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APRIL 1928

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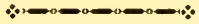

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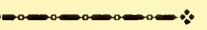

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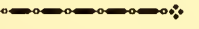

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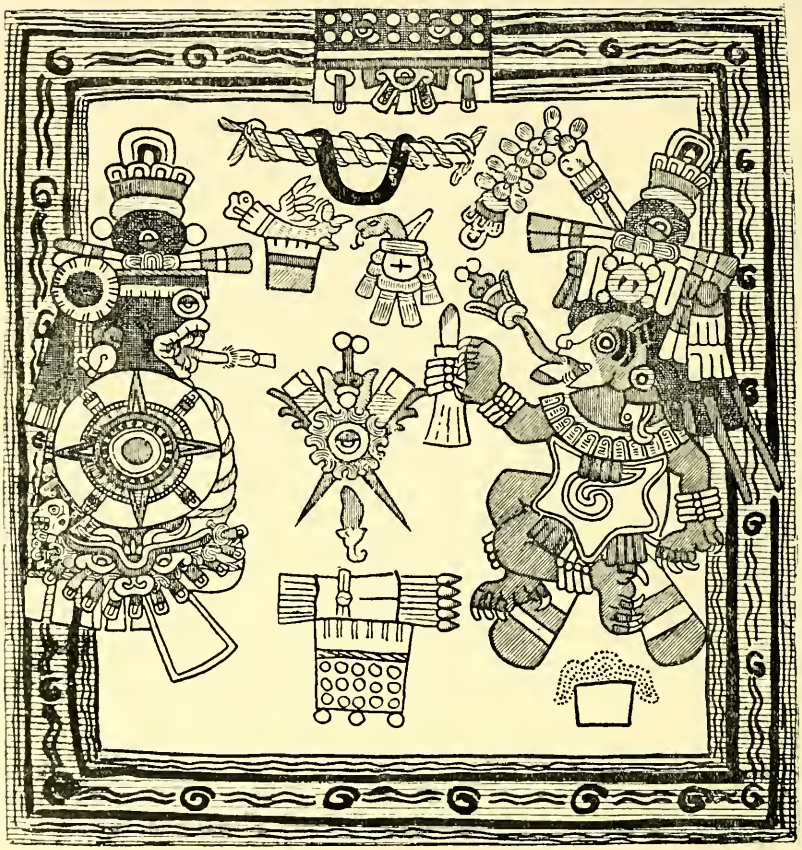

THE GODS XOLOTL AND TLALOC WITH SACRIFICIAL AND FIRE-MAKING SYMBOLS.

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THE PAPYRI OF CENTRAL AMERICA

BY LEWIS SPENCE

WHEN the rainbow-coloured records of aboriginal America were given to that fire which was no brighter than themselves, when the flame-like manuscripts of Mexico and Guatemala dissolved in living flame, an art and tradition fantastically and remotely beautiful were consumed on the pyre of human superstition and intolerance. No mystical secrets, no occult wisdom, expired in the smoke of that holocaust, but a delicate and elfin graciousness, a rich and grotesque imagery, a kaleidoscopic page of history, were deliberately torn out of human record and almost irretrievably lost. Fantasy was conquered by fanaticism, the bizarre by bigotry, for the glowing chronicles in which the Aztec and the Maya had for generations taken a strange and mystical delight were to the conquering Spaniards only "the picture-books of the devil."

But a civilisation so brilliant and complex as that of Tropical America was not without its resources, and as displaying a salient and peculiar phase of human development its literature might not so easily be quenched. When Archbishop Zumarraga decreed the wholesale destruction of its chronicles and sacred writings he could, of course, apply his ukase only to the royal libraries and to such collections as his agents were able to seize upon. Many examples of Aztec literary art survived. But for generations these were carefully concealed by their pious owners, or else discovered and collected by more enlightened Europeans who carried them westward to enrich the libraries of the Old World. Of these poor waifs and strays some forty odd survive, lying like dead flowers on the borders of the world's garden of literature, unheeded, save by eyes sympathetic to their inanimate and plaintive loveliness.

The history and adventures of many of these strange books, whose writers were also painters, are among the greatest romances of literature. It was frequently their fate to fall into the hands of those who, utterly ignorant of their origin and significance, took them for nursery books, the painted fables of fairy-tale. Others rotted in Continental libraries until, through the action of damp or the attacks of vermin, only their broadest details might be descried unless by the most painstaking scholarship. But, little by little, and after centuries of application almost unexampled in the records of research, their ultimate secrets have been probed and they are no longer regarded as meaningless daubs of barbaric eccentricity, but have come into their own as among the most precious and significant of those documents which illustrate the development of literary processes.

In general appearance these Aztec manuscripts are far removed from the European idea of the book, or even from that of the Oriental manuscript. They consist of symbolic paintings executed upon agave paper, leather or cotton, and are usually folded in "pages" which open out on the principle of a screen. Taking that which is perhaps most typical of all as a general example, the Codex Fejèrvàry-Mayer, we find its length to be about sixteen feet and its breadth about seven inches. The general effect is that of a dwarf fire-screen, somewhat extended perhaps, painted in the brilliant colours of the setting sun, as behooves a manuscript of the West, and displaying a seemingly inextricable symbolism. At first sight the pages present such a riot of coloured confusion that it is only after considerable practice and acquaintance that the emblems which they contain can be separated visually and reduced to individual coherence.

The Mexican manuscripts, or "papyri," as some writers have named them, although the words *pintura* and *lienza* are more frequently used by experts to describe them, I have divided into two classes: those which deal with the mythological and calendrical matters, and those which represent either historical narratives or fictional writings.[1] The first class I have again sub-divided into "Interpretative" Codices, the "Codex Borgia" group, and a third group which I have labelled "Unclassified." The "Interpretative" Codices are those which were painted either by native scribes under

[1] See the writer's catalogue of them in *The Gods of Mexico,* London, 1923.

the superintendence of Spanish priests of experience in Mexican affairs, or by such priests themselves, who appended to them the lengthy interpretations from which they take their name. The "Borgia" group is composed of a number of codices painted by

THE GOD PATECATL WITH OCTLI (DRINK) EMBLEMS.
From *Codex Borbonicus,* Sheet 11.

native scribes, which obviously possessed a common area of origin. The Unclassified Codices hail from various Mexican areas and their contents differ considerably from those of the other groups.

The manner in which these manuscripts reached Europe is obscure, but some of them have passed through extraordinary vicissitudes since their arrival in the Old World. None of them, perhaps, has survived circumstances of such imminent peril as the Codex Borgia, by far the most important of all. It was bequeathed by the

nephew of Cardinal Borgia to the Library of the Congregation of Propaganda at Rome, in the Ethnographical Section of which it is still preserved. Formerly it belonged to the Giustiniani family of Venice, to whom, probably, it was handed down by some seafaring ancestor. But it was so greatly neglected that it fell into the hands of the children of some of their household servants, who, as children will, after deriving all the amusement they could out of it as a nursery book, made several attempts to burn it. But the tough deerskin on which it is painted withstood the fire, the marks of which, however, remain on its edges. It was rescued by someone who seems to have had an inkling of its value, and soon afterwards passed into the possession of the Borgias, who, as literary cognoscenti, would naturally appreciate its true significance.

The Codex Telleriano-Remensis, one of the "Interpretative" books, fell into the hands of Tellier, Archbishop of Rheims, and is now housed in the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris. It is perhaps the finest of the three "Interpretative" manuscripts from the point of view of colour, but is certainly not so important from a strictly scientific aspect as the Codex Vaticanus A., sometimes called the Codex Rios, one of the treasures of the Vatican library. It is alluded to in a Vatican catalogue dating from the last years of the sixteenth century, and is generally believed to have been copied or painted in Mexico by Pedro de Rios, a missionary friar, at some time about 1566. The paintings appear to me to be the work of Europeans, and the explanatory matter is in Italian. Three separate handwritings are noticeable in the European script which accompanies it. Probably it was sent to the Vatican direct from Mexico.

Still more interesting by reason of its history, is the Codex Vienna, which is to be seen in the State Library there, and is almost certainly one of the two books sent as a present by the hapless Mexican Emperor Montezuma to Cortès when first the Spanish conquistador reached the shores of Mexico in 1519. Montezuma believed Cortès to be the Mexican god Quetzalcoatl, who had returned after many centuries, and accordingly sent him the books and costumes appropriate to his sacred status. The Latin inscription on the Codex states that it was sent by King Emmanuel of Portugal to Pope Clement VII and that thereafter it was in the possession of Cardinals Hippolytus di' Medici and Capuanus. But as Emmanuel

died in 1521 and Clement became Pope only in 1523, the gloss is obviously erroneous. It is almost certainly the product of a school of native painters located in Mexico City, as is plain enough from the resemblance of its symbols to those of the Calendar Stone which once stood on the summit of the principal pyramid at Mexico, and which is now in the Museum there. Cortès sent this MS to the Emperor Charles V, which accounts for its survival in Vienna. As once the personal property of Montezuma, who must have regarded it as of peculiar sanctity, it should have for us a sentimental interest at least as profound as its historical value.

Other Aztec MSS. were widely scattered. At least three found their way to England, the Codex Laud, which once belonged to William Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, and which is housed today in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, the Codex Fejèrvàry-Mayer, the origin of which is unknown, and which is the property of the Liverpool Public Museums, to which it was bequeathed by a Mr. Joseph Mayer in 1867, and the Codex Nuttall or Zouche, which formerly belonged to the library of the monastery of San Marco in Florence, and, after a period of political disturbance, was presented to the Hon. Robert Curzon, fourteenth Baron Zouche, by the resident monks, who feared that it might be destroyed. It is probably the second of the books presented by Montezuma to Cortès, and still remains in the possession of the Curzon family. Several of these manuscripts are alluded to by Hakluyt in his "Voyages."

The manuscripts were painted by a separate caste of priests known as *amamatini,* and all of them have been reproduced at various times and under various auspices, some, indeed, on several occasions. The greater number were included in the vast work of Lord Kingsborough, *Mexican Antiquities* (1830-1848), a princely publication, the expense of which ruined its noble editor, but the majority have also been reproduced in photogravure and in their appropriate colours during more recent years.[2] They constitute our most precise authority on the appearance, costume and symbolic attributes of the gods of Mexico, a pantheon far more populous than that of Olympus or even of Egypt, of absorbing interest to the student of myth and comparative religion, and supply the most

[2] See the writer's *Gods of Mexico,* bibliography, giving full details of the place and date of these publications.

elaborate details of the calendar system of the Aztecs, which was, indeed, the keystone to that religion.

If we glance first at one of the "Interpretative" Codices and later at one of those painted solely by native scribes, we will gather a fair general idea of the contents of the mythological "books" as a whole. Among the "Interpretative" MSS. none is calculated to give the uninitiated a better insight into the devious paths of Mexican mythology and ritual than the Codex Magliabecchiano, which is preserved in the National Library at Florence, and which is labelled in Spanish: *The Book of the Life of the Ancient Indians and of the Superstitions and Evil Rites which they Preserved and Guarded.*

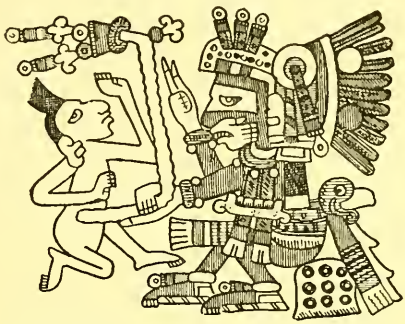
And here is curious lore enow for those who can comprehend it, while even to him who can not a sentiment of peculiar remoteness is vouchsafed. The first eight folios of this strange work, which was reproduced by the Duc de Loubat in 1904, are filled with representations of the various kinds of feather mantles worn by the Aztec priests and dignitaries on festal or ritual occasions, or which were placed by them on the idols of the gods. The next few pages are occupied with the table of the *tonalamatl,* or Mexican calendar of the feast-days, movable and seasonal, a time-system so involved that it is understood in its entirety only by a handful of experts to-day, and which, it is said, required at least twenty years of study for its comprehension by the Mexican priests. "Small wonder!" the amateur will exclaim, as he gazes at the inextricable mass of symbols with dazzled eyes. We next encounter a series of pictures of the *Octli* or drink-gods, the patrons of the sacred pulque liquor, and of several of the greater deities of Mexico, the mighty culture-hero Quetzalcoatl, and other Olympians. This is followed by three pages representing the mortuary or funerary customs of the Aztecs, which clearly show that a species of mummification was in use among them, by no means dissimilar from that in vogue in Egypt, notwithstanding that the dead are bundled up in a sitting position in what look like decorated sacks with false human heads and faces.

Some rather gruesome illustrations of human sacrifice and ritual cannibalism ensue. In fact the stark realism of these highly coloured vignettes might challenge in their sheer dread and horror the canvases of Wierz or Doré. More intriguing are the pictures which illustrate the magical operations of the sorcerers, the ritual

of the steam-bath, the orgies connected with the worship of the drink-gods and the intricate group of the guardians of the four quarters of the heavens, in which we probably have a representation of the four dresses of the god Quetzalcoatl sent to Cortès by Montezuma.

If we now examine the magnificent Codex Borgia, by far the finest example of purely Aztec native work extant, we discover not only a different artistic technique, but a slightly different arrange-

THE GODDESS CHANTICO.
From *Codex Telleriano-Remensis.*



THE GOD MACUIL XOCHITL.
From *Codex Borgia.*

ment of the mythological and ritual material. The first few sheets contain the calendar, divided into groups of days by the simple device of using the symbol of a black footprint as a point or colon. The various days are represented by such symbols as a monkey's head, a jaguar, a flower, and so forth. Of these there are twenty, for the Aztec ritual month consisted of twenty days, the period betwixt the waxing and waning of the moon. These signs were repeated thirteen times, to make up the content of the 260 days of the calendar, and were again subdivided into "weeks" of thirteen days each. Some of the signs were auspicious, others were distinctly unlucky, and the calendar was thus capable of being used as a book of astrology and fate, from which the fortunes of a person born on any given day, or the success of an act performed on that date might be augured.

But the Codex Borgia is principally concerned with the gods, their attributes, costume and significance. In its pages we encounter the terrible Tezcatlipoca, the deity of sacrifice and justice, the dread recorder and chastiser of sin, the beautiful sun-god Tonatiuh, with the painted myth of his passage through the heavens from morning to night, the pious artificer and priest Quetzalcoatl, the fertile maize-goddess, and the myth of the planet Venus, which occupies seventeen vignettes, and illustrates the dangers to which both kings and commonalty are liable at the hands of this vindictive genius, who in Mexican mythology is a male. Four folios are devoted to the loves of the luxurious goddess Xochiquetzal, or "Flower Feather," the Mexican Venus, and the "book" concludes with pages dedicated to the gods of pleasure and procreation and the hovering and ever-watchful deities of death and sacrifice.

