

The Open Court

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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

Founded by EDWARD C. HEGELER

VOL. XXXIII (No. 4)

APRIL, 1919

NO. 755

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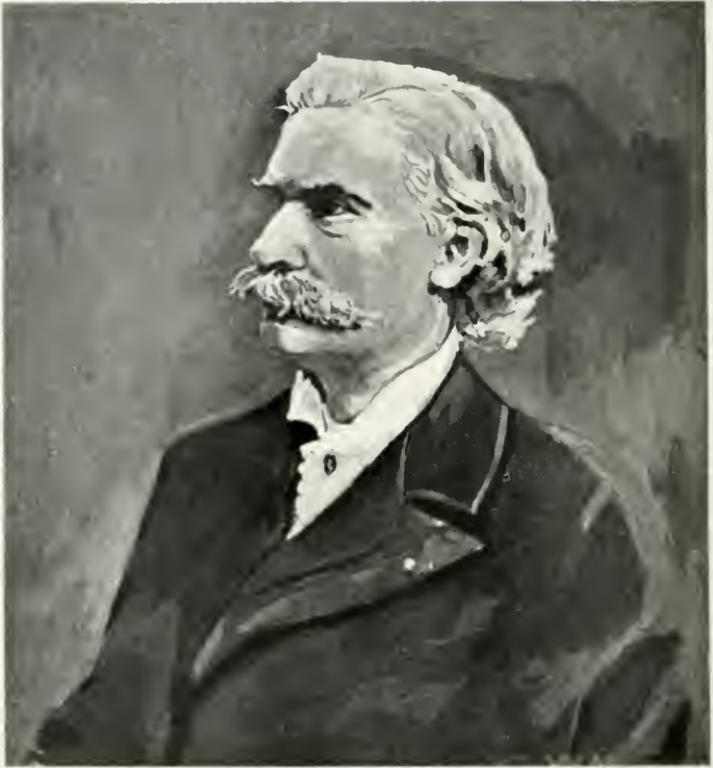
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SUGGESTIONS OF THE PEACE TREATY OF WESTPHALIA FOR THE PEACE CONFERENCE IN PARIS.

BY ARTHUR MACDONALD,¹

THE Conference of Nations that is now taking place around the peace table at Paris is doubtless the most important of any in history. One reason is the fact that whatever plan the conference may decide to carry out will necessarily concern most all countries of the world. For railroads, steamships, aeroplanes, telegraphs, telephones, and wireless telegraphy, as never before, have made communication between nations so easy, quick, and direct that distance is almost eliminated, enabling the whole world to think, reason, and act at the same time, and to be influenced as one human solidarity.

There seems to be a strong desire in all lands that the Peace Conference will make future wars not only improbable but practically impossible. But how can this be done? For years countless peace plans and theories have been proposed filling volumes of books, but they are mainly of a speculative nature. Since theoretical grounds have proved inadequate, is there then any experience in the history of the world which can be made a basis for permanent peace? Is there, for instance, any kind of war that has resulted in doing away with itself permanently? The answer would point to the Thirty Years' War, closing with the Peace of Westphalia (1648), which seems to have put an end to all religious wars.

How, then, does it happen that the Peace Treaty of Westphalia, of all the treaties in the world, is the only one that has succeeded in stopping all religious wars? We are certainly dealing here with

¹ Dr. MacDonald of Washington, D. C., is the Honorary President of the International Congress of Criminal Anthropology of Europe.

a phenomenal fact in history.² It would therefore seem of interest and importance, especially at the present time, to make a brief anthropological study of the Thirty Years' War which led to such an exceptional and successful treaty.

NEW FIELD FOR ANTHROPOLOGY.

From the anthropological point of view, history can be looked upon as a vast laboratory for the purpose of studying humanity and assisting in its progress. In the past, anthropology has concerned itself mainly with savage and prehistoric man, but it is due time that it take up the more important and much more difficult subject of civilized man, not only as an individual but as an organization,³ or nation, or group of nations. It is true that other departments of knowledge, such as history and political science, have pursued these fields, but unfortunately not always in the scientific sense. Anthropology in this new field should seek to establish only those truths which can be based upon facts. There are doubtless many very important truths which cannot be established by scientific methods, but perhaps they can be better treated in political science, psychology, ethics, philosophy, and theology.

In the present inquiry, the anthropological problem is this: As religious wars are admitted to be the most intense, most idealistic, and most sacrificial of all wars, and therefore most difficult to stop: can it be ascertained just how the Thirty Years' War, culminating in the Peace of Westphalia, brought about the end of all religious wars? This might suggest how all political wars may be made to cease. If the seventeenth century accomplished the more difficult task, the Peace Conference at Paris ought to succeed in the less difficult one. If the twentieth century prides itself on being superior in diplomacy, practical statesmanship, and general mental caliber, it will now have an opportunity to show such superiority by formulating a treaty which will make all future political wars not only improbable but impossible.

PRINCIPLES OF A PEACE CONFERENCE.

In following the present Peace Conference and comparing it with the Peace Congress of Westphalia, it may be well to mention a few of the principles of such congresses in general. In a treaty

² The writer has been unable to find any discussion of this phase of the matter.

³ See a study of the United States Senate by the writer (published in Spanish) under the title: "Estudio del Senado de los Estados Unidos de America," in *Revista Argentina de Ciencias Politicas*, 12 de Enero de 1918 (Buenos Ayres, 1918).

of peace, there are first of all the usual articles, as, e. g., a declaration that peace is restored and amnesty clauses, including restitution of such conquests as are not intended to be retained and of rights suspended by the war. Also there are provisions to remove the causes out of which the war arose, redress grievances, and prevent their recurrence. This is the most essential thing for the congress to do. Then there is the indemnity article to make satisfactory reparation for injury sustained and cost of war. But great prudence should be exercised here, otherwise the conquered power may feel deep resentment which is liable to sow seeds for a future war..

As to personal attendance at the congress one great advantage is that difficulties thought insurmountable in correspondence, often disappear in an interview. Half the work is done when members have come to know what each really wants. But in long discussions there is danger of becoming fatigued and making ill-advised concessions. There is also temptation for some members to interfere where they have no substantial interests nor rights, and to contract engagements in which they have no special concern. When strong enough, every nation will insist on the right to manage its own internal affairs. Sometimes there are a few particularly able men, speaking several languages fluently (a very practical advantage), but representing only small countries, who may exercise undue influence and cause the congress to authorize things which may not prove of equal justice to all. Members of congresses have been known to vote for things that they did not understand, to the great disadvantage of their own country, due mainly to inexperience and lack of familiarity with the language spoken in the congress.

THE PEACE OF WESTPHALIA.

As early as 1636, Pope Urban VIII extorted from the powers engaged in the Thirty Years' War their unwilling consent to treat. In 1637 a discussion of safe conducts was begun which lasted nearly five years, and it was not until 1641 that preliminaries as to time and place of the Congress were signed, and these were not ratified, nor safe conducts exchanged, until 1643, making six years for controversies as to mere formalities. One of the causes of this dilatoriness was that neither side really desired peace. Captiousness and punctiliousness were doubtless emphasized in order to obtain delay. The labor of concluding peace was colossal: there were endless obstacles to surmount, contending interests to reconcile, a labyrinth of circumstances to cope with, difficulties to overcome

besetting the Congress from the very outset of the negotiations, not only of arranging the conditions of peace but still more of carrying them through the proceedings.

It is therefore fair to assume that the difficulties in establishing the Peace of Westphalia were as great as, and probably greater than, those now confronting the Peace Conference at Paris. For in the Westphalian Congress nobody desired peace, and it was not possible to agree to an armistice, so that war continued while the Congress was in session, materially affecting the deliberations; this may be one reason why the Congress lasted as long as four years.

To avoid questions of precedence and to lessen further opportunities for disagreement, two cities in Westphalia, Münster for the Catholics and Osnabrück for the Protestants, were selected. These places were a short day's ride apart. The treaty was signed at Münster October 24, 1648, and was called "The Peace of Westphalia." In addition to the disposition for delay, there was a tendency to criticize things generally. Thus certain plenipotentiaries complained of their accommodations, saying that the houses assigned to them, though high and handsome externally, were in fact rat-holes.

First, questions of etiquette were taken up. For instance, did the precedence belong to Spain, and what marks of honor were due to the representatives of the neutral powers? Then came contests for the ecclesiastical seats. The Nuncio, the representative of the Pope, wished to sit not only at the head of the table but wanted a canopy over him, to distinguish him. The way in which the minor powers should be received was in doubt. It was finally decided to go half-way down the stairs with guests when departing. Also the question of titles arose. The word "Excellency" was chosen for addressing the envoys of the great powers, but it had to be extended to the lesser powers. The Venetian envoy obtained the honor (to his joy) of being conducted, when he visited the French plenipotentiary, to the door of his coach, instead of to the staircase. These few of the many incidents during the Congress will illustrate the human side of official matters. Such disputes as to precedence and etiquette were to be expected in a proud and ceremonious age among representatives of numerous states, especially when many of them were of doubtful rank. There was also much display. A train of eighteen coaches conveyed the French envoys in their visits of ceremony. It appeared that France desired to show that she had not been impoverished by the war, like Germany.

The Papal Nuncio and the Venetian envoy were mediators as well as members of the Congress. France and Sweden were opposed to each other in religion, but in accord on political matters. The treaty was drawn up with such fulness and precision of language as is rarely found in documents of this nature, due to a large body of trained lawyers among the members. As indicating a desire for fairness in little things as well as in larger questions, the treaty contained these words: "No one of any party shall look askance at any one on account of his creed." As an example of wise provisions, the following may be noted: The Protestants demanded the year 1618 as *annus normalis* for the restitution of ecclesiastical estates, the Catholics insisted on the year 1630, which was much more favorable to them. The Congress split the difference and made it 1624. The *medius terminus* is often the wisest course in acute controversies. As to temporal affairs, all hostilities of whatever kind were to be forgotten, neither party being allowed to molest or injure the other for any purpose. In regard to spiritual affairs, complete equality was to exist (*aequalitas exacta mutuaque*), and every kind of violence was forever forbidden between the parties.

The Peace of Westphalia was the first effort to reconstruct the European states' system, and it became the common law of Europe. Few treaties have had such influence, and Europe is said for the first time to have formed a kind of commonwealth watching with anxiety over the preservation of the general peace.

THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR.

To have called to mind some of the principal points in the Peace of Westphalia, is not sufficient for understanding the real significance of the treaty without some consideration of the war which it closed. As already suggested, this war, looked at from a scientific point of view, is an unconscious experiment of nations, an attempt to solve a problem in abnormal international psychology. In order to comprehend this experiment and its resultant treaty, just how it brought about permanent religious peace, some of the main events of the war must be recalled as a basis upon which to work.

The Protestant Reformation had great influence upon almost everything political in Europe, until the Peace of Westphalia. The Religious Peace of Augsburg (1555) furnished no settlement to questions stirred up by the Reformation. It was inevitable that such fundamental disagreements should lead to a general war. The

Thirty Years' War marked the end of the Reformation which changed the idea of Christian unity and altered the theory of a Holy Roman Empire, replacing it by the idea of autonomy for individual states.

On May 23, 1618, a body of Protestants entered the royal palace at Prague and threw two detested representatives of the Crown from the window. This act started a struggle that for thirty years involved Europe in a war which spread gradually from Bohemia over Southern Germany, then slowly to Northern Germany and Denmark, until country after country began to take part and the fighting became general. The war might have ended in 1623, making it a five years' war, had it not been for the outrageous treatment of the Protestant states of Northern Germany, resulting in a political disintegration in which Germany lost half of her population and two thirds of her wealth. Her religion and morality sank low, and the intellectual damage required generations to restore.

The Roman Catholic Church, having guided Christianity for centuries without a rival, naturally felt greatly wronged by Protestant secession. This explains the uncompromising enmities of the Thirty Years' War. Various parties claimed the control of the religious doctrines to be taught the people, as well as control of worship; they were fighting each other for this power, ready to sacrifice their lives for it. The Lutherans were as intolerant toward the Calvinists as they were toward the Catholics. The Catholic Church, convinced of the absolute truth of its doctrines based upon thirteen centuries of growth, naturally could not tolerate some young reformers to arise and challenge its divine right, especially not since these reformers seized old monastic and ecclesiastic foundations with domains and edifices and administered them in their own interest. The resistance of the Catholic hierarchy, to the last drop of blood, was a normal reaction. As so often happens, the conditions were abnormal, not the human beings.

Had the war stopped in 1623, the Catholics would have been left with decided advantages. Their own ambitions, however, prevented it. Gustavus Adolphus appeared, and by his efforts Protestantism is said to have been saved from extinction. During thirteen of the thirty years, the lands of the Protestants had been devastated; during the next seventeen years an equalization of the exhaustion of the parties developed before a lasting religious peace was made. It became clear in the end that neither Catholics nor Protestants could crush their opponents without perishing likewise.

TERRIBLE RESULTS OF THE WAR.

The terrible results of the Thirty Year's War may be summed up by saying that Germany was the carcass, and the hosts which invaded the German soil were the vultures. The Protestant invaders were Swedes, Finns, Hollanders, Frenchmen, Englishmen, and Scotchmen; on the Catholic side there came in Spaniards, Italians, Walloons, Poles, Cossacks, Croats and representatives of nearly all other Slavonic tribes. There was an army never larger than 40,000 men, but the camp-followers were 140,000, consisting of gangs of Gipsies, Jewish camp-traders, marauders and plunderers. The soldiers robbed and tortured all alike, both friend and foe. The inhabitants would flee to the woods, taking with them or hiding everything they could. But the invaders were experts in discovering secret treasures; they would pour water on the ground, and where it sank quickly there they knew something had been recently buried.

To retaliate, the peasants would watch for stragglers, for the sick and wounded who had dropped behind, putting them to death with every device of insult and cruelty known. Much of the cruelty is too hideous to mention. In many districts the desolation was so great that persons were found dead with grass in their mouths. Men climbed up the scaffolds and tore down the bodies of those hangèd and devoured them. The supply was large. Newly buried corpses were dug up for food. Children were enticed away that they might be slain and eaten. The population, when plundered, would become plunderers in turn, forming into bands, and inflict on others the horrors that they themselves had suffered. Men became wholly indifferent to the sufferings of others. Whole countries were destroyed, towns and villages reduced to ashes, and civilization was pushed back into barbarism for half a century. The Thirty Years' War is said to have been so unspeakably cruel and calamitous that the like has never been known in Europe.

CAUSES OF THE LENGTH OF THE WAR.

Gustavus Adolphus writes in a letter that the war would be long drawn out and stop from exhaustion. The original purpose of the war was the suppression of the Protestant faith, but the victories of Gustavus Adolphus made the Catholics hopeless. Also other interests, of a political nature, rose up: the war passed from a German to a European question. Though there were times when peace might have been made, the side who had the best of it for

the moment deemed it folly to stop when victory was in reach. The other side thought it base and cowardly not to continue, as some turn of fortune might repair the losses. Many a war has dragged on after the purpose for which it began had become unattainable, because those who began it were too vain to admit that the objects of the war were impossible from its outset.

In a long war also individuals rise up to whom fighting becomes a second nature, who know nothing else but violence and murder. Thus many soldiers were indignant when the Westphalian Peace was signed, for they felt they had a vested right to plunder and murder, looking upon a wretched, helpless population as their just prey.

A further reason for the long continuation of the war was the very exhaustion of both sides; there was not enough strength on either side to strike a decisive blow, nor sufficient energy left to make a vigorous effort for peace, making it seem useless to try. In the earlier and middle period of the war there were many cries for peace, but in the last eight years there was a terrible silence of death and such utter desperation that no one dared to speak of peace, so great was the exhaustion. The soldiers decreased as it became more and more difficult to recruit and feed them; the military operations grew feebler and more desultory, the fighting more inconclusive, though the misery did not diminish. But while the people and soldiers had become tired of the interminable struggle and wanted peace, many of the diplomats did not appear to desire it.

