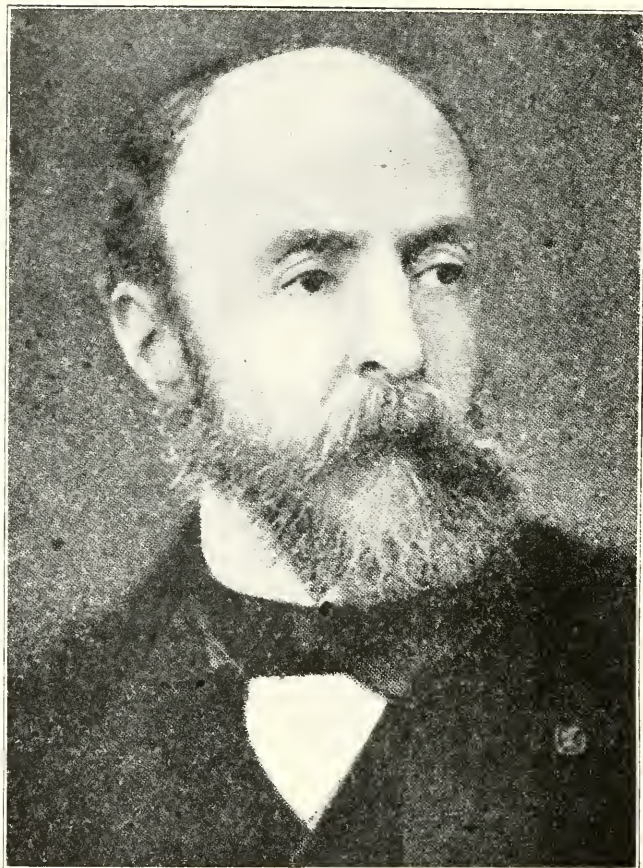
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EUGENE FROMENTIN.

(From the *Magazine of Art*, Cassell and Co., London, 1895.)

Frontispiece to The Open Court.

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THE FETISH OF ORGANIZATION.

BY GUY BOGART.

BIRTH, growth and death—the inevitable law of nature—applies with relentless and unvarying force. Organizations are not exempt from its workings.

From Protista to Primates, from atomic to astral, from individual to universal the law operates impartially. Although it is the custom to bury the dead bodies of even the most faithful and the greatest of the servants of humanity when clothed in tangible flesh and blood, humanity has tended to worship and to serve the social projection of the group even after the life has departed. Nay, it is not until an organization has been long past its prime and is tottering in senescence that the people in general hold it in greatest and most slavish reverence.

Last year I spaded my back yard. The fact that the Underwood proved more attractive than the spade and the growing of thoughts more alluring than the raising of vegetables is only an incident. There was joy in the use of the spade and hoe—in the fact that it was recreation and that the tools were not using me. They were only tools and did not own me.

How about our organizations? Are we using them, or do we merely "belong" to them? Personally I "belong" to no organization except those into which I was born, and I am working to make them serve the race. For all are only tools which grow duller with use, become broken and unfit for further service, and are soon old-fashioned and inadequate to meet the newer needs of progress.

Because there is danger of fetishism in group-activities is no argument for their discontinuance, but this danger makes an understanding of the basic nature of organization essential to our in-

telligent cooperation as world citizens. Organization is essential to progress. The physical body is the most highly correlative activity we know. Yet we must not forget the end in our enthusiasm for the means; for every help becomes a hindrance when misapplied or when a newer tool is required. There is a marked human tendency to worship organization more than progress. Humanity has ever created masters instead of servants. The pathway of history, indeed, is strewn with golden calves and misspent generations in the wilderness of institutions.

By all this we see a trace of the old barbarism of the race. The barbarian has one distinguishing feature (whether living in Zulu-land or Greenwich village). He is essentially a fetish-worshiper. While in every age the esoteric circle has broken through the darkness of form into the liberty of truth portrayed by the symbolism, the masses have ever bowed, as they do to-day, along with their "practical" leaders, before fetishes.

As a race the Aryan has not advanced beyond the stage of fetishism. Let us not laugh at the man who carried a potato in his pocket to ward off rheumatism, or at our darker brother who sees in the left posterior appendage of Br'er Rabbit a propitious omen.

The advancing waves of "new thought" and "free thinking" have toppled from their lofty pedestals the creeds and dogmas that enslaved the mind of the past. We must pause, however, to ask if we are really free or if we have but transferred our allegiance to a new set of idols. Perhaps *you* have not done so, but since such a course is both a racial and an individual tendency, we must be sure that our version of tolerance is merely a willingness for the the rest of the world to share our particular beliefs.

And may I pause to say with emphasis that neither you nor I nor any other person or group has corraled Truth and put a universal trade-mark upon it. . . . Thomas Paine's remark that if you do not agree with me it proves only one thing, that I do not agree with you, must be applied to ourselves as well as to the other fellow.

Candidly, now, does your organization serve you or do you serve your organization?

Are you still in the fetish-worshiping stage, bowing in slavery to your own faiths, philosophical systems, declarations of principles and constitutions, attaching a superstitious and unwarranted importance to these "scraps of paper"? Or are you employing these useful and necessary tools *as tools* for the construction of a universal brotherhood of cooperation and love?

What is the general process of group-formation such as we are discussing? Human society has moved forward with much the irregular progression of the ameba. This one-celled little soul responds to its environments by pushing fingerlike processes from any part of its body to surround whatever food is closest to its microcosm. If the object is not proper for nourishment the pseudopodia are withdrawn, but if the speck of contact is good for food the entire body slowly advances to the limit set by the pseudopodia and the mass digests the old food and proceeds to "organize" it while the pioneer feelers are again projected.

Mankind, too, has advanced irregularly through the leadership of little minorities—thinkers and mystics, poet-prophets—who pushed out from the mediocre majority to surround some tiny morsel in the infinite ocean of truth. In this "absorbing" pursuit, too many find satiety and insist that their tiny mote of truth is the open sesame for all time to the portals of emancipation.

Every organization contains within itself an inherent tendency to become static, whereas society is ever dynamic. Here is a source of much of the difficulty of coordinated social effort. Even as we grasp (relatively) truth in the light of to-day's experience, new events demand a readjustment of our estimate—a readjustment which a too-cumbersome machine (organization), creeds and constitutions tend to render difficult, if not impossible.

Discard our organizations, then? By no means—just study them and own them. The conception of institutionalism as a fetish is fundamental if we would advance from institutionalism to a wise and limited use of institutions. Our present slavery just shows how far humanity is from the goal of democracy. I have no desire to pretend that we are capable of supporting a democracy now, but it is well to have some idea of the preliminary conceptions necessary to work intelligently toward that far-distant goal of the race.

We know the organization of our own bodies only when we live unwisely. Rheumatism will make you painfully aware of the Amalgamated Association of Bones and of the Meat Trust. If you were intelligent you would never know these organized federations of your physical being. So in society. We are in a very rheumatic stage of development.

"Where two or three are gathered in my name." That is sufficient organization because the "two or three" are connected with the Divine Logos, the dynamic force of the universe. But where men and women are gathered together in the name of some group, they are getting their power from a storage-battery. Too

soon the original power of the Logos is exhausted. That is why we have revivals, reorganizations, house-cleanings and revolutions—when the spiritual urge drives men back to the Logos to recharge the batteries.

Some men have learned to put aside storage-batteries (organizations) and contact directly the live wire of the I Am That I Am. These are pioneer souls. They are message-bearers from the Most High. Such connection as theirs is not for the masses—not yet, not for those who “see through a glass darkly.” These are still attached to their storage-batteries and would prefer a dead battery to a live wire. That is why so many of the live-wire connections have been in prison all through the ages, as they are to-day. The majority of people are afraid of freedom. They are like the household with drawn curtains, dimly lighted by candles and the inmates refusing to open to the sunlight flooding the world outside.

Again, then, if I were able to connect all of you with the Divine Logos, I would not do away with all organization. But most of the institutionalism as we know it to-day will automatically drop away with understanding. What remains will not be felt any more than a healthy person feels the complex organization of his various bodies.

I speak as one who has worked through many organizations and sensed at once the power and the dangers thereof. I see an advance gleam of truth—either from the inner light or from the flaming torch of some seeker. By uniting with similarly-sighted individuals a machine—a tool—is formed through which to nurse the flame to greater light and propagate the gleam. We have taken a cross-section of the stream of evolution, studied it and examined many details in the laboratory of our organization, forgetful that all the while the stream is flowing onward and gathering new meaning all the way.

In consternation we cry for evolution and revolution to work themselves out in accordance with our blueprints and specifications. That is, the other fellow has done so through the ages. “My” group has “The Truth.” I wonder, after all, if it may not be just a wee bit possible that you and I may not stumble into the common pitfall? We want evolution to work without, instead of reversing the process. There is ever a tendency to forget that “the bird of time is on the wing,” and with varying brands of “truth” salt we set out to decorate the tail of the fleeting social bird.

Organization, from the earliest development of mankind, has tended after the first warm enthusiasm to attach importance to

itself *per se*, to rest on the laurels of past achievement. The members tend to drop the scientific attitude for the orthodox. Within human limitations no other fate is possible for an organization. The movement is ever forward; the organization, after the high-water mark of achievement, is ever backward.

Death, new births, death, birth. The cycles go ever round as far as the individual is concerned. The individual dies (only to return for further development); the species (also advancing with a distinctive group-soul) is perpetuated through the ages. Eons see the species disappear; life continues. The organization exists only to aid (for its little hour) the ever-upward movement of society.

Nor is one cause alone the corner-stone of evolution, nor one institution the projection of the infinite.

Countless forces act, interact and react in the ramifying maze of our social fabric. The resultant force is the measure of social development. The trouble with most institutionalized units is that they think the resultant force is due to their one factor. The rationalist is as irrational a creature as one will find anywhere. "A rationalist," it has been said, "is one who is religiously irreligious," somewhat after the nature of the Indian's tree which was so straight that it leaned the other way. Our radical groups as a rule tend likewise to adopt a faith to be defended, living in the glories of the fathers of their movements, forgetting in greater or less measure the spirit of those old leaders according to the length of time the organization has been drawing upon the storage-battery originally charged by the leaders. It is a natural and (seemingly) inevitable working of psychological laws.

Any new group in its youthful days begins work on an improved social structure. About the time the foundation is fairly under way the builders begin to pay more attention to the trade-marks on the bricks than to the nature of the structure itself. They see others on the job, under the inspiration of different philosophical fathers. Instead of cooperation and toleration, there is a tendency—attributable to the fetish of organization—for each group to build about itself a great wall, windowless and doorless, defying all others to enter. So, instead of a great social edifice constructed by divers groups working in harmony of toleration, there is danger of a large number of the one-room prisons of progress. I should perhaps not say this is a danger. It is, rather, a hindrance, perhaps a wise natural preventive against too rash action. For there are always rebels who

will not be bound by creeds, nor accept a new as better than an old orthodoxy.

Come-outism is the saving ferment of society, rescuing it from the stagnation of static organization. The builders have ever been filled with this spirit. Isaiah, Hosea and all the long line of prophets of every race illustrate the point. These rebels thundered against the ecclesiastical and political exploiters of their day. Their followers of every subsequent generation have worshiped a dead religion founded upon played-out storage-batteries of these old live wires; and in the same men who scorned the organized misrule of their day has been upheld the oppression of untold missions. It is the curse of organization wrongly understood and misapplied.

Conservatism is the price we pay for any set form. Growth can come only by change. Constitutions, forms, rules, creeds, declarations, while essential in certain stages of human development—or at least convenient in the swaddling-clothes period of racial development—are to some degree hindering forces as well. At the best, they should be elastic and relative, not binding—made for use and not for their own sake. There is nothing sacred in form and method. Results alone count.

What is a constitution
That I should obey it?
A constitution
Is a crystallization of thought,
A limitation to activity,
A barrier to advancement.

A crystal is dead.
Only the lifeless finds final form
In crystallization.

The agate forests of America
Are curiosities and objects of beauty
To dangle as ornaments
Or serve as paperweights.
Once they were living trees,
Chlorophyll-bearing, breathing—
Feeling expressions of life,
Until the winter of crystallization
Brought death to their
Powers of expression;
And development ceased,
Even as social growth
Is stifled by crystallization through constitutions.

Those who have swept aside the fogysm of dying worshipers must not become lost in the same fogs of creed, even if it is "My" creed and was once revolutionary in nature. All organizations must emerge from the philosophies of the past—even if but yesterday—into the actualities of the present, with eyes set on the morrow, if they are to continue to lead the race in the battles for emancipation.

Let us cease to be fetish-worshippers. Let us cease to worry over any particular organization, group or institution, even if it is "mine." The only important matter is that there shall be organized effort—preferably by spontaneous organization—based on love. Let us never forget the end through adoration of the means.

There is scant place in the new mysticism for the doctrinaire, the lover of constitutions and fixed authority, the overorganized, the orthodox, the imitator, the "practical" man. The hope lies in the rebel, the come-outer, the dreamer, the inspired lunatic, who plunges into the great adventures of Truth free and untrammelled by creeds, constitutions and by-laws of his own or any other's making.

But we must never grow so superior that we shall look with contempt upon organizations now functioning. It took me some time to grow out of this habit. The idea has been well expressed in "Isis":

"Colored blocks are necessary in the kindergarten, primers for children, textbooks for the training of the mind in school and college; but when the mind has been trained it must then put that training into use in a practical way: in business under the head of the firm or manager; in art, under a great teacher; in spiritual things, under a Master of Wisdom.

"But remember that, because you are no longer interested in colored blocks or primers you once thought so beautiful, you are not to despise the children who still cling to them, or find fault with the teachers of the a-b-c's.

"All have their place, and the children will grow away from the blocks when they have learned their lessons, just as you have grown. The proof that you have outgrown earthly organizations will be the love and tolerance with which you treat all your brothers and sisters who still feel the need of such methods.

"To rail at organizations, especially one which has helped you to reach your present state, and those who work in them, is proof that you still need their discipline. Every uplifting movement or teaching has its place and has for followers those who need its lessons."

No organization could exist if it did not meet the requirements of some individuals. The task of the new mysticism will not be to

overthrow organizations, but to break the spirit of fetishism, which is only the chief distinguishing feature of barbarism. Our leaders must learn to live above organizations. We may safely function through as many as we please, but we are lost if we "belong" to any institutions.

A middle course between the spirit of the iconoclast and the fetish-worshiper is requisite in the difficult days of spiritual reconstruction in the new world dispensation.

CLASS CONSCIOUSNESS.

BY CHAPIN C. PERRY.

OF all terms that, to the lay mind, suggest narrowness, bigotry, intolerance, hatred and defeat of purpose, the words class consciousness, as employed by, and narrowly applied to the interests of, the working class, probably take the front rank. The words are essentially belligerent and arbitrarily and at once place every person claiming other recognition in the enemy class. For an intelligent being, therefore, to ally himself with such mental attitude is, in the eyes of the world at large, to alienate himself from all that is intelligent and to make a wanton and useless sacrifice of the respect of whatever goes to make up that intelligence.

Mankind, to-day, is recognized as divided into three classes, the capitalist class, the producing class and the consuming class, popularly known as capital, labor and consumer; each with its peculiar material interests which it must subserve or perish notwithstanding that these may and do vitally interfere with, and antagonize, the material interests of one or both of the other two classes.

The word "class" rather implies the existence of one or more other classes whose interests are antagonistic to it. The capitalist class, in the eyes of the other two, is virtually regarded the enemy of both the producing and the consuming classes. It holds, or at least has hitherto held, the producing class down to the lowest wage and regards the consuming class as its ancient and legitimate prey. It is the wolf in the sheep fold.

Between the capitalist class and the consuming class the fight is ever on. The capitalist class wants as much as it can get and to that end uses every machination its cunning can devise. The consuming class wants to buy as cheaply as possible but it has never to the present day shown any great demonstration of fighting power. It is the sheep of the pasture.

