

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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CONTENTS:

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

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

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THE ENLIGHTENED ONE.

BY EDUARD BIEDERMANN.

Frontispiece to The Open Court.

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GHOST-MAKING EXTRAORDINARY.

BY HENRY RIDGELY EVANS.

I.

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

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

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

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

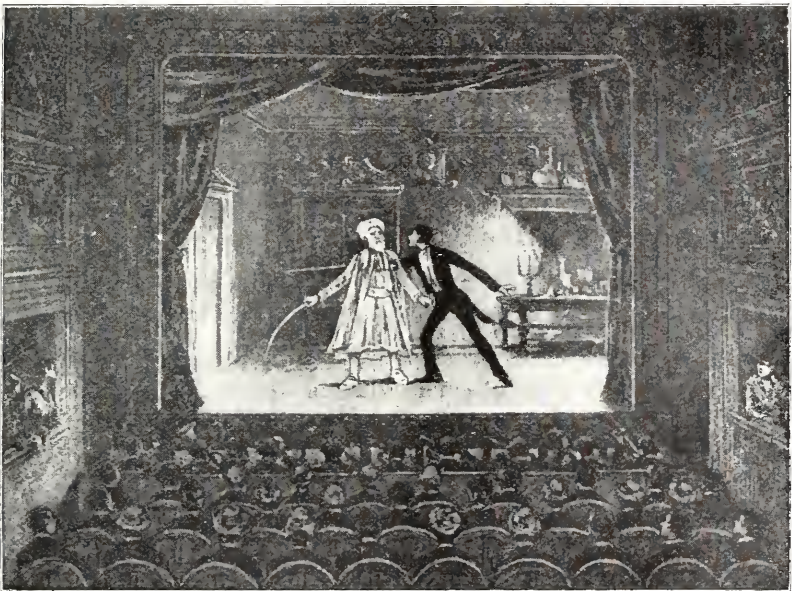


ROBERTSON'S GHOST-SHOW.

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

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

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



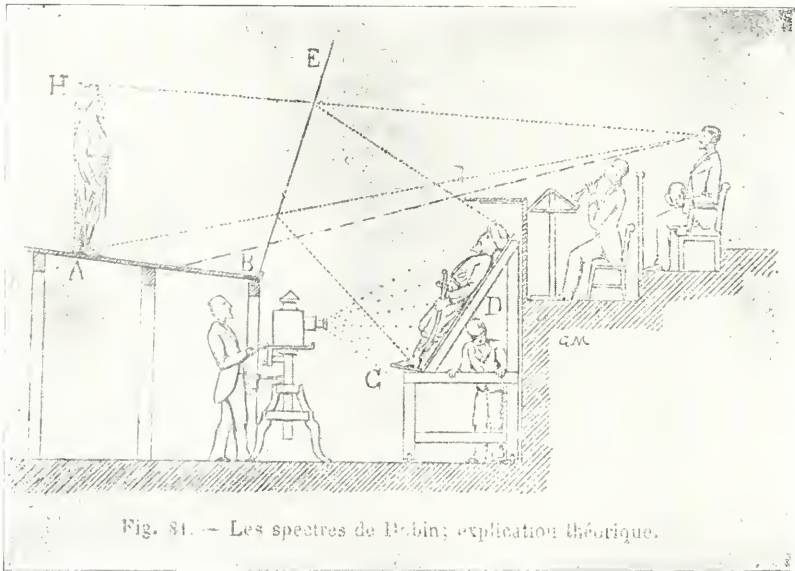
ROBERTSON'S GHOST-ILLUSION.

