

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

VOL. XXXIII (No. 1)

JANUARY, 1919

NO. 752

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The Open Court Publishing Company

122 S. Michigan Ave.

Chicago, Illinois

Per copy, 10 cents (sixpence). Yearly, \$1.00 (in the U.P.U., 5s. 6d.).

Entered as Second-Class Matter March 26, 1897, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under Act of March 3, 1879
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THE CAPTURE OF JOACHIM MURAT AT PIZZO, CALABRIA,
October 8, 1815.

Frontispiece to The Open Court.

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THE INNER KINGDOM.

BY E. MERRILL ROOT.

WHEN Thoreau lay dying he dictated his last letter. It read: "I *suppose* that I have not many months to live, but of course I know nothing about it. I may add that I am enjoying existence as much as ever, and regret nothing." Long before he had written: "I love my fate to the core and rind." And in *Walden* he wrote: "Nothing can rightly compel a simple and brave man to a vulgar sadness. While I enjoy the friendship of the seasons I trust that nothing can make life a burden to me."

Now what would the average man say of the *success* of Thoreau's life? Thoreau tried school-teaching and gave it up—pencil-making and had no financial success; all his life he worked with his hands, fared simply, and lived in what we should call poverty. Like Milton in Wordsworth's sonnet,

"His soul was like a star and dwelt apart."

As a writer—and writing was his chosen profession—he did not succeed: his first book threw him into debt; even *Walden*, though it became well known, never won the admiration it holds to-day. His journals, and most of his scattered articles, were published after his death. Solitary, poor, disregarded, after having apparently done little to thaw the icy crust of the world, he died when he was only forty-five. What is the secret of his unconquerable happiness in the face of all this?

There is another happy man, very different, and yet very similar—William Blake. Lonely, save for the society of a few artists who understood him, like Fuseli and Linnell (toward the end of Blake's life), he lived unregarded by the public (which increasingly shunned him as the years went by, and—knowing nothing of his actual life—called him mad), insulted and cheated by his ignorant

and vulgar employer, Cromek, and with no success as poet or painter. The story is told that when he went from publisher to publisher with an illustrated volume of his wild, prophetic poems, and all refused to publish them, "Well, it is published elsewhere," he would quietly say, "and beautifully bound" (meaning in Heaven). Almost no one believed his poems or pictures unusual or even beautiful. He had only himself, his wife, and God for comrades. Cromek wrote that at one time Blake was reduced "so low as to be obliged to live on half a guinea a week." When Blake lay on his death-bed, he sent out almost his last shilling, in order to buy a pencil! And yet one who knew him (Mr. Palmer) wrote, "If asked whether I ever knew among the intellectual a happy man, Blake would be the only one who would immediately occur to me." And Blake himself, once, laying his hands on a little girl's head, said to her, "May God make this world to you, my child, as beautiful as it has been to me." And on his death-bed he chanted pleasant songs (which he improvised—both music and words), till his wife cried out that he was an angel and no man!

I think it is well to ask what made these two poor and lonely men happy. In the greatest of modern poetry since the early Victorian period—in James Thomson, in Rossetti, in Swinburne, in Morris, in Henley (despite his love of vigorous living), and in Rupert Brooke, there has been a brooding melancholy, a despairing dread, a disbelief in the essential kindness of the world, a fierce distaste for the conditions of modern life, a weariness with the futile monotony of an industrial civilization. There has been none of the assured tranquillity, the serenity, the brave and simple happiness of Thoreau and Blake. What great modern poet has been *happy*? And if none of them has been *happy*, in the sense that, no matter how the legions of Death and Evil, with dirges and cloudy banners, have besieged the kingdom of their mind, that kingdom has retained its inward peace, then none of them has been *healthy*. For as health is perfect harmony of the body, so happiness is perfect harmony of the spirit. A mind is *happy* when it is inwardly *serene*. Epictetus was outwardly a slave; he knew Evil; but inwardly his mind was tranquil and serene, that is, it was happy, which is another way of saying that it was healthy. And since it is well to inquire into the principles which make bodies healthy, is it not equally well to inquire into the principles which make minds healthy? And so I wish to study the principles which made Thoreau and Blake happy even though they were fallen on evil days and poor.

In the first place, both Blake and Thoreau emphasized the *inner* life of man. Through all Thoreau's letters this emphasis on the personal, the mental life, runs like a serene and irresistible river, like a strong smooth wind. In *Walden* he wrote: "If I were confined to a corner of a garret all my days, like a spider, the world would be just as large to me while I had my thoughts about me." Gilchrist, in his *Life of William Blake*, wrote: "For it was a tenet of his that the inner world is the all-important; that each man has a world within greater than the external."

Now there are several results of this emphasis on the inner life. Most evident is the result that time or place, wealth or poverty, health or sickness, fame or obscurity, loneliness, misunderstanding, or scorn have no power over that mind which lives in itself. It can make a prison or a poorhouse a gate to fairyland; it can be happy even in a palace. It does not *need* amusement and diversion: moving pictures, operas, circuses, parties, or even music, pictures, books, or nature; it can be content and interested in its own thoughts, its own fancies, the glory of that infinite empire of the mind of which Thoreau wrote: "Every man is the lord of a realm beside which the earthly empire of the Czar is but a petty state, a hummock left by the ice." Instead of vainly trying to run away from that infinite loneliness into which every man is born, or trying to drug itself into forgetfulness of that solitude by gaudy pleasures, the mind may face the loneliness, and find that best of comrades—*itself*. A second result is this: to one who emphasizes his own internal life, the petty standards of others—their worship of respectability, a competence, and the conventions of social life,—are as impotent as the spells of Circe against Odysseus. One ceases to fret about conforming one's self to the opinions of others, for one realizes the truth of Blake's apothem: "The apple-tree never asks the beech how he shall grow, nor the lion the horse how he shall take his prey." And so we cease to fret, to fume, and to worry; we feel a great serenity, an infinite peace, such as one might feel who should be drawn suddenly from some trivial earthly whirlwind into the tranquillity of the ether. A third result is that one ceases to be interested primarily in Self. The more one leans on his own mind, and the less one plants his feet on custom and on the good opinion of others and on ease, the less one cares for the selfish heaping up of riches, or safety and comfort at the expense of honor: serene, and careless of the world, one may live for truth, for love, for beauty—as one cannot if one lives for the goods of the world. A fourth result is that one sees the things of the world truly, when one sees

them impartially and not as means or hindrances to some end. If one cares for cherry-pie supremely, one does not see robins so impartially (and consequently so clearly) as when one cares supremely for spiritual serenity. Ants, mills, butterflies, missionaries, sand-grains, railways, cannot be truly known until they are seen from the smokeless and untroubled towers of that kingdom which is within us. A fifth result is that one can love whatever and whomsoever one will, for what they *are* and not for what they have, or what they can do for or to us. And finally, to him who lives in the fortress of his own mind, death, which is only an external accident and not an internal weakness, has no terror.

And Thoreau and Blake, who emphasized this inner life, were consequently happy. Like Kipling's Purun Bhagat, or the old Chinese poet and philosopher Chang Chih-Ho who "lived as a lonely wanderer, calling himself 'the Old Fisherman of the Mists and Waters,'" they disregarded riches, society, conventions, worldly reputation, and lived in that inward empire which is not bounded by space or time, in that City of God which is not built with hands.

Yet I wish rather to state a different, though cognate, reason why Thoreau and Blake were happy. They were happy because the world never ceased to be beautiful and mysterious to them. Painting pictures, writing poems, watching frisky lambs, or fish, or the battles of ants, were, to them, surpassingly interesting. The splendor of tigers, gardens, the color of autumn leaves, children, lakes, birds, were to them beautiful imagery in a poem that never grew trite, that was never too long. They never ceased to *wonder* at life. Blake was so interested in the wonder of creating beauty that he painted on whether he were sick or well, and expressed surprise that his friends could desire holidays. Yet he took joy even in the drudgery which was necessary to procure him bread, although it curtailed his own peculiar work. And he could be happy when he was not at work. This little fairy-tale which he told will prove it: "I was walking alone in the garden; there was a great stillness among the branches and flowers, and more than common sweetness in the air; I heard a low and pleasant sound, and I knew not whence it came. At last I saw the broad leaf of a flower move, and underneath I saw a procession of creatures, of the size and color of green and gray grasshoppers, bearing a body laid out on a rose-leaf, which they buried with songs and then disappeared. It was a fairy funeral." Such men can spend an afternoon watching swallows weave blue threads in the air; or peering into the enchanted forests of the grass where minstrel-cricket, blundering grasshoppers, forager ants,

burgher beetles, and hovering butterflies hunt, or play, or court, or quest for adventure, in a world of dim and rustling green where mystery and romance yet abide. The busy mole, the poised hawk, the russet-gray woodchuck nibbling clover, the fitting troubadour-birds, the moving pictures of the clouds—all these are to such a man endlessly and fascinatingly interesting. Violet lakes, crispering into foam under the dancing feet of the wind, are more (to him) than reservoirs whence he may extract black-bass. He can lie on their banks for hours,

“And fish for fancies as they pass
Within the watery glass,”

and say, with Blake,

“I'll drink of the clear stream
And hear the linnet's song,
And there I'll lie and dream
The day along.”

To such a man the world is an absorbing book, whose pages are days, whose chapters the seasons: a book full of lovely and melodious poems, of moving stories, of grave tragedies, of lustrous pictures. And though such a man turn the pages for a thousand times a thousand years he can never find the pages dull. Life is all too short for him.

“To make this earth, our hermitage,
A cheerful and a changeful page,
God's bright and intricate device
Of days and seasons doth suffice.”

To such a man the world is more than the world of science—more than a rotting apple, full of restless magots, swung at the end of a string by a blind idiot boy around a guttering candle. Is there not mystery in whippoorwills and nightingales? or in the stillness of a moonlit forest at midnight? What do we care about God or matter or immortality? They are unimportant questions: what is important is to *live*: to move as a dancer in the masque of life, to delight in the pageant of life with a graver yet no less enthusiastic zest than that of a small boy in a circus, to find, like God or like hawthorns and lilacs, the world good. The man who thus wonders is intoxicated with the beauty of life: he is happy in the flowers and birds and beasts and sunsets which Life has given him for picture-books and toys. And such men (and how true it was of Blake and Thoreau!) have been too happy to grow cross or fretful:

they fall sweetly and happily to sleep when their nurse comes for them at the end of the day.

Contrast such lives—lives that frankly delighted in the poetry of life—with the austere life of the contemner of happiness—Carlyle. The staunch, crabbed, stern, deep-seeing, magnificent, narrow, vehement, tender, cruel old Scotchman! What a grand, unhappy life he lived! How miserable he made himself, and how miserable he made his wife, and how unnecessarily! It is nobler to teach your brother men to love a lamb or to sympathize with a chimney-sweeper, or to take delight in woods and lakes and lonely happiness, than to confirm them in silence and an intense diligence in the manufacture of—coffins and ropes of sand. Only where a life is happy (even in the midst of pain and want and loneliness and death) is it truly healthy: where there is inward misery and doubt there is a smoking fire, a half-uprooted tree, an axle that needs greasing, a ship that has not found itself. Where life functions as it should there is that inward harmony which we name happiness. Thus Christ (who had much more to dishearten him than Carlyle) spoke continually of his "*joy*." And perhaps "*joy*" is a better word than happiness: for I do not mean a passive, placid content: there is the calm of a stagnant fen as well as the calm of the starry heaven: there is the peace of sloth, of stupidity, of placid callousness to intolerable evils, all of which I abominate. And that Carlyle was never spiritually healthy is proved by his lack of joy.

The road to this joy or happiness leads into that inward empire of which I have spoken. And he who dwells in that spiritual city which is founded upon a rock, on which mundane floods beat and earthly rains descend without avail, can look serenely out of his irreducible fortress with a calm delight in children, in lilies of the field, in tigers that burn bright, and in lakes. It is our duty, no less than our privilege, to turn our footsteps thither. Christ taught joy; even church creeds have been known to bid us "*enjoy*" God forever; a well-known document states that the "*pursuit of happiness*" is the inalienable right of all men. And beyond all evidence of petty creeds, we have but to look at life to see that all life, however blindly and unsuccessfully, turns toward what Wordsworth in a magnificent phrase calls "*the grand elementary principle of pleasure*," as plants grow toward the light. Indeed, as Stevenson implies, it is a sin—a treachery to Life—to lose joy.

"If I have faltered more or less,
In my great task of happiness

.

Lord, thy most pointed pleasure take
And stab my spirit broad-awake."

Yet happiness as a duty! Might we not as well talk of constraining love by law, of *forcing* men to be *friends* at the point of a pistol? Happiness is not something to be attained, but something granted or withheld, like rain or sunshine: like the wind, it bloweth where it listeth. Can one say, "Go to! I will be happy to-day"? Can one catch the uncaged bird, Joy, and make it lilt for him? Sometimes the bird perches on the hand, but what cord will hold it? Who can follow it into the clouds? It is too true, alas! that one can never *make* himself happy, any more than one can *make* himself loved. But just as certain acts and a certain attitude may favor love more than others, just so a certain tendency toward certain acts and toward a certain attitude may bring one nearer to happiness. We cannot cage the bird, but we can frequent the country which it inhabits, and we can refrain from throwing stones at it. The way to be happy, then, is to learn to love and trust yourself, to live in that inward empire of the mind whither one may retire from

"Evil tongues,
Rash judgments, (and) the sneers of selfish men,
(And) greetings where no kindness is, (and) all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,"

the worry, the fretful inanity, the loneliness, the misunderstandings, the pain, the cruelty of life into the citadel of one's self. It was on those battlements that the slave Epictetus, the emperor Marcus Aurelius, defied the world. But to be really *joyful* one must not remain merely a Stoic—the defensive, not the offensive, warrior. Carlyle won almost as far as that (as his "Everlasting No" proves). Rather one must step out, like Stevenson, like Thoreau, like Blake, like Christ, and joy in all simple and lovely things—in the color and sound and majesty of life—in friends—in laughter—in rain—in the miracle-play of the seasons, with nature for stage, scenery, and actors—in thought—in painting—in poetry—in all the tremendous and mysterious romance which is Life. You will never be truly *unhappy* (although you may often be very sad), if, like William Blake, you are able

"To see the world in a grain of sand,
And heaven in a wild flower;
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand
And eternity in an hour."

THE COSMIC HANDS.

BY LAWRENCE PARMLY BROWN.

THE mythic concept of the sun on or near the horizon as one of the hands of the solar or cosmic god is of great antiquity and wide distribution, having been naturally suggested by the resemblance of wide-spread human fingers to the fan-shaped or finger-like radiations of the solar flabellum (fan) often observable in the clouds at sunrise and sunset, and also when the sun is erroneously said to be "drawing water." Other types or symbols of this flabellum were anciently recognized in such objects as the cock's comb; the fan-shaped palm-tree (Lat. *palma*, also the "palm" of the hand); the scallop or cockle shell worn by the medieval palmer pilgrim, and the stag's horns—as in the myth of the golden-horned stag of Keryneia captured by Herakles, and in the legends of the white stag seen by St. Hubert and by St. Eustace. The flabellum also appears in ancient art in many and various conventional forms, sometimes in connection with the head of a god, as in the case of the enthroned Buddha given by Moor (*Hindu Panth.*, Plate 75, fig. 3).

In the solar hand the wide-spread fingers and thumb properly represent the rays or shafts of light in the flabellum; but the rays themselves are sometimes figured or described as distinct from, but in connection with, the hand. Thus in the Egyptian *Book of the Dead* the deceased says of a solar god that "his hand had darted (rays) upon me in the earth" (LVIII, Theban Recension); in Habakkuk iii. 4, Jehovah has "rays of light (or 'horns,' as in the A. V.) coming out of his hand," and in early Christian art, down to the twelfth century, the presence of God is never indicated except by the solar hand—sometimes entirely open with rays from the fingers and thumb, again with only the thumb and first two fingers extended to typify the Trinity, or in one or another of the several benediction postures (Didron, *Christ. Iconog.*, I, p. 205, figs. 52, 54, etc.). This hand of God is often thrust from the clouds, with the rays descending from it as from the sun when "drawing water"; and water is fabled to have gushed from Mohammed's fingers (Gibbon, *Decline and Fall*, I, p. 493, ed. 1887)—the solar hand thus apparently being assimilated to a cloud hand

such as that in the Hebrew of 1 Kings xviii. 44, "a little cloud out of the sea, like a man's hand."

The Egyptian worshippers of the solar disk (of the Aten cult) frequently depicted it with descending rays (as if for arms) having open hands at their ends, as was sometimes done by the Persians (Lepsius, *Denkmäler aus Aegypten*, III, Plates 91-103; Budge, *Gods*, II, pp. 70, 77; Wilkinson, *Anc. Egyptians*, I, Plate 3; III, Plate 23). The cosmic Krishna has many arms, which are immeasurable, according to the *Bhagavadgita* (XI); and in the Inscription of Darius at El-Khargeh it is said of the sun: "We adore him in the form of hands" (*Records of the Past*, VIII, p. 137). A great number of symbolic hands have been found at Pompeii and elsewhere in Europe, many of which are illustrated in Elworthy's *Horns of Honour* (see also Bayley, *Lost Language of Symbolism*, II, pp. 335-341). Similar hands, generally imprinted in red by the human hand, were anciently common throughout Yucatan (Stevens, *Travels in Yuc.*, I, p. 177); the Mexican sun-god Quetzalcoatl was said to have left an impression of his hand on a rock (Squeir, *Serpent Symbol*, p. 190), while the Maya deity Zamma was represented in the form of a hand called Kab-ul = the Working-hand, probably for that of the creator (Brinton, *Myths of the New World*, p. 188).

