

The Open Court

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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

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VOL. XIX. (NO. 3)

MARCH, 1905.

NO. 586

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CHICAGO

The Open Court Publishing Company

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

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

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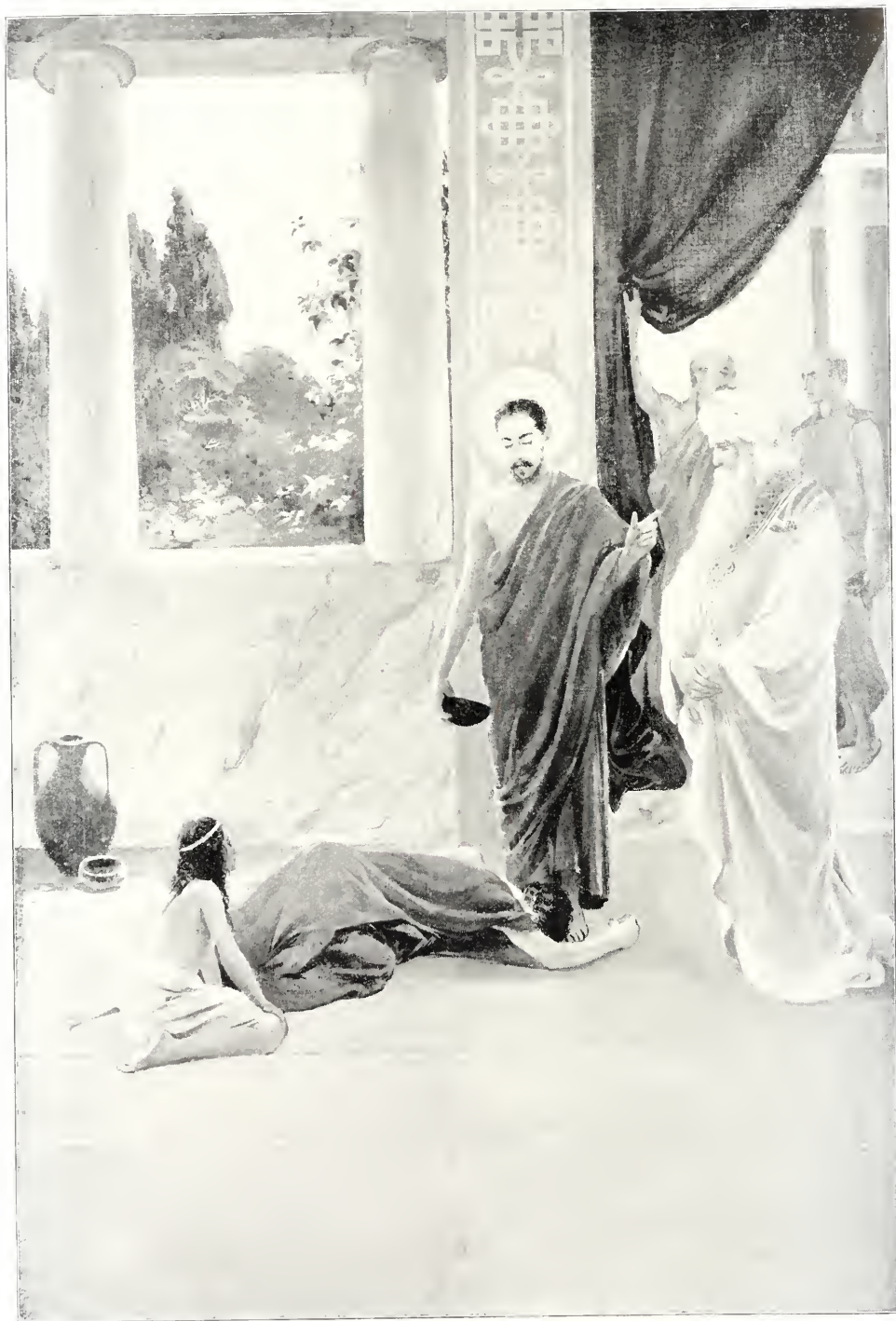
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YASHODHARA.

BY EDUARD BIEDERMANN.

Frontispiece to The Open Court.

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THE PARABLE OF THE TALENTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE ROMANCE OF AUTOMATA.

BY HENRY RIDGELY EVANS.

I.

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

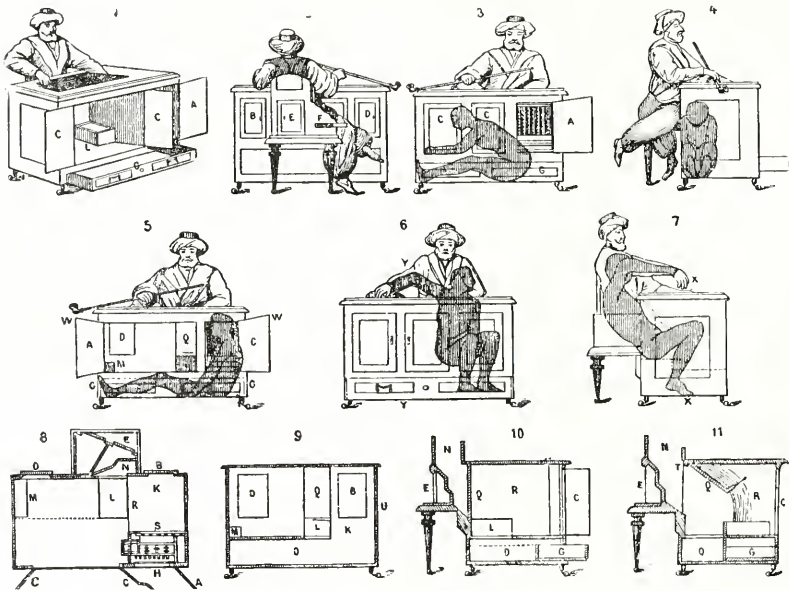
The so-called automaton Chess Player is enveloped with a halo of romance. It had a remarkable history. It was constructed in the year 1769 by the Baron von Kempelen, a Hungarian nobleman and mechanician, and exhibited by him at the leading courts of Europe. The Empress Maria Theresa of Austria played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

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

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

Now for a description of the automaton.