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

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

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

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



EXPLANATION OF ROBERTSON'S GHOST-ILLUSION.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

II

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

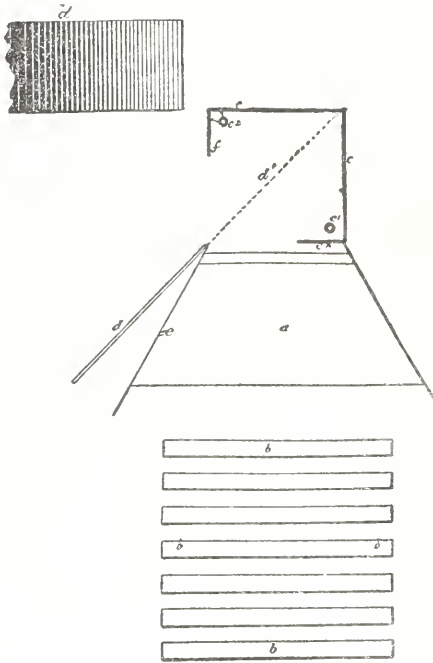


FIG. 1. APPARATUS.

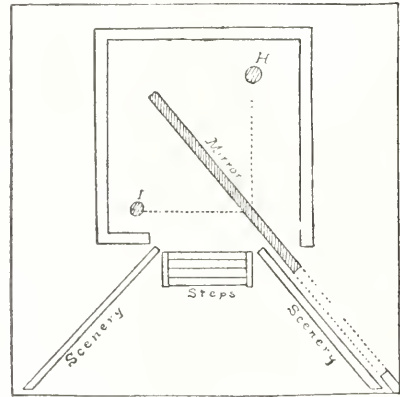


FIG. 2. ARMOUR SCENE.

DIAGRAM OF BLUE ROOM.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE WIZARD'S SON.

BY DAVID CLARALLAN.

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

I. REVILEMENT.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Tola, lady."

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

"Nelkah! Nelkah!"

A deep voice from the copse below had interrupted her.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

II.

WHY?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A sympathetic bleat was his response.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE HISTORY AND SIGNIFICANCE OF THE ROSETTA STONE.

BY THE EDITOR.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

PAGAN CHRISTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE VIEWS OF SHINTO REVIVAL SCHOLARS REGARDING ETHICS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

A CHARACTERIZATION OF CHINESE ETHICS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

NO ETHICS IN SHINTOISM.

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

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

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

THE MIKADO IS SUPREME.

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

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

EXAMPLE IS SUPERIOR TO PRECEPT.

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

OFFENSES.

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

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

PUNISHMENT AND REWARDS.

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

FEAR OF THE GODS SHOULD INSPIRE GOOD CONDUCT.

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

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

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

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

1. The Japanese people are naturally virtuous.
2. The Japanese have become bad through foreign influence, which, among other evil effects, corrupted the monarch and led him to become the object of envy.

3. Straightforwardness in disposition leads to the confession of sin and the limitations of its growth.

4. The Chinese are bad at heart.

[Had these scholars known other foreign peoples doubtless they too would have been included in this general condemnation.]

5. The Emperor rules according to the divine will.

6. The Emperor must be obeyed whether he be good or bad.

7. Men know by nature what is right and what is wrong.

8. It is best not to disturb natural good conduct by attempting to inflict ethical rules on the people.

9. Human lusts must be right because they are natural.

10. Sins are of two kinds: conscious and unconscious.

11. The gods observe men's sins and by some means or other inflict punishment on the evil-doer.

12. The gods reward the good with moral and temporal blessings.

13. Both the evil and the good in this world are attributable to the gods: men cannot change the course of events to any appreciable degree.

14. The words of a teacher of ethics are valued by referring to his manner of life.

15. To influence conduct one must resort to examples; mere mouthing of precepts is of little worth.

16. One's conduct should be so ordered as to avoid shame before the gods.

17. Learn to do right before death ends your existence.

18. The ancient method of practice needs not be insisted on; readjustment to the present age is necessary; men must be guided by the laws of today.

ASSYRIAN POEMS ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

BY THE EDITOR.

