

The Open Court

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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

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CONTENTS:

<i>Frontispiece.</i>	LEO TOLSTOI.	
<i>John Henry Barrows.</i>	Obituary Note. EDITOR	385
<i>Dr. Marie Zakrzewska.</i>	Funeral Oration by WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, Her Own Farewell Address, Life and Reminiscences by MRS. ED- NAH D. CHENEY. With Illustrations	386
<i>A Nearer View of Count Leo Tolstoi.</i>	MRS. ELIZABETH E. EVANS, Munich.	396
<i>Amitāba.</i>	A Story of Buddhist Metaphysics. EDITOR	415
<i>The Chrisma and the Labarum.</i>	With Illustrations. EDITOR	428
<i>Bishop Fallows's Tribute to Dr. Barrows</i>	440
<i>Hokusai, Japanese Artist.</i>	With Portrait	440
<i>Professor Charles William Pearson</i>	441
<i>The Storm.</i>	A Poem. The HON. CHARLES CARROLL BONNEY	442
<i>Mr. Bonney on Uniformity in Judicial Practice</i>	443
<i>Literary Activity in Ceylon.</i>	ALBERT J. EDMUNDS	443
<i>Book Reviews and Notes</i>	444

CHICAGO

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Leo Tolstoy.

Frontispiece to The Open Court

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JOHN HENRY BARROWS.

Died June 3.

BY THE EDITOR.

IT is with profound regret and deep emotion that we inform our readers of the premature death of Dr. John Henry Barrows, Chairman of the Religious Parliament of 1893.

He died of pneumonia in his 55th year at his residence in Oberlin, Ohio, to which place he had been called a few years ago as president of the renowned institution which has made that little place famous throughout the United States. Our readers will find a portrait of Dr. Barrows and a sketch of his life in *The Open Court* for January of this year.

Only a few months ago Dr. Barrows was in the best of health; and we had a communication from him relating to matters of the Religious Parliament Extension. He sanctioned the proposition to send out a circular letter, and sent us for this purpose his signature for reproduction. He accepted the Vice-Presidency of the Religious Parliament Extension with the Hon. C. C. Bonney as President; and we thought that he would be with us and work with us for many years in spreading good will on earth in the spirit of the Religious Parliament, to the success of which he not a little contributed. He has passed away, but the work in which he took so prominent a part has become a fact of history and it will endure as a blessing for all time to come.

DR. MARIE ZAKRZEWSKA.

FUNERAL ORATION BY WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, AND HER OWN FAREWELL ADDRESS.¹

A large number of the friends of Dr. Marie Zakrzewska, the founder of the New England Hospital for Women and Children, gathered on May 15th in the chapel of the Massachusetts Crematory Society, off Walkhill street, Forest Hills, to pay a last tribute of respect to her memory.

The service was as simple as possible, and was made most impressive by the reading of a farewell address to her friends, written by Dr. Zakrzewska in February, with the request that it be read at her funeral. The body reposed in a black broadcloth-covered casket, on which were laid a few green wreaths. The request that flowers be omitted was observed.

The services opened as follows with an

ORATION BY WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

“We are gathered this lovely spring afternoon to testify our respect and love for a dear friend. She has anticipated this occasion by preparing her own address, presently to be read by another. Being dead she yet speaketh. For this remarkable woman’s strong individuality could not be veiled, and, regardless of conventional forms, she has elected to have this simple service without clerical aid.

“She had no politic methods, no skill in concealing opinions that traversed those in vogue, but her manifest sincerity of soul attracted helpers whom policy would have repelled. Although not literally the first regular woman physician in Boston she was, *par excellence*, the head of the long line of educated women who adorn and dignify the ranks of the profession in this vicinity. She won and kept the same proud position elsewhere held by her venerable surviving friends, Doctors Elizabeth and Emily Blackwell.

“The very success of her students, consequent upon her faithful conflict against a senseless prejudice, serves now to obscure the

¹ Reported in *The Boston Herald*, May 16.

trials and disappointments that then blocked the way. The same solemn objections that are to-day urged to obstruct the further progress of women were then actively employed to show the danger of admitting the sex to the practice of medicine. Puerile and unworthy as they now seem, they furnished an apparently impassable barrier to reform. Patience, persistence, resolution and unshaken faith were needed by this apostle, and did not fail her. Now her triumphs and services have become historic records, while the New England Hospital, whose foundation she laid in tribulation, is at once her monument and the city's pride.

“Aside from her professional labors she contributed to the moral advance of the community and was herself a centre of independent thought. Invaluable are untrammelled expressions of sincere belief regardless of agreement. They furnish a tonic all too scarce, and many a word of our friend's that seemed impulsive proved stimulating and helpful to the disturbed hearer. If brusqueness at times gave momentary offence it was readily condoned as inseparable from the saving quality of frankness.

“That Dr. Zakrzewska shared for so many years the companionship of that great German, Karl Heinzen, one of the bravest and truest of reformers, was high testimony to her intellect and heart. For, absorbing as were her professional labors, she always found time for thought and service in unpopular causes where freedom was at stake. In a pro-slavery community she was an outspoken and radical abolitionist, the friend of Garrison and Phillips. In the movement for the political enfranchisement of women she took her place in the ranks of the faithful, an honored comrade with Lucy Stone, Mrs. Howe, the Sewalls and other veterans of the struggle. From the inception of the Women's Club she was a prominent member.

“Living in an environment of religious formality she remained firmly outside the pale of theological influence; and if she found satisfaction in Theodore Parker's sermons, it was because of their humanity regardless of speculations on the future life of which she was a frank unbeliever. No threats of punishment hereafter would tempt her to misreport the message which her reason brought. In this respect her monumental integrity paralleled that of Harriet Martineau. Whatever reality there may be in the heaven pictured by devout minds, it is safe to say that no celestial city that bars out such souls as this for unbelief would be worth the seeking. We can surely testify that she helped make this city more celestial than she found it.

“Our friend, although of foreign birth, became, from her contrasted experience, more American than most Americans. She loved her adopted country profoundly, and when revisiting her native land turned always gladly to this as her true home. It is to her honor that love never blinded her to the nation’s faults, nor caused her to withhold her protest against its evil courses. She deplored its present reactionary tendency, and the abasement of its ideals clouded her last days.

“Few more precious gifts has Europe presented to America than this cosmopolitan citizen whose presence blessed and uplifted this country of her choice.”

* * *

At the conclusion of his remarks, Mr. Garrison introduced Mrs. Emma Merrill Butler, who read

DR. ZAKRZEWSKA'S FAREWELL ADDRESS.

“During my whole lifetime I have had my own way as much as any human being can have it without entirely neglecting social rules or trespassing upon the comforts of others more than is necessary for self-preservation. And now upon this occasion I wish to have my own way in taking leave of those who shall come for the last time to pay such respect as custom, inclination and friendship shall prompt, asking them to accept the assurance that I am sorry to pass from them, this time never to return again.

“While these words are being read to you, I shall be sleeping a peaceful, well deserved sleep, a sleep from which I shall never arise. My body will go back to that earthly rest whence it came. My soul will live among you, even among those who will come after you. I am not speaking of fame, nor do I think that my name, difficult though it be, will be remembered. Yet the idea for which I have worked, the seeds which I have tried to sow here and there, must live and spread and bear fruit. And after all, what matters it who prepared the way wherein to walk? We only know that great and good men and women have always lived and worked for an idea which favored progress. And so I have honestly tried to live out my nature, not actuated by an ambition to be somebody, or to be remembered especially, but because I could not help it.

“The pressure which in head and in heart compelled me to see and think ahead, compelled me to love to work for the benefit of womankind in general, irrespective of country or of race. By this I do not wish to assert that I thought of all women before I

thought of myself! Oh, no! It was just as much in me to provide liberally for my tastes, for my wishes, for my needs. I had about as many egotistical wants to be supplied as the average of mankind. To look out for self, for those necessary to my happiness, I always considered not a pleasure only, but a duty. I despised the weakness of characters who could not say 'no' at any time, and thus gave away and sacrificed all their strength of body and mind, as well as their money, with that soft sentimentality which finds assurance in the belief that others will take care of them as they have taken care of others.



DR. MARIE E. ZAKRZEWSKA.

“But in taking leave, I cannot pass by those who in every possible way in which human beings can assist one another have assisted me, by giving me their true friendship. Of my earliest career in America, Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell has been the most powerful agent in strengthening what was weak in me, while, shortly after, my acquaintance with Miss Mary L. Booth fed the enthusiasm kindled by Dr. Blackwell and strengthened me in my uphill path.

“The friendship of these two women forms the corner-stone upon which I have built all my life long. To many valuable friends in New York I owe a deep gratitude, and especially to Mrs. Robert G. Shaw, of Staten Island. In Boston I leave a great number of friends without whom I could never have accomplished anything, and who have developed my character as well as faculties dormant within me, of which I was unaware. It is the contact with people of worth which develops and polishes us and illuminates our every thought and action.

“To me the most valuable of these early friends were Miss

Lucy Goddard, Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney, Mrs. George W. Pond, Mrs. James Freeman Clark, Mrs. George R. Russell, Dr. Lucy E. Sewall, and Dr. Helen Morton,—not that I give to others a place lower than to them, but because I am fully conscious how deeply they affected my innermost life and how each one made its deep imprint upon my character. I feel that whatever work may be ascribed to my hand could not have been done without them. Although I could not number them in the list of other friends who, in a special sense, formed a greater part of my life's affections, still I owe to each and every one a great debt, and I wish now, whether they be still alive or in simple tribute to their memory, to tell of them my appreciation of their kindness.

“To those who formed the closer family circle in my affections, Mr. Karl Heinzen, Miss Julia A. Sprague and my sisters, I have tried to show my gratitude during the whole of my life, on the principle of Freiligrath's beautiful poem :

' O lieb, so lang du lieben kannst ;
O lieb, so lang du lieben magst ;
Die Stunde kommt, die Stunde kommt,
Wo du an Gräbern stehst und klagst.'

“And now, in closing, I wish to say farewell to all those who thought of me as of a friend, to all those who were kind to me, assuring them all that the deep conviction that there can be no further life is an immense rest and peace to me. I desire no hereafter. I was born, I lived, I used my life to the best of my ability for the uplifting of my fellow-creatures, and I enjoyed it daily in a thousand ways. I had many a pang, many a joy, every day of my life, and I am satisfied now to fall a victim to the laws of nature, never to rise again, never to see and know again what I have seen and known in my life.

“As deeply sorry as I always have been when a friend left me, just so deeply sorry shall I be to leave those whom I loved ; yet I know that I must submit to the inevitable, and submit I do, —as cheerfully as a fatal illness will allow. I have already gone in spirit, and now I am going in body, and all that I leave behind is my memory in the hearts of the few who always remember those whom they have loved. Farewell.



The address was signed : “M. E. Zakrzewska. Prepared in February, 1902.”¹

¹This signature is not that appended to Dr. Zakrzewska's Farewell Address, but is taken from a letter to the editor of *The Open Court*.

[When Mrs. Butler concluded the reading of Dr. Zakrzewska's farewell address to her friends, Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney arose and in a few brief words paid a loving tribute to the memory of her friend.

Among those present were :

Mme. Heinzen, Mr. and Mrs. Heinzen, Miss Hattie Heinzen, Mrs. Hollingsworth, Miss Julia Sprague, Mr. and Mrs. Steinberg, Mr. Reichter, Mr. Cronize, Mr. and Mrs. W. Smith, Dr. Elizabeth Pope, Dr. Augusta Pope, Dr. Elizabeth Kellar, Dr. Fanny Berlin, Miss Anna Reichter, Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney, Miss Rose Heinzen, Emil Richter, Mr. and Mrs. Dary, Miss Kuhn, Francis Garrison, Louis C. Elson, Babson S. Ladd, Mrs. Elizabeth Peabody, Mrs. Crosby, Miss Floretta Vining, Mrs. Thomas Mack, Miss Julia A. Sprague, Frederick May, Albert E. Parsons, Dr. Mary Hobart, Dr. Clara Alexander, Mrs. S. A. P. Dickerman, Mrs. Farless, Miss Eva Channing, Mrs. H. M. Laughlin, Mrs. A. S. Copeland, Miss Sarah Copeland, Mrs. L. H. Williams, Mrs. Perkins, Miss Lucia M. Peabody, Henry B. Blackwell, Fräulein Antonie Stolle, John Ritchie, Richard C. Humphries, Dr. Emma Call, Miss Lucia Peabody.

All of the physicians of the New England Hospital were present, also representatives of the various women's organisations of which Dr. Zakrzewska was a member]

SKETCH OF DR. ZAKRZEWSKA'S LIFE.

BY MRS. EDNAH D. CHENEY.¹

Born and educated in Berlin, Prussia, Dr. Zakrzewska began her medical studies and her practical experience in a hospital at a very early age. At that time the practice of the profession was not open to women in Germany, and she looked across the water for the fuller opportunities and wider activity which then had opened to women in America in 1847, and which she felt to be needful to her own work.

The Western Reserve Medical School of Cleveland at that time admitted women. She went thither, and gained there a command of the English language so necessary to her, while she continued the professional studies already familiar to her, and there received her degree as M. D. This medical school afterward withdrew the privilege it had extended to women, because the Pennsylvania College for Women was greatly enlarged; but if in this short period it had done nothing but put its professional seal upon this one woman's work, it would deserve the gratitude of all who have since profited by her life and experience.

She went to New York and engaged with the pioneers, Drs. Elizabeth and Emily Blackwell, in the establishment of the New York Infirmary for Women and Children. Visiting Boston in 1856

¹ Reproduced from *The Woman's Journal*.

for the purpose of raising funds for the new undertaking, she became known to many persons interested in the medical education of women, and was offered a position as professor in the Female Medical College.

She would take the position only on condition that clinical instruction should be provided for, and she organised a hospital department for medical and obstetric cases. After three years she severed her connection with the medical school, and, the great value of clinical instruction having been proved, friends joined her in establishing our present "New England Hospital," for the spe-



MRS. EDNAH D. CHENEY.¹

cial purpose of affording such instruction to women college graduates. Her previous experience in hospital life was all-important in organising the new institution, and as director she took an active part in the business affairs as well as in the medical management of the hospital. Her large private medical practice gave her a wide acquaintance with influential people whose interest in the institution contributed to its permanent support. As attending phy-

¹ Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney, whose portrait we reproduce here, is one of the leading women of New England, an author who is widely known throughout the United States, a defender of women's rights in the proper sense of the term, a speaker of extraordinary force, and all in all an exceptional personality typical of New England womanhood.

sician she took her full share of all the daily duty of the hospital, while her instruction and counsel were of the greatest value to the internes who were preparing for return service.

As presiding officer, she still retained her influence in all the professional work, and she was always ready to afford young students her advice and assistance in their professional career.

A sound intellect and a large and sympathetic heart unselfishly devoted to the service of humanity, and especially to the welfare of her own sex, have made her service in Boston for thirty-seven years an incalculable blessing to thousands of women whom she has helped to a life of health, usefulness, and happiness.

REMINISCENCES.¹

Dr. Zakrzewska was a woman of remarkable ancestry. She was descended on one side from a gipsy queen. Her father was a Pole and had large possessions in Poland, which she might have claimed; but it would have been so expensive (involving the payment of heavy taxes, etc.) that she never did.

Her father was at Berlin, serving in the Prussian army, when a Polish insurrection broke out. For some expression of sympathy with it, he was suspended from the army, on a small fraction of his pay, but was not allowed to engage in any other work, as he was liable at any time to be recalled. This reduced the family to poverty. Marie's mother went into a government institution for the training of midwives, and had to live in a given quarter of the town, which was assigned to her as her field of work. She rented a house, meaning to take lodgers, but no lodgers came. Marie vividly remembered one Saturday evening when her mother came home and found the children all crying, frightened by a great thunderstorm. She had been able to bring home only one dollar to carry them over Sunday; and she sank into a chair and burst into tears. Little Marie, the oldest of the children, was about ten years old. She did her best to comfort her tired mother, and said that she would herself go out and buy the food for Sunday, laying out the small sum of money to the best advantage. Marie early became a caretaker. She used to study her lessons for school, knit, and rock the cradle, all at the same time.