CAUSES OF THE WAR.

The great length of the war gradually revealed its very hopelessness and uselessness, creating a general desire for rest and peace, transforming and weakening the religious movements out of which the war had arisen. The principle of private judgment, coming from the Reformation, had had time to develop and undermine the ideas of temporal rights and duties common to both parties, while many ideas first conceived by the Reformation but suppressed at the time, had at last commenced to grow through the long-continued turbulations.

Another cause of the war was the inherent incompatibility of religious views among the people. Religious discord exists to-day, but it is not decided by bloody contests, because of breadth of religious insight, general indifference, and increasing skepticism. The convictions of the people of the seventeenth century, as to the

truth of their own opinions and the errors of their opponents, were of such an absolute character as cannot be found nowadays even among people with the most rigid beliefs. They did not know then that it was possible to live together and yet have the most varied and contradictory religious convictions. To suppose that these people were stupid is an error. The chances are that they were less stupid than the people are to-day. How many, at the present time, can look at their country, its ideals, ideas, and customs justly and without prejudice? Naturally very few. But to place ourselves outside of not only our country but our generation is much more difficult. How could we then expect the people of the seventeenth century to do this?

IGNORANCE THE FUNDAMENTAL CAUSE OF THE WAR.

The fundamental cause that brought the Thirty Years' War to a close was *mental insight* into the uselessness and hopelessness of further struggle, caused by the feeling of exhaustion due to the long continuance of the war. The reason why this war put an end to all religious wars was, that this intellectual insight became general in Europe, inculcating more liberal religious views. This psychological attitude, with increasing indifference to religion and resultant skepticism, caused religious questions to be regarded less seriously, making further wars for such purposes impossible. The basal reason, therefore, was the intellectual realization of the foolishness of blood shed on account of difference of religious convictions: that is, lack of knowledge of this fact in the past—in short, *ignorance*—was at the bottom of it all, as of most evils in the world.

SUGGESTIONS FROM THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR.

In order to learn what suggestions from the Thirty Years' War may be of use around the peace table at Paris, it will be well to mention the general similarities and differences between this war and the recent European War.

The similarities are as follows:

1. The Thirty Years' War began with the throwing out of a window (defenestration) of detested persons; the European War started from an assassination.
2. The Thirty Years' War had been expected for some time; a general European war had been predicted for many years.
3. The Thirty Years' War, beginning with a local incident, spread from country to country, just like the European War did.

4. The Thirty Years' War was exceedingly brutal for its generation, just as the European War has been for our time.
5. The Thirty Years' War was a very long one for its generation; the European War has been a relatively long one for recent times.

As to the differences between the two wars, it may be said that,

1. In the Thirty Years' War, both belligerents finally proved to be nearly equal in strength. In the European War, one of the belligerents, though at first meeting with reverses, in the end completely overcame the other.
2. The Thirty Years' War ended in the exhaustion of both belligerents; the European War closed with the exhaustion of only one belligerent.
3. The Thirty Years' War was waged for religious convictions rather than for gain; the European War was not so ideal in its purposes.

Taking a general view of the similarities and differences between the two wars, the one great question arises: Is the experience of the present European War strong enough for victors and vanquished alike to be willing to yield sufficient of their natural rights and sovereignty to submit all questions of war to some superior international court from which there is no appeal?

In the Thirty Years' War, nothing further was necessary: the exhaustion of both belligerents was sufficient to end religious wars.

As the victorious party in war is much less inclined (if inclined at all) than the conquered foe to yield anything, will the Allies, without the experience of defeat and exhaustion, be willing to yield enough of their sovereignty to make the future peace of the world permanent? Will they be magnanimous and give up some national advantages of the present for future international benefits to all mankind? In short, are they unselfish enough to so temper their justice with mercy as to establish a world peace, the greatest boon to humanity ever known?

Here is a supreme opportunity. Will the victorious Allies arise to the occasion and make future wars improbable, if not impossible? We say "impossible," because if a nation is recalcitrant, it can be punished by a general boycott, leading toward its economic ruin. As the instinct of self-preservation is the most powerful influence in nations as well as in individuals, it is a moral certainty that no nation could or would submit very long to such punishment. Just after a war is ended, when the belligerents feel more keenly

its effect than later on, they are much more disposed to make mutual concessions. Will the victors of the European War strike *at once* while the iron is hot, and insist at the outset on the one paramount issue, the absolute prohibition of all wars? Such a decision would radiate through all further proceedings of the Peace Conference and greatly facilitate its work. By thus making a certainty of the most important question of all history, no matter how difficult and delicate matters of greater or less importance may be, the Conference of Paris will have assured its success in advance as the greatest and most beneficent influence that the world has ever experienced, just as the Peace of Westphalia was in its generation.

In the Peace Treaty of Westphalia were these words: "The hostilities that have taken place from the beginning of the late disturbances, in any place of whatsoever kind, by one side or the other, shall be forgotten and forgiven, so that neither party shall cherish enmity or hatred against, nor molest nor injure the other for any cause whatsoever." Will the peace treaty of Paris contain as generous and noble words, and stop all political wars forever, just as the Peace of Westphalia put an end to all religious wars?

Will the twentieth-century Christianity, with its supposed greater liberality and enlightenment, be as far-seeing, unselfish, and effective as the Christianity of the seventeenth century?

Let the Conference at Paris answer: Yes.

Just as the spread of education and knowledge has gradually liberated the intellect so as to undermine the ideas upon which religious wars were based, so a similar process of enlightenment may be necessary to cause political wars to cease.

THE ONLY DEMOCRAT.

BY FRANKLIN KENT GIFFORD.

AS my friends are forever wondering why I have spoiled a good metaphysician to make a bad political economist, and why my promised volume on "The Mystery of Matter" is not forthcoming, I shall give a brief account of the singular experience that worked this miracle, leaving the public to judge whether my friend Professor Spiegelmann is right or wrong in pronouncing me crazy. I shall merely note in passing that any one is crazy, in Professor Spiegelmann's opinion, who devotes his time to anything but meta-

physics, or ignores the obvious fact that the mystery of matter is the only practical question before the public.

I was sitting in my fine old colonial house in Belle View on the morning of the incident about to be narrated. And I may here take occasion to testify that nothing is so favorable to metaphysical research as a fine old colonial house with a magnificent sweep of lawn visible from the library windows, and the shadows of ancient elms athwart the summer sunshine. Let the house be presided over, as mine is, by a perfect wife with a comfortable fortune derived from a model grandfather (to whom be peace), and two as fine children as the world contains: and crown all with a coachman-chauffeur who does not drink, a cook who does not waste, blunder, or give notice, and two other servants to match, and any reasonable man is prepared to grapple with the mystery of matter.

The only drawback I knew of to my situation was the lunatic asylum about one mile distant; and this institution was so well-kept and beautiful for situation that on the whole it seldom occurred to me as a disadvantage.

Under these circumstances, with a good breakfast recently Fletcherized, I indited the following familiar sentence. I say "familiar" because, in one form or another, it has been indited now, I forget how many thousand times, and each time with the pride of discovery:

"The mystery of matter was never so near its solution as at the present time. The hypothesis of Monism is the latest skeleton key to be applied to the door which has thus far resisted all attempts. If mind and matter shall be demonstrated to be one in ultimate essence, the door of this mystery swings open at last, and we realize once and for all that Mind is simply the inner shrine of the Phenomenal Temple whose outer integument is Matter."

I was contemplating this paragraph with the customary pride and happy oblivion to the fact that it says nothing at all, when I heard a step on the veranda, and turned to behold a remarkable presence standing in the library door.

The presence was that of a magnificent old man with a patriarchal white beard, the front of Jove himself, or more accurately, of Walt Whitman, and an eye like Mars to threaten or command; and yet, I could hardly say why, I was instantly reminded of the neighboring asylum and its celebrated lunatic who called himself "the Almighty."

"You are quite right," said the Presence, graciously. "I commend your penetration. You see, I have looked into that last book

of yours, and so I just stepped out awhile to give myself a little intellectual diversion. Those asylum people over there are no crazier than most people, but of course there *is* such a thing as variety." He smiled jovially.

"Then you *are* . . .," I began, and paused, unable to pronounce that awful Name.

"The Almighty? Well, that's what they *call* me. As for myself, I don't like the expression. It bores me."

I stared in amazement at this imperturbable, Olympian calm, and forgot all courtesy for the moment.

"I hope I don't disturb you?" suggested the Presence, glancing at a chair.

"By no means!" I hastened to assure him. "Please do me the honor to accept this chair. I am very glad of your call. I have always wanted to meet you and ask a few questions about this curious world of ours."

The Almighty seated himself in the vast armchair which seemed to have been shaped expressly for his Olympian form, and directed his gaze to the open wood-fire which cheered the shadows of the great library, and dispelled the unseasonable chill of a sharp summer morning.

He created an impression of the most absolute simplicity. There was no nonsense about him, and no pretension, such as we somehow infer in deities. He merely sat with a pleased expression before the fire, and spread out his hands gratefully. "A fire is a nice thing, isn't it?" he said. "A little one," he added thoughtfully.

I was somehow reminded of a certain *big* fire that I had heard of in my youth, and experienced an uncanny thrill. The more surprised was I, therefore, at the Almighty's next words:

"How ungrateful of them to turn such a good friend into a symbol of—ah—discomfort!"

"Why—why—I thought you approved of the symbol?" I stammered.

"Yes, but you see, it has been overworked. Besides, it was intended for use in a hot climate; whereas, here, so near the North Pole, you know, I should think people would be more afraid of—well, the coal trust?"

As I owned a few good shares in coal, I was hardly prepared to accept the amendment. However, one is instinctively respectful to a lunatic. Besides, he might think it was his divine prerogative to destroy me.

"Not at all," said the Almighty, placidly, as if I had spoken aloud, "they will all tell you I am perfectly harmless."

"You are a mind-reader!" I ejaculated.

"Hm! If there is any mind to read. But candidly, you merely looked like all of them when I announce myself. They seem to think the next step ought to be their destruction. Possibly they know why?"

I was getting interested in this novel conception of a somewhat hackneyed character; and the Actor's next move set me gasping.

"You have some good cigars, I notice," he observed, nodding toward the mantelpiece.

"You don't *smoke*?" I exclaimed.

"Try me," said the Almighty.

I placed a jar of good Manilas at the left hand of the Presence, extended a lighted match, and experienced the awesome sensation of watching the Almighty light a cigar.

"You are going to join me, of course?" he remarked; and I hastened to take the hint, though not without a positive sense of taking an unwarranted liberty.

"Thank you," said the Presence. "After all, you men have some advantages."

"But I thought you were opposed to smoking?" I stammered.

"Who says so?"

"Why—why—certain friends of mine."

The Almighty smiled. "Your friends are excellent people; but because they are virtuous, shall there be no more cakes and—ah—cigars? Besides, it helps a fellow, I find. One small vice will make you more friends than twelve full-sized virtues."

I breathed a sigh of relief. Really, it was very handsome of the Almighty to come down to the human level like this. "And you are really the—the—" I paused, still unable to pronounce that awful Name.

"Oh, say it, if you want to," encouraged the Olympian One. "As for me, I'm not partial to the expression. It bores me. Besides, who knows that there is any Almighty? Who says he is almighty?"

"But surely, the Bible. . . ." I remonstrated.

The Almighty looked askance. "You should quote authorities that you respect," said he, with a touch of severity. "Of course those primitive Hebrews would naturally use that title. Which proves what? Nothing, except that they were power-worshippers, like the moderns."

I smiled at the dismay of certain clerical friends of mine, could they but hear this lunacy. "That makes rather short work of theology, doesn't it?" I ventured.

"Theology! Hum! Theology may not tell you much about God, but it tells a lot about theologians. Some day, the enlightened peoples will dig in the old Bibles like gold-mines half worked; but meanwhile—you see!"

And reaching out an ironical finger, he wrote on the dusty cover of the Sacred Volume, under which, for safe-keeping, reposed certain manuscripts of mine. Why hadn't Mary Ann dusted that Bible in time?

"It makes a good paper-weight, doesn't it?" observed the assumed Author of the Work.

"The Bible is not the authority it used to be," I confessed, with decent regret.

"Oh well," said the Almighty, easily, "I've seen Bibles come and go. Yours will go too, before long."

"Mine?" said I, in blank bewilderment.

"Certainly. Your Spencer-Kant-Nietzsche-commercial Bible. It looks pretty infallible, just now; but I can see the rag-bag waiting for it."

Such blasphemy—and from the Almighty! "I should hope," said I with dignity, "that the results of great modern thinkers——"

"Oh, they were all great modern thinkers once; but you see what becomes of them,"—indicating his dusty autograph.

"But, your Majesty, . . ."

His Majesty looked annoyed, and objected mildly, "I really wish you wouldn't. I am a democrat. The only one there is," he added, with a gleam of irony such as Zeus might have cast at democratic Greece.

I suppose I looked astonished, for the Only Democrat went on:

"It really surprises me, sometimes, this belated talk about the King of Kings in a democratic age like this. I've nearly quit going to church, myself."

"What, you too?" I exclaimed.

"Certainly. Haven't you noticed it? How would you like to go and hear yourself worshiped?"

"Why, for my part, I could endure a little of it," I modestly confessed.

"A little! Yes, but this incessant deluge, when Isaiah told them better, centuries ago! I have no vanity that man can gratify.

Besides, if worship is what I'm after, I'd better swap places with John Smith."

"With *John Smith*?"

"Certainly; or John Anybody-with-the-money."

"But what are churches for?" I wondered in bewilderment.

"That's just what I've been wondering for some time. John doesn't need them. His worship goes right on, seven days in the week, church or no church."

"Why, as to that, John merely claims to be your Vicegerent, I believe."

"Vicegerent! Well, I admire his modesty," said the Only Democrat. "What do they take me for? I'd look pretty, wouldn't I, picking out that kind of vicegerent? Can't the fools see he is their choice, not mine?"

This sounded a trifle personal. Of course, any man may be allowed to feel like a fool in the presence of the Almighty; still, he hates to have it rubbed in; and I responded somewhat pointedly, "But surely, if this is your world. . . ."

"Mine, did you say? This world *mine*?"

"Why yes, isn't it?"

The Only Democrat stroked his beard and smoked thoughtfully. "Guess again," said he. "I always supposed it was John Smith's."

"John's world!" I ejaculated, appalled at the thought. "Well, but where did John get it?"

"Why, you boys handed it over to him, didn't you?"

I gasped in amazement. It all seemed so ridiculously simple! But I had him, yet! "And why," said I, sternly, "why were we such fools as to do such a thing?"

"Why shouldn't you, if you were such fools?"

Somehow, I resented this answer, and retorted with a sarcasm that I hoped would cut, "Oh, then, of course there is no help for it. Exactly what I have always believed!"

"Now just listen to that!" soliloquized the Almighty. "And yet this man is the creative principle incarnate, just as I am!"

"Oh, then you don't claim to have come down from heaven?"

"Down?—from heaven? What on earth do you mean by that?"

I felt childish and nonplussed, and suddenly realized that I didn't mean anything in particular.

"Very well, then, let us talk sense—before the keepers get here," resumed the Almighty. "True, there are higher stages of existence

than this one, difficult as it seems for this conceited age to realize it. You are really a very low type of animal, since you practise cannibalism and other things on that plane."

"What *we*—cannibalism?"

"Certainly. Didn't you know that? Well, the sooner you know it, the better."

"But the proof?" I insisted.

"Proof? Look at your moral maxims! Eat or be eaten! Struggle for existence! Law of survival! Ugh! Cannibals, cannibals!"

