

The Open Court

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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

Editor: DR. PAUL CARUS.

Associates: { E. C. HEGELER.
MARY CARUS.

VOL. XVIII. (NO. 3) MARCH, 1904.

NO. 574

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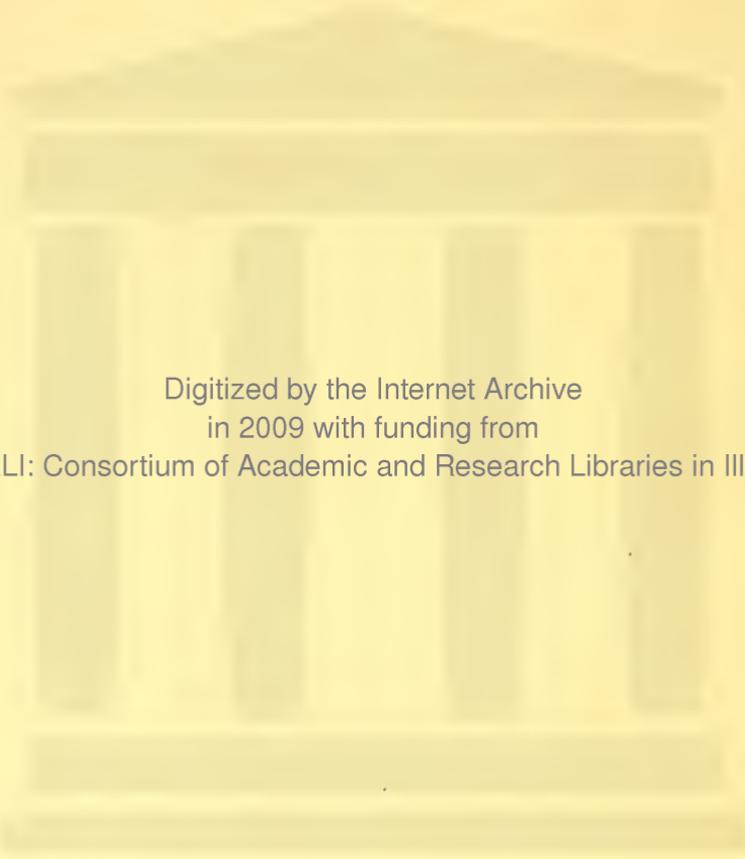
CHICAGO