The Egyptian Ra, the sun-god by name, is "he who raises his hand" at dawn, and in his cosmic character his body is conceived as invisible—"his body is so large that it hides its shape"—"his form is that of the invisible"—"his form is that of the god with the hidden body"—he is "the hidden one" ("Litany of Ra," I, 1, 13, 30, 39, 52, in *Records of the Past*, VIII, pp. 105-108). His two hands are said to be the god Secheni or Skheni (as the upholder of the heaven—*loc. cit.*, IV, 8, in *Records of the Past*, VIII, p. 123). Skheni is a personification of *skhen* = a "brace" or "prop," with the hieroglyphic determinative Y, and he has a Hindu counterpart Shamba, "who with a prop (*shamba*) held the two (upper and lower) worlds apart" (*Rigveda*, X, 72, 2 et seq., ed. Wilson). Again, the Hebrew of Deuteronomy xxiii. 27 reads: "The ancient God (Elohim) is thy dwelling-place, and underneath are the age-lasting arms"—the upper hemisphere or the earth here apparently being identified with Elohim as a sort of *pantheos*. It was the whole celestial sphere, not the earth, that was anciently upheld by the Phœnicio-Greek Atlas; while in the Saïte Recension of the *Book of the Dead* it is Shu (Light or Space) who holds up the heaven or sky with his two hands (XVII, 21; CIX, 3, XVI, vig-

nette). A door of the hall of the double Maati in the underworld is named "Arm of Shu offering himself for the protection of Osiris" (*ibid.*, CXXV, 58).

In the *Book of the Dead* we read of the sun-god: "May the god of light open to me his arms" (CXXIV, Theban Recension; the Saïte parallel referring to "the god who raises his arm"), and again in the Theban Recension it is probably the sun-god who is "the lord of the two hands and arms" (LXXXV). Thus Proclus, in the sixth book of his *Theology of Plato*, says that those who are skilled in divine concerns attribute two hands to the sun, the right and the left; while in an Orphic "Hymn to the Sun" we find that luminary addressed as a god with two hands:

"With thy right hand the source of morning light,
And with thy left, the father of the night."

(Hymn VIII, Taylor's trans.)

In the "History of Abdal Motallab," among the *Oriental Tales* of Comte de Caylus, the Angel of Day and Night, Noukhail, is represented as saying: "The day and night are trusted to my care. I hold the day in my right hand and the night in my left; and I maintain a just equilibrium between them"—the dawn being here expanded to include the whole day while the evening includes the night. In an old Hebrew text quoted by Goldziher (*Mythol. Heb.*, p. 134), we read that "the shining one stretches forth his hand toward him who covers up," i. e., toward the night. The open left hand was an emblem of justice in Egypt, which Apuleius supposes was because of its inactivity and lack of skill and cunning (*Met.*, 11); but in all probability the true reason is found in the assignment of the cosmic left hand to the west and thence to the underworld where the Egyptian Judgment of the Dead was held. The huge hand over the gate of Justice in the Alhambra is well known. In the cosmic man of the Kabbalists the right arm is assigned to Mercy, a male emanation; while Justice, a female emanation, belongs to the left arm; and they are "the two arms of the Lord, the first distributing life, and the second, death" (Ginsburgh, *Kabbal.*, p. 16). Good fortune, righteousness and life are associated with the right or dexter hand, while death, wickedness, and ill fortune belong to the sinister or left hand—the right and left hands also being recognized as masculine and feminine respectively.

The dawn that grows into the day is often called "the golden," while the evening is sometimes "the red," although the latter color is equally applicable to the dawn. Thus the solar flabellum of the

east becomes the mythical golden hand (the right), the western flabellum sometimes being the red hand (the left). In the *Book of the Dead*, Chap. XV, the sun is the great light-giver who rises "like unto gold" (Theban), or has "risen out of the Golden" (Saïte); and he is thus addressed: "Thou illuminatest the earth by offering thyself with thine own hands under the shape of Ra at thy rising" (XV, 12, Saïte). Amen (the Hidden) or Amen-Ra is sometimes a mere variant of the soli-cosmic Ra, and to him it is said:

"O Amen, thou ledest night unto day,

 Thy hand is adorned with gold,
 As moulded of an ingot of gold."

("Hymn to the Nile," I, 4; X, 7, 8; in *Records of the Past*, IV, pp. 107-114).

The sun-god Savitri or Savitar of India is called "the vast-handed" and "the golden-handed" in the *Rigveda* (I, 22, 5), and the Hindu scholiast Sayana (on V, 81, 4) explains Savitri as the sun before (otherwise at) its rising, Surya as the sun from rising until setting. The Arabian deity Hobal was represented by an idol of red agate with a hand of gold (Sale's *Koran*, Pref. Dis., I, p. 14).

In the *Book of the Dead* we read of "the arm resting on the waters" (CLXIII, 2, Saïte). In the legend of King Arthur a hand belonging to an arm "clothed in white samite" appears from the (eastern) lake with the miraculous sword Excalibar, which the King obtains through the good offices of the Lady of the Lake (apparently a lunar figure). At the close of his career he has the sword thrown into the (western) sea, whereupon the arm reappears and the hand catches the sword, taking it beneath the waters. Then the King sails away to Avilion (or Avalon) as the land of the dead (Malory, *Morte d'Arthur*, I, 22; XXI, 5). It seems that the arm was clothed in red at its second appearance, for it is found in another vision of the *Morte d'Arthur* "covered with red samite" (XVI, 2).

An open red hand is found on the escutcheon of Ulster in Ireland, and is fabled to commemorate the daring of a certain O'Neile; the story being that after he had vowed to be the first to touch the shore of Ireland, he found himself beaten in the race over the sea, so cut off one of his hands and flung it to the shore, thus touching it before any of the others in the race could land. As Ireland belongs to the extreme west of Europe there can be little doubt that this red hand was originally the western and left

hand of the sun; and the same solar hand probably reappears as the red hand on numerous armorial bearings and elsewhere in England. This is indicated by the belief that the red hand could be expunged from the coat-of-arms only after the bearer had done penance by passing seven years in a cave, alone and in silence—doubtless suggested by some myth of the sun in the underworld. But the English red hands are now generally connected with traditional tales of blood (see Brewer, *Dict. Phrase and Fable*, s. v. "Hand"). In the legend of Dietrich von Bern (Theoderic the Great), the dwarf-king, Laurin (Alberich), who has a "cap of darkness," cuts off the right hand and left foot of any one venturing to enter his wonderful rose garden (that of sunrise and sunset); and in the legend of Walter of Aquitaine there is a god who has lost one hand, "the sword-god Zio"—doubtless a variant of the solar Zeus or Jupiter (Thorpe, *North. Mythol.*, I, p. 217).

The concept of the loss of the western solar hand is found in a highly developed form in the Norse myth of Tyr. As given in the *Younger Edda* (I, 25, 34, 51) it is too long and involved to be more than outlined here. Fenrir (or Fenris), the monster wolf of the underworld and night, three times permits the gods to bind him in as many chains. He is confident that he can break the first two, which he does, but has some fear of the last. The gods, however, craftily promise to release him if the third chain proves unbreakable, and although he mistrusts them he finally consents to be bound in it if permitted to hold a hand of one of the gods between his jaws by way of guarantee. So Tyr places his right hand in the mouth of Fenrir, who bites it off when he finds the chain unbreakable and the gods resolved not to release him. With the chain fastened to a rock, the great wolf is sunk deep in (or under) the earth, where he must remain till the end of the present world, when he will break loose—the natural day during which the night monster is bound in the underworld thus being assimilated to the cyclic day of the current world period. That the left rather than the right hand of Tyr was bitten off in the original myth is indicated by the fact that the hand of the rising sun is designated as the right hand in the *Elder Edda* (Voluspa, 5); and it may be assumed that Fenrir originally swallowed the (left) hand of Tyr.

In the Egyptian *Book of Hades* a monkey is figured driving a pig, "the devourer of the arm" (*Records of the Past*, X, p. 112), while a black pig is a symbol of Set or Typhon, who swallowed the (lunar) eye of Horus, but "afterward gave it back to the sun" (Plutarch, *De Iside*, 55); and it must have been generally conceived

that the cosmic hand or arm was vomited up or otherwise evacuated by the monster that swallowed it. In a variant view the solar (or lunar) personification is swallowed entire by the monster of the underworld and night (e. g., the whale swallowing Jonah). In a story from the lost history of Xanthus the Lydian, preserved by Athenæus (*Deipnos.*, X, 8), a certain king Cambles, while asleep one night, ate his wife after cutting her up into joints, and in the morning found nothing left of her but a hand, protruding from his mouth; whereupon he slew himself. The cutting into joints appears to have been suggested by the waning of the moon, which indicates a lunar character for the wife, although her hand seems to be that of the sun, as it protrudes in the morning from the mouth of the underworld figure.

The soli-cosmic god was sometimes conceived as losing both his hands, one at sunrise and the other at sunset. We saw above that Surya is the sun of the daytime; the rising sun being Savitri or Savitar "the golden-handed," which epithet is explained as follows in a Brahmanic legend. "At a sacrifice performed by the gods, Surya undertook the office of Ritwij, but placed himself in the station of the Brahma. The Aahwarya priests, seeing him in that position, gave him the oblation termed Prasitra, which, as soon as received by Surya, cut off the hand that had improperly accepted it. The priests who had given the oblation bestowed upon Surya a hand of gold. The legend is related in the *Kanshitaki Brahmana*, it is said; but there Surya loses both his hands" (Wilson's note, *Rigveda*, I, p. 50). In the *Book of the Dead* we read of a golden dog-headed ape without arms or legs (XLII, both Recensions).

The sun and moon were doubtless recognized by some as the two hands of the invisible cosmic god, the right and left respectively; while others identified the moon (primarily when rising and setting) as the hand of the lunar deity—although there is actually no lunar flabellum. Thus the lunar hand naturally came to be conceived as cut off, swallowed or otherwise lost or injured when the moon wanes into invisibility, while its recovery or restoration begins shortly after, when the new moon first becomes visible. In the *Book of the Dead* the arm of some great god "is rescued on the night of the festival of the fifteenth" of the month (CLIII, 8, Saïte). In the Norse myth of the descent of Frey (the evening and autumn sun) and Gerd (the moon) into the underworld, when the latter lifted the latch of the door "so great a radiance was thrown from her hand that the air and waters and all the world were illumined by it" (*Younger Edda*, 1, 37). As the sun is the golden

hand of Savitar and Amen-Ra, so the moon is a silver hand in the story of Nuadath (or Nuad) of the Silver Hand among the ancient legends of Ireland. According to the story, Nuadath invaded Ireland under cover of a mist, which he raised by enchantment (sorcery often being associated with the moon). He lost a hand in battle, but had it replaced with one of silver, made by Cred the goldsmith—apparently a solar figure (O'Flaherty, *Ogygia*, III, 10; Moore, *History of Ireland*, I, p. 103). The Egyptian Thoth (Tehuti), who was largely lunar in character, is said by Plutarch to have had one arm shorter than the other (*De Iside*, 22); which appears to indicate that he was assimilated at times to the cosmic god, his shorter arm being that of the moon as nearer to the earth and weaker than the sun.

White leprosy is associated with the moon in mythology because the latter was often considered white, being called "the white," in some languages (e. g., *Iebanah* in Hebrew); whence the "leprous moon" of the poets. Jehovah caused the hand of Moses to become "leprous as snow" and shortly to be restored as before, as a proof of his divine mission (Exodus iv. 6, 7). This was effected as the Lawgiver took his hand in and out of his bosom, as if to symbolize the rising and setting of the moon; while the infliction and cure of the leprosy appears to correspond to the waxing and waning of that luminary, the new moon being entirely dark. In a Rabbinical tradition, the leprous hand of Moses "was white and shining like the moon" (Baring-Gould, *Legends of the Patriarchs*, XXXII, 4). His sister Miriam, as a lunar personification, became entirely leprous, "white as snow," as a punishment; but was cured after seven days—a lunar period (Num. xii. 10-15).

The solar hand was connected with that extensive class of mythic concepts in which the sun-god becomes old, weak, sick, impotent, crippled, paralyzed or bound in the evening and night, and even more appropriately in the fall and winter seasons; his escape, restoration or cure of course belonging to the morning or the spring and summer. In one view Osiris is the old sun of the west, underworld, and winter, while his son Horus is the young or restored sun. Thus in a "Hymn to Osiris" we read: "The arm (of Horus) has become strong in the great dwelling of Seb" (the earth—*Records of the Past*, IV, p. 112); and in the *Book of the Dead* (I, 7, Saïte), Thoth says: "I am with Horus in the act of supporting this left arm of the Osiris who is in Sekhem" (localized on earth as the city of Letopolis). Again, "the arm of Horus in Sekhem" is identified with the Tat in Tattu (*ibid.*, XVIII, both Recensions), while the

hands or arms of the deceased are assigned to the Lord of Tattu (apparently Osiris—XLII, both Recensions). And as *tat* is one of the Egyptian words for “hand,” it is not improbable that the well-known *tat*-sign was identified by some as a symbol of the human hand, or arm and hand; the celestial Tattu being the region of the horizon circle as divided into the “two horizons,” primarily of the east and west.¹ In a Pyramid text (Pepi I), where the several parts of the body of the deceased are identified with gods, the shoulders and arms (and hands) are said to be Set—as a figure of the underworld (Budge, *Gods*, I, p. 110).

The Egyptian Khem, Min, or Amsu, often figured in connection with the restoration of the deceased in the underworld, is a mummified god with one arm (generally the right) raised above his head, while the other is possibly wanting, but probably only concealed and bound in the mummy envelope (Budge, *Gods*, I, p. 97; *ibid.*, II, Plate, p. 8; Bonwick, *Eg. Belief*, p. 75; etc.). His weak or paralyzed condition appears to be indicated by his chief distinguishing mark, a supporting bar that extends from the ground to the back of his head. As a mummified god he belongs to the underworld, probably being assimilated to Amen-Ra as the soli-cosmic deity who raises his hand at dawn of day. He is called “the lifter of the hand” (*Records of the Past*, VIII, p. 142) and “the god lifting up his



THE EGYPTIAN
KHEM, MIN,
OR AMSU.

¹ The *tat* or *tet*, which finally became the sign of stability, is an upright with three, four, or five cross-bars, near the top. In all probability it originally represented a tree and had something of the flabellum form—the oblique branches finally becoming the horizontal bars of the extant examples. And as the props of heaven (otherwise the solar hands of Ra or Shu) were also originally tree trunks (with forked branches), it was natural enough for the *tat* to become identified as a symbol of the hand or arm and hand; from all of which we can understand how the *tat* became the sign of stability. It was sometimes mystically recognized as the backbone of Osiris, perhaps because some took it for a symbol of the great cosmic tree as identified with the pole of the universe supporting the longitudinal divisions of the celestial sphere. This appears to be indicated by the fact that the cross-bars of the *tat* sometimes become circular disks. Moreover, the *tat* is occasionally dressed in a man's clothes and given a human head, while again, it has human arms and hands below the cross-bars (Budge, *Book of the Dead*, II, p. 46; Guigniaut, *Rel. de l'antiqu.*, p. 43, fig. 176a; etc.); in both of which forms it perhaps represents the cosmic god.—Tattu was an Egyptian name of the city of Mendes or Busiris; but there can be no doubt that every nome and city of Egypt (like Sekhem = Letopolis, etc.) was believed to be a terrestrial counterpart of some portion of the heaven. As Hermes Trismegistus has it in his *Asclepius*, “Egypt is the image of heaven, or rather, it is the projection below of the order of things above” (see also Brugsch, *Hist. of Egypt*, I, p. 21).

arm," who has "the hidden skin" and "the mysterious shape" (*Book of the Dead*, CLXV, 11, 14, Saïte—where Khem is identified with Amen). In all probability he is also "the god with his arm tied" (*ibid.*, XCIX, 20); for in the Saïte Recension the deceased opens the gates of Seb (from the lower to the upper world) and "frees himself from the god with his arm tied. . . whose beaming is for the earth" (LXVIII, 1, 2—where the Theban has: "His hand had tied cords around me (the deceased) and his hand had darted (rays) upon me in the earth"). In Chapter CXXIV of the Theban Recension, Papyrus of Nu (as rendered by Budge), the deceased says: "My palm-tree is like Amsu"—doubtless because of the resemblance of that tree to the open hand and the solar flabellum. Khem or Amsu, like Osiris, holds a winnowing-flail (or flagellum) in his lifted hand, and Jesus Christ is to come with his fan (Gr. *πτύον* = winnowing-shovel) in his hand (Matt. iii. 12; Luke iii. 17).

Two of the commonest images of Krishna are companion pieces, in one of which his arms are bound close to his body by the folds of a serpent that bites his left heel, while in the other he dances or tramples on the head of a similar serpent, with his arms free, holding the serpent's tail over his own head (Sonnerat, *Voyage aux Indes Orientales*, Plates 46, 47). The former doubtless represents the solar or soli-cosmic god bound by the serpent of winter (and night), while the latter shows him free and victorious over the same enemy in spring and summer (as in the daytime).

In the *Book of the Dead* the deified deceased says that he delivers Ra from the sickness of his body, arm, and leg; binding up the arm, etc. (CII, Theban). In the Egyptian belief the hands and arms, and other parts of the body are restored to the deceased in the underworld—after which he apparently ascends into the celestial regions (*ibid.*, XXVI, etc.). Among the cures attributed to the agency of Æsculapius, as recorded on votive tablets at Epidaurus, is one of a man whose hand was paralyzed with the exception of one finger. He dreamed that the god seized his hand and straightened out the closed fingers: and when he awoke in the morning he went forth cured (Frazer's *Pausanias*, note to II, 27, 3).

Just as the Hindu Savitri lost one or both of his hands when impiously accepting a sacrifice, so in 1 Kings xiii. 4, 6, the hand (or rather, the hand and arm—Hebr. *yad*) of Jeroboam withered (or "dried up," as in the A. V.), so he could not draw it back when he impiously stretched it forth from the altar on which he was offering a sacrifice. This was in the act of pointing to a certain prophet whom he ordered seized, and the hand was shortly restored

as before through the intercession of the same prophet with God—the basic suggestion for this miraculous withering and cure probably being found in the waxing and waning of the moon. An actual cure of a hand was doubtless one of the miracles expected of the Messiah; for the Emperor Vespasian, who was recognized by some as the promised one of Jewish prophecy (Tacitus, *Hist.*, V, 12; Suetonius, *Vesp.*, 4; Josephus, *Bell. Jud.*, VI. 5, 4), was said to have cured a man with a maimed hand by placing his foot upon



KRISHNA BOUND BY THE
SERPENT OF WINTER.