In many cases it has been only after long consideration and comparison with native written accounts and by dint of the most ingenious and involved reasoning that the weird and uncanny gestures and actions of the deities represented have been duly explained, and the intricate symbolism which surrounds them unriddled. Indeed this task alone has certainly equalled in difficulty and perplexity that presented by the solution of the hieroglyphic systems of Egypt. But whereas Egyptology had its Rosetta Stone, Mexican scholars were without such an aid to enlightenment, so far as these manuscripts were concerned. And are they accompanied by anything in the nature of actual script? They are. Here and there are to be found in their pages symbols which, when read together in the manner of a rebus, supply us with names. But these are more frequently encountered in such of the paintings as deal with tribute or legal conveyances of land. The name of King Ixcoatl, for example, is represented by the picture of a serpent (*coatl*), pierced by flint knives (*iztli*) and that of Motequauhzoma (Montezuma) by a mouse-trap (*montli*) an eagle (*quauhtli*) a lancet, (*zo*) and a hand (*maitl*). The phonetic values employed by the scribes varied exceedingly and they certainly conveyed their ideas more by sketch than by sound.

Those manuscripts which do not possess so much a mythological as a fictional or historical interest are few. The Codex Nuttall illustrates the fictional story of a popular hero named "Eight Deer," a kind of Mexican Arthur, and his comrade "Twelve Ollin," the

names, as was common in ancient Mexico, being the equivalents of dates in the calendar. It is, indeed, an example, and the only surviving one, of the Aztec novel or romance. Eight Deer evidently began life as a priest, and after advancing from strength to strength in chieftainship, conquered many towns, and received the homage of a hundred petty rulers. The pages which describe his saga display a bewildering variety of tribal or individual costume, coiffure, body-painting and insignia, sacrifice and rite. "The Codex," says Mrs. Nuttall, the Americanist from which it takes name, "does not contain what might be termed a consecutive written text, but merely consists of the pictorial representation of events, accompanied by such hieroglyphic names as were necessary in order to preserve them exactly, and fix them in the memories of the native bards," who "acquired by oral transmission the history of the native heroes whose deeds are pictured."

The death and funeral rites of Twelve Ollin are elaborately illustrated. Elsewhere Eight Deer is shown in company with a woman called "Twelve Serpent." Indeed, the Codex contains no less than 176 representations of women of the upper ranks, illustrating their life and costume, and providing most valuable data upon this rather obscure subject.

Another story illustrated by the codex is that of the Lady "Three-Flint," and the lord "Five-Flower," which strikingly exemplifies the life-tale of a Mexican woman of the upper classes and the several rites that she had to undergo at various times in her existence. It is, indeed, chiefly by reason of its ample illustration of rite and ceremony that the Codex Nuttall is of value to the student of Mexican religion, who will be better able to estimate our comparative ignorance of the subject from the bewildering richness and variety of its brilliant pages.

Several of the Mexican manuscripts remaining to us were rescued from oblivion by the unremitting toil and personal sacrifice of enlightened men whose labours well deserve to be remembered. A French Franciscan friar, Jacques Testera, who arrived in Mexico in 1530 to instruct the Indians in the Christian faith, conscious of a lack of knowledge regarding native custom which might assist him in his work, surrounded himself with skilled interpreters, and had the mysteries of the Christian religion painted by them on maguey paper, thus reviving to some extent the art of the Mexican

pinturas. But the ecclesiastical authorities intervened, and put an end to the interesting experiment. Sahagun and Motolinia, both Spanish friars, collected numerous manuscripts, and encouraged the fictile art of the natives by every means in their power.

The most valuable compendium is that of Father Bernardino Sahagun, entitled *A General History of the Affairs of New Spain,* which was published from manuscript only in the middle of last century, though written in the first half of the sixteenth century. Sahagun arrived in Mexico eight years after the country had been reduced by the Spaniards to a condition of servitude. He obtained a thorough mastery of the Nahuatl tongue, and conceived a warm admiration for the native mind and a deep interest in the antiquities of the conquered people. His method of collecting facts concerning their mythology and history was as effective as it was ingenious. He held daily conferences with reliable Indians, and placed questions before them, to which they replied by symbolical paintings detailing the answers which he required. These he submitted to scholars who had been trained under his own supervision, and who, after consulting among themselves, rendered him a criticism in Nahuatl of the hieroglyphical paintings he had placed at their disposal. Not content with this process, he subjected these replies to the criticism of a third body, after which the matter was included in his work. But ecclesiastical intolerance was destined to keep the result from publication for three centuries. Afraid that such a volume would be successful in keeping alight the smouldering embers of paganism in Mexico, Sahagun's brethren refused him the assistance he required for its publication. But on his appealing to the Council of the Indies in Spain he was met with encouragement, and was ordered to translate his great work into Spanish, a task he undertook when over eighty years of age. He transmitted the work to Spain, and for three hundred years nothing more was heard of it.

For generations antiquarians interested in the lore of ancient Mexico bemoaned its loss, until at length one Muñoz, more indefatigable than the rest, chanced to visit the crumbling library of the ancient convent of Tolosi, in Navarre. There, among time-worn manuscripts and tomes relating to the early fathers and the intricacies of canon law, he discovered the lost Sahagun! It was printed separately by Bustamante at Mexico and by Lord Kingsborough in

his collection in 1830, and has been translated into French by M. Jourdanet. Thus the manuscript commenced in or after 1530 was given to the public after a lapse of no less than three hundred years!

But even more romantic are the adventures of the Chevalier Boturini Benaducci. Towards the end of the seventeenth century this Italian nobleman conceived the notion of rescuing such remains of the native Mexican literature as might still be obtainable in the remoter parts of the country. He went to Mexico, and after

THE GOD TLALOC.
From *Codex Magliabecchiano.*

unparalleled difficulties, succeeded in collecting a very considerable number of paintings and documents in places often the most unlikely. His adventures in tracing these, if fully known, would certainly compose one of the greatest romances of literary exploration, and such of them as we are conversant with equal the romantic wanderings of Borrow or Leland. But he was not to reap the benefit of his toil, for the Mexican Inquisition seized upon his collection,

and after keeping his precious manuscripts in a damp cellar for many years, disposed of many of them in 1720. This notwithstanding, several of his discoveries found their way into the cabinets of bibliophiles, notably into that of the late M. Aubin of Paris. The great Humboldt also gathered a number of valuable Aztec MSS, chiefly dealing with tribute, but some of which appear to be identical with those painted for Testera, and in our own day Seler and others have recovered a handful of native writings of lesser value.

The similar manuscripts of the Maya Indians of Guatemala and Yucatan, whose architectural antiquities have recently been the subject of an expedition under the auspices of the British Museum, are considerably more advanced both in the scale of artistic expression and in the hieroglyphic writing which accompanies them. Only three of any note have been preserved, the remainder perishing, like those of the Aztecs, in the smoke of the *auto da fé*. These are the Codex Perezianus, preserved in the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris, that in the Library at Dresden, and the Troano, discovered at Madrid in 1865. All three deal exclusively with Maya mythology. So far, the gods represented in the pictures they contain have been designated by Maya scholars by the letters of the alphabet, as they could not readily be identified with the divine beings alluded to in the writings of the early Spanish colonists in Guatemala and Yucatan. Nevertheless, continuous effort has succeeded in the identification of a number of these divinities.[3] As regards the hieroglyphs which accompany them, these are still undecipherable, although the calendric and arithmetical system of the Maya have now been unriddled through the joint labours of American and German scholars.

But even more interesting than these Mayan *pinturas* are the books of the Maya native scribes which have weathered the centuries and whose pages have done more perhaps than any of the remnants of the American past to cast light on its mysteries. The most remarkable of these, perhaps, is the Popol Vuh, a volume in which a little real history is mingled with much mythology. It was composed in the form in which we now possess it by a Christianised native of Guatemala in the seventeenth century, and copied in Quiche, in which it was originally written, by one Francisco Ximenes, a monk, who also added to it a Spanish translation.

[3] See the author's article on "The Gods of the Maya," in *The Open Court* magazine, for February, 1926.

For generations antiquarians interested in this wonderful compilation were aware that it existed somewhere in Guatemala, and many were the regrets expressed regarding their inability to unearth it. A certain Don Felix Cabrera had made use of it early in the nineteenth century, but the whereabouts of the copy he had seen could not be discovered. But Dr. C. Scherzer, an Austrian Americanist, resolved if possible to recover it, and in 1854 paid a visit to Guatemala for the purpose. After a most exciting search, he succeeded in locating the lost manuscript in the University of San Carlos, in the city of Guatemala. Ximenes, the copyist, had placed it in the library of the convent of Chichicastenango, whence it passed to the San Carlos Library in 1830. It is of the same class as the Chinese history in the *Five Books*, or the Japanese Nihongi, a chronicle of distinctly mythological character, interspersed with pseudo-history, and written in the Quiche language of the Indians of Guatemala. It relates the deeds of the hero-gods of the Maya, the creation of the world, the fall of the giants, and later shades into actual Maya chronicle.[4]

Equally interesting are "The Books of Chilan Balam" or "The Tiger Priesthood," native annals from the neighbourhood of several of the ruined Maya cities of Yucatan, written in hieroglyphs, and glossed here and there by Spanish phrases engrossed on their margins by native Maya chroniclers after the advent of the Conquistadores. It was through the agency of these manuscripts that the chronological system of the Maya was discovered, the dates given in Spanish equating with certain Maya symbols, so that in a measure The Books of Chilan Balam may be described as the Maya equivalent of the Egyptian Rosetta Stone.

A great mystery hangs about the writings of Nuñez de la Vega, Bishop of Chiapas, who made a holocaust of the sacred books of the Maya at Huehuetlan in 1691. Among other manuscripts then destroyed was a curious book in the Quiche tongue, said to have been written by the god Votan. Inspired by its curious details, de la Vega incorporated portions of it in his *Constituciones Diocesianus de Chiapas,* but nevertheless in his pitiless zeal committed it to the flames. A certain Ordoñez de Aguilar had, however, made a copy of it before its destruction, and included this in his "Historia de Cielo" MS. It tells of the wanderings of Votan through the world,

[4] See *The Popol Vuh,* by the author, London, 1908.

and contains a passage which has an extraordinary resemblance to that in Genesis recounting the fall of the Tower of Babel. Returning to Palenque after his wanderings, Votan built a temple by the Huehuetan River, known from its subterranean chambers as "The House of Darkness." Here he deposited the Maya Records under the change of certain old men and priestesses. Says Nuñez, writing of Votan and his temple: "It is related that he tarried in Huehueta (which is a city in Soconusco), and that there he placed a tapir and a great treasure in a slippery (damp, dark subterranean) house, which he built by the breath of his nostrils, and he appointed a woman as chieftain, with *tapianes* (that is, Mexican *tlapiani*, "keepers") to guard her. This treasure consisted of jars, which were closed with covers of the same clay, and of a room in which the picture of the ancient heathens who are in the calendar were engraved in stone, together with *chalchiuites* (which are small, heavy, green stones) and other superstitious images; and the chieftainess herself and the *tapianes*, her guardians, surrendered all these things, which were publicly burned in the market place of Huehueta when we inspected the aforesaid province in 1691. All the Indians greatly revere this Votan, and in a certain province they call him 'heart of the cities'."

Did Bishop Nuñez actually take the relics of which he speaks, the "superstitious" images and the jars of treasure, from a subterranean place in Huehuetan, and did he encounter living human guardians in that retreat? We have only his word for it. But if he did so, then he must have put a period to a hierarchy which had survived during some fifteen centuries.

It will thus be seen that the native writings of Isthmian America occupy a position between the time-counts and wholly pictorial manuscripts of the Red Man of the Prairies and the hieroglyphic systems of such races as the Egyptian and Babylonians. The Maya hieroglyphs, known as "calculiform," because of their similarity to pebble shape, have yielded a small part of their secret to European inquiry, some twenty of their signs having been equated with Maya words. But although it is known that the system on which they are based is "ikonomatic," or resembling rebus-writing, like that of the Aztecs, we are as far as ever from being able to decipher their contents as a whole or to probe the mystery they enshrine. To decipher cuneiform writing or Egyptian hieroglyphics was a simple matter

compared with the elucidation of these stubborn little ovals, as interpretative aids were at hand. But European scholarship knows no defeat, and one day they must yield their secret, which will almost certainly be of a calendric nature so far as the manuscripts are concerned, although this may perhaps be augmented by historical data from the stone monuments of Yucatan and Guatemala. But we shall at least learn the names of the pictured gods over which we have puzzled for so long, and perhaps more about their worship than we know at present.

It is strange indeed that the riddle of the West has, until comparatively recent years aroused so little interest in Great Britain. Perhaps we feel that America should be permitted to unveil its own mysteries. The Continent and the United States have lavished much effort and treasure on this strange quest. But now that we have set our hands to the task, let us not, for very national pride, hold back any longer. Let us remember the achievements of Layard and Rawlinson, and that our island once stood supreme in Europe for the inductive and imaginative interpretation of the past. For inspiration is as much an asset to the archaeologist, whatever those who decry its aid may say, as that capacity for sustained logical reasoning on which the scientific method of the present-day is so ruthlessly founded.

MORE ABOUT SPACE AND TIME IN MUSIC

BY M. WHITCOMB HESS

"WHY is the *G Minor* any better a piece of music than *My Little Grey Home in the West?*", a correspondent wishes to know, after examining my thesis that music exemplifies the mutual transcendence of space and time, which was published in the October 1927 number of *The Open Court* under the title, "Space-and Time in Music." Music to him is enjoyable for its "architecture" rather than for "the peering of time into space, and the melting of space into time." The architecture of music! It was the city of King Arthur which arose to the strains of music and was "therefore never built at all, and therefore built forever." Is music as mere architecture to be taken seriously? The sort of building that goes on in music is comparable only to life, or to consciousness, for in this one art, process and result remain of equal value. It is true that most popular songs are "built" not according to high principles but are preponderantly rhythmical and sentimental. This sentimentality is the result of a partial cleavage of fact and meaning, and wherever anything less than complete correlation of melody, harmony and rhythm (elements of space-time's true expression) occurs, the music is insofar not pure. The individual whose thought habitually moves on a jazz level finds in jazz the true expression of life as animal functioning which still has its moments. The more difficult question is why the sensuous expression of truth through music may take so many forms. Instead of comparing Mozart's *Symphony in G Minor* with the single rhythmic melody of such a song as the one mentioned, would not a more pertinent query read something like this?—If it is true that music gives the truth of space-time, and the *G Minor* says the last word in musical perfection, how is the critic to explain the existence of many other musical masterpieces?

