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NOVEMBER, 1911

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The Open Court

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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

Founded by EDWARD C. HEGELER.




ST. VERONICA. By Schongauer.
(See pages 650 ff.)

The Open Court Publishing Company
CHICAGO

LONDON: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Ltd.

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VERONICA. BY EUSTACHE LE SUEUR (1617-1655).

Frontispiece to The Open Court.

THE OPEN COURT

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BEETHOVEN'S CHARACTER AND DESTINY.¹

BY BARON VON DER PFORDTEN.

ON December 17, 1770, at Bonn on the Rhine, Ludwig van Beethoven was baptized, probably therefore he was born a day or two earlier. Only by some happy accident can we reach certainty on this point, and until such a time his baptismal day must serve also as birthday.

If the environment in which a man grows up, and especially the atmosphere of his parent's home, is of supreme importance in determining the character of every man, this factor must be especially worthy of consideration in the case of artists and musicians. In this respect we find extraordinary contrasts among the various masters of music.

Mozart's childhood and youth stand out again and again in enviable brilliancy. He had the unspeakable good fortune to have had an ideal father. Though later investigations may correct some particular features in the picture of Leopold Mozart, it will always remain in large outlines as we have become acquainted with it through Otto Jahn's presentation. Here was a man worthy of a great son fulfilling his parental duties wisely and faithfully. Wolfgang could look up with reverence, gratitude and confidence to his father as his best friend, the guide and teacher of his boyhood, the guardian and stimulator of his genius. Nothing is more refreshing than to observe this intimate communion between father and son. To be sure Leopold Mozart was not in the least a genius. Genius is not an essential in the father of a great artist. We may even admit that he was not capable of completely comprehending the genius of his son. This again is not necessary for the relation be-

¹ Translated from the German by Lydia G. Robinson.

tween them. But he was through and through a character of high principles, a complete man, a proficient musician and a gentleman of culture. He felt very seriously his responsibility toward his highly gifted children; he had a proper respect for art and wholesome steadfast views with regard to duty and a well regulated conduct of life. If all this often extended to trivialities, what did it matter? Wolfgang could easily avoid them. Thus we have the unusual experience of knowing that the greatness of the son was vouched for by the uprightness of his father. It was not without warrant that he used often to say. "Next after the good Lord comes Papa." This was not merely a childish manner of speech, but it was an expression of the most genuine childlike piety.

Such a father as this would we fain desire for each one of our favorite masters, and for Beethoven first of all. But Beethoven's father was a sorry contrast to Leopold Mozart. By no means untalented as a musician, and not a bad man in any sense, he was nevertheless weak and unable to manage his own business affairs and those of his family in a suitable way, and was altogether incapable of educating his son Ludwig as a child or as an artist.

The obstinacy, stubbornness and hot temper of the father became disastrous for the son, as we shall see. There are certain characteristics which appear dangerous just because under certain circumstances they can resemble the virtues of which they are but caricatures. Such are energy, pride, strength of will, independence and freedom. We may well imagine that young Beethoven was obliged to see in his father a caricature instead of an ideal; indeed the wretched scandal which the drunkard finally aroused was not needed to fill the son's cup of misery.

Less important is the fact that Beethoven's bringing up was greatly interrupted; and yet we cannot say that he lacked artistic instruction and incentive. Even his needy circumstances were not the worst feature. Much more does the peculiar tragedy of this son appear in the fact that he could not look up to his father, as Mozart could, with love and veneration. If we try to realize the situation we can conceive what this fact means and how great was his loss.

But might it be possible that he did not feel this deprivation so deeply and bitterly, or that he received some other compensation for his loss as far as that might be possible?

His mother was a good woman but rather insignificant. At her death in 1787 he sadly mourned her as his best friend. We can realize from this fact how unfortunate he must have considered himself in not having his father for his best friend. But he did

not stand alone; he had intercourse with the best families and an advantageous friendship with noble men and women. From this circle of friends we have received a very significant phrase. "The dear, low-voiced man," Beethoven was called. This may well surprise us since it does not at all correspond to the idea of him to which we have become accustomed. There is no doubt but that he altered greatly in the course of his life. He was not always so fearfully intense and violent, so unapproachably distant and reserved, so dramatically passionate; at least his friends could not have considered these qualities as characteristic of him. "Dear" and "low-voiced"—we must not forget these epithets. Therefore he must surely have been deeply susceptible to kindness and love, to tenderness and devotion, to gentleness and peace—and as surely in need of all that his father did not possess and could not offer him.

I deem it of decided importance that we should remain distinctly conscious of this twofold character of Beethoven in order to be able to estimate his future course both as a man and an artist. From his early years we can trace this contrast in his character and life, and through his entire life and work we shall observe the increase and sharper delineation of this antithesis.

This picture is indeed far different from that of the carefully guided, happily encouraged development of Mozart. Life for Beethoven began, ran its course and ended *dramatically*. At this significant word we may well pause.

Here, according to my firm conviction, lies the fundamental basis of his entire being, his greatness, and his eccentricity. A deep longing remained unsatisfied, a sensitive lack in his soul-life remained unfilled, a hallowed thirst for love remained unslaked; this is his tragedy. On the other hand demons awoke in his breast—his father's miserable legacy—with increasing power, with threatening violence; and a battle raged within him between the dominating passions which he had not learned to control, and the ideals he bore shyly hidden in his heart, hoping and renouncing, believing and despairing. This is the sublime drama of his life and his activity. We shall see whether he remained victor and how. At any rate his destiny became so closely linked with his temperament and character as to make the conquest of self as difficult for him as could be.

In November 1792 Beethoven went to Vienna, and in December his father died. This youth of two and twenty years was now alone and dependent upon his own resources, a stranger in the great strange city. It is true he brought with him valuable recommendations, and equally true that many a hospitable home was opened

to him. It can not be said that he suffered want. As an artist he was already quite matured. He had brought a large supply of work with him and it was not long before his genius had spread its wings for its victorious flight. But one invaluable benefit was still wanting and remained wanting, namely, the peaceful assurance of his own personality (*Ich*) which rests on correct training.

That for which his early home still remained indebted to him life itself must retrieve, and the school of life is always a stern one—doubly severe for a Beethoven who could not take anything easily, either with regard to himself or others. It was by no means a comfortable lot to associate with him. He was responsible for many a disagreeable experience for himself and those around him, which under normal conditions might have been easily avoided. There were many annoyances and accusations on both sides. He was too little acquainted with the world and mankind to deal with them quietly and to look beneath the surface. He was impractical and unworldly and therefore, as so often happens, suspicious and distrustful. We hear complaints of his extraordinary irritability and sensitiveness even towards tried friends and patrons. His pride could assume the appearance of arrogance, his self-consciousness of conceit. He could hurt people's feelings by a rude gruffness, yes by actual bad manners. To palliate or excuse it would be quite absurd, and he himself did not make the attempt. On the contrary he would torment himself with the most violent reproaches, and his remorse was as passionate as the outbreak that occasioned it. He had always the same battle to wage within him, ever and again the same drama of emotions.

At this point it is well to observe that Beethoven did not continue to be misunderstood. If we read all that happened we must come finally to the conclusion that he did many things in Vienna which were socially impossible in those days. It would not have been at all surprising if his patrons and friends had gradually withdrawn from him. That they did not do so is not only a credit to them, but gives us an indication of Beethoven's true character.

It is well known that he mingled to a great extent, if not exclusively, in circles of the nobility. It is an honor to the Austrian aristocracy of the end of the eighteenth century that it supported and aided art and artists to a remarkable degree not only with money but also with the most active personal interest. In this way it understood how to continue to play the part of spiritual leader for a long time.

These proud and highly cultured counts and princes not only

suffered Beethoven among them with all his frailties and moods, but treated him with distinction and invited him again and again to their homes. If they had looked upon him only as an eccentric character and had granted him a clown's liberty they would certainly have soon tired of it. They were not so petty as to stumble against his unconventional ways in society; they could recognize his greatness amid his failings and weaknesses. Shall we do less to-day? We are impressed with the fact that Beethoven's errors are those of a great soul which must wrestle its way through to its true freedom. From the beginning the man appears before us as proud and much more self-conscious than, for instance, Mozart. Not until he shall have become great, he says to his friends in his old home, shall they see him again. He had an exalted opinion of himself and his mission. He was imbued with the majesty of the artist's calling, and this inward sublimity manifested itself externally quite of its own accord. He does not stand aside in shy humility or amiable long-suffering, but with head held high he strides through the world whose only mission seems to be to listen to him.

Again it may be said that this has the appearance of insufferable arrogance, and this is always the suspicion with regard to every great man who thus rises above his surroundings. There are also foolish anecdotes which ascribe to Beethoven a demeanor as childish as it was churlish, but it is exactly this sort of stories which are misleading. That he and Goethe could not understand each other is easily comprehensible, but Beethoven can no more be said to have borne himself haughtily, than Goethe can be said to have lowered himself in a servile manner.

We must not look upon the matter from a negative point of view, but from a positive one. In a thousand other less significant natures the inherited frailties and weaknesses would have conquered, the passionate temperament would have subjugated the character.

Beethoven stands before us as a hero in the battle with himself; his whole being breathes *heroism*. This is the second catchword that we shall use. It led upwards, it led to conquest, it led to the ideal—of this Beethoven himself was conscious and the people around him might at least have perceived it. Now we may no longer misunderstand him when he says that he too is a king, and expresses the opinion that it is a good thing to associate with the nobility, but that one must also possess something with which himself to impress them.

It is especially significant that Beethoven sought aristocratic

intercourse with marked preference. The girls and women whom he loved and honored were almost exclusively ladies of the nobility, and his most intimate pupil and his noblest patron was no less a person than the Archduke Rudolf. He wished to walk upon the heights of humanity and there sought both inner and external excellence where he supposed it would most readily be found. In this he was nothing less than fanatical; he was really not in the least reactionary, but democratic in his own way. He set up his own personality and in so doing was sure that he counterbalanced every one else. Many another has done the same thing before and after him. Even Mozart fortified his own dignity by the fine utterance, "A man's heart gives him nobility." But in Beethoven's case it is differently worded: "My nobility is in head and heart," and "Power is the morality which distinguishes some men above others." Here we have the determining motto of his life; power in his entire being, power in his aberrations as in his virtue, power in every phase of his life and in all he accomplished. He himself was conscious of this power; he did not mutely and helplessly let it hold sway, but freely and joyously he exhaled power. It made him an optimist, it fortified his courage, it assured him of victory. There have been few men who were men of power as Beethoven was. It is not even given to every one to understand them.

In the first place many will not comprehend that it is just such enormous power that is capable of the finest delicacy and tenderness, so that in its inmost depths such a nature can be incomparably gentle and mild and therefore possess indescribable richness and goodness of character. For the same reason, however, it suffers the more when injured by misunderstanding or disappointment. The mighty Beethoven was a constant surprise on his other side by his touching gentleness and abnegation. He had no great knowledge of men but did not for that reason feel a contempt for them. An infinite capacity for love lived and stirred within him, and together with it a strong craving for love.

Here again we recognize the tragedy of his life; he was alone and remained alone. This is the lot of greatness and was his destiny. In spite of all the friendship and veneration bestowed upon him on many sides he still remained alone. He never found the woman who might have become the companion of his life, and we might as well say that he could not find her. The costly riches of his inner nature he might not share with any single individual. He was to reveal them to the entire world. To make others happy and sacrifice himself; to enrich others and deprive himself; to

exalt others and himself to suffer and endure—this has been the tragedy of the great man and artist who might well have posed as a martyr.

Now we see clearly that he not only was not but could not have been dominated by selfish motives. Had he been an egotist he could not have endured his destiny. He was able to endure it because it was God who, so to speak, gave him what he had to suffer, and because he therein recognized a sacred task, a true mission. Thus he has become for us a prophet and a searcher of hearts; thus was he called to the vocation of a dramatist in music.

In this fact we have a key to a proper comprehension of his works. That music is capable of giving expression to feeling is of course universally known and recognized; that this expression of feeling can be very different in kind, that music possesses accurate expression for all imaginable degrees and shades of feeling, every one is probably willing to concede. In order to comprehend Beethoven we must learn to understand that music is not only able to give forth simple, uniform and therefore lyrical sounds, but also that it has expedients by which it can reflect mingled feelings, objects, sense-relations and emotions. Thus music becomes dramatic, and Beethoven has revealed to us in how great and emphatic a measure it can be made dramatic. We constantly admire in his works his power and greatness, his tenderness and delicacy, but the dramatic character of his music is always especially distinctive, for in his works he sounds forth his own nature and life. We have become familiar with it as a drama, as a struggle of emotion, as a constant conflict and eternal contrast. How a perfect artistic masterpiece instead of a wild unformed chaos has arisen from this combination, is a mystery which can never be entirely disclosed. It is at the same time, however, a speaking witness to us that Beethoven remained victor over himself and his destiny. We have a whole series of epigrams which express this clearly. Beethoven asserts that he will seize Fate by the throat; he will defy her; he will find the wings of Daedalus, for he feels that he is ruler in the spiritual realm. This power and inspiration was finally to be put to the sharpest test by the worst affliction that could possibly have befallen him.