"But these are mere maxims," I retorted, flying to the defense of my race.

"Mere maxims! Didn't you know there is no such thing? A maxim is simply a concise statement of the way some one is behaving."

"It is possible that these maxims are—somewhat popular," I admitted. "But is that the whole story? What about our higher maxims; and what about all our prayers for light and leading?" I climaxed, marveling at my own orthodoxy.

"Prayers!—for things you don't want! Would you pay any attention to such twaddle?"

"But the real prayers? The natural longings of the human heart?"

"Well, who denies them? I? Not at all. What do people want that isn't right under their noses, if they had sense enough to grab it?"

"Then why not give them the sense?" I retorted, with some little shrewdness, I flattered myself.

"Give it to them? Did you ever try it? If there's one thing that human beings won't take as a gift, it's a grain of sense. Oh yes, I know what you *say*. You want more power and more knowledge; and at this minute, you have more than you know what to do with! If you'd make the first decent use of what you have, you couldn't help getting more. But no, you must whine and beg and bewail and call it prayer, or worse still, philosophy! It reminds me of the ass that died of starvation between two bundles of hay."

This sounded unjust and personal. "And why?" said I, accusingly. "Why are we—ah—in that animal's situation? After all, may not the pot reply to the potter, 'Why hast thou made me thus? What, did the hand then of the Potter shake?'" (I had always longed to get at the Almighty with that argument.)

"Ah yes, Omar's old-fashioned pot-theism!" said the Almighty, easily. "And Paul's too, as you suggest. 'The Ball no question makes of Ayes and Noes, but Right or Left as strikes the Player goes.' Despotism! Despotism! What a game of solitaire! I should think Omar would have guessed it *might* get tedious. Still, he made some good points on the Despot."

"Then you admit the justice of his insult: 'O Thou who Man of baser Earth didst make?'"

"Certainly. What do I care for these crockery gods? Let Omar smash them. More power to his arm, *I* say."

I stirred uneasily, feeling as if my prey were escaping me. "Still, you can hardly deny that having made us of the baser earth—"

The Almighty blushed and looked annoyed. "Made you? Baser earth? Nonsense! I thought you were an evolutionist? According to your own theory, you are only half-baked, if you'll excuse the vernacular."

It was my turn to blush, but my defense was ready. "In that case, you can hardly blame us, can you?"

"Blame you? Who's blaming you? Queer how you people set such a lot of store by blame! The only idea thus far seems to be, to smite somebody! As if *that* would do any good! What can you *do* about it: that is the question."

"God knows!" I ejaculated, "and he won't tell."

"Won't he! Man won't listen, you mean. Come, come, you've read history, and you know very well, the principal business of man thus far is chasing ideas off the earth with pitchforks. Now isn't that so?"

I was obliged to confess that something of the kind had happened.

"Something of the *kind*! Can you name a solitary idea that hasn't had to fight like a demon for centuries to get into the human head? No, Sir, not one. And that proves what an eager, inquiring, hospitable set you are."

"And how," I inquired, as civilly as possible, for rising ire, "how, with this ingrained hostility to ideas, has mankind progressed at all?"

"*Now*," said the Almighty, "you have touched on a wonder that *is* a wonder. Creation, you may guess, was something of a job; but let me assure you, if ever the entire host of heaven feels like going to bed, it's when they have finally succeeded in getting an idea into the human skull."

As a human being, I resented the insult. "And what of inventors—finders of good ways—better ways?" I demanded with indignation. "Are these the imbeciles you refer to?"

"Ha!" cried the Almighty, eyes alight. "You are prepared to do them justice, at last! And how long since? Even now, what do you permit them to invent? Trumpery! Catch-penny toys for your immediate comfort! But let one of them come forward with a new and improved brand of democracy or honesty or mere decency, and you know very well what will happen. You will stick at nothing to gratify your spite. The primeval hatred of ideas is not out of you—remember that! The ideas are your only hope."

"Oh, give us up as a bad job," I advised. I was not sulky, but I was tired of this tongue-lashing.

"Now, now," checked the Almighty. "Don't be a theologian. Remember evolution. You know the saying: 'Man is the tadpole of an angel.' Well, what is the proper business of a tadpole: Metaphysics, or to get rid of his tail?"

"His *tail*?"

"Certainly, his tail. A sensible tadpole becomes a frog; but a fool tadpole dies with his tail on."

"I fail to perceive what that has to do with it" was my dignified rejoinder.

"To do with it? Why, nine tenths of human beings are fool tadpoles!"

"But an omnipotent Power...."

"There you go again! Omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent, and all that kind of human hifalutinism! I tell you, it's these big words that make fool tadpoles of everybody."

"Then you would intimate that...."

"Certainly. I have learned a few things myself."

"You?" I exclaimed.

"Of course! Why not? Do you take me for an everlasting dunce?"

"But I thought you were om- —that is, we have always been told...."

The Almighty frowned. "The last enemy that shall be overcome is the theologian," said he. "And scientists are even worse, if possible. They know too much."

"Then, if you will allow me, what *have* you learned, for instance?" I inquired, with no little curiosity.

"To follow my nose," said the Almighty. And with that, he looked at me!

I suppose I merely stared, and the Almighty kindly explained: "Certainly, haven't you noticed it? Look at this thing they call evolution! Growth! Creation! Call it anything you like: it's all one to me."

"Well, but what of it?"

"What of it?" The Almighty surveyed me curiously. "And there are all those books!" he meditated, glancing at the well-lined walls. "Burn them," he added, "and guess again. Meanwhile, here is just a hint, if you are to take it. Evolution follows its nose; but you evolutionists do nothing of the kind, nine tenths of you. You merely sit down in the mud and start out to scrute the inscrutable. 'Why, mud?' you ask, and such tom-fool questions; and then you give some tom-fool answer, or else you throw up your hands and bemoan your fate, like Faust. What business have you with such folderol, when the only thing that concerns you at present is how to get out of the mud?"

"The mud again!"

"Certainly, the mud. If your ancestors hadn't crawled out of their mud, where would you be now? Suppose they had all sat down in the primeval wallow and tried to scrute the inscrutable? A pretty mess they'd made of it!"

"True," said I; "but we moderns...."

"Tut, tut, you're not out of it, either—not one of you; and therefore all your philosophies are mud-philosophies, and your gods are mud-gods, as Carlyle said. First get out of the mud; then things will look different."

For the life of me, I could not forbear a bland, superior smile. "And so," said I, "you would have us defer all transcendental matters till after the millennium!"

"Not at all," said the Almighty promptly. "There is no harm in your little guesses; only, they are not the life-and-death matter you imagine them. But meanwhile, what about the mud? Are you going to stay there forever, worshiping your mud-gods?"

"Your opinion of civilization appears to be not very exalted," I suggested.

"Civilization!" mused the Almighty. "The philosophers of the Eocene period talked about civilization. Fortunately, there were some of them that got out of the mud. Are you one of that kind: that is the question?"

Doubtless I stared again and wished the keepers would hurry up.

"No," said the Almighty. "I'm afraid not, your kind of mud is so comfortable! Excuse my frankness, but our time is short; and

courtesy, you know, is the ruin of conversation. And don't worry about the keepers, because they'll be here right away. As I was saying, you are one of those who are always trying to see over the horizon, instead of what's under your nose. You want to scute the inscrutable, and jump over to the end and see how the book turns out. That's possible with your books, but not with mine. Why, for all you know, I can't tell myself how it's going to turn out!"

"Professor Jones!" I exclaimed. "That is his idea, precisely! His last book throws out the daring speculation that the increasing free will in the universe invalidates the hypothesis of a foregone conclusion."

"Ah, there's a man, now!" said the Almighty, rubbing his hands. "If Jones would only devote himself to something worth while!"

I plunged into a warm defense of my friend, Professor Jones, his work, and its *raison d'être*, till the Almighty lifted his hand for quarter.

"You show friendship, at least," he conceded: "and that's something, in a world like this. If I were Jones, I should be pleased. I admit, there are worse men than Jones: and anyhow, he follows his nose."

"Still, if the All-ruling Principle is conscious of itself. . . ."

"Oh these question-begging epithets! All-ruling, in a world ruled by John Smith! Still on the inscrutable, you see! In other words, if we could only do next week's work, or next eon's, instead of to-day's, how nice it would be!"

"If you refer to metaphysics," said I warmly.

"I refer to a fact. A whole lot of you want to understand all mysteries and all knowledge before you have mastered the A B C."

"Such as?"

"Such as how to get rid of cannibalism. As if a philosopher who has just dined on his brother could ever be anything but a fool!"

I mused on this clear evidence of lunacy. What in the world could he mean by *cannibalism*?

"What do I mean by it? Well, what do you do for the poor, in return for what they do for you?" said the Almighty, sternly.

"What they do for *us*?"

"Certainly. They support you, don't they?"

"Why, I always supposed—that is to say, there are four of them whom I provide with work in this family."

"You mean, you let them take care of you."

"Why, I suppose—well, of course,—that is to say—"

The Almighty lifted his hand for silence. "The first thing to do, in getting on with a conversation, is to admit a self-evident truth," he gently explained. "Now, it is self-evident that we do not support ourselves by doing nothing; therefore, if we are supported, it must be by somebody else. You admit that?"

I pondered whether I could safely admit it, or not.

"You, for example, do nothing," said the Almighty.

"Nothing but write," I amended, with an author's self-respect.

"Tut, tut! What do you write? Literary frozen pudding for other idlers and triflers. What do they do? Nothing that needs to be done. If all of you should get the measles and die to-morrow, what would happen? Nothing but your funerals. Stuff! The poor don't need *you*. It's just *vice versa*!"

"But under the circumstances, is it not true that my servants need me?"

"Ah, but man's place is not *under* the circumstances, but on top of them. All this, you observe, to bring you around to the question, what are you doing for the poor? Nothing, you would say, if you could afford to be honest."

"Nothing!" I ejaculated. "Why I have just given five hundred dollars to the Associated Charities!"

"Charities! And I have just demonstrated that you are an object of charity, not a dispenser of it! How long are you going to remain an object of charity: that is the question?"

"Of whose charity?" I stiffly insisted.

"Whose? The poor's, of course."

"The charity of the poor—to *us*?"

The Almighty began to look bored. "I suppose," he mused, "that this what they call an intellectual conversation. Excuse my frankness, but I was just wondering how long before the human race would learn to go straight to the point without dodging."

"If you refer to this unpleasant situation of the rich and the poor, I should say that in the course of a few centuries...."

"That's it, that's it! They all want to be dead and buried first! All afraid they'll do something decent before they die!"

"But is not this life a sort of antenatal condition out of which we are born at death into the real sphere of activity?" was my desperate suggestion.

"That may do for those who are fond of putting things off till the morrow; but what's the matter with to-day?"

I was unable to say. Really, what *was* the matter with to-day?

"I mean as a birthday, of course," explained the Almighty. "History, you know, is full of births. Why is every one of them belated and born after a hard struggle and waited for by a lot of Herods, thirsting for their blood? I will tell you. The explanation is—you!"

I was naturally staggered by such a load of responsibility, incurred, I wondered how?

"How?" said the Almighty, "...thank you, perhaps another cigar *would* help us out. Well, now, to resume. Personally, of course, you couldn't hold up the coach of progress and rob the passengers (to use the vernacular); but with the help of your fellow road-agents, you do pretty well."

"I confess, I was utterly unaware...."

"Of course! So are they all—utterly unaware. That's just why I'm here this morning—to make you aware, if possible. You have read history, and applauded all its births (reverting to our original figure). Stranger still, you have declared for the birth-process, under the name of evolution; and yet, no man more surprised and offended than you, to see the process going on under his nose! Thus you make yourself one with the forces that keep the world long in labor."

I was far from flattered, I confess, by this description of my function, even from a lunatic who, had he been in his right mind, would have known that I was in the foremost files of time. "You refer, I presume, to these modern fads and innovations?" I observed, with irrepressible satire. "This recrudescence of liberty, equality, and fraternity! Yes, I confess, I am not anxious to be reduced to that level."

"Reduced!" said the Almighty, without surprise. "Elevated, you mean. Yes, that is just the trouble. You are below the level of the age, and you don't know it; and therefore you have to be dragged up by the hair of the head. Now, the object of my little call was to drop you a hint that you could be about better business. I often do that much for the dead ones. Of course, if you are determined to stay dead, that's your affair. We'll simply have to get rid of you."

I felt my hair rising, as I stammered, "Why—what do you mean?"

"Don't you know? And you an educated man! Why, what becomes of the poison and excretions of the human system? Well, it's precisely so with society. The dead things are got rid of. What

did you think death was made for? Or did you expect to live forever?"

I was silent and staring with a dread fascination, while the Almighty continued:

"Oh, don't be alarmed. This is not a threat. I'm simply reminding you of the inexorable law which is no respecter of persons. The danger *you* have to apprehend is that fatty degeneration, or something that flesh is heir to, will catch you some fine day with nothing done. And what does that mean? Simply disgrace."

"But my book on metaphysics?" I protested, forced into self-defense.

The Almighty smiled. "Metaphysics! Oh yes, I think thy thoughts after thee, O Kant! Well, Kant was sufficiently dark; but that book of yours darkened Kant, if possible. I should think you fellows would get tired of explaining one mystery in terms of another. What's that but big words?"

"Big words!"

"Certainly, don't you remember how Mephisto fooled that poor callow student with big words? The Devil himself didn't know the answer, of course; because—well, the Devil is an ass; but then, he wasn't *quite* such an ass as to believe he knew, or ever could know, the key to those mysteries. And yet, you educated, intelligent superior beings go on playing with big words and calling it philosophy, when the right name for it is logomachy! Pleasant little game, of course; but no game for men, if the Devil *did* invent it."

"What game would you have us play?" I demanded, resolved to call this Almighty bluff.

"Now *that's* another question. If you found yourself up a blind alley, what would you do?"

"Go back," said I reluctantly.

"To the main alley! Precisely! Now, the question is, what is the main alley in these days?"

I made a wry face and replied, "The main alley seems to be this everlasting bread-and-butter problem."

The Almighty surveyed me Homerically. "You are not altogether devoid of sense," he reflected, "but you are fastidious as Faust. You are up a blind alley, but you hate to get out. You remember, Faust never got out till Part Two, and Goethe never got out at all."

"But Goethe's life! His survey!"

"True, nothing is quite in vain, not even blind alleys; but what a place for a man like that!"

"Is this justice to Goethe?" I protested.

The Almighty suppressed a yawn. "To tell the truth," said he, candidly, "I'm not much interested in justice to Goethe. I guess he's got his share. Is this justice to mankind—that's what you mean, isn't it?"

I felt that this was descending to lower ground; however, I swallowed my repugnance and said wearily, "Oh, by all means, let us stick to the everlasting bread-and-butter problem."

"Tut, tut! No problem is everlasting, not even the mystery of matter—when the time comes. As for bread and butter, the only mystery is, how came you with such a problem, in a world composed, so to speak, of bread and butter? A race of maggots living in a cheese would have as much right to a cheese problem as you have to a bread-and-butter problem. Why, then, are you worse off than maggots?"

"Selfishness?" I suggested. "Of course, there is the question of the origin of selfishness; however, let us waive that point."

The Almighty eyed me Socratically. "Thank you," said he, "for waiving that point. It will save us a thousand years or so. But since you are curious, I will tell you. It is not selfishness: maggots are as selfish as men. It is the forbidden fruit."

He smiled blandly and smoked a moment while I digested the point. Heavens, was he harking back to that old story?

"A little knowledge—is a dangerous thing," mused the Almighty. "And that was what Eve plucked. The thing for *you* people is to rob the tree."

"Beginning, I presume, with the bread-and-butter bough?" I sarcasmed.