(From Sonnerat, in McClintock and Strong's *Cyclopedia of Biblical Literature*, s. v. Krishna.)



KRISHNA VICTORIOUS OVER
THE SERPENT OF WINTER.

it (Tacit., *Hist.*, IV, 81—Suetonius says it was a lame leg that was thus cured—*Vesp.*, 7).

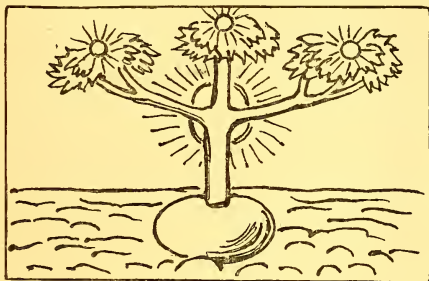
In connection with the one great Old Testament prophecy of miraculous cures in the Messianic kingdom, we read in Isaiah xxxv. 3: "Strengthen ye the weak hands. . . ." (Heb. and A. V.), or "Be strong, ye relaxed hands. . . ." (Sept.); and Zechariah (xi. 17) says of some "worthless shepherd" that "his arm shall be completely withered, and his right eye shall be utterly darkened"—

probably on a suggestion from the cosmic mythos. But in the story of Jeroboam we doubtless have the direct Old Testament type of the Gospel cure of the withered hand (or hand and arm—Greek *χείρ*). The Christian miracle is given by all three Synoptists (Matt. xii. 9-14; Mark iii. 1-6; Luke xi. 6-11); the original account presumably being that of Mark, who is followed closely by Luke with the added statement that the restored hand was the right—just as Josephus says that the restored hand of Jeroboam was the right (*Antiq.*, VIII, 8, 5). Jeroboam was afflicted and cured in the holy place of Beth-el, where he acted impiously; the Gospel cure occurred in a synagogue, where Jesus was accused of an impious act, that of working such a cure on the Sabbath. Jeroboam's hand remained stretched forth until it was restored or "became as it was before": that of the man in the Gospel story was stretched forth at the time it was "restored sound as the other" (in the same words in Mark and Luke). Before Jesus commanded the man to stretch forth his hand, He told him to arise and come into the midst of the congregation (Mark), to which Luke adds: "And he, having risen, stood up"—perhaps on a suggestion from the solar mythos. In the Gospel story the infirmity is evidently conceived as the result of paralysis; and according to the *Diatessaron* of Tatian (VII, 51) the restored hand "became straight"—implying that the fingers had been closed but were forthwith fully extended, like those of the solar flabellum at dawn, and those of the man cured through the agency of Æsculapius. St. Jerome, in his *Commentary on Matthew*, tells us that the man whose hand was restored was said to be a mason in the Gospel used by the Nazarenes and Ebionites (i. e., in the lost *Gospel of the Hebrews*); and as the usual Hebrew word for a mason is *goder* = wall-builder, it is not improbable that this idea was suggested by some myth of the solar creator as the builder of the horizon wall. The hieroglyphic determinative of the Egyptian *sapi* = to make, create, is a man building a wall, or sometimes simply a wall (Birch, *Dict. Hiero.*, s. v.); while Jehovah is described standing "upon a wall, with a plumb-line in his hand" (Amos vii. 7). Horapollo tells us that among the Egyptians a man's hand represented "one who is fond of building" (*Hieroglyph.*, II, 119).

In the *Testaments of the Twelve Patriarchs*, the right hand of Simeon "was withered for seven days" because he sought to slay Joseph (II, 2); a lunar character being here indicated for Simeon's hand by the fact that seven days comprise half the waning period of the moon. In *Pseudo-Matthew*, the hand of the midwife Salome (a lunar figure) withered when she doubted that a virgin could

have brought forth, but was cured by touching the garments of the new-born Jesus (13)—as probably suggested by the fact that the moon receives her light from the sun, while in the parallel story in the *Protevangelium*, Salome's hand "was dropping off as if by fire" (20). In the *Infancy of the Saviour*, the hand of the schoolmaster who flogged Jesus withered immediately, and he died (49). In the *Passing of Mary*, when the high priest raised his hands to throw down the bier of the Holy Virgin they were withered to the elbow, and part of them stuck to the couch; but he repented and was healed through the intercession of the Apostles (11-13).

Just as the eastern and western flabella are the hands of the soli-cosmic god whose body is invisible, so the full-orbed sun is sometimes conceived as his head; these three phases of the sun in a conventional view belonging to sunrise, noon, and sunset. In an

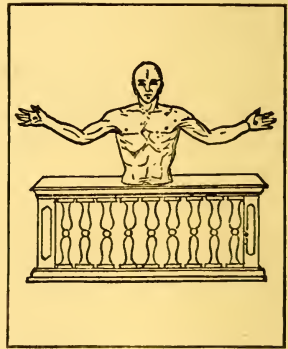
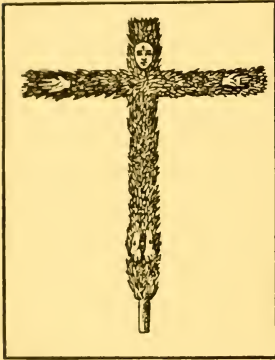


THE HINDU COSMIC TREE.

(From Creuzer's *Symbolik*, ed. Guigniant, I, Pl. 2, No. 16.)

Egyptian text the sun-god says: "I am Khepera in the morning, Ra at noon, and Atum in the evening" (*Trans. Soc. Bibl. Archeol.*, IV, Part II, p. 288); while the Hindus identified the three phases of the sun respectively with Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva, who thus were recognized as one god (*Asiatic Researches*, I, p. 267; V, p. 254). In the story of the Phœnician solar man-fish Dagon in 1 Samuel v. 4, his image falls during the night, breaking off the head and both hands. The three phases of the sun appear as three suns in a cruciform example of the great cosmic tree of the Hindus (Creuzer, *Symbolik*, ed. Guigniant, I, Plate 2, fig. 16; Lundy, *Monum. Christ.*, p. 272, fig. 119). Of this it was taught that "the universe is the eternal tree Brahma, which sprang from an imperceptible seed" (Ward, *Hindoos*, IV, Int. 24). The cosmic tree is found in another highly developed form in the Yggdrasil

ash of Norse mythology, on which Odin hanged or crucified himself (*Elder Edda*, "Havamal," 140-146). The monk Georgius, author of the *Alphabetum Tibetanum*, in that work (p. 206) gives two illustrations of the crucified Indra as figured in Nepal. One appears to suggest that the lower half of the god belongs to the underworld, for only the upper half of his body is visible, with his head and hands in exactly the same positions as the three suns on the Hindu cosmic tree; and Jesus as the Man of Sorrows is figured in the same way in a representation given by Jameson and Eastlake (*Our Lord in Art*, p. 364, fig. 263). In the other illustration in Georgius we find only the head, hands, and feet of the god nailed to a Latin cross, his body apparently being considered invisible;

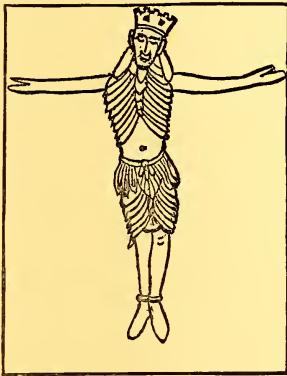


TWO ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE CRUCIFIED INDRA AS REPRESENTED IN NEPAL.

(From Georgius, *Alphabetum Tibetanum*, p. 206.)

while the cross itself is covered with foliage ("wreathed with abrotono," according to Georgius), which serves to identify it with the cosmic tree. A somewhat similar representation, illustrating the Procession of the Logos (Christ), is given from Robertus de Fluctibus (Robert Flood) in Jennings's *Rosicrucians* (p. 329). In this the left-hand half of the cross is depicted dark (doubtless originally for the night and the west), while the right-hand half is light (for the east and the daytime); but nevertheless the branch of the cross holding the detached head is assigned to the east; that holding the right hand, to the north, etc.—the soli-cosmic figure with invisible body thus apparently being conceived by some as proceeding first from east to west.

In the *Sibylline Oracles* (VIII, 301) it is prophesied of Christ on the cross that "He will spread his hands and measure all the universe (cosmos)"; and further on reference is made to the nail marks on His hands and feet, after His resurrection, as "denoting east and west, and south and north" (VIII, 322). In a medieval representation given by Didron, God appears in gigantic human form behind a crucifix, grasping the ends of its arms with His hands (*Christ. Iconog.*, p. 505, fig. 130). In a medieval legend the three suns are said to have appeared simultaneously in the heavens during the infancy of Jesus, to symbolize the Trinity (Thomas Aquinas, *Summa Theolog.*, III, 36, 3). Again, the three phases of the sun appear to be indicated on an antique Christian tau-



KRISHNA CRUCIFIED IN SPACE. CHRIST CRUCIFIED IN SPACE.
(From Lundy, *Monumental Christianity*, pp. 157, 174.)

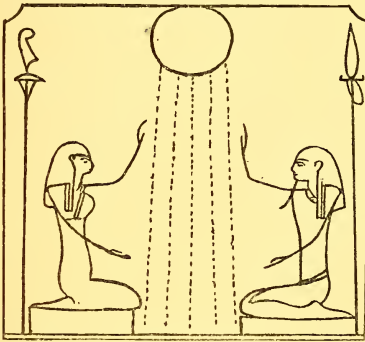
crucifix found in the Thames, England; for the nude man on the cross, with outstretched arms on a line with his head, has his feet turned to the right—as if to represent a solar figure proceeding from east to west while facing the south (Jewett, "The Tau Cross," in *Art Journal*, XXVII, p. 303, fig. 15). In all the earlier representations of the Crucifixion of Christ, as in some antique crucifixes, the cross is the tau, T. Surmounted by an ovoid, it becomes the *crux ansata*, the sacred *ankh* (life) symbol of Egypt, ☩; and some appear to have taken this for a hieroglyphic man with out-stretched arms, for a man's head sometimes replaces the ovoid—as in a Roman example from Pompeii given by Jewett (*loc. cit.*, p. 300, fig. 9), on a Gnostic gem in King's *Gnostics* (Plate 7, fig. 4), and in two

hermæ in Montfaucon (*L'antiq. expl.*, I, Plate 77, figs. 4 and 8). Indeed the so-called Crucifixion in Space (without the cross) of the Hindu Krishna (?) as well as of Christ (Lundy, *Monum. Christ.*, pp. 157, 174) may have been considered a mere variant of a soli-cosmic tau or crux ansata; thus illustrating perfectly what Justin Martyr says of the erect human figure with arms extended having the shape of a cross (*I Apôl.*, 55). As we know from the Roman historians, the head and hands of Cicero were nailed up on the Rostra at Rome—the head between the hands—, as it was impracticable to send the whole corpse from his Tusculan villa where he was slain; an exhibition of this kind probably being considered equivalent to a crucifixion without either the body or the cross.

In Exodus xvii. 11-13, Moses as the soli-cosmic figure stands with his two hands held up by Aaron and Hur, one on either side, from early morning “until the going down of the sun”; thus insuring victory for the Israelites—as representing the forces of light. In the *Book of the Dead*, Chapter XVI, which is composed of pictures without text, the noon-day sun is shown above and between two human figures; the one on the right having its right hand raised (for the eastern flabellum), while the one on the left raises its left hand (for the western flabellum): and five rays (for the solar fingers) are represented descending from the sun (as when “drawing water”). In the Turin papyrus (Saïte Recension), the right-hand figure is a man with a conventionalized beard, while the opposite figure is a woman (in Lepsius, *Todtenbuch*, Plate VI); and they are mystically connected with the eastern and western *utchats* = solar eyes in Chapter CLXIII (both Recensions), where “a figure of the god-of-the-lifted-hand with the face of the divine soul” is assigned to the pupil of one of the *utchats*, while to the other is assigned “a figure of the god-of-the-lifted-hand with the face of (the goddess) Neith.” Both figures are women in the Louvre Papyrus (Saïte, Chap. XVI; in De Rougé, *Rituel funéraire*, Pl. IV), thus probably being identified as the divine sisters Isis and Nephthys, who were perhaps represented by two women in the original account of the Crucifixion of Christ, in connection with which we now find three. Again, in one of the Assyrian emblems of Asshur we find two human heads on the outspread wings of that solar god, one on either side of his own head (Lajard, *Culte de Mithra*, Pl. 2, fig. 31; Rawlinson's *Herodotus*, I, Chap. 131, p. 256, ed. 1880); the additional heads probably representing the eastern and western phases of the sun. But in another view the sun and

moon have the eastern and western positions; sometimes appearing respectively on the right and left side of the crucified Christ, as in what is said to be the earliest known crucifix with the human figure of Christ (Martigny, *Dict. des antiq. chrét.*, Plate, p. 190; others in Jameson and Eastlake, *Our Lord in Art*, 2d ed., pp. 131, 151, 153, 167, 328, 329, etc.).

In the Gospel stories of the Crucifixion and its mythic variant, the Transfiguration of Christ, the two additional figures in each scene appear to represent the morning and evening phases of the sun. Of the two men crucified with Christ, one on either side, Luke says that one was repentant and therefore had the promise of paradise, while the other, unrepentant, was obviously destined



EGYPTIAN REPRESENTATION OF THE NOON-DAY SUN.

(From the Turin Papyrus, Saïte Recension of the *Book of the Dead*, Chap. XVI, fig. 3.)

for hades (xxiii. 39-43). The former was on the right and the latter on the left of Jesus, according to the *Gospel of Nicodemus* (i. 10) and the *Narrative of Joseph of Arimathæa* (3). They also belong to the east and west respectively, and it is from the east that the risen Christ and his penitent companion should properly be conceived as ascending to heaven. In Matthew and Mark the two men crucified with Christ are robbers (as in the Rev. Vers., Greek *λησταιί*); who were not necessarily so designated only because the Romans crucified robbers (Josephus, *Bell. Jud.*, II, 13, 2, etc.), for it is not improbable that this character was attributed to such mythic variants of the solar hands because the hands of robbers, as the offending members, were cut off as a punishment among some peoples (e. g., in India—*Laws of Manu*, IX, 276). Thus,

too, the hand of a dead man was sometimes employed by robbers as a protective talisman. Holding a lighted candle, it is the medieval "hand of glory," which was believed to make the bearer invisible, reveal hidden treasures, burst locks, produce sleep, and even restore the dead to life (Baring-Gould, *Curious Myths*, pp. 406-410). All of these powers are also attributed to solar or cosmic personifications.

Moses and Elijah are the additional figures in the Transfiguration scene of the Synoptic Gospels. Matthew (xvii. 2) says that the face of Jesus "shone as the sun" when He was transfigured; at which time His head had reached to the heavens, according to the *Acts of John* (4). In the *Gospel of Peter*, two others came with Jesus in the Resurrection scene, supporting him on either side—"And of the two the head (i. e., their heads) reached unto the heavens, but the head of Him who was led by them overpassed the heavens" (10).

There are reasons for believing that some of the ancient astrologers assigned the morning and evening hands of the soli-cosmic figure respectively to Aries and Libra as the eastern and western signs of the zodiac in the precessional period of about 2000 to 1 B. C., when the former of these signs belonged to the spring equinox, and the latter to the autumn equinox. It was in the house of Aries, and above the Ram, that the Arabs figured a huge hand, their constellation of Kaff al H'adib = the Hand stained with henna (i. e., of reddish orange hue), which became the low Greek *Χείρ βεβαμένη* of Chrysococca the Græco-Persian astronomer, and sometimes the Hand of the Pleiades (Allen, *Star Names*, pp. 143-4). It was probably at the spring equinox in Aries that the Egyptians held a festival of the celestial arm or hand as connected with the resurrection, for on a libation vase of Oser-Ur it is said to the deceased: "Thou shalt not be repulsed by Osiris on the day of his great festival of the arm of the gods" (*Records of the Past*, XII, p. 80). This was perhaps the birthday of Osiris, in connection with which we read of the rescue of "the arm of the Great God. . . on the night of the festival of the fifteenth" of the month (*Book of the Dead*, CLIII, 8, 9. Saïte); which appears to put this festival at the time of the appearance of the first new moon after the spring equinox. A ram's head is one of the symbols frequently found on the palm and fingers of the Isiac hand (Montfaucon, *L'antiq. expl.*, II, Plate 137), which suggests that some in later times substituted the lunar for the solar hand in Aries.

Libra, the Scales, is the sign directly opposite Aries; and we saw above that the lunar hand, as the left, was associated with justice in Egypt and elsewhere; while the Greek Themis, like our Justice, is often represented holding the scales in her left hand. Egyptian pictures of the Judgment of the Dead, in the *Book of the Dead* and elsewhere, show a monkey seated on the beam of the scales, while another (figured in duplicate) appears in the frieze, poising the scales with his hands—in all probability because the monkey was the typical hand animal (with a hand like a man's), whence it probably received its Egyptian name *kaf*, which also signifies a hand. And thus perhaps the two arms of the deceased came to be identified with Hapi (the ape-headed) and Tuamutef (the jackal-headed), two of the Egyptian group of four funeral gods (Budge, *Gods*, p. 492). In place of the zodiac Scales, which doubtless originated in Egypt, the Babylonians and early Greeks figured the Claws (in other words, the hands) of the Scorpion (R. Brown, *Primitive Constellations*, I, pp. 66-71); but as this reduces the original twelve signs to eleven, it is quite probable that the Claws replaced an earlier Hand, perhaps because the latter in the course of time had been assigned to the god of the lower world as the sign of the sun at nightfall—just as Scorpio, as the Akkadian Girtab = Seizer-and-Stinger, was sometimes figured with the solar or lunar circle in its claws (Brown, *loc. cit.*, I, p. 72; II, p. 232, fig. 9). Libra is represented by a man holding the Scales in various Egyptian, Egypto-Roman, Persian, and Mithraic zodiacs, too numerous for individual references here (for an Egypto-Roman example, see *The Open Court* XX, p. 471).