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



THE AUTOMATON CHESS PLAYER.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He says this concealed assistant was named Schlumberger.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

II.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“‘Will your majesty allow me to offer an explanation of what has just happened?’

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

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

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

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

III.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

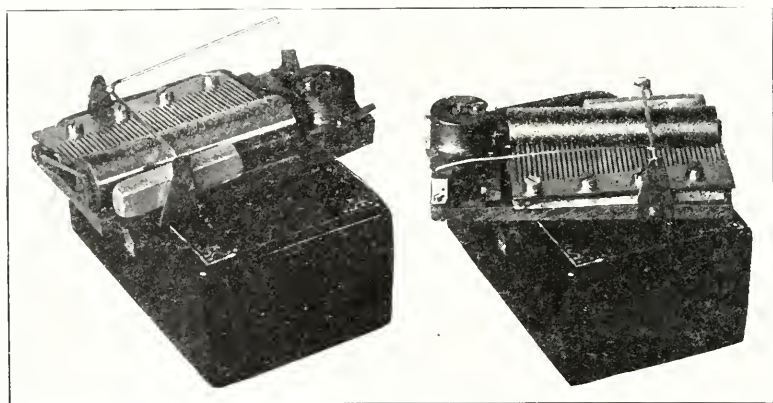


Fig. 3.

Fig. 4.

THE SPIRIT MUSIC BOX.

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

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

THE WIZARD'S SON.

BY DAVID CLARALLAN.

III.

IN THE TEMPLE COURT.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

IV.

"STONE HIM!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Stone him! Stone him!" they shouted.

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

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

V.

THE MOTHER.

Alas for Tola!

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

Only the echo for an answer.

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

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

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

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

In her anxiety she wandered as far as the lane.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Mother! Mother!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

LOUISE MICHEL, PRIESTESS OF PITY AND VENGANCE.

BY EMMA PADDOCK TELFORD.

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

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

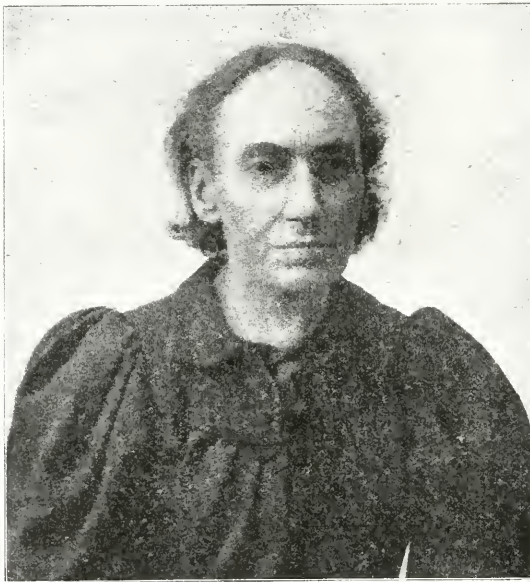
Born at the Castle of Vroncourt, in the department of the Haute-Marne, in 1839, she has lived a life full of the interest and intensity of human passion.

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

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

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

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



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

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

When Louise was fourteen years old, her grandparents died,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

She died in Marseilles, death following an attack of double

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

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

THE AINUS.

BY THE EDITOR.

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

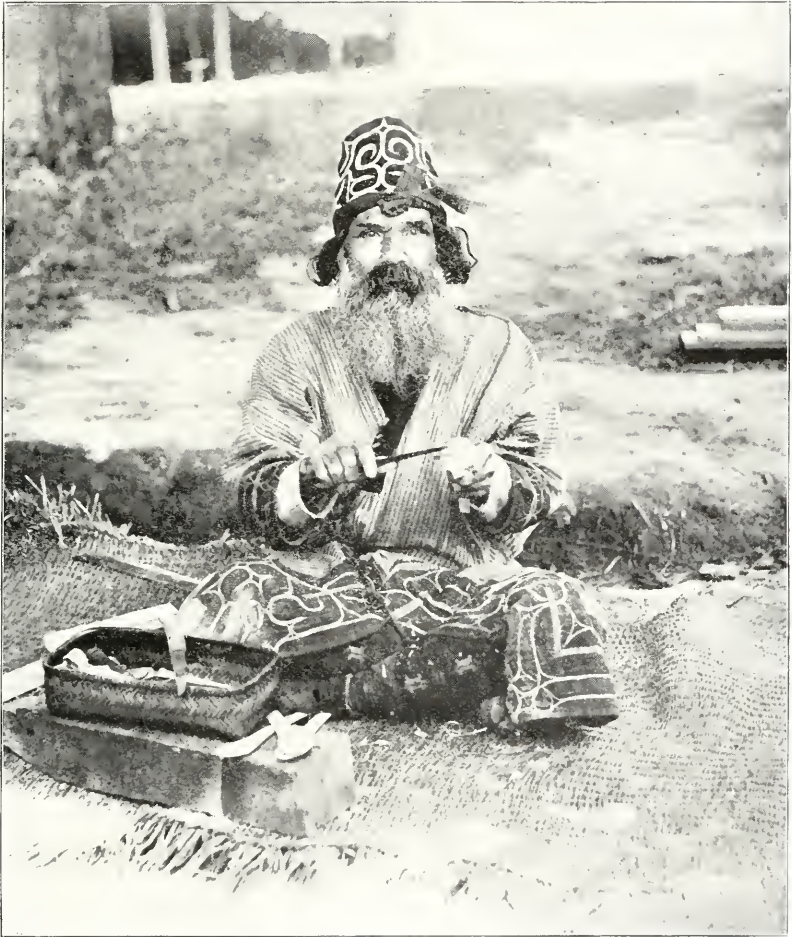
The Japanese as a rule look down upon the Ainus as an inferior race, and when Professor Starr went to Japan for the purpose of engaging an Ainu family for exposition at the St. Louis World's Fair, the Japanese authorities tried to frustrate the project. His wishes were acceded to only on his promise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

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



AINU FAMILY WITH JAPANESE INTERPRETER.