Marie helped her mother in her work as a midwife. She began early to take an interest in medicine, and went into a hospital

¹Mrs. Cheney communicates these reminiscences in an interview for publication in *The Woman's Journal*.

while still extremely young. One of the professors was very friendly. He told her that she might study medicine with him, and that he would get leave from the government to have her take a degree. But one day, when she came to the hospital, she found it hung with black, and learned that her friend, the professor, had suddenly died. It was after this that she went to America.

While she was studying in Cleveland, Mrs. Caroline M. Severance became one of her best friends.

After she went to New York, she had a very hard struggle to live. Her sister joined her, and for a time they supported them-



ZAKRZEWSKA BUILDING.

Original building of the group comprising the New England Hospital for Women and Children.¹

selves by knitting. But more prosperous days were in store for her.

She visited Philadelphia and Boston to get funds for the New York Infirmary for Women and Children, and the ladies in Boston raised half the rent. Frederick May was among the best helpers. Samuel E. Sewall was one of the trustees of the Female Medical School, and it was he who wanted her to come and help in it.

She took a great interest in humanity, and in people of all kinds. She instituted an eight-cent lunch for shop girls, and a

¹ Reproduced from a photograph taken by A. H. Folsom, for which we are indebted to Dr. S. M. Taylor, Superintendent of the Hospital.

varied lunch for school children, giving them something different each day, so as to avoid monotony. She was much interested in the Jews and in the Jewish school. She would take as much pains with a poor girl as with the richest lady, and the poor people were very fond of her.

It is not true, as has been said, that she had "few social interests outside her practice and her work at the hospital." She had many warm friends. She used to be fond of going to Mr. Sewall's and there having "a dance and a really jolly time." She was a member of the Woman Suffrage Association, the Moral Education Association, the New England Women's Club, the Roxburghe Club, and other societies. She had ceased to be attending physician at the hospital, but was still consulting physician. The main building of the hospital was named for her when she was seventy.

She was of a cheery disposition, though she had had much trouble in her life, besides the early struggles already described. Her mother sailed for America to join her, but died on the voyage. She also lost a very dear sister.

Dr. Zakrzewska never married. For many years she and her devoted friend, Miss Julia Sprague, have made their home together.

A NEARER VIEW OF COUNT LEO TOLSTOI.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH E. EVANS.

WHEN Frau Anna Seuron, formerly governess and trusted companion in the family of Count Leo Tolstoi, was requested by a German publisher to furnish details respecting the character and habits of the Russian Reformer, for the edification of the German reading public, she, duly mindful of the moral laws of hospitality, submitted the proposition to Count Tolstoi for decision. He told her to write about him as freely as she chose: he was sure that she would fulfil the task in a proper manner. Her condensed sketch of a daily and hourly observation of Tolstoi's walk and conversation for years is worth volumes of notes by interviewers and newsmongers of various types who intrude upon the famous recluse in order to secure instantaneous views of his life and surroundings.

Tolstoi is a born romancer, whose motto may well be: "Through Night to Light," since he, from his earliest years, was phenomenally conscious of the moral degradation around him and phenomenally eager to invoke the illumination of truth. His apparently autobiographical narrative, *Childhood*, is largely imaginative, as he was left an orphan at a very early age and never experienced the parental tenderness which he so feelingly describes.

Always thoughtful, in love for the first time when scarcely twelve years old, not remarkable for scholarship at the university, partaking of the follies of student life and the wild excesses of military experience, spending a few years of careless independence as a gay young bachelor upon his ancestral estates and finally saved by his marriage from a further waste of time and strength in the pursuit of pleasure—such was Count Tolstoi's preliminary equipment for a comprehension of the end and aim of human existence, such the brilliant and varied stock of reminiscences from which he was to draw his realistic portrayal of contemporary life

and evolve warnings and advice for the benefit of men and women of like passions with himself in Russia, and in the rest of the world. His talent as a writer developed early. In his eleventh year he composed a little poem which caused an aged friend of the family to prophesy that he would one day become an author, and his first public attempt was made when he was only twenty years old. He was then an ensign in the army, engaged in active service against the Tartars in the Caucasus. One night, as he lay half asleep, while his comrades were playing cards beside him, somebody picked up a newspaper and read aloud: "A little work, signed 'L. T.,' has just appeared, and is making a sensation in the literary world."

So he awoke to fame, and decided to devote himself to literature; but he made no sign, and his companions went to rest without suspecting that the "L. T." of the newspaper was close beside them.

From that time he began to realise his mission as a thinker and writer; although his earnest moods alternated with periods of reckless gaiety as before. His marriage steadied him. His wife was not noble by birth, and his choice seems to have been dictated solely by inclination. She was very young when he married her; scarcely more than a child herself when their first child was born, and the brood increased rapidly until it numbered eleven. The pair lived for nineteen years in retirement upon their estate, he busy with his intellectual creations, and employing his leisure hours in hunting, and in attending to the prosperity of his flocks and herds and fruitful fields, she fully occupied with the care of her increasing family and the government of her necessarily large household. The union appears to have been a fortunate one, to judge from the character of the writings which date from this period, especially in their delineations of feminine character, and of masculine devotion to woman as wife and mother. In the words of his biographer: "the dream of his first love, the remembrance of the temporary alliances which had amused his bachelor freedom, were thrown into an urn and burned to ashes," and she says elsewhere more plainly that he was true to his wife—testimony which implies high praise to both parties, especially in view of the prevailing habits of the upper classes in Russia.

As Tolstoi's artistic power developed and his philanthropic desires embraced an ever widening field of activity, his zeal for his local and personal interests diminished and, consequently, his affairs began to suffer loss. Agents and overseers and laboring

peasants took advantage of his indifference, enriching themselves at his expense, and the estate upon which he lived, as well as two other valuable farms, brought him only a small part of their profits. His increasing absorption in abstract ideas, to the exclusion of practical effort, was perceptible also in the condition of the villagers and peasants of his neighborhood. For a time he was deeply interested in the mental improvement of his dependents, and a school was opened in which members of his family gave regular lessons; also, an A. B. C. book for the people was prepared and published; but the proceeds were small, and the whole enterprise was allowed to dwindle and fall into disuse.

In the meantime the children of the family were growing up, and notwithstanding the presence of governesses and tutors, there was a lack in the system of education which only the advantages of a large city could supply. So the Countess insisted upon a winter residence in Moscow, and the Count finally agreed to the plan; although he would have preferred remaining all the year round in the country. A handsome house with a large garden was bought at a reasonable price, and thenceforth the family migrated to and from the city, according to the seasons.

It was at the winter home in Moscow that Frau Seuron first met Tolstoi and his household. She was not impressed by his gray flannel blouse; to her it looked arrogant, rather than modest; but the firm grasp of his powerful hand inspired confidence, while the keen glance of his small gray eyes showed that she had to deal with an uncommon character. She says that then, and often afterwards, his manner of scrutinising people reminded her of a photographic apparatus, and his writings suggested the same instrument; because only one person, or one idea, held the focus in his mental processes, and hence the power of the picture.

Admitted to the intimacy of the home circle, Tolstoi's words and deeds became the daily study of the observant governess, whose character was sufficiently independent to judge the Reformer's conduct upon its own merits and demerits. Her narrative divested of its fantastic setting and subjected to chronological order and to condensation of form, displays various salient aspects of Tolstoi's character which constitute a sufficient explanation of his course.

He is first and above all a man of moods; not because he is intentionally capricious; but because he has a mind which is continually growing, and growth implies change. Moreover, he had much to unlearn, as well as much to learn, in the thorough revolu-

tion of his habits and aims. The fault of his disciples is in mistaking his tentative theories for fixed principles, his crude suggestions for assured improvements. Frau Seuron, amazed by the contrast between precept and practice, declares that the whole movement is confusion, mystical dogma, disease, out of which, in the course of time, some valuable pearl of truth may be developed ; but not in this century.

It is greatly to Tolstoi's credit that, in spite of his faults and inconsistencies, this unprejudiced and severe critic admired and revered him and was able to retain her faith in his entire honesty of purpose. His conduct was sometimes exasperating ; but sincerity and earnestness were undeniably the basis of his character.

When alone with his family, he was sometimes a charming companion, gay, witty, laughing heartily at his own jokes, and delighting the children with stories of his own early adventures, or with fables composed on the spur of the moment for their sole edification. But there was dignity in his mirth, and he never appeared ridiculous, not even when in a hilarious mood he waltzed around the room in his flannel blouse, with his stocking showing through a hole in his shoe. Sometimes he was gloomy, unapproachable, cross from toothache, or depressed by the woes of the world outside. Much of his time was spent in the solitude of his plainly furnished study on the upper floor, where he wrote his books, and did not allow of any interruption or disturbance until his hours of work were over.

Frau Seuron joined the family in 1882, or thereabouts, and the connection lasted six years. Count Tolstoi was already famous as a writer of romances, and his ideas for the reformation of society were rapidly gaining ground ; especially among the young men of his own class who were dissatisfied with the existing state of things and eager to discover some remedy for long-standing evils. He was frequently consulted by letter, and also by personal application. He neglected his correspondence. Letters were scarcely opened, rarely answered ; they fell on the floor, were hidden under the dishes, carried off by the children. Polite overtures of acquaintance from distinguished scholars and literary celebrities were thrown aside and forgotten ; communications from sympathetic critics, who were doing their utmost to awaken the world to a knowledge of and belief in his greatness, met with the same fate ; the dreamer preferred to dream on undisturbed.

So with regard to the personal applicants. Persistent guests were smuggled into his presence when a favorable mood was upon

him, and seekers after truth were sometimes allowed to steal away from the gay hospitality below stairs to enjoy an earnest interview with the philosopher in the quiet of his upper chamber. That same retreat was his impregnable fortress when visitors were unwelcome. It is no wonder that his celebrity was often distasteful to him; for every summer his quiet country home was besieged by an army of strangers, coming in carriages and on horseback and on foot, each discontented mortal desiring to lay down his burden of satiety, or doubt, or remorse, and hoping to go away relieved and comforted. And Tolstoi listened to the complaints of the weary and heavy-laden and gave advice in keeping with the degree of illumination to which he had himself attained.

But not all who came went away satisfied. Among the seekers were curious and enthusiastic persons who were minded to put his theories into practice, and therefore considered it wise to obtain counsel and suggestion from his own life, and such as these were bewildered and discouraged by what they saw and heard. They expected to find an ascetic, denying himself the good things of which so many of his fellow-men are deprived, spending his time in humble work and hermit-like meditation,—and instead they found a luxurious home, a generous table, servants, equipages, in short, the usual surroundings of a wealthy and titled landed proprietor.

One of these inquirers, rich, noble, and an improvement upon the “young man” of the Gospel story, in that he was ready and willing to give up his “great possessions” for the common good, came in all humility to obtain advice from the wise teacher, believing fully all the stories he had heard about the man who had succeeded in restoring the patriarchal simplicity of life in the early Bible days, and expecting to see the Reformer sitting, like Abraham, in the door of his tent to welcome strangers. Accordingly, the traveller, attired with studious plainness, and carrying his travelling-bag on his arm, arrived at the gate, and avoiding the stately avenue leading to the mansion, wandered about the premises in the hope of finding a less conspicuous entrance. Once inside, he found comfortable rooms, a lively family circle, an elaborate dinner, with ice for dessert,, ladies in fashionable attire, a social evening in the drawing-room, with piano-forte playing and singing, and the Count in his famous blouse evidently at home amidst these luxuries and apparently feeling no desire to discuss the burning questions which filled the visitor’s mind. When the time came for retiring, the stranger was escorted to a chamber in

an adjoining cottage, furnished with only a hard bed, a table, a chair, and a wash-basin. Here, at last, was the simplicity he had expected to find; these surroundings harmonised with Tolstoi's command: "Renounce all the luxuries of life; take with thee only what is necessary, and go thy way in temperance and chastity." So he lay down on his narrow couch and fell asleep. But the night was long, and waking up in the bright moonlight, he opened a door in the wall close beside his bed, and there was a room fitted up with all the comforts and elegancies which he had been so glad to miss in the guest-chamber, and again he was discouraged. What did it matter if Tolstoi wore a blouse, and made his own shoes and drove a plough, when he had only to return home to find himself surrounded by all that makes life enjoyed by the rich and envied by the poor? So the young man arose with the dawn and packed his travelling-bag and departed, unseen by the still sleeping family, and went back to relate his experiences and deter his fellow-converts from a journey to the source of so much printed wisdom.

Also a young nobleman (son of a general high in favor with the Czar), rich, handsome, dissipated, became a convert to Tolstoi's creed and, suddenly turning his back upon all his advantages, went about in old clothes and worn-out shoes, selling tracts at the street-corners. He could not carry out his ideas in the family palace at St. Petersburg, because his widowed mother was mistress there, and she did not believe in Tolstoi; so he contented himself with filling his own water-pitcher, carrying it past the long lines of idle and obsequious servants in the hall, and feeling that he was doing God service in waiting upon himself. At his country-seat he had a better chance to develop his plans, and his endeavors showed an improvement upon the master's example. He introduced enlightened methods of husbandry; he provided for helpless orphans; he established schools and put them under the charge of teachers of his own way of thinking. He wanted to marry Tolstoi's eldest daughter; but her father dissuaded him from that idea, and finally he married one of the teachers in his schools, to whom he took a fancy, because one morning she came into his room before he was up, to get a book, and crossed the chamber and went to the book-shelves and hunted up the book and left the room, without so much as a glance at the occupant of the bed. Her modesty and independence pleased him so greatly that he made her his wife, and although the union was at first disapproved of by his aristocratic relatives, the event proved that he had chosen wisely. Her good sense restrained his fanaticism; children came

to strengthen the bond, and he gradually settled down to the conviction that riches are not necessarily a bar to happiness, nor a hindrance to self-improvement.

Other cases made more serious trouble. Once the Countess, while on a journey, met a lady of her own class who confided to her the anxiety from which she was suffering on account of the conduct of her son who, in conformity with Tolstoi's precepts, was giving away his property right and left, and would soon have nothing remaining for his own support. The Countess told her who she was, and the lady begged her to influence her husband to put a stop to the young man's folly. But Tolstoi only laughed when he heard the story.

Many young noblemen deserted their rightful places in society and married peasant women, or lived with them unmarried, descending to their level and finally drinking themselves to death. Others, more earnest, devoted themselves so ardently to menial work, for which they were not fitted, that they lost health and strength and perished by the way.

Nor was it alone the masculine aristocrats who were affected by the new mania. Many women sought in Tolstoi's doctrine relief from the emptiness of a life of pleasure, and it was no unusual sight to see nobly-born and delicately bred ladies going out in the early morning, attired in white negligé jackets and short skirts, to fill dung-carts and spread manure upon the dewy fields. In short, there were abundant instances of the various degrees of failure and disaster which would inevitably result from the untimely application, by inexperienced and incompetent persons, of crude theories to inconsistent practice.

It is easy to imagine the horror with which Tolstoi's doctrines were regarded by the members of aristocratic families who by this means had lost promising sons and brothers, or been socially disgraced by the eccentric behavior of sisters and daughters. Once a Prince, occupying an influential position at Court, wished to employ Frau Seuron's son as a tutor for his boys; but when he learned that the young man had lived several years in Tolstoi's house, he broke off the negotiations immediately.