Music is highly sensuous. The physiology of the human ear makes the regular vibrations in the musical tone extremely pleasurable. But the reason for the concourse of sweet sounds in music being so variously enjoyed as well as the reason for an infinite possibility of arrangement of these sounds is discoverable in the fact that music is the shadow of creative thought, not of logical thinking. A mechanical sameness is the result of logic, but living thought is individual in each expression. The logic of the perfect whole with perfection of the parts is derived through that sense-organ, the eye. The musical composition taken as a whole with tone relations working to that end is a visual concept. The composition completed is no more the purpose and meaning of music than death is the purpose and meaning of life. In enjoying music who can deny that beyond the all-at-once experience given by the completeness present in each step of the process there is in addition a sensation of living, almost as though one had become for the time the very "note grown strong"? There is a saying that "The lark mounts to heaven on the wings of his song," and something like it happens to the music lover when he listens to good music. It is indeed almost impossible not to think of everything, even of life, in terms of the whole, just because the expression of space-time which the ear gives is more difficult and accordingly is not retained in memory so well as the simpler synthesis supplied by the eye. But analysis and synthesis at once is involved in life, or consciousness. The ear-sense, hearing, is capable of representing this; vision is not. The combination of analysis and synthesis does not produce a new synthesis, and the synoptic view which philosophers of today, yesterday, and the dim ages of philosophical speculation, have stressed, may put the thinker beyond time as they claim it does, but after all it is only the time in the particular event noted. The "eternal" view as illustrated by Mozart's reported dream referred to in the preceding paper is certainly not to be desired above living through the moments which make up the picture, whatever speculative philosophy may have held as its ideal. It is a one-sided attitude, and if the person who holds the doctrine but knew it, his wish to be beyond time without remaining in it is an extremely paradoxical one. What is time in itself? Like space, time is dependent, derived, and any duration is the expression of time, and any qualification of that duration expresses space. They are both

the external forms of thought and absolutely essential to one another.

Music cannot be considered the synthesis of space and time because analysis is of equal importance in the mutual transcendence of these thought forms. A successive difference of tone leaves the various differences isolated and distinct, though still in a continuum of tone. The tone, I repeat, in a composition of true music, is surcharged with its past and future and yet retains perfect individuality. This is not the case with color. Colors in juxtaposition have their individualities injured, and this is consequently true of colors in a series. It is because of the power of the sense of hearing to make a synthesis, and also permit analysis, not as parts of a whole but as equal in value with that whole, that space and time are given adequately through music, where space is expressed as time, and time as space, without either losing its original meaning. This is the true expression of each in relation to the other, and it is not so strange as it may at first appear. This relation is in fact only an example of what is meant by the word "transcendence" so often on the tongue of the philosopher.

Music is no pattern for thought. It is the natural expression of thought's form. To say this is not to put barriers between form and content whose relation is also a transcendent one. Instead of a sensuous expression of thought's form, the melody, harmony and rhythm of tone we hear in music may just as well be called the far echo of truth. Therefore, beautiful as the compositions of Mozart, Beethoven, Franck, Tschaikowsky and the whole category of favorites, seem to our sensuous souls, the high thought whose inner relations these musicians have presented has just so much the more beauty and value.

Poetry is compelling because the form of this art (as well as the attitude found here by reason of its form) is of the universal significance of music. Poetry conveying misrepresentation of truth carries with it a much more serious danger than is possible in any other art. In the tenth book of *The Republic* Socrates disparages both the poet and painter as mimetic, but he bars only the poet from the ideal state. For its power to make the good man bad Plato indicts poetry, the most deleterious art of all in its misuse. Poetry, says Plato's chief character, must appear at her truest and best in a well-ordered society, or not at all. Real poetry has the

appeal of truth in its content in direct relation to the music of its form. In Matthew Arnold's memorable essay, *The Study of Poetry,* the relation of content to form is emphasized: "In poetry . . . the spirit of our race will find its consolation and its stay. But the consolation and stay will be of power in proportion to the power of the criticism of life. *And the criticism of life will be of power in proportion as the poetry conveying it is excellent rather than inferior, sound rather than unsound or half-sound, true rather than untrue or half-true.*"

Music is all-sufficient in itself. It does not and should not suggest content for the form of thought becomes the reality of music. Its purpose is the demonstration of the relationships of thought-forms. Only incidentally are these relations logical, for logic, though it has its place, is the heritage of eye-minded philosophers who find in complete structures such as the eye witnesses, the sole truth. The moods given by music are evidences of the living reality of these thought relations. In a representative symphony such as Beethoven's "Mighty Fifth," moods from despair and resignation to joy and triumph succeed one another and are caught up and intermingled as the theme moves along. A mood is much more complex than we generally think of it. The mood is the tone —observe how commonly the sensory term occurs in our speech —the tone of the thought whose living form-relations are represented by music.

A SYSTEM OF OCCIDENTAL OCCULTISM[1]

BY AXEL LUNDEBERG

WE are so used to connecting the idea of occult teachings with the Orient that the very intimation of the existence of similar currents in the Western Hemisphere of our globe is apt to take us by surprise. And yet the saying *"Les extremes se touchent"* proves true even on this field of human activity, for both the extreme Northwest and the extreme Southeast of Eur-Asia are cradles and hearths of either Christian or Buddhistic "secret doctrines." India, the land of heat and fire, is a fertile soil on which Asiatic Theosophy flourishes, while Sweden, the land of ice and snow, has fostered the greatest European system of occultism, that of Emanuel Swedenborg. The Scandinavian and Hindu branches of the Aryan race thus prove their kinship by drawing on the rich resources of an inheritance common to both, the innate consciousness of the awe-inspiring presence of a superhuman power. This fact is, no doubt, at least to a great extent, due to natural environment. Under the glowing sun of India as well as in the icy cold of Sweden's winters the human mind meets with nature as an overwhelming, almighty, mysterious and enigmatic power ensnaring in its meshes not only the mineral and vegetable but also the animal and human realms. Who or what is this wonderful power,

[1] The study of Swedenborg's Theosophy is by no means an easy task. He is a very voluminous writer. The correspondences between the human body and all its organs with the "Grand Man" are treated of in 205 paragraphs in the Arcana Coelestia, and the quotations from said work in "Heaven and Hell" amount to no less than 5,290. He often repeats himself, and his Theosophy is so interwoven with his Theology and Exegesis as to make a very careful sifting process indispensable. Add to this that he uses a terminology of his own, and that his numerous definitions—they amount to more than 2,000—often are subtilt and hairfine, and it must be admitted that a study of his one hundred volumes is an almost superhuman test of patience and endurance. However, as Emerson says, not all can study them but those who can will reap a rich reward. All we claim for the following brief outline sketch is that it may serve as an introduction to such a study.

against which human efforts seem to avail nothing? Where is the key to this inscrutable problem? The Hindu mind answers this question by Oriental Occultism, while the Scandinavian offers the solution in a system of Occidental Theosophy.

Occult teachings were nothing new in Sweden when Emanuel Swedenborg concentrating, as it were, into one bright and brilliant focus his rich ancestral inheritance of Scandinavian lore and wisdom appeared before the eighteenth century—the era of "illumination"—as the herald and exponent of a system of Christian Occultism, which unexpectedly hit that period of skepticism as a stroke of lightning from a clear sky. The ancient Scandinavian Poetic Edda (derived from the Sanskrit Veda) is a veritable storehouse of occultism and wisdom-teachings. Later St. Bridget touched the strings of the occult harp radiating from the Vadstena monastery vibrations that were felt through the whole Catholic world. But it was not until four hundred years later that the gates were fully opened to the abundant treasure house of the Swedish occult world through the publication of three epochmaking Theosophical works of Emanuel Swedenborg, *Worship and Love of God* (1745), *Heaven and its Wonders and Hell* (1758), and *Angelic Wisdom concerning the Divine Love and the Divine Wisdom* (1763).

After these brief prefatory remarks we introduce to our readers not only Sweden's, but also Europe's, greatest theosophist and mystic, Emanuel Swedenborg (1688-1772).

The first "Theosophical Society" in the world, bearing that name, was formed in London in 1783, eleven years after the death of Swedenborg. Its leading principles were derived from the above mentioned theosophical works of his.

Emerson, in his *Representative Men,* classifies Swedenborg as a "mystic," while his first adherents call him a "theosophist." Is there any essential difference between these two definitions? The Century Dictionary defines a "theosophist" as "one who professes to possess divine illumination," "a believer in theosophy"—; and "theosophy" is according to the same authority "knowledge of divine things; a philosophy based upon a claim of special insight into the divine nature, or a special divine revelation." "Mysticism" again is, according to Brande's and Cox's *Dictionary of Science, Literature and Art*—"a word of very vague signification, applied

for the most part indiscriminately to all those views or tendencies in religion which aspire towards more direct communication between man and God (not through the medium of the senses, but through the inward perception of the mind), than that which may be obtained through revelation." And the same authority continues: "They (The Theosophists) differ from the mystics who have been styled Theopathetic, whose object is passively to receive the supposed communication of the Divinity and expatiate on the results."

As a further elucidation of the relation between these two currents of Occultism the following quotation from Schaff-Herzog's *Encyclopedia* might be of interest: "Theosophy is distinguished from Mysticism, speculative theology, and other forms of philosophy and theology, to which it bears certain resemblance, by its claims of direct divine inspiration, immediate divine revelation, and its want, more or less conspicuous, of dialectical exposition."[2]

Whatever significance we may attach to the above definitions they seem to indicate that the demarkation line between Theosophy and Mysticism is very thin and is to be found rather in the difference of methods than of results, which latter in both cases are the same, though in the former they are arrived at by means of spontaneous activity and efforts while in the latter a passive expectance serves the same purpose. Swedenborg consequently is just as much entitled to a place among Theosophists as among Mystics, as the reader of his three above mentioned works might find. In these interesting volumes he has, as I am going to show, revealed theories about God, creation and man, which secure to him a high rank among occult writers and make him the very originator and, at least so far, the only conspicuous representative of Occidental or, we might say, Christian Occultism in modern times. We therefore will give a brief sketch of his theosophical system, leaving it to our readers to continue its study and to compare it with the Oriental Occultism which in our time has become almost fashionable among the many thousands of educated men and women who have turned away from established religious organizations to seek the truth elsewhere.

[2] All these authorities place Swedenborg among mystics and theosophists alongside with Jacob Bohm, Madame Guyon, Fenelon, Molinos, while Dean William Ralph Inge does not give Swedenborg a place in his work on *Christian Mysticism*.

God is, according to Swedenborg, Essence and Existence, the first and the last, the beginning and the end of everything, the Alpha and the Omega of creation. The Divine is essential essence and essential form. It is uncreate and infinite. The Divine is Divine Love as to its essential essence, and Divine Wisdom as to its essential form, and from both emanates or flows the Divine energy or active force into all creation energizing and sustaining it as the spring moves the clock, or steam and electricity their respective engines. (Swedenborg's world-conception is mechanical not dynamic). In the spiritual world God appears encircled within an aura or sphere, just as the natural sun is surrounded by a corona, and he is in fact the sun of the spiritual world, yea, the central sun of the entire universe. From the spiritual sun flow light, heat and energy, but its light is wisdom and its heat is love, while its energy is represented by its actinic rays.

This spiritual sun, however, is not God, but God himself dwells in it in human form, yea, he is, as Swedenborg expresses it, "very man" or "essential man," he is in fact "the only real man," the prototype of all men. This is not to be confounded with anthropomorphism. Swedenborg does not conceive of God as a gigantic human being (or Haeckelian vertebrate), even though he calls him "God-man," for thereby he means that in God are present and function all the elements that constitute true humanity. This "God-man" is surrounded by four spheres, auras or atmospheres which all emanate or flow from him. These spheres are in the order of nearness or distance from their common origin as follows: the divine aura (nearest to God), the magnetic aura, the ether and the air. (It should be remembered that in the spiritual world are only appearances of space as also of time.) It is in and by means of these atmospheres that creation is effected, for Swedenborg most emphatically avers that God did not create the universe out of nothing (*ex nihilo nihil fit*).

In *The Divine Love and the Divine Wisdom*, No. 55, he writes: "From Absolute Nothingness, nothing is or can be made. This is an established truth. The universe, therefore, which is God's image, and consequently full of God, could be created only in God and from God; for God is *Esse* (being) itself, and from *Esse* must be whatever is. To create what is, from nothing, which is not, is a direct contradiction."

But here we are confronted with the question: how could God who is infinite, out of his own infinite substance create the finite world? Every one familiar with abstract thinking will here find himself standing face to face with an apparently unsolvable problem. Swedenborg's answer is as follows: The first finite forms are certain "vortex-points" produced by the Divine will, or the movement within the infinite Divine substance itself (*Principia* Vol. 1, Ch. 1, 2, 3). These "vortex-points," which under the Divine influence arrange themselves into "vortex-rings," are the very beginnings of the finiting of the infinite, and thus constitute the Logos through which the universe was created (*Philo Judaeus* and *John,* ch. 1, v. 1).

This seems to be a very close approach to the Pantheistic world-conception. But Swedenborg stands on a strictly theistic vantage-ground and sharply distinguishes between God and the created world. And right here the distinction between this herald of Occidental Theosophy and for instance Hegel, or Buddhism or Oriental Occultism or other Pantheistic systems appears in full light, for he evades the trap, in which so many thinkers have fallen at this crossroad, by an original and keen reasoning. He says in *The Divine Love and Wisdom,* No. 56: "Every created thing, by virtue of this origin (from God), is such in its nature that it may be a recipient of God, not by *continuity,* but by *contiguity.* (This will be explained in what follows.) By the latter and not the former comes its capacity for conjunction. For having been created in God from God, it is accordant, and is an analogue, and through such conjunction it becomes like an image of God in a mirror."

The whole creation then, man not excepted, is not Being or Life in itself, but consists of forms created to serve as receptacles of the Divine Life. If this Divine Life was withdrawn from the created form they would dwindle away and die, for everything lives by Influx of and from the Divine Being, and the individual forms vary according to the degree of their ability to receive and retain the Divine Life. Thus some of these forms become earth, stones, metals, crystals, or other minerals, which represent the lowest or angular form, while others assume the manifold manifestations of the vegetable kingdom, characterized by the spherical or circular form. Others again rise above these primitive na-

ture-forms and become rationally thinking beings clothed in the perpetually spherical or spiral form. Some of these forms or receptacles are able to retain the inflowing Divine Life only for a short time, owing to the fact that they are not in possession of higher and more perfect vessels of reception, why they are accidental and ephemeral manifestations of the indwelling Divine life. Such are the inorganic nature-forms. Such also are the different genera and species of the vegetable kingdom, and such forms are also the many varieties of animals that inhabit the earth. They all retain the inflowing Divine Life for a certain time only, whereupon they let it go. Consequently they are mortal and perishable. Man, on the contrary, being the most perfect receptacle of the Divine Life, lives forever. This is in fact the very foundation of his immortality.