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The Gods of the Egyptians

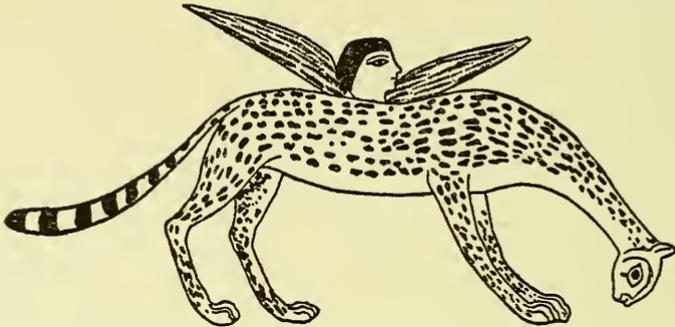
OR

Studies in Egyptian Mythology

BY

E. A. WALLIS BUDGE, M. A., Litt. D., D. Lit.

KEEPER OF THE EGYPTIAN AND ASSYRIAN ANTIQUITIES
IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM



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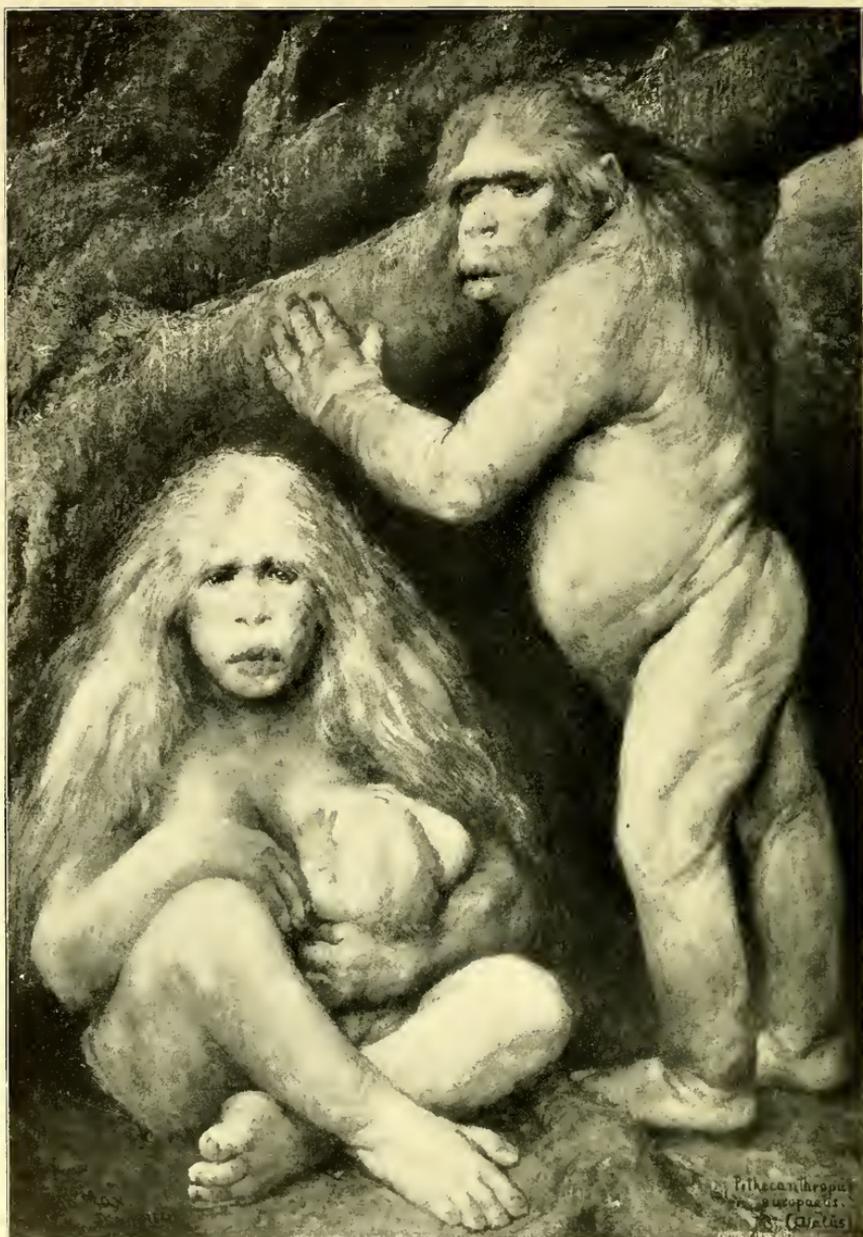
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The Open Court Publishing Co.

324 Dearborn Street, Chicago



PRIMITIVE MAN

BY GABRIEL MAX

A picture of pithecanthropus (*homo alalus* or speechless man) presented by the artist to Prof. Ernst Haeckel, the famous naturalist. (By courtesy of Prof. Ernst Haeckel and the Munich Photographic Company.)

Frontispiece to The Open Court.

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PARSIFAL.

THE LEGEND OF THE HOLY GRAIL.

BY WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON, L. H. D.

THE production of Richard Wagner's music-drama of "Parsifal" in America, for the first time outside of the Wagnerian play-house at Bayreuth, is a musical and dramatic incident of high importance. It has also been the subject of much controversy as to the propriety of performing a play which deals so directly and intimately with some of the solemn imagery of the Christian religion. In addition, it performs the not less important and valuable function of calling attention and study anew to one of the greatest masterpieces of mediaeval romance and one of the foundation works of European literature. The libretto of "Parsifal" was written by Richard Wagner. But its theme was not original with him. Neither did he make it a faithful transcript of the old legend from which he drew his inspiration. In those respects it resembles the books of his other operas, especially those of the Nibelungen series, in which the greatest of liberties were taken with the immortal epic upon which they were founded. In these circumstances there is, of course, no reproach nor reflection upon Wagner, who was entitled to deal with the Nibelungen Lied and the Arthurian legends as Shakespeare did with the chronicles of Plutarch and Holinshed.