This attitude on the part of the higher classes is not surprising, and many of their objections are well-founded; but in spite of the absurdity of some of Tolstoi's notions and the frequent inconsistency of his conduct, there is no doubt that he was from the beginning sympathetic towards his suffering fellow-men and sincere in his desire to abate the evils of society. "What to do?" "How

to begin?" was the cry of his secret thoughts, as well as of his published appeals. No doubt he suffered real agony of spirit as he sat alone and motionless, with bowed head and folded hands, in his favorite seat on the wall of his vast domain, brooding over the wrongs of the poor and the selfishness of the rich.

In Moscow he spent many an evening at the Fair, which is held three times a year in the open common near his city home. There, disguised in his sheepskin mantle, he wandered amidst the crowd and watched the sports and listened to the talk and stood before the gaudy theatre while the play went on, sometimes bringing back a hungry actor to supper, and finding full reward for his charity in the revelations of his grateful guest. What he saw and heard in such contact with the lowest classes of his countrymen filled him with a noble desire to better their condition, and in this spirit many of his sketches and short stories were written. One of these (*The Distillery*), was intended for the stage, as a warning against the prevailing intemperance. It was really acted at the Fair, and report said that the Count was one of the actors. However that may be, his endeavor to have the piece arranged in permanent form came to naught, in consequence of the exorbitant demands of the *impresario*. It was afterwards partially incorporated as an opera, in which form it still survives.

But Tolstoi's experience in this matter, and in other efforts to help the world in his own way, were such as to dishearten and repel him. He brooded more than ever over the evils of life; but he withdrew more and more from personal relations with his fellow-men. For a time he visited the dwellings of the very poor, the lodgings of outcasts, the haunts of vice and crime, and went back to his comfortable home heartsick and appalled. It seemed to him that the only way to help was by example, and he resolved to begin by acts so small that everybody could do likewise, and so, by united effort, the overwhelming burdens which have so long crushed humanity might be lifted and thrown off. Accordingly, day after day he bound a girdle about his loins and drew a barrel of water on a sled, from a fountain at the end of the garden to the kitchen door, and once, when the springs gave out, all Moscow might have seen the Count, dressed like a common laborer, going with the other water-carriers through the streets to fill his cask at the river side. In doing this menial work, when there were servants enough at hand to do it, Tolstoi undoubtedly wished to display his sincere humility and true brotherly love. It was not a Russian nobleman masquerading for notoriety or fame; it was a favored human being

willing to ignore the distinctions of his class and to fulfil the divine command: "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread."

All honor to his courage and his humanity; even though the impulse was fleeting and the exhibition absurd!

The same lack of practical activity and persistent endeavor was still more evident in the condition of his country estate, which was behind the times in useful improvements, even for Russia. Once a hut in the village caught fire, and twenty-one houses were burned to ashes before the flames could be subdued. Such a calamity is common in Russia, upon neglected estates; but in this case the landlord professed to be the father of his people: why then did he not ensure safety by the purchase of a fire-engine? So thought the governess, as she looked on at the destruction of property.

One day she came across an old peasant-woman who was digging potatoes with a stick of wood, and asked her why she did not use a spade instead. The woman said there were only three spades in the whole village. When this state of things was reported to the Count he laughed and said it was all right; the peasants had thereby an opportunity to practice Christian charity in lending their tools! At that time there was in the village only one hammer, which wandered from hand to hand according to necessity, and the Count covered this difficulty with the careless remark that every peasant had an axe!

Near the great house stood a maple tree which had been struck by lightning, and on the only healthy remaining limb hung a bell which was rung for meals, and also to give alarm on other occasions. This was a gathering-place for poor people seeking advice or assistance, and here they often stood for hours, hoping that help would come. It came, generally; but not from the head of the family. The Countess dealt out medicine and lint; other members of the household gave clothing and money; but the Count remained invisible, or passed through the waiting group unrecognised, with a scythe over his shoulder, or an axe in his belt. His earlier endeavor to benefit the peasants of his estate had made a noise in the world and the public had never been informed that the project was only transitory.

One day two philanthropic strangers arrived to visit the school which had once really existed, and the hospital which was entirely a work of imagination. When they saw the tumble-down hut which had served as a schoolhouse, and failed to find any trace of

a hospital, they turned about and went their way, without even seeking an interview with the famous Reformer.

Tolstoi, the Rousseau of the nineteenth century, believed in nature and he hated the luxuries of civilisation in any form. Above all money was to him odious. He loathed both to receive as well as to pay out money. His charity toward others was an indulgence in personal gifts or services, but as soon as money was either needed or demanded his warmhearted sympathy was shriveled into cold indifference, which made him callous and even unjust.

An estate of his, the most distant one of all, had long been suffering under the mismanagement of a selfish overseer and dishonest peasants, until at last the evil became too enormous even for the patience of the Count, who was then at the height of his hatred of money, and of everything that money represents. Just here Frau Seuron came to the rescue by introducing to the Count a German overseer who had long been in charge of an important estate in another part of Russia and who was furnished with abundant testimonials as to his competency and honesty. He came three times to Moscow from his temporary abode more than fifteen miles away, to confer with the Count, who treated him as though the engagement were certain; although he avoided the mention of money matters. At last a final interview was appointed, and the man arrived punctually, leaving his wife and children at the hotel, he having given up his previous situation to another overseer, in the expectation of starting immediately with his family for his new home. But after everything had been satisfactorily arranged, the new overseer asked with becoming modesty for an advance of one hundred and fifty roubles (a little over one hundred dollars), to pay the expenses of the journey and of the first month's occupation; whereupon the Count gave him a look, expressive of the enmity which he sometimes seemed to feel towards his fellow-men, and left the room by the little door leading to his sanctum, where he was sure of being undisturbed. The poor overseer, whose plans were thus suddenly overturned, exclaimed: "God will provide; but the Count is on the wrong road to honor!" When the Count came down to dinner that day, he said to Frau Seuron: "I don't know how to explain to you my conduct this morning"—and she answered him only by a sarcastic smile. Afterwards he explained his action to others by saying that the man had made himself suspicious by asking for money: other overseers had known how to help themselves, and this one ought to be able to do it too. But he forgot that those other overseers had ruined his

affairs, so that out of a herd of sixty camels only two remained, and instead of an income of ten thousand roubles, he received no money at all from the estate. It was two years before that man could secure a situation for the support of his family. As for the Count, he confided the estate to a succession of untrustworthy overseers, and things went from bad to worse, the only safeguard against total ruin being the inexhaustible richness of the land.

In those days a stranger came to see Tolstoi and to offer him his immense fortune for benevolent purposes. The man was of a high family; but he had married a plain governess and was not happy in his marriage and wished to use his life to some purpose in assisting other people. Just at that time a wealthy friend of Frau Seuron wished to sell a valuable forest, and she offered Frau Seuron ten thousand roubles if she would find a purchaser for the land. So Frau Seuron, to whom the generous sum would have been a welcome assistance in the support of herself and her son, asked Count Tolstoi to mention the matter to his visitor. But the Count laughed, and said: "Are you trying to make money?" and did not say a word to the man who was so anxious to get rid of his fortune for the good of other people. And so the opportunity was lost.

One day Count Tolstoi came home deeply affected by a pitiful case of poverty which he had discovered during his walk. He had met a boy about fifteen years old who had only one arm and who was crying with cold. He went with the boy to see where he lived and was taken into a lodging-house where six persons occupied one room. The boy's mother was there, old and sick. The Count took the boy home with him and told his son Leo to look among his old shoes and bring a pair for the stranger. The shoes came; but they were thin and full of holes and too small for the boy's feet. Frau Seuron remarked that such a gift was not worth having, and the Count replied that he had told the boy to come again and he would give him fifty kopeks (about thirty-two cents), to pay for the lodging, as the landlord had threatened to turn mother and son into the street. The woman came instead of the boy, and the shoes were given to her; Frau Seuron also gave her a shawl; but the Count said the boy must come himself for the money. So the boy came, wearing the shoes, which evidently hurt his feet at every step he took. The Count was passing through the room to go to his study; he stopped, and put his hand into his pocket, as though searching for the promised coins. Just then a friend came to visit him. The Count bade him welcome in a joyful voice, and together they disappeared through the little door leading to the study.

Nothing more was said about the money. Frau Seuron gave the boy what she could spare, and he went away and never came back again. He died not long afterwards of consumption, in the hospital, as Frau Seuron learned from his mother, whom she met accidentally in the street.

Frau Seuron explains such contradictions in the conduct of Count Tolstoi, by declaring that so lofty a character must have its depths and precipices also. His sudden changes of temper and will were due in part to physical causes. He was thoroughly good only when he was perfectly well, and he was often a sufferer, especially from toothache, to which he was a martyr until every tooth was out of his head; for he had no faith in dentistry, and preferred to let nature take its course in the process of destruction. His unreasonable hatred of money, however, had something to do with his aversion to giving it, and his theory of mutual helpfulness seemed to him to lose its beauty as soon as one party demanded, and the other bestowed, alms. He could work with his peasants and talk with them as man to man; but if they jarred upon his sensibilities by asking inopportunately for help, his manner changed, he showed himself the despotic nobleman of ancient race dealing with immemorial serfdom, and the disappointed laborers shook their heads and retired in silent defeat.

The Count's contempt for civilisation went so far as to make him obtuse to the æsthetical and even hygienic needs of cleanliness.

There was a time when Count Tolstoi, formerly an elegant man of the world, neglected entirely the care of his person and appeared to revel in the degrading filth and disgusting odors which belong to the lowest department of farm labor. He would come to the table after hours of hard work at the dung-heap, his clothes reeking with the stench, and smile pityingly upon those of his family who were disturbed by the impure atmosphere. Sometimes he would discard stockings and wrap up his feet in linen rags, after the manner of the peasants, and wear the rags until they were a horror to all who came near him. His pocket handkerchief is characterised as "indescribable," and his way of using it and of putting it into his pocket, showed that he himself was disgusted and wished to touch it as little as possible. It seemed as though he were trying experiments with himself, to see what comforts are really necessary to existence, and what can be renounced.

His familiarity with dirt appeared to affect his moral standards as well. There were long discussions as to what is and is not

dirty; amongst other things, he gravely asserted, before a table full of young people, his own children and their guests, that to set apart a place for certain necessary offices of the human body is to encourage immoral luxury. Such perfectly natural acts should be performed without shame wherever and whenever nature dictates, as quietly and modestly as possible, of course, but without any long seeking after a secluded place to hide in. The Countess and the governess protested against such unsavory table-talk; but the children went into fits of laughter at the Count's droll ideas. Soon afterwards Frau Seuron saw one of these young people, a stately, elegantly-dressed boy, only ten years old, putting theory into practice in the avenue before the house, and when she, later, called him to account for the indecency, he answered, with the candor of good faith: "The Count says we mustn't make too much fuss over such matters!"

The governess was generous enough to perceive, in these and many other idiosyncrasies, an honest striving after some sound principle, a humane effort to solve some problem containing an element of good for the whole species; but she owns that filthy clothes and filthy habits are not in themselves sufficient to make a man famous, and it is no wonder that when such stories were repeated by less sympathetic listeners, the world in general set Tolstoi down as a lunatic, or, at least, a "crank."

His moods were strongly contrasted. If at one time he could endure without discomfort the stench of the dung-heap, at another he took delight in the subtle odors of French perfumery, and in the more delicate fragrance of natural flowers.

Frau Seuron says there are two Tolstois; one, the author, the farmer, the shoemaker, the nobleman, the head of the family; the other, himself. Sometimes he shows one characteristic, sometimes another; for he has the gift of being able to peel himself off in layers, like an onion. When he is really himself he acts with primitive simplicity, exactly as though he were alone, giving no heed to the presence of other people. His renown is often oppressive to him; such publicity is contrary to his inmost feelings and tastes.

He was always careless about his appearance, even in the city. His hats and caps had neither shape nor color, and he was quite indifferent as to whether they were suitable or becoming. Only his blouse must be long, as he considered it more chaste to wear it in that form. Closely-fitting trousers he did not approve of; he objected also to low-necked dresses for women. Like many another sensitive human being, he was often oppressed by the ap-

parent cruelty and injustice of killing animals for food, and once he made trial of the vegetarian system. For more than a year he followed the rule, yielding only now and then so far as to partake of bouillon. His health suffered from the change, and he was persuaded to include poultry in his bill of fare. Often, too, the roast beef from which the family had been served at supper was found to have been well eaten into during the night, and the Count was suspected of being the eater, although he never would acknowledge the deed.

This plan of living soon lost its force, and the Count returned gladly to the fleshpots, as many another vegetarian has been forced to do, by reason of well grounded fears of a permanent loss of vitality. A few years later he made another attempt. A Russian exile, who had lived a long time in America came to see him. The man was fifty years old, but looked much younger, and he ascribed his blooming appearance to his diet. For ten years he had lived on vegetables, and had eaten all his food without salt.

Not only the Count, but also the daughters of the house resolved to try this way of keeping young and beautiful; but in less than a year the girls grew thin and pale, and the whole company of converts went back to their former mode of living. Also, the Count tried once to give up tobacco. "Smoking is unhealthy," he said, "it is a luxury. The fields given up to the weed might better be planted with grain to feed the hungry." So cigars and cigarettes were laid aside, and the Count wandered up and down forlorn. But, finding that his health suffered from the abstinence, he resumed the habit and was comforted.

His biographer remarks in this connection that those who imagine the Count to be an ascetic are greatly mistaken. His physical and psychical characteristics are not those out of which a saint is made, and his seasons of self-mortification were irregular and few. It seemed to her that his whimsical industries, such as lighting his own fire, blacking his own boots, working as a shoemaker, digging in the field, driving the plough, carting manure, were so many ways of refreshing his mental energy through bodily exercise. He gave up riding after being obliged to sell his favorite horse; he gave up hunting after adopting vegetarian principles—he says too that he dared not go out alone with a gun, for fear that he should be tempted to shoot himself,—and so he turned to more plebeian methods of letting off steam, so to speak, for the health and safety of his spiritual as well as physical nature.

His dread of death was very strong. Once, a friend of his, a

spiritist, said that when he came to die, he should send for him, to let him see that dying is not hard. Three days afterwards the man lay on his death-bed, from the effects of a sudden cold, and he sent for Tolstoi; but the Count would not go, until after his friend was dead. He was naturally inclined to be superstitious, and this habit of mind, together with a lack of thorough education, interfered with the ability to form just conclusions respecting the social problems which he was trying to solve.

He never showed any desire that his children should be learned; on the contrary, he often expressed himself as opposed to study, and yet he seemed to expect that his children should understand everything. Their education was the work of their teachers and governesses; the family life was characterised by great individual liberty; each member came and went as inclination dictated, and the Count troubled himself least of all with the management of domestic affairs.

Meantime, the family was increasing in numbers and years and expenses, while the income was growing less with every season of mismanagement and neglect. Just here came in the practical energy of the mistress of the house. She undertook to gain pecuniary profit out of her husband's literary work. He rebelled at first against the plan; his theory being that money is an evil and the cause of evil; but his wife persisted: the children must be educated and provided for, and their own old age secured from want.

So the Countess, assisted by a lady friend (apparently the governess herself), addressed herself to the undertaking, and carried it out with praiseworthy resolution. The Count had to shut his eyes to what was going on, although he, as much as any other member of the family, was to profit by this reward of his intellectual labor. True, the transaction was in direct contradiction to Tolstoi's preaching; but the fault lay in his eccentric ideas, not in his wife's practical administration of affairs. The fact was that their property was going to ruin; while a perfectly legitimate and honorable source of wealth was neglected, because of an absurd scruple, and, like the sensible wife and prudent mother that she was, she demanded that a just share of the profits of her husband's work should be given to him, instead of going, as formerly, into the pockets of publishers and booksellers.