The Influx of the Divine Life, when passing from God to the created forms, which as it were absorb it, is *not continuous* but *broken* by and through the atmospheres, through which it passes, as for instance a ray of sunlight, during its wanderings through earth, water and air, is modified by its contact with these material substances. This is why life manifests itself in different "planes" and within different "spheres," so that we everywhere meet with "life within life," or life revealing itself in, and reacting against different atmospheres or auras. Consequently Swedenborg observes that life appears in *three degrees;* to-wit, one degree for each one of the atmospheres of the created universe, of course not counting the inmost or Divine aura, which also is threefold. Swedenborg calls these degrees "degrees of altitude," or "discreet degrees," thereby indicating that they do not mix or flow into one another, but are absolutely and completely separated from one another, so that none of them can through any kind of evolution or process of refinement evolve into or merge into another degree. This means, in other words, that spirit in not refined matter, that soul and body are completely separated by a degree of altitude, and that men can never become gods, as Oriental Theosophy teaches.

In man the three degrees of altitude appear within the spheres of will, understanding and action, which are actual forms for the reception and retention of the inflowing Divine love, wisdom and energy, for man, as has already been said, in no wise possesses life by or of himself, but he is only a form for the reception of life.

In God these same degrees of altitude are represented by the Divine Love, the Divine Wisdom and the Divine Energy or efflux (in orthodox theology designated as father, son and holy ghost, erroneously represented as three distinct persons). The Divine Being as father or infinite love is invisible to the whole creation, and consequently can never be seen by human eyes under this aspect. But as Logos, or as the Divine Wisdom or Truth he has been seen here on earth, and was so seen for instance when Jesus said to the apostle Philip (John xiv:8): "Philip, he that hath seen me hath seen the father," and "I am in the father and the father in me," or "The father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works," or "I and the father are one." These sayings furnish a rational explanation of the doctrine of the Trinity, which, according to Swedenborg, does not consist in a union of three persons, but rather is a trinity in one person, namely, a trinity of Divine Love, Divine Wisdom and Divine Energy within the Lord Jesus Christ who consequently is God as revealed in the flesh, the very God-Man.

In the Sacred Scriptures of Christendom these degrees of altitude are responsible for the threefold sense or meaning, the one hidden within the other: the natural or literal accessible to all men, and the esoteric or inner senses: the spiritual and the celestial, perceived only by those whose spiritual sight is opened.

In fine, life everywhere is manifested in the three degrees of altitude. In a general way we see them revealed in all expressions of life in the natural world with its innumerable physical forms that live, move and have their being within the terrestrial atmosphere whether on this or other planets, while on the spiritual plane life—such as it appears in the inner, finer atmospheres, where it is imperceptible to our gross physical senses—clothes itself in more substantial forms, which more perfectly and in a fuller measure receive the Divine influx. It is within these finer atmospheres, which in no wise are attenuated or refined air, but entirely heterogeneous substances—and not on some distant planet in the visible universe—that we find the spiritual world. Separated from this inner world, during our mundane existence, by a degree of altitude so completely and perfectly that no refinement of our material or physical bodies can ever carry us across the border-line, we nevertheless live in a constant connection with that world, which in fact is the world of causes, while our world is the sphere of effects. This con-

nection takes place in accordance with the law of correspondences, for Swedenborg asserts most emphatically that a perfect correspondence exists between the natural and the spiritual world so that all the phenomena of the former are nothing but manifestations of the latter on the material plane of life. The spiritual world is essentially like the natural world, which is moulded after the pattern of the former, the only difference being that the spiritual world is substantial, while the natural is material.

What place in creation has man according to this Occidental Theosophy, what is his destiny and final fate, the aim and purpose of human life? When at death man's spirit sheds his mortal coil, never to return to it again, he first enters the "Intermediate World," the vast reception room for all the departed from all the worlds in the universe. While in this immense "receptaculum" he gradually attains to a state of equilibrium between the good and the evil elements in his makeup. He is, as it were, weighed, measured and appraised with strict reference to the qualities he has acquired during his earth life—his Karma as the Orientals would call it—and the result of this process decides his destiny for all eternity. If his good qualities are predominant he rises to the heavenly world, and if the evil are in the lead he sinks to the underworld—, drawn or attracted to the one or the other by his "ruling love." The heaven-world consists of innumerable societies arranged in two kingdoms—, the realm of love and the realm of truth—, and in three regions: the first, second and third heaven, corresponding to the three domains of the natural, the spiritual and the divine, or the will, understanding and action in man, or love, truth and energy in God. To the one or the other of these heavenly societies the spirit of a good man will be drifting after death, and there he lives forever in the company of other congenial decarnate spirits held together by the tender bond of sympathy, and during ages innumerable growing into a warmer love and a clearer understanding, while performing "uses" for the welfare of the whole Heavenly community and of the entire human race in all the inhabited worlds of the universe, for as Swedenborg says, "The Lord's kingdom is a kingdom of uses."

It will appear from this brief sketch that the oriental doctrine of reincarnation has no place in this system of Occidental Theosophy. According to Swedenborg man's spirit never returns to this

earth after the death of the body, for retrogression in his evolutionary career is impossible, in so far as it would involve a sinking down from a higher degree of life into a lower, which already has been passed. But how explain the fact that we sometimes meet with people who claim to be able to remember former existences here on earth? The key to this strange phenomenon is, according to Swedenborg, to be found in the connection between the natural and the spiritual worlds, for man is in constant communion with the inhabitants of the other world. This communion—under normal conditions—takes place unconsciously on both sides of the border-line. Exceptionally, however, man might become conscious of experiences stored in the memories of other intelligent beings communing with him, and he then naturally confounds them with his own, thinking that he himself has lived through them. (See H. and H. No. 257.)

Let us finally make a brief summary of the general features of this Occidental Theosophy by considering its main characteristics in order to classify it and designate its proper place in the Pantheon of human thought. In order to make such a brief survey practical we shall call the attention of the readers to some of the most conspicuous distinctions between eastern and western theosophical speculation.

Oriental Theosophy then is Pantheistic and Buddhistic, while Swedenborgian Theosophy is strictly Theistic and Christian. Oriental Theosophy commingles God, man and the world, while Swedenborg draws a sharply defined demarkation line between them, through the doctrine of the three degrees of altitude (discreet degrees), thus leaving no room for a pantheistic conception of the universe. According to Swedenborg God in no way can be confounded with the universe, which is his creation. Man also is created by God as an individual and will remain such to all eternity. No evolution or growth can ever transform a man into a god. If this were possible then man sooner or later, during his course of evolution, would reach a stage where his individuality was lost, and he would, as it were, merge into "the all" (universe) and disappear as a drop of rain in the ocean, which also, according to Oriental Theosophy, is his final destiny. Swedenborg therefore is a Theistic Theosophist. This much so far as Swedenborg's relation to Oriental Theosophy is concerned.

Let us now turn to another phase of his teachings. His theosophy is a strictly monistic religio-philosophical system. The whole universe is conceived of as circling around a central sun and being sustained and governed by the same immutable laws from center to circumference. God does not share his world-dominion with an enemy almost as powerful as himself (the devil of orthodoxy). His aim and purpose with creation was to produce a heaven of blessed spiritual beings around his throne. Man's destiny therefore from the first beginning is to become an angel. In fact all angels have been men, and the world consequently serves as a seminary of heaven. From God all creation emanates—and to him it longs to return just as the heat and light, which flow from the natural sun, produce a variety of live forms—whether vegetable or animal—which all turn their faces to the source of their lives. Furthermore, Swedenborg's Theosophy offers a solution to the "Riddle of the Universe" just as simple as it is rational and plausible. He does not seek this solution in far distant realms, but he finds it in man himself, for every man is, according to him, as it were, a little universe, a microcosm, and in his own organism he can read the solution of the riddle of the macrocosm, or as he prefers to designate it the "Maximus Homo," the "Grand Man," meaning thereby not only the spiritual or heaven-world but also all organizations—communal or national—which exist as organic societies for the purpose of performing "uses," in so far as they grow into likeness with their heavenly pattern, in fine what the Greek would call a "Kosmos," why Swedenborg's world-conception also might be properly called a "Kosmosophy."

Maximus Homo, (also *Magnus Homo, Unus Homo, Divinus Homo,* and *Coelestis Homo*), is a conception peculiar to Swedenborg's Theosophy, wherein it plays a very important part. It reminds in a certain sense of Platon's and Chr. J. Bostrom's world of ideas. (See "Sweden's Contributions to Philosophy" in *The Open Court,* July 1927), and perhaps still more of Adam Kadmon, the original or "celestial man" in Kabbalistic Theosophy. It is the same thought that underlies the idea of the "Kingdom of God," and the "Kingdom of Heaven" in the Synoptical Gospels, of Augustinus *Civitas Dei,* and in scientific guise meets us in Herbert Spencer's Sociology. Swedenborg, however, has developed his doctrine along independent lines, incorporating into the same elements

entirely foreign to other kindred systems or at least in them existing only in an embryonic state.

The whole universe then is, according to Swedenborg, as it were, a "universal man," a "microcosm," communing and co-operating with the human "microcosm" by means of correspondences, as a consequence whereof the understanding of man implies and logically leads to the understanding of the entire universe, and Biology becomes a helpmate and handmaid of Sociology, a thought that later served as a fundamental principle in a remarkable work of another influential Swedish philosopher.[3]

Thus the famous device of the Delphian Oracle: "Man, know thyself!" implies not only "self-knowledge" but also at the same time "world-knowledge." The correspondence between the human organism and the world-organism is followed up and elaborated into the very minutest details in a great number of paragraphs in Swedenborg's most voluminous work, the *Arcana Coelestia,* to which we refer interested students.

It should hardly be necessary to remind our readers that by "human form" in the above connection is not understood "shape" or external likeness but rather "functions" or in Swedenborg's terminology "uses," by the mutual performance of which humanity is knit together into one organic entity. To quote from the Appendix to the Apoc. Expl.: *The Divine Love* No. 14: "in the Lord's (=God's) view, the whole human race (including the inhabitants of other planets A. C. No. 6807) is as one man; all in a kingdom are also as one man; likewise all in a province, all in a city, and all in a household. It is not the men themselves that are thus seen together, but the uses in them." And in this sense everything is in the human form.

It can hardly be denied by unprejudiced truthseekers that Occidental Theosophy, as it meets us in Swedenborg's Writings, deserves at least as much attention of modern students of the occult as, for instance Madame Blavatsky's *Secret Doctrine* and *Isis Unveiled,* Kingsford's and Maitland's *The Perfect Way or the Finding of Christ,* or Rudolf Steiner's, *Leadbeater's* and Annie Besant's now so popular works. It certainly is a matter of regret that so far only a few isolated attempts have been made to continue in the direction

[3] Gustaf Bjorklund in his *Coalescence of the Nations;* see "Sweden's Contribution to Philosophy" in the July issue 1927 of *The Open Court.*

indicated by Swedenborg. However, a beginning has been made, for instance, by Dr. Garth Wilkinson in his work on *The Book of Edda called Voluspa, A Study in the Scriptural and Spiritual Correspondences;* by C. Th. Odhner in his work on *The Correspondences of Egypt, a Study in the Theology of the Ancient Church,* and in A. L. Kip's *Psychology of the Nations.* While the two first mentioned works throw new light upon the mysteries of Antiquity and the Middle Ages, the latter gives valuable hints to the understanding of the international affairs of our own time. If we add to the former *Religion Rationalized* by Hiram Vrooman, *Symbol-Psychology, A New Interpretation of Race-Traditions* by Adolph Roeder, *The Nature of the Spiritual World* by Alfred Acton, *The Return-Kingdom of the Divine Proceeding* by Lillian G. Beekman, we have mentioned almost all noteworthy attempts to constructive works on the foundations laid by Swedenborg. But the time does not yet seem ripe for such a development. Might it not be that Oriental Theosophy has to run the race to the utmost limits of its strength until Occidental Occultism will be able to open the doors to the rich treasure house of its resources? Then, perhaps, the two branches of the Aryan race—East and West—so long estranged—have learned to understand one another, and join hands on the neutral field of Occultism, in the realm spiritual, for they both draw from the same source, and truth is one even if viewed from different standpoints.

THE LIFE OF MEH TI[1]

BY QUENTIN KUEI YUAN HUANG

THE life of Meh Ti is still a great problem to Chinese scholars. Some say that he was a native of the State of Sung; others, that he was a subject of the State of Lu. His date is also doubtful, and scholars differ about it. Sze Ma Ch'ien, the Herodotus of China, who lived about 185-136 B. C., has left no sketch of Meh Ti's life in his *Shi Ki* (Historical Records). Yet although we are confronted with difficulties, Meh Ti is not a myth and we have some evidences for constructing his life, both from his own works and from external sources. The external evidence is found in three sources: the *Works of Mencius,*[2] the *Works of Chuang Tzi,*[3] and *Yu's Annals of Spring and Autumn.*[4]

[1] Meh Ti's surname is Meh which means "ink" in Chinese, and his personal name is Ti. There is a great deal of variation in the Romanization of his surname. Williams spells it as Moh while Marrison and Legge give it as Mih. Still some others spell it as Mo. These variations are due to the various pronounciations of the word Meh in different dialects. It seems to me more correct to spell it as Meh Ti according to the Mandarian. Meh Ti or Meh Tzi has been Latinized by Faber as Micius, who also calls Lieh Tzi Licius in analogy with the Latinized names Confucius and Mencius.

Tzi is used in connection with most of the names of the Chinese philosophers or ethical teachers. It has an honorary signification and different meanings. The root meanings are child, a son, any male, young, middle-aged, or old, but it has come to mean teacher, sage, or philosopher.

[2] Mencius is the Latinized name of Meng Tzi. His surname is Meng and personal name, K'o. Mencius, a native of Tsou (in modern Shangtung), studied under Kung Chi, the grandson of Confucius, and later attained to what has been considered a perfect apprehension of the teachings of Confucius. He was an uncompromising defender of the doctrines of Confucius. It was due to him chiefly that the teachings of Yan Chu and Meh Ti have been stamped out for so many years. His work is called *Meng Tzi or The Works of Mencius,* being one of the "Four Books" of China.

[3] Chuang Tzi or Chuang Chou was a native of Meng (in modern Anhwei). It is said that he held a petty official post at Chi Yuan (in modern Shantung). He refused the offer of the post Prime Minister from the Prince of Ch'u but devoted himself to the study of philosophy and to the

Mencius (372-289 B. C.) expressly declares that his mission is to 'drive away' the doctrines of Meh Ti and Yang Chu.[5] He says: "Sage kings do not arise and princes of states give the reins to their lusts. The words of Yang Chu and Meh Ti fill the kingdom. The people are adherents either of Yang or of Meh. . . . . If the principles of Yang and Meh are not stopped, the principles of Confucius can not be set forth."—(*The Works of Mencius* III. III, xi. 9-10).