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

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

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

The following poem reflects the same lofty spirit:

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

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

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

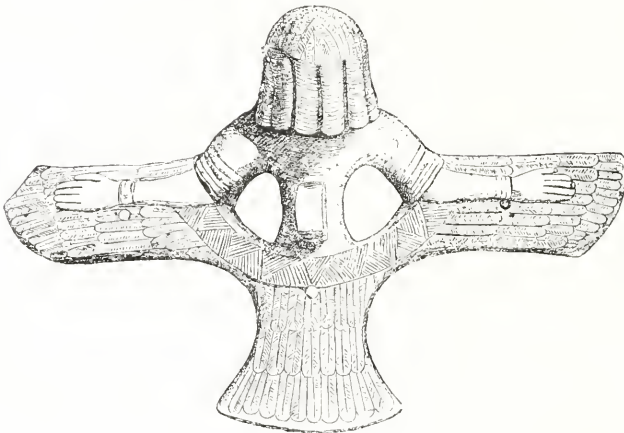
To that man
 May the Sun give life!
 And MARDUK, eldest son of heaven,
 Grant him an abode of happiness."

The Translator adds the following comment:

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



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



REAR VIEW OF THE SAME.

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

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

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

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

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

In his bodily frame he lies dangerously ill.

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

To the door of the sick man she comes.

The sick man listens!

Who is there? Who comes?

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

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

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

They approach the sick man.

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

They bring a *khisibta* from the heavenly treasury.

They bring a *sisbu* from their lofty storehouse.

Into the righteous *khisibta* they pour bright liquor.

That righteous man, may he now rise on high!

May he shine like that *khisibta*!

May he be bright as that *sisbu*!

Like pure silver may his garment be shining white!

Like brass may he be radiant!

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

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

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

“And after the life of these days

In the feasts of the silver mountain, the heavenly courts

The abode of blessedness,

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

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

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

MISCELLANEOUS.

FATHER HYACINTHE LOYSON ON POPE PIUS X.

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

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

"SPAIN AND GERMANY AT THE VATICAN.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Deus providebit.

HYACINTHE LOYSON."

* * *

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

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

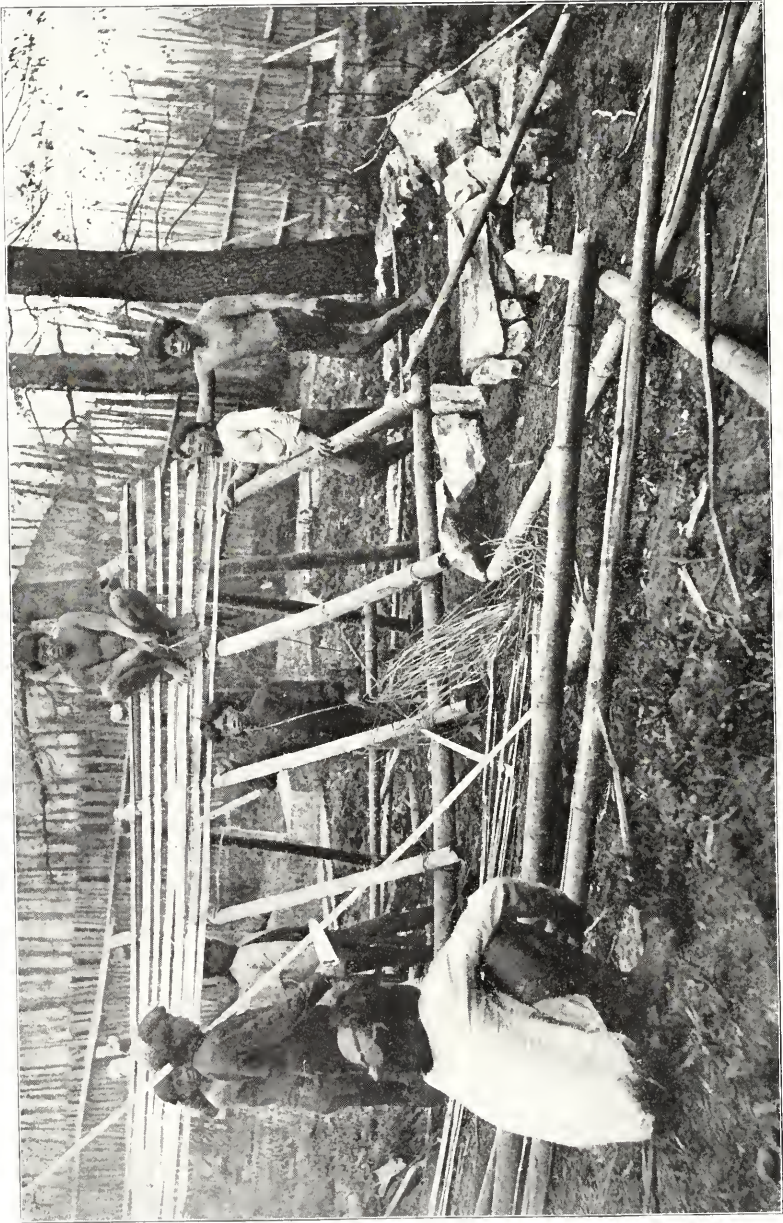
mind or conduct which rarely fail those men who 'change their party' after their revolution of sentiment, and who are in danger of taking action against their former beliefs, where they should not, and are led into regrettable affiliations. The elevation and originality of the position you have taken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