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

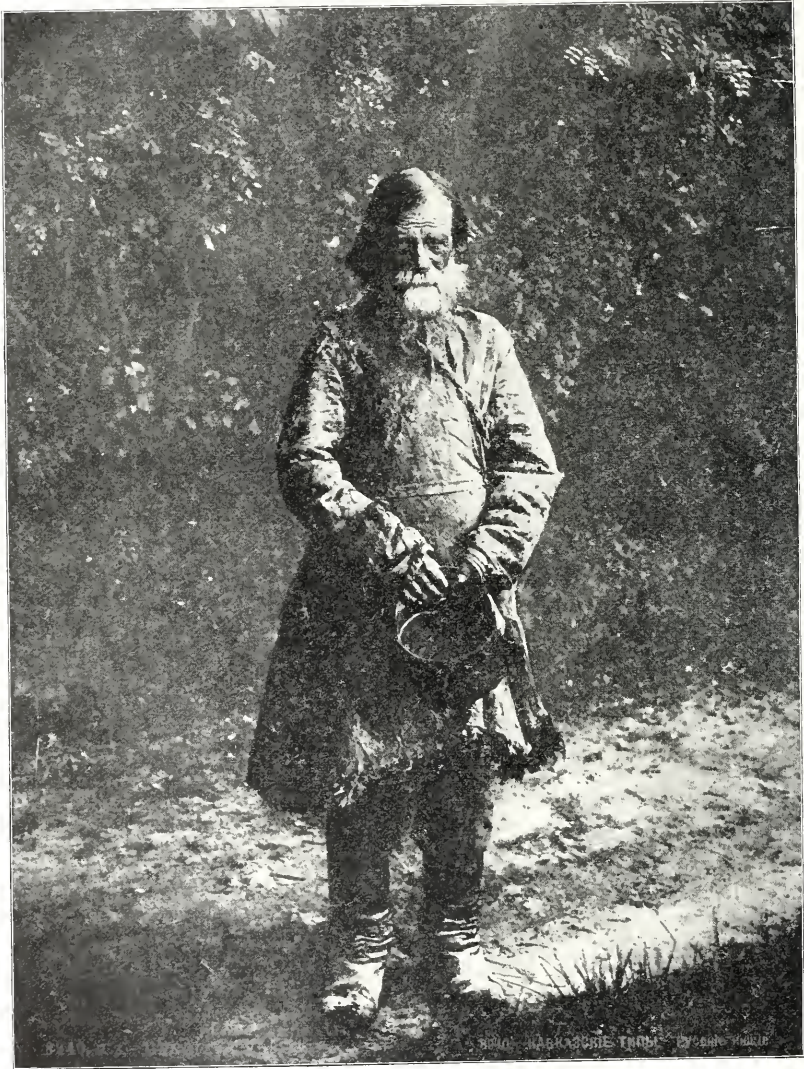


OLD MAN WHITTLING.

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

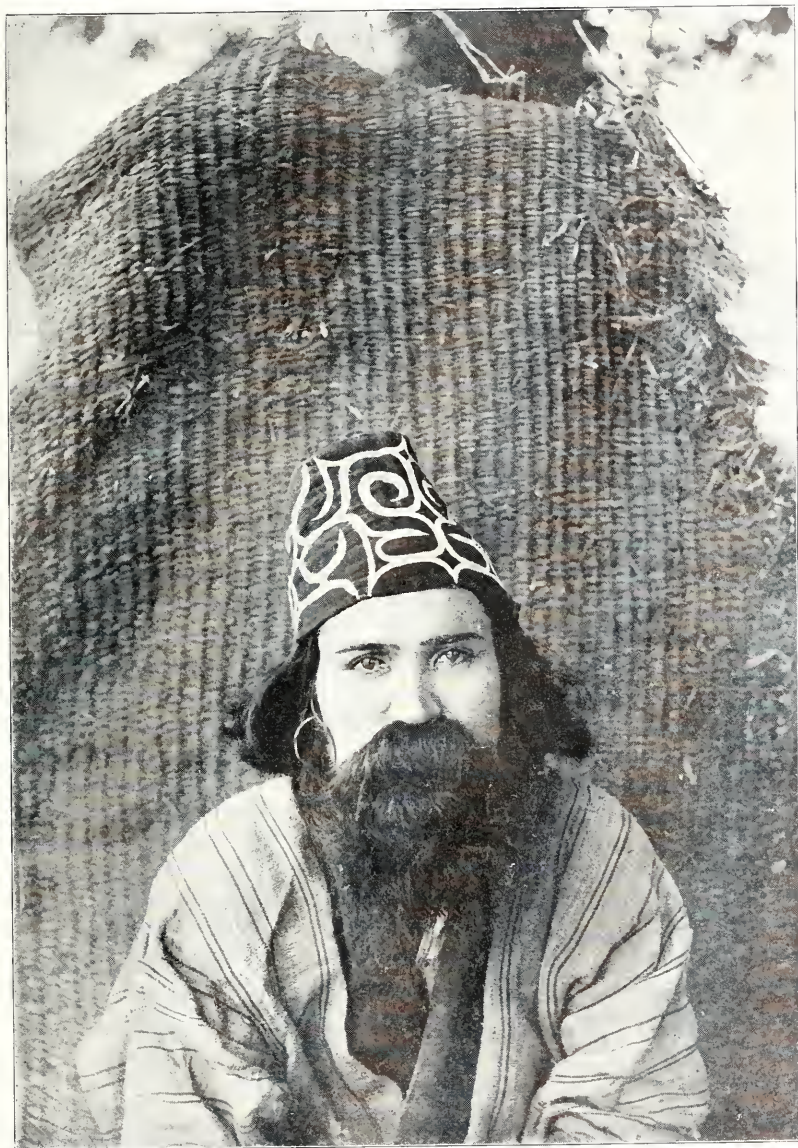
an opportunity to determine the character of the language and thus see whether or not there is any similarity to the Slavic tongues.