Likewise the producing and the consuming classes have a fight of their own. The producing class demands what it can get regardless of the position the consuming class is put in and just now the

consuming class is prone to regard the producing class as a modern and implacable foe. The producing class is the goat of pronounced butting proclivities. To-day the war of classes is at its height.

Now class consciousness is an individual experience insinuating itself into the minds of men and women of all three classes. It is not primarily or essentially a feeling of antagonism, except that, as the words are caught up by members of the capitalist and consuming classes, or the socially unenlightened of the producing class, in their literal sense and seen to be applicable alike to whichever class may use them to further its material interests, it is prone to be so regarded by them. Class consciousness as a shibboleth was a discovery of the producer; the discovery that the producing class is the only real class and that any and all others are counterfeits and imposters to be treated as such. How do we deal with counterfeits and imposters? With suavity and in kid-glove fashion or with quick and decisive rejection? Pass to a bank teller with your deposit, even most innocently, a spurious coin and instantly he clips it in two and hands 'it back to you no longer a counterfeit and that without asking your pleasure in the matter. One would not knowingly harbor an insane or dangerous or evil person in his household, even though such one displayed throughout his stay an amiable and agreeable mood, but would eject him before his violent character manifested itself. Be it known, however, that evil masquerading as good is far more potent for ill among the socially unenlightened than are its hideous features with the counterfeiting mask removed.

It is to be observed at this point that whereas it is a simple thing to divide the world into classes with antagonistic material interests it is not so easy, once you try to do so, to place human beings definitely into one of these classes to the exclusion of the other two. You would have to resort to surgery to accomplish this because veritably a man's head may be the uncompromising enemy of his stomach, for while the former may be used altogether in the service of the capitalist class his stomach belongs irrefutably to the consuming class. The capitalist is an embodiment of conflicting and antagonistic interests. His flesh and blood are engaged in internecine strife. Similarly situated is the producer to-day for he is at the same time a consumer as well. His hands and feet act in concert to produce and a never-ending esophagus claims a considerable part of his product. Here is a case where both ends are bucking the middle. He is a house divided against itself and so indeed are all the members of the several classes in their turn. It is to be

emphasized that while the material interests of the three classes are sharply antagonistic the economic interests of the individuals composing these classes are not so.

Now who or what is a capitalist. A rich man? No, that is no test. Some producers are rich. Some capitalists are poor. Whether or not a man is a capitalist depends not at all upon his possessions of which he may have many or few but upon his mode of thinking. Of a truth the majority of poor persons are capitalists: that is, they look upon property and possessions as the prevailing system of ethics has taught them to do and are blind to the error that holds humanity—the entire three classes—in its mesmeric grip. Some rich people have had their eyes opened to this error and henceforward are no longer numbered with the capitalists regardless of the conventional methods of earning a livelihood they may pursue or the gains they may derive from them. The capitalist is he to whom the present-day estimate of morality and ethics is inflexible and standard.

Nor is the worker necessarily the producer. A vast amount of energy is spent foolishly and in vain, often in nerve-racking and soul-destroying employment, and all of it is paid for in sustenance wrought by the producer. One type of producer may all his life long have been considered by his friends an idle dreamer. He may even have had a great distaste for toil as it is known to-day and his activity, seemingly fruitless, may have been altogether mental and centered about an idea that, to him at least, must one day materialize and bear fruit. This type of producer is peculiar to the age, is judged harshly by the capitalist and oftentimes so by the consumer, but is recognized as altogether a legitimate charge on production by the class-conscious producer.

To the discerning the capitalist class must disappear. Its transient character is evidenced everywhere by a rapid and seemingly endless succession of social disruptions, wars, labor disturbances, legislative enactments framed to confiscate profits; all aiming at reform but blindly working out the behests of the social revolution that shall accomplish the industrial emancipation of the world. The passing of the capitalist class merely marks its transition into the proletariat, or working, or producing class and the moment this is accomplished the social miracle, the dream of all Utopias, the "plan of the ages," the "desire of all nations," has come to pass—the producing and the consuming classes have merged into one homogeneous unit with a common enthusiasm and but a single interest.

CAPITAL.

BY T. B. STORK.

CAPITAL with a big C has been the *bête noire* of socialists and other radical reformers of the social order for so long a time that its evil character has come to be a generally accepted truism. It is the fashion to denounce capital and capitalists as things that like vice and crime are to be suppressed to secure the welfare of society. It was the habit of those who wished to stigmatize the recent war to call it a capitalistic war, as if that term alone, whatever it might mean, would condemn it.

It would seem, therefore, only timely and suitable to put in some plea for capital in answer to the many strong indictments brought against it. For capital, properly understood, is no Juggernaut of evil that rides roughshod over all that stands in its way; no abstract embodiment of all that is wicked and heartless, but a perfectly natural concomitant of modern industrial activity, as necessary to its growth and prosperity as water or air, and in fact, as great a benefactor as either. It is a part, and an essential part, of the system. How and by whom it shall be owned may be a question, but its existence and necessity are not arguable matters. Whether owned by individuals or in any other way, its function and behavior as capital will not vary materially. Certain requirements and certain methods of action are so essential to its existence and growth, that no matter who owns it, these will and must prevail and govern, or capital itself will be destroyed. And if capital be destroyed, with it will be destroyed all the industrial activity which rests upon it as a foundation; society would return to the primitive activities of the individual worker, each man for and by himself. For without capital all the vast combinations of machinery and workmen, with their infinite subdivisions of labor and specialized tasks, would be impossible. By capital and capital alone are these made possible: understanding by capital, the whole store of useful things in the

world, from wheat and beef to houses, hotels, factories, locomotives, ships, machines and all the other more elusive elements of capitalistic organization, banks, insurance companies, scientific laboratories with their delicate apparatus, hospitals, schools and colleges, warehouses and retail shops, the industrial organized army of engineers, chemists, draftsmen, specialists of various sorts, down to the private soldier, the manual laborer of the complicated organization. All this industrial structure presupposes capital in great and generous amounts. So far from its being denounced, it should be cherished and helped and *qua* capital highly esteemed by those who owe to it every comfort of civilized society.

When we come to the further question of how and by whom it should be owned, how it should be controlled, if at all, legitimate differences of opinion are quite admissible. That it must be owned by somebody is equally clear with the necessity for its presence in industrial society. For capital is not automatic nor autonomous; it does not act mechanically; it must be handled and managed and used by human intelligence; nothing will disappear so rapidly as capital badly used or carelessly applied, and nothing will yield such rich and beneficial results if skilfully employed.

The handling of capital is one of the great problems of the industrial world, and it is because the ownership of capital and its handling are so bound together that the ownership of capital becomes of moment. The man who handles capital must be the owner to all intents and purposes. And it is this handling of capital that is vitally important to the welfare of society, so much so, since the ownership cannot be, or at any rate, never has been, successfully separated from the handling, that it becomes of general importance. Up to the present time, capital has been owned by individuals who have of course handled it as their own.

That capital must exist and continue its functions, if the present industrial civilization is to continue to grow and flourish, must be conceded by the most radical reformer, and therefore the only question must be who is to handle or own it, since handling and ownership are inseparable. There are only two or three ways possible. The government or the community as a whole might own and handle it by appropriate public officials; or a committee or commission made up of representatives of the various classes interested in the industry, either workmen or employees or government officials, each representing their particular interests and acting as a controlling body over the industry, the ownership being vested in the commission or committee for the benefit of all concerned; or lastly, the

present, almost universal method of handling might be employed, in which the owner of the capital by himself and for himself and at his own risk, manages his capital in whatever shape it may happen to be, a bank, a manufacturing plant, a mine, oil well, or railroad.

How well governments, committees of workmen, or of soldiers and workmen, as in Russia, handle capital, there are fortunately, by way of warning, numerous and very recent examples, the mere mention of which would seem sufficient evidence that so far as actually tried, such joint ownership, or handling separate from ownership, has not been successful. There are no exceptions to this so far as known to the writer. In these United States the Government, during the late war, took and handled the railroads, in consequence of which there ensued rates for freight and passenger service higher than ever before: notwithstanding which the taxpayers must contribute hundreds of thousands of dollars in addition to make up the deficit in fixed charges. In England the like condition prevails with the difference that no increase in freight rates has been made. Individual ownership and management have always been more successful in handling capital, just as in the handling of all great enterprises, in conducting wars and commanding armies, it has always been the personal equation that counted, brought success or precipitated failure. War and industry are alike in that they have never been successfully conducted by committees or syndicates: they are one-man jobs in the sense that one man must control and judge and decide. It is he who brings success, not the workmen. The first Napoleon, quoted with approval by Marshall Foch, expresses the great truth when he says:

"It was not the Roman legions that conquered the Gauls, but Cæsar. It was not the Carthaginian soldiers that made Rome tremble, but Hannibal. It was not the Macedonian phalanx that penetrated India, but Alexander. It was not the French army that reached the Weser and the Inn, but Turenne. It was not the Prussian soldiers that for seven years defended Prussia against the most formidable powers in Europe, it was Frederick the Great."¹

If any one supposes that this task of handling capital or handling armies or nations is a light task, of little or no great importance to the well-being of people, requiring no particular talent, let him supplement the remarks of Napoleon by observing the vast consequences that ensue for weal or woe upon the employment of these masters of men. Contemplate the state of Germany after her four or five years handling by her German masters. How much would

¹ *Quarterly Review*, Jan., 1919.

it have been worth, think you, to the German people if instead of these men they had been handled by wise, capable rulers who, avoiding blunders, could have so managed their affairs that success, prosperity, peace, might have been their lot?

But the case is not different, save in degree, whether the men are charged with nations or industry, in both it is the capacity of some one or two men that makes for prosperity or ruin. The man who can handle capital in the huge amounts that modern industry demands must have many of the qualities of a great general: organizing ability, foresight, judgment—that supreme quality that seems to combine all the others.

Capital viewed in this light is a far different thing from the picture of the socialists who present it as some Moloch of iniquity devouring men, women and children for its own gratification. According to them, the rich man or capitalist takes all his income and expends it for his own selfish personal ends. And this income is taken from his neighbors who are thus that much poorer by reason of his riches. This is a perfectly fanciful picture with only enough truth to make its essential falsehood misleading. That there is a certain number of rich spendthrifts is of course true, but the general prevalence of such conduct among the rich would speedily result in the destruction of all capital. Everything depends on the angle of view in matters that deal so largely with sentiment as this question of capital, of riches and poverty does. To represent the rich man, the capitalist, as enjoying and recklessly expending great income for his pleasure, while his poorer neighbors have scarcely enough to feed and clothe themselves and their children, is to make a very moving appeal against him. But change the angle of view, see the facts as they really are, and much of the feeling of injustice will disappear. Understand the real function in the social order of capital and of its owners, the rich men denounced by socialist propaganda. Conceive capital in its true character, as something owned by individuals, it is true, but requiring and demanding of its owners that they manage it and handle it in certain ways, for certain social uses, on penalty of losing it; that for this handling and management they take for their own use a certain amount which, if you please, is their compensation, their wages of administration. If they exceed that, spend more than the proper allowance, exceed their income, they lose their share of capital, which passes to other and more competent hands. Or, to put it concisely, rich men own and manage capital, each his own particular share, and take of its earnings or profits what they like, it is true, for their

reward, but always under penalty of losing it if they exceed a just sum.

Capital, by its very nature, exercises this compelling influence on its owners; they must observe the rules and the rationale of its existence and activity. It is not a matter of their volition; it is a necessity growing out of capital's essential character. How many rich men, disregarding these rules, lose their ownership and management of it is something to be daily seen in the industrial and financial world. Bad judgment in investments which means incapable handling, extravagant expenditure which means a failure to observe that Kronos-like peculiarity of capital to always demand much of its profits for reinvestment, brings the disobedient rich man to poverty every day and on every occasion of his disobedience with unfailing certainty. For capital, like the fabled Kronos, has the fatal characteristic of devouring its offspring, and for the same reason as the Greek divinity. To preserve itself, to perpetuate its own growth and existence, it must consume its children. And the rich man might well be represented as an officer or representative of the industrial organization, who, after deducting his own living expenses, is occupied in reinvesting capital for the use and advantage of society.

Capital devours its earnings or profits and must do so. There is a fundamentally mistaken supposition upon which many socialistic views are based, that this is not a true characteristic of capital, but that the earnings or income or interest on capital might be distributed to all that do not receive them, thus increasing their living wages, and which, if not so distributed, are simply squandered selfishly by their rich owners for their own luxuries. The truth being that the major part of the returns of capital must go back into the industrial organization which produced them if continued progress is to be made in national wealth and prosperity. If the aggregate of all the money spent by rich men for themselves were compared to the amount invested by them, the percentage would be surprisingly small. Of one wealthy man it was said that he lived on the income of his income each year. Distribute all the income of the rich, so much per capita, to everybody and it would simply mean a robbery of the future, a crippling of the great spur to industrial improvement; it would be the wasting of the seed-corn of the coming harvest. Even as it is much of the income is wasted, unavoidably wasted, in experiments and enterprises that fail, but without which many of the improvements of living would cease; for out of these failures every now and then there emerges some

helpful, useful thing which but for the failures might never come into being. How much capital was "wasted" in experimenting before we got the steam-engine, the telegraph, the generation of electricity by water-power, the steamship, even the humble india-rubber of commerce which it took Goodyear years to find by mixing every possible ingredient he could think of before he found that by adding sulphur to caoutchouc he could get a substance capable of being moulded and shaped for the various uses now made of rubber.

The Kronos character of capital may be best understood if we take the reports of our great corporations. They exhibit to the highest and most perfect degree the functioning of capital in industrial society. For corporations of the size referred to are so large, so free from all personal equations, that they seem like an example of the working-out of some purely theoretical problem in economics. Select a great railroad, a great manufacturing plant, and a great mining enterprise, so that there may be a sufficiently wide sweep of the industrial field, and observe how much of the earnings are distributed to the stockholders and how much is simply and perforce, as a matter of self-preservation put back into the plant, and there will be a vivid realization of this great and important characteristic of capital. To save itself from destruction, to perpetuate itself, it must devour its offspring. It is true, as in the case of the fable one child, Zeus, was saved from the all-devouring Kronos, so capital does permit a certain amount of its earnings to go to stockholders in the shape of dividends, but a comparison of the sums set aside for depreciation, surplus, etc., etc., with the sums paid in dividends, will afford convincing proof of the all-devouring nature of capital. The last report of the Pennsylvania R. R. Company reads in one part as follows:

Capital stock	506	millions
Surplus	260	"
Net annual earnings	37	"
Dividends	29	"

leaving over one fifth of its earnings for surplus or investment. The New York Central earned $25\frac{1}{2}$ millions and paid dividends of $12\frac{1}{2}$ millions, only one half its earnings.

The U. S. Steel Corporation has a common and preferred stock of 860 millions; it has a total surplus of 541 millions, and out of its net earnings (1917) of 274 millions it paid about $50\frac{1}{2}$ millions (extra dividends may have increased this somewhat), so that 224

millions were set aside for reinvestment and only one fifth of its earnings paid out to its stockholders.

The Utah Copper Company has a capital of 16 millions, and an earned surplus of 48 millions; in 1916 it earned 39 millions and paid in dividends 19 millions, less than one half its earnings, leaving nearly 20 millions to go into surplus. And copper mining companies are not usually supposed to be in the conservative and constructive class of industrial enterprises.

The Pittsburg Coal Company has a capital, in round figures, of 58 millions; its yearly dividend is about 3.7 millions out of earnings of nearly 24 millions, say one sixth of its earnings; and it has a surplus of 66 millions.

It must also be remembered that of these dividends paid to stockholders a considerable amount is usually reinvested by the recipients.

The demand for more capital by prosperous and going corporations may be said to be insatiable. Some able managers of them have declared that a company that did not require more money every year was going backward. But there could be no clearer or more convincing evidence than the surplus set aside from earnings or profits by every large corporation, for those surpluses mean just one thing, the absolute necessity of all business for constantly increasing doses of capital. It is nothing more or less than Kronos devouring his offspring.