The Countess was in no degree responsible for the decrease of prosperity which made this action necessary. The failure of the estates were due to the Count's indifference and lack of authority:

whatever she controlled was secure and successful. Her family name was Behrs, and her grandparents were descended from Jews. Her ancestry asserted itself in her talent for business, and while the rest of the family spent and enjoyed without anxiety or calculation, she kept affairs in order and looked well to the ways of her household, according to the precepts of the Sage of Israel. It is the custom, more or less everywhere, and especially in Russia, to ridicule and despise the peculiar characteristics of the Jews, instead of recognising the noble qualities which constitute the true secret of the persistent prosperity of that race, in spite of the persecutions under which they continually labor. So Tolstoi could sarcastically remark that if he had been a professional performer on the clarinet, his wife would have spent her life in polishing the keys of his instrument. He might have added that but for her industry and thrift he would not have had money to buy a clarinet!

During the winter which followed the beginning of this enterprise the Count took especial pains to wear old clothes, going about in the streets of Moscow, and even paying visits in aristocratic houses, clad like a peasant, in a sheepskin jacket and a sheepskin cap, wearing high leather boots, and with his hands stuck into his pockets, or shoved into the sleeves of his jacket. In such a costume he went once to the Institute where Frau Seuron's son was a pupil, in order to escort the boy to his mother, who was ill. She, fearing some mistake, telegraphed to her son that the Count would arrive at a certain hour, and accordingly, the Director and the whole corps of teachers waited at the main entrance to receive the distinguished guest. But nobody came, excepting an old man in a sheepskin jacket, who was told to sit down on a bench in the hall, among the other people who had come on business. So he sat there, while the teachers passed up and down, wondering why the Count did not appear.

Not until after young Seuron approached the stranger and exchanged greetings with him in French, and offered his arm as they went out together, did it dawn upon the minds of the Faculty and attendants that the bearded man in sheepskin was Tolstoi himself! Great was the excitement in school, and soon the whole town was talking about the episode, while the Count added the story to several other similar incidents for the amusement of the home circle, deducing the conclusion that rank is not written on the face. "No, but on the back!" was Frau Seuron's playful rejoinder, by way of a hit at Tolstoi's peasant costume.

Frau Seuron gives due credit to Tolstoi for his exertions dur-

ing the year of famine. She says that of all the systems devised for the relief of the starving multitudes, his was the most practical and the most effective. The whole family were actively engaged in the work of mercy, and the executive talent of the Countess did much to make the enterprise a success. Besides, they had more means to work with than had the other societies; for Tolstoi's reputation as an author and a Reformer moved benevolent souls in all parts of the world to send contributions directly to him. His conduct in that emergency showed that with all his vagaries he possessed a fund of good common sense, and the same trait was displayed when, after his investigations among the poor of Moscow, he perceived and acknowledged that poverty cannot be permanently relieved by almsgiving; for the causes of poverty must be removed, in order to render a healthy prosperity possible.

A few years ago the principal comic paper in St. Petersburg published a caricature of Tolstoi letting fall a drop of ink from his pen into a barrel of tar. The drop of ink was labelled "Philosophy."

Tolstoi, Frau Seuron goes on to say, is by no means a thorough philosopher; but like most persons of good natural powers, his views are continually modified, according to increasing experience. He possesses a many-sided, but not a highly-cultivated, mind; hence his conclusions are necessarily empirical and not always borne out by facts.

Philosophy is the cradle of Renunciation, and people should not complain because Tolstoi has lain down in it so late. There is no such thing as a young philosopher: what in youth is capacity becomes virtue only with the progress of time.

This unsparing and yet eulogistic biographer trusts to time for the gradual removal of the faults and inconsistencies, whether in-born or acquired, which hinder the Reformer's individual progress and public success. She prophesies that his doctrines may cause strife and confusion for a century, and then the truth that is in them will be accepted in peace. "*Be sincere and honest and loving,*" is the sum and substance of his teaching, and that is wisdom which will endure.

Yes: it will endure; but that wisdom did not originate with Tolstoi, nor with any other reformer and leader of the race. It is as old as mankind; it is the lesson which age and experience teaches to every human being who lives and loves and suffers; the message has never come as news to any people; it answers to the best instincts of every living soul.

Tolstoi's religion is the creed of the New Testament, divested, as he imagines, of the superstitions and complications with which an ecclesiastical hierarchy has gradually encumbered it. But every form of belief which draws its inspiration from a supernatural source crystallises, sooner or later, into a Church, and requires external forms to gratify internal emotions. Tolstoi shows in all his writings that he is working in a circle—the same circle which has always bounded the religious impulses of mankind.

His attempts to apply his theories to the actual condition of human affairs prove his inability to effect a radical improvement of the social system. According to him, every man must help himself, and thereby help his brother: therefore every man must provide for his own wants with his own hands. And as such a plan is impracticable under the division of labor which obtains in large communities, people ought to go away from cities and distribute themselves over the face of the earth in companies so small that each member may have oversight of all the other members and be ready to give assistance when required. Such an arrangement would put a stop to the accumulation of capital and the oppressions of labor, besides doing away with the source of all these evils—money. The proposal of so entire a change in the prevailing modes of living suggests a decline of the degree of civilisation to which the race has at present attained, and the question naturally arises: What is to become of our industries and arts and sciences, if we need only a sheepskin for clothing and bed; if we are to live in communities so small as to forbid the accumulation of incentives to high achievement; if talent and genius are to be denied development, because of the pressure of daily needs and the necessity of the universal expenditure of time and strength in ignoble work?

Tolstoi does not deny the progress of the race in arts and sciences; but he asks whether the great mass of the people have been made better or happier thereby, implying that they have not: he asks whether such want and misery as now exist were ever known before, evidently expecting a negative reply.

If he would read history more thoroughly he would be forced to acknowledge that bad as things are in our day, they were much worse formerly. Disease was more prevalent and more fatal when water-closets, which Tolstoi denounces as "an immoral luxury," were unknown, and the people, living in small communities, made of their villages such heaps of filth that frequent migration was necessary for health and comfort. The spread of commerce through the application of steam as a motive power, has done more to

further the brotherhood of man than missionaries could ever have accomplished: electric light is a greater "preventive of crime than all the sermons of all the Churches, and the oppressive burdens of the working classes will be lifted the sooner for the education which enables the laborer to recognise his wrongs and demand his rights.

Again, Tolstoi declares that war is an evil which ought to be abolished, and as nations do not seem disposed to ensure peace, it remains only for individuals to make war impossible by refusing to fight. If it be objected that citizens or subjects who enjoy the protection of a national government ought to be ready to defend that government if attacked, the answer is that the man must not accept any favors from the government and then he will be free to decline serving in time of trouble. The absurdity of these propositions is evident. No person living under a government can avoid being benefited by its protection. If his house catches fire and he refuses to notify the fire department, the firemen will come with their engines in spite of him, to save his property and that of his neighbors. He can neither live nor die unto himself as a member of society, and membership implies duties. At this very moment the world is ringing with Tolstoi's complaints, because of the cruel punishment inflicted upon certain Russian subjects who, in conformity with his precepts, have refused to become soldiers.

Tolstoi's principle that war ought to be abolished is entirely right; but his way of putting an end to it would increase the evil a thousandfold. If the Germans were to refuse to perform military duty, it would not be many hours before the French would cross the Rhine and set all Europe in a flame of war. If there should be a general defection in the Russian army, even that immense empire would not be safe a day from the inroads of covetous neighbors. With the increase of knowledge comes a growing disinclination to settle disputes by violence; already civilised governments counsel arbitration instead of arms; doubtless the time will come when the nations will not learn war any more; but at present the chief safe-guards of international amity are the increasing deadliness of military weapons, and the interdependence of alien peoples in commercial affairs.

Everything that exists is evolved, not made: Tolstoi does not recognise this axiom; hence his endeavor to hasten the accomplishment of a social perfection, the development of which must necessarily be gradual and slow.

AMITĀBHA.

A STORY OF BUDDHIST METAPHYSICS.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE ORDINATION.

SOON after the time of Açoka, the great Buddhist emperor of the third century before Christ, India became the theater of protracted invasions and wars. Vigorous tribes from the North conquered the region of the upper Panjab and founded several states, among which the Kingdom of Gandhâra became most powerful. Despoliations, epidemics, and famines visited the valley of the Ganges, but all these tribulations passed over the religious institutions without doing them any harm. Kings lost their crowns and the wealthy their riches, but the monks chanted their hymns in the selfsame way. Thus the storm breaks down mighty trees, but only bends the yielding reed.

By the virtues, especially the equanimity and thoughtfulness, of the Buddhist priests, the conquerors in their turn were spiritually conquered by the conquered, and they embraced the religion of enlightenment. They recognised the four noble truths taught by the Tathâgata: (1) the prevalence of suffering which is always in evidence in this world; (2) the origin of suffering as rising from the desire of selfishness; (3) the possibility of emancipation from suffering by abandoning all selfish clinging; and (4) the way of salvation from suffering by the noble eightfold path of moral conduct, consisting in right comprehension, right aspiration, right speech, right conduct, right living, right endeavor, right discipline, and the attainment of right bliss.

When the kingdom of Gandhâra had been established, commerce and trade began to thrive more than ever, while the vihâras, or Buddhist monasteries, continued to be the home of religious

exercises, offering an asylum to those who sought retirement from the turmoil of the world for the sake of finding peace of soul.

It was in one of these vihâras in the mountains near Purusha-putra, the present Peshawur, that Charaka, a descendant of the Northern invaders, had decided to join the brotherhood. He was as yet little acquainted with the spirit and purpose of the institution; but, being very serious and devoutly religious, the youth had decided, for the sake of attaining perfect enlightenment, to give up everything dear to him, his parents, his home, his brilliant prospect of a promising future, and the love that was secretly budding in his heart.

The vihâra which Charaka entered was excavated in the solid rock of an idyllic gorge. A streamlet gurgled by, affording to the hermits abundance of fresh water, and the monks could easily sustain their lives by the gifts of the villagers who lived near by, to which they added the harvest of fruit and vegetables which grew near their cave dwellings. In the midst of their small cells was a large chaitya, a hall or church, in which they assembled for daily services, for sermons, meditations, and other pious exercises.

The chaitya, like the cells, was hewn out of the living rock; a row of massive columns on either side divided the hall into a central nave and two aisles.

The ornaments that covered the faces of the rocky walls, though the product of home talent, being made by the untrained hands of monk artists, did not altogether lack a certain refinement and loftiness. The pictures exhibited scenes from the life of Buddha, his birth, his deeds, his miracles, illustrations of his parables, his sermons, and his final entry into Nirvâna.

A procession of monks, preceded by a leader who swung a censer, filed in through the large portal of the chaitya. Two by two they moved along the aisles and reverentially circumambulated the dagoba, at the end of the nave in the absciss of the Hall, just in the place where idol worshippers would erect an altar to their gods. It was in imitation of a tumulus destined to receive some relic of the revered teacher, and the genius of the architect had artfully designed the construction of the cave so that the rays of the sun fell upon the dagoba and surrounded its mysterious presence with a halo of light.

The monks intoned a solemn chant, and its long-drawn cadences filled the hall with a spirit of sanctity, impressing the hearers as though Buddha himself had descended on its notes from his

blissful rest in Nirvâna to instruct, to convert, and to gladden his faithful disciples.

The monks chanted a hymn, of which the novice could catch some of the lines as they were sung ; and these were the words that rung in his ears :

“In the mountain hall we are taking our seats.
In solitude calming the mind ;
Still are our souls and in silence prepared
By degrees the truth to find.”

When they had circumambulated the dagoba, they halted in front of it where the novice now discovered an image of the Buddha in the attitude of teaching, and the monks spoke in chorus :

“I am anxious to lead a life of purity to the end of my earthly career when my life will return to the precious trinity of the Buddha, the truth, and the brotherhood.”

Then the chanting began again :

“Vast as the sea our heart shall be,
And full of compassion and love.
High shall soar for ever more
Our thought like a mountain dove.
We anxiously yearn from the master to learn,
Who found the path of salvation.
We follow the lead of Him who did read
The problem of origination.”¹

A venerable old monk who performed the duties of abbot now stepped forth and asked the assembled brethren whether any one had a communication to make that deserved the attention of the assemblage, and after the question had been repeated three times Subhûti, one of the older monks, said :

“There is a young man with us who, having left the world, stayed with me some time for the sake of instruction and discipline. He is here and desires to be admitted to the brotherhood.”

The abbot replied : “Let him come forward.”

It was Charaka ; and when he stepped into the midst of the brethren, the abbot viewed his tall figure with a kindly, searching glance and asked : “What is your name and what your desire?”

Charaka knelt down and said with clasped hands : “My name is Charaka. I entreat the Brotherhood for initiation. May the Brotherhood receive me and raise me up to their height of spiritual perfection. Have compassion on me, reverend sirs, and grant my request.”

¹Cf. “Buddhist Chants and Processions,” *Journal of the Buddhist Text Society of India*, Vol. III., Part II.

The abbot then asked the supplicant a series of questions as prescribed in the regulations of the brotherhood: whether he was free from contagious disease, whether he was a human being, a man, and of age, whether his own master and not a slave nor in the king's service; whether unencumbered with debts and whose disciple he was.

When all the questions had been answered satisfactorily, the abbot submitted the case to the brotherhood, saying: "Reverend sirs, the Brotherhood may hear me. This man Charaka, a disciple of the venerable Subhūti, desires to receive the ordination.¹ He is free from all obstacles to ordination. He has an alms-bowl and a yellow robe, and entreats the Brotherhood for ordination, with the reverend brother Subhūti as his teacher. Let those among the venerable brethren who are in favor of granting the ordination be silent. Let those who are opposed to it step forth and speak."

These words were three times repeated, and as there was no dissenting voice, the abbot declared with solemnity: "The Brotherhood indicates by its silence that it grants to Charaka the ordination, with the reverend brother Subhūti as his teacher."

Having completed the ceremony and having recited the rules of the order including the four great prohibitions, viz., that an ordained monk must abstain from carnal indulgence, from theft of any kind, from killing even the meanest creature, and from boasts of miraculous powers, the abbot requested the novice to pronounce the refuge formula, which Charaka repeated three times in a clear and ringing voice. Then the congregation again intoned a chant, and, having circumambulated the dagoba, left the assembly hall, marching in solemn procession along the aisles, each brother thereupon betaking himself to his cell.

THE NOVICE.

Charaka the novice lived with his brethren in peace, and his senior, the venerable Subhūti, was proud of his learned disciple, for he was patient, docile, modest, earnest, and intelligent, and proved all these good qualities by an abnormally rapid progress. He learned the Sutras perfectly and soon knew them better than his teacher. He had a sonorous voice and it was a pleasure to hear him recite the sacred formulas or chant the verses proclaiming the glorious doctrine of the Blessed One. To all appearances the Brotherhood had made a wise acquisition; but if the venerable

¹In Pāli, Pabbajjā.

Subhūti could have looked into the heart of Charaka he would have beheld a different state of things, for the soul of the novice was full of impatience, dissatisfaction, and excitement. Life was so different from what he had expected and his dearest hopes found no fulfilment.

Charaka had learned many beautiful sentiments from the mouth of his teacher : some of them fascinated him by the melodious intonation of their rhythm, some by the philosophical depth of their meaning, some by their truth and lofty morality. How delighted was he with the lines :

“ Earnestness is the path of Immortality,
Thoughtlessness the path of death.
Those who are in earnest do not die,
Those who are thoughtless, are as though they were dead.”

How powerfully was he affected by the following stanza :

“ Let a man overcome anger by love,
Let him overcome evil by good.
Let him overcome the greedy by liberality,
And the liar by Truth ”¹

But sometimes he was startled and had difficulty in understanding the sense. He wanted peace, not tranquilisation ; he wanted Nirvāna, its bliss, and its fulness, not extinction. And yet sometimes it seemed as if the absolute obliteration of his activity were expected of him :

“ Only if like a broken gong
Thou utterest no sound :
Then hast thou reached Nirvāna,
And the end of strife hast found.”

Yet Charaka said to himself : “ It is only the boisterous noise that must be suppressed, not work ; only evil intention, not life itself ; the weeds, not the wheat.” For it is said :

“ If anything is to be done, let a man do it,
Let him attack it vigorously.”