In close connection with Libra (but now in the house of Virgo) is the constellation of the Centaur, which some of the Greeks, at least as early as the time of Eratosthenes, knew as Cheiron = the Hand-one—for the Greek *Χείρων* is simply *Χείρ* = the Hand, or rather, the Hand-and-arm with the nominative masculine singular suffix *-ων*; there being no sufficient justification for the usual rendering, Handy-one. The Greeks followed the Babylonians in figuring the constellation of the Centaur as a composite man-horse; but we know from Homer and Hesiod that neither Cheiron nor the other centaurs (= bull-slayers) had anything of the horse form originally, while no equivalent of the name Cheiron for the constellation has been found outside of Greece (see Brown, *loc. cit.*, p. 110). Therefore we may reasonably assume that Libra was represented in some lost sphere by a human hand, which later held the Egyptian Scales, and still later was attached to a human figure; this older celestial

Centaur, who thus obtained the name Cheiron, being finally identified with the Babylonian man-horse. Furthermore, it is not improbable that this older Centaur or Cheiron is the last in the group of forty-two Assessors in the Egyptian Hall of Maati; for these assessors probably represent the forty-two constellations recognized by some of the ancient astronomers (e. g., Eratosthenes and Hyginus), while the last of the Egyptian group is he "who brings in his own arm, who comes out of Aukert" (the underworld—*Book of the Dead*, CXXVb, both Recensions). In the Babylonio-Greek sphere that has come down to us, the Wild Beast (the modern Wolf) is in the house of Libra and below the claws of the Scorpion. It is primarily a figure of the night, and mythically identical with Fenrir, the wolf that bit off the hand of the solar Tyr.

In the *Book of the Dead*, the name of the oars or paddles of the solar boat is declared to be "the fingers of Horus" (XCIX, both Recensions). The human fingers gave their name to the Idæan Dactyli (= Fingers) of Greek mythology, who were connected with the worship of Rhea in Phrygia. They were five males, according to some; or ten in all, five males and five females, according to others—evidently for the right and left hand respectively (Pollux, II, 4; Strabo, X, p. 473; Diod., V, 64). They probably received their name Dactyli from the human fingers as employed in offering sacrifices: the fingers thus employed being referred to in the Vedas as "the ten sisters" or "twice five sisters"—who engender Agni (= Fire)—"awaking him at dawn"—"feeding him on oblation," etc. (*Rigveda*, IV, 6, 8, etc.). These twice five sisters reappear in the Parable of the Ten Virgins to whom the kingdom of heaven is likened in Matthew xxv. 1-11; in all probability having been assimilated originally to the fingers of the solar hands. Thus when they go forth in the night to meet the bridegroom (originally the day or the sun), the five wise virgins take oil in their lamps, while the five foolish ones take none in theirs. The latter go away to buy oil, so when the bridegroom comes, only the former meet him and are admitted to the marriage. The original connection of the two groups with the east and the west is well illustrated in the *Speculum Salvationis*, where the wise virgins, with their lamps burning, ascend a flight of steps on the right hand of Jesus; while their foolish sisters, with empty lamps reversed, descend another flight, or His left hand, going directly into the jaws of a monster symbolizing hell (Jameson and Eastlake, *Our Lord in Art*, 2d ed., I, p. 392, fig. 137).

WAS DAVID AN ARYAN?

BY PAUL HAUPT.

HOUSTON Stewart Chamberlain states in his book on the Foundations of the Nineteenth Century¹ that David seems to have had blond hair and a fair complexion; he thinks that the founder of the royal dynasty of Judah was born at Bethlehem, but that his mother was perhaps an Amoritess, so that he would have been semi-European.² It is true that the Amorites who, as the Israelitish poet Amos (ii. 9) says,³ were as tall as cedars, as strong as sturdy oaks, may have been pre-Hellenic invaders from the Ægean islands including Crete;⁴ but there is no evidence that the famous first king of Judah was of Amorite extraction. David's ancestors were Edomites,⁵ and he was not born at Bethlehem, but in the neighborhood of Hebron. His hair was not blond, and his complexion was brownish or olive.

David may mean *Beloved*. It is possible that this was not the original name, but an epithet bestowed on him by his adherents, just as Nabal the husband of Abigail, is evidently a nickname (*Fool, Impious*). David must have been an exceptionally fascinating man who inspired love and devotion everywhere. The view that the name was originally Dodo, a title of the sun-god, is untenable. In the Amarna tablets (c. 1400 B. C.)⁶ a high Egyptian official has the

¹ *Die Grundlagen des XIX. Jahrhunderts*, p. 369; see also p. 487 and Professor Sayce's remarks in *The Open Court*, No. 635 (April, 1909), p. 243.

² The use of *Aryan* in the sense of *Indo-European* is inaccurate; *Aryan* means *Indo-Iranian*; see my paper "The Aryan Ancestry of Jesus" in *The Open Court*, No. 635 (April, 1909), p. 199, n. 17; cf. my paper "Semites, Hebrews, Israelites, Jews" in *The Open Court*, No. 751 (December, 1918), p. 756.

³ Amos, whose patriotic poems seem to have been composed c. 740-735 B. C., was an Israelitish gardener living in Judah after he had been banished from the Northern Kingdom; see *Journal of Biblical Literature*, Vol. 35, p. 287.

⁴ See my remarks on "Amorites, Phenicians, Philistines" in *Johns Hopkins University Circular* No. 306, p. 22. Palestine as well as Asia Minor were connected with Europe rather than with Asia. The western coast of Asia Minor is almost a part of Europe. Similarly Africa Minor, i. e., Morocco, Algeria, and Tunis, is Mediterranean rather than African. Cf. *Encyclopædia Britannica*, eleventh edition, Vol. 1, p. 649b.

⁵ See *Journal of Biblical Literature*, Vol. 36, pp. 93, 97.

⁶ See the notes on the translation of Joshua, in the Polychrome Bible, pp. 47-55.

name *Dâdu*⁷ which may be a contraction of *Dawûdu*. The Arabic form of the name is *Dâwûdu* or *Da'ûd*:⁸ but the limestone statue found at Bismaya⁹ in January, 1905, which Dr. E. J. Banks considered to be the oldest statue in the world,¹⁰ does not represent a king Da'udu of Uduun, but the ancient Babylonian king Esar of Adab (c. 2800 B. C.). Dr. Banks regarded *Esar* as the name of a temple. The two cuneiform signs read *Da-udu* represent the adjective *da-lu* = Assy. *dannu*, mighty.¹¹

In the legends of David preserved in the so-called Books of Samuel we read (1 Sam. xvi. 12)¹² that David was ruddy and withal of beautiful eyes and goodly to look upon. This is the rendering given in the new translation of the Holy Scriptures according to the Masoretic text, issued under the auspices of the Jewish Publication Society of America (Philadelphia, 1917). Our Authorized Version has of *beautiful countenance*, but adds in the margin: Heb. *fair of eyes*. The term *ruddy* (Heb. *admônî*) would mean *rosy*, rose-cheeked. The Ethiopic Bible interprets *admônî* in this way in the Judean legend of the birth of Esau and Jacob (Gen. xxv. 25): *Esau was red all over like a rose*. Similarly the Ethiopic version of the Book of Enoch (cvi. 2)¹³ says that when Noah was born his body was white as snow and red like a rose; when he opened his eyes he lighted up the whole house like sunshine; he stood up under the hands of the midwife and spoke to the Lord of Righteousness, so that his father Lamech was afraid of him and ran to his father Methuselah.

⁷ See Knudtzon, *Die El-Amarna-Tafeln* (1908), p. 1560.

⁸ See Spitta, *Grammatik des arabischen Vulgärdialekts von Aegypten* (1880), § 29.

⁹ West of 'Amâra on the Tigris, north of Warka, nine hours southeast of Nippur.

¹⁰ The latest edition of *Who is Who in America* (1918-19), p. 158, repeats the statement that Dr. Banks discovered the white statue of King David, a pre-Babylonian king of 4500 B. C. (*oldest statue in the world*). See also *Encyclopædia Britannica*, Vol. 4, p. 11.

¹¹ See *American Journal of Semitic Languages*, Vol. 21, p. 59; cf. the illustrations in Vol. 20, pp. 260-267, and the map on p. 276; contrast F. Thureau-Dangin, *Les inscriptions de Sumer et d'Akkad* (1905), p. 217; Eduard Meyer, *Geschichte des Altertums*, Vol. 1, third edition (1913), p. 487; Delitzsch, *Assyr. Lesestücke*, fifth edition, p. 24, No. 192; *Sumer. Glossar*, p. 131, line 9; Muss-Arnolt's *Assyr. dictionary*, p. 257, n. 1.

¹² The section 1 Sam. xvi. 1-13 represents a late popular expansion of the book, added after 400 B. C. See the edition of the Hebrew text in the Polychrome Bible.

¹³ The Ethiopic version was made from the Greek translation of the Aramaic original which was written in Palestine between 164 and 64 B. C. See *Encyclopædia Britannica*, Vol. 9, p. 650.

The interpretation of *admônî* in the description of David (1 Sam. xvi. 12) as *rosy* was endorsed by the famous Göttingen Hebraist J. D. Michaelis (1774) in his translation of the Old Testament as well as by the distinguished scholar and diplomatist Baron C. C. J. von Bunsen (1860) in his *Bibelwerk* and by the great Strassburg theologian Eduard Reuss¹⁴ in his posthumous translation (1892) of the Old Testament; also by Professor Löhr, of Breslau, in his new edition (1898) of Thenius's commentary. Thenius himself (1864) rejected the rendering *red-cheeked*; he thought *admônî* might mean *tanned*, but he preferred to explain it as referring to the redness of the hair and the skin. Canon Cheyne,¹⁵ on the other hand, believed that *admônî* implied that David had not yet become browned by exposure to the sun.¹⁶

Michaelis admitted in his notes that *admônî* might denote a yellowish-brown color. Luther rendered: *brownish*. The orthodox Lutheran theologian C. F. Keil (1875) has the correct translation *he was brownish and withal of beautiful eyes and goodly to look upon*, although in the next line he gives the interpretation *red-haired*. This explanation is based on the translation given in the Latin Bible: *Erat autem rufus et pulcher aspectu, decoraque facie*. The rendering *rubicundus* would have been better. Nor does Heb. *yěfê 'ênáim*, fair of eyes, mean *pulcher aspectu*; the singular, *'áin*, eye, might mean *look, aspect*; but *yěfê 'ênáim* can only mean *with beautiful eyes*.¹⁷ Nevertheless the mistranslation of the Vulgate has been followed by Professor Nowack, of Strassburg, in his commentary on the Books of Samuel (1902).

Red may stand for *brown*: the Bedouins call a bay-horse *áḥmar*, red.¹⁸ Heb. *ḥemár*, which is derived from the same stem, is the name

¹⁴ Reuss perceived nearly a hundred years ago (1834) that the Prophets were earlier than the Law, and the Psalms later than both: *the Law came in beside* (Rom. v. 20). Cf. the motto prefixed to Chapter 9 of Wellhausen's *Prolegomena* and Lagarde's *Symmicta*, Vol. 1 (1877), p. 56, line 30; *Mitteilungen*, Vol. 1 (1884), p. 199. Reuss also denied the existence of Davidic psalms as early as 1839; see Cheyne, *Founders of Old Testament Criticism* (1893), p. 179.

¹⁵ See his *Encyclopædia Biblica* (1901), col. 1939.

¹⁶ In the *American Journal of Semitic Languages*, Vol. 35, p. 63 (October, 1918), Batten retains the rendering *ruddy* and interprets it as *fair of complexion*.

¹⁷ The Targum has: *wě-hû simmôq, 'ênôhî yá'âyân wě-shappîr bě-rêwéh*, he was reddish, his eyes beautiful, and good-looking.

¹⁸ Alhambra (Arab. *al-ḥamrâ'u*; for the intrusive *b* cf. *number* = *numerus*) is the feminine form of this word. The name seems to be derived from the mud-bricks of the outer walls. Sun-dried bricks (adobes) are not red, as a rule, but according to Baedeker's *Spain* (1908), p. 346, the soil consists of a mixture, peculiar to the Alhambra, of clay and marl, permeated with oxide of iron.

of the brown asphalt obtained from the Dead Sea. Heb. *hāmôr* means *ass*; the Eastern ass is generally dark-reddish in color. Our *donkey* is connected with *dun*, dull-brown. Span. *burro* is the Lat. *burrus* = Greek *πυρρός*, red (originally *fiery*, flame-colored), which we have in the name Pyrrhus (*Πύρρος*). *Bureau* denotes originally a russet or brownish stuff with which writing tables were covered; *burrel* is the name of a coarse russet cloth used in the Middle Ages; also *birrus* was originally a cloak of a reddish color. In Zech. i. 8 *ādummim*, red (horses) is a prefixed gloss to *šēruqqim*, sorrels. The horses in the visions of Zechariah (February 13, 519) represent the four quarters of heaven: the fiery sorrel corresponds to the south, black to the north, white to the east, and gray to the west.¹⁹ In Assyrian, *sharqu* denotes *red blood*, i. e., bright-scarlet arterial blood, and *adamatu*: black blood, i. e., dark-red venous blood.

The majority of the modern commentators explain the Hebrew term *admônî*, which the Authorized Version renders *ruddy*, as *red-haired*. Dr. John Skinner, Principal of Westminster College, Cambridge, says in his excellent commentary on Genesis (1910) p. 359: It is usually explained of the reddish-brown hue of the skin; but there is much to be said for the view that it means *red-haired*. The note on 1 Sam. xvi. 12 in the third edition of Kautzsch's new translation of the Old Testament (1909) thinks it possible that *admônî* refers to blond hair, adding that blond hair is not infrequent among the present inhabitants of Bethlehem, nearly all of whom are Christians. Klostermann (1887) even inserts the word for *hair* (Heb. *se'âr*) after *admônî*, and this emendation has been adopted by the Catholic theologian Schlögl (1904). The great Jewish historian Graetz, followed by Krenkel, H. P. Smith, and Kittel, substituted the noun *'ālm*, youth, for the preposition *'im*, with: *He was ruddy, a youth of fine eyes and goodly appearance*; but *se'âr*, hair, or *'ālm*, youth, would never have been corrupted to *'im*, with. The preposition *'im*, with, means *along with*, combined with, and this may mean *notwithstanding*, despite, although (*ὁμως*). In Neh. v. 18 *'im-zê*, with this, signifies *yet for all this*. The corresponding Arab. *mā'a* is used in the same way.²⁰ The narrator meant to say that David was dark-skinned, although he had beautiful eyes and a goodly appearance. The literal translation of the passage is: *He*

¹⁹ See *Journal of Biblical Literature*, Vol. 32, p. 108.

²⁰ You say in Arabic e. g. *mā'a kāunihi qādīran*, with his being mighty, i. e., although he be mighty, or *qādduhā tarwīlun mā'a rīqqatīn*, her stature is tall with slenderness.

was brownish (combined)²¹ with beauty of eyes and goodness of appearance.²²

The women of Upper Egypt are brownish, but have most beautiful large black eyes. The skin of the modern Egyptians is deep-bronze or dark-brown in Upper Egypt, tawny in Middle Egypt, and light-yellowish in Lower Egypt (including Cairo). The faces of the women are lighter than those of the men.²³ On the ancient Egyptian wall-paintings the skin of the Egyptian men is reddish-brown, while the complexion of the women is yellow. Some of the Syrian chiefs are depicted as brown, and some as yellow. All are black-haired.²⁴ The Edomites in southern Palestine may have been brown, and the Israelites in the north yellowish. The complexion of the Bedouins in southern Arabia is dark,²⁵ and this no doubt due to an admixture of African blood. At the beginning of David's career (c. 1000 B. C.) the Judaites in southern Palestine were semi-nomadic sheepmen, whereas the Israelites in Ephraim were settled tillers of the soil. The heathen Edomites may have been originally brownish, hairy nomadic hunters like the aboriginal hunters of South Africa, but the Bushmen have little body-hair, and their color is a dirty yellow.²⁶

In the story describing David's encounter with Goliath we read: (1 Sam. xvii. 42) that the Philistine²⁷ giant despised David because he was but a boy and brownish (combined) with beauty of appear-

²¹ Canon Driver rendered: *together with beauty of eyes*. The form *yěfê* is not the construct state of the adjective *yafê*, beautiful, but the construct state of the substantive *yefê*, beauty, a form like *re'ê*, friend; *qecê*, end; and for the adjective *tôb*, good, we must read the substantive *tûb*, goodness. (cf. Zech. ix. 17). The original form of this noun *yefê*, beauty, is *yifay*; as a rule we have the syncopated form *yěfî* = *yify*.

²² Charles II of England (1660-1685) had a swarthy complexion, but beautiful black eyes and a fine figure; he was over six feet tall. Cf. below, n. 32.

²³ See *Encyclopædia Britannica*, Vol. 9, p. 31; Vol. 10, p. 242, and Nos. 6 and 7 on Plate I after p. 142 of Vol. 1 (1902) of Meyer's *Grosses Konversations-Lexikon*.

²⁴ See the polychrome frontispieces of the translations of Joshua and the Psalms in the Polychrome Bible, also the colored plates after pp. 242, 244, 290 in Meyer's *Geschichte Aegyptens* (Berlin, 1887), and p. 192 in Vol. 1 (1901) of Meyer's *Grosses Konversations-Lexikon*; p. 246 in Vol. 1 (1901) of Brockhaus's *Konversations-Lexikon*; p. 604 in Vol. 3 (1901) of Helmolt's *Weltgeschichte* or p. 54 of Riehm-Baethgen's *Handwörterbuch des biblischen Altertums* (1893).

²⁵ Cf. the modern Bedouins from the neighborhood of Damascus on p. 146 of the translation of Ezekiel in the Polychrome Bible.

²⁶ See Nos. 10 and 11 on Plate II after p. 142 in Vol. 1 (1902) of Meyer's *Grosses Konversations-Lexikon*.