So much for capital on the personal side of the rich men, its owners and managers; there is, however, a much wider and broader view to be taken. Capital means much more than this; the whole fabric of civilized life is built on capital; here is a nut for socialists and other denouncers of capital to crack; if they were asked what made the difference between the half savage creature of the stone age and the present workman of the humblest and least prosperous sort that walks our streets to-day, with a trolley-car at his beck and call, a store at his right hand, a telephone on his left, with a telegraph, a railroad, a hospital, a school waiting on his needs, there could be but one answer—Capital with the largest possible C.

How capital first came into existence, the how and why of its generation might be hard to state with any definiteness. It must have had its first beginnings in the savings from those results of labor which were not needed for immediate consumption. These were probably very small and insignificant at first, for the man of the stone age would have all he could do to extract a scanty subsistence from the earth; if he contrived to build a hut or even

a cave, and to fashion a few rude instruments of labor between his struggles for bare food, that would be the greatest contribution to capital possible for him, for such hut or tools would be essentially capital, since not being at once consumed they would be entitled to go into the class of capitalistic goods or things saved for future usefulness. For two thousand years of authentic history capital grew very slowly, there was little permanent increase. Great cities, palaces of kings, immense temples to the gods, public works, theaters, roads, sewers there were; and there were also slaves and fruit-trees and cattle; some small store, in advance of immediate consumption, of corn and oil and wine. But of this small capital frequent and destructive wars took heavy toll, so that of capital in the modern sense and to the large amounts now so common, there never was any existence. This is quite evident when we read of the small sums of money with which kings and nations dealt. In early times and down to quite late centuries, great sums of money were unknown. Or rather, and more correctly, it might be said there was no great stock of things of comforts and conveniences of life that go to the making of capital, and of which money is only the convenient symbol or token. There was no capital in the stone age because there were no things, except a few skins, some stone tools, a scanty and uncertain supply of food. Comfort makes capital; capital makes comfort. There was no comfort and no food in the early times as comfort and food are now understood. Take the least considered of the many items of the present comforts of life, even as late as three hundred years ago, those now universally common articles, tea, sugar, coffee, tobacco, cocoa, potatoes, were almost unknown. Tea came to Europe in 1615, 1660, sugar in small quantities as early as 1319, coffee in 1652, cocoa in 1657, tobacco in 1586, potatoes in 1563. The amount of money spent in England alone in 1901, and for that trifling luxury, tobacco, exceeded the total revenue of the Roman Republic in the time of Julius Cæsar. This revenue was, in round figures, \$7,500,000, and, allowing for the greater value of money in those days, may be called 30 million dollars of modern value,² against which England, in 1901, consumed 122 million pounds of tobacco, which at the very moderate price of 30 cents per pound would give an expenditure of over \$36,000,000.

Or, taking a great leap, we may quote the earnings estimated by our Government of the factories, farms, railroads and mines only of the United States at 50 billion dollars per annum. This may

² See Ferrero, *The Greatness of Rome*.

give us some faint idea of the meaning of capital and its uses in modern times.

It is said by some economists that it was the silver of the mines of Peru and Mexico that awakened the dormant industrial activities of the Middle Ages; they put money in circulation, stimulated commerce, and quickened industry. This is in a measure very probable, but what would money do, however abundant, with nothing to buy! The mere appearance of money does not create purchasable articles. May it not be equally probable that the gradual increase of the number of useful purchasable things, i. e., of capital, may have increased the demand for money, for the easy exchange of them? Might it not very well have been that the many articles of commerce that made their appearance almost simultaneously with the silver of America have had more to do with the quickening of trade and the rise of the middle classes than silver? Less conspicuous than that precious metal they added, in reality much more to real comfort and to the stimulation of new wants.

In 1885 England consumed 182 million pounds of tea, 1,100,000 pounds of sugar; in 1873, 32 million pounds of coffee; in 1875, nearly 10 million pounds of cocoa; in 1901, 122 million pounds of tobacco; in 1884 the value of the potato crop alone was 75 million dollars, more than twice the revenue of the Roman Republic mentioned above. All these luxuries, if you choose to call them so, were unknown a few hundred years previously, and they are but a few, being cited here rather for their unsuspected significance to make impressive the lesson that it was these and their like that constituted and demanded capital in the modern world. And as they keep increasing, capital too must increase; every added comfort of life means just that much more capital and capital requirements, and just that many more rich men to own and manage it in spite of themselves for the good of all, and that many more poor men to use and enjoy the new comforts—for without their use and enjoyment the comforts would have no value to their owners. In other words, wealth must always and of necessity be common wealth, that is, all wealth must be common to all; there is no such thing as wealth exclusively for a few rich people. What would be the value of ownership in a trolley road, a theater, a factory, save for the use of these and their products by everybody? Thus the rich may be properly regarded as stewards of the wealth of the community, who keep investing and reinvesting its savings. This they do from no benevolent or philanthropic motives, but simply and selfishly by a sort of blind instinct much as bees store up the honey of their hives.

EUGENE FROMENTIN—A PAINTER IN PROSE.

BY LEWIS PIAGET SHANKS.

FOR an Algerian picture, its coloring seems at first glance too restrained. The great museum has so many of the gaudier modern Orientalists, so many attempts to put on canvas the vibrancy of tropic sunlight; eyes dazzled by their rainbow hues must here wait a moment for an adequate impression. With the *plein-airistes* no less than *en plein air*, one does not pass directly from prismatic color into this living light, soft, diffused, enwrapping the whole subject in poetic atmosphere.

It is called "Arabs Forging a Stream." Dark brown sleeps the river of the foreground, under banks relieved by the olive-green of clustering trees. An Arab on a white horse is charging up the shoals, whilst others ahead climb the sands of the farther shore, their faces turned toward the desert that obviously lies beyond the hills. It is a sultry afternoon, for horizon and light-blue sky are obscured by trailing clouds; veiled, too, the African sun whose naked rays would have turned this triumph of tone to a bald photographic anecdote. The color is warm yet delicate, the dominant brown-gray bringing out the dripping white or black or bay of the sleek Arabians, bestriden by figures draped in dull blues and reds and white; the tonal quiet gives splendid relief to those glossy straining haunches, bearing their riders away to the Land of the Sun. . . . The artist? He is the painter who first made the pilgrimage here symbolized, the artist who discovered Algeria, who revealed with brush and pen the charm of the coast country and the burning glories of the Sahara.

"Eugène Fromentin, 1820-1876"—reads the inscription. To the centenary there indicated, one's handbook adds the fact that Fromentin was a pioneer of realism. Although dated 1873, this painting seems far closer to the romantic school, with its dreamy exotic charm, drawing one back to the Orient of *The Arabian Nights* or the older Bible story—these swarthy horsemen pursuing Old World adventures through an Eastern wilderness, in a light

which breathes the peace of Allah's paradise. And musing in the spell of its color-harmonies, of its composition—so satisfying, so balanced despite the daring lines of river-gorge and hill—one cannot fail to see that the painter is a lover of the great style and the great tradition, a close student of the Old Masters and in his freer modern way almost as classical as they.

So to-day he finds his place among them, in the galleries of Paris, and no traveler who has once seen the silvery morning sky of the Louvre Falcon Hunt will ever forget that miracle of cool shimmering radiance, even beside the Corots whose influence is so plain in the pearly softness of its color. The discriminating observer will wish to see all the others, in which Fromentin expresses for Algeria and the desert the very genius of place, with a synthetic breadth that leaves him still unrivaled. A romanticist saturated with classicism—one of the successors of Delacroix whom the exotic Orient enabled to become a realist—such is the artist Fromentin: a poet saved from realism by his love of light in all its magical moods, the light of dawn, of evening, of quivering sultry afternoon. . . . But Paris is too far and photographs too unsatisfactory for us to consider his painting; one would gladly give the illustrations of Gonse's biography for an afternoon in the Louvre and the Luxembourg galleries. It were better to review his masterpieces—now ranked even higher—in that other art of which all the world may possess authentic copies, the art of painting in words.

In neither field was he especially precocious. Unlike Gautier, a poet and prentice painter at twenty, or Flaubert who scribbled volumes of juvenilia in his teens, their future fellow-realist grew up a sober and obedient boy, a model scholar, graduating at seventeen with ten prizes and completing his year of philosophy with the highest honors of his class. Inheriting the mental powers of his father, an able physician of La Rochelle, and the sensibility of his Breton mother, he naturally dreamed of a literary career like so many others of his generation; and naturally, too, the tragic love-affair of his youth found expression in verse. But obedient to his father, who despite his own hobby for painting refused to consider seriously his son's sketches or verses, he went to the capital at nineteen to study law, and with truly French docility submitted to this plan of his parents until he was over twenty-five. Once in Paris, however, he found time to hear the lectures of Sainte-Beuve and prove his discipleship in sporadic verse and criticism, to study the Louvre, the Salons, and even to enter a famous studio as pupil—a temporary concession by which his father hoped to distract him

from his grief at the death of his lost love. With his friend Du Mesnil, whose niece he was later to marry, he made a three weeks' trip to Africa in the company of a young native artist, and returning, the ardent admirer of the rising Oriental school prepared at twenty-five his first offerings to the Salon. He had found his way at last; he had discovered Algeria.

With the sale of one of these paintings, favorably noted by the critic Gautier, parental opposition was partially overcome, and within a year a second visit to his adopted country ripened his memories and added to his portfolios. He is delighted with the land, with its character, with the nature he finds there. "Of all the types I know, this is the best adapted to give breadth to one's drawing. However numerous and discordant the details, they form an ensemble always simple, always legible to the eye and easy to portray pictorially." And besides his sketches he is writing letters to Du Mesnil—a diary of his journey—whose clear and vivid notes will later enter into the texture of *A Year in the Sahel*. He is preparing himself in two arts because of his eagerness to express all of Algeria, supplementing his yet unskilful brush by the pen as the poignancy of his impressions imperatively demands.

Had these letters been rewritten and published then, as projected during the hesitations of the following summer, in the last of those long depressing returns to his home and the scene of his first grief, he might easily have leapt into fame as a writer, with an initial success equal to Gautier's just published *Voyage in Spain*. But Fromentin was twenty-eight before he at last asserted his freedom and returned definitely to Paris and the studio. Henceforth the story of his life is the history of his paintings and his books. Saluted as master of the Oriental school in the Salons of 1849 and 1850, he was enabled to marry and take the long wedding tour to his beloved Africa which gave us *A Summer in the Sahara* and the completed *Year in the Sahel*.

The latter should be read first, although published two years later, so that one may penetrate the Sahara with Fromentin from the shores of Provence. He had passed the previous summer in that sunny land, which prepares for the Orient, calling one ever southward by its golden light and its deep blue skies. Now, with his career decided and his happiness secured, he will go to Africa, "word that makes the lovers of discoveries dream," go there to drink his fill of light and color. There is something of romantic weariness and pessimism, or the fatalistic spirit of the East, in his decision to live this year through in the Sahel (Arabic for coast),

that strip of land which extends along the midland sea on either side of Algiers. "Why should not the essence of Algeria," he exclaims, "be contained in the little space framed by my window?" He will let adventure come to him, certain that he is the center of his own universe, esthetically no less than philosophically. So he takes a house with a garden of rose and orange trees, a house from which he can see all one side of the Sahel and the slope behind—a country of groves and marshes, farms and villages, backed by the blue chain of the Kabyle mountains and faced by the deeper blue of the Mediterranean. Westward he looks out on Algiers the White, with its ramparts and minarets and ship-filled port—Algiers the city of his dreams, which, at sunrise, "when it takes on light and color from the vermeil ray that every morning comes to it from Mecca, one might think had sprung the day before from an immense block of white marble, veined with pink."

Everywhere the description is precise, vivid and complete. It is perfect because it is not mere eye-work; the artist has used all the palette of the senses and painted the picture in the warmth of his personal feeling:

"My bedroom faces the south. From it I have a view over the hills, whose first undulations begin fifty meters beyond my garden. The whole slope is carpeted with trees and colored in a harsher green as the year completes its course. Scarcely visible there are a few light trees, old aspens gilded by the autumn and one would say covered with sequins. Only the almond-trees have already lost their leaves.

"The little houses built in this paradise by voluptuaries now dead, are of the purest Arab style and white as lilies. Few windows, queer-looking party-walls, bedrooms one can surmise, circular divans indicated by tiny domes, and trellised openings that make one dream. The morning sky bathes these mysteries in its cool and vivid light. The pigeons of my back court are cooing, setting the musical note of this delightful picture, and from time to time a white pair pass noisily across the window, sending their shadows clear to my bed.

"...I do not need to tell you that everything in this country delights me. The season is magnificent; the astounding beauty of the sky would redeem even a land devoid of grace. The summer continues, although it is November. The year will end without a season of gloom; winter will come without our seeing or fearing it. Why should not human life end like an African autumn, under a clear sky and a warm wind, without decrepitude and without forebodings?"

Could one imagine a more sympathetic guide for an arm-chair journey than Fromentin? He haunts the Arab quarters of Algiers, so tranquil and meditative, where once inside the gates, "queer streets mount up like so many mysterious stairs leading one to silence." It is here that he studies the Arab, hidden among these white walls as under the hood of his burnoose; he learns his language and slowly wins his friendship, divining that indomitable spirit which is the secret of the Arab's native dignity, and finding in his distrust of strangers a kinship to his own reserve. Let us follow him into the heart of Old Algiers:

"It was almost ten when I reached the goal of my usual walks. The sun was climbing upward, the shadow retiring imperceptibly to the depths of the alleys; and the shadows massed beneath the arches, the dark recesses of the shops, and the black paving-stones that slept until noon in the coolness of the night, gave more splendor to the light in every spot touched by the sun. Above the alleys and clinging so to speak to the dazzling corners of the roofs, the sky was spread like a deep violet curtain, spotless and almost without depth. The moment was delicious. The workmen were working as Moors work, quietly seated at their benches. The Mzabites in striped gandouras were sleeping under their veils; those who had nothing to do—always a large number—were smoking at the doors of the cafés. Delightful sounds could be heard: the voices of children droning in the schools, prisoned nightingales that sang as in a May morning, fountains trickling into echoing jars. Through this labyrinth I would walk slowly, going from one *impasse* to the next, and stopping by preference at certain places where the silence is more disquieting than elsewhere. . . .

". . . One side of the square is without walls—the one facing the south: so that to brighten the shadow we have close by us a fairly large opening filled with sunlight, and for horizon a view of the sea. The charm of Arab life is always made up of these two contrasting things: a dark retreat with light all about, a shut-in place from which one can enjoy a view, a tight little nest with the pleasure of breathing the wide free air and of looking out afar."

So he finishes the year on the coast, finding in its long Saint Martin's summer the rest his tired artist's nerves require. "I am not producing much," he tells us, "I am watching and listening. I give myself over body and soul to the mercies of that objective nature which I love, which has always had its way with me, and which rewards me now by greatly calming the agitations, known to me alone, which it has made me undergo." Worn out by the

struggles of a decade, by his grief at the marriage and death of his boyish love, by the opposition of his father and the long enforced vacations at La Rochelle, tormented by the consciousness of his late start and his technical weakness, torn by all the hesitations of a self-questioning generation, he is curing his soul in a bath of nature, under a sky which dispenses all the joys of the Oriental kief. Daily, he expands in this sense of well-being, "suspended but not interrupted by sleep," and he "forgets that his sensations repeat themselves in seeing them reborn each day always the same and just as keen." Imperceptibly he absorbs the soul of the land, immersing himself in that life which his books and canvases are to depict with such feeling and such classical breadth.