Chuang Tzi (350-275 B. C.) defends his ancient master, Lao Tzi[6] and criticises both Meh Ti and Yan Chu. He says: "If the mouths of Yang and Meh are not stopped, and benevolence and righteousness thrown aside, the virtue of all men will begin to display its mysterious excellence."—(*The Works of Chuang Tzi*).

From these two passages, it is clear that at the time of Mencius and Chuang Tzi in the fourth century B. C., Meh Ti's teaching was at its climax and his principles were wide spread throughout the kingdom. Mencius says: "The people are adherents either of

glorification of Lao Tzi. His work, which now consists of thirty-three chapters, is known as the Holy Scriptures of Nan Hwa. Nan Hwa is the name of a hill in Tsao Chou, Shantung, on which he lived and died.

[4] Yu, a native of the State of Wei, according to some; of the State of Han, according to others, lived as a merchant at Han Tan, the capital of the State of Chao. His surname is Yu and personal name, Pu Wei. He has been considered the father of Shi Huang Ti, the First Emperor of the Tsin dynasty (221-206 B. C.). For twelve years he was the minister of the State of Tsin. Furthermore, he was a great scholar and engaged a number of scholars to produce the work published under the title of Yu's Annals of Spring and Autumn. After he had completed this work, he put one copy of it in the market-place at Hsien Yang and offered the amount of one thousand taels of silver to any one who could improve it by adding or subtracting a single word. He died in 235 B. C. This work, though not mentioned in the Historical Record of Shih Ma Ch'ien, has a great reputation among the learned and is required to be studied by every school boy. To my knowledge there exists no English translation of this work.

[5] Yang Chu, a contemporary of Meh Ti, was a native of the State of Wei according to the tradition. Whether or not he was a native of Wei, he went and settled there as a small proprietor. It is certain that he had an unrivalled audience in the State of Wei. He founded a school of ethical egotism and his central doctrine is to let everybody mind his own business.

[6] Lato Tzi, the founder of Taoism, was born in 604 B. C. His surname is Li and personal name, Erh. He held office as Keeper of the records at Lo Yang, the capital of the Chou dynasty. It is said that he had foreseen the fall of the Chou dynasty before he turned his footsteps towards the west. At the Han Ku pass, he was besought by the governor of the pass, Yin Hsi, to write a book for erring humanity, whereupon the Tao Teh King was written. Whether or not the Tao Teh King was written by Lao Tzi is still a question. His teaching may be briefly summarized by two sentences, let Tao do its own work: be ever same no matter what happens to you.

Yang or of Meh." The teachings of Yang Chu and Meh Ti evidently divided the kingdom and left no room for the teachings of Confucius and Lao Tzi. As a rule, the teachings of any school of thought or religion can not be spread so widely as the teachings of Meh Ti were in a short period of time. Therefore, it seems very logical to conclude that Meh Ti lived at least one generation before Mencius and Chuang Tzi.

The third external source for our information about Meh Ti is Yu's *Annals of Spring and Autumn*. Yu says: "Both Confucius and Meh Ti were practical and political reformers travelling around from State to State. Worrying that the kingdom had lost the teachings of former rulers, they studied day and night. Whatever is good to learn and do, they teach others to do; whatever is not good to learn and do, they forbid others to do. It is said that Confucius and Meh Ti studied and applied their principles day and night diligently. At night they saw Wen Wang[7] and Chou Kung[8] and in the day time they took councils from them." Meh Ti, like Confucius, was a great political reformer and a profound moral philosopher!

Now let us turn to the internal evidences. First of all, the chapter on "Value of Righteousness," which I have omitted from my translation, states: "Meh Ti, while travelling in the south in the State of Ch'u, wanted to see King Hwei. On account of old age, the king refused him an interview but sent Mo Ho (his minister) to meet him." According to the Historical Records, King Hwei died in the ninth year of King Kao of the State of Chou or in the forty-seventh year after the death of Confucius, who died in 478 B. C. When he was travelling in the State of Ch'u, most probably he was forty or fifty years of age. If so, he was born between 481 and

[7] Wen Wang (1231-1135 B. C.) was the father of Wu Wang, the first sovereign of the Chou dynasty. He was hereditary ruler of the Principality of Ch'i in modern Shensi. On account of his wisdom and virtue, he was canonized under the title Ch'ang, Duke of Chou. Before he was commissioned to make war upon the frontier tribes, he had been denounced by Hu, the Marquis of Ch'ung and was put into prison at Yu Li in modern Honan. He never ceased to denounce the cruelty and corruption of his day. Therefore, he is regarded as one of the model rulers of China.

[8] Chou Kung or the Duke of Chou, fourth son of Wen Wang and younger brother to Wu Wang, was canonized under the title of Tan. He drew up a legal code and purified the morals of the people. He devoted himself entirely for the welfare of the government. To him a wonderful invention of a "South-pointing chariot," (the Mariner's compass) has been assigned. He died in 1105 B. C.

471 B. C. near the end of the life of Confucius.

We have very good internal evidence that he was a political reformer and a moral philosopher. In the Dialogue between Meh Ti and the ruler of the State of Lu it is written: "When you enter a government, select your profession and do your duty. When a nation is in disorder, teach the doctrines of preference of the virtuous and resemblance to the superior. When a government is poor, instruct the people to be economical and thrifty in burial ceremonies. When a nation loves sound and drink, speak against music and fatalism. When a nation becomes licentious and without propriety, (Li[9]), preach the principles of worshipping Heaven and honoring spirits. When a government attacks its neighboring States, propagate the Gospel of Universal Love."—(*The Dialogue Between Meh Ti and the Ruler of the State of Lu.*)

We are fairly certain, then, that Meh Ti was a native of the State of Sung, who was born between 481 and 471 B. C. According to the tradition he lived a long life of seventy-five years and therefore, he died between 406 and 396 B. C. He was a teacher and moralist who made the science of government his profession and who propagated his doctrines in the courts of the feudal states which divided China at that time.

The Origin of the Text

During the reigns of K'ien Lung (1735-1795 A. D.) and Kia K'ing (1795-1820 A. D.) of the Tsing dynasty, there was a great revival of old learning, and all literature of the past dynasties were collected, edited and commented upon by scholars. Followers of different schools of thought suddenly appeared and different syncretistic systems were founded. This was the Chinese Renaissance! At this time fifty-three chapters of Meh Ti were collected, studied

[9] Li or Propriety.—Li in Chinese may be defined as reverence in attitude and action. Li has passed through three stages of development; in the first stage, Li was the rites of worshipping gods or spirits, in the second, Li was the rule of behavior parallel with all the customs and traditions, and in the third, Li was the guide of conduct, not limited by the old customs and traditions but changeable according to the time. It has been quite universally recognized both by the Chinese and Western scholars that there is no appropriate word in any language for the Chinese character Li. Li, as it now stands, includes all the rules, traditions, customs and habits both religious and secular. Li regulates speaking, clothing, acting, eating and so on.

and explained by Wang Chuang[10] and Pei Yuan,[11] two of the great scholars of the Tsing dynasty. Before their time, the essays of Meh Ti, like other non-canonical writings, had not been collected, but were scattered among various volumes. In the Han dynasty (206 B. C.-23 A. D.), there were altogether seventy-one chapters (*Cyclopedia of the Literature of the Han dynasty*). When the first emperor of the Sung dynasty (960 A. D.) came to the throne, it was found that eight chapters had been lost (*The Record of the Chuang Shing Library*). Sometime later another ten chapters disappeared and the remaining fifty-three constitute the present text. It is due to Wang Chuang and Pei Yuan that we are able to read Meh Ti as a whole and to make a fairer judgment of him than was possible before their time.

With regard to its authorship, genuineness and the date of its composition, the work attributed to Meh Ti has been critically studied by scholars since the middle of the Tsing dynasty but no two have ever agreed on every point. However, as a result of two hundred years of critical examination, a general conclusion has been reached, in spite of many minute differences of opinion. Meh Ti, like other Oriental ethical teachers, did not commit his teachings to writing himself, although one or two modern Chinese thinkers have argued that Meh Ti did write four chapters, "Meh's Classic, I," "Meh's Classic, II," "Meh's Sayings," and "Meh's Sayings, II." Their arguments are not strong. The works of Meh Ti are generally attributed to some unknown disciple between the time of Meh Ti (481 or 471-406 or 396 B. C.) and the beginning of the Han dynasty (206 B. C.). They could not be as late as the Han dynasty because the *Cyclopedia of the Literature of the Han Dynasty* says that there were seventy-one chapters at the opening of the Han era. According to tradition and the general agreement of scholars, Meh Ti taught orally and his disciples recorded his words with some

[10] Wang Chung, a native of Kiang Su, lived in 1743-1794 A. D., who was at first a servant in a private school. He got his education by listening to the students and borrowing books from a bookseller. His scholarship soon attracted a wide attention. He was the author of several classical commentaries and antiquarian works, among which Meh Ti is one. He declared himself a follower of the Han scholars and vigorously attacked Buddhism and Taoism.

[11] Pei Yuan (1729-1797 A. D.) served as an official with distinction in Kan Su. After he had suppressed various white Lily and aboriginal risings, he became Viceroy of Hu Kwang. He collected, edited and wrote several antiquarian works. Meh Ti is one of them.

additions and interpolations. It is generally agreed by Chinese critics that much of the material which has been preserved may be accepted as genuine.

Christianity is another factor which has caused the revival of the study of Meh Ti. In its Nestorian form it was introduced into China in the first half of the seventh century and was allowed to flourish for quite a while under the early emperors of the Tang dynasty (618-907 A. D.), but by the time of the Mings it seems to have disappeared entirely in China. The Nestorian Monument,[12] found not many years ago in Sianfu, Shensi, is the chief authority. Attempts to propagate orthodox Christianity in the Yuan, Ming and early Manchu periods suffered the same fate, leaving no deep impression upon the Chinese mind.

Duing the last fifty years, however, Christian influence has directed the attention of thinkers to Meh Ti. The essential ethical and spiritual teachings of Christianity have been found akin to the Chinese ideas of life, especially to those of Meh Ti. As a result he has been carefully studied and his doctrines compared with Christian teaching. The Christians interpret Meh Ti by Christianity as St. Paul and the Christian Apologists did the Greek Philosophy by the teachings of Jesus, while the non-Christians explain Christianity by Meh Ti as Peter Jensen did the Old Testament by means of the Babylonian Gilgamesh Epic. How much they are alike or different, the readers of this translation may decide for themselves! Due to the revival of old learning in the Tsing dynasty and to the influence of Christianity, Meh Ti is bound to have a unique place in Chinese thought. I have been at some pains to translate a few chapters of Meh Ti from Pei Yuan's text, having taken great care not to permit bias or prejudice to influence my rendering. I hope Meh Ti may be an ambassador of good will and understanding between the East and West. Let the principle of Love, taught by Jesus Christ and Meh Ti, prevail! These selections are intended to show such essential teachings of Meh Ti as "Universal Love," "The Will of Heaven," "Non-aggression," "Non-fatalism," and "The Evidences of Spirits."

[12] The Nestorian Monument.—In 631 A. D. some of the Nestorians went to China and preached the Gospel. Five years later they settled down at Chang An (the modern Si-an-fu in Shensi). Their chief priest was Olopun. In 781 A. D. the famous Nestorian Tablet, now called the Nestorian Monument, was set up at Chang An, giving a rough outline of their faith and doctrine.

The Teaching of Meh Ti

In order to give a concise cross-section of Meh Ti's essential religious and philosophical teachings, I will not only use the essays which are translated here, but also materials available from those chapters which have not been translated. There are two main reasons for not having translated more than the following chapters: in the first place, some of them are utterly unintelligible even to Chinese, because of the textual discrepancies and corruptions. This is partly due to the neglect, or, to put it more correctly, to the persecution suffered by Meh Ti at the hands of Confucian scholars through so many successive dynasties. This also may be counted the reason why the Meh Ti has not been translated into English. In the second place, as I have stated in the first section of the Introduction, these translated chapters are chosen because they represent the essential teachings of Meh Ti, while the rest touch only the minor or insignificant points of his thought.

No early Chinese philosopher or ethical teacher is so conscientiously methodical and logical in his reasoning as Meh Ti. We must recognize that, except in Meh Ti, there was not a development of logical reasoning among the early Chinese thinkers analogous to that in Greece. They drew conclusions chiefly from daily experiences and historical facts. Meh Ti, on the other hand, always endeavors to prove every step he takes in accordance with such logical laws set forth by himself. Consequently consistency is one of the main features of his thinking. Hsun Tzi[13] confirms this and writes: "He (Meh Ti) has never allowed himself to entertain the thought of higher classes, and therefore, he does not recognize the distinction between the ruler and his subjects. To maintain his theory, Meh-Ti advances some plausible reasons; and in expounding them he displays a certain logical skill, so that the ignorant masses are easily to be deceived and confused by him."—(*Hsuan Tzi* Chapter VI).

What are the methods of testing the soundness of a principle?

[13] Hsun Tzi (340-220 B. C.) was a native of the State of Chao. His surname is Hsun and personal name, K'uang. He is often called Hsun Chin or Minister Hsun, in reference to his official position. In the State of Chi he was appointed Libationer. Later on he went to the State of Ch'u where he became magistrate of Lan Ling under Ruler Ch'un Shen. Finally he retired and taught pupils among whom the most famous ones are Li Tzi and Han Fei Tzi. He became disgusted with life and wrote a philosophical treatise called by his name in which he maintains, in opposition to Mencius, that the nature of man is fundamentally evil.

Meh Ti gives three methods of testing which he calls the "Three Standards."[14] First, it must conform to the will of Heaven and be in accordance with the doings of ancient holy emperors;[15] secondly, our practical observation and experiences must justify it; and thirdly, our doings must prove that they are for the general welfare of the government and the people. Meh Ti says: "There is the standard of precedent: there is the standard of observation; and there is the standard of function." What is the precedent? It comes from the doings of the ancient holy emperors[15] above. What is the observation? It is derived from the evidence of the ears and eyes of the multitude below. What is the function? Its work lies in the administration of government and in the observation of the benefit to the country and its people. These are the "Three Standards."—Non-fatalism, I). Consistency is evident throughout his teachings. Indeed, Meh Ti is the father of Chinese logical reasoning!

The Religion of Meh Ti

It will be found quite interesting to note that Meh Ti has come to realize, in a systematic way, the existence of Shang Ti[16] or Heaven. Whatever argument the early Chinese moralists, philos-

[14] The "Three Standards" means three principles or criteria by which the good and bad are distinguished.