"Well, hardly, in your case! You've robbed that, already. That's why you are not interested. No, the limb for you to rob is the limb called Democracy."

I contemplated the program with disgust. "Oh, of course, if Walt Whitman is the true prophet," I insinuated.

"Come, come, don't be personal. Leave that to me. There isn't any true prophet, in that sense. There's nobody to lead you by the nose and relieve you of the trouble of thinking. Of course, you could learn a thing or two from Walt, and five hundred others; but the safest guide is the outcry."

"The outcry!"

"Certainly. The cry of the people—that is, if you want to do something besides coddle yourself. You are a father, aren't you?"

Again I felt the creepy-creepy feeling. "How could you know that?" I demanded.

The Almighty gazed at me incredulously. "Why, look at that little cap under the chair! Besides, there's one of them now in the doorway!"

I looked and saw my little daughter Elsa, round-eyed and awe-stricken, staring at the majestic visitor.

"Papa, is it God?" she whispered.

The Almighty smiled. "What if it is? He wouldn't hurt you," he coaxed; and thus reassured, Elsa came confidently forward and climbed on the august knees; and I had the sensation of beholding my daughter in the arms of the Almighty!

Then followed the usual catechism—by Elsa, of course—and I noticed with satisfaction that even the Almighty may be hard put to answer the questions of children.

"How was the weather when you left heaven?" said Elsa.

"Blowing up a storm," said the Almighty.

"Oh, I thought it was always clear?"

"Did you? Well, that's a mistake."

"Oh!" said Elsa. "Well, I don't care; I've got an umbrella. Where are the angels?"

"Everywhere," was the prompt reply.

Elsa looked suspiciously around. "What do they do?" she demanded.

"Take care of children."

Elsa pondered half an instant. "Is Mamma an angel?"

"Of course. Ask your father."

"Is Papa an angel too?" said Elsa, aghast.

"Hm!" said the Almighty. "He's way above that. He's a metaphysician."

"What's that?"

"It's a kind of archangel."

"What's an archangel?"

"An archangel," said the Almighty, "is a metaphysician."

With that, he shot me an ironical glance, and I somehow inferred that archangels alone were fit to be metaphysicians!

"Oh!" said Elsa, abundantly satisfied with two big words; and again I blushed, to think that she had it from her father. "When do we have to go to heaven?" was Elsa's next.

"You're there now."

"Well, that suits *me*. 'Cause, you see, God, I never wanted to go; but if I'm there now, I'm satisfied—all but one thing."

"Well, what's that?"

"Will I *ever* get that doll I'm praying for?"

"You will. One of the archangels will attend to that."

I took the hint and made a mental note to get that doll this very day.

At this moment, a voice on the stairs called, "Elsa?" and the shorter catechism slipped down and ran out, calling back, "Good-bye, God. I got to go take a baf."

The Almighty heaved a sigh of mingled pleasure and relief as he remarked, "In another minute, I should have been stuck. Well, you're going to get the doll, I see?"

"Of course!" said I.

"Of course! Why of course?"

I had no reason for so obvious a proceeding as getting a doll for Elsa.

"You see!" observed the Almighty. "When *your* children cry, what do you do: spank them?"

"By no means! That is to say, of course there are *times* . . ."

"True, there are *times*," said the Almighty grimly, with his eye on *me*: whereat I hastily rejoined:

"But first, I should try to interpret their wants and give them some reasonable answer."

I thought this was tit for tat; but the Almighty never noticed it. "Good! I have hopes of you!" said he. "Now apply the same method to the cry of the people. What are they crying for?"

"Pretty near everything," was my ironical reply.

"Of course! Why not? Therefore, your duty is clear."

I stared in cold amazement. This was indeed lunacy! "You would say that it is my duty to aid and abet this childish popular clamor for. . . ."

"Everything? Certainly, why not?" said the Only Democrat. "What was everything made for? You?"

I could not conceal a smile at this *reductio ad absurdum*. "Everything for everybody! Rather a large program!" I suggested.

"True; and large programs require large men."

Another personality! But I restrained myself and retorted, with the civility that makes satire a virtue, "Doubtless, you would have college educations for coal-heavers?"

"Of course!" said the Almighty. "And brains for metaphysicians."

Well, I had locked horns with the Almighty, and had come off about as well as Job, save that, unlike my prototype, I finally lost

my head and remarked with some asperity, "Really, this is *certainly* democracy run mad!"

"Mad!" said the Almighty. "That word is *certainly* the last ditch of a cornered conservatism! Well, well, it is several centuries too soon to say much to the human race. They won't stand for it."

I felt that this was uncalled for, so say the least, after a patience on my part such as Job himself might have envied. "And yet," I suggested, "you have said considerable to *me!*"

"What have I said? Next to nothing! And you tell me it is too much! What would you do if I should say. . . ."

He eyed me thoughtfully, shook his head, and went into a brown study; and to this day, I experience a sense of loss as I wonder what words he withheld. But at the moment I was sore with defeat and contemptuous with "sanity"; moreover, I could not deny that my impression of the Almighty's views was of something rather wild and iridescent—in short, unpracticable. Or, if such views were ever to be practicable, we should need a long course of training, and. . . .

"If only we had a few wise men!" I concluded, aloud.

"The old cry!" mused the Almighty. "And what is the fact of the matter? There are more wise men on earth to-day than ever before. I could mention ten or a dozen at this minute. And where are they? Some are in jail, some are in the lunatic asylum, some are starving, and every mother's son of them is wearing the dunce-cap."

I was silent and suffering for the first time under a feeling of deprivation. Never had the world's hardness and obstinacy loomed so large and regrettable. Then a crucial question darted into my mind:

"Would it be too much to ask how you came to be in your present position?"

"The asylum? Not at all. I am there because they put me there. Why did they put me there? Because they pronounced me mad. Why did they pronounce me mad? Well, why do you?"

I had nothing to say in the extremity of my embarrassment.

"You never supposed that if God were to come on earth, they'd clap him into a lunatic asylum, did you?" said the Almighty, grimly. "But that's what they've always done, invariably; and why not? It's perfectly logical. If man is sane, then God is insane."

"Why, *hozv*. . . ." I began.

"How? You know the saying: 'The wisdom of man is foolishness with God?' Well, it isn't half as true as the obverse: the wis-

dom of God is foolishness with man. Don't take my word for it. Look out of the window there, and see the sun, shining on every one alike. If man could have his way, there'd be no more of that. You'd have it shining on John Smith and a few others; but fortunately for you, you can't do it; because *God* is a *Lunatic*."

He rose with a large, tranquil, Olympian leisure, and stroked his magnificent white beard, his eyes resting on a fine portrait of Richard Wagner.

"That man too was pronounced mad—by madmen," he soliloquized. "Well, here come the keepers."

I had seen or heard nothing of any keepers; but at this moment the front door-bell rang; I answered it in person, and sure enough there they were!

"Is there a lunatic here—an old fellow who calls himself the Almighty?" inquired a pleasant-faced young man.

"Well," said I regretfully, "there is a person of that description in here, and all I can say is, if he is not the Almighty, he ought to be."

"That's so," admitted the keeper. "He's got more sense than all of us put together. If I had my way, I'd let him loose, and shut up the board of directors."

"Then why is he not let loose?" said I severely. "Because he is God Almighty?"

The young fellow smiled. "Well, that's the ostensible reason; but I guess the real one is, his relatives needed the money, so they could be God Almighty themselves."

Strange as it may seem, I was fairly shocked when the keepers came. It seemed a profanation to lay hands on this august lunatic. In fact, the keepers laid no visible hands on him, but merely stood waiting his royal convenience.

"Coming right along, boys," called the Almighty, cheerfully. "Sorry to bother you, but I needed a little outing. Much obliged for our talk," he added to me. "Don't mind anything I said. People never do." And he smiled humorously.

"So much the worse for them!" said I; and the Almighty responded gratefully, "Thank you. Oh, after a while, they sometimes take a hint—after two or three centuries," he added, with another smile. "Well, come and see *me* some time." And so saying, he departed.

A sense of tragedy—of vast and nameless irony was on me, as I saw the Almighty led away to Bedlam; and with a sudden revul-

sion of feeling I muttered, "After all, he may be more than half right. *God is a lunatic in the eyes of men.*"

It was a mere coincidence, of course, but there was something uncanny in the way the Almighty, who was well out of ear-shot, turned and called back to me, with his Olympian smile:

"Better look out, or they'll have you in there next.—And say!" he added, "don't forget Elsa's doll."

Returning to my lonely and Presence-haunted library, I looked at the dust on the family Bible and found the Almighty's autograph It read:

"THE LUNATIC."

I got the doll that afternoon and presented it to Elsa, with the compliments of her friend, the Almighty; and ever since, I have been planning a sort of doll-fest for the kindergarten in general (I refer, of course, to the world), because I am convinced by the "Lunatic" that it is the only rational thing to do. Perhaps life is a toy, and perhaps it is an awful necessity; but in either case, every one seems to want it.

And that is why I have spoiled a good metaphysician to make a bad political economist (or so Professor Spiegelmann will have it), and why my promised volume on "The Mystery of Matter" is not forthcoming.

SAVAGE LIFE AND CUSTOM.

BY EDWARD LAWRENCE.

X. THE RITUAL OF DEATH AND BURIAL.

ALL savages, without exception, believe that death does not end all. To them there is no real death, the passing hence to "death-land" being but the continuation in another sphere of life which appears to have been interrupted on earth by some base means. If the ceremonial initiation of the adolescent savage into the mysteries of manhood is the great event of life, then death or the permanent separation of the ghost from the body is the next important. Out of those customs and ceremonies which form such a feature of their funeral rites, a whole system of ritual has grown, and out of that system have evolved the great and complex religions of civilization.

As soon as the breath is out of the body, and frequently before, preparations are made to get on good terms with the ghost, and

many burial customs are shaped to that end. The desire is to cultivate the good humor of the dead man's spirit, to keep it near its late body, and to prevent it prowling about and getting up to all



Fig. 32. TREE BURIAL OF THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.
(After Dr. H. C. Yarrow. From *First Annual Report, Bureau of American Ethnology*, 1879-80.)

manner of pranks to the annoyance of peace-loving friends and relatives.

To prevent this, all kinds of deception are practised by the relations of the dead. A very common one is to take the corpse out

of the hut through an opening made for the purpose, which is afterward closed up. If the body was taken out by the usual entrance, mister ghost would know his way and promptly march back again. The old custom in civilized countries, of burying the dead at night, was probably due to the fear of the ghost's return.

One Australian tribe has such a great fear of the dead man's spirit that it takes special precautions to prevent the body rising from its grave. The toes of the corpse are tied together, the thumbs behind the back. Every evening a clear space is swept round the grave, and in the morning a close inspection is made to discover



Fig. 33. CREMATION OF THE DEAD IN AUSTRALIA.

(After Dr. H. C. Yarrow. From *First Annual Report, Bureau of American Ethnology.*)

possible tracks that may have been made by the touring ghost. Should tracks be found, the body is taken up and reburied.

Bodies are disposed of in various ways. Some are buried either in or just outside the hut, others are placed in jars, or on a platform, or in the boughs of trees. In some cases the bodies are cremated, in others the dead are eaten. (Compare Figs. 32, 33, 36, and 37.)

It is remarkable that many races so widely separate as the North American Indians and those of India, the Malay Peninsula, and Australia, should practise burial customs almost identical. The bodies are wrapped in matting or in the dead man's blanket, and then placed in the boughs of trees (Fig. 32).

Sometimes the body was burnt; the bones, collected together and wrapped in pieces of bark, were fastened to a tree. In other instances the corpse was placed between two canoes which were suspended in the boughs of a tree.

In Australia, when the flesh has disappeared, the bones are taken down and buried in the ground. When a very old woman dies, the Kaitish tribes say they do not feel sorry enough to go to the trouble of placing her body in a tree and afterward in the ground; they simply bury her. But, if a child or a woman in the prime of life dies, their sorrow is very much greater. Like other savages, the Australians regard the life of old people as of little worth. When crossing a river which may be infested with crocodiles, they always go single file and "philosophically" put an old woman in the rear, because crocodiles always seize the last person, and they say the loss of an old woman does not matter very much!

When the body is buried, all articles used by the deceased must be broken and rendered unfit for earthly use. Any person obtaining them in their original condition would be able to work black magic, and the deceased himself would be unable to live his new life. Pots and pans, bows and arrows are destroyed and placed in or on the graves. Even little children are not forgotten. The Eskimos put in a child's grave its tiny toy lamp, its cooking-pot and toy harpoon, so that the little one's spirit shall enjoy elsewhere that life which was cut short here.

In Africa the dead man's ivory and beads are ground to powder; a hole is punched in his drinking-pot and his calabash is likewise broken. The house he lived in is always pulled down, for no one would dare live in it again. All remains of his food, the very ashes of his fire are carried away and destroyed at a place where the roads cross.

In Australia persons killed were accorded a special funeral (Fig. 33). They were seated on a platform with their faces turned toward the rising sun; their legs were crossed and the arms extended by means of sticks; the fat was removed from their bodies and mixed with red ocher. This mixture was then rubbed over the dead men, from whose bodies all hair had been removed. The legs and arms were painted in red, white, and yellow stripes; their weapons were placed in their laps and fires lighted underneath the platform, which were kept burning for ten days. When the bodies were dry, they were allowed to remain for two months, after which they were buried, with the exception of the skulls. These were kept and used as drinking-cups by their relatives.

Many Indians of America cremate the dead. The body is kept in a lodge for a few days. At the end of that period it is laid upon logs which are then ignited. Beside this pyre the widow must sleep for nine days, from sunset to sunrise. While the corpse is being consumed the widow collects some of the juice from the body and rubs it on her own body and face. The bones are afterward collected and carried about for a period of years corresponding to the depth of her affection (see Fig. 38). At the end of this period, a certain ceremony, lasting some months, is performed in order to remove her mourning. The bones are taken off her back and fastened to a post. She is praised for being a good and faithful wife: bird's down and oil (see Fig. 39) are put on her head, and she is then at liberty to marry again.



Fig. 34. "FISH-COFFIN" OF THE SOLOMON ISLANDERS.
British Museum. (Photo, reproduced by permission of the Trustees.)

A similar custom exists in the Pacific Islands where the mourners carry the hair of the dead, suspended from their necks, in knitted bags.

One of the most curious forms of burial is that shown in Fig. 34. It represents a "fish-burial" in the Solomon Islands.

On the death of a chief, the body is suspended in the house of his son, enclosed either in a canoe or in the wooden figure of a fish; this fish is then sealed up to prevent any odor escaping. It is kept in this condition for a considerable time, often for years, till a great feast is held. Then the son will say, "Now we will take out father." Father is accordingly taken down from his resting-place and his body removed from the fish-coffin; the skull and jaw-bones are then put in another but smaller fish-shaped coffin, which is set up in the house. The remaining portions of the body are buried in the ground and that is the end of father.

As the dead man's ghost is always a source of persistent annoyance to those left behind, endeavors are made to please and

pacify it by singing and chanting. At the funeral ceremony in East Africa, the men form a circle round the pyre, moving and chanting together, while the women form an outer ring and move in a contrary direction.

On the death of an adult, the natives of the Upper Congo, male and female, dress themselves up in all their finery and walk in single file round and round the grave, singing and shouting the praises of the dead as they go, the whole village looking on. When passing the hut of the dead person, they plunge their spears into the roof, apparently to frighten away the ghost. This dance lasts from eight



Fig. 35. FUNERAL DANCE AT UPOTO, UPPER CONGO.

(Photo by Rev. W. Forfeitt. By permission of the Baptist Missionary Society.)

to ten days, according to the importance of the deceased, and is continued during part of each night (Fig. 35).