THE WIZARD'S PROFESSION IN ANCIENT JUDÆA.

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

THE IGOROTES.

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



HOUSE-BUILDING.

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



BONTOC BELLE

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



THE LITTLE SWORDSMAN.

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



THE LITTLE ARCHER

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



CLIMBING A TREE.

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



THROWING THE SPEAR.

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

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

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



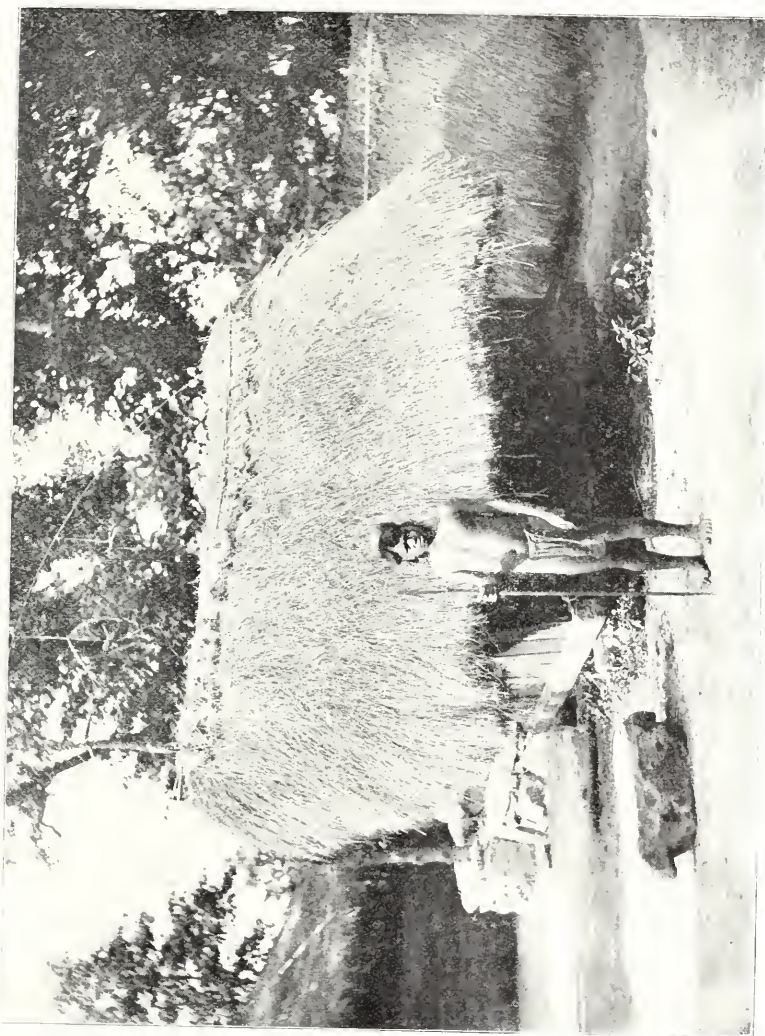
THE SPREAD OF CIVILISATION—THE SINGING LESSON.