As early as 1798 he received the first forebodings of a thickness of hearing which was to end in complete deafness. It can not be certainly determined just what the cause was. Various physicians were called in consultation and all known remedies were applied to the case. For a time Beethoven himself believed a cure was

possible, but soon every hope of improvement vanished. He was obliged to undergo the whole painful process of becoming deaf gradually and his confidential communications on the subject are deeply touching, especially the famous Heiligenstädt Testament of 1802. Little by little his resistance was compelled to yield. From 1814 the demon in his ears became very apparent; with cruel remorselessness it ruined every attempt to direct others and every possibility of hearing his own works.

Can we imagine what that meant, what it must have meant for a Beethoven? If we picture to ourselves his temperament and character we must confess that no greater or more critical calamity could have befallen him. Suspicion and mistrust, sensitiveness and irritation—how must they have found constantly increasing support in the fast approaching deafness!

We all know from experience how deafness, in vivid contrast to blindness, tends to induce ill-temper and an unfortunate disposition. On the other hand Beethoven's hunger for love and tender devotion must have suffered unspeakably under the constantly increasing difficulties of oral converse. The blank-book he kept always at hand in order to put himself in connection with his surroundings is still in existence. It cannot be wondered at if he now became more and more reserved and taciturn, more and more unapproachable and eccentric; if his feelings, weaknesses and passions gained more resistless control of his entire nature. Excuses could be made for him in abundance, but he refused to submit.

Now for the first time we understand the dramatic element of his life in its full tragic import. Now for the first time we comprehend how lonely he was. This also, the hardest of all his battles, he had to fight alone, and he stood his ground like a hero. He did not complain against deity; his severe affliction did not make of him a blasphemer or a pessimist. Neither in the spirit of defiance and ill humor nor in indolent submission did he resign himself to being deaf. On the contrary, the more the outside world died to him, the more splendid did the inner world unfold itself before him. The more he depended upon himself, the richer and more beautiful grew his own individuality, and by his wonderful moral strength he escaped the frightful peril of losing himself as man and as artist.

Thus we see him most genuinely great in his affliction. It would have been the destruction of thousands of other people, but him it exalted to his highest self; his sentence of doom became a blessing to him. Now unconfused by the world, by people and the

life around him, remaining faithful to himself, he speaks out all his greatness in his works with supreme truthfulness and freedom, and from his inmost being. Thus we may clearly see how great and genuine he is. Again we must not be surprised if every one is not able to follow him.

Beethoven is not only our great musical dramatist, he is at the same time the great soul-musician who dared to sound forth the entire force of his personality and in so doing to enrich and exalt musical art to its strongest and deepest expression. To understand him, therefore, means to think and to feel with him; the path to this end can be open to us only by the knowledge of the forms and mediums of expression which he has imbued with new meaning to such an unprecedented degree.

A BUDDHIST VERONICA.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE origin of the Veronica legend is ultimately due to the natural desire among faithful Christians to possess a portrait of their Saviour, but, as we have observed in former articles on the subject,¹ there was a serious obstacle to the accomplishment of it in the strong prejudice of the church against all pictures and statues. This prejudice, inherited from the Jews, prevailed in the first and second centuries of the Christian era, and those sectarians and heretics who were opposed to the Jews were the most liberal in that respect. They did not oppose art, and so it is among them that we find the first pictures of Christ.



VERONICA.

Copper engraving of 1510 by Albert Dürer. Redrawn by A. Petrak.

formed from different kinds of material; while they maintain that a likeness of Christ was made by Pilate at the time when Jesus lived among men. They crown these images, and set them up along

¹ "The Vera Icon, King Abgar, and St. Veronica," *Open Court*, XXII, 663, 716.

² In Chap. 25 on the doctrines of Carpocrates.

with the images of the philosophers of the world; that is to say, with the images of Pythagoras, and Plato, and Aristotle, and the rest. They have also other modes of honoring these images, after the same manner as the Gentiles."



SS. PETER AND PAUL WITH THE SUDARIUM.

Copper engraving of the beginning of the 16th century. Attributed to Master M. (Passavant III, p. 89, No. 3, and also Anderson, pp. 33, 109).

To find a way out of this difficulty, images were produced which were claimed not to have been made by human hands but to have originated in a supernatural way. To explain the origin of one of them, the Edesseum, kept at Edessa and famous in the Greek church, the Abgar correspondence was invented presumably at the end of

the second century. In the meantime in the domain of the Roman church Christian art had developed a picture of Christ in its own way, and so when the type of the Abgar picture, claiming to be the only true picture (or *vera icon*), reached western Europe much later at the beginning of the Middle Ages, quite a similar version of the same motive took shape in the legend of St. Veronica.



VERONICA WITH THE SUDARIUM.
Painting by Master of Flemalle, 1450.
Preserved in the Städel Institute at
Frankfort on the Main.*

The supernatural origin of these portraits of Christ, of the *vera icon* so-called, naturally implied their miraculous power, and the stories connected with them always dwell on this point, that they cured the most hopeless diseases and conferred religious blessings, especially forgiveness of sins, upon all who would gaze at the picture in faith.

The Veronica legend incorporated into itself several other features. When the Jews began to be an object of persecution, a motive for the conquest of Judea was introduced which would make it appear as if Titus had laid siege to Jerusalem and had destroyed it with savage barbarity for the sole purpose of avenging Christ's death. The story of Berenike was superadded solely on account of the similarity of the name.³

In the development of ecclesiastical art the Veronica, or "true picture" of Christ, painted in the

traditional Byzantine style. is very much in evidence. We find it

³ See *op. cit.*, 676-679.

* A drawing of it by Roger van der Weyden exists in the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge and has been made accessible to the general public by

on surplices, Lenten veils, rood-cloths, palls, sepulchral garments, processional banners, and on altar pieces. It still continues in the history of modern art and affords even Protestant painters a motive for picturing the lugubrious. In addition to artistic representations of the Veronica motive, we here insert some examples of the different stages through which it has passed in the course of Christian art.

Veronica



menſchen mit großer andacht vnd iunig!
Kenarchus der natürlich maister ein
 ſchichtbeſchreiber noch zumal iung
 bey Seleuciam der ſtatt Cilicie geſtorben
 ſunder eintweders zu Alexandria oder zu

Veronica
 ſtigem n
 ſianum den g
 ſordert. dan d
 heit begriffen.
 ret het do wa
 wercks wege
 alda bis an ir
 gottes mache
 helt) beküme
 hailet wardt
 ein zaichen d
 dem babſt vi
 demt. daſelbſ

VERONICA.

Woodcut by Michael Wolgemut, inserted in the text of *Buch der Chroniken*. Nuremberg, 1493.

A peculiar version of the Veronica legends is found in an Anglo-Saxon manuscript of the eleventh century, preserved in the University Library of Cambridge, the title of which runs *Nathanis Judaei Legatio*, i. e., "The Message of the Jew Nathan."

Karl Pearson in his *Fronica*, Plate VI. The drawing differs in some unimportant details from the painting. The face expresses more firmness of faith than grief or sorrow and is certainly the work of a great artist, but in all essential points it remains a faithful copy of the original. In both the sudarium is translucent and the figure and posture are identical.



ST. VERONICA WITH THE SUDARIUM.

Illustration in a German breviary, Egerton Coll., British Museum.
 Beginning of 15th century. Veronica is dressed in a red robe and
 a blue mantle.



ST. VERONICA WITH THE SUDARIUM.

A German colored woodcut preserved in the Hutbibliothek. This picture was published in Königshofen's *Cronik von alten Königen und Kaisern*, printed by Bemmler, Augsburg, 1476. Cf. Karl Pearson's *Die Fronica*, p. 109, where it is stated that in the copy of Königshofen's *Cronik* in the British Museum this cut is missing.

It relates that Tiberius suffered from leprosy and no physician could cure him until a certain Jew of Venice by the name of Nathan informed him of a miracle-working garment of Christ. That the city of Venice did not yet exist in the days of Christ does not in the



THE VERONICA ON A GARMENT.

Preserved in the Court Library of Munich. See Delaborde (*La Gravure*, p. 47, plate X) who dates it in 1406.

least disturb the author of the story who goes on to say that two kinsmen of the emperor, Vespasian and Titus, were thereupon sent to Jerusalem to bring the matron Veronica, the owner of the garment, into the presence of the imperial patient. Otherwise the story

is about the same as other Veronica legends; however it is noteworthy that in this version only Veronica and Tiberius were able to see the portrait. We here reproduce a picture of an old print which is dated 1460 and is preserved in the Court Library of Munich.

We see that the healing power of Christ's picture is always insisted on with great emphasis, and we find the same idea in a Buddhist parallel which is remarkable on account of some similarities in details.

During the second German expedition to Turfan, Prof. Albert Grünwedel discovered in the caves of Qyzyl near Kutcha four fres-



VERONICA.

Copper engraving by Daniel Hoppfer, 1514. The angels who support the sudarium hold in their other hands the cross and the pillar of flagellation. See Bartsch, VIII, p. 476, No. 16 .

coes representing the miraculous recovery of the sick king Ajatasatru at the mere sight of a picture illustrating the life of Buddha. The Buddhist legend tells us that after the evil days of his younger years the king had become converted to the Buddhist faith and was a most devout worshiper of the Buddha. According to a Tibetan legend it happened that when the Buddha passed into *paranirvana*, into that final state of bliss where nothing bodily remains—which means, as we would say of other mortals, when he died—King Ajatasatru happened to be critically ill. Maha-Kasyapa, one of the great disciples of Buddha, knew of his master's demise on account of the

earthquake which always takes place when a Buddha makes his final entry into Nirvana, but he did not dare to break the sad news to the king for fear that the shock would prove fatal to him. So



ST. HELENA AND ST. VERONICA.

Preserved in the Collection of Copper Engravings at Munich. About 1400.

Maha-Kasyapa invented the plan of communicating the news to the king by means of a picture which should show that the work of salvation so auspiciously begun and carried on by the Buddha had now been completed. He requested the Brahman artist Varshakara to paint the Buddha's birth, the temptation, his sermon in Deer Park, and his final entry into Nirvana.

In the left lower corner of this picture we see the birth of Bodhisattva in the grove of Lumbini. Queen Maya stands in her traditional posture, supported by a woman, perhaps her sister Prapajati, and holding herself up by her hands to the branches of a tree,



SS. PETER AND PAUL DISPLAYING THE SUDARIUM.

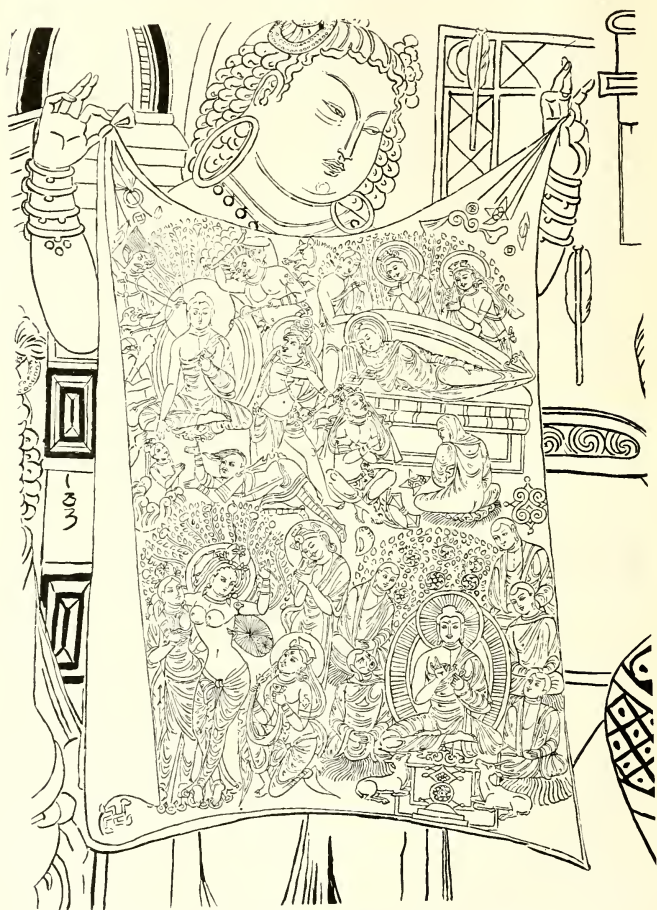
Copper engraving by Lucas van Leyden, 1517. See Bartsch, VII, p. 393, No. 105.

while Indra in a worshipful attitude is ready to receive the infant in a cloth. Brahma stands in the background with folded hands. The infant comes forth from the left side of his mother wrapped in an oval halo, the head being indicated by a star surrounded by an aureole.

The second scene, the temptation of Buddha, is in the left corner. We see the Buddha seated under the Bodhi tree in the traditional Buddhist posture. Mara, the evil one, gaudily dressed, is just retreating while some of his army still continue the attack. The goddess of the earth at the feet of Buddha raises her hand in testimony of the good works done by Buddha, ensuring his victory.⁴

⁴ *Gospel of Buddha*, Chap. XI.