Mr. Herbert Ward, one of Stanley's officers, has given a graphic description of the funeral of a chief which he witnessed at Bolobo. The men, who were in a state of intense excitement, had blackened their faces with palm oil and charcoal, and were armed with murderous-looking knives and spears. Near-by were seated the slaves and wives of the deceased, with their arms and legs manacled and their necks fastened in the forked branches of wooden poles, while women's voices bewailed the dead. On the palaver-ground some

three hundred naked women, with faces daubed in red and white, were kneeling, swaying their bodies to and fro. In the center lay the body of the dead chief, his face painted white, while a broad black band of paint traversed his face from forehead to chin. His body was dotted with large yellow spots, the arms being painted red. Arranged in front were a large number of fetishes, images, and amulets. A deep hole had been dug and around it the natives danced. Presently a procession of other dancing figures made their way forward, and out of it bounded forth the great charm-doctor, decked with leopard skins and rattling charms (compare frontispiece to *The Open Court*, November, 1918). With whitened eyelids and body smeared with the brains and blood of a fowl, he commenced the "dance of death." Presently he seated himself in front of the grave; then hideous shouts rent the air, and in front of him were placed—bound hand and foot—the ten wives of the deceased whose corpse was brought forward to the graveside. The ten bodies, alive and shrieking, were pitched into the grave, the dead man was then placed in the hole which was rapidly filled in with earth by the assembled people, who shouted and danced upon the spot. The slaves were now brought forth and speedily decapitated over the filled-in grave.

The custom of cutting the flesh and mutilating the body, referred to in the Old Testament (Leviticus xix. 28), on behalf of the departed soul is very common in savage obsequies. These mutilations, while apparently due to excessive grief, are really of religious significance and follow certain rules which custom has laid down. The blood shed is supposed to be a kind of spiritual food on which the soul will feed and thus vivify itself at the expense of friends left on earth.

On the death of a relative, the Fijians cut off their little fingers, and cases have been recorded where some of the older men had gone into mourning so many times that they had few fingers left! The poor people often sent their own mutilated fingers to wealthier folk who were in mourning.

Thomas Williams, the missionary, relates of these people that, ten days after a man's death, all the women of the village provided themselves with long whips, knotted with shells, with which they belabored the bodies of their men-folk.

In New Guinea, female relatives cut their breasts, faces, and in fact all parts of their bodies, with sharp shells until they fall down exhausted in a stream of blood.

A father in Australia who has lost a son, beats and cuts himself

with a tomahawk, while the mother burns her breast and abdomen for hours and hours at a time, frequently with such severity that fatal results ensue. In other cases, women dig their sharply-pointed yam sticks into the top of their heads until blood falls in streams



Fig. 36. SIOUX WOMEN, CUTTING THEIR HAIR AND MUTI-LATING THEIR BODIES AT THE GRAVE.

(After Dr. H. C. Yarrow. From *First Annual Report, Bureau of American Ethnology.*)

over their faces. One man was seen to lash his thigh with a stone knife, cutting the muscles so deeply that he was unable to stand.

In America the practice of lacerating the flesh and cutting off the hair is very widely spread (Fig. 36). The Salish cut the hair of relatives, which is burnt to prevent it falling into the hands of sorcerers; or they bury it in dense vegetation which is supposed

to bring them wealth and strength. They consider the closer the hair is cut, the greater is the sign of mourning. The Loucheux cut the hair close to the head, and sometimes, in their frenzy, kill some poor friendless stranger who may be sojourning with them.



Fig. 37. NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS OFFERING FOOD TO THE DEAD MAN'S SPIRIT.

(After Dr. H. C. Yarrow. From *First Annual Report, Bureau of American Ethnology*.)

The life in ghost-land being but a counterpart of life on earth, food as well as utensils are placed near the corpse. The "spiritual" part of the food is supposed to feed the ghost and satisfy its desires so that it will not wish to return.

The Kiwai Islanders of New Guinea believe that the spirit

remains in the ground near the body, occasionally coming up, taking a look round, and then returning again to earth. The appearance of the spirit is eagerly looked for in order to ascertain how the deceased met his death. Nothing is buried with the body, but in the case of a man his bows and arrows are stuck at the head of the grave; if the deceased be a woman her petticoat is fastened there on a stick. Over the grave a small platform is erected and on this is placed sago, yams, bananas, and fish for the spirit to eat. A fire is lighted at the side of the grave and kept burning for nine days, so that the spirit may warm itself.

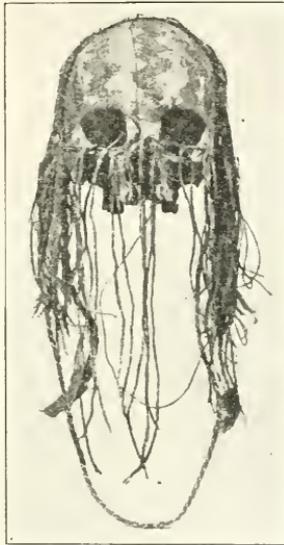


Fig. 38. PAINTED SKULL OF AN ANDAMAN ISLANDER, WORN AROUND THE NECK BY A MOURNER.

British Museum. (Photo, reproduced by permission of the Trustees.)

Among the Kacharis of India the corpse is washed immediately after death, the arms and legs straightened out, the head anointed with oil, and the hair carefully combed. A fowl is then killed from which a curry is made with vegetables and condiments. A portion of this food is placed near the head of the corpse and a pretense made of feeding him, but no food is actually placed on the lips. After repeating this act ten or twelve times, the remaining food is thrown away, no person being allowed to eat it.

Sometimes a hole is made in the ground to allow the ghost to pass in and out; with the North American Indians, a hole is

made in the side of the coffin to enable the spirit to partake of the food offered (Fig. 37).

Captain Speke, who discovered one of the sources of the Nile, gave an account of a Myoro woman who, having lost her twins, kept two small pots in her house as effigies of her children into which she allowed some of her milk to flow every evening for five months. This she did lest the spirits of the dead should persecute her. The twins were not buried according to the usual custom, but were placed in pots which were taken to the jungle and placed by a tree with the mouths turned downward.

For a considerable time after the death of a relative the members of many races carry about with them either articles which belonged to the deceased or his skull and other bones, fixed round their necks. Thus in New Guinea, a widower will wear the petticoat of his dead wife, fastened by means of a cord. His hair is cropped short and his body blackened from head to foot. New Guinea ladies dangle from their necks the lower jaws of their husbands.

In the Andaman Islands, the dead body of a child is pressed into the smallest compass and buried, and some of its mother's milk placed in a shell which is put by the graveside. After a time the remains are exhumed, cleansed of all matter by the father, who takes the skull and bones to his hut. He breaks up the bones into small pieces, and these are made into a necklace for the mother to wear. The mother paints the skull and wears it round her neck (Fig. 38).

When a person dies in civilized countries, why do the relatives go in black? The usual answer is, of course, that it is done out of respect for the dead.

Savages provide us with a very different answer. As Sir J. G. Frazer pointed out many years ago, their mourning customs are the very reverse of those practised in ordinary life, and are in all probability nothing less than a disguise to prevent recognition by the ghost. Some blacken their faces; others lather themselves with mud or rub ashes on their faces; those who in ordinary life paint themselves now refrain from doing so. Among the Mpongwes of West Africa, a race particularly fond of clothes, the woman wears as few as possible, the man none at all. The Bororo Indians of Brazil paint the face and cover the body with feathers (Fig. 39).

Our examination of the different methods of disposing of the dead, cursory though it may have been, is sufficient to show us what a very important place those rites occupy in the life of savage

man. The fear of the dead man's ghost, and the desire to propitiate it by all means; the devices and deceptions practised to mislead it; all these and the customs arising therefrom, form the very basis upon which savage ethics have been built. For if a man be offended in any way during life, he will threaten the offender that he will



Fig. 39. BORORO INDIAN WOMAN WITH BODY COVERED WITH FEATHERS.

(From the Smithsonian Miscellaneous Collections, 1907.)

return from dead-land and inflict him with all manner of pain. It is this fear which prevents would-be tyrants from exercising the baneful influence they otherwise would use, for a bad man in this life is bound to be a scoundrel in the next.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NICODEMUS AND THE NICOLAITANS.

BY PRESERVED SMITH.

ANY commentary on the Apocalypse, any book of reference with an article on the Nicolaitans, will tell us that these people were a Christian sect professing Gnosticism; most of the authorities will add that the Nicolaitans were Greek philosophizers of Christianity, who perhaps advocated syncretism and who were certainly guilty of fornication and eating meats sacrificed to idols.¹ Confusion is introduced into the matter by the circumstance that later sects which originally had nothing to do with the primitive Nicolaitans, were given their name. (Even the Familists, founded by Henry Niclaes in the sixteenth century, were thus branded.) The Nicolaitans to whom Epiphanius belonged, and who, he says, worshiped Barbelo, could hardly have been the same as those known to the author of the Apocalypse.² Other traditions about them are that they were Ophites and that they were founded by Nicholas of Antioch.³ This last statement has been accepted by some writers and is not impossible.⁴ All we know of this Nicholas is that he was a proselyte of Antioch (Acts. vi. 5). If true, this fact tells us nothing about the sect. Other statements in the early writers (e. g., Irenæus: *Adversus Haereses*, I, 23) tell us little of value about the Nicolaitans of the Apocalypse.

It is therefore to that work itself, chapter ii, that we must turn for all that we really know about them. Let us begin by quoting verses 14 and 15, addressed to the angel of the church in Pergamos:

"But I have against thee a few things, that thou hast there those that hold the doctrine of Balaam, who taught Balac to cast a stumblingblock before the children of Israel, to eat things sacrificed unto idols, and to commit fornication.

¹ Of the many authorities I have consulted I cite only: *Realencyklopädie für protestantische Theologie und Kirche*; *Die Religion in Geschichte und Gegenwart*, s. v. "Häretiker"; Ramsay: *Letters to the Seven Churches*, p. 201; F. Legge: *Forerunners and Rivals of Christianity*, 1915, Vol. II, p. 1.

² Epiphanius: *Haer.*, capp. XXV, XXVI, Oehler, Vol. II, Part I, pp. 160, 184.

³ Augustine: *De Haeresibus*, cap. XVII, Oehler, Vol. I, p. 200; Pseudo-Tertullian: *Adversus omnes Haereses*, capp. V, VI, Oehler, p. 273; Pseudo-Jerome: *Indiculus de Haeresibus*, cap. III, Oehler, p. 285. See Legge, *op. cit.*, p. 25; De Faye: *Gnosticisme*, Index.

⁴ E. g., Zahn: *Introduction to the New Testament* (English translation), Vol. II, p. 110.

"So thou hast likewise those that hold the doctrine of the Nicolaitans."

It is on the basis of these two verses that the commentators have assumed that the Nicolaitans were the same as the Balaamites, and that they were guilty of idolatry of some sort. But in my judgment the verses show plainly exactly the opposite, namely that the writer was dealing with two separate sects. Would it not have been absurd to refer under different names and headings to one and the same body? One might as well infer from a Democratic campaign speech, directed against both Republicans and Progressives, that both of the latter were the same party. One might as well say that because Luther wrote with equal force against Catholics and Anabaptists that *they* were the same people. Our conclusion that the Nicolaitans were not the Balaamites is confirmed by a careful examination of what is said of the heresies in the other churches. Let us take them in turn.

The early history of the church of Ephesus is as well known as is that of any of the primitive communities. First came Apollos (Acts xviii. 24), preaching not Christianity but the baptism of John, a Messianic sect that later partly merged in the Christian but, as we know from allusions in the Gospel of John, still flourished at Ephesus as a separate body in the second century. These Ephesian Baptists have left us a precious document in the Odes of Solomon.⁵ It is quite probable that the *Fragments of a Zadokite Work* recently discovered, are by the same sect, though from a different community.⁶ In the year 52 Paul came to Ephesus (Acts xvii. 19; xix. 1) and converted some of the Disciples of John. Now the writer of the Letters to the Seven Churches (which may date from the reign of Nero though the Apocalypse as a whole took form in the last decade of the first century), writes from the Jewish-Christian standpoint. He abominates Paul as the bringer-in of heathen mysteries.⁷ The allusion in this letter to Ephesus to "those which say they are apostles and are not" can only refer to Paul, as he was the only one outside of the Twelve and Matthias who, as far as we know, ever took this designation. There may have been others,

⁵ "The Disciples of John and the Odes of Solomon," *The Monist*, April, 1915.

⁶ G. Margoliouth in *The Expositor*, Dec., 1911; *ibid.*, March, 1912. R. H. Charles dissents but has not convinced me.

⁷ That the Apocalypse has an anti-Pauline polemic is maintained by Köstlin, Baur, Schwegler, Holtzmann, Renan, Hilgenfeld, Hausrath, and denied by Neander, Ritschl, B. Weiss, Gebhard, Weizsäcker, J. Weiss, and Ramsay. I regard it as probable.

but, as Paul had been at Ephesus, the allusion best fits him. This is what the writer means also in saying that Ephesus "left her first love." From Jewish-Christians they had become "symmystæ of Paul," as Ignatius later called them. That there really was a reaction against Paul at Ephesus at this time is clearly indicated in Acts xx. 17 and 1 Timothy i. It is not really contradictory for the writer of the letter to say that Ephesus had left her first love and yet hated the Paulinists. She had done so for a time, but had returned and now wins the writer's approval. Now, when he has completely finished with the section dealing with Paul, the writer adds: "Thou hatest the works of the Nicolaitans, which I also hate." As the Apocalypse arose in an Ephesian atmosphere, it is quite natural that the hatred of the church of Ephesus for the sect should be shared by the author. From this we cannot learn what the Nicolaitans' works were; but I maintain that it is distinctly indicated that they were not identical with the Gentile heresy of Paul.

The only spiritual evil from which Smyrna suffered was "the blasphemy of those that say they are Jews and are not, but are the synagogue of Satan." This might be applied to either the followers of Paul, who had completely deserted Judaism, or to the Jewish-Christians, who recognized a certain excellence in Christ and followed His teachings to some extent, but insisted on still calling themselves Jews. That there actually were such Jews is plain from various references in the New Testament, to be canvassed later, and perhaps also from the Zadokite work, in which John the Baptist is regarded as the Messiah and Christ as merely a teacher of righteousness. That the allusion in the Apocalypse, ii. 9, is really to the latter type of heresy is made probable by some words in Ignatius's Epistle to the Magnesians (X, 3), "It is monstrous to talk of Jesus Christ and to practise Judaism." Now in the other Letters to the Churches there are two types of heresy mentioned, which may be conveniently designated as the Gentile and the Jewish. If this refers to the latter, it is evidently similar to, if not identical with, that of the Nicolaitans. Here we get the first positive evidence of what they were like. They were Jews who would not come out decisively for Christ.

Pergamos, in the verses already quoted, is charged with harboring Balaamites and Nicolaitans. Balaam was the type of false prophet, used in the late Jewish Talmud to conceal references to Jesus. The name is also used in Jude 11, and 2 Peter ii. 14, as designating a false prophet, though there is no good reason for assert-

ing, as Knopf^s and others have done, that these letters therefore combat the Nicolaitan heresy. This is to fall into the error, exposed above, of supposing that the Nicolaitans were the Balaamites. The Balaamites were Paulinists, for Paul taught that things sacrificed to idols were nothing (1 Cor. viii). The "fornication" here was probably spiritual fornication, i. e., idolatry, as often in the Old Testament. Paul (1 Cor. x. 8), however, and Josephus (*Antiquities*, IV, 6, 5) apparently took it literally.