²⁷ The Philistines were European invaders. They came from Crete in the twelfth century B. C. and occupied the harborless southern coast between Mount Carmel and Gaza, because the northern coast was held by the Phenicians; cf. above n. 4.

ance. Here the words *with beauty of appearance* are a scribal expansion derived from 1 Sam. xvi. 12. Goliath might have despised David, because he was a mere boy and dark-skinned, but the boy's beauty was no reason for despising him. Several distinguished exegetes therefore regard these words in 1 Sam. xvii. 42 as a subsequent addition.

The statement that David had a brownish or olive complexion, but beautiful eyes and a goodly appearance must be understood in the same way as the lines spoken by the maiden in the Biblical love-ditties (Cant. i. 5):²⁸

- 6,3 My dear one's am I, he is mine, too;
7,10 for my love he is longing.²⁹
2,1 The Saffron of The Park³⁰ am I,
the lily of the valleys.
1,5 Swarthy am I, but comely,
ye maids of Jerusalem,
Like the tents of the Sons of Kedar,
but like Solomon's arras.
6 Heed not my swarthy complexion,
it was the sun that burned me;
Wroth were the sons of my mother,³¹
they made me a watcher.

That is, I may be brunette like the pale-purple flowers of the meadow-saffron or even like the dark-purple sword-lilies, yet I am also just as beautiful as these flowers.³² Even if I were dark³³ like the tent-cloth of the Kedarene Bedouins,³⁴ I should still be as beautiful

²⁸ See *The Open Court*, No. 552 (May, 1902), p. 293; Haupt, *The Book of Canticles* (Chicago, 1902), pp. 5, 30; *Biblische Liebeslieder* (Leipsic, 1907), pp. 4, 38. Cf. *American Journal of Semitic Languages*, Vol. 18, pp. 195, 220.

²⁹ For the rhythm of these lines (3 + 2 beats, not 3 + 3) see n. 21 to my paper "The Son of Man" in *The Monist*, Vol. 29, p. 128 (January, 1919).

³⁰ Heb. *sharôn*, luxuriance, denotes the park-like tract of the Palestinian maritime plain between Joppa and Mount Carmel. Throughout its whole extent it is gay with myriads of bright-colored flowers. See my remarks on the "Rose of Sharon" in the *Journal of Biblical Literature*, Vol. 36, p. 147. Sharon is a name like Elis, i. e., Lowland, which is etymologically connected with our *vale* and *valley*.

³¹ That is, *my own brothers*; her father may have had several wives.

³² In John Evelyn's *Diary* the Welsh mistress of King Charles II and mother of the Duke of Monmouth, Lucy Walter, is described as a *brown, beautiful, bold, but insipid creature*.

³³ The Bedouin girls consider themselves black or brown, and call the city girls white. The brown girls, and the white girls play a prominent part in modern Palestinian erotic poetry.

³⁴ The tents of the Bedouins are made of black goat's hair, and their principal covering is a cloak of the same material; see *Encyclopædia Britannica*, Vol. 2, p. 759b. Cf. the Arab tents on p. 63 of the translation of Judges in the Polychrome Bible, and p. 729 of Guthe's *Bibelwörterbuch* (1903).

as the magnificent hangings in Solomon's palace. But I am not dark-skinned, only sun-burnt, because my brothers made me watch the vineyards.³⁵

Theocritus (10, 26-29) says to a charming Syrian brunette: The violets and the lettered hyacinths are dark, but both flowers are considered the most beautiful in any wreath. The ancients believed that the exclamation AI, woe, was marked on the petals of the hyacinth, i. e., a dark-purple sword-lily (*Gladiolus atroviolaceus*). The precious stone called *hyacinth* by the ancients was our amethyst, whereas Lat. *amethystus* denotes an amethystine sapphire or purple ruby. Theocritus (who flourished c. 270 B. C.) may have heard in Alexandria a Greek version of some of the Biblical love-ditties.³⁶ The father of bucolic poetry often borrowed from predecessors and contemporaries.

When Saul sent men to David's house to slay him in the morning,³⁷ Michal lowered David through the window and put teraphim, i. e., household gods, in the bed. At the head she placed a *kēbîr 'izzîm*, which was not a pillow stuffed with goat's hair, or a mosquito-net³⁸ of goat's hair, but a goat-skin bottle with the black hair left on, so that the leathern water-bag (Arab. *qîrbah*)³⁹ looked from a distance, especially at night, like the head of a man with black hair. If the bed had been empty, the assassins would not have waited for the morning, although it was contrary to Oriental custom to kill a man while he was asleep (cf. Judges xvi. 2). The bed was a light portable frame like our field-beds or army-cots; therefore Saul said (1 Sam. xix. 15): Bring him up to me in the bed (cf. also Luke v.

³⁵ For the misplaced illustrative quotation to this verse, *Catch us the foxes, the little foxes, destroying vineyards, our vineyards in blossom* (i. e., our virgin charms), cf. the Thracian name of Dionysus, *Bassareus*, which has been interpreted as *he who keeps away the foxes from the vineyards*; see *Encyclopædia Britannica*, Vol. 8, p. 287a.

³⁶ The Septuagint is said to have been begun under the auspices of Ptolemy II Philadelphus whose accession to the throne in 285 B. C. is glorified in Ps. lxxii; see *Journal of Biblical Literature*, Vol. 33, p. 185.

³⁷ Cf. the title of Ps. lix which was composed at the beginning of the Maccabean period; see the translation of the Psalms in the Polychrome Bible, p. 188, line 15.

³⁸ A mosquito-net is mentioned in the story of Judith and Holofernes (Judith x. 21). The Greek text has *κωνοπέιον*, Lat. *conopeum*, from which our *canopy* and French *canapé* are derived; but instead of *under a canopy* in Judith x. 21 (cf. xiii. 9, 15; xvi. 19) we must render: *within the mosquito-net*. *Κωνοπέιον* is derived from *κῶνωψ*, gnat.

³⁹ See the Oriental goat-skin bottles on p. 638 of the *Century Dictionary*; Hastings' *Dictionary of the Bible*, Vol. 1, p. 621, and p. 92 of the translation of Joshua in the Polychrome Bible; cf. my remarks in the *American Journal of Semitic Languages*, Vol. 19, p. 171, and *Modern Language Notes*, Vol. 33, p. 432 (November, 1918).

18-25). The original narrator may have believed that the incident related in 1 Sam. xix. 9-17 happened in the night after the wedding of David and Michal (cf. *ibid.* xviii. 27) who may have looked somewhat like Othello and Desdemona.⁴⁰

The hair of most of the goats in Palestine is black, long, and silky. Therefore the lover says to the maiden in Cant. iv. 1: *Thy hair is like a flock of goats*, while in v. 11 the maiden says of her dear one: *His hair is as black as a raven*. The line *Thy locks are purple* (Cant. vii. 5) has the same meaning; the purple of the ancients was a dark, dusky color. Also in Greek, *purple* is often used for *black*.⁴¹

Michal, it may be supposed, took two teraphim to represent David's legs, and for the upper part of his body she used a water-bag. Both teraphim and skin-bottle were covered with a cloak (Exod. xxii. 27)⁴² or blanket (Arab. 'abâ').⁴³ Only the end of the water-skin with the black goat's hair on the outside was exposed. The teraphim were probably less than three feet high.⁴⁴ Rachel hid her father's teraphim, which she had stolen, in her camel-litter or howdah (Gen. xxxi. 29-35).⁴⁵ It has been suggested⁴⁶ that these figures may have been so small that they could be used as lots,⁴⁷ as small perhaps as the Chinese Buddha pearls representing small seated images of Buddha, which have been inserted in Chinese river-mussels, so that they are covered with a nacreous deposit.⁴⁸ The teraphim may have been employed in divination, but we need not suppose that they served as lots. A. H. McNeile, of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, in his commentary on Exodus (1908), p. xiv, has called attention to the method of divination by means of an image, employed by the natives of Sierra Leone in Western Africa: a figure of light wood is held out by both hands from the waist, so

⁴⁰ Othello was not a negro, but a Moor. Iago alludes to him (1, 1, 124) as a *Barbary horse*. The Moors of Morocco have European features, black silky hair, and black eyes; their skin is light brown (*café au lait*).

⁴¹ Cf. *Journal of Biblical Literature*, Vol. 33, p. 299.

⁴² In Homer we find cloaks used as bed-covers; see, e. g., *Odys.*, 11, 189; 14, 520; 20, 4.

⁴³ See the illustration on p. 3 of the *Century Dictionary*.

⁴⁴ See the idols carried by Assyrian soldiers in *Encyclopædia Britannica*, Vol. 7, p. 229, fig. 12; cf. Ulysses carrying off the palladium of Troy on p. 4244 of the *Century Dictionary*.

⁴⁵ See the photographic reproductions of camel-howdahs on the plate in G. Jacob's *Allarabisches Beduinenleben* (1897).

⁴⁶ See *Journal of Biblical Literature*, Vol. 21, p. 31.

⁴⁷ The statuette of Astarte figured on p. 221 of Benzinger's *Hebr. Archäologie* (1907) is only about 4½ in. high.

⁴⁸ Cf. *Encyclopædia Britannica*, Vol. 21, p. 26b.

that it can swing; if the figure gradually inclines toward the person holding it, this is regarded as a favorable answer.

The name *teraphim* means *providers*, just as the Lat. *penates* is derived from *penus*, provisions. Lamps seem to have been kept burning before the teraphim, and the eternal lamps in the synagogues and Catholic churches may be a survival of this ancient usage. The Biblical phrase *I have set up a light for him* means *His family will not be extinct*.⁴⁹ Similarly a taper or lamp was kept burning before the Roman *lares*. Each family had two penates and one lar placed between them. One of the *Scriptores Historiae Augustae*, Lampridius, who lived in the first part of the fourth century, states in c. 29 of his *Vita Alexandri Severi*⁵⁰ that this last of the Syrian princes (222-235) among the Roman emperors,⁵¹ who had been adopted by his cousin Heliogabalus, had in his *lararium* busts of Orpheus, Abraham, Jesus Christ, and Apollonius of Tyana in Cappadocia, the Neopythagorean philosopher and wonder-worker who was born a few years before the Christian era, and whose doctrines were considered by some (Hierocles,⁵² Blount,⁵³ Voltaire, Wieland) to be superior to Christianity.

Michal was at first devoted to David, but afterward an estrangement took place, so that Michal had no child unto the day of her death (2 Sam. vi. 23). Michal did not despise David because he was a worshiper of JHVH,⁵⁴ but because, when the Ark was brought up to Jerusalem from the house of Obed-edom in the Philistine city of Gath, the king danced before the palladium, girded with an *ephod*, i. e., a loin-cloth.⁵⁵ The Roman emperor Heliogabalus (218-222) danced in public at the ceremonies in honor of the Syrian

⁴⁹ See *Journal of Biblical Literature*, Vol. 33, p. 166; Vol. 35, p. 319.

⁵⁰ See Hauck's *Realencyklopädie für protestantische Theologie und Kirche*, third edition, Vol. 4, p. 66, line 55; Vol. 18, p. 259, line 1.

⁵¹ His chief adviser was the great jurist Ulpian.

⁵² Hierocles, who was a Neoplatonist and governor of Bithynia, is said to have been chiefly responsible for the persecution of the Christians about the end of the reign of Diocletian in 303 A. D.

⁵³ Charles Blount (1654-1693) defended marriage with a deceased wife's sister, which was not legalized in England before 1907. For the misinterpretation of Lev. xviii. 18 see the translation of Leviticus, in the Polychrome Bible, p. 88, line 50; cf. Lagarde, *Mitteilungen*, Vol. 1 (Göttingen, 1884), p. 134.

⁵⁴ For the name JHVH, i. e., *Yah-wê*, see the translation of the Psalms, in the Polychrome Bible, p. 163, line 41; cf. the *New Standard Dictionary* under *tetragrammaton*.

⁵⁵ In the passages where *ephod* denotes an *idol* we must read *aphûd* instead of *ephôd*. The *aphûd* was a xoanon cloaked with precious stuffs or a statue built upon a wooden frame overlaid with plates of gold; see the sixteenth edition of Gesenius's *Hebr. Handwörterbuch* (1915), p. xivb; *Journal of Biblical Literature*, Vol. 36, p. 145.

sun-god, but Michal did not approve of David's scanty attire;⁵⁶ therefore she said: How dignified was the king of Israel to-day, who exposed himself in the sight of the handmaids of his servants like one of the beggars (2 Sam. vi. 20).⁵⁷

The ephod was a loin-cloth like the *dhoti* of the Hindus, and the shoulder-pieces (Exod. xxviii. 7) correspond to the Brahminical *janeu*. The sacred thread is worn by the three higher castes.⁵⁸ The *dhoti* is the sacrificial dress of most Hindus. In the same way the ephod was the priestly garment of the ancient worshipers of JHVH. David and his successors were their own high priests. There was no Jewish high priest before the reign of Darius Hystaspis (521-486 B. C.).⁵⁹ The primitive loin-cloth afterward developed into a skirt falling below the knees and held up by ornamental shoulder-bands.⁶⁰ The loin-cloth was also the essential feature both of male and female dress among the pre-Hellenic Ægean peoples. At the present day both male and female pilgrims enter the sanctuary in Mecca barefoot and clad in the scanty waist-wrapper (Arab. *ihrâm*).⁶¹ The Bedouins in southern Arabia wear loin-cloths instead of shirts. The loin-cloth is originally a waist-ornament, not a covering to satisfy the claims of modesty. Concealment affords greater stimulus to sexual selection than revelation.⁶²

The term *admônî*, brownish, is used also in the legend describing the birth of Esau and Jacob. We read in Gen. xxv. 25: The first came out *admônî*, all over like a hairy garment, and they called his name Esau. The Authorized Version has *red* for *admônî*; but this would not have been exceptional: all new-born babes are red; even negro babies have a reddish chocolate or copper color, the dark coloring of the skin does not develop until some weeks after

⁵⁶ See *Johns Hopkins University Circular* No. 145, p. 40; *Journal of Biblical Literature*, Vol. 21, p. 7.

⁵⁷ This may mean *rogues, low fellows*; but the translations *rakes, libertines, debauchees, dissolute persons* are unwarranted; cf. Neh. v. 13; Judges ix. 4; xi. 3; 2 Chron. xiii. 7.

⁵⁸ See *Encyclopædia Britannica*, Vol. 5, p. 467a; Vol. 14, p. 420, and p. 419, Plate II, fig. 2.

⁵⁹ See my remarks in the *Journal of the Society for Oriental Research* Vol. 2, p. 78.

⁶⁰ See the translation of the Psalms, in the Polychrome Bible, p. 224, fig. 8, and the last two colored plates referred to above, in n. 24.

⁶¹ For the survival of primitive usages in religious ceremonies see the translation of Joshua, in the Polychrome Bible, p. 62, line 5; cf. *Journal of Biblical Literature*, Vol. 21, p. 42.

⁶² See *Encyclopædia Britannica*, Vol. 3, p. 624a; Vol. 7, pp. 225a, 231, 227a, 232a. Similarly perfumes were originally not used for the purpose of concealing offensive odors, but as a substitute for attractive individual exhalations; see Albert Hagen, *Sexuelle Osmresologie* (Berlin, 1906), pp. 226, 240; cf. Haupt, *Biblische Liebeslieder* (1907), pp. 22, 69, 91, 112.

birth.⁶³ Nor does the Name Esau mean *red*. In Gen. xxxvi. 9 Esau is called the father of the Edomites on Mount Seir. Esau was originally the god of the Edomites, just as Jacob was the god of the Israelites, who was worshiped in the form of a bull. The horns of the altar may be a survival of the ancient bull-worship.⁶⁴ *Esau* seems to be a dialectic form of Heb. 'ôšê, Maker, so that it may be regarded as an older name for JHVH, Creator, lit. *He who causes to be*; but the statement in Gen. xxv. 25 may reflect a popular etymology combining *Esau* with Arab. á'thâ which is said to denote not only *hairy*, but also *dark-skinned*. If *Esau* were really derived from the stem of Arab. á'thâ, we should expect *Eshau* in Hebrew; but the original pronunciation of *Esau* (with *Sîn*) was *Eshau*. The combination of *Esau* with Arab. á'thâ is not any more inaccurate than the derivation of *issâ*, woman, from *îsh*, man, in Gen. ii. 23.⁶⁵

Edom is the name of the people, and *Seir* the name of their country between the Dead Sea and the northeastern arm of the Red Sea. *Se'ir* means *rough land*. The stem *sa'âr* is used of *rough* or *rugged land*, and of *rough weather*, also of *roughness* in the sense of *shagginess*, hairiness.⁶⁶ The corresponding German *rauch* (in *Rauchwaren*, *Rauchhandel*) signifies *peltry*. German *Rauch*, smoke, on the other hand, is our *reek*. The statement that the ancestor of the Edomites was hairy would explain the name *Esau*, if it was combined with Arab. á'thâ, shaggy. But *admônî*, red (or brown), is out of place in this connection. In Kautzsch's new translation of the Old Testament (1909) *admônî* in Gen. xxv. 25 is therefore regarded as a gloss.⁶⁷ Michaelis (1775) rendered:

⁶³ See *Encyclopædia Britannica*, Vol. 19, p. 344b.

⁶⁴ See *Journal of Biblical Literature*, Vol. 33, p. 164, n. 9.

⁶⁵ See Haupt, *Die sumerischen Familiengesetze* (1879) p. 25, n. 6; *Beiträge zur assyrischen Lautlehre* (1883), p. 99, n. 1. Cf. below n. 78. We have the root of Arab. á'thâ, hairy, in Heb. 'ash, moth, which means originally *unhairing*, also in 'ôfa'im, foliage, Ps. civ. 12; cf. Lat. *coma*, hair or foliage, and Arab. á'fâ shá'ra-'l-jámali or 'áfati-'l-árdu, with *f = th*; see *Journal of Biblical Literature*, Vol. 34, p. 72, line 8.

⁶⁶ Heb. *se'âr* means *hair*, and *sa'r* (or *sě'arâ*) denotes *storm*. The primary connotation of *sa'ir*, he-goat, is *shaggy*, and the original meaning of *sě'ôrâ*, barley, is *awny*, just as Lat. *hordeum*, barley, is connected with *horrere*, to bristle; *hircus*, he-goat; *hirsutus*, *hirtus*, hirsute; and *erinaceus*, *ericius*, urchin, hedgehog.