The third scene in the lower right-hand corner, is Buddha's first sermon to the five ascetics in the Deer Park. Before him stands



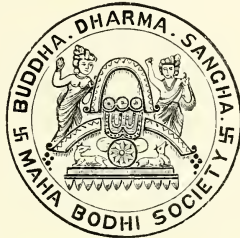
THE HEALING PICTURE OF BUDDHIST LEGEND.

the symbol of the Buddhist religion, a pedestal bearing the trisul and the wheel, of which the trisul represents the three gems, the Buddha,

the Dharma and the Sangha, also called the Buddhist trinity, and the wheel is the symbol of the Good Law. The deer on either side indicate that the scene is situated in the Deer Park. The five monks surround the Blessed One in worshipful attitudes.⁵

Buddha's sermon in the Deer Park has been called the Buddhist Sermon on the Mount because, like Christ's, it contains the program of the religion taught therein. The description of this sermon is the subject of one of the most famous books of the Buddhist canon and bears the title "The Foundation of the Kingdom of Righteousness."

The wheel as the symbol of the kingdom of righteousness appears on the throne upon which Buddha is seated and the disciples who listen to the proclamation of the new doctrine are five in number in accordance with Buddhist tradition.



SEAL OF THE MAHA BODHI SOCIETY.

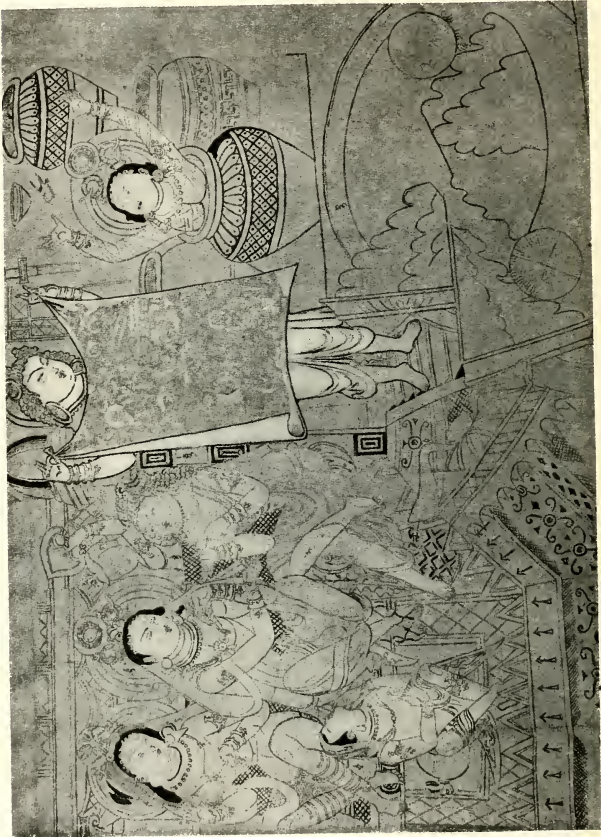
The importance of Buddha's first sermon at the Deer Park can be seen from the fact that the abbot of the ancient Maha Bodhi temple at Buddhagaya has adopted the emblem of the wheel surrounded on either side by deer as the crest of his monastery. Above the wheel we see the three gems, symbolizing the Buddhist trinity, the Buddha, the Dharma and the Sangha, covered by the outlines of a dagoba and worshiped on either side by a deva. This device was found on a seal when the British Government had the temple restored, and the Anagarika Dharmapala uses it now as the seal of the Maha Bodhi Society.

The last scene is Buddha's final entry into Nirvana with the dying Buddha in the center. At the head of Buddha's couch stands Ananda, his favorite disciple, the Buddhist St. John. Behind are two gods, presumably Indra and Brahma, standing with folded hands. Buddha's attendant, Vajrapani, the bearer of the thunder-

⁵ *Gospel of Buddha*, Chap. XV.

bolt, has thrown down his thunderbolt (*vajra*), and sits with arms crossed on his breast.

When the picture was completed, Maha-Kasyapa requested the



A BUDDHIST VERONICA LEGEND.

king to come out into the garden where he had several baths prepared for him, among which was one of *ghi* (melted butter) and the last one of sandal-wood powder. He foresaw that the king would swoon on hearing the news, and he was then to be passed from

one bath to another, and when placed in the sandal-wood powder the picture would be presented to him and a miraculous cure would thereby be effected.

The legend must have been a favorite story among the Bud-



THE SUDARIUM ACCORDING TO CORREGGIO.

dhists of Qyzyl, for there are four illustrations of it. One of these is sufficiently well preserved to admit of an outline drawing which has been made by the artistic hand of Professor Grünwedel himself. The scene to the left represents a king and queen enthroned in royal state; before them kneels a servant, and behind stands a

courtier fan in hand. The king is addressed by some person of high dignity, presumably Maha-Kasyapa, who asks him into the



WU TAO TZE'S NIRVANA PICTURE.

garden where the several baths are prepared. In the lower part of the section on the right hand we see the earthquake represented by the tottering of Mount Meru and the disturbance of the courses of the sun and moon. The king has passed through three tubs and sits now in that of powdered sandal-wood where the picture of the life of Buddha is presented to him. He raises his arms for joy at the contemplation of the salvation thus gloriously consummated and is henceforth cured of his ailment.

* * *

In spite of the many differences in the Christian legends of both King Abgar and Veronica and of the latter's appearance before the Roman Emperor as compared with this Buddhist story of King Ajatasatru, there are so many similarities in the very details of the drawings that one might feel inclined to think that both the idea of the miraculous cure and the motives of the drawings might have migrated from the east to the west or the west to the east, and yet we do not believe in any historical connection. We believe that these legends, the Buddhist one and the several Christian stories, originated in perfect independence and their similarities are due merely to a similarity of conditions.

The legend of the miraculous curative power of a pictorial representation of Buddha's life originated in a country where pure Buddhism had been considerably mixed up with exorcism and belief in miracles. Accordingly the cure which Maha-Kasyapa accomplished was not without additional magic incantations. At the left of the man holding the cloth we see a sword stuck half its length into the ground, and two arrows. Both of them are plainly visible in the larger outline picture of the detail of the cloth, while they are obscured in our illustration of the whole fresco. We see further a dish containing some medicine, and an object which, according to Professor Grünwedel, is the head of a goat, presumably an offering for magical purposes.

The four detailed scenes of the picture itself follow in all respects the traditional type of the illustrations of Buddha's life, and their type has remained classical throughout the history of Buddhist art. Later on the number of these scenes increased to eight, as we know them from Wu Tao Tze's Nirvana picture.⁶

We do not venture to assign a date to this Buddhist Veronica, but according to Professor Grünwedel many of the frescoes of the

⁶ Published as a photogravure by the Open Court Publishing Co. with full explanations of the Chinese text. See also *The Open Court*, XVI, 163.

Buddhist caves of Qyzyl antedate any one of the similar representations of Christian art. While it is not impossible that the idea of the healing picture might have traveled westward from India in the same way as Æsop's fables and the story of Barlaam and Josaphat, we have no doubt that the Veronica legend was of an independent origin, and may therefore be considered as a remarkable instance of parallel formation in religious lore.

A DAUGHTER OF THE ZENANA.

BY A. CHRISTINA ALBERS.

[The author has lived in India for many years and has become greatly attached to the land and its people. In this little sketch she describes the typical life of a Hindu woman of high caste portraying faithfully her childhood, courtship, wedding, her married life and finally her death. If some details appear to the more prosaic western mind almost too mystical to be true, we can only say that the light in which the story is told tallies closely with Hindu conceptions, and thus renders the narrative the more genuine.—ED.]

SHE was a little sun-kissed maiden, with a complexion soft and mellow like the Champack blossom that fills the air with fragrance in the Baisak¹ month when the young year appears, and she had a pair of eyes, this maiden, black and lustrous and fathomless like the midnight sky at the time of Kali Poojah.² You could look at them and look for ever, and yet it would seem you never saw all that they tried to reveal. They spoke of a great deep soul that had seen ages and ages of pilgrimage, they spoke of a strong life that throbs and heaves with the effulgence of being and holds so much within itself that it would fill many a page to write all its lore: and again they laughed so merrily, these raven orbs, that they seemed like merry ripples on a great still lake.

She was a little Brahmin girl, only very little. But she was the daughter of an old, old family, that hailed from the venerable, ancient district of Nadia where still there are men and women who even in these degenerate days see the eternal face to face. They glory in fasting and austerities, and their days are long in the land.

Fourteen generations of hereditary training had moulded the sons and daughters of the house to which Shikorbashini Devi³ belonged, and fourteen generations of hereditary culture had not failed to put their stamp deeply on this daughter of old Indian blood—only

¹ May.

² The annual Kali festival which is celebrated during new moon.

³ Devi is a title given to the women of the highest castes.

one of the many that the venerable house claimed. But the daughters of an Indian family are so numerous, one can never, never know them all; let us then be content with Shikorbashini alone.

She was five years old at the time of which we are speaking, but she was very slight and appeared to be less than four. But her dignity would have been sufficient for many a maid of twenty. The correctness of her gait, the calm grace of her movements were apt to evoke a smile from an onlooker, they were so far beyond her years. She had not practised any physical exercises, she knew not even what they were. But her ancestors had sat in meditation on the Divine, with head erect, firm and motionless, and were doing so still. For in this ancient land ancestors are not at all a thing of the past. The patriarch may look down on five generations, and yet not consider it a very extraordinary occurrence.

This little maiden presented a typical sight when with book in hand she squatted down to read—with back erect as the palmtree that grows by yonder lake; her finely modeled head, so perfectly placed on these little shoulders, bending slightly over the book; her plastic little legs crossed under her, securely covered by her loose, flowing gown, one tiny crimson-tinted toe perhaps peeping mischievously from under the jealous folds that tried to hide it—it seemed she was a poem and a little statue both in one.

She lived in a large house; it was the Calcutta residence of the family—a house surrounded by a court with a high brick wall around it, which gave it the appearance of a convent. In the house itself there were the outer apartments and then the inner house. In the center was a large open court, around which shading balconies cooled the adjoining rooms. The house was very old and cracked, it had seen many of Shikorbashini's ancestors, and that is saying a good deal. But it teemed with life, and from within came the patter of little feet, and the sound of many youthful voices. This ancient roof harbored many children, sixteen in all—all brothers and sisters. They might be called cousins in western lands, second and third cousins perhaps. But the Hindu does not indulge in such terms, they sound too cold, too far away from the heart. Were they not all of one common ancestor? Why then make such distinctions?

When after the heat of the day these little ones played together in the large yard they had merry times; or when with two or three little maids like herself, Shikorbashini sought a corner on the broad flat roof of the house, telling stories and laughing merrily, until the naughty *dadas*⁴ appeared and spoiled it all for them, as brothers will

⁴ Elder brothers.

the whole world over. She rose early in the morning, but when the sun was high, when the streets were deserted under the noonday heat, when even the inevitable black crow sought the shade, and the big kite alone soared upward into the hot still sky sending its weird melancholy cry down to the world below, at that hot hour we find our little maiden in a cool corner of the house, cuddled closely up to the dear form of her mother, oblivious to heat, sky, kite and all. And again, when the hour of twilight comes, that strange hour, when the drooping sun sends mystery into the atmosphere, we see our little heroine on her mother's lap, with many little ones around her, all listening to a tale from one of India's great epic poems, the *Ramayana*, a story such as was told to little Indian daughters a thousand years ago, from which they have drawn logic for many centuries, and which have done much to mould the character of the race. Or later, when her father, tired after a long day's work, found comfort in the cool embrace of home, we see our little maiden on his lap, with eyes aglow, narrating the incidents of the day, until the worries of life seem all so little, seem all to melt away in the light of those glorious eyes.

As little Shikorbashini grew to be nearly seven years old, there was a consultation between her parents one evening, and they agreed their little daughter must be sent to school. Accordingly, the proposition was laid before her grandmother the next day, who consented after a long discussion, and our little heroine was sent. The school carriage called for her every day to take her to the Mahakali *Pathshala*⁵ where officiated the venerable Maharani Mataji, that austere *sanyasini*, who founded schools on strictly national lines, to retain in the women of India that fine old character that has moulded the race, and which modern education is not half careful enough to preserve.

Here she learned the mysteries of the Sanskrit alphabet, and to repeat *slokas* orotund and rhythmic, in that ancient tongue which is the language of the gods, the root of all Aryan languages and the only one which is not ephemeral. She learned a little of reading and writing in her mother tongue and a little less of figures. But she learned that which is worth infinitely more than all the rest. She learned that daughters of her race have to fill a mighty place, and that they can attain to it only by self-sacrifice and service. Ah! here lies a great part of the secret of India's strength. And ye of the West, who would condemn the systems of this land, would do well to learn first to understand the principles that have gone to build them.

She made many new friends at this school, but one which touched the heart more deeply than all others—Rani they called her, and thus their friendship came about. Rani brought a new pencil box to school one day and showed it around with great glee. Shikorbashini saw it, and in her naturally witty little way called out:

“You need not be so proud of your old box; it costs five pice.”

“Ha, five pice,” came out the quick rejoinder, “you are going to have a five pice father-in-law.”

That was a dreadful insult, and with tear-stained eyes the little insulted girl told her tale to the Head Pandit. Now the father-in-law’s house is a standing joke among little Indian girls, and the learned Pandit, with a twinkle in his eyes and a desperate effort to appear serious, informed them both that if they would only study well and be good little girls, they would each have a rupee father-in-law. Then he made them sit beside each other for the remainder of the day and told them to try and make friends. That worked like magic. The father-in-law incident was soon forgotten, and two little tongues kept busy, while two sweet young lives blended together in a friendship deep and lasting. And so deep became the bond between them in time that they promised the vow of *Shokipadha* to each other, that is to say, the friendship that is never broken, and the vow that can be given between two only. Two hearts joined in that vow know no secret from each other, and not even death has the power to sever it.