Thyatira was afflicted with only one of the two types of heresy mentioned, that of the Gentiles. The sect was led by a woman called "Jezebel," who in all probability was Lydia the convert of Paul (Acts xvi. 14, 40). Jezebel was also a typical name (applied later, e. g., to Catharine de' Medici), but here it seems to have a special *à propos*. Jezebel was the opponent of Elijah; this woman was the opponent of the Disciples of John the Baptist, thought of as Elijah redivivus. It is probable that the Baptists had a community here, which, like that at Ephesus, was partly or wholly turned aside to the Pauline Christianity, just at the time that Lydia disappeared from Philippi. The author of the Apocalypse does not write as a Disciple of John, but he has considerable respect for their point of view, as is shown, for example, by the numerous thoughts and phrases common to the Odes of Solomon and the Book of Revelation.

Nothing notable in this connection is said to Sardis. Philadelphia is troubled by the "synagogue of Satan which say they are Jews and are not."

Laodicea is cursed for being lukewarm. What the writer hates above all things is the tepidity that is neither hot nor cold. It was probably the same quality in the Nicolaitans that disgusted him; they wanted to be both Jews *and* Christians. Laodicea plumed herself on her riches, probably spiritual riches. Paul apparently makes an allusion to the same state of mind in the letter to the Colossians (ii. 1, 2), sent by him with an epistle to Laodicea (Col. iv. 16).

We have now exhausted the references to the Nicolaitans, and have shown that probably they were Jews who would not come out strongly for Christ, but were rather lukewarm. Their name shows that they were founded by a Nicholas, and it is not impossible that he was the deacon mentioned in Acts vi. 5, though nothing further can be inferred from this.

^s Rud. Knopf: *Die Briefe Petri und Judä völlig neu bearbeitet*, 1912.

Can we discover this Nicholas anywhere else in the Bible? I believe we find him again in the Nicodemus of the Fourth Gospel. I regard the following points as established: The Fourth Gospel was written at Ephesus early in the second century. It does not rest on independent tradition of the life of Jesus, but entirely on the Synoptics. The author, however, worked over their material to suit his own philosophy, and also to meet the special needs of his age. It is therefore probable that his book contains allusions to contemporary conditions at Ephesus, and this has actually been recognized in certain cases. Baldensperger, Debelius, Bacon, and others have agreed that the Gospel contains plain allusions to the Disciples of John, who, as we have seen, were a strong sect at Ephesus. In my article on "The Disciples of John and the Odes of Solomon" (*The Monist*, April, 1915) I have shown that other questions of local importance are discussed in the Fourth Gospel. E. g., the discourse in the fourth chapter as to the proper place to worship God, is also found in the Odes (No. IV)—an Ephesian product—and was therefore probably a burning question at this time and place. Even the Logos is an Ephesian production, appearing first in the philosophy of Heraclitus. Other local references can be found, I am sure, by studying the works of Ignatius and Irenæus.

That the author of the Fourth Gospel moved in the same circle of ideas as the author of the Apocalypse has often been noticed, and is proved by the common emphasis on the Logos, the Lamb of God, the prophecy "They shall look on him they have pierced," and other resemblances. That the author of the Gospel should have found Nicholas and his Nicolaitans attacked in the Apocalypse and should have given his own estimate to correct it, is thoroughly characteristic. Thus he corrected Matthew xi. 14, by denying that John the Baptist was Elias (John i. 21). Thus, throughout his Gospel, he rescued the disciple John from the subordinate place he had taken in the Synoptics. Thus he omitted the eucharistic account of the Last Supper, which he disliked as a Pauline, heathen mystery, and substituted for it his sermon on the spiritual bread (John vi) and the washing of the Disciples' feet. Thus, in brief, he went over all his material, freely altering to bring it into agreement with his own standpoint.

Now where did he get Nicodemus? There is no such name, and no character precisely like him in the Synoptics. Loisy (*Quatrième Evangile*, pp. 303ff) finds John's source in Mark x. 17. Bacon says he is a combination of the rich ruler (Luke xviii. 18),

Joseph of Arimathea (Matt. xxv. 30ff), and Gamaliel (Acts v. 34ff). To a certain extent I agree with these scholars, but I do not think that these sources are sufficient for the whole of the Johannine account of Nicodemus. I certainly agree with the many scholars who see in Nicodemus the type of a cultivated, distinguished Jew, who has an impression of Jesus's significance, but cannot bring himself quite to a whole-hearted adoption of the new teaching, "to be born again" in fact.

My thesis is that the original of this type was the Nicholas who founded the Nicolaitans. Nicodemus is the Naq Dimon of Talmudic tradition, celebrated for his wealth and for having provided baths for purifying pilgrims to the Temple. But this story is entirely based on the New Testament, partly on the passages in John, partly on Mark x. 17, 22; xii. 28-34; xv. 42-46. Now as *δημος* and *λαός* both mean "people," Nicodemus is the exact equivalent of Nicolaos in meaning and in quantity (a matter to which, in the substitution of names, the ancients paid heed). It is true that the name Nicodemus occurs elsewhere and is not therefore necessarily fictitious. But it is possibly fictitious and derived from Nicolaos, just as "Lesbia" in Catullus's songs stood for "Clodia," even though the name "Lesbia" occurs elsewhere. The object of the author of the Fourth Gospel both in changing the name and in keeping the substitute close enough to be recognizable is plain. Consistently with dramatic verisimilitude he could hardly introduce the name of a recent heretic as that of a companion of Jesus, and yet he wanted those who could read between the lines to be able to guess to what special type he was alluding. This introduction of later persons and events into the fabric of the Gospels was no new thing. The story of the storm on the lake and of Peter's walking on the water, is probably an allegory of the early trials of the Roman church.⁹ A great many examples of similar slight changes of the name might be cited as parallels. Thus the poet Greene referred to Shakespeare in 1592 as "one who thought himself the only Shakescene in the country." Thus the writer of 2 Samuel changed the name of Saul's son Ish-baal (man of Baal; cf. 1 Chronicles viii. 33) to Ish-bosheth (man of shame; 2 Samuel ii. 8).

The character of Nicodemus is plainly indicated in John iii. 1-21. He came to Jesus by night, just as the timid Jews who dared not avow their faith undoubtedly came to the Christian conventicles by night. Jesus tells him that he must whole-heartedly enter on a new life (be born again) if he is to be saved. Again (vii. 50ff)

⁹ Mark vi. 45ff; Matt. xiv. 22ff; Loisy: *L'Évangile selon Marc*, 1912, p. 201.

Nicodemus advised his countrymen not to reject Jesus before hearing Him, and they answered by accusing him of being a Galilean. Finally, Nicodemus is brought into the narrative once again as contributing an enormous quantity of myrrh and aloes to Christ's burial (xix. 39). This may indicate that the rich Jews who were only semi-Christians contributed largely in a financial way to the poor Christians.

If there is anything in the theses here presented the historical reconstruction would be as follows. There actually lived, in Ephesus or Pergamos, or at any rate in that region, a certain Nicolaos, who may or may not have been the Nicholas the deacon and proselyte of Antioch mentioned in Acts. He taught that a man might be a Christian while still remaining a Jew, no startling doctrine in those days when we know that many men thought the same. By the reign of Nero, however, when persecution had broken out, and the distinction between Jew and Christian had been emphasized by Paul, his followers became odious to those who felt themselves primarily Christians, even though they may, like the John of the Apocalypse, have detested the new-fangled Gentile Christianity of Paul. The author of Revelation denounced them with the unqualified hatred that he had for all but his own stripe, but when the more tolerant and loving Ephesian Evangelist came to write, he regarded them with more forbearance and tried to show in his book how such an attitude as that of Nicolaos and his disciples was at least psychologically comprehensible. For obvious reasons he concealed his defense of him under the exactly equivalent name of Nicodemus.

A NEW DISCOVERY REGARDING NAZARETH.

BY A. KAMPMEIER.

AS is well known, doubts have been expressed for some time regarding the existence of Nazareth in the first century. The writer's belief in its existence has never been overthrown thus far, not because of sentimental or traditional, but for quite sound and valid reasons, which I will not repeat here as I have expressed them to a large extent in my article "Nazareth, Nazorean and Jesus" (*The Open Court*, XXIV, pp. 375 ff).

The doubts concerning the existence of Nazareth, shown by some scholars, have been made use of especially by Dr. William Benjamin Smith, in his theory denying the historical character of

Jesus and claiming that the name *Jesus*, in conjunction with *Nazoraïos*, is only an attribute of God. The matter has become more complicated by the attention that author has bestowed upon the pre-Christian *Nasareans* of Epiphanius who, he claims, were identical with the Jewish-Christian *Nazoreans*.

The writer of this note, in going over the matter again, has recently made the discovery that there is an *En Našāra* (pronounced *nazāra*) on the map of Palestine besides the *En Nāšira* (pr. *nāzira*) accepted traditionally as the old Nazareth. And what is interesting, if not significant, this *En Našāra* is in the district of Gilead east of the Jordan, where, according to Epiphanius, the pre-Christian Nasareans had their origin. This *En Našāra* is southeast from *En Nāšira* and is given on the very accurate map of modern Palestine in Benzinger's *Hebräische Archäologie* (J. C. B. Mohr, Freiburg and Leipsic, 1894). Whether this *En Našāra* existed at the time of the pre-Christian Nasareans of Epiphanius of course cannot be proved. But in the Orient, we know, things change but little, and sites remain inhabited for thousands of years. *En* is Arabic for "spring," beside which a town would spring up naturally in Palestine. The *en* at *Našāra* may have existed for thousands of years, as probably also the *en* at *Nāšira*. The possibility is that the pre-Christian Nasareans of Epiphanius, rejectors of meat as food, of sacrifices, and of the Mosaic law as laid down in the Pentateuch, took their name from that locality, just as the Jewish Christians are considered to have been named from Nazareth, the home of their founder. The possibility also exists that the expression "Nazareth of Galilee," used in the New Testament, was used to distinguish it from the town in Gilead bearing a similar name, just as there was a Bethlehem both in Galilee and Judea. The distinction, further, which Epiphanius makes between the *Nasaraïoi*, the pre-Christian Jewish sect, and the *Nazoraïoi*, the Christian Jewish sect, may after all not have been his invention, but one delivered to him as a fact.

The Greek rendering *Nazoraïos*, the one occurring most often in the New Testament, need not trouble us much, even if the Aramaic (the language spoken in Palestine at the beginning of our era) *Našorath* (pronounced *nazōrath*) for Nazareth, as given in Winer (*Bibl. Realwörterbuch*, 1820), should not be correct. We should find difficulty neither in connection with the *ō* in the second syllable, for the Greek rendering often differs very much from the Hebrew in regard to vowels in the Septuagint (e. g., Gr. *Thamni*, Hebr. *Thimni*, Gr. *Galaad*, Hebr. *Gilead*); nor in regard to the *šade*, rendered by zeta in *Nazoraïos*, as we have seen (cf. my article men-

tioned above) that there are exceptions to the rule that *şade* is generally rendered by sigma, and as even in Hebrew *şade* and *zayin* are interchangeable, words being written either with *şade* or *zayin* with no difference in meaning.

As to whether my discovery has any value in the question under consideration, I will leave this to the judgment of readers interested in the matter.

THE ZEN ORDINATION CEREMONY.

BY BEATRICE SUZUKI.

ON Sunday, July 11, 1915, the ordination ceremony took place of an English gentleman who was admitted to the Buddhist brotherhood, the first Occidental to become a Mahayanist monk. There have been monks admitted into the brotherhood in Ceylon of the Hinayana, but never before had the Mahayana opened its doors to a Westerner.

The novice was an English gentleman who had lived many years in America. In 1913 he came to Japan for the purpose of studying Buddhism and went to Kyoto where for a time he was a teacher of English in a Buddhist college of the Shin sect. He had, however, become interested in the tenets and practice of the contemplative Zen sect, and in May, 1914, became a disciple of the Right Rev. Soyen Shaku, former Abbot of Engaku-ji and Kencho-ji, one of the most popular and brilliant priests of the Zen sect, who came to Chicago in 1893 as a delegate to the World's Parliament of Religions, and in 1905 paid a further visit to the United States and Europe.

In April, 1915, the novice came to Rev. Shaku's temple, Toke-ji, at Kamakura, and received instruction from him. He was then formally received into the brotherhood, and is now a Buddhist monk. The ceremony was interesting, a few guests only were invited. The formalities took place in the Kwannondo of Toke-ji, Rev. Shaku officiating. The novice, clad in a simple white dress, came before his master who applied the razor to his head and with solemn words and with the prayers of those present received the priestly robes and bowls. A little later he returned, now the monk Sokaku, clad in his flowing black *koromo* and *kesa*, to receive the benediction of his teacher and pay his respects to Shakyamuni

whose follower he now is, to Kwannon, the goddess of mercy, and to his teacher, Rev. Shaku.

It may be of interest to read the very words of the formal ceremony. So it is given here as translated from the Zen prayer-book by Mr. Daisetz Teitaro Suzuki:

When all the necessary preparations are made, Roshi, the teacher, takes up the censer, and, burning incense, softly pronounces the following words:

"To all the Buddhas in the ten quarters filling infinite space, to the golden Scriptures which contain the ocean of the Law, to all the holy beings of the Triratna who have gone beyond the ten stages and attained the five fruits and four promises, this incense I dedicate and request their presence to be the witnesses of this ceremony."

Then the following holy names are invoked.

"ADORATION to the All-illuminating Buddha of pure and immaculate Dharmakaya; to the All-illuminating Buddha of perfect and faultless Dharmakaya; to Shakyamuni-Buddha whose manifestations are infinite; to Maitreya-Buddha who is yet to appear on earth; to all the Buddhas, past, present, and future, filling all the ten quarters; to Manjusri-Bodhisattva, incomparable in wisdom; to Samantabhadra-Bodhisattva, incomparable in virtue; to Aryavalokitesvara-Bodhisattva, incomparable in compassion; to all the great and venerable Bodhisattvas; and finally, to Supreme Reason (*prajnaparamita*) which is perfect beyond knowledge."

The gong is struck, and the following is addressed to the novice:

"O thou, son of a good family! How eternally calm the source of the mind! How unfathomably deep the ocean of being! Those who are ignorant are forever sunk in the deeps. But those who are enlightened are free wherever they find themselves. To enjoy oneself in the path of freedom it is necessary to lead the life of a homeless one. For this is the model set forth uniformly by all the Buddhas, and the standard established for the attainment of freedom. This is a truth not to be doubted by any one. No other lives surpass the life of a homeless one if a man wishes to make his mind and body work in accordance with the Way. Why? Because to cut off the hair means the destruction of the root of pas-

sion, and no sooner is this accomplished than the original form becomes manifest; while the changing of the dress means an escape from this earthly life, and no sooner is this done than freedom is realized. For this reason no Buddhas ever attained to the Path by continuing their family lives; nor have there been patriarchs in any time who did not assume the form of homeless ones. Therefore, of all merits nothing exceeds the merit of the life of a homeless one. To build a tower of the seven jewels, whose height may scale the thirty-third Heaven, is meritorious enough; but compared to the merit of a homeless one it does not come up even within one hundredth part of it; in fact, no such numerical comparison is possible between these two kinds of merit. When the jewel tower is destroyed it turns into dust and will cease forever to regain its former splendor. But the merit of a homeless one is ever growing until he attains Buddhahood, when his merit will continue for ages to come. It must then be said that a homeless one, even still retaining his earthly form, is able to go beyond the condition of an ordinary mortal. Though he may not yet have realized the fruit of the holy life he is truly a follower of the Buddha and the most honorable of all beings in the triple world, and his is the most excellent state of existence in the transmigration through the six modes of life. Think of your mind and body destined to migrate throughout eons, but now about to enjoy a birth in the land of Buddhas where there is eternal progress and a state of immortality. The false attachment from the beginningless past has now been put aside and the solid virtue of original being is going to be perfected. For these reasons, when one becomes a homeless mendicant even heaven and earth dare not treat him like other mortals; he is not to be mixed among them. His shaven head signifies that he has now nothing to oppress him. The square sleeve of his robe is the banner of freedom. Whatever he sees or hears is turned into things of vast merit. All his kinsmen are sure to attain excellent fruit. He ranks above the triple world, and his virtues stand high over the ten quarters. Even kings dare not overshadow him; even his parents are willing to honor him above themselves; even gods and spirits rank below him. The only personages he will respect are his masters, seniors, Buddhas, and Fathers. Therefore it is said that as long as one transmigrates in the triple world one cannot cut oneself loose from the bond of love; but that he alone really repays love who, abandoning a life of attachment, enters the Absolute. Thinking of all the love bestowed by your parents to whom you owe your existence and manhood, pay them now most sincerely your last respect.