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



A TYPICAL RUSSIAN PEASANT.

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



AINU MAN.

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



CARPET WEAVING.

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

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



BASKET MAKING.

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

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



AINU MOTHER.

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



MAKING MATS.

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

We discoursed with these amiable children of nature through

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

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



AN "INAO."

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

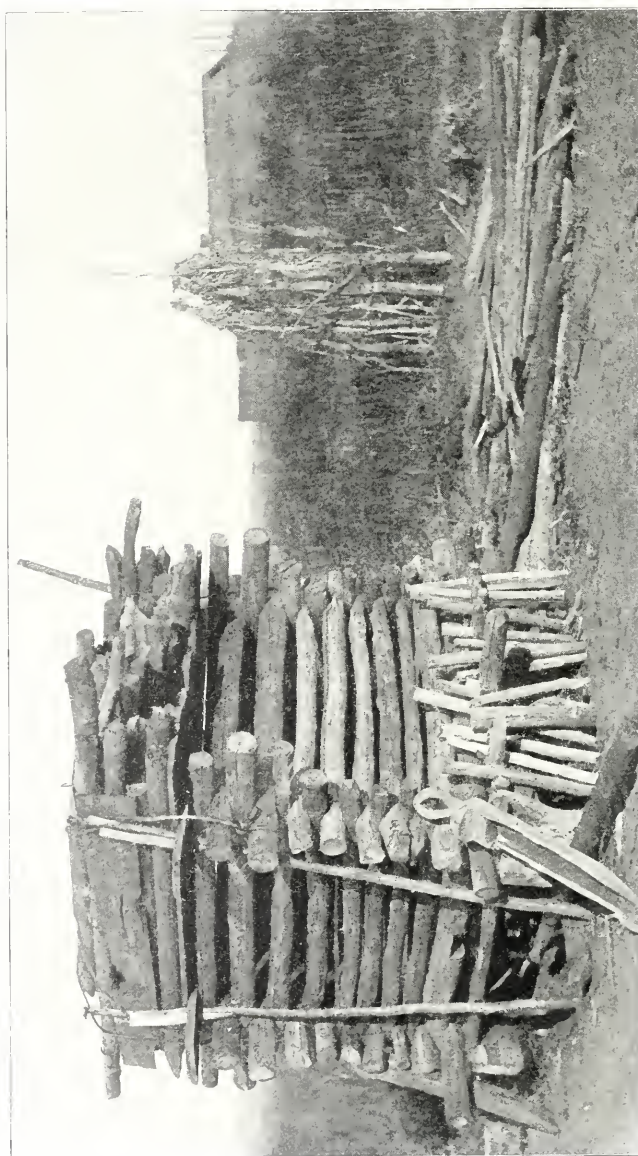
The Ainus are naturally devout, but their religion is so vague that it would be very difficult to give a definite explanation of it, for they themselves are probably least fit to be the interpreters of their traditional beliefs. They only follow the precedents established by their fathers, and any one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

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



OLD MAN WITH INAO.

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

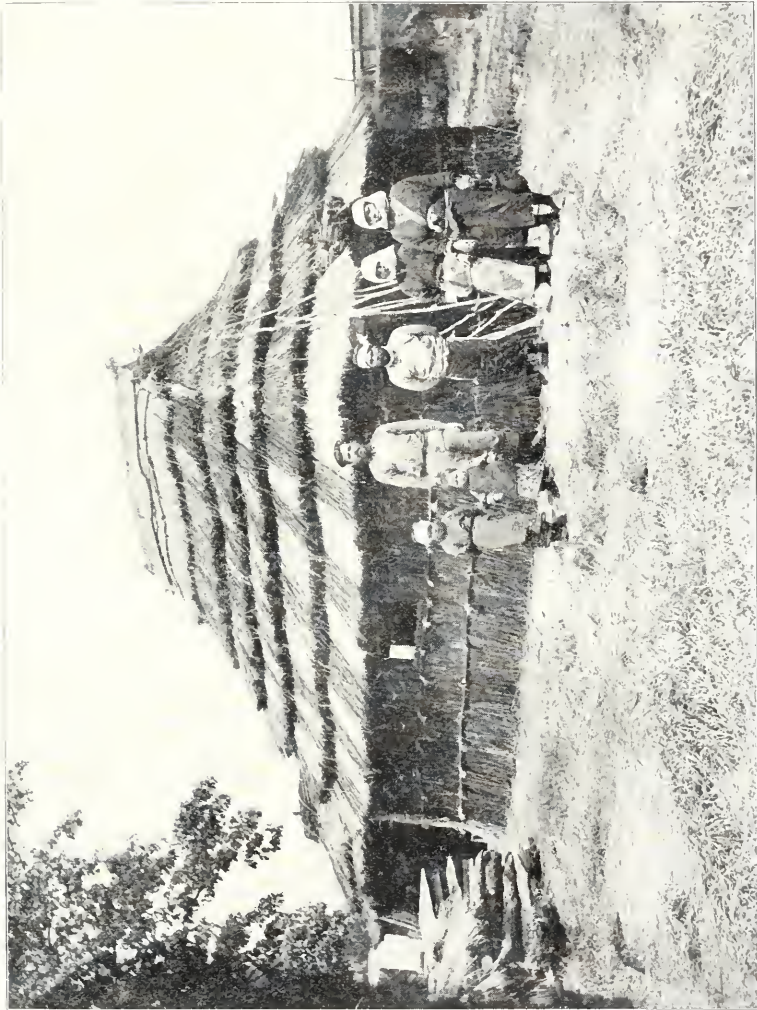


BEAR'S CAGE.