Not life, but error and vice, must be attacked. Not existence is evil, but vanity, anger, and sloth :

“ As the fields are damaged by weeds,
So the vain are ruined by conceit.
As a house is consumed by fire,
So the wrathful burn with passion.
As iron is eaten by rust,
So the lazy are destroyed by ignorance.”

¹ Dhammapada, 21 and 223.

What ambition was beaming in the eyes of Charaka! The venerable Subhûti thought, there is but one danger for this noble novice: it is this, that the brethren may discover his brightness and spoil him by flattery. Instead of freeing himself from the fetters of the world, he may be entangled in the meshes of a spiritual vanity, which, being more subtle, is more perilous than the lust of the world and of its possessions. Then he recited to Charaka the lines:

“There is no path through the air.
A man is not sanctified by rituals.
The world delights in vanity,
But from vanity the Tathâgatas are free.”¹

Charaka knew that there were fools among men considered saints, who claimed to walk through the air. He was not credulous, but when told that to attempt the performance of supernatural deeds was vanity, his ambition revolted against the idea of setting limits to human invention. Man might find paths through the air as well as over the water; and he submitted to the sentiment only because he regarded it as a form of discipline by which he would learn to rise higher. So he suppressed his ambition, thinking that if he only abode his time he would find himself richly rewarded by the acquisition of spiritual powers which would be a blessing forever, an imperishable treasure that could not be lost by the accidents of life and would not share the doom of compounds which in due time must be dissolved again. He was yearning for life, not for death, for a fulness of melody and a wealth of harmony, not for the stillness of the broken gong. He had seen the world and he knew life in all its phases. He disdained loud noise and coarse enjoyments but he had not left his home and wandered into homelessness to find the silence of the tomb. A chill came over him, and he shrank from the ideal of sainthood as though it were the path to mental suicide. “No, no!” he groaned, “I am not made to be a monk. Either I am too sinful for a holy life, or the holiness of the cloister is not the path of salvation.”

THE GOD PROBLEM.

Buddhism had gained ascendancy in India without exterminating the more ancient creeds, and there were many devoutly religious people who had only a vague notion of the contrast in which it stood to other forms of faith.

The spiritual atmosphere in which Charaka had grown up con-

¹ Dhammapada, 254.

sisted of a mixture of all the thoughts, influences, and opinions then entertained in India; but while the northern gods that had been worshipped by the ancestors of the invaders in their former homes had faded from the mental vision of the present generation, the ancient deities of India had not gained full recognition. Vishnu, Shiva, and Indra appeared to them as the patrons of conquered races and were therefore deemed of inferior power. Among the better educated Hindu people philosophical ideas were spreading and Brahma was revered as the Supreme Being, the Great, the Omnipotent, the Omnipresent, as the All-Consciousness and All-Perfection, the Creator, the Fashioner, the Ruler of the Universe, and the All-Father of all beings. With this God-idea of an all-embracing personal deity Charaka had become familiar almost from childhood and he was greatly astonished not to hear a word about God, the Lord, or Brahma, in his religious instructions.

Buddha was spoken of as the teacher of gods and men; he was worshipped with a reverence which was peculiar to him; but the belief in the ancient gods was not disturbed. Their existence was neither denied nor affirmed.

So long as he was unacquainted with his new surroundings, Charaka did not dare to ask questions, but when he began to know his kind-hearted elder Subhûti and some others of the monks, he grew more assured, and one day while several brothers were seated at the portico of the assembly hall, he ventured to inquire as to the doctrine concerning God.

Life is taken seriously in a Buddhist monastery and the tone of conversation is always religious and considerate. Nevertheless there were never missing among the brethren men of a lighter temper, who saw the humor of things, who could smile and smiling point out the comical features of life so as to make their fellow brethren smile too, for real laughter was seldom, or never, heard in the precincts of the cloister. We find frequent traces of this humor in the wall paintings as well as the legends of saints, part of which are preserved even to-day. Now when Charaka spoke of God one of the brethren, Kevaddha by name, a healthy looking man of medium size and of a radiant face, drew near and asked, "What god do you mean,—Indra, the thunderer, the soma-intoxicated braggart-hero and ruler of the second heaven, whom the people call Sakra or Vâsava—or do you mean Shiva, the powerful and terrible One, decked with a necklace of skulls, the god full of awe and majesty? Perhaps you mean Vishnu, in any of his avatars, as a fish or a wild boar, or a white horse?"

Charaka shook his head, and Kevaddha continued: "May be you mean Krishna, the avatar of love, he who danced with all the shepherdesses at once, finding an appropriate incarnation in their favorite swains, while each girl imagined that she alone held the god in her arms?"

"My question refers to no one of the gods," replied the novice, "but to God," and the emphasis with which he marked the difference showed that he felt not like joking on a problem which was of grave importance to him.

"Ah, I see!" exclaimed Kevaddha. His lip curled with sarcasm and there was a twinkle of triumph in his eye, for the topic under discussion reminded him of a contest which he had had with a Brahman priest in which his antagonist had been completely worsted by his superior skill in pointing out the weak side of the proposition and holding it up to ridicule. "Ah, I see!" he exclaimed, "you do not mean any one of the several gods, but God in general. You are like the man who sent his servant to market to buy fruit and when the latter returned with bananas, mangoes, grapes, and an assortment of other fruit, he upbraided him, saying: 'I do not want bananas, nor mangoes, nor grapes, nor pears, nor prunes, nor apples, nor pomegranates, I want fruit! Fruit I want—fruit pure and undefiled, not a particular fruit, but fruit in general.'"

Said Charaka: "Are you a wrangler, famous in the art of dialectics and you know not the difference between God and gods? I love God but I hate the gods!"

"Is it possible," cried Kevaddha with a sarcastic chuckle, "you hate the gods and you love God? Can you hate all the single men, monks and laymen, traders, warriors, kings, noblemen, Brahmans, Kshatryas, and Çudras, and love man in general? How is it that you can hate the gods and love God? Does not the general include the particular?"

"Be so good, reverend sir," answered the novice, who began to chafe under the attacks of the brisk monk. "to understand what I mean. The world in which we live is a world of order, and we know that there are laws to which we must submit. When I speak of God I mean him who made us, the Omnipotent Creator of the Universe, the Father of all Beings, the Standard of all Perfection, the Eternal Law of Life."

"Well, well," replied Kevaddha, who though boisterous was at the bottom of his heart good-natured. "I do not mean to offend. I try to drive a truth home to you in the guise of fun. The

truth is serious, though my mode of expression may be humorous. I understand now that you are devoted to the great All-God, Brahma as the Brahmans call him, the Lord, Creator and Ruler of the Universe. But did you ever consider two things, first that such an All-God conceived as a being that has name and form is the product of our own imagination as much as are all the other deities of the people; and secondly, if Brahma were as real as you are and as I am, he would be of no avail? Every one must find the path of salvation himself, and Brahma's wisdom is not your wisdom. Nor can Brahma who resides in the Brahma heaven teach you anything."

Charaka did not conceal his dissatisfaction with Kevaddha's notion of God and said: "The mere idea that there is a God gives me strength. He may be directly unapproachable or may surround us as the air or as the ether which penetrates our body. He may be different from what we surmise him to be; but he must exist as the cause of all that is good, and wise, and true, and beautiful. How shall I, in my endeavors to seek the truth, succeed if there be no eternal standard of truth?"

"Yes, I know," replied Kevaddha with undisguised condescension; "It will help a youth who pursues an ideal to think of it as a being, as a god, as the great god, as the greatest god of all. Children need toys and the immature need gods. Your case reminds me of a story which was told me when I in my younger years went out not unlike you in search of truth."

"Tell us the story!" exclaimed one of the younger brethren, and Kevaddha said: "If I were sure not to hurt the feelings of our young friend, the novice, I should be glad to tell the story. But seeing that he is a worshipper of Brahma, I had better let the matter drop!"

Charaka answered: "I am not a worshipper of Brahma, unless you understand by Brahma the First Cause of the All, the ultimate reason of existence, the Supreme Being, the Perceiver of all things, the Controller, the Lord, the Maker, the Fashioner, the Chief, the Victor, the Ruler, the Father of all beings who ever have been and are to be! If your story be instructive I am anxious to hear it myself, even though it should criticise my belief."

KEVADDHA'S STORY.

"There was a priest in Benares, a man of Brahmin caste, learned in all the wisdom of the Vedas, not of the common type of

priests but an honest searcher after truth. He longed for peace of heart, and was anxious to reach Nirvâna; yet he could not understand how it was possible in the flesh to attain perfect tranquillity, for life is restless and in none of the four states of aggregation can that calmness be found which is the condition of the blissful state. So, this priest thought by himself: 'Before I can make any progress, I must solve the question, "Where do the four states of aggregation: the solid state, the watery state, the fiery state, and the state of air, utterly cease?"'

"Having prepared his mind, the priest entered into a trance in which the path to the gods became revealed to him, and he drew near to where the four great kings of the gods were. And having drawn near, he addressed the four great kings as follows: 'My friends, where do the four states of aggregation: the solid state, the watery state, the fiery state, and the state of air, utterly cease?' When he had thus spoken, the four great kings answered and said: 'We gods, O priest, do not know where the four states of aggregation utterly cease. However, O priest, there are the gods of the higher heavens, who are more glorious and more excellent than we. They would know where the four states of aggregation utterly cease.'

"When the four great kings had thus spoken, the priest visited the gods of the higher heavens and approached their ruler, Ishvara. He propounded the same question and received the same answer. Ishvara, the Lord, advised the priest to go to Yâma. 'He is powerful and has charge over the souls of the dead. He is apt to be versed in problems that are profound and recondite and abstruse and occult. Go to Yâma; he may know where the four states of aggregation utterly cease.'

"The priest acted upon Ishvara's advice, and went to Yâma, but the result was the same. Yâma sent the priest to the satisfied gods, whose chief ruler is the Great Satisfied One. 'They are the gods who are pleased with whatever is. They are the gods of serenity and contentment. If there is any one who can answer your question, they will be able to tell you where the four states of aggregation utterly cease.'

"The priest went to the heaven of the satisfied gods, but here too he was disappointed. Their ruler, the Great Satisfied One, said: 'I, O priest, do not know where these four states of aggregation, the solid state, the watery state, the fiery state, and the state of air, utterly cease. However, O priest, there are the gods of the retinue of Brahma, who are more glorious and more excellent than

I. They would know where these four states of aggregation utterly cease.'

"Then, this same priest entered again upon a state of trance, in which his thoughts found the way to the Brahma world. There the priest drew near to where the gods of the retinue of Brahma were, and having drawn near, he spake to the gods of the retinue of Brahma as follows: 'My friends, where do these four states of aggregation, the solid state, the watery state, the fiery state, and the state of air, utterly cease?'

"When he had thus spoken, the gods of the retinue of Brahma answering spake as follows: 'We, O priest, cannot answer your question. However, there is Brahma, the great Brahma, the First Cause of the All, the Supreme Being, the All-Perfection, the All-Perceiving One, the Controller, the Lord of All, the Creator, the Fashioner, the Chief, the Victor, the Ruler, the All-Father, he who is more glorious, more excellent, than all celestial beings, he will know where the four states of aggregation, the solid state, the watery state, the fiery state, and the state of air, do utterly cease.'

"Said the priest: 'But where, my friends, is the great Brahma at the present moment?' And the gods answered: 'We do not know, O priest, where the great Brahma is, or in what direction the great Brahma can be found. But inasmuch, O priest, as he is omnipresent, you will see signs and notice a radiance and the appearance of an effulgence, and then Brahma will appear. This is the previous sign of the appearance of Brahma, that a radiance is noticed, or an effulgence appears.'

"The priest, having invoked Brahma's appearance with due reverence and according to the rules of the Vedas, in a short time Brahma appeared. Then the priest drew near to where Brahma was, and having drawn near, he spake to Brahma as follows: 'My friend, where do the four states of aggregation, the solid state, the watery state, the fiery state, and the state of air, utterly cease?'

"When he had thus spoken, the great Brahma opened his mouth and spake as follows: 'I, O priest, am Brahma, the great Brahma, the Supreme Being, the All-Perfection, the All-Perceiving One, the Controller, the Lord of All, the Creator, the Fashioner, the Chief, the Victor, the Ruler, the All-Father.'

"A second time the priest asked his question, and the great Brahma gave him the same answer, saying: 'I, O priest, am Brahma, the great Brahma, the Supreme Being, the All-Perfection; and he did not cease until he had enumerated all the titles applied to him.'

“Having patiently listened to Brahma, the priest repeated his question a third time, and added: ‘I am not asking you, my friend, Are you Brahma, the great Brahma, the Supreme Being, the All-Perfection, the All-Perceiver, the All-Father, and whatever titles and accomplishments you may have in addition; but this, my friend, is what I ask you: ‘Where do the four states of aggregation, the solid state, the watery state, the fiery state, and the state of air, utterly cease?’

“The great Brahma remained unmoved, and answered a third time, saying: ‘I, O priest, am Brahma, the great Brahma, the Supreme Being, the All-Perfection, the All-Perceiver,’ enumerating again all the titles applied to him.

“Now the priest rose and said: ‘Are you truly a living being, or an automaton, that you can do nothing but repeat a string of words.’

“And now the great Brahma rose from his seat and approached the priest, and leading him aside to a place where he could not be overheard by any of the gods, spake to him as follows: ‘The gods of my suite and all the worshippers of the world that honor me with sacrifice and adoration, believe that Brahma sees all things, knows all things, has penetrated all things; therefore, O priest, I answered you as I did in the presence of the gods. But I will tell you, O priest, in confidence, that I do not know where the four states of aggregation, the solid state, the watery state, the fiery state, and the state of air, utterly cease. It was a mistake, O priest, that you left the earth where the Blessed One resides, and came up to the heaven in quest of an answer which cannot be given you here. Turn back, O priest, and having drawn near to the Blessed One, the Enlightened Buddha, ask him your question, and as the Blessed One shall explain it to you, so believe.’

“Thereupon, the priest, as quickly as a strong man might stretch out his bent arm, disappeared from the Brahma heaven and appeared before the Blessed One; and he greeted the Blessed One and sat down respectfully at one side, and spake to the Blessed One as follows: ‘Reverend Sir, where do the four states of aggregation, the solid state, the watery state, the fiery state, and the state of air, utterly cease?’

“When he had thus spoken the Blessed One answered as follows: ‘Once upon a time, O priest, some sea-faring traders had a land-sighting bird when they sailed out into the sea; and when the ship was in mid-ocean they set free that land-sighting bird. This bird flies in an easterly direction, in a southerly direction, in a

westerly direction, and in a northerly direction, and to the intermediate quarters, and if it sees land anywhere it flies thither, but if it does not see land it returns to the ship. In exactly this way, O priest, when you had searched as far as the Buddha world and had found no answer to your question you returned to the place whence you came. The question, O priest, ought never to have been put thus: "Where do these four states of aggregation cease?" The question ought to be as follows:

"Oh! Where can water, where can wind,
Where fire and earth no footing find?
Where disappear all mine and thine,
Good, bad, long, short, and coarse and fine,
And where do name and form both cease
To find in nothingness release?"

The answer, however, is this:

"'Tis in the realm of radiance bright,
Invisible, eternal light,
And infinite, a state of mind,
There water, earth, and fire, and wind,
And elements of any kind,
Will nevermore a footing find;
There disappear all mine and thine,
Good, bad, long, short, and coarse and fine,
There too will name and form both cease,
To find in nothingness release."