[15] The holy emperors mean the model emperors of the ancient three dynasties, Hsia, Shang and Chou. They are the models to be followed by the son of Heaven. Strictly speaking, the model emperors are Yu, T'ang, Wen and Wu but at other times Yao and Shun are included.

Yu or Ta Yu (Great Yu) was a native of Shih Nin in modern Szechuan. His father was Kun. After Kun had failed to drain the empire during a great flood, he was chosen by Shun to undertake the same work. He accomplished the task after nine years' toil. On account of his service he was ennobled as Prince of Hsia, and finally selected by Shun to be his successor in 2205 B. C. He became the first emperor of the Hsia dynasty, dying in 2197 B. C.

T'ang or Ch'eng T'ang, after he had defeated and overthrown Chich Kwei, the last emperor of the Hsia dynasty, came to the throne in 1766 B. C. as the first emperor of the Shang dynasty. He has been regarded as one of the model emperors of China because of his virtue and love of the people.

Wen or Wen Wang.—See Note 7.

Wu or Wu Wang, the son of Wen Wang (1169-1116 B. C.), was the first emperor of the Chou dynasty and was canonized under the title Fa. In 1122 B. C. he assembled a vast army and defeated completely the forces of Chou Hsin, the last emperor of the Shang dynasty, at Meng Chin in modern Honan.

[16] Shang Ti.—Shang means "above;" Ti, "sovereign." When they are put together, they signify a mighty sovereign on high. It is not altogether

ophers and political reformers might entertain as to the manifestation of the will of Heaven in human affairs, as a whole they were vague and lacked the support of sound reasoning. Meh Ti, however, conceived of an all-powerful Heaven by an intellectual and practical process, and devoted many chapters to this subject, trying to prove the existence of a Supreme Being, and giving good reasons why worship and reverence are due him. In fact, his doctrine of Universal Love is closely connected with and has a logical basis in his profound conception of Heaven, a Supreme Being who is just, benevolent and omnipotent. With him Heaven has been conceived as more personal than with any other ancient Chinese thinker who lived before him.

The following are important passages selected from different chapters of the Meh Ti where he reasons for the existence and for his conceptions of Heaven, a Supreme Being. Readers of Meh Ti can not escape from noticing his lofty ideas of Heaven, as the source of Love and Righteousness. Meh Ti's doctrine of Love and Righteousness can be well compared with that of Christianity. Here is the chief point of resemblance. Therefore, it is not strange that the non-Christians in China should claim great honor and deep respect for him. Heaven is the source of Love, who loves every one without discrimination and demands Universal Love from the people. Again, Heaven is the origin of righteousness, who is just to the people by punishing the wicked and rewarding the good. He demands righteousness of the people: Meh Ti says: "There are rulers and wise men specially favored by Heaven. They make

proper to regard Shang Ti as a being residing in heaven (tien), but he has some personality in him and has activities on earth as well as in heaven.

Heaven.—The character representing Heaven is T'ien composed of two primitives Yi (one) and Ta (great) according to Hsu Shan (100 A. D.), the author of the Shwo Wan dictionary. Therefore, Heaven means One Great or Great One. But it seems to me that there are three parts in the word T'ien; namely, Yi (one), Ta (great), and Jen (man). By putting an horizontal line or stroke in the middle of Jen, it becomes Ta or great. Again by putting another horizontal stroke which is Yi or one, the word T'ien or Heaven is formed. From this analysis it is clear that there is a personal element in T'ien. Therefore, we may say that it conveys the idea of One Great Being who dwells above and embodies the entire world.

Shang Ti is Heaven: Heaven is Shang Ti. They are same and yet different from different points of view. Lu Shih, a famous commentator on the Five Classics, says: "Ti (Sovereign) is T'ien (Heaven); T'ien is Ti. Why? Are they not identical?" Again, he writes: "He is called Heaven, when we look from the points of his overshadowing the entire world; he is called sovereign, when we look from the point of his rulership."

laws and administer to the needs of the people; the wicked are punished; the ignorant enlightened, and prosperity is secured. Do not all these things come from Heaven? Are not all these things given to every one without discrimination? Why, then? Heaven must be the source of Love and Righteousness. Our duty on earth is to follow his will and practice Universal Love and mutual benefit" (The Will of Heaven, II).

"Heaven knows no favoritism in his love for the world. He quickens and matures all things to benefit them all. There is not a single thing which is not made by Heaven and yet which can not be used by the people to benefit themselves."

"Heaven has the people as subjects. Why does Heaven hate them? But I have said that the killing of one innocent person must bring miserable punishment. Who kills the innocent? It is man! Who administers the punishment? It is Heaven! If Heaven do not love the people of the world and men kill one another, why should Heaven give these punishments? Thus, I know that Heaven loves the people of the world" (The Will of Heaven, I).

"Meh Ti says: 'Those wise men who truly wish to practice justice ought to discover the origin of justice.'

"Whence is justice?

"Justice does not come from the ignorant and base, but from the noble and intelligent. Justice means good government.

"How do I know this?

"When there is justice in the kingdom, order prevails; while there is no justice, confusion prevails. Therefore, I know that justice means good government. Those who are ignorant and base can not govern the noble and intelligent, while the noble and intelligent can govern the former. Thus, I know that justice does not come from the ignorant and base but from the noble and intelligent.

"Who then is noble, and who is intelligent?

"It is Heaven that is noble; it is Heaven that is intelligent. If so, it must be from Heaven that justice comes."—(The Will of Heaven, II).

"How do we know that Heaven desires righteousness and hates unrighteousness? It is said: 'Having righteousness, the world grows; having no righteousness, it dies. With righteousness it is rich; with no righteousness it is poor. Having righteousness, it is at peace; having no righteousness, it is in disorder. Heaven desires

its growth and hates its death; desires its wealth and hates its poverty; and desires its peace and hates its disorder.' Thus, I know that Heaven desires righteousness and hates unrighteousness."—(The Will of Heaven, I).

"The will of Heaven does not desire to see the greater states attack the lesser ones, the greater families disturb lesser ones, the strong abuse the weak, the cunning outwit the simple, and the noble lord it over the humble. These are not desired by Heaven.

"Heaven, on the other hand, desires that the stronger among the people should co-operate with the weaker, the virtuous instruct the ignorant, and the wealthy divide with the poor. He desires that the higher should make an effort to conduct the government, and the lower to attend to their own occupations. When the higher conduct the government, order prevails in the State; when the lower attend to their occupations, there is an abundant supply. Now let the kingdom be in order and abundantly supplied with means, and the people on one hand will make offerings of wine and corn to Heaven and spirits, while on the other hand they will barter rings, gems, pearls, and jades with their neighbors on all sides. . . . When all the people are thus comfortably dressed and sufficiently fed and free from worries, peace and order will prevail. Therefore, wise men of today, who truly wish to practice rationality, to develop the resources of the country, and to discern the origin of justice, ought to revere the will of Heaven."—(The Will of Heaven, II).

Very logically related to his doctrine of Universal Love, Meh Ti reasoned out a theory of the creation of the world, which had never been definitely stated before his time. Due to his love of the people, Heaven created the sun, moon, and stars to shine upon them; arranges the four seasons to regulate their life; quickens the growth of the five cereals[17] to feed them, and so on. All these are the results of Heaven's love for the people:

"Moreover, I know how sincere the love of Heaven for the people is! For it is Heaven that created the sun, moon, stars, and constellations, and made them shine and follow their courses duly. By arranging the four seasons he regulates the lives of the people on earth. By means of thunder, falling snow, frost, rain, and dew, he quickens the growth of the five cereals and thread-yielding flax.

[17] The five cereals, according to the Chinese Classics, are: rice, millet, panicled millet, wheat, and bean. Sometimes corn is added to make the six cereals.

All these benefit the people. He planned the formation of mountains, rivers, and valleys, producing wealth in manifold forms. He created rulers, princes, and various dukes in order to supervise the moral conditions of the people, rewarding the good, and punishing the wicked. Heaven has supplied the people with clothing and nourishment, and made metals, earth, birds, and beasts to serve them, and cultivated the five cereals and thread-yielding flax to feed and clothe them."—(The Will of Heaven, II).

From this passage, it seems that Meh Ti has a monotheistic conception of Heaven. He is the creator of everything. On the other hand, when we come to read the chapter on "Evidences of Spirits," it is clear that the Heaven Meh Ti often speaks of, is always associated with spirits:

"Meh Ti says: 'What the ancients and moderns called spirits are nothing but this: There is a Spirit of Heaven; there are spirits of mountains and waters; and there are also spirits of the dead.' " —(*Evidences of Spirits,* III).

It sometimes looks as if Meh Ti implies that Heaven, the creator of the universe, is above all other deities. On the other hand, he believes in the existence of other spirits and pays due reverence to them all. No matter what else Meh Ti was, he was profoundly religious, and his Heaven is a Spirit of Love and Justice who demands a righteous life on earth. With him there is at least a tendency to exalt Heaven to a point where Heaven is the creator of the Universe and embodies the moral order of the world.

Furthermore, in the Meh Ti we have a social consciousness of the Chinese people, and Heaven has become a dmocratic spiritual Being to be worshipped not only by the son of Heaven,[18] but also by the common people as a group and as individuals. Meh Ti says: "Obedience to the will of Heaven is the law of justice." In another place, he states: "Heaven loves every one without discrimination. Therefore, we should worship him."

Heaven, as Meh Ti describes him, is the noblest and most intelligent Being. He is All-wise and All-knowing, who loks down upon the people as his subjects and executes justice among them. There is no one nobler and more intelligent than he:

[18] The son of Heaven means the emperor who was regarded as the concrete and earthly representative of Heaven above. Through the emperor, Heaven governs the people.

"The Records of the ancient holy emperors tell us about the intelligence and doings of Heaven. How clear-sighted and knowing Heaven is! He looks down on the world below as his sovereign. That is to say, Heaven is nobler and more intelligent than the sovereign. I do not know if there is any one nobler and more intelligent than Heaven. Thus, Heaven is the noblest and most intelligent, and it must surely be from Heaven that justice comes."

It has been stated that Meh Ti has three methods of testing the soundness of a principle and of distinguishing between the good and the bad: first, the will of Heaven and the examples of the ancient holy emperors; second, our own daily experiences; and third, the pragmatic value of our acts. The most important of these three is the will of Heaven:

"Therefore, the will of Heaven is like the compass of a wheelright, or the rule of a carpenter. When the wheelwright takes up his instrument to measure and distinguish between what is circular and what is not circular, he will say: 'That which is not circular will not be so called. By this, I distinguish one from the other.' Why? Because this measuring instrument is correct. As with the carpenter, so with the will of Heaven. He desires first to measure the rightful administration of rulers, princes, or superior men[19] in the kingdom, and secondly, to judge the literature and utterances of all the people. Whatever deeds or utterances or administration are in accordance with the will of Heaven are called good; while those contrary to it are called bad. It is by this law or standard of Heaven that the goodness or badness of all the rulers, princes, superior men, and higher officials is measured and judged, as we distinguish between black and white.

"Thus, the rulers, princes, superior men, or wise men of today who truly wish to practice rationality, to promote the resources of the country, and to discern the origin of justice, ought to obey the will of Heaven. Obedience to the will of Heaven is the law of justice."—(*The Will of Heaven,* II).

A natural result of the exaltation of the will of Heaven is to

[19] Superior men is the usual translation of the Chinese Chun Tzi. It is so rendered by the Western scholars, notably James Legge in the Sacred Books of the East. Chun Tzi or superior men has two meanings in Chinese. Sometimes it is used to indicate a class of people or nobles. Secondly, it is often used to denote those persons who practice virtue, without any considerations of class distinction.

obey and revere his will. To confirm and enforce obedience and reverence due to Heaven, Meh Ti develops the argument from physical reward and punishment. Salvation is physical. Heaven gives rewards to the good and executes punishment on the bad in this world. As to the life after death he has no great contribution to make. Though he believes in the existence of the spirits of the dead, his idea is just as vague as that of any ancient Chinese teacher:

"Therefore, wise men of today who wish truly to practice rationality, to develop the resources of the country, and discern the origin of humanity and justice, ought to revere the will of Heaven.

"In order to be noble and rich we have to follow the will of Heaven. All those who follow the will of Heaven, love one another, receive benefit from their mutual intercourse and shall gain rewards. All those who oppose the will of Heaven, hate those different from themselves, injure each other and shall receive punishments. . . . Meh Ti says: 'The ancient holy emperors of the Three Generations,[20] Yu, T'ang, Wen and Wu followed the will of Heaven, and, therefore, gained rewards. The ancient cruel emperors[21] of the Three Generations, Chieh, Chou, Yiu and

[20] The Three Generations is a phrase often used to indicate exclusively the ancient three dynasties which are:

The Hsia dynasty (2205-1766 B. C.)
The Shang or Yin dynasty (1766-1122 B. C.)
The Chou dynasty (1122-294 B. C.)

[21] The cruel emperors were the symbolical tyrants and embodiments of evil. They are as follows:

Chieh or Chieh Kwei, the last emperor of the Hsia dynasty, who came to the throne in 1818 B. C. He indulged in cruel brutality and lust. His pleasure was to amuse his favorite concubine Mo Hsi. Kuan Lung Feng, one of his ministers, remonstrated him and was killed. Finally T'ang arose against him. He was defeated and banished in 1760 B. C. Three years later he died.

Chou or Chou Hsin, the last emperor of the Yin dynasty, was extravagant and cruel. Like Chieh, he spent a vast sum of money to amuse his concubine T'a Chi. He committed all kinds of the wildest orgies. He killed Pi Kan, an innocent and virtuous relative, because he had remonstrated with him upon his excesses. Finally he was defeated by Wu Wang and died in the flames of his palace in 1122 B. C.

Li or Li Wang (878-842), a tyrannical emperor of the Chou dynasty, was greedy for money. He tried to rule by force and by terrorizing the people. As a result the people broke out in open rebellion in 842 B. C., and banished him. The government was left to the dukes of Chou and Shau, descendants of Chou Kung.

Yiu or Yiu Wang (781-771 B. C.), a lascivious son of Suan Wang, led a dissolute life and brought trouble on himself and his country by his infatuation for a woman name Pau Shih. He was finally killed by the Marquis of Shou. P'ing Wang succeeded him.

Li opposed the will of Heaven and therefore, received punishment.'

"But why did Yu, T'ang, Wen and Wu gain their rewards? Meh Ti says: 'They honored Heaven above, served spirits between and loved men below.' Therefore, the will of Heaven says: 'What I love, love thou; what I benefit, benefit thou. To love others like this is to be universal; to benefit others like this is to be great!' "—(*The Will of Heaven,* I).