In *The Year in the Sahel* are found the subjects of his paintings. Some pages have the liveliness of sketches: "Before me, I have two Turkish houses grouped at the right distance to make a pretty picture, quite lacking in style, but pleasantly Oriental. . . . Each is flanked by cypresses. The houses are a dazzling white and divided by delicate shadows, streaked as with the graving-tool; the cypresses are neither green nor russet; one would not be far wrong in seeing them absolutely black. Extraordinarily vigorous, this spot of color lies as though stamped upon the vivid sky, outlining with a sharpness harsh to the eye the fine structure of their branches, their compact foliage and their odd candelabra-like limbs. Wooded slopes go rolling down the valley, and the last of the hills encloses in waving, close-drawn lines this choice bit of homely landscape. All this is practically new; at least I recall nothing in modern painting which reproduces its clear attractive look, or which, especially, employs candidly the simplicity of its three dominant colors, white, green and blue. The whole landscape of the Sahel is almost reducible to these three notes. Add to them the strong brown of soil filled with iron oxide, send up through the green clumps, like a tree of faery, a tall white poplar spangled as if it were goldsmith's work, restore the balance of this slightly jumbled picture by the flat blue line of the sea, and you have once for all the formula of the landscape in the suburbs of Algiers."

Plainly, it is a painter's selective vision which gives this relief and color. Always he is seeking the formula of things, "that which ought to be seen rather than that which is"; he is using the artist's faculties of synthesis and choice of detail, for "man is more intelligent than the sun." Like the suave design of his paintings is *The Year in the Sahel*, perfectly easy and natural to the reader, but cunningly made up of contrasting and repeated colors and

effects, filled with the reveries inspired by that lotus-land—a dream-life in which the repetition of certain moods becomes an additional charm.

As Fromentin leaves the coast for the south, he brings into his description charming bits of narrative, lest the reader weary, and sets off his word-paintings by incidents which he later confesses were in part fictitious. But what if he did not find the philosophic Vandell, or the *alméc* Haoûa in Blidah? Like Hercules he did not return unrewarded from that garden of the Hesperides.

His apples of the sun were the golden pages of the *Summer in the Sahara*.

Was it in search of keener sensations that Fromentin made his pilgrimage to the oasis of Laghouat? Or was it rather that longing for flat horizons which drives the nervously overwrought to the plains or the sea—sovereign balm for the ills that a landscape of broken lines only increases? This impression is indicated in his journal, with a joyous comment on the disappearance of the vegetation as he progresses southward. But it is really his romantic curiosity, his thirst for a sunlight unknown before, scattering golden largesse of new material—this is what urges him forward, where he may see the desert in the naked sterile beauty which is its real character. He longs for that “severity of landscape which makes the beholder serious,” for the land of silence and immobility and implacable cloudless skies; and there, on the stark barren shadowless plains of the Sahara, he was to learn anew the lesson of simplicity which the Old Masters had taught him, in walks through the Louvre unremembered till now.

All the details of his nomad’s life are set down in these letters. “We have enjoyed a matchless day. I have passed it in camp, drawing or writing, stretched out beneath my canvas tent. My door is open to the south. . . . rarely do I lose from sight, even at the halts, that mysterious quarter which the sun covers with brighter reflections. . . . From the place where I am lying, I can take in half the horizon, from the house of Si-Chériff to the opposite side, where a group of brown camels is outlined upon a strip of pale sand. Before me I have our whole camp spread out in the sun, horses, baggage and tents; in the shade of the tents a few men are resting, together but silent. . . . Silence is one of the subtlest charms of this solitary empty land. . . .

“All day long a few slender shreds of mist have lain above the horizon, like long distaffs of white silk. Toward evening they dissolved at last and formed a little golden cloud, alone in the un-

wrinkled blue and drifting slowly toward the setting sun. As it approaches, it dwindles, and like the swelling sail of a ship, drawn in and furled on entering port, it will soon disappear in the planet's radiance. The heat grows less, the light softer, it withdraws imperceptibly before the approaching night, which no shadow precedes. Up to the last moment of the day the Sahara remains in full sunlight. Here, the night falls like a swoon."

Sentences like the last are by no means rare. The whole narrative is constellated with touches that reveal the poet, enriched by little personal notes, philosophic or epigrammatic, showing the thinker behind the artist, who gives to his thought the fire of a subdued lyricism. One feels the writer's soul in the page, as with Loti, not Théophile Gautier's smoothly running machine for recording vision, so impersonal that *Tra los Montes* has been called "Spain without the Spaniards." Fromentin's is a humanized landscape; like the authors of the great classics, he is always seeking some eternal aspect of human truth. "What have I come to find here?" he exclaims. "*Est-ce l'Arabe? Est-ce l'homme?*"

Let us go on with him to the oasis of his pilgrimage. "The procession began to mount among the hillocks of yellow sand. . . . I felt that Laghouat was there, that a few steps more would reveal it. . . . The sky was a pure cobalt blue: the glow of the sterile flaming landscape made it still more extraordinary. Finally the terrain declined, and before me but still very far away, on a sun-beaten plain, I saw appear, first an isolated little mount of white rocks with a multitude of dark spots, representing in violet black the upper outlines of a city armed with towers; below a thicket of cold green, compact and slightly bristling like the bearded surface of a wheat-field. A violet bar, which seemed very dark, showed itself at the left, almost at the city's level, reappeared at the right, still just as straight, and shut off the horizon. This bar contrasted crudely with a sky background of dull silver, and save in tone resembled a limitless sea. . . . Right in the foreground a man of our company, on horseback and bent over in his saddle, awaited, resting, the procession left far behind; the horse stood with lowered head and did not stir."

To-day that is a painting which has its variant in every large museum; then it was new and thrilling in romance. Undiscovered, too, were the streets of Laghouat, painted by Fromentin and by so many others since. Entering the city, he shows us the cemetery outside, the heavy primitive gates which lead to the sun-baked silent streets, the café where he passes his evenings with the lieutenant—commanding the newly installed French garrison—who relates to

him the capture of the town. He describes his room in the *Maison des Hôtes*, a mud-built hovel like the rest of the desert dwellings, and tells of the barbaric camel trains coming out of the broad Sahara into these tortuous alleys. He paints the group of native women gathered from mid-afternoon till nightfall at the muddy little spring—ragged but statuesque in the long folds of their flowing *haïks*, and bearing their jars and water-skins with the massive dignity of Greek matrons. Women at the fountain, streets filled with sleeping men: this is for him the formula of the Orient. Then comes the picture:

“Toward one o’clock, the shadow begins to draw a narrow line along the pavement; sitting, it does not yet cover your feet; standing, the sun still catches your head; you must keep close to the wall and draw your body in. The reflection of the sun and the walls is terrific; the dogs give little yelps when they happen to cross this metallic pavement; all the shops exposed to the sun are closed. The end of the street, toward the west, is waving in white flames; thrilling in the air are heard little noises that might be taken for the breathing of the panting earth. Gradually, however, you see coming from the gaping doorways tall figures, pale and dreary, clad in white, visibly exhausted rather than pensive; they come with blinking eyes and bowed heads, using the shadow of their veils to shield their bodies beneath that perpendicular sun. One by one they take their places along the wall, sitting or lying where they can find room. These are the husbands and brothers and young men who have come to finish their day’s work. They began it on the left side of the pavement; that is the only difference in their habits between morning and evening.

“This shadow of the countries of light,” he adds, “is inexpressible. It is something obscure and transparent, limpid and many-hued; it may be likened to deep water. It seems black, and when the eye plunges into it, we are surprised at seeing very plainly. Suppress the sun, and this shadow itself becomes light. Figures float in a kind of pale golden atmosphere in which their outlines vanish. Look at them now as they sit; their white garments almost melt into the walls; their naked feet are scarcely indicated upon the ground; and but for their faces which make spots of brown upon the vague picture, they would seem to be petrified statues of mud, baked like the houses, in the sun.”

Consider that it was nearly seventy years ago that Fromentin observed and composed this luminous picture, and it is clear why the *Street in Laghouat*, with its four sister-paintings sent to the Salon in 1859, brought him a first medal and the cross of the Legion of Honor. “The synthesis of a sensation of the whole thing could

go no farther," says his biographer Gonse, and certainly, space not forgotten, the same might be said of this page of prose.

Some may prefer to its conciseness the longer panoramic description of his days on the city walls. Drawn by his love of large horizons, his thirst for sunlight and solitude and silence, wherein nerves keyed to their highest pitch find "an equilibrium elsewhere unknown," Fromentin brings his sketching umbrella to the ramparts, and takes his place there at sunrise, before the desert and the sky. He notes the pink tints of the changing sand-dunes, with their peach-bloom shadows, the morning flights of birds, glittering in the sun; the fading of the landscape from rose to tawny gray and the darkening of the vast plain as the sun's rays strike it more directly, in the windless silent heat of noon. Crouched under his umbrella on the scorching stones, his color-box twisting in the furious heat, he sees the town blazing white and violet beneath him, set like a jewel among the gardens and green trees of the oasis, their branches moveless as the infinite surrounding sands. With the sun at its zenith, the desert is now an ocean of mysterious brown, swooning in the flaming heat, without detail, formless and colorless as the void. The dreaming artist sees in imagination the unknown lands of the south, the country of the Tuaregs, Timbuktu and Ghadames, strange wares and monstrous animals, distances, uncertainties—an enigma of which he only knows the beginning, and which needs the presence of the Egyptian Sphinx to personify its awful mystery. . . . Camel trains pass and are gone as in a vision. They have seen the realms that lie beyond the unknown south. . . . Sunset comes with its sky of amber and red, bringing purple shadows to the mountains and to the city the consolation of a momentary truce. Again the birds sing, figures are visible on the house-tops, horses and camels are heard at the drinking-places; the desert is like a shield of gold as the sun descends upon the violet hills. Then the artist returns, drunk with the glory of the Saharan day, drowned in a sort of inner sunlight which refracts its fire across his sleep, the sequel of his day-long debauch. He dreams of light, of flames, burning circles and reflections; the comfort of darkness is no longer his. One afternoon he is stricken with blindness, by good fortune only temporary; he is living in a fever, in an apotheosis of light, "*le cœur trempé cent fois dans le néant divin.*"

"The festival of the sun"—he calls his three months in the oasis. "I have seen summer," says the returning traveler, laden with the memories of his fiery baptism. Doubtless he found in it a divine creative energy—the flame of Apollo—reflex of that physical stim-

ulus which the real presence of the sun-god gives his favored ones. But child of the sun as he was, dark-skinned and trained to the life of the open air, it seems marvelous that he made the journey, this slight delicate child of luxury, an instrument tuned to a world of sensations which must have yielded torment along with joy. For he is not merely a visualist, as we have seen. Landing in Algiers he notes at once its indefinable musky smell: "I recognized that charming city by its odor." This characteristic sensitiveness, which never fails to leave its impression, is always the sign of a highly nervous type. His ear, too, is quick to catch each sound or degree of silence: his pictures rarely lack their musical note, be it the voices of men or children or animals, the song of birds or the respiration of the sea. For him sounds are pegs for memories; kept awake all night by the dogs baying along the slope of the Sahel, he relives with pleasure a host of half-forgotten episodes of his youth, pictures which change and return with the changing recurrent tones from distant farms and douars. The page is uncanny, but not less so than the range of his sensitivity, that unison of response which makes his travel books a pure stream of sensation and artistic feeling, carrying the reader with it by the apparently artless transparency of its luminous placid flood.

Once in *The Sahel* we divine the price he must have paid. It is when he tells of the gloom and tumult of the rainy season, confessing his hatred of the falling torrents and the restless sea and the never-quiet clouds. The torment of all this changing horror makes the winter of his discontent: his inability "to find equilibrium anywhere" in the somber landscape sends him south with the first breath of spring; and *en passant* he laments his servitude to mere weather as a thing unworthy of his ideal of dignity and freedom.

"Of all the attributes of beauty the finest is immobility," he remarks in this letter, whilst trying to restore his mental calm with the fixed lines and bright colors of his sketches. Herein he voices the first requirement of the Parnassian poets, and one is interested to see if his realism is merely plastic or the reaction of an outworn lyricism, controlled but still romantic at its core.

The answer to this problem is found in *Dominique*. In 1862, six years after *The Sahara* and four after *The Sahel*, Fromentin responded to the admiration and encouragement of George Sand by publishing his modest essay in the field of fiction. There is a saying that every man has within him the material of one novel, if he have the art to write it. *Dominique* was Fromentin's, a "portrait of the artist," intimate but not morbid, and corroborated in all its

essential lines by his letters and by facts. Here we have the memories of his childhood, the town residence in La Rochelle, dreary and dark, and the country villa or farm which he always loved as the scene of his first Wordsworthian revelation of nature in all its responsive moods. We see him learning the lore of the fields, living the life of a rustic, gathering a harvest which gave him these delicately-toned pages of description, so atmospheric despite the fine discretion which subordinates their color to the spiritual drama. Yet a child, the hero is already storing up impressions with a zeal which declares the poet. In later years he will remember these, not the excursion, but "the vision of the place, very clear, the exact notation of the hour and the season, and even the sounds" which accompany the picture. Like a magic harp, his soul is ever in tune to reproduce these chords in which it finds full harmony. It is not concerned with the hunt or the quarry, but the impression: the weather, the wind, the calmness of the gray sky and dark-green September woods, the low flights of the birds are engraved there forever, stored up to cheer the gloomy prison-life of winter months, a "subtle winged world of sights and odors, sounds and images" which he condenses, "concentrates into pictures" lighted by the glamor of a dream. One is not surprised to find this boy writing sentimental verses—whose formal beauty shows on what anvil his prose was forged—nor at his later love of the African sun.

The tragedy of his hopeless love develops this tendency to introspection and lyricism. Postdated here for artistic reasons, the realization of his true feeling for the friend of his childhood, married two years before, actually came in 1836, at the age of sixteen. But the spell of Lamartine's poems and the similar story of Elvire, mentioned in Fromentin's verses, may explain this precocity, natural enough in an imaginative youth during the romantic eighteenthirties, when truant schoolboys read *The Lake* and George Sand's early novels without requiring any pedagogical stimulus thereto.

In any case Madeleine, as he calls her, finished his *éducation sentimentale*. Her coquetry or her love of platonic dalliance lighted a consuming fire in the heart of Dominique, developing his sensibility no less than Musset's was aroused by the gentle Sand. The experience dominated his adolescence, accounting for much of his hesitation in choosing a career, as is proved by his more decided attitude after his beloved's death in 1844. But the Lamartinian interlude absorbed too much energy, left too deep a stamp. "Your lot is always to regret, never to desire," his bosom friend reminds the hero, expressing Fromentin's mature judgment of the time when

his mind was bent back upon itself, sunk in contemplation of past happiness and lyrical regret. In the story Madeleine lives on, for the novel must continue; and her lover, filled with a desire to create as "the only excuse for our miserable existence," shows his romanticism by "writing only to rid his brain of something," and ends by burning the results as unworthy of his artistic ideal. For like Flaubert, Fromentin has the romantic horror of the commonplace, transferred to the realm of ideas.

Werther-like, he travels to forget her, only to cry her name on the shores of storied seas. Moved to pity, she tries to help him to forget, to give at least some happiness by distracting him, to realize at last the happiness she is giving is her own. The consciousness of love's requital now restores his energy and ambition, and he gains strength to sweep his soul's house clear of cobwebs. He renounces his old search for impressions, for moonlights on the Seine and sun-dappled reveries in the woods; he gives up his life of sensation and emotion and begins to study. Anonymously, he publishes his verses, and after their failure, two serious books which attain success.

The final separation is resolved by Madeleine, and the hero finds in a sensible marriage and a country squire's life some measure of content. But it is Dominique's spiritual purgation which most concerns us, as a personal revelation of Fromentin himself. It shows us a lyrical type bent on curing himself of lyricism, giving up his former emotional reading, choosing from the great classics a number of vitalizing books, and making them his for their tonic virile force. It shows us a romantic type realizing the price he has paid, and subjecting himself to an intellectual rein to curb his romanticism.