Thinking of all the benefits you have gained from your king and country, properly show them now your feeling of gratitude. This is the practical proof whereby the fact of your new detached life is demonstrated, and it is the unique sign of your dignity. Let your guardian god be informed of this event and be offered thanks for the protection so far given you through his power. Let the guardian god of your locality be also notified of your awakening in the faith and taking of vows for a new life. When they are duly informed your guardian god will be your protector in the pursuit of the Path, and your heaven and earth gods will be the benefactors of the Law."

The novice bows three times before the Buddha and then another three times before Roshi. Roshi, taking up the razor, recites the following gatha together with the witnesses.

"Behold this great man
Whose insight has grasped the impermanency of things.
Who, abandoning a worldly life, endeavors to realize Nirvana!
How wonderful! how beyond the ken of thought!"

The shaving over, the novice bows three times before Roshi, who thereupon speaks as follows:

"This last tuft of hair is called *chuda*. The master alone is able to cut it off, and I am now going to shave it for you. Do you give your consent?"

The novice answers, "Yes, I do". When this is three times repeated, Roshi recites the gatha of tonsure:

"Changed is thy form. Be faithful to thy vows.
Freed art thou now from desire; have no worldly attachments!
Having abandoned thy home life, walk thou ever on the Path
of Holy Truth.
And exert thyself in order to lead all beings to deliverance!"

This is repeated three times. The last tuft, chuda, is gone. The novice bows three times. Roshi lifts the "nishadanam" which is on the table, and hands it over to the novice who, receiving it, pronounces the following words:

"All the Bodhisattvas and Mahasattvas be gracious enough to hold me in their thought! O my venerable master, this is a *nishadanam* made in accordance with the measures, and I now receive it from the master for it is my garment of protection."

Next the novice is handed the "antarvasa" and he utters the following:

"All the Bodhisattvas and Mahasattvas be gracious enough to hold me in their thought! O my venerable master, this is an *antarvasa* cut according to the measure, and I now receive it from you, for it is the garment of detachment."

Next he is handed the "uttarasanga" and he speaks:

"All the Bodhisattvas and Mahasattvas be gracious enough to hold me in their thought! O my venerable master, this is an *uttarasanga* cut according to the measures, and I now receive it from you for it is the garment of detachment.

"Excellent is this garment of deliverance!

Like the spiritual garden of bliss is this robe!

I now receive it with all reverence;

May I be protected forever in it!"

Lastly, the "patram" is given him, and he speaks as follows:

"All the Bodhisattvas and Mahasattvas be gracious enough to hold me in their thought! O my venerable master, this is a *patram* made according to the regulation, and I now receive it from you and will keep it for my daily use."

The novice retires to put on his new robes, etc., and on his return kneels before the master, who gives him the confession formula.

"O son of a good family, if you seek refuge in the Triratna you ought first to confess and repent; for it is like washing a garment first when it is to be dyed. Confess and repent, therefore, in all sincerity, and you will be thoroughly cleansed of your evils. You may follow me as I recite it:

"All the evil karma created by me in the past

Is the product of the avarice, anger, and infatuation I have had from the beginningless past;

And it has issued from my body, tongue, and mind:

Of all this I now make a full confession."

This confession is recited by all present.

"Thus ridding yourself of the karma produced by the body, tongue, and mind, great purification has come to you, and you are ready now for taking refuge in the Triple Treasure of Buddha,

Dharma, and Sangha. There are three aspects in this Triple Treasure, each of which is full of meritorious signification: They are the Triple Treasure (1) in its absolute aspect, (2) as manifested in the Trikaya (Triple Body of Buddha), and (3) in its concrete expression. When you take refuge in any one of them, all the merit accruing from all three will be fully realized.

“I take refuge in the Buddha,
I take refuge in the Dharma,
I take refuge in the Sangha.

“I take refuge in the Buddha honored as the Incomparable One,
I take refuge in the Dharma honored as being free from suffering,
I take refuge in the Sangha honored as symbol of perfect harmony.

“I have finished taking refuge in the Buddha,
I have finished taking refuge in the Dharma,
I have finished taking refuge in the Sangha.

“The Tathagata, the true, peerless, and most fully enlightened one, he is my great teacher, and in him I take refuge. From this time henceforward the Buddha alone will be my guide; no evil spirits, no false doctrines will lead me astray. Through the mercy of the Buddha, let this be so!”

The above is recited three times, all joining. Roshi then proceeds to give the five precepts.

“The five precepts are the beginning of the discipline in the Law and the standard of morals for the homeless one. Do thou observe them until the end of thy life.

“Do not destroy life.

“Do not steal.

“Do not commit sexual offenses.

“Do not tell falsehood.

“Do not take any intoxicant.

“From now on till the attainment of the Buddha-body, wilt thou observe these five precepts?”

The novice answers, “Yes, I will.”

This is repeated three times and the ceremony is concluded by Roshi's speech which runs as follows:

"The merit of this shaving ceremony and of the receiving of the precepts is wonderful indeed; all the fourfold favor received is herewith requited; the triple existence is universally benefitted; and all the sentient beings throughout the infinite universe will fully mature their original wisdom.

"Live in this world as if in the emptiness of space;
Be like unto the lotus-flower blooming unstained in the mud!
The original purity of the soul far surpasses this;
Bow most reverently before the Honored One who knows no
peers.

"Adoration to all the Buddhas, Bodhisattvas, and all the venerable ones in the past, present, and future, in all the ten quarters. Adoration to Supreme Reason which is perfect beyond all knowledge."

Sokaku will study at Toke-ji for some years, spending his time in meditation, study, and practical training, leading the simple life of a Buddhist monk with his fellow monks.

The training of a Zen monk is chiefly along the lines of meditation where he is taught not to believe but to experience the truth, and the training which a Zen master gives to his pupil is to make him experience for himself the deepest truths and to learn how to put these truths into his every-day living. In a Zen monastery a Zendo or training quarters for monks is attached, and here from ten to sixty monks are congregated. All the practical work is done by the monks themselves, cooking, sweeping, etc., as no women are admitted. At stated periods they go about begging for rice or other necessities, and in return they are always ready to recite prayers for those wishing them. The rest of their time is given to study and meditation.

We often read in Japanese books about Bushido; it was in the Zen monastery that Bushido was first taught and the greatest samurais of the feudal period were Zen followers. We also read of the "tea ceremony" and the "flower arrangement." These, too, originated with the Zen monks. In these modern days there are many methods of meditation, of training in the silence; but they are all offshoots of the Zen. Zen has been the source of many other teachings, yet it itself remains unique. Its system of contemplation and meditation is quite different in its aim; for it is neither for physical nor mental benefit, although these too come. It is also quite different in its result; for what is attained is the spirit of the Buddha's teaching itself, insight into life.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE MITTAG-LEFFLER TESTAMENT AND INSTITUTE.

Three years ago, Dr. Gustaf Mittag-Leffler, the eminent Swedish mathematician who was Weierstrass's most brilliant pupil at Berlin, celebrated his seventieth birthday at Stockholm on March 16, 1916. On this occasion the testament of Dr. Mittag-Leffler and his wife was published; and an extract from it is translated in the *Bulletin of the American Mathematical Society* for October, 1916, by Dr. Caroline E. Seely. Dr. Mittag-Leffler and his wife bequeath after their deaths all their possessions to a foundation bearing the name "Mittag-Leffler Institute," which is to help to maintain and develop the study of pure mathematics in the four Scandinavian countries of Sweden, Denmark, Finland, and Norway. Professor Mittag-Leffler's library is to be preserved and enriched in the large villa now belonging to him at Djursholm near Stockholm, which has been built and arranged with the purpose in view; fellowships for study of pure mathematics at home or abroad are to be granted to young people of both sexes; and medals are to be granted for important work in pure mathematics. All this is of direct benefit to Scandinavians alone; but at least once every six years a further prize for a really important discovery in pure mathematics is to be awarded without regard to the nationality of the author. This prize is to consist of a large gold medal, a diploma, and as complete a set as possible of the *Acta Mathematica*; and the person to whom the prize is awarded is to be invited to appear himself at Djursholm to receive it, a suitable appropriation for his traveling expenses being made.

The portrait of Professor Mittag-Leffler which forms the frontispiece of this number of *The Open Court* is from a drawing by C. W. Maud after a photograph which appeared some years ago in the *American Journal of Mathematics*.

This is the first institute in which the claims of pure mathematics in particular as an important part of the work of civilization has been recognized. Thus all pure mathematicians—and, we may add, all cultivators of the science of form—will be encouraged by the noble example of Professor Mittag-Leffler, who himself has already done so much to increase the power of pure mathematics.

Φ

BOOK REVIEWS.

GOETHE. By *Calvin Thomas*. New York: Henry Holt and Company, 1917. Pp. xii, 368. Price, \$2.00 net.

Calvin Thomas, professor of German in Columbia University, has written an attractive book of over 368 pages on Goethe. It consists of sixteen chapters, eight of which are devoted to a critical study of the poet's life, while

seven others discuss Goethe as a philosopher, evolutionist, believer, poet, dramatist, novelist, and critic; the last chapter deals with *Faust* exclusively.

In order to characterize the book, we may single out some passages as specimens of Professor Thomas's thought. Regarding his attitude toward Goethe, the man and the lover, it may be sufficient to see what he thinks of the Sesenheim affair. He says (pp. 38f):

"A peculiar charm invests that portion of 'Poetry and Truth' in which Goethe tells of his brief summer romance with Friederike Brion. There, where the tale is told with exquisite art by one who knew it as no one else can possibly know it, is the place to read it; the modern biographer should stay his hand. Suffice it to say that Goethe found the village maid very bewitching in her country home, loved her, won her love, and spent much time with her in the early summer of 1771. With quite too little thought of the inevitable parting he gave himself up to the delicious idyl, and then, when the time came for him to go home, bade farewell to the sorrowing maid and took himself out of her life.

"For this act of unromantic perfidy his conscience tormented him. What he did at last, after drifting too long with the current of passion, was the right thing to do; for a marriage would have been an act of sentimental folly, for her as well as for him. They were not well mated for the prose of life. But while the common sense of mankind makes little of such a fault, and nothing at all when it is the woman who retreats, Goethe himself felt that he had played a shabby part. He says as much in his autobiography, and letters written at the time betray a remorseful state of mind, which, however, did not last very long. He expiated artistically. For several years to come his scheme of a tragic situation regularly included a girl deserted by her lover. Thus the village maid became the muse of the new-born poet."

It is important to remember that Goethe visited the family of Friederike. In a foot-note to the same chapter Professor Thomas says (p. 39):

"Certain writers appear to make a virtue of believing that the relation of Goethe and Friederike was much less idyllic than the famous tenth book of 'Poetry and Truth' would lead one to suppose; in short, that it was very like the relation of Faust and Gretchen. But the evidence adduced is too vague and untrustworthy to compel such a conclusion. It is largely a question of what one *wishes* to believe. An outstanding fact of great moment is that in 1779 Goethe revisited Sesenheim and was received with delight by the entire Brion family."

An important phase in Goethe's thought was his conception of immortality. Certain it is that Goethe believed in immortality, and Professor Thomas's treatment of this subject is characterized in the following quotation (pp. 233ff):

"With respect to his belief in immortality Goethe often expressed himself in his old age. It is certain that he clung to the belief tenaciously and regarded it as indispensable; but whether he believed in a real survival of personality after death, or only in the reabsorption of the particular drop into the divine ocean of life from which it sprang, is not so easy to decide. His utterances can be taken either way. Certain it is, however, that he was not content to rest his belief solely on a faith that transcends reason. He thought

he could justify it by proofs; but, as is nearly always the case when men attempt to argue this question, his proofs have little weight for a mind in need of argument. He once said to Chancellor Müller:

“In all his earthly life man feels deeply and clearly in himself that he is a citizen of that spiritual kingdom the belief in which we can neither reject nor give up. In this belief, which we can not get rid of, lies the mystery of an eternal pushing on toward an unknown goal.”

“And again to Countess Egloffstein:

“The power to ennoble all things sensuous and to animate the deadest material by wedding it to a spiritual idea is the surest guaranty of our supermundane origin. However we may be attracted and held fast by a thousand and one phenomena of this earth, we are forced by an inward longing ever and again to lift up our eyes to heaven, because a deep inexplicable feeling gives us the conviction that we are citizens of those worlds that shine above us so mysteriously and to which we shall one day return.”

“This conception of man as a citizen of two worlds, that is, as partaking by his thought in a kind of mind-stuff which is indestructible and cannot be imagined away, underlies many a saying, for example:

“It is absolutely impossible for a thinking man to imagine non-existence, a cessation of thinking and living. To that extent every one carries in himself the proof of immortality.

“The thought of death leaves me perfectly calm, for I have the firm conviction that our mind is an absolutely indestructible form of being, something that works on from eternity to eternity. It is like the sun, which merely seems to our earthly eyes to set, while it really never sets but shines continually.

“I should not at all like to do without the happiness of believing in an eternal existence; yes, I could say with Lorenzo dei Medici that all those who hope for no other life are dead for this life. . . . He who believes in a continued life should be happy in a quiet way, but he has no reason to plume himself on the belief.”

“Sometimes, in his efforts to conceive the inconceivable, he thought of the endless life as an impersonal, undifferentiated mode of existence, again as a hierarchy of souls graded somehow according to merit previously acquired. Thus he makes one of the characters in the ‘Elective Affinities’ say that the ‘pure feeling of a final, universal equality, at least after death, seems to me more soothing than the obstinate, stolid projection of our personalities, attachments, and relations.’ On the other hand, Eckermann records him as saying in 1829: ‘I do not doubt of our continued existence, for nature cannot do without the entelechy. [See below.] But we are not all immortal in the same way; and in order to manifest oneself as a great entelechy hereafter it is necessary to be one here.’

“But enough of these citations. I have only wished to make clear from the authentic testimony of his own words—so far as we can trust the records—how the aging Goethe spoke inconsistently, according to the mood of the hour, on questions of religion, and how he was wont to argue the case for his own belief in immortality. It is clear that he believed the human mind to

be a part of the indestructible energy that pervades and actuates the All. He accordingly believed that the spiritual *elements* of personality, or at least some of them, were by their very nature imperishable. But whether he believed that the *form* of personality, that is, the particular grouping of the imperishable elements in connection with a perishable body—whether he believed that this too would survive and resist dispersion after the cataclysm of physical death, remains uncertain."

Entelechy is an Aristotelian term which in contrast to mere potentiality means the actualization of a purpose and is applied to the center of the soul. For the common reader the translation "soul" would be enough. (For further details see Dr. Paul Carus's book on *Goethe*, p. 230.)

Goethe's significance as an ethical force is summed up by Professor Thomas in the following (pp. 194f):

"The Goethean virtue of poise or equilibrium is the eighteenth-century phase of the old Greek doctrine of 'nothing in excess.' It is the ideal constantly preached by Wieland, whose thinking was much influenced by Shaftesbury's conception of the perfectly balanced 'virtuoso.' Sometimes Goethe used the term 'gracioso' for his ideal exemplar of equilibrium through self-control and the avoidance of excess. This is what he meant by 'beautiful humanity,' of which he had so much to say. This is what he meant by the famous lines of the poem 'General Confession,' where men are bidden to 'wean themselves from the half and live resolutely in the whole, the beautiful, the good.'