⁶⁷ Gunkel, on the other hand, considers *admônî* to be a part of the original Judaic text and the clause *all over like a hairy garment* an addition from the Ephraimite document. If this view were correct, we should have to assume that the narrator misunderstood the story; he ought to have said: The first one came out *admônî* (or *adóm*) and they called his name Edom. Such misunderstandings are not impossible. A member of a German club, who had a plateful of beans, put one of the beans aside, and asked, What does this represent? When no one was able to guess it, he said, This means Bonaparte

the first who came out was covered all over with red hair like a shaggy fur, so that Esau would have resembled a young orang-utan. The fact that the Edomites had more body-hair than the Israelites is suggested also in the story of Rebecca's stratagem in disguising Jacob, so that his father mistook him for Esau (Gen. xxvii. 16). The hairiness of the Edomites was no doubt much exaggerated in Israelitish legends.⁶⁸ We need not suppose that David's ancestors were completely coated with hair like our Miocene precursors, or that they were a hairy race like the Ainu of Japan; even the Ainu have not more body-hair than many Europeans, especially among the Russian peasantry; but the ancient Edomites may have had shaggy black hair covering the back and the chest.

The name *Edom* is explained in the story of Esau selling his birth-right for a lentil-soup, which we find in Gen. xxv. 29-34: Esau said to Jacob, Let me gulp down this red (or brown) stuff (Heb. *adóm*). A dish of lentils stewed with onions, rice, and oil, or small bits of meat and fat is still common in the East; the color of it is darkish-brown.⁶⁹ We may therefore conclude that the color of the Edomites was brown, and that David had an olive complexion and black hair.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE UNIMPORTANCE OF BEING CHRISTIAN.

BY JOHN DENMARK.

I TALKED not long ago with one of America's greatest Jewish leaders as he sat by the fireside with his family. His was an ideal home full of enlightenment and love. It was what we have learned to call a "Christian home." As we talked together of the problems of labor and social reform that confront us, I realized the true nobility and unselfishness of the man. Then the thought came to me, "How ridiculous it would seem for me to say that he was

(bean, German *Bohne*, apart). One of the men present thought this very clever; so, when he came home to dinner, he asked for some beans. He was told there were no beans, but he might have some peas. He said, All right, let me have some peas. He set one pea apart, and asked, What is this? When the family gave it up, he said triumphantly, Why, this is Napoleon!

⁶⁸ When we speak of some one *having been born in the purple* or *with a silver spoon in his mouth* or *on the wrong side of the blanket*, we do not expect a literal interpretation of these phrases.

⁶⁹ See Hastings' *Dictionary of the Bible*, Vol. 3, p. 95a; contrast Vol. 2, p. 28a.

damned for his unbelief while I was saved by my Christianity." He had more of love and patience and idealism than I would ever have. He could convert me to Judaism sooner than I could win him to Christianity.

But I did not try to convert him to Christianity because I realized the unimportance of being Christian.

What I felt has been tacitly agreed upon by most Christians for a long time. Proselyting for the Christian religion has become a lost art. I mean real proselyting. When young men and women who have been surrounded by church influences all their lives finally reach the age of decision, their entrance into organized Christianity is as automatic and inevitable as their entrance into society. In fact it is little else but an entrance into moral society under the careful guidance of anxious parents. Put the same kind of children with the same kind of parents into Arabia and the apples would fall as readily into Mohammedan baskets.

When Billy Sunday preaching in a Christian nation after Christianity has been on trial for nearly two thousand years succeeds in winning several thousand converts to Christianity he is hailed as a remarkable teacher. He is a remarkable teacher. His success stands out in striking contrast to the failure of almost every other evangelist who has had the courage to preach Christianity in all its nakedness.

It requires no special investigation to discover that most people in America are genuinely indifferent to all that conversion implies. They are quite heedless of the preachers' solemn question, "Where will you spend eternity?" They do not know where they will spend eternity and they are quite certain that Christianity will not enlighten them in the matter. In the South and especially among the foreign workingmen who operate many of our greatest industries, hundreds are buried without funerals, utterly scornful even in their grief of the churches' teaching concerning life and death.

In opposition to this wide-spread indifference there are two classes of preachers who are successful in their proselyting, modern and genial pastors who never preach Christianity, and the vaudeville evangelists who by their magnetic power shock people out of their normal littleness.

I belong to the first class. I have converted many people to my own conceptions of morality and religion with the help of Biblical phrases and the authority which the Church has given me, but I have never converted any one to the religion of Jesus Christ. For a long time I thought that I was a Christian evangelist. Now I

know that there are very few Christian evangelists, and that the astute businessmen and special pleaders who fill our city pulpits are converting men not to Christianity but to certain moral standards of optimism, honesty, self-confidence and ambition that will guarantee their success in the present social system. If I, as a city pastor, should suddenly declare that unless my congregation abandoned their earthly work, took no thought for the morrow, trusted in God so much that the food supply should be obtained by prayer to the Father who promised through his Son that every one who asked should receive, I would instantly be asked to resign.

Men would say that I was preaching insanity. The tragedy is that they would be right, and I would be Christian.

But the professional evangelists who are attempting to defend Christianity are a far more interesting study than the sensible city pastors. They are the true successors of St. Paul, earnest, enthusiastic, and successful, because they have reduced religion to a compact formula which even the most ignorant cannot mistake. How delightfully simple this formula is! Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved. For the rest, be good!

The character of these evangelists betrays them. Even the laity is beginning to be suspicious of that character. I have met many evangelists and heard many more give forth the sound and fury of gospel heat, and I have never yet discovered an effective evangelist who had a good education coupled with sane and careful judgment. The foremost representatives of proselyting Christianity are emotional calliopes who play upon the ignorance and emotional hunger of their audiences. Some of them are sincere with the sincerity created by personal power and exciting success—it is hard for successful men to disbelieve in themselves and their mission. Some of them are sincere with the sincerity of unadulterated ignorance. Many of them are emotionally and morally rotten, afraid to face the simplest doubt with candid analysis.

The character of the revivalists throws suspicion upon the value of their message. It is not the falsehood of that message which impresses the observer so much as the unimportance of it. That unimportance is due at least partially to the remoteness of the message of the Bible.

The Bible is not only incomprehensible to the average man: it is incomprehensible to most scholars. This is not because of any unusual depth of reasoning but because it is the work of contradictory, untrained minds, speaking a language which we do not completely understand, and setting forth a view of life which we can

appreciate only by the systematic stretching of a trained imagination. We cannot understand the Bible unless we can "put ourselves back" into Palestine and catch a glimpse of the world as it appeared to Jewish prophets and priests. And when, after years of special training, the scholar succeeds in realizing something of the real Biblical view-point, he sees how little vitality there is in the message which ancient Jewish sages bring to us.

Let me make my own confession in regard to the Bible. I have never enjoyed reading it until there was placed in my hands a modern English version that put in clear, twentieth-century phrases the chapters that in the old King James version had regularly put me to sleep on Sunday afternoon. The enjoyment then was short-lived. The effect of this modern-speech version was startling. When compared with the works of almost any successful writer of my experience, the Bible stood out as ineffably dull not only in its subject-matter but in its style. How pedantic were the epigrams of Jesus! How easily the American preacher could equal the letters of St. Paul if he chose to write letters to his flock! How puerile were the rhapsodies of Revelation!

When I saw how outworn superstition was freely mixed with mystical epigram, I was tempted to throw the whole thing away. But the deep, bass voice of my professor of homiletics kept ringing in my ears: "Young men, use the Scriptures! No book in the world has such power over the thoughts and imagination of men as the Bible. If you want to convince men of your opinions, use the Bible."

So I have used the Bible, although I have used it with an increasing sense of its real unimportance. I have seen many lives transformed by faith in the Bible but I have never yet seen a life transformed by the Bible. The distinction is important. The bones of St. Anna have never yet killed a germ or straightened a muscle, but the absolute conviction of scores of people that the straightening and germ-killing would be accomplished by the bones has sent back many an invalid to his home healed and jubilant.

When a careful study is made of these people to whom the Bible is preeminently important, it will be found in almost every case that they are either professionals who must use the Bible in the development of their careers or ignorant people whose range of reading is so limited that the narratives and exhortations of the Bible are interesting. In so many thousands of the homes of our grandfathers the Bible was the only serious and vital literature that it became for them a genuinely sacred book. It contained the only philosophy and

poetry they ever read. In a life of endless monotony and commonplaceness, it was the only thing that demanded their reverence.

But with expanding knowledge, the Bible is gradually taking its more natural place with the other dust-covered articles on the parlor table or the bottom shelf of the family bookcase. Nehemiah, Jehoshaphat, and their kind are described in the Sunday school and then promptly forgotten. In the life of America the Bible has already become an unimportant symbol, like a literary rosary, to be purchased and occasionally thumbed over but seldom to be read.

There is another and much more significant indication of the unimportance of Christianity in our time. The moral ideas of the race when frankly examined show practically no dependence upon the maintenance of Christianity.

Even in the questions of personal morals we do not follow distinctively Christian standards. The reason is that there are no Christian standards that can be effectively used in solving our ordinary moral problems.

If I consult the teachings of Jesus in regard to wine-drinking, I cannot discover whether I should be a total abstainer or not. Jesus did not know anything about American saloons. If I am anxious to know whether a divorced person can be married again, I find that the teachings of Jesus are ambiguous. Jesus was never married and he knew nothing of syphilis, low wages for working girls, or the feminist movement. If I hesitate before entering the army and ask myself, "Is it possible for a Christian to be a soldier?" I find that Jesus can readily be made into a Quaker pacifist or a terrible fighter for all just causes. If I turn to the teachings of Jesus to find standards for honesty while earning a living, I find nothing beyond vague moral generalizations. Jesus know nothing of modern trusts, cut-throat competition, and business honesty.

In the absence of definite Christian standards of morality, Christianity becomes merely a label for the particular moral system we want to endorse. No one can tell the world what Christianity really is, so everybody's religious business becomes nobody's religious business. What Christianity really is becomes of no importance. What the moral habits of the race are becomes all important.

The thing we call Christianity will live for many centuries because it has succeeded in gathering unto itself the greatest moral qualities of the race and in using those qualities to bolster up an antiquated analysis of life and an institution which still dominates our moral life. So it has become a mixture of the most practical and noble truths with the most ridiculous deceptions. In the same

breath we are asked to believe that we should love our neighbors, and that a certain fish swallowed Jonah and kept him in the submarine stateroom for three days. We are asked to accept the gospel of peace, and to believe that peace can come only through the belief by all humanity that God became completely incarnate in a certain Jewish prophet who lived many centuries ago.

As we confront this queer, impossible mixture, we cannot feel that it is important for any man to be a Christian. Obviously, the one important task of our time is to work for that society based upon more equal opportunity which is the ideal of all men whose faces "are turned toward the light." When we have glimpsed this larger vision, we cannot help but recognize the real irrelevancy of Christian proselyting.

But the unimportance of being Christian does not include the unimportance of having churches. Quite apart from its function as an agent for the Christian Gospel the church is an organization of human beings met together for the purpose of reflection, service, and fellowship. In the vast, arid desert of our unorganized life any church that brings the people together in fellowship is doing much for human life.

The old village tavern taught the people of the countryside what they knew of gossip, manners, and politics. That social function was connected with the flowing bowl, but even the temperance reformer must recognize that the old tavern supplied a fundamental social need of the community. It brought men from loneliness into comradeship at a time when no other institution served the purpose. It taught men to know each other and to know themselves. It laid the basis of democracy.

So the church is helping the cause of democracy by bringing men under one roof who think and talk together of the common moral problems of the race. It is often dominated by class interests and unspeakably hypocritical, but to the man who observes *all*, life is dominated by class interests and unspeakably hypocritical. The church is no worse and probably a little better than most of our institutions. It is the only moral forum in thousands of communities; it is the most natural meeting-ground for those who are striving to do good. Until we have a better forum for the development of a people's philosophy and ethics, blessed be the church!

It is upon this rock that the enemy of the church most often founders. He denounces the church and praises what he calls "real Christianity." If he had studied the situation, his attitude would be just the reverse.

I have become an enemy of the Christian church but not an enemy of the church. I believe in the church but deny Christianity. I believe in the church not because of what it is to-day but because of the possibilities of a great temple of religious aspiration and moral reflection in the midst of a community whose thoughts are bent on petty things.

Ostensibly the church was built on Christianity, but it is now built upon something far more profound. Its real foundation is the craving for fellowship and the universal desire of men to know the secrets of life. The real basis of the public school is not White's *Arithmetic* or any other particular text-book, but the desire of the people for general learning.

Likewise the church. Eject Christianity (as it has already been partially ejected), substitute the religion and morals which each community works out for itself and you have a church more powerful than ever. The demand for such an institution will never die. Humanity must always go to church to learn more of the great mysteries of life, death, and conduct. When the unimportance of Christianity and the importance of the churches have been realized, then the church will reshape itself to meet the needs of a wiser and a frankly un-Christian world.

But what of the importance of the clergy?

The average clergyman is attacked by his critics for being lazy and generally useless. He is maligned as a parasite and ridiculed as a sexless goody-goody. But he is what the people want him to be. So long as the people believe in Christianity, the preacher will be what he is.

The preacher is a professional friend. He aims to give advice and counsel concerning those puzzling personal problems that trouble us all. As the doctor specializes in the problems of the body and the lawyer in the diseases of the business system, so the preacher specializes in the problems of goodness. He is often as bunglesome in his treatment as the doctor and lawyer, but he will continue in his place until society obtains a substitute for him.

Philosophers and parents are the two classes of people who must be trained to take the preacher's place. And what a task! Our philosophy has entangled itself in such endless masses of verbiage that it does not even exist for the untrained thinker. Our family life is so completely broken up that the moral teachings of the home concern themselves only with traditional rudiments.

The preacher will be with us for a good many centuries to come. He gives to the masses of the people, especially in rural

regions, the only philosophy they ever get. He stands out in many communities as the sole representative of education applied to moral life. His philosophy may be, probably is, a lie, but the people will cling to it until they find some one else who is intelligent enough and interested enough to give them a superior analysis of life in a way that they can understand. To them the preacher will be important until they become intelligent enough to see how little of life's secret he knows and how imperfectly human he is.

WHAT THEOLOGUES DISCOVERED IN NEW YORK CITY.

BY THE REV. AMOS I. DUSHAW.

HARRY, the favorite student of the Semitic department, had one absorbing passion, and that was to become a professor of textual criticism. But occasionally he would also take his canoe and paddle out into the ocean of higher criticism, so that he could not only reconstruct the text from a grammatical point of view, but could also rearrange the books of the Bible from a historical point of view.

He knew far better than did the Hebrews of 2500 years ago, who wrote the Song of Moses, the Ten Commandments, or for that matter any of the books, chapters, and verses of the Old Testament. To become thoroughly proficient along his line, he not only studied Hebrew grammar, but he also studied most faithfully Syriac, Chaldaic, and Aramaic.

Many a night he burned the "mid-night oil" in ciphering out the hieroglyphics on some newly dug-up Tell-el-Amarna clay tablet. He was one of the seminary's idols. He expected to continue his studies for a season at the great universities abroad, the Sorbonne, Leipsic, and Berlin.

He was destined for a professorial chair.

William, or Bill, as he was called by his classmates, was an entirely different kind of a student. He was a favorite of the president of the seminary, and particularly of the wives of the professors.

Harry was a worker; Bill was a shirker. Harry loved his work; Bill wanted to get through as quickly and as easily as possible. He never aimed high in scholarship. Harry was working his

way through the seminary, as he did through college, and he needed every dollar the seminary gave him for his living and his books.

Bill cared little for the minimum financial assistance which the seminary could legally and honorably give him. His parents gave him all the money he needed and wanted. Harry shone in the classroom; Bill shone at the "At Homes." Harry was married to his work; Bill was expecting to get married the day following his graduation.

Bill possessed a glib tongue, a graceful figure, rosy cheeks, mild blue eyes, a soft voice, and was always well-clad. At the prayer-meetings and other functions, he generally quoted quite freely Tennyson, and also Mrs. Browning to the extreme delight of the ladies.

Bill was destined for a fashionable church.

Jack was entirely unlike Harry and Bill. He possessed neither the love for dead languages, as Harry did, nor the sweetness of Bill. He was of a rough and manly exterior, honest in his work, passing his examinations above the average, and had a big heart.

He did his work, asked for no favors from the faculty or from their wives, had no fiancée, and never shone at the "At Homes." At such times he generally preferred a glass of tea with some of the boys on the East Side. Before taking up the study of theology, he had worked in one of Pittsburg's steel-mills, and he still carried a union card.

What was he destined for?

About 9 p. m. on Saturday, Harry had just finished the review of the Hebrew verb, when Bill entered.

"What! Still plugging away at that Hebrew?" said Bill.

"Just got through with it. How is it that you are here to-night? I thought you are generally away, from Saturday until Monday," replied Harry.

"So I am, but I am home to-night, and I am mighty glad of it. I must confess that during the three years of my seminary life I have been somewhat of a recluse. I know absolutely nothing of the foreign settlements of this great city. So far as I am concerned, I might just as well have studied in a village. However, I dare say I am not the only pebble on the beach in this respect."

"I guess you are right, old man," replied Harry. "I am in the very same boat. I have been four years in the city, and I have never seen those foreign sections either. I have been too busy plugging away at these dead languages."

"You see," said Bill, "I preached every Sunday out of town. Then I had to attend the numerous receptions given by the Presi-

dent, and other members of the faculty. And of course, I had to do some work in the seminary too. And last, but not least, there is a girl to look after."

"Glad to say that I have no girl to look after. I am married to my work."

"Let's quit work to-night, Harry, and spend the rest of the evening in taking in the sights of the lower parts of the city. Let's visit Jerusalem. You know that I am interested in the social problem. I have taken a special course at Columbia in economics and sociology, under Giddings. It appears to me that I ought to see for once, at least, how I can apply my theoretical knowledge to practical problems. As for yourself, you are a shark in Hebrew. Perhaps you would like to practise on a real Hebrew."