Thus the days passed sweetly and lengthened into years, and three happy years passed by before the little friends realized it.

But, alas, poor Shikorbashini, this is a world of many tears, and into your sweet young life sorrow is about to enter. For she whom you have chosen as life’s fondest friend, has been doomed to remain a few years only on this dust-clad star; the gods are calling her home to the place whence she came.

Little Rani stepped up to her mother one day with a strange tale. “Mother, I have read a new story from the *Ramayana*; come, let me tell it to you.”

“Not to-day, my child, I shall be busy. You may tell it another time.”

“But I cannot wait, mother, I am going to remain with you a short time only. Only three more days, and I shall be taken from you.”

The unfortunate mother was overcome by consternation. She took her child into her arms and tried to make her promise never to

⁵ School.

say such a thing again. But little Rani was not to be persuaded, and as she had prophesied, so it came to pass. On the following day her frail form was seized by a violent fever, and on the third day the house was merged in sorrow, and the death wail arose in the room where little Rani closed the lids over her beautiful black eyes never to open them more.

This tale may sound strange to the reader, but it is a strange land, this India. Like the snow-clad range of the mighty Himalayas that seem to float in mid-air, so does this land of Ind seem floating in the ether, midway between this world and that other that we dream of. Strange, too, it seemed to the writer of these lines; it filled her heart with awe at the soul of this child, for she knew the maiden well and loved her. Nor does this strange story end here. On the days following Rani's death, her little sister was seen standing in isolated places, speaking with somebody no one could see. And she was heard to promise, "On the day after to-morrow I will join you." And thus it happened. When the day came little Buri was seized by a violent spasm, and before evening another little form was taken from the house to the Ganga riverside, where the flame was kindled that consumed her sweet young body, while her soul was left free to roam through the realms of space together with the sister she had so longed to join.

And little Shikorbashini, how did she receive the news of the first great sorrow that her young life knew? It was her mother who told her. Taking her little one away to a quiet place, she took her on her lap, and resting that sweet young head against her heart, the mother told her child that little Rani was for the world no more. And against her mother's tender heart Shikorbashini wept—wept the tears of her first grief, a grief that lingered and that would follow her into the years to come.

She was so very sad that even the naughty *dadas* stopped teasing her, but held her hand and spoke tenderly to her. Her parents feared the grief might undermine her health. They could not, of course, send her to school for a long time, for there she would feel the absence of her friend the more. And so the mother got ready to take her little family to their *Mamar Bari*.

And what is *Mamar Bari*? Ah, that is the place than which there is none more dear to an Indian child. It is the maternal uncle's house. The mother was born and raised there, and her little ones spend half their sunny childhood within its walls. Here they are ever welcome, it is their second home, and it is a refuge, a haven of rest throughout all life. This *Mamar Bari* is the terror

of the modern educationists, for they find their pupils, particularly the girls, half the time absent from school on account of it. Moreover, the government schools under the present regulation must send their candidates for annual examination, girls as well as boys. And the ambitious *Memsahib*, who after much weary labor hopes to have her candidates ready to shine on that auspicious day, arrives in school one morning to learn to her consternation that her most brilliant lights have absented themselves, perhaps just a month before this important event is to occur. And where are they? They are eating sweetmeats in *Mamar Bari*, and as to your examinations, Madam,—well, they are your affair, you may take care of them.

It is difficult to adjust the oriental idea of education to that which the West of the present day is producing. The Hindu would call the latter a system of memorizing. Education, according to eastern ideas, is something that is to draw the whole nature nearer to the Eternal, to develop a deep-rooted logic that can conceive the why and wherefore of being; an unfolding of the heart to understand the world the more, to understand spiritual existence the better and to draw into its sympathy all life. Reading and writing may or may not be added. Thus were educated the women of the old school, who exercised great influence over their communities. But this is a world of change, and science is to do the work, transmit the knowledge, that was at one time transmitted through the rock temples and the pyramids, through the ancient epic poems and traditions. And now these people, ever slow to move and to yield to new impulses, are standing at a cross-road—India is in a state of transition. The education of women at this critical period is dangerous work. The educator must beware lest in the giving he may not cause more to be lost than he gives. To Westernize India's daughters would mean ruin to the race. And yet the old school is practically gone. What is wanted is a system combining the old heart culture with the head culture of the West: this is the problem that confronts the modern educationist.

But to return to Shikorbashini—she was taken to this *Mamar Bari*, this blissful retreat. And here she was petted and indulged and overfed with sweetmeats until she became fretful, and got boils; and when through over-feeding and over-indulgence these little tyrants become quite unmanageable, *Mamar Bari* sends them home to recuperate and get ready for the next visit. Thus amid affection and sweetmeats and terms of fond endearment the little Indian girl spends the sunny days of her childhood.

But there were serious discussions in Shikorbashini's maternal

uncle's house this time. Her grandmother looked at her long and earnestly and then consulted with her husband and her sons and her daughters and daughters-in-law and her cousins and the many neighbors who came to visit her, and finally wound up by calling the *Ghotki*, that inevitable individual that cannot be dispensed with when a girl passes her tenth year, for she it is who makes the matches.

But it is not an easy task to find a husband for a girl. All the male and female relatives on both sides of the house have to take steps in the matter. And so it happened that our little heroine was nearly twelve years old before the matter was finally decided. Not that there was any want of suitors, but there was invariably something wrong. In one case the grandmother had a cancer, in another one of the mother's brothers did not bear a good character, again the young suitor had failed in last year's examinations. One there was who might have stood the test, but, poor boy, he had no mother. "How can I send my daughter into a motherless house?" called out Shikorbashini's mother in despair, "who will pet my child, who will train her, if she has no mother-in-law?" These Indian ladies are pretty hard to please, and willing or not willing, the men must yield.

On one occasion one of Shikorbashini's father's cousins mentioned the name of a widower who was a gentleman of good standing and substantial means. But there was such an outcry in the Zenana that he was glad to get away and say no more on the subject. A man must be very poor and have many daughters before his wife will consent to give her child to one who has already known love. On another occasion, when all seemed favorable, the ladies discovered that he had a flat nose, and the suitor was again refused.

But after a long and weary search one was found who was satisfactory. There had been no hereditary ailments in his family for five generations; for five generations there had not been a member of the house who could not stand the severe Indian criticism as regards character; personally he was intellectual, good-looking and young. As regarded his social position there was no question about it, no Hindu can marry his daughter into a family beneath him in rank; marriages are always made in the same caste division. He had father and mother and sisters and brothers, so the whole system was complete.

Evolution is collective in this land. Marriages are not so much a question of promoting personal happiness as of adding to the well-being of the community, and the first consideration is supposed to

be to keep that pure. The individual is trained to merge his personality into the whole and sacrifice his private interests to the caste to which he belongs.

At last arrived the eventful day when the prospective father-in-law, accompanied by several friends, came to the house to see the little bride. And we now find the little heroine of our tale at the important task of having her toilet made. Her grandmother, and her mother, assisted by her aunts and several other ladies, were busy at decking her sweet form with pretty garments. And fair indeed she looked, this little damsel, in her flowing silken robes and rich gold ornaments. Women must be dressed as their rank demands. It is a religious duty devolving on the Indian house-holder to secure for wife and daughters suitable ornaments. And woe betide him who fails in this duty, for is it not written in Manu's Law that a house in which women are not honored will surely fall?

But Shikorbashini received that which is vastly more precious than silk or gold. She received words of counsel and admonition which fell deep into her soul. "My daughter," said the grand-dame, "you stand now at the threshold of your new life. The house in which you were born is not your real home, a woman must follow her husband. Remember, you are the daughter of an ancient race, fourteen generations look down upon you. Among them there has not once been a woman who has failed in the performance of her duty, who has not served her husband and his people till she drew her last breath, ever praying for the boon to precede husband and sons into death. Let the noble blood of your ancestors assert itself in you." And then there came a number of examples hoary with age, of women of the past who had attained to great spiritual heights because no task had been too heavy to secure the well-being of those they loved, until Shikorbashini's young spirit rose with pride and determination to be second to none in nobility of life.

It is on these lines that the character of the Indian race evolves. The duties before them may be great, the etiquette is always rigid, but one must know these women at forty to see the result. They cast around them a strong sense of self-respect that is not conscious of personal merit, but which has been developed by years of discipline in which not once the severe rules that regulate their lives have been broken. Theirs is not a life of servitude, but one of self-sacrifice and cheerful service, such as only a soul trained in the Hindu religion can grasp, and which has prepared for the race a highly superior type of womanhood. It is the women upon whom has devolved the task of preserving the nationality of the land; but for them the

Hindus would have ceased to be a nation through these dark cycles of suffering and hardships.

But where is Shikorbashini? Ah, she is ready—ready to appear before her father-in-law. Filled with inspiration of the future before her, the flush of youth on her fair young face blending softly with the maidenly shyness that lingered on her drooping lashes, she looked almost too fair for this world. A cloud-fairy, it would seem, had slid down on a silver beam to see this earth just once.

She entered with palpitating heart and was told to seat herself on a rug. She was already known to the visitors, having visited in their houses. They observed her closely, however, and decided in their minds that her features were regular—the nose aquiline, the mouth well curved, forehead not too high, etc., etc. The Hindus are severe critics of beauty, and that makes the selection of a bride often very difficult work.

All being agreeable, the prospective father-in-law wound up by saying that he would consult his elder brother about the matter, and he consenting, the arrangements would be made and word be sent in a day or two. And word was sent in due time, and all was settled.

Next the horoscopes of the two young people were consulted, and it was found that their characters were fitted for each other. They were both *Dev-gan*.⁶ Shikorbashini was *Beebra-burna*, that is to say, one whose touch meant blessing, and who would attain to great spirituality, a Brahmini of the soul as well as by right of birth.

Now began a lively time in the house. The goldsmith was sent for, and orders were given for ornaments. The *sari* woman came daily with a new supply, and each time selections were made. Cosmetics and perfumes and a hundred smaller toilet articles were procured. The guests began to arrive from the interior, for the wedding was to take place within a few days. Presents were exchanged daily between the two houses, servants, numbering as high as twenty, arrived carrying brass trays on their heads, which contained gifts of sweetmeats, fruits, *saris*, veils, etc. They received their meals each time they came, and oh, how busy everybody was. Then came the day of the ceremonial bath, for which her future mother-in-law sent the unguents. This day preceded the wedding-day. Meanwhile

⁶The Indian astrologers divide characters into three divisions, *Dev-gan*, *Nur-gan* and *Rakush-gan*. Of these *Dev-gan* is the highest. People belonging to different divisions will not agree in marriage.

little Shikorbashini was half giddy with excitement in the expectation of the life before her.

The wedding-day is a very trying one for the little bride, at least so it would appear to an onlooker. But the little Indian girl takes great pride in all the ceremonies which she has to perform and the fast through the day that dare not be broken. Nothing could induce her to take the smallest particle of solid food. And Shikorbashini went through the ordeal with as much cheerfulness and as much pride as any little bride ever did. Up with the dawn she rose, and the day seemed not a bit too long for her.

At nine o'clock in the evening excitement reached its height. "The bridegroom is coming!" this joyous shout electrified the house. Everybody rushed to take a peep—everybody but the poor little bride herself, who must sit complacently in a corner and wait and wait and practise patience.

And gorgeously arrayed came the new son-in-law. Preceded by torchbearers and a band playing the bridal tune, he was himself seated on a large platform borne on the shoulders of over a hundred coolies. He was received by the bride's father and conducted to the seat of honor, where he remained quietly seated until the auspicious moment arrived. The day of the marriage as well as the hour in which the nuptial tie is to be bound, is always set by the astrologer, and the latter is invariably late in the evening, sometimes past midnight. It was 11 o'clock in our Shikorbashini's case. The ceremony is very long, lasting usually some hours. It begins with the bridegroom and the bride's father, but the most impressive part of it commences when the little bride appears.

And so appeared our charming little heroine, seated on a small square wooden board, on which in Sanskrit words of good augury were written. She was clad in rose colored silk and gauze from the top of her stately head to the tip of her little crimson tinted toes.

The bridegroom stood erect facing the East, and the ladies—seven in number, all relatives of the bride—now took part in the ceremony. They walked around the bridegroom in procession headed by the bride's mother, all carrying little bundles of sticks burning with a bright flame, and looked as if they were going to set their gauzy garments on fire at any moment. But they did not, nor do they ever, for although it looks dangerous—this fire in the hands of chatting, smiling little ladies—the Indian women have such an easy way of moving about, that the Vedic fire is quite safe in their hands.

And now at last came the little bride's turn. Carried by three

of her relatives she was borne around the bridegroom seven times. Then came the great moment of her life, for now for the first time they who were to walk the road of life together, were to look into each others' eyes. A large shawl was suspended over their heads, held at each corner by an attendant. The bride's maternal uncle held a candle so that they might see each other well, and joked, of course, while he did so, for they must stand it all on their wedding-day, and neither of them dares say a word.