Fortunately for art, he did not entirely succeed. But he chastened his prose immensely by the process. *Dominique* has a beauty so restrained that one can hardly define its penetrating, distinguished, melancholy charm—a charm still potent, since the novel has had twenty editions in the last twenty-five years. That fact alone would prove this plotless soul-picture a classic. And, if traces of "the elegiac dew of tears" which he regrets are discoverable in his confession, there are certainly no hints of morbidity in the fine severity of his travel pages, concentrated as so many copper-plate etchings.

Involuntarily one thinks again of Flaubert. But unlike that satirist of romanticism, Fromentin never belittles the past, even objectively and by implication. His is too sure a consciousness of the dignity of human suffering to let him fall into that pit. *Sunt*

lachrymæ rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt. Yet though he found in travel and art the impersonal sensation which alone leaves no sting behind, he came to realize in the practice of his thoughtful craft that one can only cure the soul by the mind, by labor that involves the intellect. His last book, published the year before his death, resumes the intellectual activity which prepared and accompanied the painter's brilliant and uninterrupted successes in the Salons.

For many years Fromentin had cherished the plan of writing a volume on the art treasures of the Louvre. To study the masters in that unrivaled galaxy, to compare their methods and define their individual types of genius, was an ambition which his inquiring mind may well have got from the days when he listened to the lectures of Sainte-Beuve. He had gone to Venice in 1870, only to have his journey cut short by the Prussian invasion of France; now, after a summer's vacation trip to the Low Countries, he returned and in six weeks completed the first and unhappily the only volume of his *Old Masters: Belgium and Holland.*

No other book of art-criticism can approach this. Written from fresh notes and in the full heat of discovery and inspiration, it has like all his masterpieces, a power tempered and enriched by the study and meditation of many years. It may be censured for lack of formal arrangement, for its tone direct as a personal letter, for its long though illuminating digressions. But the critic who would prune it of this informal quality, so warm and inspiring, or of the impressions of Lowland towns and landscapes which convey the relation of Dutch and Belgian art to their motherlands, would be more than a pedant. This is no dilettante's work, in spite of the modest assumption of the Preface.

"I have just been viewing," he says, "Rubens and Rembrandt in their own home, and the Dutch School in its unchanging frame of a life partly agricultural, partly seafaring—a life of downs, pastures, huge clouds and low horizons. There are two very distinct types of art here, . . . which would need to be studied by one who is at the same time an historian, a philosopher and a painter." He dreams of a new art-history, "wherein philosophy, esthetics, nomenclature and anecdote should fill less room, and matters of the craft much more, which should be like a sort of conversation upon painting, wherein painters might recognize their ways of working, wherein men of the world might learn better to understand painters and painting." Too modest to claim aught but the technical fitness required, his wish best defines the quality of his result.

Free from studio jargon as it is, this is still a painter's book on painting. A trained vision is analyzing methods and determining sources and relations, and a trained mind is directing the whole inquiry. For the cultivated layman Fromentin holds out a torch of insight, at once esthetic, philosophic and technical, and marvelously interpretative. He lays bare the secrets of color and brushwork, of chiaroscuro and values; he makes the masterpiece reveal, as Sainte-Beuve did the book, the temperament of its creator. The scalpel of the critic is handled as surely as brush or pen; it would be hard to find pages finer than those in which the Dutch painters are drawn and differentiated—an unforgettable group—or the summary of Rubens's fecund lyrical genius, or the portrait of the mystic Rembrandt.

The Old Masters is a pure intellectual joy. It has the power of clear concentrated thought. There is no shadow of vagueness, because the author limits himself to the certainties learned in his craftsmanship; when he dissects Rembrandt as a colorist he cleaves with the sharp edge of technical fact. All mysticism or personal feeling is eliminated from these chapters; all the pseudo-subtlety of half-thoughts dear to literary journalism; the sheer cold force of his logic grips like a vise. Its judgments are final, irrefutable. Yet the book is no abstract lucubration; word-pictures pure as the spring green of the Sahel, portraits worthy of the author of *Dominique* relieve the web of thought, brilliant as the Sahara skies and broad as the horizon of art-history.

Impartiality? Seek not in this book that trait of the impressionistic critic or the art-dealer. Here as always, Fromentin takes exception to the French realists, finding them flat and photographic, opposing to their crudity and dryness the rich atmospheric values of classical realism. As in *The Sahara* he does not cease to inveigh against the substitution of raw undigested nature for choice and synthesis; he stands for the great tradition and the discipline which, for the Dutch School, never stifled the individuality of genius, and gave to all the priceless craft-heritage of the past.

His own classicism in painting, applied to the reproduction of that romantic landscape and life to which his imagination called him, is explained in *The Sahel*, in a chapter which offers a foretaste of this supreme critical flower of his genius. His paintings were composed in his studio from notes and drawings and memories. In his studio, too, the travel books received their final form, gaining breadth and losing no whit of their vibrancy and color. Selective memory, memory eliminating the trivial and grown atmospheric

with lapse of time, is the secret of his prose, chastened moreover by a classical restraint. His school-days lasted long enough to show him what standards were.

A true sensitive-plant, as his friend Gönse calls him, impressionable to the last degree, wearing reserve like a mask, a born romanticist but elegiac rather than rebellious—in other words, with a body unequal to his spiritual energies and a mind which gave him pause—a child of feeling who until after twenty was subjected to a classical discipline, and who found in that discipline strength to live, breadth to distinguish his art, taste to control his writing to a purity which with all its color makes it authentic to the reader and classic for all time: that is Eugène Fromentin. He attracts because of the distinction of his personality, divined in all his works in either art; he continues to attract because of his reserve.

It is the loss of France that he died at fifty-six, just as his books were about to open to him the doors of the French Academy. It is the loss of world-literature that a public upon which he was dependent for bread would not permit him to leave the field of Algerian painting, holding his books as the work of a talented amateur. But such was the taste of the age. Two years before his death he reissued, with a preface, the third edition of that immortal *Summer in the Sahara*, which with *Dominique* and *The Old Masters* is now progressing toward its thirtieth. So Fromentin has come to his own. Leaving but four volumes, he could have cried at the end: *Exegi monumentum*. But he was far too modest.

To-day, the writer is considered superior to the artist. Amid the vagaries of that individualism which he first noted and deplored, now passing into isms which he was mercifully spared, Fromentin is thrust aside by the young as *vieux jeu*; with Corot and Millet he is one of the last of the Old Masters. And even in Paris, in the Louvre, before the pearl and silver sky of the Falcon Hunt, one feels through all the wealth of the impression an indefinable melancholy, considering Time's undeserved requital to his art, to his message, to this voice crying in the wilderness. It was well for him that he could express himself in another way, even at the cost of much-deplored manual dexterity and technical skill. It was well that he knew his humanities, as it always is. Given this training, when the hour of a great experience strikes and the Muses call, a man is at least prepared. Whether early or late, be he parched in the heat of a Sahara or lulled in the calm of a Sahel, the artist finds one instrument ready to his hand. He has his chance of leaving that which never dies.

THE SYMBOLS OF THE BOOK OF REVELATION AND THEIR SOURCES.

BY JOEL N. ENO.

THE Book of Revelation is saturated with the imagery of the Hebrew prophets, its chief model being the Book of Daniel, while it borrows freely from Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Joel and Zechariah.

Of the three theories as to the period to which the visions refer, the one which places it near the time of the Revelator has now superseded for the most part the theory that the visions cover the history of the Church through all time, and the theory that most of the fulfilments are still in the future. The Revelator himself indicates both at the very beginning and in the last chapter that the events described are imminent; so also does the identification of some of the events by him as he describes them. "The Revelation of Jesus Christ, which God gave unto him, to show unto his servants things which must *shortly* come to pass"; and again, "The Lord God of the holy prophets sent his angel to show unto his servants the things which must *shortly* be done," Rev. i. 1; and compare xxii. 6, 7, 10, 12, repeating the idea also expressed in i. 3, "The time is at hand."

To follow the book chapter by chapter, consecutively. The figure of Jesus's beloved as "kings and priests" is taken from Ex. xix. 6, "Ye shall be unto me a kingdom of priests"; but is used also by Peter, "a royal priesthood," 1 Peter ii. 9. The figure "he cometh with clouds" is in Daniel vii. 13, "One like the Son of man came with the clouds of heaven"; in Revelation followed by an allusion to Zech. xii. 10, "They shall look upon me whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn." Yet the combination in a closer parallel had been made by Jesus in Matt. xxiv. 30, "Then shall all the tribes of the earth mourn, and they shall see the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven."

The description of the Son of man, Rev. i. 13-16, parallels Dan. vii. 9 and x. 5, 6: "The Ancient of days did sit, whose garment was white as snow, and the hair of his head like the pure wool"; "Behold, a certain man clothed in linen, whose loins were girded with fine gold of Uphaz. His body also was like the beryl, and his face as the appearance of lightning, and his eyes as lamps of fire, and his arms and feet like in color to polished brass, and the voice of his words like the voice of a multitude." "Out of his mouth went a sharp sword," compares with Is. xlix. 2, "He hath made my mouth like a sharp sword"; and with the "candlesticks" compare Ex. xxv. 31, 32, 37, and Zech. iv. 2.

While it is to be carefully noted that the book is directly addressed to no other than the seven churches, and at the end reiterates that it is "to testify unto you these things in the *churches*," strictly identified by the closing exhortation of each of the seven, "He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the *churches*," with no evidence that the book is a general epistle, most commentators seem to have assumed that it is general. This oversight may go toward accounting for the diversities of interpretation among the more than eighty commentaries written upon it, though the special addresses to the seven explain themselves. The expression "He shall rule them with a rod of iron," in Rev. ii. 27 and xii. 5, is found in Ps. ii. 9.

The vision is resumed in Rev. iv, with a throne set in heaven. The description, with that of the four beasts, identifies it with Ezekiel's vision, Ezek. i. 25-28, "Above the firmament. . . was the likeness of a throne. . . and upon the likeness of the throne was the likeness as the appearance of a man above upon it. And I saw as the color of amber, as the appearance of fire. . . from the appearance of his loins even upward, and from the appearance of his loins even downward. . . As the appearance of the bow that is in the cloud in the day of rain, so was the appearance of the brightness round about"; a clear correspondence to the Revelator's red sardine stone, and the "rainbow round about the throne."

Each of Ezekiel's four beasts (Ezek. i. 10) had four faces, "The face of a man, and the face of a lion on the right side; and they four had the face of an ox on the left side; they four also had the face of an eagle"; whereas in Revelation this figure is merely resolved into its components, "The first beast was like a lion, and the second beast like a calf [the Greek includes young oxkind, at any stage], and the third beast had a face as a man, and the fourth beast was like a flying eagle," Rev. iv. 7. Ezekiel gives each beast

four wings, John adds two more; Ezekiel gives "rings full of eyes round about," to the wheels accompanying the beasts wherever they went, Ezek. i. 6, 18; and he ends the description with the explanation, "This was the appearance of the likeness of the glory of the Lord," while John represents the beasts as giving glory and honor and thanks to him that sitteth on the throne, Rev. iv. 9; the object in both being the expression of the glory of God by cherubic figures symbolic of celestial beings, as the twenty-four elders (twice the number of the "elders" or heads of the tribes of Israel) of human glorification of God by his special chosen disciples, originally represented by the twelve, in verse 10; and both the celestial and human representatives together in Rev. v. 8-14.

Compare with Rev. v. 1, "a book written within and on the backside," Ezek. ii. 9, 10, "Behold, an hand was sent unto me; and lo, a roll of a book was therein." Comparing the woes following the opening of the seals in Revelation, the resemblance appears strongly in verse 10: "And he spread it before me; and it was written within and without; and there was written therein lamentations, and mourning, and woe." As the "book" was a roll, "without" and "on the backside" are synonymous. Here, as in the case of the four beasts, John resolves the general contents of Ezekiel's book into their successive stages of opening or development of events, to seven, the Jewish symbol of completeness; or, as Daniel has it, "Shut up the words, and seal the book, even to the time of the end." Dan. xii. 4, in both representing a completed series. John's symbol indicates that only "the Lamb" was able to "loose the seals" or reveal the contents, or woeful events coming on the earth.

The four horses going forth successively on the opening of the first, second, third and fourth seal, compare with Zechariah's, "In the first chariot were red horses, and in the second chariot black horses, and in the third chariot white horses, and in the fourth chariot grizzled and bay horses," compare Rev. vi. 1-8 with Zech. vi. 2, 3.

"When he had opened the sixth seal. . . there was a great earthquake; and the sun became black. . . and the moon became as blood." Rev. vi. 12; this is taken from Joel's description of "the day of the Lord": "The earth shall quake before them. . . The sun shall be turned into darkness, and the moon into blood, before the great and the terrible day of the Lord come," Joel ii. 10, 31. "The heaven departing as a scroll, the stars falling as untimely figs," Rev. vi. 13-14, from Is. xxxiv. 4, "And all the host of heaven shall be dissolved, and the heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll; and

all their host shall fall down, as the leaf. . . . and as a falling fig from the fig-tree." Both of the foregoing figures are cited also in Matt. xxiv. 29.

The hiding in dens and in rocks, Rev. vi. 15, parallels Is. ii. 19-21, "They shall go into the holes of the rocks, and into the caves of the earth for fear of the Lord." The calling to the mountains, "Fall on us," repeats Hos. x. 8, "They shall say to the mountains, Cover us; and to the hills, Fall on us."

With the four winds in Rev. vii. 1 compare Dan. vii. 2; they represent destructive agencies against the earth; restrained in Revelation, but in action in Daniel. "Sealed," Rev. vii. 3, 4, has its synonym in Rev. xiv. 1, "having his Father's name written in their foreheads," explained by Ezek. ix. 4, 5, "Go through the midst of the city. . . . Jerusalem, and set a mark upon the foreheads of the men that sigh, and that cry, for all the abominations that be done in the midst thereof. And to the others he said. . . . Go ye after him through the city, and smite. . . . but come not near any man upon whom is the mark." It is remarkable that in the sealing of "all the tribes of the children of Israel" two of the most important, Dan and Ephraim, are omitted; this suggests that one is not to count upon strict mathematical or historical exactness in the seer.

Chapters viii and ix describe symbolically in detail the destructive agencies: the seven angels sounding, apparently having a correspondence to the successive opening of the seven seals, but dwelling more exclusively on terrestrial phenomena: earthquake, and darkening of the sun and moon appear in both. A marked feature of Revelation is the variety of plagues and forms of vengeance inflicted on idolaters, sorcerers, murderers, fornicators, thieves and liars; recalling rather the John (and James) who would adjudge fire from heaven upon the inhospitable Samaritan village, than the John who wrote the Epistle whose key-note is "God is Love."

No actual occurrences to correspond to the description in these two chapters are known; yet the "locusts" seem to draw a strong suggestion from Joel i and ii. 3-8, "The locust, the nation. . . whose teeth are the teeth of a lion; the appearance of them as the appearance of horses; and as horsemen so shall they run. Like the noise of chariots on the tops of mountains," compared with Rev. ix. 7-9, 16-19.

"The little book," Rev. x, parallels Ezek. iii. 1-3, 14, "Eat this roll. . . . Then did I eat it; and it was in my mouth as honey for sweetness. . . . and I went in bitterness." Also verse 4 corresponds to Rev. x. 11.

The measuring of the temple in Rev. xi appears to be suggested by Ezek. xl-xliii. With the tread of the Gentiles, Rev. xi. 2, compare Dan. vii. 25, and Luke xxi. 24. The forty-two months or one thousand two hundred and sixty days (thirty-day months) of verse 3, and of Rev. xii. 5, 6, also equal the "time, and times, and half a time" of Rev. xii. 14, and draw from the "time, times, and dividing of time" of Dan. vii. 25, and "time, times and a half" of Dan. xii. 7, which have tripped numerous expounders.