The tales of King Arthur and the Knights of his Round Table not only contribute at this time some of the chief ornaments of literature and art. They also, as I have said, centuries ago formed the chief foundation of European romantic literature. Before them were numerous classic and pseudo-classic romances, but these were exotics and not native products of Western Europe. The great

legend of Beowulf perhaps antedated them a little, and so did the Nibelungen Lied in its noblest primitive form, uncontaminated by the later monstrosities of the Heldenbuch, so dear to the Wagnerian heart. But neither of these either then or since attained the popularity or exerted the widespread influence of the Arthurian tales. We may concede that the Nibelungen Lied was and is the greatest of them all. Yet Arthur and Lancelot and Merlin and Guinevere have become household words among millions who have scarcely so much as heard of Siegfried and Chriemhilde, of Bruenhilde and Hagen. It is because of their widespread employment in the literatures of the three great nations of Europe, the British, the French, and the German, that we must give primacy to the Arthurian tales.

They were, I have said, perhaps antedated by Beowulf and the Nibelungen Lied. That, however, is not certain. The dates of the actual origins of all three are unknown. Doubtless they existed in fragmentary form, in folk-tales and the songs of minstrels, long before the earliest record we have of their being put into complete form and published. In respect to such latter treatment of them, some of the Arthurian tales were little if any later than the others. They had their origin partly, perhaps, in Wales and partly in Strathclyde, among the Cymri of the former and the Cambro-Gaels of the latter country. It was of Strathclyde that the "Arthur, dux bellorum," of Nennius was king—the King Arthur of the English and the Emperor Arthur of the Welsh. He flourished in the fifth century, or at the time of the Saxon conquest of England. To what extent the old tales of him are real and to what extent mythical, can now be determined no more than can similar details be concerning Achilles, or Romulus and Remus. Doubtless they had their origin in fact, but were embellished and expanded *ad libitum* by the minstrels who for centuries preserved them in memory and transmitted them by word of mouth. The first well-known attempt to put them into permanent literary form was made by Geoffrey of Monmouth, the chronicler who came from that same Anglo-Welsh borderland to which Arthur belonged. In his "Historia" and his "Merlin," in 1136-39, he set down some of the Round Table stories, though he made no mention of either Tristram or Lancelot, who are far more important figures in the romances than Arthur himself. About 1155 Wace, the Norman poet, a native of the island of Jersey, translated Geoffrey's "Historia" into French verse, and made some additions to it, but supplied no new characters. The tale of Tristram, or Tristan, appears to have been first put into perma-

ment form about 1160, by Luc de Gast, a minstrel of French ancestry but of English birth, who lived near Salisbury.

Closely following these early romancers came a far greater one, for whom they merely prepared the way, and who may be regarded as the chief founder of Arthurian literature and indeed of the whole school of British romance.



ISOLT PLAYING THE HARP.

(Illustration of a manuscript of the fifteenth century, preserved in the National Library of Paris.)

This was Walter Map. His name is not as familiar as it should be to the world. Historians have neglected him, though scarcely any attention they might have paid could have been too great for

his desert. Tennyson has given us a suggestive and engaging sketch of him in his "Becket," but it is shadowy and inadequate. Yet we shall go far elsewhere before we find more about him. Scholar, historian, poet, romancer, philosopher, wit, diplomat, jurist, theologian, reformer—he was a veritable Admirable Crichton of his time, and stood second to no other English subject in the time of Henry II. His birthplace is unknown, though it was in Herefordshire or Gloucestershire, in the Anglo-Welsh borderland, so that in his youth he lived in an atmosphere of Arthurian folk-lore. In the later years of his life he was Archdeacon of Oxford, and there he brought to fruition his rich scholarship and fine literary style. The exact date of his writings is not known, but there are good reasons for believing that he wrote his "Lancelot" in his early life, between 1165 and 1170. We know that it was in 1185 a long-published and familiar work, from which other writers were drawing data and inspiration. A little later, probably in 1170-75, Map wrote his "Percival" or "Parsifal," and the "Quest of the Holy Grail." To him we must give the credit of having first put "Lancelot," "Percival" and the "Holy Grail" into enduring literature, and with one possible exception, all other writers on those themes must be regarded as followers of him.