And how did our little Indian maiden feel at this first glance? At first she was quite timid, she dared not lift her eyes, but being urged on by him who held the candle, she looked up. Yes, she looked up, and she saw gazing into her own two deep black eyes that seemed to speak to her of ages long ago, when in other forms she had walked this earth again and again—again and again to be united to him who stood before her as her husband now. A thrill of delight went through the maiden's young heart, she saw the future stretched out before her smiling and happy, for he was no stranger to her, he was the Lord of her soul, part of her being. It was the training of the Hindu character that asserted itself. It is not a question of discovering mutual attraction by previous contact, but that love must find its own in the depth of the soul. And he who gazed at her, what did he experience? How often in after-life did he not tell her all that he had felt that moment, that he had discovered in her as she did in him, the comrade of the soul throughout all ages until the Great Silence is reached.

This ceremony over, they returned to the priest, who performed again numerous rites, each of which had reference to one of the different stages of life that are to be passed through. When they rose, their garments were knotted together, and thus they went to the inner apartment. Here they were received by the female guests who greeted them and met the bridegroom with unveiled faces, for this is the day on which there is no restraint.

This marriage is, however, only a betrothal, and the young people are not left without a chaperone during the short time that they are together, and they must observe the strictest etiquette.

Little Shikorbashini went through it all with downcast eyes. On the day following the marriage, she was taken to her new home to be formally introduced to her husband's people—now her own. Again that picturesque ride on the canopied platform, carried on the shoulders of coolies. This time they sat together, whose young lives had been joined.

A more charming picture cannot be imagined than that of a

young bride being taken to her father-in-law's house. Veiled in gauze and silk, adorned with rich jewelries, she sits on an artistic throne beside her young husband. It seems the doors of fairyland had opened—a Cinderella outfit indeed. But modesty must be her greatest jewel, and the little girl-bride looks the more charming because of her drooping lashes and slightly bent head. The band precedes as on the day of the bridegroom's coming, and slowly the procession moves.

It was nearly evening before Shikorbashini's marriage procession reached its destination, and it was her eldest sister-in-law, her husband's eldest brother's wife, who received her. The conveyance having entered the court, away from the gaze of the curious crowd, she came and carried her new little sister-in-law into the house; for the bride who enters her new home must not cross the threshold unaided. Would she be so little welcome as to have to walk into the house? Here again numerous ceremonies awaited her, all indicative of the life before her.

There were festivities and many guests in her honor, and it seemed as if the gaieties would never end. The following day the little bride sat in state, and many visitors came to see her. All blessed her and called on heaven for her future happiness, while ever she sat with downcast eyes and spoke not, her veil drawn over her pretty face.

The elder ladies had the privilege of lifting the veil; the ceremony of lifting the veil from a bride's face is a charming one. Often compliments are showered upon her who stands with downcast eyes, but the national training must here, as in all other cases, assert itself. She dare not grow vain who is thus complimented, but she must try the harder to make her heart as pure as her face is fair. And if she be plain—then there is always a time-honored story, a maxim to indicate that the face matters but little if the heart be pure. So whether pretty or plain, it is always the inner nature that gives true beauty.

"And now, daughter-in-law, look up and let us see your eyes," said her new mother to Shikorbashini. She lifted her long silken lashes, and the light of a thousand stars shone on the one who looked. "Yes, those are the right eyes," came the reply, and there was the ghost of a smile around the bride's pretty lips.

Meanwhile, the maid-servant, whom Shikorbashini's mother had sent along with the procession, sat in the middle of the room and took care that the conversation did not lag. These old factotums are great historians; they know everybody in the community to the

third and fourth generation, and can tell you all manner of details about them. Woe betide him who stinted at either his son's or his daughter's marriage, for *Hori Dasi*⁷ will repeat it of him to the end of her days and transmit the knowledge to her grandchildren.

It is a remarkable thing that in this land of caste there exists a democracy so broad that it would put the average western socialist agitator to shame. The caste works like a great unit. Even as the different members of the body have each their function to perform and yet could never be separated from the whole, so different caste divisions each perform their work. In his place every caste member is respected, his rights no power in the land can break.

But to return to our little bride. After a few days she went again to her parental home, busy, oh so busy, telling all the new things she had seen, and the new impressions she had received. But the time of courtship had commenced, and the two young people must meet often. And oh, the excitement when the son-in-law visited, or again when the young bride went to her father-in-law's house for several days at a time.

At first *Shikorbashini* felt quite shy in her new home, but everybody was so kind to her, so cheerful that she soon felt quite at ease. The training commenced now in good earnest, however: the young bride dared no longer jump about, but must walk with quiet, measured step; she dared not look about her carelessly this way and that, but must walk about with drooping lashes; her head must no longer be uncovered; shoes could no more be worn, and the *shindu*, that crimson mark just above the forehead where the hair is parted, which most of all denotes wifehood, must never be omitted, it would mean bad luck to go without it. She had always to show due respect to her husband's parents, salute them with joined palms, never sit down in their presence, etc., etc.

Her husband had four brothers elder than himself, so *Shikorbashini* was the fifth daughter-in-law, and the five sisters-in-law had cheerful times together. Together they chatted and told each other those tender secrets that stir the heart at youth, for there is much romance behind those stern gray walls, and the zenana rings with courtship.

Of course she made numerous mistakes in her new surroundings, which did not a little to heighten the merriment of the house, while the old joined in the frolic with the young and even the father-in-law heard of it to his great amusement. There was a merry twinkle in his eyes when he spoke to her one day, but *Shikorbashini* saw it not.

⁷ A name commonly given to the women of the serving caste.

"Well, little daughter-in-law, how do you like the ways of our house?"

A pout around her lips indicated that her little ladyship was not quite pleased.

"But remember, you are my daughter now," and Shikorbashini felt the touch of a tender palm on her head. "You know you are not your father's child any more. You will always live in my house, you must get accustomed to its ways."

This was confidence inspiring. Meanwhile, the mother-in-law gave orders that the new little daughter was not to be made to do anything that seemed as yet too new to her. "She is young, let her become used to our ways gradually." These words indeed contain mainly the reason why Hindu parents want the son's wives when they are young. Furthermore, it devolves on the mother-in-law to see that the young wife's character is moulded to suit her husband's, so there will be no cry of incompatibility of character later on.

But we have never yet seen our Shikorbashini with her young lover.

There was a long veranda that led to the family worship-room. The waning day brings darkness quickly in this land, for twilight is short in the vicinity of the equator. Our little bride reserved for herself the task of dusting this worship-room in the evening. She walked the long veranda quite fearlessly, bearing a small lantern to light the way. She opened the heavy lock, and it fell to the floor with a loud sound. But why should it fall just that way every evening? What does it mean?

What does it mean? Hark the call of the wood-dove to its mate through the quiet woodland in the evening hour; lo, the twin-stars on the nightly sky, that shed their light and seem lost in each other—what does it all mean but the call of soul to soul? Below was the study room, and from it disappeared a stately youth, soon to emerge from the stairs near the *takur ghor*.⁸ I do not know his name, nor does it matter, for Shikorbashini will never pronounce it, nor will he hers, for those names are too sacred to be pronounced. In fact, the necessity for it is absent, for husband and wife are one, and separate names need not be employed.

But he came, and they met, and it took a long time to brush the room. He dared not enter it, because before entering that sacred place one must bathe and wear a silk garment. So the little maiden had the better of him. She went inside while he sat on the threshold and dared him catch her if he could. The moonbeams glistened

⁸ Worship-room.

through the vine-clad lattice that screened the veranda ere they returned, and at the threshold they still lingered, and then departing both went their way sedately and with downcast eyes.

And in those balmy nights when whispering winds breathe languorous love, nights such as the mystic Orient alone knows, then when the house was still and sleep rested on its inmates, often two quiet figures would steal aloft until they reached the broad terrace. And there alone by the moon-kissed leaves of the quivering vine that scaled the balconies and found its way to the very roof, they stood silently together and gazed into the outstretched world of space, and their souls soared upward until all sense of separateness was lost, and heart gave unto heart those sacred vows that youth and the moonlight know so well. And naught was near save the great Eternal Presence, and the mysterious black nightbird that soared through the moonlit stillness, was the only earthly thing that saw, or did not see. For all is so wrapt in the brooding on the eternal verity in this strange land that even beast and bird are drawn unconsciously into that which makes one forget the world below. And oft they lingered till the east shed crimson tints, and the caw of the relentless crow heralded the break of day.

But there were other and less dreamy times. There was a party which Shikorbashini and two of her sisters-in-law attended. Her mother-in-law arranged her hair and dressed her, and oh, the pride the Indian mother takes to have *her* son's wife outshine all the others. Shikorbashini, being still young, was specially entrusted to the care of her eldest sister-in-law. The reception at the party was most cordial and compliments were lavishly bestowed. "Whose pretty daughter-in-law is this?" It is never "Whose wife is this?" Ah, it is a proud position that of daughter-in-law. If fate is ever so cruel as to throw a young wife back into her parental home, her position in society is much lowered, and she becomes an object of general pity. But in her husband's father's house she rules and is honored.

In due time Shikorbashini and her sisters-in-law returned home. On entering the house they saw a youthful figure standing near, and Shikorbashini lingered behind. Would *he* not admire her in her beautiful attire; would she not tell him first all she had seen at the party? But courtship is a very private affair in India; to show affection before others would seem repulsive or even lewd in Hindu eyes. And yet romance is ever active, but the Hindu is sensitive to delicate impressions. What ecstasy the young lover feels when he sees the crimson footprints made by the newly tinted lotus-feet

of the maiden he adores! In western lands the lover sends a timid glance to the ivy-clad window, but the Hindu spies the crimson imprint of her feet, and his young heart laughs.

Over twenty minutes elapsed before she arrived upstairs, and she found the whole family awaiting her with wistful smiles upon their faces.

"What does this mean?" exclaimed her father-in-law with feigned surprise. "Did I not send you under the protection of my eldest daughter-in-law? And has she gone off and left you to come home alone?" Meanwhile the little bride stood with drooping lashes, delightfully tantalized, a charming combination of smiles and lace and gauze and blushes. One must have seen these exquisite little girl-brides, to understand the patriarch when he stands threatening at the zenana door. "We want none of your western ways, our women suit us as they are."

Thus passed the days in peaceful happiness and lengthened into months and these into years. But Shikorbashini knew it not, for youth and courtship do not record numbers; she only felt that time was passing sweet. Three years went by unnoticed, and our little heroine had entered on her sixteenth year. There was an atmosphere of dignity around her as in the twilight hour she sat on the cool veranda, and the light that shone from the midnight lustre of her glorious eyes bore witness that a new experience had stirred her soul. The hour had come to her to which the Hindu woman looks forward with most ardent anticipations, the keynote of her life had been sounded, for Shikorbashini was now a mother. How Madonna-like looked this youthful mother in her flowing robes, her infant boy resting upon her arm—the gift of the gods, who would be her mainstay through life, for between mother and son there is no separation in India. But he would more than comfort and support her; he would perform for her the sacred rites long after her soul had quitted its fleshy abode.

Two months later she dressed him in red garments and put marks of sandal wood paste upon his pretty face, for the name-giving ceremony. The feast was prepared, the invited friends and relatives arrived, and the family priest performed the ceremony, while the little one laughed and received the blessings of the elders and the caresses of the young.

Duties increased with motherhood, and every night saw Shikorbashini at the shrine, performing her religious duties, now no longer playfully as in the days of her courtship, but with earnest devotion, often spending a long time in prayer and meditation.

She took many vows—the vow of Savitri, the perfect wife, the vow of the faithful daughter-in-law, and others. On those days she ate nothing but silently dedicated her inner life to the object in view, until in the evening the priest performed the ceremony and told her that the gods had accepted her prayer.

Thus moved the days, as all zenana days do, quietly, uneventfully, with less occupation than the western woman has but more of the contemplative life.

But sorrow came, and her child, her heart's idol, became ill and grew worse from day to day. Her mother-in-law applied her own remedies, and when they no longer availed, called a physician. Still the fever abated not, and the case became more serious. Then Shikorbashini in her agony went to the temple of Kali. There she poured out her soul in ardent prayer, she wounded her chest and let the blood drop out at the feet of the goddess, and when her little one recovered, after days of tender nursing, she always felt sure within herself that it was the votive offering of her heart's blood that had saved him.

And in the course of time sons and daughters were given her whom she reared as she herself had been reared, always with tenderness and words of reason. Between husband and wife the tie grew ever stronger until their lives became so blended that separation even for a day seemed impossible to bear. He came to her for advice in all the affairs of his outer life, for woman's counsel is highly prized in this land. She attended to her many social duties, her charities and her household with strict compunction and assisted her husband in the management of his estate. In time she became the head of her house, where she ruled with quiet dignity, ever serving as she ruled. And thus she lived until her hair grew gray, and the relentless hand of time knocked heavily at the door.

And did it find her unready, did she fear to face the future? The Hindu smiles at what the world calls death. Do we not know when the shadows lengthen and the western sky grows scarlet, that even has come and night is near? And when the body feels the touch of age, knows not man that the evening of his life has come, and that sleep will heal his eyes ere long? For is it not all in accordance with Eternal Law? A child alone shrinks from the inevitable.