"When our conduct is not in accord with Heaven's desire, but is what Heaven forbids us to do, Heaven will behave towards us, not in the way we desire, but directly against us. What we do not desire are diseases, epidemics, calamities, and curses. If the ruler fails to do the will of Heaven, but acts contrary to it, all the people of the kingdom along with him will be plunged into the abyss of calamity and curse. The holy emperors of ancient times knew well how disasters would be sent by Heaven and the spirits upon the people, and therefore, they avoided those deeds which would be hated by Heaven and the spirits. This was because the ancient emperors wished to promote the welfare of the kingdom and to avoid those things which were not good. Consequently, Heaven arranged cold and heat, regulated the four seasons, and harmoniously disposed of the Ying and Yang,[22] rain and dew. The five cereals ripened according to the season, the six domesticated animals multiplied, and diseases, epidemics, and famines never assailed the people."—(*The Will of Heaven,* II).

Meh Ti's religion is founded on the will of Heaven by an intellectual process and aims at a pragamatic end in Universal Love and mutual benefit. Heaven is supreme, looking down upon the people as his subjects. He loves them all without discrimination, requires them to have Universal Love and mutual benefit. "What I love, love thou; what I benefit, benefit thou." The second divine attribute of Heaven is righteousness, which executes justice among the people by rewarding the good and punishing the wicked. Heaven demands a righteous life on earth. However, Heaven's rewards and punishments are limited to this phenomenal world and consequently, Meh Ti has not much to say concerning the life after death. Furthermore, Heaven is the noblest, most intelligent and all-power-

[22] The Ying and Yang are the cosmic souls or breaths or principles which compose the universe. Yang is the male part and Ying the female. According to the Classics the union of Ying and Yang is Tao.

ful Being. These lofty conceptions of Heaven show Meh Ti to have been profoundly religious. Travelling from court to court he urged rulers, officials and people to follow the will of Heaven, to worship him and to pay due honor, praise and reverence to him. Meh Ti is the Apostle of Universal Love! If Meh Ti had not been persecuted by Confucian and Taoist scholars and had great apologists to defend his teachings as Christianity had in the West, the history of the religion of China would be totally different and Meh Ti, if not deified like some other ethical teachers in the East, would, at least, have been regarded as the founder of a noble and altruistic religion.

MY ENVIRONMENT

BY ROBERT SPARKS WALKER

MY peculiar domestic situation, which for the last twelve years has made me both a father and brother to my young son, and for almost four years, serving as a mother, has chained me relentlessly to a city lot where for the most part my leisure from household duties is spent beneath two fig trees in my back yard.

Friends have pitied me, some have criticised me rather severely, a few have loved me, some have counseled me, and all have been very liberal in their advice of what I should do.

But with all the sorrows and family misfortunes that have come to me, I am happy. It is entirely possible for a human being to be quite happy, though stocked with worries and filled with disappointments.

Not many people are practical philosophers enough to know that discontent, sorrow, disappointment, and drudgery cannot destroy genuine happiness. My close communion with Nature binds me securely to the source of all happiness; therefore, within the last twelve years, it has withstood the bitter strain of grief, misfortune, the unfaithfulness of supposed-friends, and every other enemy to which the human soul is the legitimate heir.

So beneath my fig tree where the clouds float lazily and dreamily over and look down upon me in my chair with my books and paper, I shall trample my misfortunes, ills, sorrows, and disappointments under my feet, and here record for a season my observations of Nature, and perchance, I may say something of the deep messages she speaks to me.

There is a force, a power, and a purpose behind every movement in Nature. Activity in Nature means power and force, whether it finds expression in the movement of my pencil along

the smooth surface of a sheet of paper, or in the cricket's lullaby that now soothes me, when nothing else reaches my ears save the distant switch engine that is struggling to disentangle a long line of freight boxes.

I have sat beneath my fig trees at most all hours during the day, and have often visited them during the night, but the most impressive language that Nature speaks to me is that which I hear at daybreak. When I was a boy on the farm necessity on the wings of a father's voice, taught me to arise at four o'clock. My editorial work that began shortly after I left the farm and became my father's successor for twenty-one years, and then my nature study and literary work inherited the same early hour to which they have claimed indisputable title. This habit has never been a rigid master, for above every other earthly delight that of opening my sleeping eyes at the same time that the earth opens hers is one of the most joyful experiences I find in life.

It does not require constant access to the entire world to make one happy. My little piece of earth where I have lived for the past twenty years measures only fifty-six by a hundred and thirty-five feet. With the exception of my walks into nearby woodlands, mountains, hills, and meadows, Nature has said to me, "Take your small lot and make the most of it and be happy." Still, much of the time I am very discontented, but never unhappy. I believe that I know the things that steal one's happiness. I certainly do not desire to appear as being boastful when I say that thus far I have been able to steer around the fungi that cause unhappiness, but I am willing to allow discontent to run unfettered.

Discontent is a strong elephant that is securely chained to my ambition, and I let it heave, pull, and struggle all that it will for I know that it is working for my welfare. If I cannot write a better piece of poetry, or a better essay to-day than I did yesterday, something is wrong and discontentment is off duty. I have a few books to my credit and many magazine articles, stories and poems, but I have never written anything thus far that approaches my ideal. Everything is faulty. My dissatisfaction is the kind of discontent that I have reference to in the foregoing paragraphs.

I am not progressing in the few years that have been allotted me, if I am unable to see a different color in the sunrise and sunset to-day which I did not see yesterday, and the day before. My

life is becoming stagnant if I for a single day fail to move my mental feet forward at least in an attempted step, whether I take one inch or ten inches at a stride.

Beneath my fig tree my rising sun laps my face with a golden tongue, looks down upon me at midday as a father worships his child, and at evening with longing and anxious eyes stares into my face and says, "You have acted honorably in my presence today; I shall trust you behave as nobly until I see you again in the morning." Where is the wretch so wicked and untrustworthy who could think of disobeying and disappointing him? Just like a human body is arranged like a small world in itself, so do every twenty-four hours arrange themselves in a miniature year. Sunrise is springtime to me, noon is summer, sunset is autumn, and night is winter!

The early morning is my heavenly morsel, and I am glad to be able to place on my tongue two hours at a time before it is melted by confusion! When my door bell begins to ring and the ice-man screams his goods, and vegetable venders cry their green food products as if they were trying to awaken our antipodes, my thoughts have never become so domesticated as to remain at home, but like a flock of wild turkeys take flight and leave me for the tall and quiet mountains from whence they do not return until the following morning.

I have often wondered why an ice-man employs such an unnatural and inhuman voice as he drives slowly through the street! His words are not English, and sound no more like it than the noise of a barking seal in the ocean. It is an excruciating sound that we can imagine belonging to the huge extinct animals of a low order, yet the public tolerates it, pays fifty cents a hundred pounds for his cold product and encourages him to pass both his icy voice and frozen water to the neighbors living in the next block!

So far as I know, I introduced Amoor River privet into my city, several years ago, and now it is an odd-looking dwelling house that has not a green hedge of this ornamental plant growing about it. My hedge on the sides and east end of my backyard stands ten feet high. It is one of the most diplomatic creatures I have ever met, and far more tactful than I or any of the other members of my family am. For many years it has stood thus around

me and said by its dense but pleasant looks, to hundreds of would-be spectators and neighbors, "You must not see into my master's private office." And not in its lifetime has it ever offended a single person. It has completely walled my backyard as a circle of palisades. Winter or summer, I can always trust it to stand between me and curious eyes, and yet at the same time it attracts the kind of visitors that I am seeking for knowledge and entertainment. It is astonishing the number of birds and little peoples like aphides, ants, moths, walkingsticks, mantides, leaf hoppers, caterpillars, and others that it so royally entertains that some of them come to see me every summer.

A Paulownia tree stands at the northeast corner with a roundish dome, bearing an army of brown budded spikes that like some renowned magician will open each bud-box and let a purple flower fly out next year before the tree has opened its leaf buds.

My rocker sitting beneath the Celestial fig tree, whose crown is my canopy, keeps me facing the Paulownia tree, and its slanting leaf-roof glides my eyes and thoughts skyward. It has pointed out many a high cloud and lofty thought!

A galvanized garage that is now trying to rust, and rants for paint after fourteen years, rears up between me and the alley. Some morning glory vines that have climbed one corner and cunningly concealed their stems behind the tin covering at the base, reappear at the top where they cluster and reach out to the grape arbor and tangle the branches of sunflowers five feet away. A morning glory is offensively affectionate.

At my right a grape arbor with chestnut legs twenty years old, joined by slender slats with fungi and lichens feasting on them, supports two grape vines old enough for human citizenship. It does not hold itself erect, but reminds me of a wobbly legged calf, which seems unwilling to trust all of its weight on its legs, lest they break in two.

A coal house with a capacity of not more than six tons, veneered with old window blinds, hides like a porch spider in daytime, leans against the alley with its face against the grape arbor.

A Keiffer pear tree stands fourteen years in height in the southeast corner, while an old blackjack tree leans against the southwest corner of my house. How ancient is this blackjack tree, and yet how modern it is! Whether I have a true conception of a tree or

not, to me it is a living creature with the senses of a human being. It is well that no tree can speak above a whisper. Think of the confusion when a neighborhood of them found something to gossip about! The arms of my blackjack tree reach up to hold a radio aerial for a neighbor on the next corner, and it lifts my telephone wire above the hedgetop. It is thus constantly helping me and my neighbor, besides doing the usual duties of a forest tree.

Whether the deed I have to my property gives me a title as far as the moon in the sky, matters little, for I am daily enjoying this aerial property, and its passengers as freely as if I owned them in fee simple.

The fact is, it gives me glints, glimpses, and gleams of the only property that so far as I know cannot be mutilated, defiled, or plundered by man. Wonderful clouds loiter above this space. Some are monstrous heaps of ice cream that are constantly turning about. Others are flat, some speckled, and others are mere scaly sheets. How thankful I am that no human can reach so far and slice, hack, mutilate or pluck this composite vapory flower!

When they are gone, the nighthawks, chimney swifts, and swallows take possession of the space. It is startling how high the purple martin sometimes ventures, seemingly a mile or more from the earth, a mere speck against a stack of white clouds. And when they have gone with the sun, save the nighthawk, the stars bloom out, and there comes to visit me, Altair, Vega, Denib, Capella, Jupiter, Orion, Mars and other celestial flowers that please me with their purity and beauty as do the flowers that open at my feet.

Again I am glad for the assurance that here is a section of Nature's garden that cannot be touched by the hand of man, and one that is placed so every human being with eyes to see may have the opportunity to enjoy. When I leave it I know that between me and to-morrow evening, unless the clouds cheat me of its view, I shall have no occasion to worry over the possibility of some thief breaking through and stealing any of the specimens while I am gone.

Any time when the sky is clear and the sun has departed to bestow light and warmth to his other half of humanity and vegetation, I know that I can have an optic conference with many celestial celebrities. And, they too, are much like human beings. Here

are some of the first magnitude whose heads and shoulders are lifted high above their neighbors, and others which are probably brighter than our sun, but have shy dispositions, or maybe timid, and with a retiring disposition. Others are so tiny that they sparkle and then go out like the flickering light of the firefly.

In the morning, I simply turn my rocker around and move it eight feet, and I am under a fig tree five years old, which hides me from the direct sunbeams and then when the sun moves his position, I turn my chair around, and face the east, sitting under a fig tree with a body that is ten years old, but eighteen years in the ground. It is fitting that the younger tree protects me while the day is young, but as it grows older, the older tree takes charge of me.

Such a situation, as small as it may seem, with the environment of natural growths, brings me more species of wild birds, more insects, more spiders, more pillbugs, more snails, and other creatures than many places I have visited twenty miles away in the country.

Only two creations living in my neighborhood, besides the trees, that I know, peek into my private outdoor apartment. One is climbing false buckwheat that has wound itself gracefully about a downspout on my neighbor's house, traveling fifteen feet into the air. The other is an humble gourd vine that has the ambition to see over my hedge, and it has ascended a latticed porch to the roof of the second story.

When the wind blows its leaves and blossoms boldly flirt with me.

I sit in the direct path of a faithful sundial whose copper gnomon is ever pointing at me. It is not a scornful gesture, for it constantly reminds me of the few years that life has in store for me, and that I must work faithfully and daily if I succeed in accomplishing a half of the things that appear on my program. For twenty years without a tick in sunny weather, it has truthfully shifted its shadow first left, then right, and its dark reports have never been questioned as to their accuracy. Disputations may arise with the owners of other timepieces, but a properly set sundial is ever dependable.

A tiny rock garden twenty feet in length leads out to my right, where almost a hundred kinds of wild flowers have found a congenial home. Here I find a plant every week that runs to meet me

bearing some fresh bit of news of a new visitor that has arrived on foot or wing, or some newly opened flower is ready to offer me mental and optical diversion when I have grown tired gazing at my pencil and paper. Here it is that I sit day after day, week after week, and eagerly receive my bit of an unleavened heaven.

CONFUSION OF TONGUES

BY DOROTHY GUNNELL JENKINS

THE little girl woke in a sudden frenzy of fear. The shriek that had startled her awake was repeated, and she stared wide eyed into the dark waiting for the flare of light. Her heart beat wildly. She clutched the covers and waited, waited. Again the shriek, but this time nearer, and accompanied by the comfortable roar that identified the disturbance as a train. The little girl relaxed slowly. Her heart finally beat normally again, but she lay awake for an eternity. She was spared tonight, but a time was coming, inevitably, apace.

"Repent ye, for the kingdom of Heaven is at hand!" She repented terribly, but her little past provided her but poorly with the means.

It had happened so over and over . . . the silence of the night shatered by the train's whistle, the little girl's dreams, broken by the sudden sure knowledge that the trump of doom had sounded and that, as soon as the light came, she and the rest of the horrified quick were to foregather with the immense and dreadful army of the dead. And they were to be judged by a God who had said of himself that he was a jealous God and—here was the utter hopelessness of it—visited the sins of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation!

The two little girls walked slowly behind the storehouse each with a lump of sugar in her extended hand. Anon they raised their voices and called "Here Jack! Here Prince!" Anon they closed their eyes and prayed "Oh Lord, in Thee do I put my trust," and again aloud, "Here Jack! Here Prince!"

"Ask and it shall be given ye," they had been taught by Aunt Addie, the same dear aunt who had put into their hands the influential volume *Touching Incidents and Remarkable Answers to*

Prayer. She had promised them that if they prayed enough they would be granted their desires, provided they had faith.

"Oh Lord, in Thee do I put my trust." That was prayer, reiterated to the five hundredth time, and so fervent that their cheeks were wrinkled from the vigor with which they closed their eyes. "Here Jack, Here Prince." That was faith, that and the sugar, faith to provide the long expected pony with a welcoming sweet and a name of his own choice.

But prayer was ineffectual and faith betrayed. The pony remained in his far undreamed of pastures. There too, perhaps, played the baby brother, for whom nightly the little girls prepared a bed beside their own before they knelt to pray for him.