The two olive trees, witnesses or candlesticks, parallel the two olive branches or anointed ones of Zech. iv. 3, 14, who supply oil to the lamps of the temple of God: also called "two prophets" in Rev. xi. 10, apparently calling men to amendment by mournful or "sackcloth" judgments. "The great city, which spiritually is called Sodom. . . where also our Lord was crucified," is doubly identified as Jerusalem; the first identification being Is. i. 8-10, where "the daughter of Zion" is addressed as "Sodom." The closely related twelfth chapter covers the same period as the eleventh; but the "woman clothed with the sun" seems not to parallel any Scripture symbol, but, with the dragon waiting to devour her child, thus far remarkably resembles the classical Greek myth as to the birth of Apollo, god of the sun and of light, the dragon Python pursuing his mother at the time of her travail in order to destroy the child which was to destroy him; so it is indirectly associated with the serpent, and the promise, "Her seed shall bruise thy head," Gen. iii. 15. Yet, as the seed of the woman "keep the commandments of God, and have the testimony of Jesus Christ," the woman represents Christianity, persecuted and driven into exile and obscure places by the dragon "having seven heads and ten horns, and seven crowns upon his heads": figured in chapter xiii as a "beast" to whom the dragon transferred "his power, and his seat, and great authority." This beast is a composite of the four beasts of Dan. vii, the leopard, the bear, the lion and the beast of ten horns, and is explained in Rev. xvii.

The second beast of Rev. xiii. 11-18 is usually explained as the cult or priesthood of emperor-worship, introduced by Caligula A. D. 39. "The number of his name": numbers in Greek as in Hebrew and Latin being represented by letters of the alphabet, the number 666 was expected to spell a name; but the Greek of the text being the letters for *ch*, *x*, and the digamma, spells no recognizable name; but the Hebrew characters for 50+200+6+50 and for 100+60+200, making together 666 as the sum, spell *N(e)ron Ksr*:

the Hebrew letters, being consonants only, represent the framework of what in Latin is *Nero Cæsar*.

The 144,000 of chapter xiv seem to correspond to the 144,000 of chapter vii. The figure of the punishment of the worshipers of the beast indicates its source as Ps. lxxv. 8; but in Rev. xiv. 10 "the wine of the wrath of God" is without mixture, instead of "full of mixture." The fire, brimstone, smoke and blood recall the Lord's vengeance upon Idumea, Is. xxxiv. 6, 7, 9, 10, "And the streams thereof shall be turned into pitch, and the dust thereof into brimstone. . . . It shall not be quenched night nor day; the smoke thereof shall go up forever."

The figure of reaping the earth is from Joel iii. 13, "Put ye in the sickle, for the harvest is ripe. . . . the press is full, the vats overflow; for the wickedness is great." The blood of the wine-press refers again to Idumea, "The land shall be soaked with blood," Is. xxxiv. 7.

The results of the pouring-out from the seven goblets of wrath, by the messengers or agencies of wrath, are plagues of which the descriptions are not always consistent with literalness of interpretation; though the first plague compares with that following the sprinkling of ashes by Moses, which "became a boil breaking forth with blains upon man, and upon beast, throughout all the land of Egypt," Ex. ix. 10; the second and third plagues with Deut. xxxii. 42, 43, "I will make mine arrows drunk with blood. . . . he will avenge the blood of his servants," as a fitting and just punishment; "For they have shed the blood of saints and prophets, and thou hast given them blood to drink: for they are worthy," Rev. xvi. 6. Yet that all waters became blood, and that every creature in the sea died, for this, reaches hyperbole.

The figures under the sixth plague take us to the prophecy of Jeremiah against Babylon, Jer. l and li; the drying-up of the Euphrates that the way of the kings of the east might be prepared, compares with "Prepare against her the nations, with the kings of the Medes"; the kings of the east being the Persians and Medes, bordering Babylonia on the east, and who overthrew Babylon. The order of the Greek in verse 13 is rendered into English, "And I saw [come] out of the mouth of the dragon, and out of the mouth of the beast, and out of the mouth of the false prophet, three spirits, unclean like frogs." "Armageddon," a rendezvous, not the battleground, is the hill of Megiddo, on the edge of the plain of Jezreel; the great battlefield of the Old Testament, scene of the victory of Gideon and of Barak, and of the death of Saul and of Josiah in

battle, may well prefigure the decisive great struggle between Christianity and Roman paganism.

Under the seventh seal, "every island fled away, and the mountains were not found," like Rev. vi. 14, echoes several suggestive Old Testament figures, but especially Habakkuk iii. 6, "The everlasting mountains were scattered." The hail, "about the weight of a talent," that is 114 pounds, 15 pennyweights, would be as deadly as cannon-balls of like weight, had not the conditions of hail-fall limited the size of hailstones to a few ounces.

Rev. xvii. 9 explains the unchaste woman and the beast having seven heads and ten horns, "The seven heads are seven mountains, on which the woman sitteth," further identified as "that great city, which reigneth over the kings of the earth," imperial and "seven-hilled" Rome; the directive power being shifted from the dragon or Satan to that of a false or immoral religion, under a figure familiar to the prophets, that of an impure woman, Ezek. xvi and xxiii; Hos. i-iv; Jer. iii. The symbolic name of the city, like the figure of the beast, is drawn from Daniel, namely, Babylon, the seat of the first and foremost of his four beasts. Primarily the heads represent "seven kings," that is "emperors," who killed the saints and fought against the Lamb. "Five are fallen": Augustus Cæsar, the first emperor of Rome; Tiberius; Caligula; Claudius, and Nero. This much is clear; the rest of the kings, because of the peculiarity of the description, are not clearly understood.

Rev. xviii deals with the fall of the city. With verse 2 compare Is. xxi. 9, "Babylon is fallen, is fallen": for the foul creatures inhabiting it, compare Is. xiii. 19-22, and xxxiv. 11-15. With verse 4 compare Jer. l. 8, and li. 6, 45; with verse 5 compare Jer. li. 9; with verse 6 compare Jer. l. 15, 29; with verse 7 compare Is. xlvi. 7-14: "Thou saidst, I shall be a lady forever. . . . that sayest in thine heart. . . . I shall not sit as a widow, neither shall I know the loss of children. But these two things shall come to thee in a moment in one day, the loss of children, and widowhood. . . . and desolation shall come upon thee suddenly. . . . the astrologers. . . . the fire shall burn them." Thus the quotations from Isaiah and Jeremiah are brought over with the name from their prophecies concerning ancient Babylon; but verses 9-19 describe a merchant city, and are drawn from Ezekiel's description of the fall of Tyre, Ezek. xxvi-xxviii. With verses 9-16 compare Ezek. xxvi. 16, 17 and xxvii. 7-36; "slaves and souls of men," in verse 13, compare with Ezek. xxvii. 13, "They traded the persons of men." With verses 15-19 compare Ezek. xxvii. 29-33.

With verse 20 we return to the Babylon prophecy, Jer. li. 48-56, "Then the heaven and the earth shall sing for Babylon; for the Lord God of recompenses shall surely requite." With verse 21 compare Jer. li. 63, 64, "When thou hast made an end of reading this book, thou shalt bind a stone to it, and cast it into the midst of Euphrates: And thou shalt say, Thus shall Babylon sink, and shall not rise from the evil that I will bring upon her." Verses 22, 23 echo Jer. xxv. 10, "I will take from them the voice of mirth, and the voice of gladness, the voice of the bridegroom, and the voice of the bride, the sound of the millstones, and the light of the candle," but this refers to the people of Judah. With verse 24 compare Jer. li. 49. As Rome is twenty-one miles from the sea, up the Tiber river, which below the city at low water sometimes has only four feet of depth, the description foregoing must not be applied too literally to its commerce. The fall is of Babylon and Tyre, though applied to Rome, which has stood continuously since its foundation, and after the fall of paganism had more than a million population; and now more than half a million.

The final struggle between the "Faithful," the "Alpha and Omega" of Rev. i. 14-16, or between Christianity with "the armies in Heaven," and paganism represented by the beast with the kings of the earth and their armies, is figured in the last half of Rev. xix and is distinct from the final conflict with Satan.

John, in Rev. xx, gives a current conception, that, after the destruction of the beast and his worshipers, Satan is bound or restrained from activity for a thousand years, while the *souls* of the beheaded martyrs are living and reigning with Christ. This "millennium" is from the *Secrets of Enoch*, composed between 30 B. C. and 70 A. D., in which (chaps. xxxii, xxxiii) the duration of the Messianic kingdom is first figured as a millennium, based apparently on the Persian theory that the creation, occupying six days followed by a Sabbath rest, prefigured that the world's age would consist of 6000 years of activity, followed by 1000 years of Sabbath rest. There is not even intimated in any other part of the Bible, an interval in resurrection; Jesus says, "The *hour* is coming, in which *all* that are in their graves shall hear his voice, And shall come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation," John v. 28, 29; compare Dan. xii. 2. Nor that Christ's reign shall cease "till he hath [already] put all enemies under his feet," 1 Cor. xv. 24-28. Note, therefore, that the thousand years are the measure of the reign of the *souls* of the beheaded martyrs,

not of Christ's reign, and that only the beheaded are mentioned, though those martyred by other means must have been a greater number.

The figure of Gog and Magog is drawn from Ezek. xxxviii and xxxix, for the peoples north of Syria, to the Black Sea. The figure of the judgment with its books is from Dan. vii. 10. Rev. xx. 9, 10, describes Satan himself and his dupes overthrown; verses 12, 13, the general judgment, yet distinctly of the dead, not of the living.

The figure of the new heaven and the new earth, and the passing of the old, Rev. xxi, draws from Is. xiii. 13, "Therefore I will shake the heavens, and the earth shall remove out of her place"; and lxv. 17-19, "I create new heavens, and a new earth; and the former shall not be remembered, nor come into mind"; and for the new Jerusalem compare, "Behold I create Jerusalem a rejoicing, and her people a joy. And I will rejoice in Jerusalem, and joy in my people, and the voices of weeping shall be no more heard in her, nor the voice of crying." The vision from the high mountain, of the "holy Jerusalem" (Rev. xxi. 10) recalls Ezek. xl. 2 and xlviii. 30-35, the city of twelve gates, three on each of the four sides, north, east, south and west; but the 4500 measures are enlarged to 12,000 stadia, or "furlongs," length of each side of the city. Also compare the naming of the gates after the twelve tribes of Israel. Rev. xxi. 3 might be a paraphrase of Ezekiel's name of the city, namely, "The Lord is there," and the gems of the foundations of Is. liv. 11, 12, "I will lay thy stones with fair colors, and lay thy foundations with sapphires. And I will make thy windows of agates, and thy gates of carbuncles, and all thy borders of pleasant stones." The light parallel of Is. lx. 19, 20, "The sun shall be no more thy light by day; neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee; but the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory. Thy sun shall no more go down. . . ." seems equivalent to "There shall be no night there." With verse 24 compare Is. lx. 3, "And the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising"; and with verse 27, Is. xxxv and lx. 21; lii. 1; and Zech. xiv. 16 20, 21. John describes only the city, capital of the new earth.

With Rev. xxii. 1-5 compare Ezek. xlvii. 1-12, "Waters issued out from under the threshold of the house" (i. e., the temple) ". . . a river. . . behold, at the bank of the river very many trees on the one side and on the other. . . These waters. . . being brought forth into the sea, the waters shall be healed. . . and everything shall

live whither the river cometh. . . . And by the river upon the bank thereof, on this side and on that side, shall grow all trees for meat, whose leaf shall not fade, neither shall the fruit thereof be consumed; it shall bring forth new fruit according to his months, because their waters issued out of the sanctuary; and the fruit thereof shall be for meat, and the leaf thereof for medicine." Also especially for "throne" and "light" compare Zech. xiv. 7-9.

Thus in the book called Revelation is described a Messianic earthly kingdom, obtained through great conflicts. "Revelation" is a translation of the Greek *apokalypsis*. But this book is only one of several apocalyptic books, and in order to understand their nature, we indicate the contents of the *Book of Enoch* (five parts combined), perhaps the most important of all non-canonical apocalyptic sources, written (probably in Aramaic) in the second and first centuries B. C.; which exercised here a great influence, as it did generally, on Palestinian literature of the first century A. D. It deals with the fall of angels, a final judgment held on Mt. Sinai, a general resurrection, consignment of the wicked to Gehenna, God establishing his kingdom in Jerusalem, Gentiles converted, and the just eating from the tree of life; the Messiah, to whom God has committed all dominion and all judgment, dwelling among the elect in a new heaven and a new earth. This book is quoted in Jude 14, and apparently in Matt. xix. 28 and John v. 22, 27. It is a characteristic of apocalypses that all are put forth under assumed names—as a rule, of some famous Hebrew character; they are not "prophecy" in the narrower sense of prediction, but in the sense of general inspiration. But errors, and lack of fulfilment (the test of true prophecy) betray their visionary nature, and they fail to be accepted as canonical. Revelation presents, in the guise of visions, a tissue of Old Testament prophecies, interwoven with vivid, lurid or dark colors of the compiler; a Dantean poem, rather than an addition to original prophecy.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF PRIMITIVE MAGIC.*

BY GEORGE S. PAINTER.

THE term magic is applied to any supposed supernatural science or art, especially the pretended art of controlling the actions of spiritual forces and superhuman beings. The wise men of the East—the priests of the Medes and Persians—were called *magi*, and were reputed to be skilled in the art of enchantment. Belief in magic exists among all primitive peoples. It is surprising to us, when we stop to consider it, that magic is a matter of living faith and practice to-day among probably more than half of the human race. From this fact there is brought to us, with overwhelming force, the realization that, notwithstanding our boasted science and civilization, the greater part of our fellow men dwell in unfathomable darkness.

Magic, in general, embraces many human interests, among which may be mentioned cure of disease, forecast of events, control of all natural forces for weal or woe, in short, the gratifying of all desires otherwise unattainable. The various forms of divination, of astrology and alchemy, were outgrowths of varying types of magic. Originally magic is of a rudimentary and purely traditional character, but with the rise of literature it soon became formulated into elaborate systems among the various peoples. In modern times the term is more familiarly understood as relating to such actions as appear to be beyond the ordinary connections of cause and effect, comprising the common stock of tricks, thimble-rigging and legerdemain.

The beliefs and practices of magic arise from the psychological effort on the part of man to comprehend and determine human experiences, particularly in relation to the mysterious forces of nature. Where knowledge does not exist, indigenous fancies always take its place. And since self-preservation is the first law of life, the will to live has incited the ignorant mind with all manner of agencies which experience and the imagination might suggest as instruments

* The descriptive material of this article is chiefly taken from Frazer, *The Golden Bough*. References are omitted.

thereto. Primitive man stands trembling and powerless before the awful forces of nature. Battling haphazardly with such unknown forces, man is immediately conscious of his frailty and impotency. His life is threatened in a thousand ways by earthquake, flood and storm, wild beasts and human enemies. In his sense of helplessness *fear* seizes upon him and becomes perhaps the most powerful impulse in his efforts for life. It is written that the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom, and certain it is that the fear of the subtle powers of nature has planted in the human mind the seeds of desire for knowledge which have ultimately flowered into the natural sciences—the instruments of man's triumph over nature.

In magic, primitive man has sought to answer the same question as the modern scientist, namely, what is the cause of, and how to gain control over, any given phenomena. The first problem of philosophy concerned the nature of the immutable *being* back of the eternal process of generation, action and *becoming*. But it was the fact that all things were in action, in eternal mutation, that gave rise to this question. Likewise to primitive man, action is the thing that impresses him most intensely, and how to explain action is his first intelligent effort. The universal answer given to this question by early man is also the most natural and simple one. That is, man has within himself an immediate consciousness of his power of action in the energizing of his own spirit, and knowing nothing else in nature he also explains its activities as the operations of immanent spirits. Both early magic and science were *hylozoistic*. Furthermore, primitive man is immediately conscious of his superiority to nature and of his ability to rule and triumph over natural forces to at least quite a degree. Accordingly we find that *magic aims to control nature directly*, that is, by giving the spiritual the ruling power over nature. This direct control of nature by the spirit was regarded by Hegel as the characteristic distinguishing magic from religion, which aims to control nature *indirectly* through appeal to powerful supernatural beings.