Thus Shikorbashini knew her time was coming. Still the prayer never left her lips, "Let me precede *him* into death." An illness seized her, she knew it was her last. Husband and sons called doctors, and remedies were given. But the strong woman smiled

and only repeated what she had told them before, "My time has come to leave this earth."

She set the day which would be her last, and calm and with unflinching voice gave orders for the last rites to be performed. And husband and sons obeyed her bidding. They performed the religious ceremony as prescribed by their caste. The night that followed found her awake but calm and peaceful, and when the soft dawn kissed the still sleeping earth, a strong soul went hence in perfect consciousness and without struggle. It was *Purnema*⁹ day, a day auspicious for those who enter the realms of space. And ere two hours had elapsed, a body was taken to the Ganges riverside, and after the form had been cremated the ashes were committed to the Ganga's sin-laden flood, to be carried to the main.

And those who wept felt strength coming from the very tears they shed, for she who had gone hence had left them a rich legacy. She had taught them how to live, she had taught them how to die, and all who had known her prayed to be able to face that hour as she had faced it.

Thus did she live and die, this strong Hindu woman. And thus are there many who live their lives behind the gray zenana walls. The world knows them not, but they have kept a great race alive. As they live, even so do they face death, calmly ready to proceed on the great journey that leads the soul on its mysterious path through the fields of space, through many lives on many stars until the Great Silence is reached.

⁹ The day that precedes the full-moon night.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.

BY THE EDITOR.

LUDWIG van Beethoven was a descendant of a humble Dutch family, which hailed from a little village of that name near Louvain. In 1680, one of his ancestors moved to Antwerp, and his grandfather Ludwig moved to Bonn, where he held the position of a tenor singer at the court of the archbishop, elector of Cologne. His son Johann was engaged as a bass and finally became the leader of the Electoral Band in 1773. Johann was married November 12, 1767, to Maria Magdalena Leyn, a widow, and daughter of Mr. Keverich, the chief cook at the Castle of Ehrenbreitstein. He had several children, of whom the famous composer Ludwig was the second.

Ludwig was born in December 1770 in the house which is still called the Beethoven house at Bonn, No. 515 Bonngasse, and has been bought by admirers of the great master and converted into a Beethoven museum.

Beethoven's grandfather died on Christmas eve, 1773, but his famous grandson distinctly remembered having seen him and retained in his memory a distinct impression of his face. The young Ludwig showed signs of extraordinary musical genius in early childhood. When eight years old he played in public, and yet he was far from being a premature child. His talents were rooted deep in the musical instincts of his soul, and were not merely the result of training. When ten years old he composed his first work, published three years later under the title "Variations." Though his father had devoted his life to music he could no longer be of any benefit to the child, who even then by far eclipsed his knowledge and skill, and so the boy received instructions from the best musicians obtainable in Bonn, Pfeiffer, a member of the Bonn opera, Van den Eeden, the organist, and his successor, Neefe. He had not yet completed his eleventh year when Neefe allowed him to take charge

of the organ, and when twelve years old he was sufficiently expert to lead the opera band. In the meantime he continued publishing new compositions, sonatas, and songs. He was not at first paid for his work at the opera, but on Neefe's recommendation he was later appointed assistant organist at a salary of 150 gulden, which position he retained after the death of the archbishop, Max Friedrich, under his successor, Max Franz, in 1783. In 1784 he published a "Song to a Baby," and a rondo for the piano. In 1785 he composed the song "When Some One Goes Atraveling," and he devoted much time in studying the violin under Franz Ries. At that time Mozart was at the height of his renown and the archbishop granted Beethoven's wish to meet this great composer at Vienna. In 1787 the youth took some lessons from Mozart and presumably also from Haydn. He had reached Vienna with a recommendation to Count Waldstein, who, with the sesame of the musician's divine genius, opened to him the houses of the Austrian nobility. There he also became acquainted with the Countess Hatzfeld and Madame von Breuning, whose little daughter and youngest son he instructed in music. In 1788 Beethoven lived again in Bonn, where he played the viola in the orchestra under the leadership of Reicha. Beethoven's home conditions had in the meantime grown desperate. His father had lost his voice, and in a mood of despair had taken to drinking. The archbishop, however, kindly continued the salary, but had part of it paid out to Ludwig whose genius was fully recognized at that time. The archbishop went even further and allowed Beethoven a leave of absence with full salary for two years that he might study in Vienna with the famous composer Haydn, who was a personal friend of the archbishop. In November 1792 Beethoven reached Vienna and studied there for some time with Haydn and later on with Schenck, but his relations with Haydn, though very cordial in the beginning, for unknown reasons ceased to be amicable. When Haydn left for London, Beethoven studied counterpoint with Albrechtsberger and violin with Schuppanzigh. The former, however, had a very poor opinion of his pupil, for he denounced him as incapable of learning and said he would never amount to anything. In 1792 Beethoven's father died, but the archbishop continued his pay to the family, nor did he cut off the allowance of Beethoven until his country was invaded by the French. At that time Beethoven gained another patron in the Prince Lichnowski, who kept a quartette at his disposal and paid him an annual allowance of 600 gulden.

Three periods may be distinguished in Beethoven's creative

work. The first extends to 1800 and comprises op. 1-20; the second to 1815, op. 21-100; and the third until the end of his life, op. 101-135.

In 1795 he appeared for the first time in public at the Burg theater (March 29), where he played his famous Concerto in C Major.

In the same year, December 18, he showed one of his compositions to his former teacher, Haydn, in a concert. At that time he made a trip to Nuremberg, Prague and Berlin, and was received everywhere with great honors. In 1798 Bernadotte came to Vienna as ambassador of the French republic. He met Beethoven, and it is assumed that he infused in him an admiration for Napoleon Bonaparte, the hero of Italy and Egypt. Beethoven saw in him the ideal man and composed in his honor a symphony which he called "The Eroica,"¹ but before he could send this great composition to Napoleon the news reached Vienna that the first consul of France had made himself emperor, and this infuriated the republican Beethoven to such an extent that he tore the title page into shreds, and trampled it under foot. But the composition itself remained. Beethoven only changed its plan and conceived its object to be the aspirations of a hero, his suffering and death, and finally his apotheosis, the victory of his ideals after the completion of his life, and so he added a funeral march as a third part in a triumphal tempo.

In 1801 on March 28 and on sixteen successive evenings his ballet Prometheus was performed in the Burg theater, and then began the most fertile period of his life. He wrote an oratorio, the "Mount of Olives," to the words of Huber. He composed a number of sonatas: one for the violin in A Minor and another in F; others for the piano in A Flat and D; and the two he entitled "Quasi Fantasia," the second of which has been called the "Moonlight" sonata from a reference to moonlight in a review by Rellstab, but Beethoven had not given it the name. Soon afterwards he composed the "Kreutzer" sonata and his opera "Fidelio."

In 1805 the famous Italian composer Cherubini visited Vienna, and these two great musicians became fast friends. In March, 1807, Beethoven appeared before the Vienna public in a great concert, in which he played for the first time the sonata in F Minor, Op. 57, called by his Hamburg publisher, Crantz, "Appassionata."

At that time Jérôme Bonaparte, king of Westphalia, offered Beethoven a position as orchestra leader at Cassel at a salary of

¹ See the discussion of this symphony by Baron von der Pfordten in *The Open Court*, August, 1911.

3000 gulden, but Beethoven declined. As a result of this refusal his three most eminent friends, Archduke Rudolf, Prince Carl Lichnowski and Prince Kinsky, offered him an annuity of 4000 gulden. Other patrons of the composer were Count Moritz Lichnowski, Count Rasumowski, Count Francis of Brunswick, Baron Gleichenstein and Stephen von Breuning.

Beethoven continued to compose although the symptoms of deafness irritated him and subjected him to fits of melancholia. In honor of Wellington's victory over the French at Vitoria he composed a "Battle Symphony." It was one of the two pieces of descriptive music Beethoven wrote, the other being his "Pastoral Symphony," in which is described the ideal country life whose pleasures are disturbed only by a thunderstorm. Beethoven's Eighth Symphony was first played in January, 1814, but it was not so well received as the Seventh Symphony, and this lack of success was attributed by Beethoven to its superiority.

In 1818 Beethoven wrote a grand mass² to celebrate the installation of his patron, the Archduke Rudolf as Archbishop of Olmütz, and he finished his Ninth Symphony.

In 1815 Beethoven's brother Caspar died and left a widow and one son, Karl, a boy of nine years. Beethoven had practically supported his brother's family and now took his nephew into his own home. The lad was rather a disappointment, for he only caused him cares without possessing any redeeming features. Having failed in his examinations for the University, and also for the Polytechnic, Karl attempted suicide, was arrested and warned to leave Vienna. Later on he enlisted in the army, and in 1826 he visited his uncle Johann, another brother of Beethoven, at his farm at Gneixendorf, near Krems. There he met his benefactor, his uncle Ludwig, who invited him to go back to Vienna. On the way, however, Beethoven took a severe cold, which resulted in pneumonia, and his condition was aggravated by symptoms of dropsy. Medical relief was in vain, and on March 24, 1827, he received the last sacraments, and died on Monday, the 16th, during a violent thunderstorm. The remains were buried in the Währinger cemetery with great honors and in the presence of the highest aristocracy of the Austrian capital.

Nature lavished on Beethoven only the one gift. His presence was not prepossessing, rather the contrary. He was only five feet five inches high, and a certain awkwardness of his stature

² Baron von der Pfordten's sympathetic explanation of this mass will be found in *The Open Court*, Sept. 1910, "The Missa Solemnis."

was by no means improved by his pock-marked face. His hair grew in abundance; he had to shave even up to his eyes, and his fingers too were covered with hair. Nevertheless, he was by no means ugly, for his sturdy appearance was transfigured by his bright black eyes, which betrayed the genius that lived in him. He was muscular and strong, and his strength seemed also to affect his music, so as to suggest to the sculptor Klinger to represent him as a Titan. His manners were rough and his republican ideas jarred on the aristocratic circles in which he moved. Nevertheless he remained a friend of the highest nobility of Vienna, including the emperor himself. They appreciated his genius and gladly overlooked the whims with which he frequently irritated even his best friends. With all his troubles Beethoven not only wrote compositions in the most elevated and noblest style but could also give musical expression to his humors, the best known instance of which is his sonata on the "Lost Penny," which describes his irritation while searching for a misplaced piece of money. While vexed at his failure in finding the coin, he gave expression to his feelings in this wonderful piece of music.

Another humorous incident is told of a rival composer, Steibelt, whom he met at the house of Count Fries. Beethoven had composed a trio for piano, clarinet and cello, and Steibelt gave vent to his jealousy by writing a quintette performed a week later, which contained a finale ridiculing Beethoven's trio. Then Beethoven took up the theme and turned Steibelt's composition into ridicule by playing it with variations in such a comical manner that the angry Steibelt left the house in indignation.

Beethoven attained the fullest expression of absolute music. He has remained unexcelled, and it seems as if Music herself had revealed the expression of her highest inspiration in his works. Though he holds the first rank as a composer the work of composition was by no means easy to him. He did not work with the same facility as Mozart or Haydn or Handel or Bach. His inspirations came to him as the result of much brooding, and even then he worked out his theme with great diligence. He took long walks and carried with him a note book in which he sketched down his schemes and the plans of their execution, and these sketches show how often he modified and changed his original ideas. He could extemporize with great facility, but none of his great works are the product of a moment of inspiration. All of them have been forged in the laboratory of his musical thoughts, and every detail of their melodies as well as their harmony has been considered with

greatest care. As a result we have not one of his works which does not bear the stamp of perfection. His compositions are like a revelation of the laws of music. He has not created new forms, but what his predecessors have handed down to him he has broadened as well as deepened, and in every one of them he stands unexcelled.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE TENANT.

BY G. M. HORT.

"Etenim illuc Manus Tua deducet me."—Ps. cxxxix. 10.

I am here, in the house He made, where He brought me, a blinded thing,
By a path, like a wire of light threaded into the Dark's great ring.
And I think that He led me well,—though the things I remember best
Are the weight of the guiding hand, the bruise from the sheltering breast!

So we came to the house He made, where He left me without farewell,
And whither He went, and why, there is nobody here who can tell
Save the Shadow down at the gate, with its face to the hidden way,—
And the price of the Shadow's speech is price that I can't yet pay!

For I've work in the house He made. He has given us skill and sight
To perceive that He made it well, but not nearly so well as He might!
'Tis His will I should change His will, that I open the doors He barred,
That I mar what His hand has made, and make what His hand has marred.

I am lord where my sires were serfs; I can see where He left them blind!—
'Tis His will I should change His will, and fashion *His* house to *my* mind!
But the Shadow still cleaves to the gate—a dumb dark slave with a sword!—
And so for its purpose there, I suppose He has passed His word!

The word that He cannot break; the word that is love, not hate.
When I wake in the dawn sometimes, I can hear His voice by the gate;
Where the fenceway leans to the gulf, there they stand, the Shadow and He,
And the quiet slave fingers the sword; and I know that He talks of me.

"His hand must grow tired of the work, his eyes must grow tired of the light!
It is mile after mile of the day, and, after the last mile, *night*!
You shall give him the rest he craves, you shall see that none vex his bed,
While I crumble the house that I made, like rose-petals over his head!"