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

It is characteristic of the Ainus that they celebrate festivals

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



AINU HOUSE.

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

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

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

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



ARROW USED IN THE BEAR FEAST.

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

ASHVAJIT'S STANZA AND ITS SIGNIFICANCE.

BY THE EDITOR.

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

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

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

And Ashvajit recited the stanza:

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

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

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

² Upatissa is commonly called after his mother, Shari, the son of Shari or Shâriputra (Pâli, Sâriputta), and Kolita, after his family, Maudgalyâyana (Pâli, Moggallâna).



ASHVAJIT'S STANZA INSCRIBED UPON A BUDDHA STATUE.

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

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

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

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

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF ASHVAJIT'S STANZA.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE ESSENCE OF THE DOCTRINE.*

A BUDDHIST HYMN ON THE LAW OF CAUSATION.

Done into English verse by P. C.

Music by Hans Georg Nägeli.

Solo.

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

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

* For an explanation and the history of these lines see the article "Ashvaji's Stanza and its Significance" in the present number of *The Open Court*.

The chorus has been supplied by the well-known doxological formula of Buddhist worship which in literal translation reads: "Salutation to the Blessed, the Sanctified, the Completely Enlightened One."

Cres. *pf* Chorus.

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

Cres. *Dim.* *pf*

Cres. *f*

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

Cres. *f*

THE TREES, THE ROCKS, AND THE WATERS.

THE TREES.

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

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

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

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

THE ROCKS.

Who sings their charms?
 Who does them reverence?

Upforeed from earth's depths,
 Upraised to throne and crown,
 They moss-bedeck themselves;
 They vine-enwreath themselves.
 In differing glory, then, they rule;
 Rule both land and sea.

Captives of hammer and chisel,
 They marshal themselves in strength and grace.
 Yet—swayed by primal purpose,
 They're loyal to ivy and mould:
 Yet—swayed by primal purpose,
 They court disorder;
 God's pictured disorder;
 Seemingly planless disorder.

In concordant lines are bird and flower.
 Earth's chiefest glory-source;
 Earth's Architect's chiefest earthly things;
 Whose use contrasts Nature's harmonies,
 With seemingly lawless, errant force;
 These tell him, who sees aright,
 God caused man's love for pictures:
 Pictures, showing—by fragment-parts—
 Man's life, as like themselves.
 These tell him God forms, with broken hearts,
 Heaven's Glory-Scenes.

Broken rocks!
 Broken hearts!
 Earth's Architects chiefest earthly things:
 Heaven's Architect's chiefest heavenly things.

THE WATERS.

Envious waters! envious of earth.
 With green eyes, envious to madness.
 No heart have they for love:
 Envy has no heart.
 Their creed, that luring myth:
 That sea-dream,—
 The moon's dowry of power,
 To make them live, move, and be strong.

They fawn, submissively, to Luna;
 They propitiate her with wave-offerings;
 Offerings of homage.
 They murmur and sob and thunder to her,
 Praying for Earth's subjection;
 Loving, gracious Earth!
 Thus they pray; kissing Earth's feet.
 In seeming loyalty.

The waters are hypocrites;
 Courtly, treacherous hypocrites;
 Human in treachery.
 The waters are greedy of all things;
 Remorselessly greedy; pitiless in greed.
 The waters are human in greed.

Offended Æolus lashes the treacherous waters;
 Scourges them till they writhe and foam,
 And flood the marsh-land.
 The souls of treacherous men, transmigrated,
 Æolus torments.

Treacherous, huddling wave-crests are they,
 These shivering souls;
 These cowardly souls;
 Spectral and wan.

These trembling wave-crests; parasites;
 Unstabler are they than the waves that bear them.

Envious waters!
 Faithless waters!

"No more sea," the Good Book reads:
 When this globe takes fore-told newness;
 When this globe is freed from evil;
 No More Sea!

THE CORNPLANTER MEDAL.

The idea of a medal, in recognition of research among the Iroquois Indians, first occurred to me in November 1901, when I was making some studies at Onondaga, New York. Since boyhood I have known one or another of those who have notably contributed to our knowledge of these most important and interesting tribes. Some of these workers, though diligent and profound students, have lived and died unknown outside of the communities in which they lived; others, while recognised as authorities in the world of investigators, have been little appreciated in their own homes. It seemed that the founding and endowing of a medal, to be given in public acknowledgment to such workers, might be worth while. I believed that it would be easy to interest some man of wealth, born and reared within the old Iroquois area, in establishing such a medal. This belief was a mistake.

At about the same time I came to know Jesse Cornplanter and his pictures. Jesse was a twelve-year old Seneca boy, of pure blood, who delighted in making pen-and-ink drawings of Indian life—games, dances, etc. Without being a genius, his work was really good for an untaught Indian boy. Some of his pictures had already attracted attention, and two or three had been printed. The pictures show firmness of line, boldness, and good skill in grouping. It seemed desirable to preserve some examples of this work, especially as writers have been accustomed to deny artistic ability to the Iroquois.