"I do not particularly care to see too many of those Jews. I see enough of them in Columbia. However, if you can get a good guide, I'll oblige you with my company."

"I think Jack will make a good guide if we can get him. I believe he knows every nook in the city. I heard him give an interesting talk on that part of the city. Furthermore, I think he, too, is interested in sociology. I meet him occasionally in Giddings's class, with his long hair and apparent disdain of conventionalities. He reminds me of an anarchist. So he would be just the one to conduct us through the lower regions, like Virgil conducted Dante through Hades."

"You surely do not think you are going to take me to Hades to-night?"

"Well, for us modern theologues, there is no such place. But come, let's call on Jack."

When Bill and Harry entered Jack's room they found him straightening up his table, which was covered with all kinds of sociological and socialistic literature.

"Hello gentlemen!" exclaimed Jack when the two friends entered. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"I suppose you are through with your work for this week?" inquired Harry.

"I cannot say that I am. I was trying to find out how many Isaiahs there were, but I have arrived at no satisfactory conclusion."

"Why seven, of course," replied Harry, hardly able to control himself.

"Seven! Great Scot! Didn't you advocate a three-Isaiah theory at the last meeting of our seminar?" answered Jack.

"But that was two months ago," answered Harry, ready to defend his latest view. "I have made a more thorough investigation of the text since then, and what is more, Cheyne supports me."

"I am glad he does. But to tell the truth, I am tired now, and I would rather drop this subject for the present and take it up some more convenient season. Perhaps we will ultimately arrive at the conclusion that there were sixty-six Isaiahs."

"And what are you doing, Bill?" inquired Jack. "I thought you are generally away on Saturday."

"So I am, but I stayed home to-night because I promised to take dinner to-morrow with my fiancée at the President's home."

"You did!" exclaimed Jack while a smile of sarcasm overspread his face. "No one girl for me, old fellow. Fellows, I hope you will excuse me. I am now going down-town for a square feed."

"Will you show us the down-town sights to-night?" asked Bill. "You know that I am interested in the social problem."

"No, I was not aware of that."

"Didn't you see me in Giddings's class?"

"What if I did. Is that any evidence that you are interested in such prosaic themes? However, I shall be glad to take you along with me. But remember if your modesty is shocked that you will not blame me for taking you there."

"Certainly not," answered Harry and Bill.

Half an hour later, the three theologues found themselves on the sublime Bowery and Houston Street.

Jack stood for a moment, faced the two theologues, and said:

"Gentlemen, I do not take part in many of your social functions and prayer-meetings in the seminary. Will you now kindly permit me to preach to you a sermonette before we launch into one of the most crowded sections in the world?"

"I know that our 'Prof' in pastoral theology decidedly objects to the word sermonette. Gentlemen, this street is one of the dividing lines in this great city. To the west lies Rome, and to the east lies Jerusalem.

"Two thousand years ago, they battled for empire. Jerusalem both lost and won. It lost the controlling interest in politics; but it won the controlling interest in religion. It dethroned Jupiter, Mars, and Venus and in their place substituted Jehovah, Christ, and Mary.

"The Pope is only a guardian of another phase of Judaism. The Pope and the orthodox rabbi are the foes of higher criticism. Compare Romanism and Judaism, and you will be surprised how much they resemble one another. The same God, the same old

Bible. They both have tradition, which they prize more highly than truth.

"Both have fast-days, saints, and purgatories. The Pope commands not in the name of Julius, Augustus, Tiberius, Aurelian, or Seneca, or Virgil; but in the name of Simon Peter.

"Had it accepted Paul for its patron saint, Rome's history would have been entirely different. There is one thing sure, we would never have had a Martin Luther, nor a Reformation. Paul is the demolisher of fast-days, holy days, saints, purgatories, and popes. He is the eternal Protestant.

"Paul spells death to Judaism, Romanism, and stand-still Protestantism. Simon was always a Jew. He never ate pork, and observed the day of rest on Saturday. The Bowery is, therefore, the dividing line between two aspects of Judaism, and in proportion as each discards its views of Judaism, it drops its arms, buries its daggers of religious venom in the soil of indifference. They clasp hands, smile, and say to each other, 'What fools we were.'"

"Look here," inquired Harry. "If we visit Rome, is there any danger of being stabbed in the back?"

"None whatever. We have several Italian students in the seminary, and you know that they are gentlemen. They are a hard-working people, and mind their own affairs. The great majority are as honest as the rest of us. Listen attentively for a moment:

"Some in America tell us that the Republic is endangered by Roman aggression. It is not true. The Republic is endangered by the greed which occupies a front seat in many of our Protestant churches. The great magnates are Protestant, with some exceptions of course.

"American indifference and the public school are giving the death-blow to all religious-bigotry. There are myriads of Catholics in America to-day who would not only refuse to shed blood in order to establish Rome, but would fight to keep Rome where it belongs.

"The zealous Roman claims 12,000,000 followers. How about the other 78,000,000? But, should the Protestant wing, out of business interest submit to Rome, remember there is another element in our population to be reckoned with. I mean the element that dethroned Rome once before. Friends, a word in closing. To the east lies Jerusalem, the eternal foe of priestly rule, and the champion of political freedom. Which side shall we now visit?"

"Jerusalem," they both exclaimed. And they turned into Rivington Street.

"Look at the masses!" exclaimed Bill when he saw Rivington Street, as crowded as sardines in a box. Everybody seemed to be in an awful hurry. No one desired to be left behind his fellows, so there was a constant, never-ceasing pushing ahead, while the shouting of pedlers rent the air. "Where in the world did they all come from?"

"This is a very pertinent question," said Jack. "They came here because of Christian love. The Christian State and Church of Holy Russia loved their souls so much that they did all they could to injure their bodies and rob them of their property and of all hope.

"They are the victims of a religion which we think is superior to every other religion, the religion of love. However, the Jew has yet to discover this. Even in our advanced and liberal churches, we do not find an overabundance of love for the race that gave to the world the Bible.

"Now that you are in the Ghetto for the first time in your life, you are in touch with real, live Jews. Hitherto you were mostly in touch with dead Jews, with Jews who lived several thousand years ago. Now is your chance to find out if all Jews are Shylocks, and grasping Jacobs.

"Let me put this thought in your minds: materially-minded people do not sacrifice home, wealth, and life for principle, as the Jews have done, since the day that they left Egypt."

"Are we safe here?" inquired Harry.

"Safer than you ever were on Fifth Avenue. Saloons do not thrive here. Let us enter this 'Wurst-store' and get something to eat."

"But surely you do not expect us to eat in that outlandish-looking place!" exclaimed Bill, the sociologist. "Do you speak their language?"

"I do. Now do not be afraid. No one will hurt a poor theologian here. Furthermore, now is your opportunity to gather material for your Ph. D. thesis. You might also gather material for a sermon on the social habits of the Jew. You will not have to eat anything that does not agree with your taste."

They knew that there was plenty of sarcasm in Jack's last utterances. They knew that he was ridiculing their superficiality in their treatment of the subjects suggested.

The delicatessen-store which the theologians entered was crowded with patrons. It seemed that the whole of Europe was represented there. They spoke English, German, Yiddish, Russian.

Polish, and Hungarian. They appeared to be very cheerful, as they sat around the tables eating, drinking, smoking, playing cards or dominoes, and discussing politics.

They sat down, and soon formed the acquaintance of some of the boys. In fact, Jack had been here before, and he was personally acquainted with the proprietor of the store, and with some of his customers.

Before very long, the theologues were engaged in discussing sociology and religion. Harry soon discovered how little Hebrew he really knew, although he had devoted several years of his life to the study of Hebrew syntax.

As for Bill, the sociologist, he was surprised how little he knew of sociological subjects. Not until then did he realize that Marx was not dead yet. A young Jew related his experiences in Odessa, when the Hooligans, incited by the Russian rulers, attacked and ruthlessly murdered many innocent people, chiefly women, children, and old men.

"You Christians," said he, "will have to stop wrangling over your religious convictions and seek to apply your boasted sublime love and teachings to those who differ from you in religious belief. How ridiculous it is for you to send missionaries to us! Live noble and exemplary lives; let your actions speak louder than your words, and seek to win us to your faith through superior living."

He then continued:

"It was in the afternoon and thirty-five of us were working in a carpentry shop, when a boy rushed in, his nose bleeding and several gashes in his scalp, and exclaimed, 'Thousands of Hooligans headed by officials and priests carrying icons, while the masses are singing the national hymn, are destroying Jewish property, and one of them hit me with stones, because I would not bow down to the icons. They are coming this way.'

"They had practised those tricks too often on us. But of late we were always prepared for them; prepared to sell our lives dearly; and we sent many a cowardly man to hell with our bombs. The mobs learned to fear us. Now the authorities brought the flag and icons to their assistance.

"We instantly stopped work. A leader was appointed, who was the brainiest and bravest of the fellows. We then asked those who were afraid to leave the company and hide somewhere. At the same time we gave warning that if any showed the white feather while facing the foe, he would be shot by us. Opposite our shop was a hardware store where arms and ammunition were sold. To

this place we all rushed and armed ourselves with revolvers, while we took all the cartridges we could carry.

"The owner of the store was a Russian, but he only pretended to object to what we were doing, for in reality he was in sympathy with us. We also had eleven bombs. Thirty-three of us, armed with revolvers, marched out into the street and took our place on one of the corners. The other two were ordered to take their places on the roof, and their work was to drop bombs upon the mob, at signals given by the captain.

"In the meantime about forty others joined us. These we armed with clubs and knives, and they were ordered to shout with all their might, as soon as they were ordered to do so, so as to make the enemy believe there were many of us.

"We were simply practising the tactics of Gideon.

"We waited for an hour and still they did not appear, but we held our places. While we waited there in silence a messenger approached us with a note from the university students, requesting us to send them several bombs. This we gladly did, because in this struggle with tyranny, they were with us.

"One of the men on the roof gave us the signal that the mob was approaching. Soon we heard their melodious voices, singing 'God save the Czar.'

"'Attention! Prepare your arms!' the captain called out. 'We must not let the mob come too near us. If they do, our doom is sealed. We are sorry to have to fire on the flag; but it is in defense of our lives. Boys, remember there is no surrender.'

"The mob was now in sight. The officials were dressed in their newest uniforms while the priests were blessing the people. They were now about two blocks away from us. We were silent, almost breathless. In an instant we recalled all the misery caused us by such mobs in the past. We recalled the Kishinef massacre. Some of us had lost our dearest relatives and friends there. Now we resolved to die, but in dying we knew that many of these brutes would go down with us.

"'Don't fire until I say so,' was the captain's order. 'Our cry will be, *Remember Kishinef!*'

"The mob was now only a block away; the suspense in which we were held was terrible. The mob was still singing the national hymn. Now they were only half a block away from us, and within deadly reach of bomb and shell.

"'One! two! three!' the captain exclaimed in an undertone, while at the same time he waved a crimson flag. A bomb was

dropped from the roof upon the mob, while at the same time we discharged our revolvers, and the crowd behind us yelled with all their might, 'Hurrah! Remember Kishinef!' We emptied our revolvers, refilled them, and emptied them again.

"For a little while we saw no people. They were hidden in the smoke caused by the terrific explosion of the bomb. But we did hear the cry of pain, and the panic caused in the ranks of the mob. When the smoke cleared away, another bomb was hurled at them, and we kept on firing and shouting.

The mob trampled on each other, in their endeavor to escape from this fire of hell let loose upon them, and the cry of the wounded and dying rent the air.

"We did not stop firing until the mob was clear out of sight. Then we saw what we had done. The pavement was torn up and bespattered with blood. The wounded and dying who were not carried off were carried by some of us to the nearest drug-store.

"Half an hour later, another signal was given by the sentinel on the roof. A mob was approaching us from the opposite direction. This mob had not yet learned of the fate of their comrades. The men on the roof then, carried their bombs to the part of the roof from where they would have to be hurled.

"Again we heard, 'God save the Czar!' Again a bomb was dropped upon them, while we discharged our revolvers and yelled like the demons of hell. I guess the poor deluded Russians must have thought so, anyway. Again there followed the same panic and confusion. We were saved for the present.

"At 4 p. m. of that afternoon, a messenger informed us that a large body of students were surrounded by two mobs; that they had used up the bombs we had sent them, and that now they needed our assistance. We instantly hastened to their assistance, and caught the mob in the rear.

"With a tremendous shout we made for them, hurled a bomb and also emptied our revolvers. The mob scattered pell-mell, and we after them. They all knew our yell by this time and they dreaded our bombs. We chased them to the great plain, the Kolikolo Polo, where we met another riotous mob, but here we were assisted by another body of students, armed with muskets. Before we got through with these Hooligans, we diminished their numbers by fully three hundred.

"We then returned to take up our old position. That evening, soldiers with rapid-fire guns were ordered out to attack us. The

Hooligans were both scared and useless now. We learned that that night thirteen hundred of them were killed.

"Late that night the soldiers started their rapid-fire guns in our neighborhood. They broke all the windows and killed many women and children, but we were not touched. Our captain ordered us to remain concealed behind the gates, and only to act on the defensive and at close quarters.

"We lost one man that night, because he disobeyed the order by seeking to join a second group across the street. He was killed by a stray shot. This was kept up during the night. By the following noon the military authorities had full control of the city.

"Four hundred and sixty were buried in the Jewish cemetery, mostly women and children. The Turkish and Greek consuls were there, and they wept like babes when they saw how frightfully mutilated the bodies were. It was evident that they were killed in cold blood by the mobs.

"Many babes were torn asunder, women had their breasts cut off, or had been disemboweled, while others had their eyes gouged out, limbs cut off, and nails driven through their brains. All these atrocious acts were blessed by the priests.

"There was a different sight on the Russian graveyard. There were no women and children among the slain, and there was no evidence of mutilation among those killed. But their dead by far outnumbered our dead. Had the soldiers kept out of the fray, there would have been no room for the Russian dead in their newest cemetery.

"But not all these Russians fought against us because they were our enemies. On the contrary, some of our best friends and supporters were Russians. All those who were not the hirelings of the crown were our friends. Many others were drawn into the mobs out of curiosity of following the flag, and singing the national songs.

"Those who were armed were so by the authorities, and filled with vodka by the authorities. Many of the latter, after they had sobered up, came over to us and begged our forgiveness, others out of remorse begged us to kill them.

"One Russian stopped a friend of mine in an out-of-the-way place and handed him his loaded revolver saying, 'Kill me, brother. I killed a family a few days ago, and now whenever I drink my tea or vodka it looks like blood.' My friend asked him to report his case to the rabbi."—

"Well, you certainly had a tough time of it in Russia," said Bill. "May I ask you why you finally left your native land?"

"Certainly! These friends of mine and I," he said, pointing to three fellows who were drinking tea with lemon, "were members of our thirty-five. The League for Defense advised us, for a time, to leave, because we were spotted by the officials. But our hearts are with our comrades, and as soon as peace will be restored in Russia, I, for one, will immediately return."

"And so will I!" exclaimed several voices.

It was now rather late, so Jack suggested to leave this place for the night. Both Harry and Bill were rather reluctant to quit the society of such enthusiastic fellows. Before departing, they both gave their names and addresses to their new acquaintances and urged them to call on them as early as possible.

Jack then led them out again into the crowded streets.

"Well, boys, what do you think of your visit to the Ghetto?" inquired Jack.

"I, for one," replied Bill, "am exceedingly sorry that I did not go there before to-night. Those Jewish boys were certainly interesting."

"And how about you, Harry? Will your visit to the Ghetto change your view of the Jew?"

"Confound it!" exclaimed Harry. "We theologues feed too much on theories. We are taught to consider one aspect of Jacob's character as being typical of the Jewish race. We are taught in the classroom that Shylock is the truest representative of the Jew. And yet, to-night, I listened to a story which reminded me so much of Judas Maccabeus. We are urged to love the dead Jews; but nothing is said to us about the living Jews.

"Now that I think of it Spinoza was a Jew, and so was Heine, and so was Neander, the church historian. The very tactics of these Odessa Jews reminded me of the tactics of Joshua, Saul, and of Judas the Hammerer. We have been taught to despise the Russian Jew. Why? I really do not know why."

"I will tell you why," answered Jack. "Because he will not become a Christian churchman."

MISTAKEN METHODS OF BIBLICAL CRITICISM, A REPLY.

BY T. B. STORK.

IF a man taking some great work of art, a tragedy of Shakespeare, a poem of Dante, were to criticize the events related for their want of truth or the characters depicted for some defect of manners, he would be considered guilty of a crass misapprehension of the subject criticized. Equally wide of the mark are critics who approach the Bible—I will not say attack, for many such are doubtless sincere in their endeavor to properly appreciate its meaning—and condemn it for unscientific statements, for accounts of events, miraculous or otherwise, which seem to them incredible. Whether the world was created in six days or six centuries: whether the water at the marriage in Cana was turned into wine, are unessential details which do not affect the purpose or the value of the book. Criticism of this sort is not only lacking in intelligent comprehension, it is perfectly ineffectual because it misses the vital significance of the book criticized.

What then is the vital significance, the true purpose of the Bible? Perhaps the best concise answer will be to refer to the fundamental distinction drawn by that acute critic of literature DeQuincey, who divided all literature into two great classes: the literature of knowledge and the literature of power. Now while the Bible, in a very misleading fashion it must be admitted, does seem to have many characteristics of the literature of knowledge—it is full of narrative, historical statements abound—it is nevertheless, and properly speaking for our purposes, exclusively and solely in the class of the literature of power: that is, its vital purpose is not to inform, but to create a certain spiritual state in its reader. Its purpose is not to instruct primarily, but to inspire, to make you feel, not precisely, but somewhat in the way the work of art makes you feel. It follows, therefore, that it calls for a very different criticism and is to be judged by a different standard. Its truth is the truth, very largely, of a work of art; it is spiritual truth by which it is to be tried. Does it make me feel: not, does it correctly inform me: is the true question. And the criticism that judges it by its statement of facts or its scientific accuracy is as impotent as an attempt to weigh a melody of Mozart or to calculate the logical value of a painting by Titian would be. Such criticism is not ab-

surd: it is impossible. Primarily the fault of such a critic is philosophical; he does not intellectually grasp the instruments of criticism appropriate to his task, those by which alone the value of the Bible is to be tried. How and what these instruments are is not easy to define in the inept language of ordinary discussion.