So the Voice dies back to the gulf. And I rise to my work content,
And I pass where the Shadow sits, still covering the way He went!
And I plow where I may not sow, and I sow where I shall not reap,
For, if that is His will for me, it is well to be earning sleep!

But at nights there's no voice at all. I have worked to the light's last gleam,
And I sleep—like a tired beast! But 'tis seldom of sleep that I dream.
In dreams I am up, and away, I am threading the path once more;
And the Shadow's as far behind as He may be far before!

I have strangled the slave at the gate! I have broken the house He made!
 'Twas His will I should fight His will, and I'm fighting it now, unafraid!
 Yes! It's mile after mile of night, and after the last mile, *day*
 On the dawn-thing, here, in the breast, that the Slayer Himself can't slay!

THE POET-INVENTOR.

Hudson Maxim is known as an inventor of smokeless powder; but he is not only a scientist and a manufacturer, for the book before us entitled *The Science of Poetry and the Philosophy of Language*, proves that he is also a philosopher and a poet. He characterizes the intention of his book thus:

"Whatever the subject of any investigation may be, whether poetry, biology, ethics or torpedo warfare, the same scientific method of procedure must be followed. We must first unravel the complex and heterogeneous back to first principles, and then reason forward from the simple to the complex, from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous, from what we know to what we would learn. Such are the methods pursued by all successful inventors, scientific investigators and discoverers."

On the ground that articulate speech is not the privilege solely of man, inasmuch as parrots, the lyre bird and other creatures possess perfect organs of speech, Mr. Maxim claims that the distinctive feature of human speech is the use of metaphor or trope. He points out in his premises that language has a twofold function, namely, to express thought and to impress thought. He holds that we *express* thought by means of non-emotional sounds used as the arbitrary signs of ideas; and that we *impress* thought and stimulate and qualify the mind of the hearer for perception by emotional concomitants of the symbolic sounds.

Mr. Maxim declares that just as brass is an alloy of copper and zinc, just as water is a compound of oxygen and hydrogen, so are the forty elementary sounds of our language alloys or compounds of sounds of different tone colors, that is to say, of different tone-color blends.

There are two kinds of tone-color blends: those of meaning, which have only a symbolic use, and those which have emotional significance and no symbolic use. Consequently, the forty elementary sounds of our language may be considered as non-emotional tone-color blends, which differ from one another sufficiently to be easily distinguished and coordinated by the ear. That they are non-emotional is easily seen by a repetition of the alphabet or by counting.

Thought, then, is *expressed* by means of non-emotional tone-color blends, arbitrarily used as the signs of ideas; and thought is *impressed* and the mind of the hearer stimulated and qualified for perception by superimposing, upon these non-emotional tone-color blends, other and emotional tone-color blends. Thus we learn that the non-emotional constituents of the sounds we use as the signs of ideas to *express* thought, are entirely differentiated from the emotional constituents which give *impressiveness* to verse or music or song.

That which we distinguish as the difference between *a* and *o*, for example, is due to the difference in their tone-color blending. We can utter *a* and *o* with the same loudness and duration, and with the same pitch, but we cannot utter them with the same tone-color blending. We can also utter them with emotions indicative of pleasure or of pain.

It becomes evident, then, that all thought *expression* depends primarily

upon the non-emotional sounds used arbitrarily as signs of ideas; and also, that all *impressiveness* of thought—that is to say, all emotional properties of language—depends upon the employment of emotional sounds as concomitants of the non-emotional sounds used as symbols.

A sentence of plain, literal statement may be quite unemotional. If, however, the same thought be expressed in the form of verse, the language at once becomes emotional. Mr. Maxim defines verse as a set of specially arranged syllables, forming words used as the signs of ideas to express thought, so related to one another with respect to inflection and emphasis, on syllables and silences, as to induce by tonal impressiveness moods or emotions in harmony with the thought expressed.

Mr. Maxim is fond of new words which he coins with great boldness. He gives the name "literatry," derived from the Latin *litera*, to plain, literal non-emotional statement; and "potentry," derived from the Latin word *potens*, to indicate language more than ordinarily tonally impressive. As the basic principle of verse is time, he terms verse "tem-potentry"; and, when language is especially replete with trope or artistic figure, he terms it "tropetry." So when verse, or tem-potentry, is replete with trope or artistic figure, he terms it tro-tem-potentry.

Mr. Maxim exemplifies his theory by many poetic quotations from Milton, Shakespeare and others. Among them we find lines written by himself, and we quote one poem of his printed in full on page 215 of the present volume. He says: "When a lover has been brooding over the loss by death, or otherwise, of his Lenore, he may be aware that his visions are but hallucinations and that his thinking borders on dreaming, and reason with himself the while. To illustrate this I have written the following poem, entitled 'A Veiled Illusion.' The husband sees the wedding veil of the departed wife hanging upon the wall, and gradually the face of the wife appears in the veil, smiling as of old.

A VEILED ILLUSION.

"Only a veil she has worn,
It is but a web of gauze—
Only a touch of the real,
It is but a filmy gauze;
And yet is entangled my heart in that web—
In its mesh is entangled my soul.
A gleam of a fancy is caught in that web,
And smile that entangles my soul.

"Only the warp is the real,
The woof is the substance of dreams—
Only the veil is the real,
The face is the substance of dreams;
And yet all the tangible worth of this life
Is a tissue of only what seems—
And all of the solider webwork of life
But veils the sweet substance of dreams.

"Only a fancy in flight,
Just caught in the web of a wish—

Only a thing of the light—
A ray of the light and a wish;
And yet has the fancy enchanted my sight,
The illusion enraptured my soul—
Enraptured, entranced and enchanted my sight,
Entranced and enraptured my soul."



HUDSON MAXIM ON PEGASUS.

The book is illustrated by William Oberhardt, perhaps the most promising disciple of Herkomer, and we here reproduce through the courtesy of Mr. Maxim and the publishers, Funk & Wagnalls, the portrayal of a ride on Pegasus, who kicks like a broncho, but is held in by the strong hand of Mr. Maxim.

Other pictures worthy of mention are: "San Francisco Doomed"; types of poor people called "Some Shadows of Toil"; "The Flight of Satan" standing before Sirius, and recalling one of the very best productions of Rodin; and "Destiny—Youth" facing page 184, illustrating a poem of Mr. Maxim on pages 219-220.

P. C.

SOTERIOLOGY.

A Poetic Study in the Work of a Personal Saviour.

BY ELIOT ROBINSON.

[Note.—These poems are a selection from twelve, written at a time when the poet, suffering from a great affliction, met a child whose sunny nature saved him from despair. Finally he made arrangements to make his home with her parents, and share the family life of his little favorite. The name under which these poems are published is a pseudonym.]

CONSTANCE ON EARTH.

Lo, 'tis August, but an odor
As of May the day perfumes,
Like the sâl-trees on the Buddha
Shedding their untimely blooms.

Evermore that fragrance haunts me
Like a sea of blossom wild,
Evermore I feel before me
One eternal Saviour-Child.

'Tis her soul that makes the whiteness
Of the foamy bloom appear;
'Tis her soul perfumes the roses,
Through the cycle of the year.

'Tis her soul so far above me,
Where no human feet have trod,
Like the tree of life in blossom
In the paradise of God.

CONSTANCE IN HEAVEN.

Will she be in heaven fairer
Than she is on earth to-day?
Will she be the radiant wearer
Of a finer form than clay?

Clay or ether, light or splendor
Could not make her soul more fair,
But the childhood sweet and tender
Shall be everlasting there.

Never more than years eleven,
Always in the bloom of spring,
That alone is home and heaven—
God can do no greater thing.

Gone, forgotten be the story
 Of the heart of earth and fire,
 While her eyes' immortal glory
 Shall immortal love inspire.

HOME AT LAST.

Fare ye well, ye hosts of devils,
 Ghosts of evil, things that were!
 Fare ye well, I say, forever;
 I am going to live with Her.

Fare ye well, ye lonely wakings,
 Ere the household be astir;
 I shall wake with love around me,
 I am going to live with Her.

Fare ye well, ye wasted evenings,
 Thoughts that wander, feet that err;
 I have found a home, a heaven,
 I am going to live with Her.

Often in the holy twilight
 I shall think of hells that were—
 Quenched forever in her eye-light:
 I am going to live with Her.

 A FLYING SHIP IN 1709.

Invention and the belief of having invented something new are very different, and we present here to our readers a curious instance. In No. 56 of the *Evening Post*, a newspaper published in the reign of Queen Anne, and bearing the date 20-22d Dec. 1709, we find the following curious description of a Flying Ship, stated to have been invented by a Brazilian priest, and brought under the notice of the king of Portugal in the following petition, translated from the Portuguese:

“Father Bartholomew Laurent says that he has found out an invention, by the help of which one may more speedily travel through the air than any other way either by sea or land, so that one may go 200 miles in 24 hours; send orders and conclusions of councils to generals, in a manner, as soon as they are determined in private cabinets; which will be so much the more advantageous to your Majesty, as your dominions lie far remote from one another, and which for want of councils cannot be maintained nor augmented in revenues and extent.

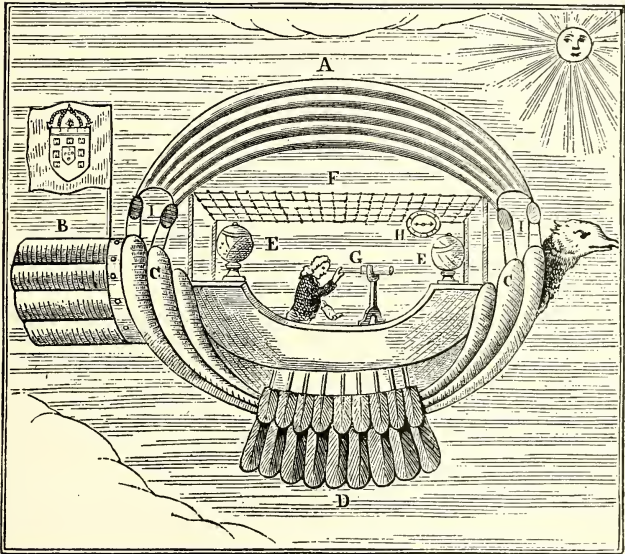
“Merchants may have their merchandise, and send letters and packets more conveniently. Places besieged may be supplied with necessaries and succours. Moreover, we may transport out of such places what we please, and the enemy cannot hinder it.

“The Portuguese have discovered unknown countries bordering upon the extremity of the globe; and it will contribute to their greater glory to be authors of so admirable a machine, which so many nations have in vain attempted.

"Many misfortunes and shipwrecks have happened for want of maps, but by this invention the earth will be more exactly measur'd than ever, besides many other advantages worthy of your Majesty's encouragement.

"But to prevent the many disorders that may be occasioned by the usefulness of this machine, care is to be taken that the use and full power over the same be committed to one person only, to command, that whoever shall presume to transgress the orders herein mentioned shall be severely punished.

"May it please your Majesty to grant your humble petitioner the privilege that no person shall presume to use, or make this ship, without the express licence of the petitioner, and his heirs, under the penalty of the loss and for-



FATHER LAURENT'S AIRSHIP.

feiture of all his lands and goods, so that one half of the same may belong to the petitioner and the other to the informer. And this is to be executed throughout all your dominions upon the transgressors, without exception or distinction of persons, who likewise may be declared liable to an arbitrary punishment, etc."

We know now that flying machines are possible, but that the flying machine of Father Bartholomew Laurent was a mere dream becomes apparent when we see a picture of it and read the explanation which, as translated from the Portuguese, reads as follows:

"A. Represents the sails wherewith the air is to be divided, which turn as they are directed.

"B. The stern to govern the ship, that she may not run at random.

"C. The body of the ship which is formed at both ends scollopwise; in the concavity of each is a pair of bellows, which must be blown when there is no wind.

"D. Two wings which keep the ship upright.

"E. The globes of heaven and earth containing in them attractive virtues. They are of metal, and serve for a cover to two loadstones, placed in them upon the pedestals, to draw the ship after them, the body of which is of thin iron plates, covered with straw mats, for conveniency of 10 or 11 men besides the artist.

"F. A cover made of iron wire in form of a net, on which are fastened a good number of large amber beads, which by a secret operation will help to keep the ship aloft. And by the sun's heat the aforesaid mats that line the ship will be drawn towards the amber beads.

"G. The artist who, by the help of the celestial globe, a sea map, and compass, takes the height of the sun, thereby to find out the spot of land over which they are on the globe of the earth.

"H. The compass to direct them in their way.

"I. The pulleys and ropes that serve to hoist or furl the sails."