"Then the priest understood that the world of matter is restless and remains restless, but peace of heart is a condition of mind which must be acquired by self-discipline, by wisdom, by devotion. The gods cannot help; nor even can Brahma himself, the Great Brahma, the Supreme Being, the Lord and Creator. Sacrifice is useless and prayer and worship are of no avail. But if we desire to attain the highest state of bliss, which is Nirvâna, we must follow the Blessed One, the Teacher of gods and men; and like him we must by our own effort, become lamps unto ourselves and resolutely walk upon the noble eightfold path."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE CHRISMA AND THE LABARUM.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE religious societies of the first and second centuries of our era had marks which were somewhere impressed upon the bodies of the devotees, probably on the shoulders, and on festive occasions the mark was borne on the forehead. It is certain that the Christians, too, had their mark, which may at various times have been either a simple cross $+$, or the ineffable name יהוה, Yahveh, or the $\Lambda\Omega$, or exceptionally some other symbol.



CHRIST EXORCISING WITH THE
CHRISTOGRAM.¹



CHRISTIAN GEM WITH
CHRISTOGRAM.

In the Revelation of St. John we read of a beast (xiii. 16)² who “caused all, both great and small, rich and poor, free and bond, to receive a mark in their right hand, or in their foreheads.”

And in chap. vii. 4 the pious are protected by the seal of the living God. The angel holding the stamp cries to the four angels to whom it is given to hurt the earth and the sea: “Hurt not the earth, neither the sea, nor the trees, till we have sealed the servants of our God in the foreheads.”

Judging from the catacombs of Rome, the favorite Christian emblem of the fourth century was the Chrisma, or Christogram,

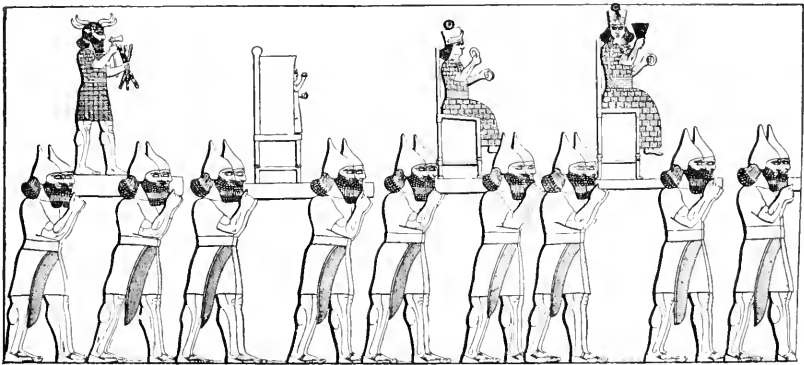
¹Didron, *fc.*, II., p. 201.

²Again referred to in chap. xx. 4.

which is a cross in the shape of the Greek Ch (χ), surmounted by the Greek letter R, which has the shape of a Roman P, thus ✠ . This is the most common, but by no means the only, form of the Chrisma. There are other variations, thus ✕ ✧ ✡ , among which the upright form ✡ appears to be a reminiscence of the Egyptian key of life ⲕ , especially as the head of the P frequently resembles an elongated circle.¹

Another form of the Christogram is the six-rayed star ✧ which is intended as an abbreviation of I. and X., i. e., Jesus Christus. It occurs for the first time (in its Christian significance) in the year 268, on a dated tombstone in the Catacombs. (Zoeckler, p. 139.)

Before the Christians thought of the star as a monogram of Jesus Christ, it served in pagan times as a symbol of various de-



PROCESSION OF THE GODS.

Bel, the god in the upper left-hand corner holds in his hand the fagot-shaped thunderbolt. (After Layard.)

scriptions. In Rome it was the coat of arms of Cæsar's family the *gens Julia*, in which significance it is called the "*Sidus Julium*." Bar Kochba, the pseudo-messiah, uses the same figure with knobs at the end of each ray on one of his coins. Further the star was the emblem of divinity in the ancient cuneiform writing, and in Egypt it occurs on tomb-slabs of the earliest dynasties.²

The Babylonian god Bel holds a thunderbolt in his hand, which is a six-cornered star, only compressed in the middle (✧), thus giving the impression of a labarum without the loop of the P on top of it.

¹ See for instance the image of Christ whose head is adorned by an Egyptian key of life.

² W. M. Flinders Petrie, *The Royal Tombs of the Earliest Dynasties* in the 21 Egypt Exploration Fund, 1901, Part II., pl. xxviii, fig. 53.

Another instance of a flag which reminds one of the labarum occurs on a bas-relief of the Bharhut stupa. Since the flag-staff covers the middle of the field we cannot tell whether the design consists of eight rays or only six. If the staff covered a vertical line, this flag would be an Indian anticipation of the British Union Jack.

The most ancient Union Jack in existence is (so far as I know) a neolithic ornament of prehistoric cave-dwellers, found in Franconia and now preserved in the Museum of Munich.

The Chrisma bears in some of its forms a remarkable resemblance to various pre-Christian symbols, especially to the ensigns of the Roman legions of Constantine, called the labarum.¹



AN ANCIENT INDIAN ENSIGN WITH FLAG ON A WAR ELEPHANT.²

(Medallion of Bharhut Stupa.)

That the Chrisma is a Christian interpretation of a pagan symbol becomes obvious from the fact that it was from the beginning actually called by this old pagan name, Labarum, a word of Celtic origin with an unknown etymology.

Constantine used the labarum before his conversion to Christianity, and he did not hesitate to combine it with pagan symbols. Among the coins of Constantine there is one exhibiting Mars leaning on a shield bearing the labarum with the legend *Marti Patri Conservatori*.³

¹ Pronounce "la'-būrum," with the accent on the first syllable.

² Alex. Cunningham, *The Stupa of Bharhut*, pl. xxxii, 4.

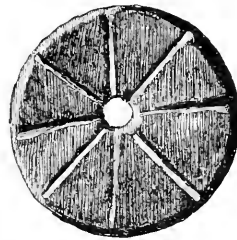
³ Another coin shows a cross with the legend *Marti Conservatori*. For an enumeration of more instances see S. D. Parson's *The New Christian Cross*, Chapter XI.

The best known coin of Constantine gives the glory not to Christ but to the army. The inscription reads: *Gloria exercitus*.

The legions of Constantine were stationed in Gaul and most of them were sun-worshippers. From the many Mithraic monuments of that age discovered in those parts near the Roman camps

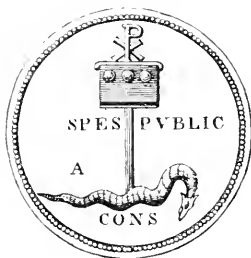


LOCK OF HAIR OF HAR
PA KHRAD (i.e., Hor
the Child)

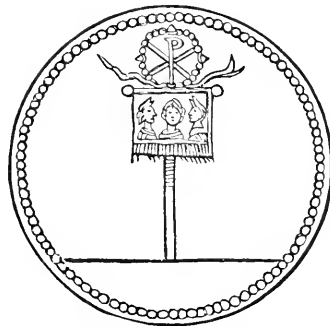


THE EIGHT-RAYED STAR
ON A CHARM OF THE
CAVE-DWELLERS OF
FRANCONIA. (Museum
of Munich.)

we must assume that Mithra worship was one of the most favorite forms of faith among them. We cannot say whether the labarum is originally Celtic or Mithraic. In either way it must have been a solar emblem and originally seems to have been simply the solar disc (☉) mounted upon a lying cross (×).



COIN OF CONSTANTINE.
(From Holland's *Cruciana*.)

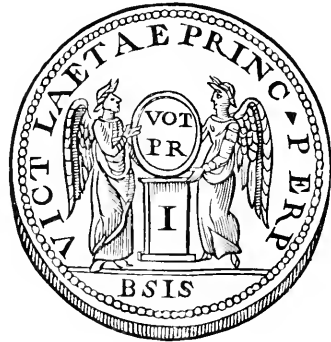


THE LABARUM. (After Bosio's
La Trionfante e gloriosa croce.)

According to another supposition, which is less probable, the labarum may have been the Roman letter P in a crossed field, meaning "*Legio Princeps*," and have served as the emblem of the Emperor's life-guards.

We know that the soldiers of those days were quite supersti-

tious and believed in the efficacy of the symbols written on their ensigns. When experience proved that the legion which bore the letter P or the Mithraic emblem of the disc of the sun (☿) on its standard, again and again came out victorious, it was quite in keeping with the spirit of the age to inscribe the same letter on all the standards.



CONSTANTINE WITH LABARUM ON HELMET.

The Christians may not have known of the labarum when they began to use the Chrisma as a symbol of their faith. They may have adopted it from other quarters and the coincidence may have



COIN OF CONSTANTINE. (After Bosio.)

On the reverse the labarum guarded by two Roman soldiers, with the inscription *Gloria exercitus*, i. e., the glory of the army.¹

been incidental. But this much is sure, that, when Constantine became convinced of the magic power of the sign of his soldiers, he heard with satisfaction of its Christian significance and became

¹Another coin with the same reverse (published by Gretzer and reproduced by Seymour) shows on the obverse the emperor seated, a Victory in his left hand bearing the inscription PONTifex MAXImus POT.COIII.

well disposed toward the creed that gave an additional meaning to the emblem of his cause.

The shape of the labarum is almost identical with the Egyptian symbol of Horus which is a six-rayed star, from the elongated upper ray of which hangs a curl, called the "lock of hair of Hor." The similarity is striking, and Professor Petrie thinks that in the Christian Era it was changed into the Chrisma.¹



COIN OF CONSTANTINE.

A goddess of victory is crowning the Emperor. (From Walsh, *Ancient Coins, Medals, and Gems*.)

The Labarum is further identical with an Asiatic emblem which was chosen by Bactrian kings and also by the Ptolemies as a stamp for their coins.



MARTYRDOM GEM WITH
CHRISTOGRAM.²



COIN OF CONSTANTINE
WITH LABARUM.



SEAL WITH CHRISTOGRAM.
(British Museum.)

Professor Zoeckler, when speaking of the origin of the Labarum, says:³

"The origin and significance of the ancient Bactrian labarum cross is shrouded in darkness. It is undoubtedly of pre-Christian origin, but although it exhibits a striking similarity to the labarum of Constantine, it is not certain that it served as a prototype for the cross-decorated ensign of the first Christian emperor. There is no difference between the form of this sign as it appears on the coins of the Bactrian king Hippostratos (about 130 B. C.), and that which appears on the coins of Constantine the Great ☩, except that in the latter the handle of the "P"

¹ See Professor Petrie's contribution to *Universal Religion*, p. 379.

² Smith and Cheetham.

³ *Das Kreuz Christi*, pp. 21-22 and pp. 152-154.

does not pass beyond the square, but remains within the oblique cross (X), thus:



"A figure similar to this stamp of the Bactrian coins appears on the coins of the Egyptian Ptolemies and also on Attic Tetradrachms of a more recent date, thus:



"The stamp of silver coins of Mithridates, of Pontus, is similar, thus: \times "¹

"This and other modifications of the pre-Christian labarum \times , exhibiting the very same form, with the handle or the opening of the "P" passing above the square, are reproduced on the Roman coins of Constantine and his successors, down to Arcadius, for which reason some archæologists feel justified in accepting the identity of the labarum of the Hellenic Diadochi with those of the Christianised Roman emperor."²

Professor Zoeckler deems "a direct imitation of the pre-Christian sign \times by the Christian emperor probable"; or, to say the least, "there is an obvious survival of former signs," which exerts a noticeable influence on the contemporaries of Constantine.



COIN OF PTOLEMY OF EGYPT. (From Gretser.)

Between the feet of the eagle a symbol appears which resembles the Christogram and the Labarum.

In another passage of the same book Professor Zoeckler says:

"It is difficult to say whether Constantine thought of the abbreviations of this form \times in its various modifications on Egyptian or on Bactrian or on Pontic coins of Asia Minor, or (a case which is less probable) on the Attic Tetradrachm, because it reminded him of the monogram of the Christian X, and the six-cornered star \times , or the labarum \times ; but at any rate, a comparison of these and similar cruciform figures, as was the case with the swastikas which were used by Christians, and also of the handled-cross of the Egyptians, must have led him to the adoption of this monogram. Among all the signs of that kind known to him, when he passed them before his mind in review, not one certainly can have been a more pregnant embodiment of the Christian religion than the figure combining the initials of the name of Christ in a simple way with the sign of the cross. This thoughtful monogram of both Christ and the cross, this symbol with which he probably became acquainted through his conversations with Christians, naturally appealed to his

¹ Stockbauer, p. 87. Münter, Lenormant, and others.

² Zoeckler, *Das Kreuz Christi*, pp. 21-23.

love of mysticism, in its ambiguous significance and with its similarity to the mystic signs of the Orient; and, from the moment in which God luminously exhibited this figure in that famous vision to his mind's eye, as His holy emblem, it became to him the expression of his adhesion to the new religion."—*Ibid.*, 152-154.

Professor Zoekler contradicts himself when he first recognises the pagan character, name, and origin of the labarum and then assumes that Constantine intended it as a Christian symbol. It is historically certain that Constantine believed in the magic power of the symbol. He was a pagan when he had the famous vision or dream and he remained a pagan long afterwards. He became acquainted with the symbol as the labarum, not as the Christogram, and he had it displayed on the standards and helmets of his soldiers and on Roman coins, together with pagan inscriptions. He became a convert to Christianity much later in life and was baptised only shortly before his death, so as to preserve as long as



CHRISTOGRAM GEM. With name of owner. (King.)



COIN OF FLAVIUS VALERIUS CONSTANTINUS.¹

possible the convenient liberty of sinning of which he did not hesitate to make ample use. He never was a true Christian in the sense in which the word is now used. He only believed superstitiously in the efficacy of Christian ceremonies and sacraments.

Constantine accepted the labarum for his standard, first as a sign of heavenly sanction without any reference to its Christian significance, but merely because he believed it to be a potent charm, and had it emblazoned on the shields and helmets of his soldiers.

Lactantius, a contemporary of Emperor Constantine and a Christian, writes:²

"Constantine was directed in a dream to cause the heavenly sign to be delineated on the shields of his soldiers and so to proceed to battle. He did as he had been commanded, and he marked on their shields the letter X with a perpendicular

¹ The Emperor stands on the prow of a ship with a phoenix perched on a globe in his right and a standard exhibiting the labarum in his left hand. Walsh, No. 21.

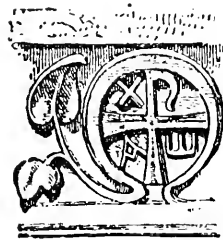
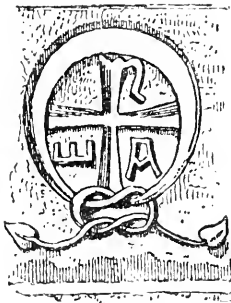
² *Anti-Nicene Christian Library*, xxii., ii., p. 203.

line drawn through it and turned round at the top, thus Ϟ, being the cypher of Christ."

The comment, "being the cypher of Christ," is an addition of Lactantius, and not an allusion to Constantine's opinion.

Eusebius the Church historian has written a *Life of Constantine* in which the miraculous vision plays a significant part. If we had not positive historical evidence that Constantine remained a pagan, using pagan symbols and following pagan practices long after the battle of the Milvian bridge, we might believe that Constantine was converted to Christianity on the eve of the battle. According to his description, the heavenly sign was the trophy of the cross (σταυροῦ τρόπαιον), but he describes it as the labarum. Eusebius says:

"When the sun had a little passed mid-day, Constantine said he saw with his own eyes the sign of the cross (σταυροῦ τρόπαιον) displayed in splendid light, out-



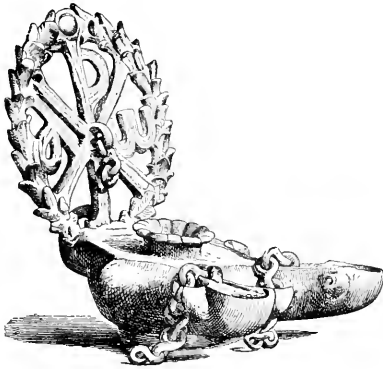
THE CHRISTOGRAM ON SYRIAN HOUSE-FRONTS.

shining the sun in the heavens, and upon it an inscription plainly written, *τοῦτ᾽ νίκα*, 'By this conquer.' Great astonishment seized him, and his whole army which accompanied him, and was a spectator of this prodigy. He asserted that he was yet in doubt why this display was made to him, and he thought much of it till night. Then, in his sleep, the Christ of God appeared to him with the sign shown him in the heaven, and commanded him to use a standard of the pattern seen in heaven, for protection in joining battle with the enemy.