The one possible exception was Robert de Borron, a French minstrel, born at Meaux, in Champagne. He was a contemporary of Map, and possibly a collaborator. It seems more probable, however, that instead of actually collaborating they wrote independently but alternately, each borrowing to some extent from the other. Robert wrote a romance of "Joseph of Arimathea, or History of the Holy Grail," somewhere between 1170 and 1180, of which he made Percival the hero. Next came a younger contemporary of Map and Robert, whose fame has in a measure surpassed theirs, though he seems to have owed his inspiration to their works. This was Chrestien de Troyes, a French minstrel, born at Troyes, in Champagne, and for a time attached to the French court, and also to that of Philip of Alsace, Count of Flanders. Chrestien was gifted with a fine fancy, if not for original invention at least for enlarging upon and embellishing the inventions of others, and was master of probably the finest French style of his day. His masterpiece was "Percival le Gallois," a rendering in verse of the legend of the Holy Grail and others, the material for which he drew from the works of Walter Map and Robert de Borron. He died with this work not quite completed, and it was finished afterward by Menassier and Gautier de Denet. Chrestien drew rather more from Robert de

Borron than from Map, and adopted the former's rather than the latter's plot, which was natural, seeing that Chrestien and Robert were both Frenchmen and both natives of Champagne. Mention is also to be made of Guyot de Provins, another French minstrel, who at the end of the twelfth century produced a poetical romance on "Percival," following pretty closely the lines of Chrestien's work, but now entirely lost to us save in a translation.

That translation was made by Wolfram von Eschenbach, who thus adopted the Arthurian legends into German literature, and laid



THE WAR OF THE SINGERS AT THE WARTBURG.¹

(Reproduced from a manuscript of the fourteenth century, preserved at the University Library of Heidelberg.)

the foundations of German romance. Wolfram was a still younger contemporary of Map and the others, flourishing in the reign of the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, in the closing years of the twelfth century and opening part of the thirteenth. He was an impoverished nobleman, a vassal of the Count of Wertheim. His home was the castle of Eschenbach, near Anspach, but he spent most of his life

¹ The inscription, translated into English, reads as follows: "Here are competing in song Lord Walther of the Vogelweide, Lord Wolfram of Eschenbach, Lord Reimander the old one, the virtuous scribe, Henry of Ofterdingen, and Klingsor of Hungary."

at the court of Hermann, Landgrave of Thuringia, and he took part at the famous Wartburg in one of those competitions in poetry or minstrelsy which were characteristic of that age of minstrels and troubadours. Wolfram's romance of "Partzival" or "Percival" was written in 1205-15, and was chiefly a translation of the "Percival" of Guyot, whom he calls "Kiot," with some additions drawn from the works of Chrestien de Troyes.

Among these contemporary or nearly contemporary versions of the legends of the Holy Grail there were some marked differences, which have been perpetuated to the present day. All agreed in beginning with Joseph of Arimathea, whom they curiously confounded in some respects with the Jewish historian Josephus and with the Roman centurion who at the Crucifixion of Jesus bore witness that the victim of the Cross was a righteous man. To him Pilate gave the cup used at the Last Supper, a goblet carved from one huge emerald, and in it he collected some of the blood of Jesus. This cup was the Holy Grail. In the reign of Vespasian, after suffering imprisonment, Joseph carried the Holy Grail to some mystic place in the far west, called Avalon—the place whither the dying Arthur was borne to be healed of his wounds. Thus far all were practically agreed. At that point the great divergences occur. Walter Map made Galahad, who was the son of Lancelot and Elaine, the successful knight in the quest of the Holy Grail, and enshrined the Holy Grail itself at Glastonbury, in England. Moreover, all the actors in the drama were British knights and ladies, so that it was characteristically a British romance. That is the version which has descended to us in English literature, and which has been immortalized in Tennyson's "Idyls of the King."