A REVIVAL OF THE AVESTA AND PAHLAVI LANGUAGES,

We are indebted to the secretary of the Parsee Punchayet of Bombay, for a number of books issued during the last few years in the interest of the Parsi religion. Within the last few years the University of Bombay has introduced into its curriculum the Avesta and Pahlavi languages to be chosen by the students jointly as one of the elective language courses, of which two are required for matriculation. Avesta is the language in which the sacred books of the Parsis were originally written, and Pahlavi was the vernacular into which the sacred writings were translated during the Sassanid dynasty (third to seventh centuries). When the requirement was made by the authorities there was no appropriate series of text-books for beginners in these languages, and the trustees of the Parsee Punchayet Funds and Properties undertook to provide from the Sir J. Jeejeebhoy Translation Fund such a series and entrusted its preparation to Ervad Sheriarji Dadabhoy Bharucha, who has written a series of three courses of *Lessons in Avesta* (Bombay, 1907-1908), and *Lessons in Pahlavi-Pazend* (Bombay, 1908-1909), suited to the needs respectively of the fourth, fifth and sixth grades of Bombay high schools. The same scholar has undertaken the publication (financed by the same foundation) of the texts of Sanskrit writings on the subject of the Parsi religion. There are to be seven parts under the collective title *Collected Sanskrit Writings of the Parsis* (Bombay, 1906). In like manner the trustees of the Parsee Punchayet Funds and Properties have arranged for the publication of "Persian Texts relating to Zoroastrianism," of which *Saddar Nasr and Bundelesh* have been edited by Ervad Dhabhar (Bombay, 1909); and also *Pazend Texts*, collected and collated by Ervad Edalji Kersaspji Antia (Bombay, 1909) who has also prepared a new edition of *The Vendidad* (Bombay, 1901), which is the

priestly code of the Avesta. Another line of work undertaken by this enterprising board is the reproduction of facsimiles of various Iranian manuscripts through the Photo-zincographic Department of the government. Some of these are provided from the funds of the Sir J. Jeejeebhoy Translation Fund, and others from a Victorian Jubilee Pahlavi Text Fund which was raised by the Parsi community of Bombay to commemorate the jubilee of Queen Victoria in 1887.

Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy was a very wealthy Parsi merchant who lavished large sums upon various institutions for the benefit of his less fortunate brethren. His charities and public munificence in the city of Bombay became widely known, and in 1842 he was knighted by Queen Victoria. The whole Parsi and Hindu population felt honored that one of their number should receive this mark of royal favor. By way of congratulation his native friends offered him 1500 pounds as a testimonial of their regard, as a subscription towards a fund "to be called 'The Sir J. Jeejeebhoy Translation Fund,' to be vested in trustees for the purpose of being appropriated to defraying the expenses of translating into the Guzeratee language such books from the European and Asiatic languages, whether ancient or modern, as may be approved by the committee, to be by them published and distributed gratis, or at a low price, among the Parsee Community in furtherance of the education of our people." The modesty and public spirit of India's first knight is shown in his reply in which he said that he felt deeply gratified that he had "unconsciously been the means of exciting so signal a mark of the good feelings of England towards the people of India." He adds: "I of course feel flattered and proud of the distinction conferred upon me, but no merely personal feeling of gratification would have given me the delight I experience in the kindly feeling towards India and her children evinced in the late gracious act of our beloved sovereign." In the same speech he announces that he will add the sum of 30,000 pounds sterling for the same fund.

Sixteen years later Sir J. Jeejeebhoy was created a baronet, and this title will belong to his descendants as long as India claims England as sovereign. The first baronet of India died a year later in 1859, leaving three sons and a daughter. The daughter is one of the few native ladies of the older generation versed in the English language. Of the 250,000 pounds given to Bombay by this one citizen for purposes of public charity and benevolence, only one institution was exclusively for the benefit of the Parsis; the rest was given to the entire community, for Hindus, Jews, Christians, and Mohammedans as well. A little biography, entitled *The First Parsee Baronet*, was published in 1866 at Bombay by Cooverjee Sorabjee Nazir. Though written in a tone of extreme adulation it makes very interesting reading.

p

STRANGE FATE OF IDOLS.

Reverence for statues of gods and saints which belong to a faded faith is not uncommon in the history of religion. Prof. Frederick Starr sent us some time ago the photograph of an ancient Mexican idol, which continued to be worshiped by the natives after their conversion to Christianity. Lately.

however, the bishop under whose jurisdiction the village stands had ordered to have the idol removed. (See illustration on page 554 of the September *Open Court*.) We know that after the introduction of Christianity certain gods of Germany were worshiped as saints or, as the case happen to be, were turned into demons or devils. Odin was changed into Emperor Barbarossa, the hero of the German nation, who was believed to sleep in his enchanted mountain until some distant future when he would return. His place of retirement was attributed to be Odhinberg on the Rhine, the Kyff-



ST. ANNE IN INDIA.

häuser in Thuringia and other mountains which popular tradition has transfigured by legend.

The reverse process has also taken place where Christianity after having made some conquests among natives has given way to prior paganism. We here reproduce two Hindu idols which are now worshiped in the old pagan fashion though they have been made by Christian artists and still bear the evidence of their original destination. They are both preserved in Chandor, in the district of Nasik, India. One of them represents St. Anne, the mother of Mary, with her infant on her knees. The artistic work does

not show to advantage in the reproduction, but we can still see that it is fashioned under the influence of European art, presumably by a European.



AN INDIAN CARVING OF THE ANNUNCIATION.

The other image, however, is distinguished by a rare artistic beauty. It represents the Virgin Mary at the moment of the Annunciation.

A DIVINE CHILD OF INDIA.

From distant India there comes to us a strange communication sent by C. S. Royal, Esq., "54 L. T. House," Chittoor, Madras Presidency, Br. India, (North Arcot Dist.), which tells the story of a Hindu saint, a divine girl

who receives the worship of a certain circle of the native population. The account has been sent for publication in order to spread the gospel of this remarkable phenomenon in the religious world, and we publish it mainly for the sake of offering to our readers a genuine description of the conditions that favor the belief in divine incarnation in some form or other. Within the last century history has witnessed the origin of a new religion in Persia an-



INDIA'S DIVINE CHILD.

nounced by the Bab, "the Gate of God," and then fully proclaimed by Beha 'U'llah, "the Glory of God."

Here we have a similar occurrence on a small scale which has not yet reached a large field of influence; but the psychology of the case is as plainly seen here as in great historical movements. We have before us a circle of expectant devotees, inspired by the confidence that a certain babe has been

born to be or to become a divine incarnation, and it is touching how these simple people construe every detail in a way to confirm their hopes. The name of this new prophet is Sri Gyanamamba, and it is strange that this new saint is a girl not yet sixteen years of age.

We publish the manuscript communicated to us by Mr. Royal as it stands, only correcting obvious mistakes in English and making no attempt otherwise to polish or change it. He announces it as the "Biography of 'India's Divine Babe,'" and it reads as follows:

"There is a city in Kistna District (in Madras Presidency) known as Vizayavada or Bezwada. At this town, the southern Mahratta, the Nizam's and the East Coast railways unite. This famous city on the river Krishna has a large anicut and therefore its trade is considerable.

"Here live a pious couple who lovingly worship the Supreme Being. For many years they had no children, and one day the woman went to the temple of the golden goddess (Kanaka Dhurga) and worshiped Her with all her might and main, afterwards returning to her home. On the same night she dreamed a dream in which the goddess appeared and promised her the precious gift of a female child, stipulating that the babe must be called by Her name.

"On May 5, 1895, this woman became the mother of a divine babe, but by the flattery of senseless people she had entirely forgotten to call the child by the goddess's name, giving her a different one instead. For some time the baby would not take milk and cried unceasingly. Then the mother thought of the sacred gift and named her babe as the goddess had ordered. In the same moment the child became quiet and took her milk. After that she was praised by all and her face was gazed upon with great reverence.

"Before she was ten months old this girl began not only to walk but also to talk. While still very young she constantly played religious games (relating to God). She sang holy songs to the delight of both high and low, having fully understood the teachings of the holy books that all other creatures on earth are to be protected like one's own.

"Once upon a time she was preparing coffee at her mother's bidding, when a fly fell in accidentally and died. After seeing this mishap she felt very sorry and did not touch food for that whole day. Can there be any doubt about this girl's mercy towards inferior creatures?

"In 1900 she asked her mother to send her to school, but as the mother did not like to be separated from her pet she undertook to satisfy her desire by giving her instruction at home. In this way Sri Gyanamamba learned to read and write (Telugu) plainly within a fortnight. Her literary accomplishments were remarkable. In her twelfth year she won the favor of a pious *guru* (teacher), Sita Rama Avadhuta, and after six months she married him for the purpose of enjoying transitory pleasures, but she had already got rid of all passing vanities.

"Modesty, patience, mercy and absence of jealousy are her characteristic features. She has rooted out from her mind anger, lust and perplexity, and has entirely freed herself from any association with the living beings on earth who daily commit evil deeds. She is the holiest of the holy. Is there any one that does not honor this great girl? God save this *holy daughter* to help the poor country."

BOOK REVIEWS AND NOTES.

THE HIDDEN SIGNATURES OF FRANCESCO COLONNA AND FRANCIS BACON. A Comparison of Their Methods with the Evidence of Marston and Hall that Bacon was the Author of Venus and Adonis. By *William Stone Booth*. Boston: W. A. Butterfield, 1910. Pp. 70. Boards \$1.50 net.

In this elegant quarto volume Mr. William Stone Booth explains the method current in Shakespeare's day of making public by means of a key the authorship and purpose of an anonymous book. He selects as an instance the well-established fact of a book written by a monk Franciscus who dedicates his *Hypnerotomachia Poliphili* to Polia, and writes in an acrostic a confession of love which reads: *Poliam Frater Franciscus Columna peramavit*, meaning, "Brother Francesco Colonna loved Polia very much." Applying this instance to Shakespeare, Mr. Booth becomes convinced of Francis Bacon's authorship of the play entitled "Richard II." He also offers evidence from the Satires of Marston and Hall that Francis Bacon wrote "Venus and Adonis." The appendix contains a picture of Milton, which was so badly made that Milton considered it a joke and wrote his protest underneath in Greek.

We understand that Mr. Booth has recently published another work on Shakespeare dealing especially with the portrait problem, but we have not yet seen the book. κ

JAKOB BÖHME. Ueber sein Leben und seine Philosophie. Von *Dr. Paul Deussen*. Leipsic: Brockhaus, 1911. Pp. 47.

This monograph appears to have been written for the purpose of serving as a general introduction to Barker's large English edition of Böhme (London, 1910). At least an English translation of this essay was published in the preface of the first volume, pp. xxxv-lxiv. It is a concise presentation of Böhme's life including all the incredible persecutions of that Lutheran pastor of Görlitz. In glancing over these tempests in a tea-pot it appears that these persecutions have only helped to call attention to Böhme's philosophy, and it may be doubtful whether otherwise he would ever have reached the prominence which he commands now in the history of mysticism. Professor Deussen obviously sympathizes with Böhme and accepts his dualism which regards good and evil as based on objective conditions. In a consideration of any philosopher he endeavors to distinguish between the external or traditional side and the truly original side of the thought presented, and finds in Böhme the nucleus of a genuine philosophical truth consisting in the change of emphasis in Christian philosophy from God to the soul. To Böhme, God is merely the extended possibility of evil as well as good, and this possibility is actualized only by the soul which from its own aboriginal freedom decides in favor of the one or the other and thus either falls a prey to wrath and darkness or enters into the triumphant kingdom of God. Both these possibilities are incorporated in God because God constitutes the quintessence of existence from which these qualities (according to Böhme, seven in number) unfold themselves.

The German original served as a lecture delivered before a gathering of laborers at Kiel, Germany, with a view to raising funds for the erection of a monument to Jakob Böhme. κ

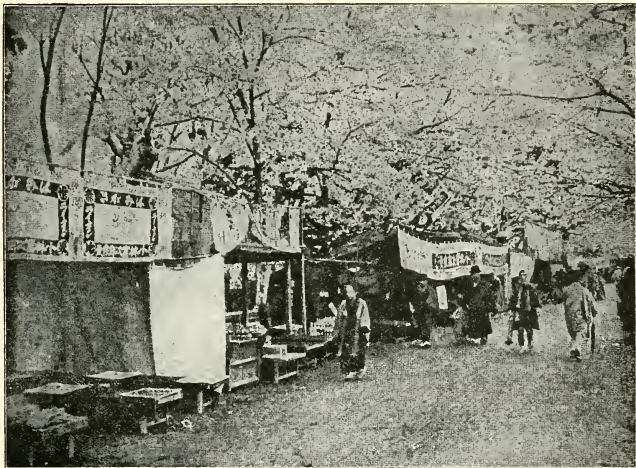
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By FRANZ CUMONT

With an introductory essay by Grant Showerman.

AUTHORIZED TRANSLATION

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“The Propagation of the Oriental religions with the development of new Platonism is the leading fact in the moral history of the pagan empire. Theologians, by reason of their intellectual bent and education, were for a long time more inclined to consider the continuity of the Jewish tradition than the causes that disturbed it; but a reaction has taken place, and to-day they endeavor to show that the church has borrowed considerably from the conceptions and ritualistic ceremonies of the pagan mysteries. In spite of the prestige that surrounded Eleusis, the word “mysteries” calls up Hellenized Asia rather than Greece proper, because in the first place the earliest Christian communities were founded, formed and developed in the heart of Oriental populations, Semites, Phrygians and Egyptians. Moreover the religions of those people were much farther advanced, much richer in ideas and sentiments, more striking and stirring than the Greco-Latin anthropomorphism. Their liturgy always derives its inspiration from generally accepted beliefs about purification embodied in certain acts regarded as sanctifying. These facts were almost identical in the various sects. The new faith poured its revelation into the hallowed moulds of earlier religions because in that form alone could the world in which it developed receive its message.

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