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

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

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

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



IGOROTE WITH LANCE ON GUARD.

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

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

CONGRESS OF RELIGIONISTS IN JAPAN.

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



WEAVING.

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

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



GRINDING RICE.

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

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



BUTCHERING THE DOG.

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

BOOK REVIEWS AND NOTES.

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

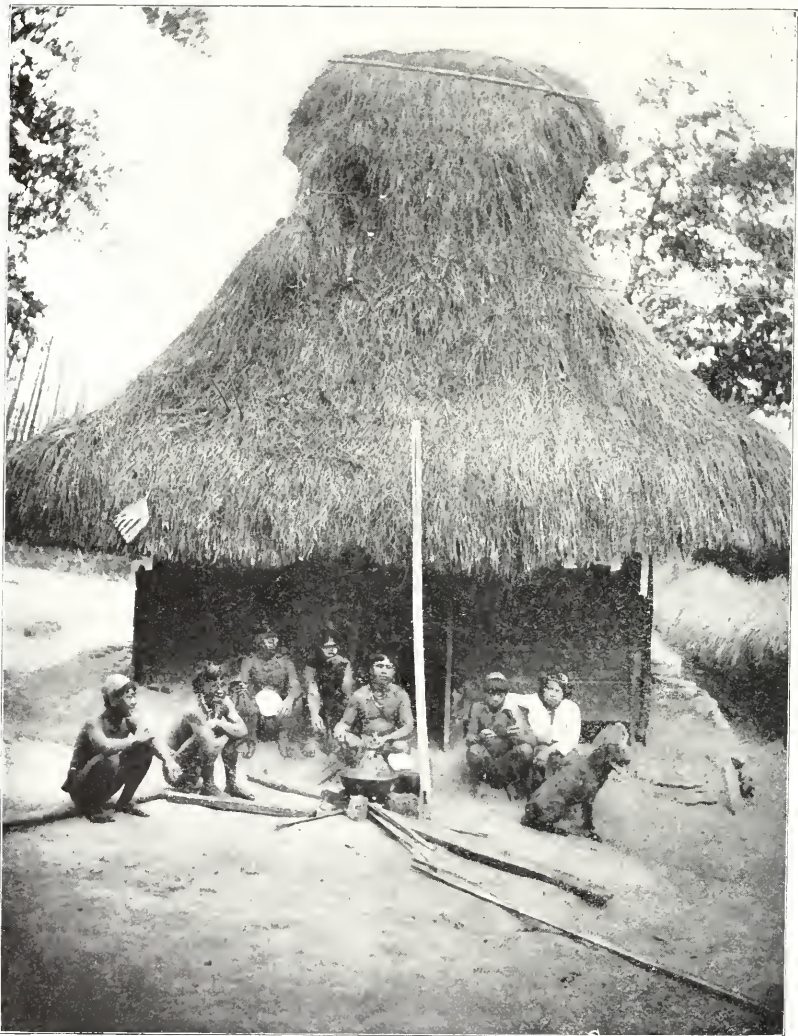
The late Prof. Emil Selenka of Munich was a naturalist by profession. He has done creditable work in biology and zoology, and his name has a



KILLING THE CHICKEN.

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

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



A WEDDING FEAST.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

My Little Book of Prayer

BY MURIEL STRODE

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

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Their Origin by Mutation

By Hugo de Vries

Professor of Botany in the University of Amsterdam.

Edited by Daniel Trembly MacDougal, Assistant
Director of the New York Botanical Garden

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