Tennyson tells us of Percival in three of his Idyls. In "Vivien" the reference is brief, Vivien reviling him and Merlin defending him as "a sober man and pure," all in a few lines. In "Pelleas and Ettarre" there is more about him. He is one of the minor actors in that sombre drama. It is after the quest for the Holy Grail, and the unsuccessful Percival has retired to a monastery. There, at "that round tower where Percivale was cowed," the distraught Pelleas has a brief interview with him, just before his disastrous encounter with Lancelot. Most of all, however, Percival figures in Tennyson's "Holy Grail," which Idyl is almost entirely Percival's personal narrative, given by him in his retirement, to the monk Ambrosius. Percival tells Ambrosius that his sister, a nun of peculiar sanctity of life and character, saw the Holy Grail, and told him of it. He in turn spoke of it to his comrades of the Round Table.

One night, in Arthur's absence, Galahad ventured to sit down in that mystic chair, the "Siege Perilous," which Merlin had made for the Holy Grail, and which had until then ever been vacant, because it was known that if anyone sat in it unworthily he would immediately and forever vanish from sight. But Galahad was worthy to sit in it, and as soon as he did so the Holy Grail appeared in a great flood of light, passed through the hall, and vanished again. All saw the light, but Galahad alone saw the Holy Grail itself, and he alone heard a voice bidding him to follow it. Then Percival took a vow to ride for a year and a day in quest of the Holy Grail, and so did Galahad, and Bors, and Lancelot, and others, Gawain, King Arthur's fickle nephew, vowing loudest of them all. In the ensuing quest, Percival, Bors and Lancelot saw the Holy Grail, but to Galahad alone was it granted to follow it to its shrine and there become its guardian, as his mother Elaine's father, King Pelles, had been before him.

So much for the romance, from Map to Tennyson, including Sir Thomas Malory on the way. The Franco-German version, of Robert de Borron, Chrestien de Troyes, Guyot de Provins, and Wolfram von Eschenbach, which finds its latest utterance in the "Parsifal" of Richard Wagner, places Avalon in Brittany instead of Britain. Thence the Holy Grail is borne not to Glastonbury but to the mysterious city of Montsalvat, somewhere in the Franco-Spanish borderland. The long array of knights and others who figure in the drama are French, Teutonic, and even Moorish or Saracenic. And Percival, not Galahad, is the victor in the quest and becomes guardian of the sacred relic.

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It is not my purpose to give here an abstract of Wagner's libretto. That, I assume, is already sufficiently familiar to all, or to all who are interested in "Parsifal." It will be more to the purpose to relate in brief the ancient legend of the early French and German romancers, from which Wagner drew his inspiration and a large part of his material. According to this legend, long after the Holy Grail had been borne into the west and had been lost to the sight of men, there arose a descendant of Joseph of Arimathea, named Titurison, a nobleman of Gaul. He and his wife, Elizabel, were childless until, at the advice of a mysterious pilgrim, he went to the Holy Sepulchre and laid upon the altar of the church a crucifix of pure gold. Then a son, Titurel, was born to them, who grew up to be a man of great wisdom, piety, and valor in war. After the death of his parents, Titurel inherited a vast fortune, but maintained the ut-

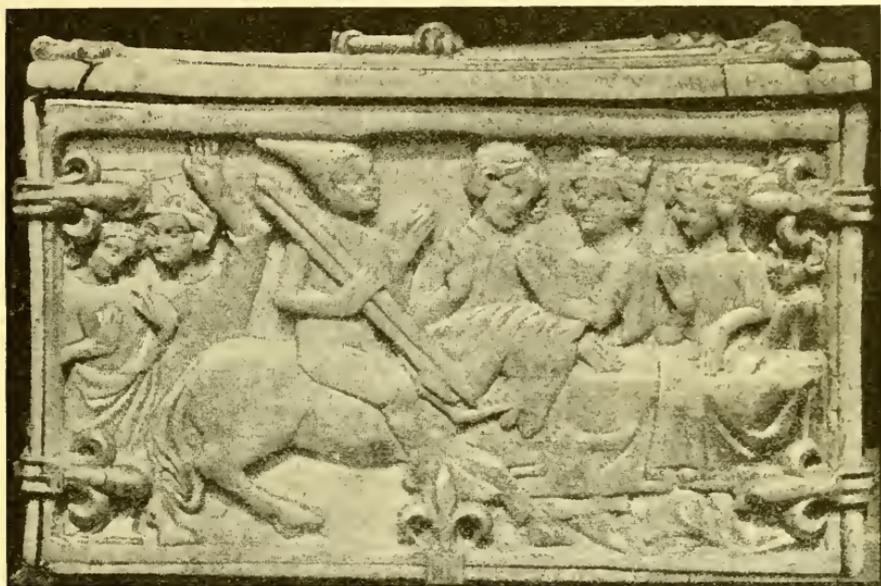
most simplicity of life, and devoted himself to good works. One day an angel spoke to him from a cloud, telling him God had called him to be the guardian of the Holy Grail, and bidding him prepare to go to the mystic and holy hill of Montsalvat. He did so. He was led to the hill by the angel in the cloud. There he found the Holy Grail, guarded by a number of knights, and there he built a castle and a temple to be the shrine of the Holy Grail, and founded an order of knights to be its protectors. The miraculous powers of the Holy Grail provided food and other necessaries for the knights, and healed all the wounds they might sustain in defending the place against the heathen.