"Beyond a doubt this idea of the perfection of the individual through the symmetrical culture of all his higher human aptitudes and the maintenance of a due equipoise between centripetal or selfish impulse on the one hand and centrifugal or altruistic tendencies on the other,—beyond a doubt this is Goethe's last and highest word in ethics. The doctrine lends itself readily to misconstruction and indeed has often been misconstrued as meaning simply, in the last analysis, a sort of sublimated selfishness. But the sage of Weimar knew very well, and in his later years was much given to urging, that the perfection of the individual was something realizable only in the give-and-take of social effort. After all, self-surrender, in the sense of devotion to large ideas that make for the good of humankind, was the overruling law of self-realization.

"His doctrine of duty does not differ from that of Kant or Fichte by its less strenuous demand or its more hedonistic tinge, but by its underlying assumption that the categorical imperative itself was made for man and is to be viewed relatively to human perfection. A man does not do his duty because God commands it, but because he chooses to do it in the interest of his own highest welfare. Bondage to duty, he would have said, is no better than any other bondage, and the only duty consists in 'loving that which one enjoins on oneself.' Naturally, therefore, he would have rejected the transcendental state with its imperious claim to blind service and blind self-sacrifice. According to his way of thinking the state exists for man, not man for the state. Nowhere does he admit any higher criterion than the perfection of man, who must seek his highest good in the sweat of his brow, by toil and moil, amid a never-ending conflict of antagonistic forces."

In conclusion it may be mentioned that all quotations are given in English,

including those in verse, so that the book is available also for people who no longer study the original.

An Appendix, containing chiefly bibliographical references and notes, will be welcomed by the university student. The Index, and especially the Table of Contents, enable the reader to find his way easily to any subject discussed.

THE VANDAL OF EUROPE. By *Wilhelm Mühlton*. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1918. Pp. xvi, 335. Price, cloth, \$1.50 net.

It is still worth while to read Dr. Mühlton's diary, or rather, to reread it, looking at it from a new point of view. The interest originally attaching to it of course is vanishing. That interest is sufficiently characterized by the title under which these notes were published last year in book form. At that time the war was still in progress and "fixing the blame" a tremendous asset in the direction of winning it. The conclusion of the armistice leads us to an appreciation of some features of the book which seem to endorse the peace policies of the United States as strongly as others endorsed our war policies.

An enormous amount of critical pronouncements on the Germans and German institutions is found between these two covers, and this has been assimilated by every newspaper reader. In addition, however, there is contained in these pages a wealth of constructive thought whose independence, considering the time when the entries were made, appears almost morbid. Take, for instance, the author's indictment of the modern idea of the state, of August 31, 1914, not *quite* antiquated as yet (pp. 182ff) :

"As long as the aims and ends of politics are not at one with the plain fundamentals of general human morals, so long will statesmanship remain a criminal trade. . . . The state idea in its present-day form separates men artificially from one another and creates all sorts of hateful distinctions between them. The modern state wishes its subjects to be, in relation to other men, brutal, covetous, envious, obtuse, and bigoted. Moreover, the morals of the state naturally color the morals of all those who count themselves among its supporters. Thus all industrial magnates believe that in the interest of the work which they are carrying on, they may employ any means to reap the fullest fruits of their labors. They say, even as the state does, that they do not act thus out of selfishness, but from a sense of responsibility for their great enterprises, from solicitude for the welfare of the part of humanity for which they are trustees. Their dependents must have a good and pious conception of life. They must be soft as wax as servants, hard as iron as workers, even as the state wants its subjects to be. . . . If we want to restore to mankind its most essential basis—which is mutual confidence—we must, above all things, combat the idea that there may be a different morality for different individuals or for different human institutions. Equality in this respect must be the rule. If states lose thereby in sharpness and individuality of outline, it will be all the better for the world."

The theme of reconciliation is developed in the following, *à propos* atrocities, dated November 10 (pp. 316ff) :

"I have read a poem by Verhaeren even, which seems to me scandalous. It is true that terrible excesses have been committed. It is true that the moral status of one people is lower than that of another. But no thinking man ought

on that account to conduct himself as though he could no longer make any distinctions among enemies, as though he could no longer discover any ray of reconciliation, rapprochement, or hope. Whoever sees in an entire people only wild beasts which must be exterminated; whoever collects only a one-sided record of the crimes of the enemy, but excludes everything which excuses the enemy or is at all in his favor, himself commits a crime which is greater than those excesses, because he poisons for years to come millions of human beings with his own rabid hate. . . . It is also no excuse for either of the parties to say that the enemy does not do differently or better—that he is guilty of the same exaggerations and false generalizations. To preserve reason, judgment, and moderation in these things is at present the first and almost sole indication of higher intellect and of that genuine superiority, which must conquer, and which the conquered will not deny but rather try to imitate."

Regarding a final settlement the following entry is found under as early a date as August 29, 1914 (pp. 158ff) :

"But what qualities must such a victor and ruler have to be able to unite Europe! He must have absolute power. . . . At the same time he must be of such a character as to want nothing for himself, to apportion everything according to the best judgment of his enlightened intellect, to create perfect justice through kindness, to diminish injustice by abolishing all privileges and class distinctions, in so far as our time is ripe for it.

"If France were conquered by such a ruler she would be lifted up again through generous love, and would regain her independence and her lost brethren besides. She would retain all her greatness and spiritual importance; she would breathe freer and more proudly, depressed by no threat of danger, weighted down by no political mortgages.

"It would be the same with other countries. The tariff barriers would be removed and compulsory military service abolished, as well as everything else which separates and estranges peoples. The peoples of Europe would gladly place themselves under an autocrat who, with might, goodness, and wisdom, denied himself in order to give justice to others. They would know that he would yield his prerogatives as soon as they became unessential and would not persist in fighting with his own limited strength for the salvation of the state, instead of accepting that salvation from the superior strength of the people." -

The author himself calls this a Utopian picture, and in a way of course it is. Yet it is in visions like these that future generations may find the lasting value of the humble volume before us—unless the Peace Conference fails.

SKETCHES OF SOME HISTORIC CHURCHES OF GREATER BOSTON. [By *Katharine Gibbs Allen* and others.] Boston: The Beacon Press, 1918. Pp. 307. Price, cloth, \$1.50 net.

This is a volume which will interest Bostonians in the first line, but every student of America's early church history may read it with profit. It presents, besides an introduction on "The Beginnings of Unitarianism in New England," a history of twelve churches of the Boston country which have played, or are playing, a more or less important part in the development of Unitarianism in the United States.

Most of the papers compiled in this volume were read in the churches about which they were written, and some of them at other gatherings besides. More than a dozen writers, prominent in New England Unitarianism, have collaborated on this work, and it is gratifying to see what an harmonious whole has come out of their efforts. With few exceptions the authors have limited themselves strictly to a presentation of the facts in which the external history of the various churches is reflected—the history of the meeting-house, decrease and increase in the number of members, secessions, influence of war (especially the Revolutionary War) upon the congregations, and, of course, a portrait gallery of the successive ministers in each parish. We mention only the sympathetic sketches of John Eliot, the "Apostle to the Indians," of the three Mathers, Cotton Mather in particular, of Thomas Starr King, of Edward Everett Hale, of Theodore Parker, etc., etc.

No attempt is made to give a systematic list of the sources from which the authors have drawn their material. It would have been welcome. Only from occasional references in the text we learn, e. g., to what extent the records of the various churches and similar papers have been utilized. The sole regret we have in this respect is that not more has been quoted from them. Wherever this is done the *mentality* of an age long past is revealed as though by a flashlight—something which is not accomplished by supplying the reader with the mere data of a parson's life and the growth of his flock. Thus we find the following reflections written by John Eliot himself, a timely reminder, they may seem, to all recent victims of the "Spanish influenza" (p. 141):

"This year the Lord did lay upon us a great sickness epidemical so that the great part of the town were sick at once, whole families, young and old. The manner of sickness is a deep cold with some tincture of fever and much malignity, and very dangerous if not well regarded by keeping a low diet and the body warm and sweating. God's rods are teaching us. Our epidemical sickness of colds doth rightly by divine hand, tell us what our epidemical spiritual disease is. Lord help us to see it. This visitation of God was exceedingly strange, as if He sent an angel forth, not with sword to kill, but with rod to chastise." But he sorrowfully adds: "Yet for all this, it is the frequent complaint of many wise and godly among us that little reformation is to be seen of our chief wrath provoking sins, such as pride, covetousness, animosities, personal neglect of gospelizing the young, etc. Drinking-houses are multiplied, not lessened, and Quakers, openly tolerated!"

This takes us back to the middle of the seventeenth century. But how does it strike us when we find some prayers quoted by which the orthodox party tried to silence Theodore Parker hardly less than sixty years ago (pp. 190ff):

"Lord, we know that we cannot argue him down, and the more we say against him the more the people flock after him and the more they will love and revere him. O Lord what shall be done for Boston if thou dost not take this and some other matters in hand."

"Oh Lord, send confusion and distraction into his study this afternoon and prevent his finishing his preparations for his labors to-morrow."

Of such illustrations of the change of times we wish more had been given, even if they have been made accessible elsewhere before.

Unfortunately, this book, containing ample references to a score or two of the best-known men and women in American history, is not provided with an index. This is the more to be regretted since most of the chapters naturally cover identical ground so that collateral reading would be very profitable. The Table of Contents does not even give page numbers.

STUDIES IN THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION. By *Albert J. Edmunds*. Philadelphia: Innes and Sons, 1915-1918, large quarto, pp. 31.

These somewhat irregular essays are arranged in order of subject, regardless of dates of publication. No. 1 is: "The One-Name Form of the Final Commission in Matthew: the references of Conybeare verified and translated." Readers of *Buddhist and Christian Gospels* will remember that in that work, as printed at Tokyo in 1905, the author quoted Rendel Harris's endorsement of Conybeare's recovery of the lost text of Matthew as used by Eusebius, in which the Final Commission appears without the Baptismal Charge or the Trinitarian formula:

Go ye and make disciples of all the nations in my name, teaching them etc.

The date is sufficient indication that neither Edmunds nor Harris is dealing with Conybeare's political opinions. Edmunds has translated, for the first time, the quotations of Matthew xxviii. 19 by Eusebius, and has thus made accessible to the American reader a recondite study of 1901 from Greek and Latin.

Study No. 2 in the series is a concise statement, with English text, of the Resurrection in Mark. The author has printed the red colophon at Mark xvi. 8, exactly as found in the oldest Greek, Syriac, and Armenian manuscripts:

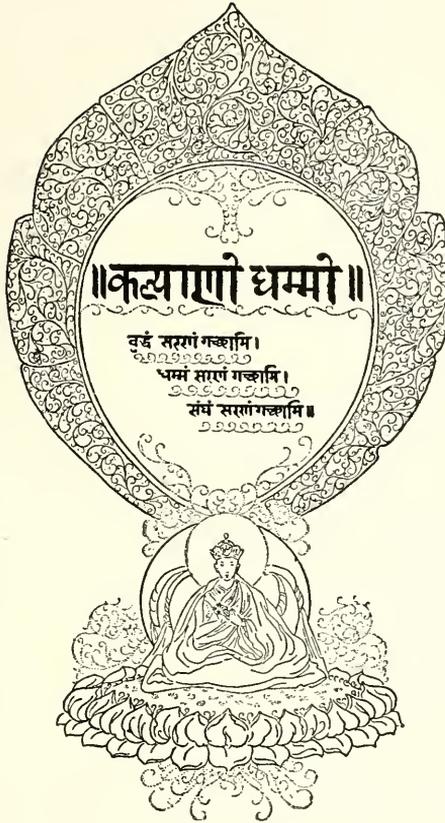
They said nothing to any one, for they were afraid of.....

Here endeth the Gospel of Mark.

Accompanying No. 2 there is inserted a single leaf, dated June, 1918, being Study No. 6: "The End of Mark in the Old Armenian Version." The same red colophon appears herein, taken straight from Armenian Gospel manuscripts in Philadelphia, and it is pointed out for the first time that the Bible Society is systematically corrupting the text of that noble old version by inserting Aristion's Appendix ("Mark" xvi. 9-20) which the Armenians were the very last Christians to adopt. A study of their manuscripts reveals the interesting fact that they were still hesitating over copying these spurious verses a full thousand years after the other churches, Greek, Roman, and the rest, had given them canonicity.

The remainder of these Studies deals with modern psychic phenomena: "Hoag's Vision of 1803," and "The Return of Myers," as well as a summary of an article which is about to appear in *The Open Court*: "The Book of Tobit and the Hindu-Christian Marriage Ideal."

At the end is appended the author's Literary Will, which has been drawn up at the age of sixty out of despair of accomplishing his scholastic plans, owing to the war.



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The special purpose of the present volume is to give examples of the service which the general, as opposed to the highly specialized, scientist may perform in the criticism of old theories and the discovery of new laws. The author rightly holds that psychology, for instance, cannot properly be understood without reference to physics, and that sociology in turn depends upon psychology. It is such bridges as these that he is particularly concerned to supply. One becomes skeptical only when he undertakes to supply so many of them in his own person. The case for the synthetic mind, which compares and analyzes the results obtained by the direct experiment of the specialist, is a good one. Perhaps the modern scientific world has too violently repudiated Bacon's magnificent, if impossible, declaration: "I have taken all knowledge to be my province." The counter-appeal for scientific breadth of

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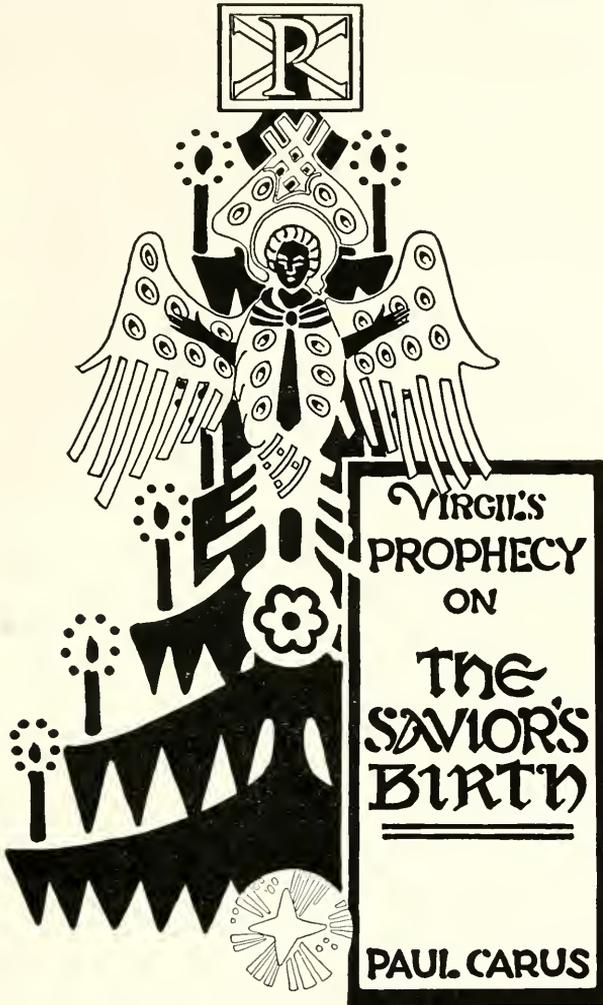
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Mach declares that knowledge of the historical development of any science is the first step toward its understanding. He declares that "history has made all, history can alter all. One can never lose one's footing or come into collision with facts if one always keeps in view the path by which one has come."

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