No man of wealth having been found, who desired to establish the medal, it was decided to combine the two aims of founding the medal and preserving samples of Jesse's drawings, making the one end contribute to the other. Jesse was employed to draw a series of fifteen pictures representing Iroquois games and dances, as follows: (1) Game of Peach Stones and Bowl, (2) Women's Football Game, (3) Game of Javelin, (4) Game of Snowsnakes, (5) Great Feather Dance, (6) Hands-Joined Dance, (7) Seneca Indian War Dance, (8) Fish Dance, (9) Green Corn Dance, (10) False-Face Dancers (two are doorkeepers), (11) Husk-Face Dancers, (12) False-Face Dancers Crawling Into the Council House, (13) False-Face Dancers Arriving at the Council House, (14) False-Face Dancers Sitting in the Council House, (15) The Doorkeepers' Dance.

Nine gentlemen (Milward Adams, Chicago; Joseph G. Butler, Jr., Youngstown, Ohio; Charles A. Ficke, Davenport, Iowa; Frank G. Logan, Chicago; Harold F. McCormick, Chicago; William H. Moffitt, New York; W. Clement Putnam, Davenport, Iowa; Frank W. Richardson, Auburn, New York; Frederick Starr, Chicago) contributed the money necessary for engraving and printing these pictures, with the understanding that they were to be sold to aid in establishing the medal. The sale of these pictures is still in progress and has warranted the cutting of the dies and the making of a first strike of the medal. After the cost of the founding of the medal has been fully met, further sales of the pictures will be devoted to the conduct of researches among the Iroquois.

The medal is called *The Cornplanter Medal for Iroquois Research*, from the boy artist and in honor of the famous Seneca chieftain, who figured conspicuously in the last part of the eighteenth century and the early part of the nineteenth century. It measures 54 mm. in diameter and is of silver. On the obverse is a profile portrait of the Cornplanter and the legend *The Corn-*

planter Medal for Iroquois Research. Below and to the left of the portrait is a turtle, the totem of the Cornplanter, while around the border is a beading of wampum. On the reverse are the names of the Iroquois tribes, "the Six Nations."—Mohawk, Oneida, Onondaga, Cayuga, Seneca, Tuscarora. Within this circle of names is a string of plaques of shell bearing the totems—wolf, bear, beaver, turtle, deer, snipe, heron, hawk. Within this, occupying the upper third of the space is a picture of the Iroquois long house typifying the Confederacy, below which is the inscription *Awarded by the Cayuga County Historical Society to*, with space for name and date. The highest achievement of the Iroquois was their remarkable governmental system based upon the idea of kinship, and worked out through the clan, the tribe, and the confederacy. These ideas are commemorated in the design of the medal, the suggestion for which is my own, while the composition is that of Mr. Frederick W. Gookin of Chicago. The dies were cut and the strike made by Tiffany & Co. of New York. The medal will be given every two years, and



its administration has been accepted by The Cayuga County Historical Society at Auburn, New York, in the very heart of the old Iroquois country. Four classes of workers are eligible to receive it:

- (a) *Ethnologists*, making worthy field-study or other investigations upon the Iroquois;
- (b) *Historians*, making actual contribution to our knowledge of the Iroquois;
- (c) *Artists*, worthily representing Iroquois life or types by brush or chisel;
- (d) *Philanthropists*, whose efforts are based upon adequate scientific study and appreciation of Iroquois conditions and needs.

The first strike of the Cornplanter Medal was awarded to Gen. John S. Clark of Auburn, on June 8, 1904. For more than a half century General Clark has devoted himself to Iroquois studies. By profession a surveyor, he has done magnificent field-work in the identification of village sites, trails, and localities of historical events. His *Journal of Sullivan's Campaign*, published by the Cayuga County Historical Society, is a model of scholarly editorship and annotation. Every important contribution to Iroquois history and the history of our Revolutionary epoch is under obligation to him for advice, criticism, and annotation.

Though the meeting, at which the award was announced, was a special session, called at the time when the society is usually in vacation, a large attendance was present. A program of exceptional interest was carried out. Prof. Willis J. Beecher presided. In an introductory address he briefly stated the purpose of the meeting and the history of the medal. Mr. Frank W. Richardson, on behalf of the Committee appointed to receive and administer the medal, announced acceptance of the trust and the award for 1904 to General Clark. Dr. William M. Beauchamp of Syracuse, an eminent authority upon Iroquois matters, gave a carefully prepared address in which, after emphasising the important place of the Iroquois among American Indian tribes, he expressed his satisfaction at the founding of the Cornplanter Medal and sketched General Clark's labors in the Iroquois field. Frederick Starr then informally stated the plan and history of the medal and added a word of personal appreciation regarding General Clark and his work. During the program, Jesse Lyon, Honuses, an Onondaga chief, sang several Indian songs to the accompaniment of rattle and drum. At the close of the addresses, Albert Cusick, Sagonaquaten, Onondaga and one time head-chief of the Iroquois Confederacy, made a brief address and gave General Clark an Onondaga name, *Hahahcsuks*, "the Pathfinder," at the same time leading him back and forth before the company, chanting the ancient formula of adoption. General Clark made a brief response after which Gen. William H. Seward, Jr., extended a vote of thanks to those who had been interested in the founding of the medal.

The Cornplanter Medal is to be permanently endowed.

FREDERICK STARR.

DO ANIMALS THINK?

BY LORD AVEBURY.

From his life-long and conscientious study of ants Dr. Forel is peculiarly qualified to write on such a subject; while from his position at the head of a great lunatic asylum he has had exceptional opportunities, of which he has ably availed himself, for the study of mind in various phases.