The savage hardly conceives the distinction between the natural and the supernatural, however, and to him the world is operated by supernatural agents, that is, personal beings acting on impulses and motives like his own, liable like himself to be moved by appeals to their pity, hopes and fears. Hence, by such means, primitive man seeks to limit the course of nature to his own advantage. By prayers, promises, threats, he expects to secure fine weather, abundant crops, cure of diseases and like benefits, from the gods. But when a god becomes incarnate in his own person, then he needs

appeal to no higher beings. In this manner the savage assumes to possess within himself all the powers necessary to the furthering of his own well-being and that of his fellow men. This, likewise, is the process by which the idea of a man-god is reached. This supposed power of individuals to rule over nature directly is magic or sorcery. Thus magic is the oldest form of religion, the wildest, most barbarous. Not a god in the magician, but the magician himself, is the conjurer and conqueror of nature. Out of magic, also, the religion of magic is developed.

In general, magic may be classified as: 1. *Theoretical* magic, or magic as a pseudo-science. In this case it assumes certain conceptions and principles, presuppositions and theories, as the implications of magical belief and practices. It may be said to be the dim intellectual background, or spiritual foundation of the magic art. 2. *Practical* magic, or magic as a pseudo-art. Such art naturally pertains to all the devices of the actual practice of magic, which undergoes almost endless variation in relation to the different peoples of the world. Practical magic may again be divided into: (a) *Positive* magic, or *sorcery*; and (b) *negative* magic, or *taboo*. These principles of classification are sufficiently exhaustive, although actual magic takes on so many forms it is impossible to organize them into specific and exclusive divisions.

The principles of thought on which *positive magic* or *sorcery* is based have been reduced to two, namely: 1. *Similarity*. The assumption is that like produces like, and that effects resemble their causes. This principle may be called the *law of similarity*. From this law the magician infers that he can produce any effect he desires by merely imitating it. Charms based on the law of similarity have been called *homœopathic* or *imitative magic*. 2. *Contact*. Here the assumption is that things which have once been in contact with each other, continue to act on each other at a distance after the physical contact has been severed. This may be called the *law of contact* or the *law of contagion*. From this law the magician infers that whatever he does to a material object will affect equally the person with whom the object was once in contact, whether it formed part of his body or not. Charms based on the law of contact have been called *contagious magic*.

These principles which the magician applies in his art are believed by him to likewise regulate the operations of inanimate nature: that is, he holds that the principles of similarity and contact are of universal application and not limited to human actions. This makes magic to be a sort of *spurious system of natural law* as well as a

fallacious guide of conduct. It is false science as well as abortive art. Nevertheless, we must recognize that the motive and aim of magic is identically the same as that of natural science, namely, an understanding and control of the forces of nature and of life. Of course, the logic of the magician is implicit; he is only dimly conscious even of his intellectual processes; in fact, magic is always an *art* to him, never a science, and the very idea of science is lacking in his undeveloped mind.

Psychologically analysis makes it appear that the two dominating principles of magic, similarity and contact, are but the *mis-application of the association of ideas*. It is the simplest principle that the mind naturally associates what is similar. The whole science of organic classification depends on this principle. And again the mind associates whatever is contiguous in space and time. These two principles of association are the most prominent ones so far as classification and association of sense-objects are concerned. They are the associations used by both the magician and the scientist. The magician, however, because of his ignorance of natural laws, commits the mistake of assuming that things which resemble each other are the same: and that things which have once been in contact with each other are always in contact. In practice the two principles are combined, or, to be more exact, contagious magic is generally found to involve an application of the imitative principle, whereas the imitative magic may be practised by itself. Both of these branches of magic are generally conveniently termed *sympathetic magic*, since both assume that things act on each other at a distance through a secret sympathy, the impulse being transmitted from one to the other by means of a kind of invisible ether, or mystic agency, not unlike that which is postulated by modern science for a precisely similar purpose, namely, so things can act on one another at a distance and through empty space.

It remains now to illustrate these various types of magic in the concrete expressions of them. And in this only suggestions can be made, since they have had almost unlimited exemplification among all primitive peoples without exception. We may, therefore, seek merely to present certain types of magic and taboo which strikingly illustrate these principles.

IMITATIVE MAGIC.

One of the most familiar applications of the principle of similarity, or that like produces like, is the attempt which has been made by many primitive peoples in many ages to injure or destroy

an enemy by injuring or destroying an image of him, in the belief that, just as the image suffers, so does the man, and that when the image perishes the man must perish. This practice has been widely diffused over the world and has persisted through the ages. Thousands of years ago it was known to ancient India, Babylon and Egypt, as well as to Greece and Rome, and at the present day is resorted to by cunning and malignant savages in Africa, Australia and elsewhere. The ancient books of the Hindus testify to the use of similar enchantments among their remote ancestors. Indeed, the antiquity of these magic practices is impressive. To destroy his foe, a man would fashion a figure of him in clay and transfix it with an arrow which had been barbed with a thorn and winged with an owl's feather; or he would mould the figure in wax and melt it in the fire. Sometimes effigies of soldiers, horses and chariots, elephants and other implements of a hostile army were moulded in dough, and then pulled into pieces as a measure of defense. In modern India these practices have only been modified in detail.

In Japan, if an Ainu desires to compass the destruction of an enemy, he will also make a likeness of him out of mugwort or the guilder-rose and bury it in a hole upside down or under the trunk of a rotten tree, with a prayer to a demon to carry off the soul of the man or to make his body rot away with the decaying tree. In this practice we find magic mixed with religious rite. The Chinese also are aware that you can harm your enemy by maltreating or cursing an image of him, especially if you have taken care to write on it his name and horoscope. In the Chinese *Book of Rewards and Penalties*, translated by Stanislas Julien, we find illustrated the literary and ancient form of such efforts at magic. We read: "Kong-sun-tcho, having died suddenly, some time after he had succeeded to the post of treasurer, appeared in a dream to the governor of his district and said unto him: 'I have been the victim of an odious crime, and am come, my lord, to pray you to avenge me. My time to die had not yet come; but my servants gave me the nightmare, and I was choked in my sleep. If you will send secretly some dauntless soldiers, not one of the varlets will escape you. Under the seventh tile of the roof of my house will be found my image carved in wood. Fetch it and punish the criminals.' The governor found the image bristling all over with nails. Bit by bit the wood changed into flesh and uttered inarticulate cries when struck." The servants, we are told, suffered the extreme penalty of the law. In this story both 'magic and superstition are

interwoven, and there is exemplified the effort of literature to embody folk myth and magic.

In order to see the universality of such imitative magic let us turn to the American Indians. When an Ojibway Indian desires to work evil on any one, he makes a little wooden image of his enemy and runs a needle into his head or heart, or he shoots an arrow into it, believing that wherever the needle pierces or the arrow strikes the image, his foe will the same instant be seized with a sharp pain in the corresponding part of the body; but if he intends to kill the person outright, he burns or buries the puppet, uttering certain magic words as he does so. Others believe that by drawing the figure of a person in the sand, in ashes or clay, or by considering any object as his body, and pricking it with a sharp stick or doing it other injury, they inflict a corresponding injury upon the person represented. The Peruvian Indians moulded images of fat mixed with grain to imitate the persons whom they disliked or feared, and then burned the effigy on the road were the intended victim was to pass. This they called burning his soul. But they drew a delicate distinction between the kinds of materials to be used in the manufacture of these images, according as the victim was to be an Indian or a Spaniard. To kill an Indian, they employed maize and the fat of the llama; to kill a Spaniard, they used wheat and the fat of a pig, because the Spaniard did not eat llamas and preferred wheat to maize. That is, the image was to be of the same substance as the Indian or Spaniard were respectively supposed to be—a striking example of the principle of similarity in magic.

If imitative magic, working by means of images, has been commonly practised for the spiteful purpose of putting obnoxious people out of the world, it has also, but far more rarely, been employed with the benevolent intention of helping others into the world, and in general for *beneficent* ends. It has been common among all tribes throughout the world to make doll-like images, over which are performed certain secret rites, for the women to place under pillows and thereby facilitate childbirth and offspring. Often there is a ceremony simulating birth at the adoption of a child, and in the eyes of primitive law and philosophy the child thus becomes really a natural child to all intents and purposes. The make-believe, so dear to children, is thus practised by primitive peoples.

When a Cora Indian, of Mexico, wants to multiply his flocks, he models a figure of the animal he wants in wax or clay, or carves

it from tuff, and deposits it in a cave of the mountains, which he believes to be the masters of all riches, including cattle and sheep. Sympathetic magic has been used, in general, to insure the food supply. Thus, in the barren regions of Central Australia the tribes are divided into a number of totem clans. The great majority of the totems are edible animals and plants, and the magic ceremonies are supposed to supply the tribes with food and other necessities. Often these rites consist in the imitation of the effects which the people desire to produce. In such manner, the Arunta go through a pantomime representing the fully developed witchetty grub, which they eat, in the act of emerging from the chrysalis. This is supposed to multiply their number. Imitations of the emu, the kangaroo, cockatoo and other creatures, are similarly performed. These totem practices are mainly crude, almost childish, attempts to satisfy the primary wants of man in the hard conditions to which he is subject in those deserts—and the want of food first of all. In all such examples we see the use of magic for benevolent purposes.

Magical images have also been employed for the amiable purpose of winning love. The ancient Hindu would shoot an arrow into the heart of a clay image as a means of securing a woman's affection; only, the bowstring must be of hemp, the shaft of the arrow must be of black ala wood, its plume of owl's feather, and its barb a thorn. The Chippewa Indians had little images of the persons whom they desired to win, and pricking the hearts of the images, they inserted magical powders in the punctures, while they addressed the effigies by the names of the persons whom they represented. Ancient wizards melted wax in the fire in order to make the hearts of their sweethearts melt of love. And the natives of New Caledonia make use of effigies to maintain or restore harmony between husband and wife. The spindle-shaped bundles are tied together firmly to symbolize and assure the amity of the couple.

One of the most universal beneficent uses of imitative magic is the healing or prevention of *sickness*. In ancient Greece, when a man died of dropsy, the children were made to sit with their feet in water, until his body was burned. This was supposed to prevent the disease from attacking them. Such practices find almost limitless variation throughout the world. One of the great merits of imitative magic is that it enables the cure to be performed on the person of the doctor instead of the patient, who is relieved of all trouble and inconvenience, while he sees his medicine-man writhe in anguish before him. Thus a Dyak medicine-man who has been fetched in a case of illness, will lie down and pretend to be dead:

he is accordingly treated as a corpse, is bound up in mats, taken out of the house and deposited on the ground. After about an hour the other medicine-men loose him and bring him to life; and as he recovers the sick man is supposed to recover.

Imitative magic is found in relation to almost every human interest, not excepting the inanimate world. A person is supposed to influence vegetation by his acts or state of being. But the influence is mutual; the plant can infect the man just as much as the man can infect the plant. In magic, as in science, action and reaction are equal. People are supposed to be influenced by the nature of the timber of the houses in which they live. The strengthening virtue of iron is suggested to all people, and the stone, for steadfastness, was ever used for taking oaths. Precious stones have had a unique history in relation to magic. Thus the amethyst, meaning "not drunken," was supposed to keep the wearer sober. The bloodstone if laid on a wound is supposed to stop the flow of blood. And among the things which imitative magic seeks to turn to account are the great forces of nature, such as the waxing and waning moon, the rising and setting sun, the stars and the sea. Magic of the pole-star suggests steadfastness and constancy. The Breton peasant fancies that seed sown when the tide is coming in will grow well, and seed sown at low tide will never mature. At present, even among us, people plant their potatoes in the full of the moon to insure a good crop.

Magical influences are supposed to act at considerable distances. Such action is called *magical telepathy*. Thus among the Blackfoot Indians the wives and children of an eagle-hunter are forbidden to use an awl during his absence, lest the eagle should scratch the distant husband and father. Magic has no doubt as to action at a distance. Elaborate rules for the regulation of friends far away have been devised which are carefully observed, the good fortune or even the life of the distant person depending on the faithful observance of the rule. Such telepathy is used in relation to the hunt, sailing, fishing, in relation to war, and all else whatever. In Madagascar, when the men are away at war the women dance continuously and never eat or sleep at home. By dancing they are supposed to impart strength and courage to their men. The Thompson Indians of British Columbia observe similar rites.

Sympathetic magic also contains a very large number of negative precepts, prohibitions, or *taboo*. Not only the law of similarity but the law of contrast is utilized. The savage holds that if he acts in a certain way, certain consequences will inevitably follow in

virtue of one or the other of these laws; and if the consequences of a particular act appear to him likely to prove disagreeable, he is naturally careful not to act in that way lest he should incur danger. Whatever he believes dangerous is tabooed. Taboo, then, is a negative application of practical magic. It has as extensive a system as sorcery, but a few examples must suffice for our present purpose. In ancient Italy, women were forbidden to spin on the highways, or to carry their spindles openly, as they were supposed to injure and twist the corn. Among the Huzuls of the Carpathian Mountains, the wife of a hunter may not spin while her husband is eating his meals, or, when he is on the chase, the game will turn and wind like the spindle and the hunter will be unable to hit it. With certain tribes, when you have caught fish and strung them on a line, you may not cut the line, or next time you go fishing your line will be sure to break. The Malays, in searching for camphor, eat their food dry and take care not to pound the salt fine; the reason is that camphor is found in the form of small grains deposited in the cracks of the tree, and fine salt means small camphor.

Among the taboos observed by savages none perhaps are more numerous and important than the prohibitions not to eat certain foods. In abstaining from them they practise negative magic. Thus, in Madagascar, a soldier may not eat of hedgehog as it is feared that the animal, from its propensity of coiling up into a ball when alarmed, will impart a timid shrinking disposition to those who partake of it. A soldier should not partake of an ox knee, lest he become weak in the knee so he could not march; he should not partake of a cock that has died fighting or anything that has been speared to death; and no male animal may be killed in his house while he is away at the wars; for all these suggest that he will meet with the suggested similar fate.

CONTAGIOUS MAGIC.

The principle involved in contagious magic is, as we have seen, the notion that things which have once been conjoined must remain ever afterward, even when quite dissevered from each other, in such sympathetic relation that whatever is done to the one must similarly affect the other. In both imitative and contagious magic the thought is that effects resemble causes, and both rest on a false association of ideas. The physical basis in both cases is the conception of a material medium of some sort which, like the ether of modern physics, is assumed to unite distant objects and to convey impressions from one to the other.

The most familiar example of contagious magic is the sympathy which is supposed to exist between a man and any severed part of his person, such as his hair or nails; so that whoever gets possession of human hair, nails, etc., may work his will, at any distance, upon the person from whom they were cut. This notion is likewise world-wide. Incidentally this superstition has done much sanitary good in causing the removal of refuse and tending to a species of cleanliness which might never have been adopted on rational grounds. Particles of clothing, footprints, anything whatever at any time in contact with the person serves as an agent in working the charm on the intended victim. For this reason some natives sweep their floors and remove every vestige of possible substance in their course to prevent all possible magical charms being effective against them.

Every part of the body has been involved in the development of this form of contagious magic. In Australia it is a common practice to knock out one or more of a boy's teeth at the ceremonies of initiation into full manhood. The extracted tooth might be placed under the bark of a tree near a river; if the bark grew over the tooth, or it fell into the water, all was well; but if it were exposed and the ants ran over it, the natives believed that the boy would suffer from a disease of the mouth. Doubtless the prevalence of such disease itself gave rise to this barbarous method of prevention. Similar practices prevail among many tribes. It is a prevalent custom among civilized peasants to put an extracted tooth into the hole of a rat where the rat will run over it, believing that the rodent having strong teeth will make new teeth grow for the subject. Teeth of squirrels, foxes, beavers, etc., have been used for similar purposes.