Divine messages for the knights appeared now and then upon the Holy Grail in letters of fire. Thus Titurel was commanded to marry, and he accordingly married Richoude, a Spanish princess, who bore him two children, a son named Frimutel, and a daughter named Richoude, after which she died. The daughter Richoude in time married the king of some distant land. Frimutel married Clarissa, the daughter of the King of Granada, who bore him five children. These were the sons Amfortas and Trevrezent, and the daughters Herzeleide, Joisiane, and Repanse. When Titurel became very old there came a command on the Holy Grail that Frimutel should become King of Montsalvat in his place, and that change in rulership was made. Then Joisiane married King Guyot of Catalonia, and died at the birth of her daughter Sigune. The babe was taken by Joisiane's sister Herzeleide, who brought it up with Tchionatulander, the orphan son of a friend. Herzeleide herself married King Gamuret, and bore to him a son, Percival. Then her husband died and she was driven with the infant Percival into exile, leaving Sigune and Tchionatulander to the care of friends. She and Percival lived in retirement, and she brought him up in ignorance of his origin and without knowledge of arms, lest he should go to the wars and be lost to her.

Meantime Frimutel proved unworthy of his trust. He grew weary of guarding the Holy Grail, went away from Montsalvat, and was killed in battle. In obedience to a message on the Holy Grail, Amfortas became king in his place, but he too proved unworthy, wandered away, and was brought back suffering from the wound of a poisoned spear. From that wound he did not die, but neither could he be cured, so he lived on in great agony. Meanwhile, to his aged gransire, Titurel, the Holy Grail every seven days gave the message that some day relief would come. A chosen hero would visit the castle of the Holy Grail, and if, before nightfall, he

should ask the meaning of what he saw there, the spell which lay upon Amfortas would be broken, the wound would be cured, and the stranger would then be crowned King in place of Amfortas.

The tale now returns to Percival. On growing to manhood he longed for knightly adventures, and finally his mother let him go to seek King Arthur's court, of which his friends had told him. On his way he met the Lady Jeschute, wife of Lord Orilus, and some little love-making occurred between them, which aroused the wrath of Orilus when he heard of it, so that Percival discreetly took to flight. Soon after he found in the woods a maiden weeping



PARSIFAL APPEARING AT THE COURT OF KING ARTHUR.

(Mediæval illustration of Christian's *Conte del Graal*. Lid of an ivory box of the fourteenth century, preserved in the Louvre, Paris.)

over a dead man. She proved to be Sigune, his cousin, weeping over Tchionatulander, who had become a knight of Arthur's Round Table and had done great deeds of prowess, but had been slain by Orilus in a combat over Sigune's pet dog. Percival vowed to become one of Arthur's knights and then to avenge her upon Orilus. On his further way he met a knight in red armor, who jeered at him and bade him carry to Arthur a message of defiance. Percival delivered the message and was banteringly told by Arthur that if he could go back and conquer the red knight he might have his horse and armor. Percival went back, fought the knight and slew him,

and so won the horse and armor. After that he spent some time as the guest and pupil of the brave old knight Gurnemann, and learned from him all the arts of chivalry. In time he was summoned forth to the succor of Queen Konduriamur, who was besieged in her capital, Belripar. He overthrew her enemies, and then married her.