At first sight it might seem as if insects were hardly likely to throw much light on psychic problems. Nevertheless, if the dog and the elephant are in some respects pre-eminent, and if in bodily structure the anthropoid apes approach nearer to man than do any other animals, yet, when we consider the habits of ants, their social organisation, their large communities and elaborate habitations, their road-ways, their possession of domestic animals, and even in some cases of slaves, it must be admitted that they have a fair claim to rank next to man in the scale of intelligence. However this may be, Dr. Forel has selected insects, and especially his favorite ants, as the subject of his present memoir.

Many seem to solve the problem to their own satisfaction by saying that animals act by instinct and man by reason. I wish he did! How much happier and better the world would be! But in fact the subject is much more complex. Others believe, or think they believe, that their pets, and especially dogs, are as intelligent as man.

Many again seem to entertain two entirely opposite and contradictory opinions. I often hear people say that their dog, for instance, can do every-

thing but speak. But when I ask whether it can realise that two and two make four, which is, after all, a very simple arithmetical calculation, much doubt is generally expressed. That the dog is a loyal, true, and affectionate friend all will gratefully admit, but when we come to consider the psychological nature of the animal the limits of our knowledge are almost immediately reached.

I have elsewhere suggested that this arises from the fact that hitherto we have tried to teach animals rather than to learn from them, to convey our ideas to them rather than to devise any language or code of signals by means of which they might communicate theirs to us.

The difficulty of determining the intelligence of dogs is increased because they are so quick in seizing any indication given them, even unintentionally. This is well illustrated by an account Sir William Huggins gave me of a very intelligent dog, appropriately named Kepler, belonging to him. A number of cards were placed on the ground, numbered respectively 1, 2, 3, and so on up to 10. A question was then asked—the square root of 9 or 16, or such a sum as 6 plus 55 minus 3.

Sir William pointed consecutively to the cards, and the dog always barked when he came to the right one. Now, he did not consciously give the dog any sign, yet so quick was it in seizing the slightest indication that it was able to give the correct answer.

This observation is most interesting in connection with the so-called "thought-reading." No one, I suppose, will imagine that there was in this case any "thought-reading" in the sense in which this word is generally used. Evidently Kepler seized upon some slight indication unintentionally given by Sir William Huggins. The observation, however, shows the great difficulty of the subject, while it certainly seems to demonstrate a certain amount of psychic power.

If many are prone to exaggerate the intellectual powers of dogs, and horses, and elephants, others go to the opposite extreme. Descartes, we know, looked on animals as mere automata. Even recently Bethe, Uexkull, and other writers have denied the existence of any psychic powers, at any rate, in invertebrate animals, which they explain as reflex-machines.

I confess, indeed, that I cannot understand how any one who loves animals, or ever has devoted any study to them, can doubt that they possess some power of reason. Many of their actions are unconscious and instinctive; so are some of ours, as we may see by watching a child, but practice enables us to walk or run almost automatically.

Even as regards direction this may hold good. I have been for over fifty years a director of a company, which changed its offices twenty years ago, and I have not since had any occasion to enter our old house. One morning this summer, however, I was going to a committee in our present house, but thinking of other things I walked passed our door and two or three intervening houses and into the porch of our old office. In fact, many actions which cannot be called automatic are not necessarily conscious. They do not fall under the head of either instinct or reason.

Mr. Gladstone told me that once when he was forming one of his governments he had some difficulty in arranging the places. He and Mrs. Gladstone wrote down the titles of the offices and the names of the Liberal leaders on pieces of paper, and tried all the evening, but in vain, to fit them together.

At last they gave it up and went to bed. When Mr. Gladstone awoke in the morning everything was satisfactorily arranged in his head; his brain had worked it out for him in his sleep. This was not conscious reason, and certainly was not instinctive. Dr. Carpenter gave to such action the name of unconscious cerebration.

When birds build nests and bees cells, when they search for food, for warmth, and whenever they perform other similar actions necessary to life, we may, to some extent at any rate, find plausible explanations. No one attributes anything approaching reason, or even sensation, to plants.

The social habits of ants, however, afford other arguments which seem conclusive. Take first their relations with other insects. Those between ants and aphides, which have been called ant-cows, are indeed most remarkable. It is not merely that the ants milk them, defend them from attack, sometimes protect them by earthen enclosures from too great summer heat, but over and above all this they collect the eggs in autumn, keep them through the winter, and plant them out on their proper plant in the spring. Some of the root aphides may always be found in ants' nests, but I was much puzzled years ago by finding in ants' nests some black eggs, which obviously were not those of ants. Eventually I ascertained that they belonged to a species of aphid which lives on the leaves and leaf-stalks of plants.

These eggs are laid early in October on the food-plant of the insect. They are of no direct use to the ants, yet they are not left where they are laid, exposed to the severity of the weather and to innumerable dangers, but are brought into their nests by the ants, and tended by them with the utmost care through the long winter months until the following March, when the young ones are brought out and again placed on the young shoots of the daisy. This seems to be a most remarkable case of prudence. Our ants may not, perhaps, lay up food for the winter, but they do more, for they keep during six months, the eggs which will enable them to procure food during the following summer, a case of prudence unexampled in the animal kingdom.

Dr. Forel refers to the phenomena of memory as very conclusive. That insects remember cannot be doubted, for, as he observes:

"The slave-making ants (*Polyergus*) undertake predatory expeditions, led by a few workers, who for days and weeks previously have been searching the neighborhood for nests of *Formica fusca*. The ants often lose their way, remain standing, and hunt about for a long time till one or the other finds the topo-chemical trail, and indicates to the others the direction to be followed by rapidly pushing ahead. Then the pupæ of the *Formica fusca* nest, which they have found, are brought up from the depths of the galleries, appropriated and dragged home, often a distance of forty meters or more. If the plundered nest still contains pupæ, the robbers return on the same or following days, and carry off the remainder; but if there are no pupæ left they do not return. How do the *Polyergus* know whether there are pupæ remaining? It can be demonstrated that smell could not attract them from such a distance, and this is even less possible for sight or any other sense. Memory alone—i. e., the recollection that many pupæ still remain behind in the plundered nest—can induce them to return. I have carefully followed a great number of these predatory expeditions."