The little girl was so sleepy she could hardly open her eyes, but her sister punched her relentlessly for they had agreed to get up early to pray. At last she shook herself awake and joined her sister at the open window they believed to be most nearly toward Jerusalem. They prayed in the language of the hymns they knew, petitioning to be among the ninety and nine in the fold instead of wandering in the mountains bleak and bare. They begged to be piloted over the tempestuous sea of life. They prayed to be washed whiter than snow in the fountain filled with blood. And for each of the somber images they employed they saw themselves wandering over stony heights, tossing in a small boat on an angry ocean, or washing in a crimson flood that flowed forever from a side grievously pierced.

They prayed till the lavender twilight brightened into day, until their matins were interrupted by Hip Lee who came in to set the breakfast table.

The little girl woke but sank again into sleep. It was only her sister's hand that had roused her, feeling, as it so often felt, to discover whether her heart still beat. For Elizabeth suffered always from a fear of sudden death, and often woke up in a panic lest the little sister beside her had been stricken—perhaps for her sins. The little girl herself had more or less had out this matter of sudden death.

"Well, I won't die tonight," she had said to Aunt Addie one night when she was five.

"Oh *don't* say that!" Aunt Addie had entreated.

"Why?" she had asked hardily. "I *wont* die. Not tonight. You wait and see."

Aunt Addie had collapsed beside the bed to pray. "God may smite you down tonight for defying Him," she had cried, but the little girl had gone right on defying.

"I *wont* die tonight. I *wont*. You see!" And she hadn't, that night. But might God not perhaps merely have delayed his punishment? In any case Elizabeth liked to be sure. Often the little girl felt her hand feeling about on her chest seeking assurance that her life had not been suddenly snuffed out. When her fingers stopped above the right spot Elizabeth could go comfortably back to sleep, lulled by the beating of a living heart.

Although such a faith was painful to hold, the pain was not to be compared with that of losing it. The little girl, grown up long ago, will never forget the throes she experienced after she was fourteen and had begun to question her old beliefs. At first she felt alone in a terrible chaos of darkness while every one else walked happily in the light. There were years when she went regularly to church striving to establish the relation between the mystic splendid things she heard in the dim colored light of the church, and the tangible and yet beautiful things she discovered in the rest of her world. She definitely abandoned the jealous dreadful God of her childhood, but she was dismayed to find that she could not accept the whole of even a kindly doctrine of love because she could not believe in physical miracles.

This, however, is not the story of that little girl at all, therefore I pass over the pain of those adolescent years. Yet, although my body has undergone the seven-years' change many times since then, I can still hardly look back on the groping of that child to find the light without lapse into the pathetic fallacy.

What concerns me here is the adventures we have encountered, my husband and I, while trying to bring up three children in what we hoped would be religious freedom.

"They may choose for themselves when they are old enough," we said, both of us hoping to spare Sylvia—it was upon her arrival that the decision was made—some of the terrors and hurts that had beset the way I wandered in.

Consequently Sylvia's name was entered in no baptismal records, nor was Seton's when he followed fifteen months behind her.

Their first induction into formalized religion took place accidentally when Sylvia had just turned four, Seton was nearly three, and the family perambulator was occupied by Elizabeth of very tender months.

I sent them out to walk one Sunday morning with a "mother's helper" who judged that the opportunity had been given her to present the unchurched children at Sunday School.

They came home into the midst of a late breakfast and announced where they had been. We inquired politely into the order of the program. They gave a jumbled account of a birthday cake with candles, to which the children had presented pennies.

"And they sang," said Sylvia.

"What did they sing?"

"We didn't know the song," she told us, "but Seton and I sang too."

"What did you sing?"

"Well, we didn't know their song, but we sang 'K-K-K-Katy'—not very loud, just like this, *'K-K-K-Katy'*" and she produced the immortal lyric in a discreet whisper. (Sylvia has always been like that—a credit to us. If she has been reduced to subterfuges she has always rendered them not very loud.)

It was the following winter that I met Mrs. Tower on the bridge one snowy afternoon.

"How old is Sylvia now?" she asked.

"Four."

"When she is just a little bit older," said Mrs. Tower (whose name might better have been Pillar) with a positive air that admitted no denial. "I shall take her to Sunday School." Mrs. Tower was no relation of mine or in any way connected with my family. I mention her only because she represents the large group whose members believe themselves called upon to supply what is lacking in homes like ours.

Meanwhile at home Sylvia and Seton and, as she grew older, small Elizabeth were hearing stories of Christ's life. They said His prayer and sang carols and hymns. Presently they learned and repeated many times the tolerant and lovely poem of our dear friend Dr. William Herbert Carruth, *Each in his Own Tongue.* It was not Christianity we wished to keep from them, but rather the too graphic orthodoxy children so easily fall victim to. Further,

they were given the whole truth, so far as we could supply it, concerning any question they asked. And consequently, being forthright infants, they sometimes contradicted statements that would have been better left alone.

"An angel brought Mrs. Marten a baby!" our six year old neighbor told us breathlessly one day.

"An angel didn't!" declared Seton. I diverted the conversation into a general rejoicing for Mrs. Marten. But later when we were alone:

"Josephine said an angel brought that baby, Mother."

"Well," I said, having previously explained to the best of my ability the love and travail implicit in a baby, "Why shouldn't Josephine call it an angel?"

"But there aren't any real angels, are there, Mother?" (They look you straight in the eye when they ask such a question.)

"I can't believe in angels," I said, "but there is a Mother's love and her desire for a baby, and her suffering to bear it, and the father's and Mother's love for each other and the baby—Josephine calls it an angel. You say the baby grew from a tiny egg. Each speaks in his own tongue, you know."

We never worried about the children in matters religious while they stayed almost wholly in our home. Their only problem was to differentiate between the God we tried to express to them and the much more tangible God of their few little friends—a personal guardian who, though rather less terrible in these later days than the fearful God of my own troubled childhood—was nevertheless watching pretty closely with a fairly palpable eye, and was very likely to smite if you told lies. There were occasional difficulties in our way, of course. Probably all parents who have followed a course similar to ours can remember moments of bewilderment and genuine discomfort, as in the case of Seton's *coup d'état.*

"What Sunday School do you go to?" he was asked by a devoted member of one of the churches in the little college town we lived in.

"We don't go to any," Seton said stoutly. (And how much easier it would have been for him then and in many like cases if he could simply have said Episcopalian, Baptist, or Presbyterian, and closed the discussion.)

"Not to *any* Sunday School? Why not?"

"Because," said my young son who always talked to me sweetly and naturally of spiritual things, "Mother doesn't believe in God."

"Oh Seton," I asked when he told me about it, "Why did you say that?"

"I meant a man-God," he said, "and you don't."

Presently people began to invite the children to go to Sunday School, and since they had grown old enough to have choice in the matter we let them go. There were churches of various denominations in our town, the ministers men of varying vision. I believe in that particular case the Catholic Father was the most intellectual, broad-minded and highly educated of the leaders, but the children never attended a Catholic service. We would never have chosen the leaders in any of the churches to guide our children's spiritual development, but we predicted, and as it proved, rightly, that their experience was to be social rather than spiritual.

Elizabeth had a natural leaning toward angels, but Sylvia and Seton were matter-of-fact infants who loved to feel their feet on very solid ground. They loved fairy tales and myths above all things, but they insisted on the difference between a fact and a fancy. It developed when they went to Sunday School that they knew many more Bible stories than most of the children in their classes. This fact was sometimes misinterpreted as devotion when instead it was merely the natural delight of a child of good imagination in a first-rate story which had never been offered him as anything but a story. Therefore during the time they went to Sunday School they acquitted themselves very well and frequently brought home prizes. Seton and Elizabeth, however, soon came to the conclusion that since Sunday was the only morning their father could spend at home they might as well stay and spend it with him.

Sylvia went on with considerable regularity and tremendous credit to herself until her career was interrupted and all but terminated by an accident which put her in the hospital for many months. During this time she fought extreme suffering and weakness without any self-pity at all—a sporting attitude which did much to bring her through—but boredom she disliked heartily. When at last she came home to us and had suffered the ennui of convalescence in a wheel-chair, and was finally able to get about

on crutches, she was ready for any social activity, that might present itself.

School had just closed and the children in our town were looking forward to beguiling the summer days with a Bible School of three weeks duration. Our children all wanted to attend, especially Sylvia, and happily their three boy cousins arrived for a visit in time to join the group.

I am sure the Bible School desired sincerely to help all the children. What it brought to the surface in ours was an illuminating if not a very comfortable study. Each child kept a notebook and every day a written exercise followed a little preparatory talk by the leader. Our children were perfectly shameless. They listened to the prefatory talk, and then, although they had hitherto been, in general, very truthful, they proceeded to set down the results obviously desired by headquarters. Elizabeth was not involved in this career of wickedness. She and the youngest cousin were only five, and were relegated to a kindergarten department where they folded paper and colored pictures and sang, "Jesus loves me, this I know."

"What do you intend to be when you grow up?" the leader asked the older children one day.

"A missionary nurse," the girls' pens wrote glibly. "A missionary," a few boys wrote expediently. "An engineer," wrote most of the rest who valued the truth.

"Why do you like to come to Bible School?"

"Because," my guileful Seton answered, "it makes every day seem like Sunday." (Seton, who had long since given up Sunday School because of the broader possibilities of the basement workshop.)

"What did you do to help Mother yesterday?"

"I made the beds," Sylvia wrote, purely romantically, "I also made the salad and dusted the living room." (A basis in fact for the salad—she had mixed the mayonnaise; but the living room was only a theoretical service.)

"Excellent," said the leader, "especially for a little girl on crutches." And my little girl on crutches was only one out of dozens who improvised their domestic activities.

"What have you learned at Bible School?"

"To control my temper," Sylvia lied outrageously, "not to

quarrel with my brother and sister, and to come at once when Mother calls."

"Tell a good deed you did yesterday."

"When I came home," Seton wrote, "I found the dishes unwashed. I washed and dried them." This was solemn truth, only it had happened three months before when the sudden departure of one cook sent us on a sudden mission to the next town to find another. "I had to borrow a good deed," Seton explained to me, "but I borrowed it from myself."

"If you could have three wishes," Mr. Tarpey, the affable leader inquired, "what would you choose?"

Sylvia's answers neatly inscribed in her little blue notebook were a touching example of youthful piety.

"First I would wish that everybody would love me; second, to do good in the world; and third, to be more like Jesus every day."

The boys achieved nothing to compare with that. The oldest cousin and Seton were simply conservative, but the middle cousin, David, contributed a really healthful influence in the sentimental slough the children were wading in.

"A Ford car," he put himself on record as desiring, "twelve arms, and a motorcycle."

In fairness to my own children I must say that they were by no means alone in reacting so diabolically as the leader wanted them to. There were dozens of pious wishes written down, virtuous aims expressed, helpful deeds recorded. There were doubtless many children who were perfectly sincere in their efforts, but certainly there were as many who were dealing either purely hypocritically or humorously with the situation. In spite of their innocent youth they were as certainly "drawing" that leader as any class of sophomores ever drew a trusting professor.

When I presented the case to them I saw that they realized an ethical offense. We agreed that they should never attend a religious organization again in such a frame of mind. They admitted that they had been ridiculing what was doubtless an attempt to interest and instruct them. They became ashamed of their mendacious little notebooks, and we regard that period as a blot in our 'scutcheon, especially the culmination the last morning of the Bible School.

I stopped at the church to collect my six young scholars, going in quietly and sitting in a back pew, for Mr. Tarpey was addressing the assembled school.

"The grand prize of this Bible School is not," he was saying, "to be presented to any of you older boys and girls. Many of you have been faithful. I am proud of all of you. But the one who by her faithfulness, her enthusiasm, and her sincere effort has done the most for all of us as an inspiration, is Sylvia, the little girl who has come every day on crutches, and to her I present the major prize of the Bible School!"

She was called to the front, and although she knew she had not been an inspiration, at least for the good, she went forward and accepted the large illustrated book of Old Testament stories, and so brought to a triumphant finish the career of our children in Bible School.

Thereafter Sylvia's attendance at Sunday School was rather fitful. She went for a time to the United Church because they had a troop of Junior Girl Scouts there. Later Seton followed her because of the Cub Scouts, but he did not stay long. If you promise yourself that your children are to be free in matters pertaining to the church you find them impelled by various motives. Presently Sylvia changed to the Episcopal Church because of the children's vested choir. She sang only fairly well, and it was again chiefly as an inspiration that she figured. People often told me what a beautiful sight it was to see my little girl in her white robes which only partially concealed the crutches she still used.

"Why, especially, do you go to church and Sunday School now?" we asked her.

"Oh, you know," she said, "it's just to see the sights." At the same time, however, she differed considerably with the creed and with the church catechism her class was engaged in learning.

But Sylvia's days of being an inspiration came mercifully to an end. She became able to abandon her crutches and to engage in the normal walking, running and swimming of any healthy little girl. This change came, too, just as we had occasion to move to the other side of the world. At present in the East Indies where we make our temporary home there is nobody who knows that Sylvia has ever served as an example of youthful devotion. The change is good for her. For a time here she attended the children's service at the British Protestant church, but latterly she has left it

since some public notice, which she considered childish, was taken of her eleventh birthday.

Our difficulties in these matters seem to have ended, and we can consider now what have been the advantages of the course we pursued. We are far from believing our children particularly good. They quarrel and devastate just as all nice children do, but owing, perhaps, to their perfect frankness and their assumption of frankness in others, and to their broad sense of humor, they are the most companionable children I have ever seen, at least with older people. They are self-determining little citizens, but clear thinkers and truth-seekers. I have never known them to be hypocritical except in the case of the Bible School.

They have accepted from babyhood their relationship to the rest of the life on our planet. As becomes children with an ancestry of biologists they have always been familiar with applications of the facts of evolution. There can never be a bitter period when they must forswear a special creation.

At seven, nine and eleven they have already long ago faced dark facts and without the comfort of assurance, for we had no assurance to give them.

"After we die do we live again here or somewhere else?" they have all asked. We could show them how race after race has held to a belief in immortality, how countless thoughtful people have reached assurance for themselves. And yet when faced with the final question,

"Do *you* believe we live after death so we can think and remember our lives here?" our answer has always been,

"I do not know."

And yet we believe they are as strong in the things of the spirit as other people. They know Christ's teachings and believe him the greatest teacher in the world. They love music and natural beauty and they are loyal, affectionate and just. We can trust their ethical code.

They have seen prayers inscribed on paper in Japanese temples. They have stood beneath the great bronze Buddha at Kamakura and seen worshipers bowing before it. And here in Java they have seen old Mohammedans prostrating themselves along the roadsides at the hour of prayer and murmuring "There is no God but Allah." Are they too young to understand that each in his own tongue is seeking communion with the same spirit?

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