Immediately after the wedding Percival, leaving his wife at Belripar, went to find his mother and bring her thither, too. He lost his way, and by chance wandered to Montsalvat, where to his astonishment he was received with the utmost consideration, as if he were an expected and most honored guest. These attentions were paid to him, he was told, "by Queen Repanse's orders." The name was strange to him, for he did not know that Repanse was his mother's sister. But he forebore, in his embarrassment, to ask any questions. Presently he was ushered into a great hall, of wondrous splendor, where were seated all the knights of the Holy Grail. The King Amfortas welcomed him, and told him he had long been expected. He saw Amfortas, suffering from his wound. He saw a servant bear a blood-stained spear around the hall. He saw Queen Repanse enter, bearing in her hands the Holy Grail. He was led to a room where he saw the aged Titurel asleep. He saw many other strange things, but still forebore to ask the meaning of them. So he was at last led to his room, where he slept ill. In the morning he saw no one, and found every door barred against him save those which led to where his horse awaited him, outside the gate. He mounted and rode away, and as he did so a voice cried to him: "Thou art accursed of God, for thou wast called to do a great work and hast not done it. Depart, return no more, and find thine end in hell!"

Bewildered and depressed, Percival rode away through a land that seemed blighted and accursed. At nightfall he reached a hermit's cell, where he found Sigune, clad in sackcloth and ashes, praying over the body of Tchionatulander and doomed thus to do penance until relieved by Heaven. She explained to Percival that he had incurred a curse by failing to ask the questions that would have healed Amfortas, and she too spurned him from her presence with bitter denunciations. Then Percival went on, blindly and vainly seeking to find Montsalvat again. He met Orilus, leading Jeschute in chains because of groundless jealousy. He interfered, freed the lady, conquered Orilus but spared his life, convinced him that his jealousy was groundless, and bade him go to Arthur's court with the message that the red knight—for such Percival now appeared—had overthrown him. After long further wanderings, Percival

met Gawain, Arthur's nephew and a Knight of the Round Table, who easily persuaded him to go to the court and be enrolled among the knights.

This was done, but at the moment when the heralds were proclaiming the new knight's name and deeds, there came into the royal presence a wretched looking woman, grey and withered, who denounced Percival as one accursed for his sin at Montsalvat, and threatened the king and court with disgrace and woe if they tolerated him among them. This was Kundry, who had been a great sinner, and who was doing penance by serving as a messenger and prophet of the Holy Grail. At her words, Percival, conscience-stricken, fled from the court, and the king and knights stood silent and afraid, all save the impetuous Gawain, who defied Kundry and took Percival's part. Thereupon Kundry cursed him also, and bade him go, if he dared, to the magic castle of Klinschor and free his sister, mother, grandmother and other noble ladies from enchantment.

Gawain accepted her challenge, and rode away upon the desperate errand. Wherever he went he heard tales of Percival and the mighty deeds he was working, but could not overtake him nor find the castle of Klinschor. But he fell in with the Lady Orgueilleuse, a wondrous beauty, and became her lover. He was warned that she was a witch, who was fatal to all who fell beneath her spells, and that it was she who had lured Amfortas to the fight in which he had received his wound. But Gawain ignored these things, and followed his beautiful mistress through many lands. At last she led him to a hill from which she pointed out a strong castle, which, she said, belonged to Gramoflans, her mortal enemy, and she promised Gawain that if he would bring her a spray from the magic tree which grew by the castle, and would conquer Gramoflans, she would become his loving and loyal wife. Without hesitation Gawain rode to the castle and tore a branch from the tree. Instantly Gramoflans shouted him a challenge, to meet him in eight days at Klinschor's castle and fight him. "Your father slew my father," added Gramoflans, "and I shall slay you." Gawain bore the branch to Orgueilleuse, who accepted it, and then led him to a point near two castles. One was her own ancestral home, and the other was Klinschor's magic castle, in which many noble ladies were imprisoned and from which Orgueilleuse had ransomed herself only by giving the magician all her gold.