Again, ants are influenced by circumstances which can only affect mind. Dr. Forel says:

"While success visibly heightens both the audacity and tenacity of the ant-will, it is possible to observe, after repeated failure or in consequence of the sudden and unexpected attacks of powerful enemies, a form of ambulatory dejection, which may lead to the neglect of the most important instincts, to cowardly flight, to the devouring or casting away of offspring, to neglect of work, and similar conditions. There is a chronically cumulative discouragement in degenerate ant-colonies, and an acute discouragement when a combat is lost. In the latter case one may see troops of large, powerful ants fleeing before a single enemy, without even attempting to defend themselves, whereas the latter a few moments previously would have been killed by a few bites from the fleeing individuals."

Mr. Grote, the historian, in his *Fragments on Ethical Subjects*, regards it as an evident necessity that no society can exist without the sentiment of morality. He says:

"Every one who has either spoken or written on the subject has agreed in considering this sentiment as absolutely indispensable to the very existence of society. Without the diffusion of a certain measure of this feeling throughout all the members of the social union, the caprices, the desires, and the passions of each separate individual would render the maintenance of any established communion impossible. Positive morality, under some form or other, has existed in every society of which the world has ever had experience."

If this be so, the question naturally arises whether ants also are moral and accountable beings. They have their desires, their passions, even their caprices. The young are absolutely helpless. Their communities are sometimes so numerous that, perhaps, London and Peking are almost the only human cities which can compare with them. Moreover, their nests are no mere collection of independent individuals, nor even temporary associations, like the flocks of migratory birds, but organized communities, laboring with the utmost harmony for the common good. The remarkable analogies which, in so many ways, they present to our human societies render them peculiarly interesting to us, and one cannot but long to know more of their character, how the world appears to them, and to what extent they are conscious and reasonable beings.

I have not, at any rate, nor, indeed, has any one else, ever seen a quarrel between any two ants of the same nest. All is harmony. If, indeed, they are compulsorily made drunk, then, no doubt, they begin to quarrel. But no ant would voluntarily so degrade himself. Among the so-called higher animals which live in association, if one is old or ailing, it is often attacked. This never the case among ants. Instances of active assistance are, indeed, common. I have often witnessed cases of care and tenderness on their part.

In one of my nests was an ant which had come into the world without antennae. Never having previously met with such a case, I watched her with great interest, but she never appeared to leave the nest. At length, one day, I found her wandering about in an aimless sort of manner, apparently not knowing her way at all. After a while she fell in with some ants of another species, who directly attacked her. I at once set myself to separate them, but, whether owing to the wounds she had received from her enemies, or to my rough though well-meant handling, or both, she was evidently much wounded, and lay helplessly on the ground. After some time another ant from the same nest came by. She examined the poor sufferer carefully,

then picked her up and carried her away into the nest. It would have been difficult for any one who had witnessed the scene to have denied to this ant the possession of humane feelings. In face of such facts as these, it is impossible to regard ants as mere exquisite automatons. When we see an ant-hill, tenanted by thousands of industrious inhabitants, excavating chambers, forming tunnels, making roads, guarding their home, gathering food, feeding the young, tending their domestic animals—each one fulfilling its duties industriously and without confusion—it is difficult altogether to deny them the gift of reason; and the preceding observations tend to confirm the opinion that their mental powers differ from those of men not so much in kind as in degree.

This is also Dr. Forel's view. He says:

"It results from the unanimous observations of all the connoisseurs that sensation, perception, and association, inference, memory, and habit follow in the social insects, on the whole, the same fundamental laws as in the vertebrates and ourselves."

NOTES.

It is strange how Muriel Strode's *My Little Book of Prayer* is received with sympathy in the most diverse quarters of both orthodox Christians and liberal thinkers. As a companion letter to the opinion of a clergyman we publish the following extract from a letter of Mr. Thaddeus Burr Wakeman, President of the Liberal University in Oregon, and at Kansas City, Mo., formerly editor of *The Torch of Reason*, and a well-known contributor to to many liberal reviews. He writes:

"Lately there came to me a little book, *My Little Book of Prayer*, by Muriel Strode, published by The Open Court Publishing Co. It proved to be singularly suited to the state of mind which has followed from my retirement here during the illness of my beloved wife, and the affliction and grief which resulted from her death on the seventeenth day of November last. I love it because it is not 'prayer' in the old selfish, vulgar sense, but a noble dialogue between the transitory and the permanent in the human soul, and leaves the latter supreme as in the concluding lines of *Faust*. I like to think that it came from your hands, and because of some interest you still retain in me and my health, hopes, and work. I wish to assure you that you have my hearty thanks therefor. I think that some of my friends would also be pleased to see what has been so pleasing to me, and so for the enclosed please to let your clerk send me as many copies as it will cover, and at this address.

"Let us not forget these words:

"When I pray it should be to the God within, and the responsibility of the fulfilment shall rest on me."

"I am the Suppliant,—and I am the God that answers prayer."

"Let me live this life with no thought of a hereafter, *then* I may live it as I would were there no hope to retrieve."

"Not that I may more rejoice to live, but that with impunity I may also rejoice to die."

"And if the plan be not for immortality, O I shall not complain. *What* had it not been mine, this too brief span of years? *What* had I missed this sweet mortality?"

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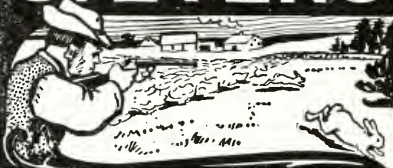
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Dec. 20, 1904 *Boston Transcript*

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