It may shed some light on the nature of the difficulty if I cite a case of similar opacity of vision or failure to grasp the reality of the matters discussed in a cognate branch of inquiry in which the writer was confronted with a demand for a proof of the immortality of the soul, much as he might have been requested to do a sum in arithmetic. "What sort of proof would you like?" might have been perhaps a rude but certainly an enlightening reply. It would have forced the questioner to consider the nature of the problem presented, and the kind of proof adequate and appropriate. Did the questioner suspect that I had something in my pocket or concealed about my person, some yardstick, scale, or mechanical device, that had only to be produced to settle the question? It never occurred to him what was the real nature and the only possible means of such proof: that it was not a question of logical propositions, but of values; that in himself, in his own soul, dwelt the only proof possible and that it was for him to seek it out for himself.

As a preliminary then to criticism, we must remember that in the Bible, much as in a work of art, there is set up a certain wonderful and delicate process which is the very heart and soul of the whole, a process that is nothing less than the transference of a state of feeling from one soul to another. The critic must lend himself freely to this process; must identify himself with the work he criticizes. In the analogous case of a work of art, Tolstoy tells us: "The receiver of an artistic impression is so united to the artist that he feels as though the work were his own."¹ It is only by submitting himself to this process that the critic becomes qualified for his critical work. He must himself become the artist *pro hac vice*. It is said that a shoemaker once faulted a painting by Apelles for an incorrect shoe-lace, and similarly we have critics who condemn Christ's teaching because in their view he was an ignorant peasant; because the facts of the Resurrection appear incredible, or they seize upon some detached sentence such as, Whosoever believeth in me shall have eternal life, and descant learnedly on the absurdity of supposing that a mere intellectual belief in any person or thing should have such vast consequences. In other words, they play the shoemaker to Apelles by carping and caviling at trifling details.

¹ Tolstoy's *What is Art?*

emphasizing single expressions torn from their context, ignore other and qualifying expressions explaining the true meaning of the criticized passages, such as in the matter of belief the reference to "them that believe to the saving of the soul" which implies very much more in the meaning of belief than a merely intellectual act. For their own purposes such critics emphasize isolated passages to a degree that the most extravagant advocates of verbal inspiration might hesitate to follow. They miss the vital meaning of the Bible and of Christ's teaching which must be taken, not only as a whole *totu conspectu* but spiritually as the work of art is taken.

It is of this sort of impotent criticism that a recent writer on Jesus is guilty. He does not understand the nature of the task he has set himself. The Bible as a whole, or the teachings of Christ in particular, are to be approached by the would-be critic much as one approaches a great work of art. Both appeal to very much the same tests; they undertake a spiritual process, attempt to arouse and shape feelings, emotions: in fine, make their assault on the soul itself in its inner fastnesses. The question is not, Is this statement of fact, this representation of nature or man true? but the higher, deeper question, To what extent and in what direction do these move my soul?

In this way alone can we understand or approach our subject. We are not in a world of physical reactions of matter; the persistence of force, the indestructibility of matter have no meaning here, nor are we concerned even with the rational world of intellectual reasonings; logical propositions, excluded middles, the syllogism *Barbara* are not in point. We have come to a world of spiritual reactions, of which if we know very little positively, we may be still quite sure negatively that all those laws of the physical and rational world have no place. We must start on a different plane with different rules and standards. Let the critic ask himself, for example, what he knows of the change of human character brought about by means of personal example and teaching: how does he understand the working out of this spiritual miracle of God? If he be honest and fair he would be compelled to own his incompetence to deal with such a matter.

To justly criticize a poem, a melody, a painting, the critic must place himself in close and harmonious relation with them: he must receive and assimilate what they undertake to *convey* to him ere he can be fitted to pass competently on their merits or their defects, and the same attitude is required of the Biblical critic. The Bible expressly appeals to this method of appreciation of its work for it

declares in so many words that its teaching is only to be understood by those who obey; that is the test, the only test of the divinity of its precepts. "If any man will do his will he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God."

Or to put it a little differently and more simply, the criticism must be empirical: you must try the Bible in the way it asks to be tried: apply the tests it itself appeals to. It makes a bold challenge, has no fear of the most severe tests, only the tests must be such as are appropriate to its work, not some arbitrary tests chosen at the will of the critic who insists for his own ends in disregarding that which the Bible presents as its sole and only aim. The critic must, if he would truly criticize, make the trial the Bible offers. It says, in effect and very simply: follow me and I will make you good and happy. The conduct of critics who, refusing this, undertake a rationalistic or a scientific examination of the Biblical writings, seems very much like that of a set of savants with whom the mooted question, let us say, was, whether spring-water would assuage what is known as human thirst. I can imagine these gentlemen seated around a council table, a glass of water before them, which each wise gentleman would take up and proceed to learnedly descant upon its pellucid appearance: remark its temperature, quantity, liquidity, etc., etc., and from these would draw conclusions on its ability or inability to quench the thirst of man. I can then further picture to myself the entrance into this learned group of some plain man, who, on being informed of the question in dispute, should say in the simplicity of his heart, "Why, gentlemen, your dispute is easily settled," and taking up the glass should forthwith drink the water, and turning to them should conclude, "Well, I do not know how it may be with you, but that water certainly cured my thirst."

This empirical test the Bible answers both personally and subjectively as in the case of the glass of water, and objectively and externally. It says to the critic personally, I can do such and such things for you; and it says further, I have done these things for nearly two thousand years for every sort and condition of men in all countries: Romans, Jews, Greeks, civilized and savage, bond and free, millions and millions of men, some of the best, some of the worst of mankind; some of the ablest intellectually the world has ever known, some of the most degraded.

More than this, it may be safely asserted that there is no case of its failure, where properly and seriously tried, to answer this test, to meet all the legitimate demands for what it purports to afford. What other or different proof of truth would the most

captious critic require? "And does it then all come to so simple a question as that?" our critics may ask. Yes, on its practical side it is as simple as life itself is simple, that life which we live every day without understanding its why or wherefore. On its philosophical side, however, to puzzle-minded critics it is high as heaven, deep as hell, mysterious as death itself.

This, very briefly, is an imperfect statement of the place and function of the Bible and Christ's teaching in the minds of thinking men, and it is this that its critics have to meet if they would make an effective attack upon it.

MISCELLANEOUS.

OUR FRONTISPIECE.

President Wilson's stay at the residence of the Murat family while in Paris recalls the picturesque career of Joachim Murat (1767-1815), great-grandfather of the present Prince Murat, which is closely associated with the first efforts to create a united Italian kingdom, now at last crowned with success in overabundant measure. The son of an inn-keeper and destined to become a priest, Joachim Murat enlisted in the army when his money was gone. Owing to the political situation, however, his advancement was slow—not at all to the liking of his vain, ambitious, headstrong nature. The storms of the Revolution he weathered in much the same fashion as his future brother-in-law, Bonaparte, to whom he became greatly attached during the Italian campaign (1796-97). The battle of the Pyramids (1798) laid the foundation of his fame as a cavalry leader, in which capacity he served Napoleon in practically all his subsequent campaigns up to the battle of Leipsic. He married Napoleon's sister, Caroline, in 1800, was made Grand Duke of Berg in 1806, and King of Naples in 1808.

At last Joachim Murat was a king, and his vanity might well have allowed him to rest on his laurels. But he was also a son and heir to the Revolution, with its total disregard for historical traditions, its revaluation of all values of social standing, its bold application of common sense to problems that baffled all other solutions: so he seemed to be predestined to undertake more. Napoleon's triumphs over Austria and the old Empire had put the ideal of the Italian patriots within sight and even within grasp, his failure to satisfy the expectations which he had aroused seemed to assign to Murat the historical task of uniting Italy.

When Murat saw that the battle of Leipsic was lost he entered into secret negotiations with Metternich and, returning to his kingdom in haste, obtained

from Austria the signature to a treaty guaranteeing his throne and even promising him territorial aggrandizements. At this time (January, 1814) Napoleon was as yet by no means beaten. The fall of the emperor changed the situation, creating one of the knottiest problems the Vienna Congress had to solve. For if faith was not kept with Murat there was the probability of a general uprising throughout Italy, headed by the revolutionary king. On the other hand, if he was definitely installed as King of Naples, he might at any time become the center of just such a movement for the unification of Italy as everybody dreaded. At last Murat saw what he had to expect from the legitimists in control of the Congress, who thought they could guarantee the future peace of Europe by holding down everything that savored of the Revolution. Things were still in the balance when the news came of Napoleon's escape from Elba. By clever diplomacy Murat could possibly still have gained all his points without changing front again, but he thought the moment had arrived to attempt more, to march north, drive the Austrians before him, and make himself king of all Italy. The Austrians beat him decisively in the battle of Tolentino (May 2, 1815).

Napoleon, who was preparing his Waterloo campaign, refused to receive the traitor, and Murat finally went to Corsica. But so firmly did he believe in his star and his cause that he decided to make a last desperate attempt to regain his kingdom, thus strangely paralleling Napoleon's own course of action, *en miniature*, to be sure. He landed with thirty armed men at Pizzo in Calabria, on the 8th of October, 1815, expecting a general uprising of the people as whose liberator from the reestablished Bourbon régime he came. But the people were indifferent. He soon had to retreat to the coast, where he was overtaken, clubbed into submission, and taken prisoner. He was court-martialed under a law of his own, as a breaker of the peace, and had to face the firing squad (October 13). He was buried at Pizzo.

The present Murat family owes its rank and title to the restoration of the empire under Napoleon III.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

(1843-1918)

On September 12, 1918, all friends of a new religious life based directly upon a modern conscience, suffered one of their greatest losses in the death of Jenkin Lloyd Jones. The impressive funeral service, held two days later at Hillside Chapel, Tower Hill, Wisconsin, was described in the daily papers. Somehow, however, it was felt that fuller expression should be given to what was stirring in the hearts of thousands, so that the very death of the leader might become the test of the vitality of his ideals. On Sunday, November 17, a memorial service was held in his own church home in the Abraham Lincoln Center, Chicago, where the mourners gathered from east and west to prove their loyalty. The present writer had not the privilege of attending this service personally, but a late November issue of *Unity*, for decades the expression of Jenkin Lloyd Jones's thought, presents in an admirable fashion the spirit in which the idea of the service was realized. Under the chairmanship of the Hon. William Kent nearly a dozen addresses were delivered, each one of them characteristic of the deceased in one aspect or another, while that of the Rev. W. C. Gannett furnished his psychological biography as an impressive back-

ground for all. Thus they testified to the magnetic influence of this man—besides those mentioned, Rabbi E. G. Hirsch, Rev. John H. Holmes, Mrs. William Kent, Mr. Francis Neilson, Dr. G. C. Hall, Jane Adams, Rabbi Joseph Stolz, Rev. Herbert L. Willett, Rev. William Covert—some of whom had been his co-workers almost all his life, some whose acquaintance with him seemed to be of yesterday in comparison.

To bring out the particular interest *The Open Court* takes in honoring the memory of Jenkin Lloyd Jones, we wish to quote from Rev. Gannett's address, while at the same time we refer our readers to our issues of November the 2d and the 9th, 1893 (Vol. VII, pp. 3855ff, 3863ff), when we had occasion to report at length about the Parliament of Religions here spoken of.

"...I suspect the year that both he and you would select as really the most significant and beautiful of all your history was 1893, the year of the World's Parliament of Religions in connection with the Columbian Exposition. . . . It is not generally known, perhaps not known to all of you, how very much your minister had to do with the inception and the form and the success of that World's Parliament. On such a day as this it is fair to claim more for him than he ever would have claimed himself. He was not only the official General Secretary and the unofficial general chore-boy of it all, but more than of any other one man it was the child of his inspiration and his shaping. At the time when in the councils of the Commission that had charge of it everything was dim ahead, his comrades dazed with the unprecedented task assigned to them, it was his program. . . . that gave form to the scheme and courage to the faint hearts and changed bewilderment into enthusiasm. The truth is he was the one man readiest in the city, possibly in the nation, to plan such a thing. It was precisely in the line of his own spirit and self-training. For years, as I have traced these to you, and as you know well, the whole trend of the man, of his unconscious and his conscious endeavor of life, had been to just this end,—unbarriered Fellowship in Religion. . . . Then you know how he gathered the high ideal notes of what was uttered on the platforms of the Parliament into a book, "The Chorus of Faith." And *then* you know how he felt that the remaining work of life for him must center in perpetuating and widening the spirit and the influence of the Parliament, and making true the prophecies for religion inherent in it,—this by instituting National Congresses of Religion throughout the land. These grew until. . . . they have become international, and Boston, London, Amsterdam, Geneva, Berlin, Paris, all have known them. His own longing eyes had added Asia to Europe, and seen a vision of a Congress at ancient Benares on the Ganges. It yet should be,—that Congress,—and why not in part as a memorial to him? What, if he knew, could bring him greater joy? The Parliament's success and these outcomes of it are what I meant by Mr. Jones's second main achievement. . . ."

DR. CHARLES CROZAT CONVERSE.

(1832-1918)

It is with deep regret that we chronicle the death of Charles Crozat Converse, who peacefully passed away at his home in Highwood, Bergen County, New Jersey, on the eighteenth of October, 1918, only a few days after his eighty-sixth birthday. The deceased, although a lawyer by training (LL.D., Rutherford College), also won recognition as a composer of songs, of sym-

phonic works, church and other music. His contributions to *The Open Court* were chiefly in the form of martial songs, the last of which ("God for Us," dedicated to the Grand Army of the Republic) we published in the November number of *The Open Court*, 1917.

BOOK REVIEWS AND NOTES.

THE SHORTER BIBLE: THE NEW TESTAMENT. Translated and arranged by Charles Foster Kent, with the collaboration of Charles Cutler Torrey, Henry A. Sherman, Frederick Harris, Ethel Cutler. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1918. Pp. xix, 305. Price \$1.00 net.

Two of the collaborators whose names appear on the title-page being prominent members of the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. respectively, perhaps we are not mistaken in calling this new translation of the New Testament "the Y. M. C. A. Gospel." Internal evidence points in the same direction, for, while in the past any reinterpretation of the Bible ordinarily resulted merely in the founding of a new denomination or a new sect jealously guarding its distinctness, it has been the constant and conscious effort of the Y. M. C. A. movement, especially as it developed during the war, to create a common ground on which *all* Christians should find it possible to meet. This "getting together" spirit is manifested in the volume before us the aim of which is, as stated in the Preface, "to single out and set in logical and as far as possible in chronological order those parts of the Bible which are of vital interest and practical value for the present age."

This pragmatic intention called for an elimination of all passages that only repeat better or fuller accounts of the same events or teachings elsewhere. Consequently there appears but one single record of the life of Jesus, made up of bits and fragments taken almost exclusively from the three Synoptic Gospels; the Gospel of John, as the latest writing, is given separately at the end of the book. The second part is headed "The Teachings of Jesus," regrouping the didactic passages chiefly of the Synoptists under titles intended to point out their "social, religious, and economic" significance. Acts are given fairly complete, as are the Epistles, from which, however, the Second and Third Epistles of John and the Epistle of Jude are omitted. Revelation has lost eleven of its twenty-two chapters, the rest is condensed. The time-honored chapter and verse divisions are of course discarded throughout the book.

All told, we have about two thirds of the Scriptural text—"the true heart of the Bible," in the words of the Preface. Needless to say that an expression like this, innocent though it may look, really involves quite a new doctrine, and, from the standpoint of many a denomination, a decidedly heretical one, for it evidently ignores any belief in divine inspiration. Yet nobody who *still* calls himself or herself a Christian is liable to take serious offense, which goes to show to what pass matters have come with our ancient creed.

How much, then, does really still stand, and what does it represent? In view of pending legislation the miracle at the wedding in Cana (John ii. 1-11) apparently does not belong to the "true heart" of the Scriptures. Nor do the two little apocalypses in Mark and in Matthew. Matthew xxiv which contains the prophecy of the second coming of Christ within the generation then alive is skipped without a trace being left; Mark xiii is given, but to the exclusion

of verses 14-29, corresponding to the omitted passages in Matthew, so that the words "Verily I say unto you, that this generation shall not pass, till all these things be done" are made to refer merely to the prediction of the fall of Jerusalem and the individual hardships ahead of the listeners. One may entertain a few doubts whether such treatment of Holy Writ is after all permissible, especially since the editors claim, in the Preface, that by syncopated versions such as here characterized "the main idea of the *original writer*" is suggested (the italics are ours), so as "to put the reader at once in touch with his point of view." We are afraid we are not being put in touch with the Evangelist's point of view at all but rather with that of the editors, and we would have absolutely no objection to this if they would openly say so. For, as we understood it from the beginning (see quotation above), we are here not dealing with an attempt to reconstruct the thought of the days when the Gospels were being written, but with a new presentation of the Gospel to the "present age." In a book like this we are not concerned with the history of Christianity but with Christianity itself, the Christianity of our own day, which we have as much right to create and proclaim as the Apostles had to create theirs, for after all neither they nor any nation or generation attempting to be Christian has ever done anything but try to find its own equation for that Great Unknown, Jesus of Nazareth. It follows that the intention of the editors (Preface) to "present the thought of the Biblical writers so plainly that commentaries will be unnecessary" can not possibly be carried into effect. Either they will represent the thought of the Biblical writers and then commentaries will be as necessary now as ever; or commentaries will indeed be superfluous, but then the editors will not represent the thought of the Biblical writers, nor even so much their own (at least they cannot be sure of actually transmitting it), but that of their readers. And that is what this book should represent—but in that case any pseudo-historic pretense on the part of the editors was, to say the least, uncalled for.

We are grateful to Mr. Kent for his masterly translation in "simple, dignified, modern English" indeed! The divorce of the Gospel from the quaint language of King James's version will certainly assist readers much in discerning between what in the ancient records is really directly applicable in our own society and what has passed beyond our conception. The "service" value of the New Testament is thus decidedly and considerably enhanced.

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