A curious application of the contagious magic is the relation commonly believed to exist between a wounded man and the agent of the wound, so that whatever is done to the agent must correspondingly affect the patient for good or evil. Pliny tells us that if you have wounded a man, and are sorry for it, you have only to spit on the hand that gave the wound, and the pain of the sufferer will be instantly alleviated. In Melanesia, if a man's friends get possession of an arrow which wounded him, they keep it in a damp place or in cool leaves, for then the inflammation will be trifling and will soon subside. Meantime the enemy, who shot the arrow, is hard at work to aggravate the wound, by drinking hot and burning juices and chewing irritating leaves, for this will clearly inflame and irritate the wound. They also keep the bow near the fire to make the wound hot. Among some Indians it is believed that the anointing of the

weapon that made the wound would heal it. In Suffolk, England, even now, if a man cuts himself with a scythe, he takes care to see that the tool is kept bright and oils it to keep the wound from festering.

Magic sympathy is also supposed to exist between a person and his clothes, so that whatever is done to the clothes will be felt by himself, even though he be far away at the time. In Tanna, New Hebrides, a man who has a grudge at another and desires his death, gets a cloth which has touched the sweat of his enemy's body. He rubs this cloth with leaves and twigs of a certain tree, rolls all together into a bundle, and burns it slowly in the fire. As the bundle is consumed the victim falls ill, and when it is reduced to ashes, he dies. Such practices are carried out with great variations.

Contagious magic may also be wrought upon a man through the impressions left by his body in the sand or earth, particularly through his footprints. The superstition among the savages is that, by injuring the footprints, you injure the person or feet of those who made it. The natives of southeastern Australia think they can lame a man by placing sharp pieces of glass or charcoal in his footprints. Rheumatic pains are often by them attributed to this cause. A tribe in western Australia has a magical instrument made of resin and rats' teeth which they call the sun, because it is supposed to contain the solar heat. By placing it on a man's tracks they think they can throw him into a violent fever which will soon burn him up. Such magic is used by savage hunters also for the capture of game. Before leaving a camping-place, some of the natives of New Guinea are careful to stab the ground thoroughly with spears, in order to prevent a sorcerer from making use of a drop of sweat or anything of the imprints which they may leave behind: From this we can understand a maxim of the Pythagoreans that in rising from bed we should smooth away the impression left by our bodies, a precaution against magic which existed among the Greek forefathers long before the rite was fathered on Pythagoras.

It is interesting to note that the practice of magic is primarily self-preservative in its motive. In its manifold aspects the wish is always father to the thought. As example, there is the subjective desire to wreak vengeance on the enemy, and the savage mind satisfies this subjective desire in motor discharge upon the vicarious substitute for the real enemy upon whom he would like to effect

his will. And since like acts are supposed to produce like results, he associated these ideas in this magical manner.

But, we may ask, what can possibly have given rise to all these fancies, and particularly, what could have made them persevere in the face of constant experience to the contrary? The answer is that, to the ignorant mind, a single coincidence is more forceful and impressive than many failures, which assume certain conditions to be lacking; it is the natural disposition of the human mind to affirm something positively, rather than wait in doubt and negation; and finally, the evident credulity of the untutored savage mind must be considered. Like elements exist, at present, in relation to the patent-medicine dispensation. A man is sick; he takes a bottle of some nostrum; he gets well; hence the nostrum cured him. But all this takes no account of the fact that hundreds of others took the nostrum and died. And the dispensary prints no testimonials of the dead. In like manner, if the savage secures any desire by magic rite, the effectiveness of that coincidence gives it great reputation, which is passed on by tradition. It is a familiar fact among us that even scientists often assert as positive truth what may be no more than conjecture, or, at best, only tentative hypothesis. Like the scientist, the savage asserts beliefs in lieu of knowledge. And so far as credulity is concerned, it is found in an astonishing degree among all classes of even cultured men. One of the early Church Fathers is reputed to have said concerning a difficult dogma: "I believe it because it is impossible."

THE MAGICIAN'S FUNCTION.

In savage society there is commonly to be found, not only private magic, but what may be called *public magic*, that is, sorcery practised for the benefit of the whole community. In such a case, the magician ceases to be a private practitioner and becomes to some extent a public functionary. This fact is of great significance for the political and religious evolution of society; for, since the good of the tribe is supposed to depend on the performance of these rites, the magician rises into a position of much influence and repute, and may readily acquire the rank of a chief or *king*. Magic accordingly draws into its ranks some of the ablest and most ambitious men of the tribe, because it holds out to them a prospect of honor, wealth and power, such as hardly any other career could offer. They may be honest, but the acute are liable to be knaves and deceivers. But the pitfalls are many and one's life is safe only by steering shrewdly between the difficulties. The tendency would

be for supreme power to fall into the hands of the ablest and most unscrupulous men. Furthermore, it is evident that the elevation of magicians to power tends to substitute a monarchy for that of primitive democracy, or rather oligarchy of old men, which is characteristic of savage society. Thus it appears that the rise of monarchy is the general condition of the emergence of mankind from savagery.

The notion that the savage is the freest of mankind is just the reverse of the truth. He is a slave, not indeed to a visible master, but to the past, to the spirits of his dead ancestors, who haunt his steps from birth to death and rule him with a rod of iron. Superstition will allow no change for the better; the ablest man is dragged down by the weakest and dullest, who necessarily set the standard, since they cannot rise while the abler can fall. This means a dead level in society and that the lowest level, namely, savagery. The rise of an influential talented savage may carry his tribe forward in a generation more than previous ages have done. Magic, then, has been one of the roads by which the ablest men have risen to supreme power, and has contributed to emancipate mankind from the thralldom of tradition and to elevate them into a larger and freer life. And this is no small service, combined with the fact that magic has led also to science itself.

We have seen that the magician may become king. His social position becomes that of primate or *prince*. Accordingly regalia take on the significance of fetishes and talismans, the possession of which carries with it the right to the throne. In Celebes, Indian Archipelago, the royal authority is embodied in the regalia, and the princes owe all their authority and the respect which they enjoy to the possession of these precious objects. The regalia reign, and the princes are only their representatives. In all parts of the world the emblems of royalty have been viewed in a similar light and have had a similar origin. In ancient Egypt the two royal crowns, the red and the white, were supposed to be endowed with magical virtues, indeed to be themselves divinities, embodiments of the sun-god. The belief that kings possess magical or supernatural powers to control the course of nature for the good of their subjects seems to have been shared by the ancestors of all the Aryan races from India to Ireland. Swedish and Danish, as well as Irish kings were slain because they were supposed to cause famines and pestilence. A relic of such belief may be seen in the notion that English kings can heal scrofula, or king's evil, by their touch. But kings have gradually exchanged the magical for the

religious profession, and now are often the head of the church or religion of the nation. They have become priests instead of sorcerers.

The conception of men as gods was slow in arising, but it was only a step from magic to this end. Human gods have reigned in all antiquity, and at the present reign among savages. Kings especially arrogated to themselves majesty, or at least divine origin. The emperors of China and Japan pretend to be sons of heaven, and the lamas claim descent through the transmigration of human deities. There is the development of the sacred king out of the magician. But there are two types of man-god, the magical and the religious. Both serve a function according to the kind of reference. Magical control of the wind, weather; rain, sun, etc., are among the important functions. Imitation of the rain, dry conditions, the winds, etc., were supposed to be effective for producing the desired result. In desert lands rain-magic took on chief importance; and in all countries the environment to be controlled determines the magical practices. Out of such conceptions have come the lingering sentiments concerning the magical seasons, yuletide, spring and harvest, with their mystical rituals. Magic has diverged into the vagaries of astrology, alchemy, divinations and auguries of every kind, which were compiled into books of such supposed wisdom in the ancient Assyrian library at Nineveh. Dream-books, fortune-telling, forecasts of the future, are harmless survivals of such past beliefs; and the prophecies concerning the weather by means of the goose-bone, fat of kidneys, the ground-hog, etc., are little more scientific.

We have seen that the magician may assume to be a god. But when he assumes to control the gods, he then passes from the sphere of magic to that of primitive religion. It is notable that when religion enters, magic tends to decline. There is a real hostility of religion to magic in later history. Yet even at the present day there is a universality of belief in magic among the ignorant classes, and this latent superstition is in a way a menace to civilization. With the growth of knowledge, the inefficiency of magic is recognized. In religion the early gods were viewed as magicians. And it may be observed that, in so far as religion assumes the world to be directed by conscious agents, who may be turned from their purpose by persuasion, it stands in fundamental antagonism to magic as well as science, both of which take for granted that the course of nature is determined, not by the passions or caprice of personal beings, but by immutable laws acting mechanically. In magic, this assumption is implicit; in science, it is explicit. Spir-

itual forces in magic are treated the same as inanimate agents, that is, they coerce, and are not conciliated or propitiated.

In the nature of the case it is but a step from primitive magic to primitive religion. Just as soon as the human mind passes from the conception of its immediate control of nature to that of mediate control through the intervention of a universal superhuman agency, it has passed from the sphere of pure magic to that of religion. But in this process it is evident that many elements of the magical will be absorbed into the expression of religion. Thus magic steals up into the higher plane of religion in the form of witches, devils and the supposed magical power of prayers, incantations and like religious forces and agencies. Religions of magic are very prevalent in Africa and among the Mongols and Chinese; not, however, in their absolute original crudeness, for the religious element of mediation has come in more or less, and the spiritual has begun to assume an objective form of self-consciousness.

It is worth our while to emphasize the profound human significance of both magic and the religion of magic. In view of primitive humanity's titanic struggle for existence, and its blind groping in the darkness of ignorance to find its way to the infinite Light, who would not be moved by the pathos of its childish expressions of supposed wisdom relative to the fixed and eternal truth! The most barbarous superstitions, the most infantile magic, have in them an exalted nobility when we go back of all crudity of expression and all hypocrisy in practice to the profound human striving for knowledge and understanding which they embody. Philosophically we must regard every expression of primitive magic and primitive religion as the innocent babblings of the childhood of the race, just as we regard the prattle of children concerning things of which they are not only ignorant but incapable of having knowledge. The stumblings of ignorance are always pathetic. Ancient philosophy is full of fallacy, and the whole course of the genesis of science is one of trial and error. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that elements of the magical and miraculous should have come down into the expressions of even the Christian religion. For, in fact, some of the conceptions lying at the base of even the profoundest speculations in the philosophy of religion are, at last, matters of perplexity and wonder, and are liable to remain speculative beliefs rather than real knowledge. The relation of God to man, man's freedom or determined action of will, his immortality, are examples of such mooted questions. Existence itself is an abiding mystery.

THREE POEMS.

BY MIRIAM ALLEN DEFORD.

PROFESSOR GARNER DIED LAST NIGHT.

So you who did not scorn
The half-articulate :
To language scarcely born
Whose years were dedicate.

Not too learning-vain
To seek to understand
The groping simian brain,
The unskilled, toolless hand :

Who, patient, gathered in
The poor half-words that meant,
To our wild ape-kin,
Passion or content :—

You have gone away
To that hidden shore,
Where our wordy say
Falls dumb, and is no more

Than to our speech here
The barbaric cry
By some ape in fear
Bellowed to the sky!

THE HERMIT, FROM HIS CELL.

Loneliness is my friend :
Solitude is my brother ;
Silence I took for mate,
Needing no other.
My mate and I together
Our child have wrought,
Born of these desert spaces :—
Our child is Thought.

PANTHEOS.

That easy trust in a life immortal, such as our simple fathers knew,
Where is it now? To what dim ether, losing its essence, has it fled?
Call in vain, for your faith has vanished: swift on the wings of your
doubt it flew:

Beat on the ground like some Greek woman, calling the spirits of the
dead!

"Ah, if men knew," said once Lucretius, "Death for the end of all
their cares,

How could the wiles of priestcraft trick them, lure them on for its
sordid gain?"

Clasp thou my hand, O mighty Roman! See, they turn in the hidden
snares:

Soon will they beat their faint limbs from them, earn their peace
through their grief and pain!

But thou art gone: there is no more of thee: one thou art with
meadow and stream:

Last night thou didst shine in the drifting moonlight, sigh in the
wind that shuddered by.

O wind, O moon! Can you never tell him, the old world wakes from
its cheating dream,

Tell it to him who lives with nature, even as too one day shall I?

I shall ride forth on the crested ocean, I shall make part of the
noonday gold:

Hear me, brothers who drowse and slumber, trusting too long what
cannot be!

Hail that truth which is new each morning, old as no tale that has
yet been told:—

O dream-fed sleepers! Our good brown mother, she is your im-
mortality!

MISCELLANEOUS.

BOOK REVIEWS.

RELIGIOUS AND MORAL IDEAS IN BABYLONIA AND ASSYRIA. By *Samuel A. B. Mercer, Ph.D., D.D.* Milwaukee, Wis.: Morehouse Publishing Co.: London: A. R. Mowbray & Co. [1919]. Pp. xiv, 129. Price, \$1.50.

The present volume of the Biblical and Oriental Series contains, besides a chronological outline and a brief introductory essay, discussions of the ideas of God, of man, of mediation, of the future and of morality in Babylonia and

Assyria. The purpose of the book is evidently twofold: (1) to furnish an account of historical facts the significance of which for a proper understanding of the Bible can no longer be denied; (2) to suggest an interpretation of these facts consonant with the tenets of liberal theology. To be sure, the author has found it worth while, "in order to inspire due confidence" in his study, to note that "no assertion has been made, and no conclusion has been drawn, which cannot be thoroughly substantiated by reference to the original texts" (p. viii). Still, his view-point is neither that of the recording historian nor that of the philosopher of history, but rather reflects a man who deems himself in possession of the ultimate truth—"a universal religious standard," as he calls it (p. 4).

This standard is also applied, with doubtful results, to the Babylonian idea of a future life. While the author admits, speaking of the doctrine "of the great attainment, the belief in the lofty something which it is possible for man to become," that the Babylonians "shared with all mankind this lofty ideal," he deplors that "its power as a moral sanction was greatly limited, because of their inability to allow its extension into the idealism of a life beyond the grave" (p. 116). Elsewhere he complains, "Their best vision was confined to this world, and that was not very inspiring. The Hebrew dream of a Messianic Kingdom, of a city of God, was unknown to them," and finds that, "when we think of the dreariness in outlook of the Babylonians and Assyrians, of the absence of that power which could have consecrated their nationalism, their patriotism, their wealth, their glory and their individual sacrifices, it is a real wonder that they ever accomplished anything" (pp. 94f). In other words, the idea of tit for tat in the life to come is regarded as essential for the "consecration" of the individual, and national self-glorification as a worthy "stimulus and inspiration of a glorious spiritual future" (*ibid.*) for the people as a whole. Leaving aside the fact that the author here takes the national hopes of the Jews at their *highest* value, it does not seem fair to draw the comparison at all, if only for chronological reasons, and as regards individual survival (cf. p. 117), the ancient Hebrews of course had just as dreary a conception of life after death as their Babylonian and Assyrian contemporaries, cf. Is. xiv. 9-11 and Ezek. xxxii. 22-32, and even as late a writer as Ecclesiastes (ix. 10). The claim that the failure of the Babylonians to develop beyond this stage of thought, "contributed largely to their final decay and downfall" (p. 92, cf. also p. 124), entirely disregards, it seems to us, the sad example of Egypt whose religion comprised an elaborate doctrine of individual salvation, or, for that matter, the example of modern Mohammedanism and various other religions.

For all these reasons we regret that in this particular connection we cannot follow the author's mode of demonstration, while the fairness with which he has presented practically every other phase of Babylonian belief is conspicuous—there are wide circles to whom his account of Babylonian morality and piety will come as a revelation. The least satisfactory chapter is unfortunately the last one, which might easily have been condensed to half its present length without losing in substance.

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