"Rising early the next morning, he told the vision to his friends. He called for workmen in gold and precious stones, and ordered them to make an image like it, which image I have seen with my eyes. For the emperor condescended, God graciously granting this, himself to show it me. It was of this form:—A spear, rather long and erect, was covered all over with gold, having a transverse yard in the form of a cross. On the top (of the spear) was a crown of precious stones, woven round with fine gold. Upon this were the salutary marks of the name of the Saviour, expressed by only two letters—the first two letters of the Greek name, Christ, P (*rho*, *R*), in the middle of the figure, and X (*chi*) curiously inserted,—

which plainly signifies the whole name Christ, . . . which letters the emperor always afterward wore in his helmet."¹

Eusebius, even in his days of credulity, deems the story sufficiently improbable to render it necessary that the emperor should make his statement on oath, which may have been given honestly, not as Eusebius tells the story, but as the emperor told it, allowing Eusebius to interpret the facts in his own way. As he sees *plainly* the name of Christ and the cross of Christ in the labarum, so the deity that appears to Constantine in a dream is unhesitatingly called Christ by Eusebius. The whole story of the supernatural phenomena by which Constantine's cause gained the victory is told in a pagan way by Nazarius, a pagan author.²



LAMP WITH CHRISOGRAM AND ω FROM THE CATACOMBS. (After Lübke.)



THE CHRISOGRAM AS A SANCTIFICATION OF MATRIMONY. Gilt glass. (Kraus, I., p. 166.)

Edward Gibbon in his famous *History of Christianity* condenses the pagan account of the miracle as follows :

"Nine years after the Roman victory, Nazarius describes an army of divine warriors, who seemed to fall from the sky : he marks their beauty, their spirit, their gigantic forms, the stream of light which beamed from their celestial armor, their patience in suffering themselves to be heard as well as seen by mortals ; and their declaration that they were sent, that they flew, to the assistance of the great Constantine. For the truth of this prodigy, the pagan orator appeals to the whole Gallic nation, in whose presence he was then speaking ; and seems to hope that the ancient apparitions³ would now obtain credit from this recent and public event."

¹ *Bar. Ann.*, A.D. 312, sec. 19 ; and Eus., *Life of Constantine*, b. i., sec. 28 to 31.

² Nazarius, *Inter Panegy. Vet.*, X., 14, 15.

³ The apparitions of Castor and Pollux, particularly to announce the Macedonian victory, are attested by historians and public monuments. See *Cicero de Natura Deorum*, ii. 2, iii. 5, 6. *Florus*, ii. 12. *Valerius Maximus*, l. i. c. 8. No. 1. Yet the most recent of these miracles is omitted, and indirectly denied, by Livy (xlvi. i).

Although the labarum is not a cross, we notice how anxious Eusebius is to speak of it as a cross, and the artists of the Roman Church add concreteness to the vivid imagination of Eusebius, by replacing the labarum by a cross.¹

When paganism broke down before victorious Christianity, the old religious symbols were not discarded but changed their meaning. The symbols that lent themselves readily to Christian interpretation survived the general bankruptcy of paganism, while the others disappeared from sight and were forgotten. The cross became the chief symbol of Christianity, but it retained frequently the pagan form of an equilateral cross, and the cruciform flower of Gothic architecture has no resemblance to a real cross of any shape. In the same way the labarum, originally a pagan symbol, was Christianised as the Christogram and became a favorite Christian emblem.

* * *

A few words may be added regarding other cruciform symbols:

The emblem of Venus is a cross bearing a disc ♀, which, owing to an after-thought of the Greek mythologists, is now commonly regarded as the looking-glass of the goddess; but how the handle of a looking-glass can have the shape of a cross remains unexplained. It is probable, however, that we are here confronted with an emblem that, in its original significance, is kin to the prototype of the labarum. The cross signifies the world, and the disc is the sun, representing the light and life-giving divinity that hovers above and governs its destinies.

The inversion of the symbol of Venus (♁), denoting the earth, is a later invention and as such does not date back to pre-Christian times. It signifies the earth surmounted by the cross of Christ.

While the astronomical symbol of the earth is of relatively recent date, it is not without traces of pagan origin, for its form contains an allusion to the globe as an emblem of royal power, which since the days of Theodosius who ascended the throne in 379 A. D. has been mounted with a cross.

The globe as a religious symbol was originally an apple. It is the apple which Venus holds in her hand as the emblem of the fruit of life. The apples of the Hesperides, which possess the same significance as the apples of the Northern goddess Iduna, afford immortality.

¹ For details see Gibbon's *History of Christianity*, Peter Eckler's edition, p. 311.

In Germany the emblem of royalty, the golden globe surmounted by a cross, is still called the apple of empire or *Reichsapfel*.

The Bible does not give us any information as to what kind of fruit tempted Eve ; but the apple being the symbol of regeneration, St. Augustine, probably following the common acceptance of his time, identified the fruit of the tree of life with the apple.

The staff of Hermes showing two serpents intertwined was originally also a Sabaistic symbol which occurs frequently on the oldest monuments of mankind, especially in Assyria. It is a combination of sun and moon, the crescent being placed above the solar disc, thus ☿. The staff of Hermes gradually disappeared, because there was no way of giving it a Christian interpretation.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BISHOP FALLOWS'S TRIBUTE TO DR. BARROWS.

The following tribute was paid to the memory of the late Dr. Barrows by Bishop Fallows of Chicago, in a sermon at St. Paul's Church :

"The loss of this distinguished servant of Christ is to me a personal loss. We were brought into intimate relationship with each other mainly through the world's congresses and the Society of Christian Endeavor. The originator of these historic congresses was C. C. Bonney. He called together seven persons as the first committee to assist him in their organisation and development.

"Among this number were Dr. Barrows and myself. We were asked to select the congresses with which we desired to be particularly identified, as chairmen or presidents. Dr. Barrows chose religion and myself education. The whole world knows how ably Dr. Barrows, under the general direction of President Bonney, managed that wonderful gathering of the representatives of the varied faiths of mankind. And, although in some quarters grave doubts have been expressed as to the good effects upon Christianity of this commingling of the exponents of the numerous creeds whose salient features were presented, I firmly believe it has been to the advantage of Christian truth.

"Dr. Barrows was an earnest student in many directions. He laid under contribution the realms of history, sociology, science, and theology. He was a master of language, using words in a most felicitous manner in his fervid and ornate productions."

HOKUSAI. JAPANESE ARTIST.

Books on Japanese art have become fashionable of late, and we can only hail with pleasure the endeavor to reach out to other nations for the purpose of understanding and appreciating their way of looking at things and representing them in art. The taste of Eastern Asia is so different from ours that to connoisseurs not familiar with their style of painting, Japanese and Chinese pictures are apt to appear childish or unskilled. There is an almost utter neglect of perspective, and yet their paintings possess a charm which is difficult to imitate in our own more rigorously correct style.

Mr. C. J. Holmes's book on *Hokusai*¹ will prove a considerable help in making us more familiar with Japanese taste; and yet we ought to be on our guard not

¹ *Hokusai*. By C. J. Holmes. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. London: At the Sign of the Unicorn. Pages, viii, 48. With 20 Plates. Price, \$1.00 net.

to take Hokusai as a representative of the whole of the artistic ideals of his country. Hokusai typifies the poorer classes of Japan, not the aristocracy, and he remained unknown until at his advanced age he had become famous in spite of his poverty and peculiar habits of life, which excluded him from the wealthier and more fashionable classes of society. He is interesting not only as a Japanese artist, but as a character of his own. No doubt he is an artist by God's grace. There are features of his mode of life for which precedents may be found in the history of the Western nation for he is a genius of a well defined type. Yet he stands forth both as a man and an artist, and considering all in all, his fate and work and ideals are peculiarly his own.

His family name is Katsu-shika, his given name being Tokimasa, while Hokusai is one of his most common artist pseudonyms, by which he has become generally known. Hokusai means "north house," and may have been assumed by him either from one of his favorite residences, or perhaps because he was born in a cottage bearing that name; Germans might translate it by *Nordhof*. His other artist signatures indicate either a poetical disposition or philosophical inclinations, for instance: Shunro, "the son of spring"; or Taito, "carrying the dipper" (viz., the constellation also called Ursa Major or the waggon); or Hokkey,

"valley of the north"; or Hokuba, "horse of the north." Of a religio-philosophical nature are other of his signatures, such as Manrojin, which may be translated, "the religious old man," viz., "the old man of the swastika" (卐); or, Yitsu, "living out oneness"; or Sori, "he who takes reason for his foundation."

The pictures of Hokusai which Mr. Holmes reproduces are well chosen, but they might be more numerous, and further we miss his portrait, a want which we herewith supply. It is a simple outline picture, the original of which is in colors, drawn by his daughter and reproduced from a French biography of the artist.

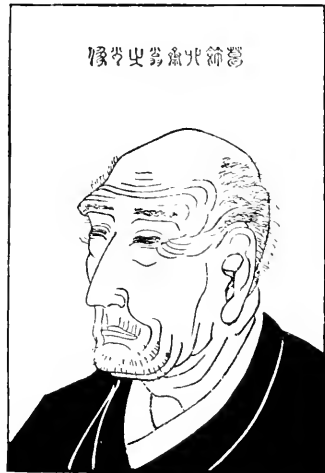
P. C.

PROFESSOR CHARLES WILLIAM PEARSON.

We have received from different parties communications concerning Professor Pearson's attitude, and we regret being unable on account of lack of space to publish them.

It is a matter of course that Professor Pearson's attitude is open to criticism from every position except his own. In our own opinion, he does not see the solution of the problem which is the cause of his theological difficulties. But his case is significant and created a sensation because it is a symptom of the times, and as such it is instructive, interesting, and noteworthy. It is for this reason that we published the essay which forced him to resign his position as professor of English literature at the Northwestern University.

As to the personality of Professor Pearson, we ought to bear in mind that in



HOKUSAI.

his intention he was very far from causing a sensation by his heresies ; he simply followed his conscience.

The editor of *The Open Court* has met Professor Pearson only once, and that many years ago when he was still in the odor of orthodoxy. He knows him to be the author of a thrilling epic in enthusiastic glorification of the Methodist faith, and has not seen him since he came before the public owing to the waning of his belief. It is quite sure, however, that in spite of his heretical attitude, Professor Pearson remains as religious and as devout as he ever was ; and it gives us pleasure to notice in a little periodical entitled *Good Will*, published by the Church of Good Will of Streator, a paragraph concerning the personality of Professor Pearson which seems to be a faithful description of the impression he naturally gives. It is as follows: "During the [Unitarian] conference, it was our pleasure to meet the gentle and modest man whose utterances provoked so furious a storm in the Methodist world lately. Never was so boisterous a tempest from so mild a source, we thought. Mr. Pearson is a simple, quiet, unobtrusive man ; retiring in manners, unaffected in demeanor, and with a Quaker-like simplicity of speech ; not in the least spectacular, assertive, or combative ; the last man one would pick out to do a sensational act or court newspaper notoriety. But he is direct, sincere, a lover of truth, and when the time came to speak plainly he could not deny himself the luxury of self-expression—and so became a victim of the wrath of men, perhaps equally honest, but not equally well informed, broad-minded, or sweet-spirited as himself. He has an idea that if a message of love and sacrifice were preached by a man who exemplified these virtues in his life, men would be drawn to it as they were in the time of Jesus. He talked about it sincerely and earnestly, but we shook our head. Egoism is too strong in the Western heart."

THE STORM.

BY CHARLES CARROLL BONNEY.

There was an awful majesty, in that wild fearful storm,
 And a dim and floating shroud was wrapped around old Tempest's form ;
 The thunder spoke a language dread, and mystical, and grand,
 Which shook the sky-crown'd mountain shrines, that circle prairie land.
 And lightning torches lit the sky, with fierce and blinding glare,
 Revealing shapes of dreadful form, in cloud-gloom, and the air ;
 The wind-king's hosts were on the hills, and aged moss-grown trees
 Were broken as a boy would break a reed across his knees ;
 A pall of blackness hid the stars in chill and ghostly gloom,
 While rain-drops fell upon the earth, like tears upon a tomb ;
 And all that long and cheerless night the tempest's wail and roar,
 Were a horrid dirge-like anthem to the dwellers on that shore.
 And when gleam and boom were wildest, in the battle of the storm,
 And gloomy clouds were wreathing into every ghostly form,
 Then I thought of human empire, and the struggles of the brave—
 For the sacred right to freedom, which have ended in the grave.
 And when the thick gloom parted, and starlight floated down,
 And moonbeams silvered broken clouds,—a smile upon a frown,
 Then I thought of Freedom's triumph, in the coming of that day,
 When the human race shall all be free from despotism's sway.

MR. BONNEY ON UNIFORMITY IN JUDICIAL PRACTICE.

The Hon. Charles Carroll Bonney contributes to the present number of the *American Law Review* (Vol. XXXVI., No. 3, pp. 401 et seq.) an article on "A Uniform Judicial Practice" from which, on account of its far-reaching importance, we extract the following sentences: Mr. Bonney says that "one of the most serious obstacles to a satisfactory administration of justice throughout the United States, has always been the multiform modes of proceeding which prevail in the various courts. . . . But while the national government enormously increases the difficulties of the administration of justice in actions at law, by providing that all proceedings in the Federal courts in such actions shall conform to the like proceedings in the State courts, the practice and pleadings in cases in equity in the Federal courts have been left to the control of the Supreme Court of the United States through a set of rules prescribing the procedure in each case."

Now, Mr. Bonney proposes "to substitute the admirable system of pleading and practice which prevails in the national courts in equity for the vexatious and costly procedure of the common law courts, in actions at law. The ease with which the change could be effected should encourage a speedy attempt to realise it. It is only necessary, in the first instance, for Congress to enact a short statute providing that, from and after the date of its passage and approval, all civil suits, actions and proceedings, including all actions at common law, may, and after the expiration of one year from said date, shall be conducted according to the forms of pleading and practice in equity in the courts of the United States, as such rules now exist or may hereafter be established or modified by the Supreme Court of the nation. For a year the proposed change of procedure would be optional, and after that compulsory, in the Federal courts, and would depend solely upon its merits for adoption in the several States."

In his concluding remarks, Mr. Bonney says: "If it shall ever come to pass that a uniform judicial practice shall prevail throughout the Union, in the State as well as the Federal Courts, it will be a matter of surprise that it required so long to effect a reform productive of immense benefits to all concerned, and free from any disadvantages worthy to be named."

LITERARY ACTIVITY IN CEYLON.

We are in receipt of three works of mediæval Buddhist literature, edited in Ceylon. The first is the *Anuruddha-çataka*, by Anuruddha Mahâ Thero, of Anurâdhapura, the ancient capital of Ceylon, who lived in the twelfth Christian century. The book is edited by the Thero Silakkhandho of Ceylon, and published by the Buddhist Text Society at Calcutta in 1899.

The second work is the famous *Jinâlamkāra*, a twelfth-century poem on Buddha, written by Buddharakkhito, Chief Elder (i. e., Mahâ Thero) of Ceylon. It is now translated from Pâli into Singhalese by W. Dipankaro and B. Dhammapâlo, pupils of the Elder Silakkhandho just mentioned. This publication appeared at Galle, 1900.

The third work is the *Vidagdha Mukha Maṇḍana*, a Sanskrit poem of about the seventh century, by Çrî Dharmadâso of Kanauj, the once famous literary city in the valley of the Ganges. It was written during the Buddhist period of India, when the Chinese pilgrim Yuan Chwang visited the land. It is now translated into

Singhalese by the Elder Silakkhandho, and published at Colombo, 1902. It is interesting to the student of all things Hindû on account of some passages in it being in certain dialects which are mentioned in Buddhist literature and are akin to Pâli.

The publication of these books speaks well for the zeal and earnestness of these learned monks, the more so as we do not doubt that the enterprise involves a pecuniary sacrifice.

ALBERT J. EDMUNDS.

BOOK REVIEWS AND NOTES.

THE UDĀNA, OR THE SOLEMN UTTERANCES OF THE BUDDHA. Translated from the Pâli by *Major-General D. M. Strong, C. B.* London: Luzac & Co. 1902. Pages, viii, 128. Price, 6 shillings net.

The *Udāna*, or collection of utterances of Buddha, can now be had in English form. The work forms a part of the Khuddaka-Nikāya in the Pâli Tipitaka, and consists of a number of short rhythmic utterances "breathed forth" by Buddha when his heart was full of religious or moral reflections. The book also tells us when, where, and how Buddha came to utter those solemn stanzas. Like the *Dhammapāda*, it is a very short text. The translator, General D. M. Strong, gives in the Introduction a summary statement of Buddhist doctrines to help uninitiated readers to understand the text.

The following is a specimen of the "solemn utterances" of Buddha so vigorously translated by General Strong:

"To the giver merit is increased.
When the senses are controlled, anger arises not.
The Wise forsake evil.
By the destruction of desire, sin, and infatuation
A man attains to Nirvāna."

T. S.

THE FAITH OF AN AGNOSTIC; Or First Essays in Rationalism. By *George Forester*. London: Watts & Co. 1902. Pages, 278. Price, 5 shillings.

Taking as his motto the dedication prefixed by Daudet to his celebrated romance: "To my sons when they are twenty years old," Mr. Forester would fain dedicate these first essays on rationalism to his children "when they are old enough to think,—nay, to all children who are old enough to think." He thus extends his gift to children in thought as well as to children in years,—“to those grown children of whom there are so many in the world.”

After some thirty years of thought and half a century of life, the author finds he has "little faith left save that faith which 'lives in honest doubt.'" The guidance of his reason has brought him inexorably to the agnostic position, which position is not, he maintains, a merely negative position, but which is merely the ardent and profound conviction that thought and reason must be free, that inquiry must be fearless, and that all false teaching must be prejudicial to the best interests of mankind, which condemns all compromising with the truth.

Our readers are already well acquainted, from the numerous discussions which have been carried on in our columns, with the main tenets of the agnostic position, and we have only to say that these tenets have found in Mr. Forester an able and enthusiastic expounder. His is a book that can hardly be read by "children in years," to say the best of it, as it requires a knowledge of general literature and critical and scientific inquiry which can hardly be expected of one that has not

reached some maturity. We are also constrained to remark that much of the literature which Mr. Forester recommends, although of the orthodox agnostic order, and while in a few instances classical, might upon the whole have been supplemented with a list of more modern works and of works drawing their information from first, and not second-hand, sources.

GRUNDRISS EINER GESCHICHTE DER NATURWISSENSCHAFTEN, ZUGLEICH EINE EINFÜHRUNG IN DAS STUDIUM DER GRUNDLEGENDEN NATURWISSENSCHAFTLICHEN LITERATUR. Von Dr. Friedrich Dannemann. I. Band. Erläuterte Abschnitte aus den Werken hervorragender Naturforscher aller Völker und Zeiten. Zweite Auflage. Mit 57 Abbildungen, zum grössten Teil in Wiedergabe nach den Originalwerken, und einer Spektraltafel. Leipzig: Verlag von Wilhelm Engelmann. 1902. Pages, xiv, 422. Price, bound, 9 marks.

We are glad to announce the appearance of a second edition of Volume I. of Dr. Friedrich Dannemann's *History of the Natural and Physical Sciences*, of which we gave a full notice on its first appearance in the October 1896 number of *The Monist*. The work is written in German, and the present first volume contains model reading extracts from the famous inquirers of all ages, from Aristotle to Pasteur and Hertz. Here we may read in the simple and fresh language of men like Archimedes, Copernicus, Galileo, Kepler, Pascal, Newton, Kant, Cuvier, Darwin, and Helmholtz, the story of how the great edifice of science was erected stone by stone. The book is one that cannot be too warmly recommended to teachers of science, and will be especially valuable to English readers, not only on account of the rich material in it from German sources, but also for its German translations of the other foreign literature. The editor has added ten new chapters to the edition.

Kacchayana's famous *Pāli Grammar* is now given to the public for the first time with an English translation. There are several Pāli grammars written by other eminent Indian pandits, but that of Kacchayana has firmly maintained its merit as the standard work on the subject. The present editor and translator, Professor Satis Chandra Vidyabhusana, of Calcutta, is an able scholar and has done much to recover old Sanskrit texts of Buddhism. The Pāli portion of the present work is printed in Devānāgarī characters and is supplied with copious notes. The English part reads easily and greatly assists the reader to a clear understanding of the original. The editor has added some lengthy introductory remarks on the history of Pāli and Sanskrit grammar. A comparative list of the Burmese, Siamese, and Singhalese alphabets, along with their English and Sanskrit equivalents, which is prefixed to this book, adds to its utility. Mr. Dharmapāla in his preface to the book appropriately states the necessity of studying the Pāli grammar in connection with the perusal of Buddhist literature. (Published by the Maha-Bodhi Society, Calcutta, India. 1901. Pages, xliii, 383. Price, Rs. 3.)

Records of the Past is a periodical published by the Records of the Past Exploration Society, at 215 Third St., S. E., Washington, D. C. The Rev. Henry Mason Baum, D. C. L., is the editor and Mr. Frederick Bennett Wright is the assistant editor and treasurer. The magazine is devoted to archæology in the best sense of the term, making a specialty of Hebrew, Assyriological, Egyptological, and kindred antiquities, but including in its scope also the folklore of our Indians and other primitive peoples. The current number contains an interesting article

on "The Ming Tombs," by Frederick Bennett Wright, another on "Excavations at Tell El-Hesy, the Site of the Ancient Lachish," also the correspondence between Abdi-Hiba, an ancient Egyptian vassal prince of Jerusalem, and the king of Egypt, which is an interesting letter throwing much light on the conditions in the Orient at the time before the founding of the Israelitic nation. Further, the number contains an explanation of "Ancient Relics of the Aborigines of the Hawaiian Islands," by Dr. Lorenzo Gordon Yates. The last article is a review of Cushing's "Zuni Folk Tales," by Dr. F. W. Hodge, with a very good portrait of the late Mr. Cushing. The price of the periodical is \$2.00 per year, or \$5.00 in advance for three years' subscription. Any one interested in Biblical archæology and folklore will find much valuable information in this new periodical.

Prof. Léo Errera, of the University of Brussels, has been publishing in the *Revue de l'Université de Bruxelles* a series of essays on *Philosophical Botany*. His conclusions regarding spontaneous generation are interesting. He believes that spontaneous generation is an inevitable postulate of biological science. Whatever failures there may have been in the past, the future is full of hope. "From the point of view of chemical synthesis," he says, "the question of spontaneous generation is not yet ripe; from the dynamical point of view we have probably not yet entered the region of labile equilibrium, but are still in the domain of metastability, where there is no prospect of attaining results. Nevertheless, if spontaneous generation has not yet been realised in our laboratories, there is nothing to prove that it will not be realised in the future." Brussels: H. Lamertin. 1900. Pages, 25.)

Dr. Isabel Maddison has compiled for the benefit of the Graduate Club at Bryn Mawr College a very useful *Handbook of British, Continental, and Canadian Universities*. This book defines the position of the different foreign universities in regard to the admission of women to their courses, and gives the particulars as to lectures, degrees, entrance requirements, etc., of these institutions. While the little volume is primarily intended for women, it will be just as valuable for men. The terms of admission of foreign students generally, the division of the year into terms, or semesters, the fees, the subjects of lectures, the degrees conferred, the names of the professors and officials, are the data given. (Bryn Mawr College, Bryn Mawr, Penn. Price, post-paid, \$1.00.)

The subject of "The Psychology of Conjuring Deceptions" has been treated by Norman Triplett and printed by the *American Journal of Psychology* of Worcester, Mass. This same topic was interestingly treated some years ago in *The Open Court* (Vol. VII.), by Professor Dessoir, now of the University of Berlin. While Mr. Triplett's essay is necessarily of a somewhat technical character, his subject-matter is nevertheless so intrinsically interesting as to render his pamphlet easy reading for all. (Reprinted from the *American Journal of Psychology*, Vol. XI., July, 1900. Pages, 72.)

M. Alfred Jaulmes has written a brief and very readable sketch of the history of Satanism, sorcery, and superstition of the Middle Ages. The young and pious author has consulted the best modern authorities on general and mediæval history and sketched from the impressions which he has drawn from these works a picture of the demoniacal conditions which obtained in the Middle Ages. (Montauban: Imprimerie Typo-Lithographique J. Granié. 1900. Pages, 110.)

The University of Chicago Press has recently published a new text-book for the study of the French language, entitled *Cours Complète de Langue Française*. The author of the volume is Prof. Maxime Ingres of the Department of Romance Languages and Literatures in the University of Chicago. Professor Ingres is an advocate of the theory that one must read and talk French in order to learn the language, and his book, therefore, is written entirely in French. His selections of exercises and readings are marked by much wisdom and taste, and the directions for study are practical to a degree. In his introductory remarks Professor Ingres pleads warmly for the study of the modern languages in preference to the ancient. As an instructor the author has won a wide reputation and he is meeting with eminent success not only in connection with his work in the University, but in connection with the Chicago branch of the Alliance Française as well. The book contains 314 pages and is designed for the use of individual students as well as a text-book for classes and academies, colleges and universities, and in private clubs. (Cloth, net, \$1.50; postpaid, \$1.62.)

A. C. McClurg & Co., of Chicago, have recently issued two attractive little volumes which will be of assistance to serious readers. The first consists of a series of selections made by Walter Lee Brown from the *Meditations of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus*, the noblest and wisest of emperors and one of the noblest and wisest of men. The wealth of ethical and philosophical thought in the *Meditations of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus* is little known to the public at large, and this little book, which may easily be carried in the pocket, will form for many a welcome vade-mecum. The other book mentioned consists of a selection of passages from the writings of ten famous authors, on the choice and use of books. These authors are: Helps, Carlyle, D'Israeli, Emerson, Schopenhauer, Ruskin, Hare, Morley, Lowell, and Harrison. Their counsel is well known, and it is good that it has now been made accessible in collective form. If the reading public would adopt the advice here given, our average culture would be of an entirely different type from what it now is.

As the head of Hull House Miss Jane Addams has, for a number of years, been well known to all persons who are interested in the work of institutions and societies for the bettering of social conditions in crowded foreign districts in our great cities. In her recent book on *Democracy and Social Ethics*, Miss Addams divides her work into six chapters, which are studies of various types and groups who are being impelled by the newer conception of democracy to an acceptance of social obligations involving in each instance a new line of conduct. No attempt is made to reach a conclusion nor to offer advice beyond the assumption that the cure for the ills of democracy is more democracy, but the quite unlooked-for result of the studies would seem to indicate that while the strain and perplexity of the studies is felt most keenly by the educated and self-conscious members of the community, the tentative and actual attempts at adjustment are largely coming through those who are simpler and less analytical. (New York: The Macmillan Co. 1902. Pages, 281. Price, \$1.25.)

Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall is the title of the last historical romance of Charles Major, the author of *When Knighthood was in Flower*. The illustrations are by Howard Chandler Christy and are of his usual excellence. (New York: The Macmillan Company.)

The latest issue of the series of French philosophical biographies entitled *Les grands philosophes*, published by Félix Alcan of Paris, is a *Life of Benoit Spinoza*, by Paul-Louis Couchoud. The author has sought to treat his subject after the manner of Taine; he claims that there is no exclusive action of one philosopher upon another, but that the philosophical environment is more largely determinative of his doctrines. He thus examines minutely the Rabbinical and Italianising environment of Amsterdam, the theological and Cartesian environment of Leyden, and the stoic and republican environment of the Hague, in all of which Spinoza lived and had his being. The author then takes up Spinoza's works in their chronological order; he studies the theory of substance in its formation and development, the influence of Descartes, the religious doctrines and political opinions of Spinoza, and finally gives a complete analysis of the *Ethics*. (Pages, xii, 305. Price, 5 francs.)

A treatise on *The Philosophy of Fichte* and his relations with contemporary knowledge reaches us from the pen of M. Xavier Léon, the talented editor of the *Revue de Métaphysique*. Since M. Léon's interests are broad and are intimately connected with the scientific spirit of the day, we may expect an adequate and conscientious treatment of Fichte's philosophy from his hand. Fichte played an important rôle not only in the philosophy but also in the political history of Germany, and interest in him is not entirely confined to metaphysics. While M. Léon's analysis of Fichte's metaphysical system is thoroughgoing, he has not omitted to emphasise the important secular features of his character. (Paris: Félix Alcan. 1902. Pages, xvii, 524. Price, 10 francs.)

The issue of *The Bibelot* for March is: *The Story of the Unknown Church and Lindenborg Pool*, by William Morris. That for April is the *Pervigilium Veneris*, or *Vigil of Venus*, a celebrated anonymous Latin poem written perhaps in the third century of our era. It was probably the product of a brief but brilliant celebration of the old pagan religion which found popular expression about the year 300 A. D., "just before the pantheon passed from the hearts of the people for ever." It is the last echo of a dying creed. The Latin text and four translations of it by Stanley (1651), Parnell (1720), Prowett (1843), and Hayward (1901) are given. (Price, each number, 5 cents.)

The attention of the student of metaphysical ethics may be directed to a work by Dr. Alfred Hodder entitled: *The Adversaries of the Sceptic, or The Specious Present. A New Inquiry Into Human Knowledge*. The work aims "at controverting certain current, or rather dominant, theories in regard to relations, judgment, reasoning, perception, and the unit of Ethics, and to substitute others in their stead." The author's criticisms, however, are not entirely destructive. He has also made the endeavor to present positive views. (London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co., Ltd. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1901. Pages, 339. Price, \$1.50.)

Lt.-Col. A. W. Smart, R. E., has translated into English from the French, M. Desdouits's *System of Kant*. The pamphlet appears in the Brahmavadin Series. (Madras, India. 1901. Price, 2 Rs.)

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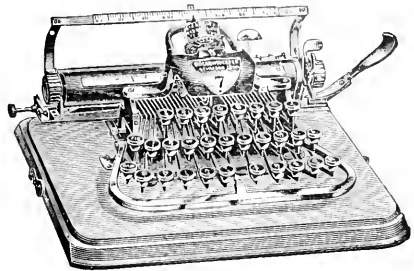
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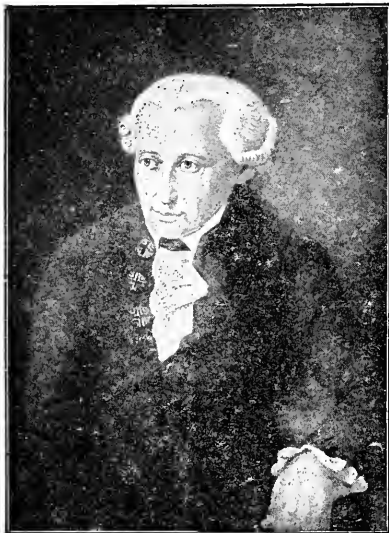
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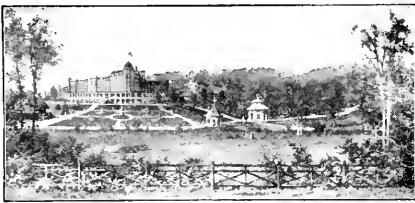
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