The next day Gawain approached Klinschor's castle, and found it open and seemingly deserted. He passed from room to room

without finding anyone. At last, growing weary, he tried to lie down upon a luxurious couch. For a time it moved from him as he approached it, being bewitched. At last he sprang upon it, and was instantly assailed with a storm of spears, arrows and great stones, hurled at him by invisible magicians. He defended himself as best he could with his armor and shield. Presently the storm ceased, and a man with a huge club, followed by a lion, entered the room, intending to beat out the brains of the wounded knight and give his body to the lion. But finding Gawain unhurt he fled. Then Gawain arose and slew the lion, whereupon the magic spell of the castle was broken. Klinschor fled, and the captive ladies were restored to liberty, among them being Gawain's mother, grandmother, and sister Itonie. Then Gawain sent a messenger to Arthur, asking him to come and witness his approaching combat with Gramoflans. Arthur came, the appointed day dawned, and a knight, whom all supposed to be Gramoflans, came forward, and the fight began. Gawain was overmatched and would soon have fallen, but his sister Itonie called out to the other knight to spare him, for he was still weak from his former battles. The instant she uttered Gawain's name the other knight lowered his weapon and revealed himself to be not Gramoflans but Percival, and the meeting between him and Gawain was then most loving. Next, the real Gramoflans came forward, not to fight but to seek reconciliation with Gawain and Orgueilleuse. This was effected through Arthur's mediation, Gawain and Orgueilleuse were married, as were also Gramoflans and Itonie, and Percival was again openly received as a Knight of the Round Table.

But Percival could not rest until he had continued the quest for the Holy Grail and had undone the wrong he had unwittingly done at Montsalvat. So he rode forth again, and in time found a lonely hermit in a cell, who revealed himself as Trevrezent, the brother of Amfortas and uncle of Percival. He had once pursued a life of pleasure, but was now doing penance in the hope of winning pardon for his own sins and also of securing healing for Amfortas. He gave Percival much godly admonition, telling him that he must now seek the Holy Grail with a pure heart, and then sent him forward on his quest. Next Percival met a strange knight and was fighting him when he discovered him to be his own half-brother, Feirefiss, King of the Moors—the son of Gamuret by his first wife, a Moorish queen. The two then rode on together in search of Montsalvat, which they soon found.

They were welcomed to the castle of the Holy Grail just as Percival had been before. The bloody spear was carried around,

and Repause bore the Holy Grail into the hall. Then Percival heard a whisper in his ear, "Ask!" So he boldly asked Amfortas the secret of his wound and what all these things meant. Instantly all the lamps were extinguished, but the hall was more brilliantly lighted than before by the radiance of the Holy Grail, upon which sacred vessel there glowed in fiery letters the message: "Amfortas is healed. Percival is King." Then the aged Titurel came forward with a crown which he placed upon the brow of his great-grandson, Percival, greeting him as King of the Holy Grail. Amfortas also,



CHEVELERE ASSIGNE, THE KNIGHT OF THE SWAN.

(Old Print of Copeland, about 1550, preserved in the British Museum in London.)

his wound healed, rose and acclaimed his deliverer and successor. All the knights swore fealty to the new king, and an invisible choir of angels sang

" Hail to Percival, King of the Grail !
 Once he seemed lost forever,
 Now he is blessed forever !
 Hail to the King of the Grail ! "

A moment later, a veiled woman entered the hall, who revealed herself as Percival's wife, Konduriamur, from whom he had so long

been parted. Next it was seen that while all the rest of the company stood in the light of the Holy Grail, the Moorish King Feirefiss alone was enveloped in darkness. Titurel explained that this was because he was not a Christian believer, whereupon Feirefiss



ELIJAH, THE KNIGHT OF THE SWAN.¹

(Illustration of a manuscript of the fourteenth century, preserved in the National Museum of Paris.)

declared his faith and asked to be baptised. When this was done he too was able to see the Holy Grail and to stand in its light.

¹Elijah comes to the rescue of the Duchess of Bouillon, a widow whose throne and possessions are threatened by Renier of Nimwegen. Having conquered the oppressor, Elijah marries Beatrice, the daughter of the Duchess, on condition that she would never ask for his name and descent. But after seven years the young wife asks the question, and Elijah departs forever, leaving behind a wonderful horn which remains the palladium of the Bouillon family.

Ida, the daughter of Beatrice, is said to have been the mother of Godfrey of Bouillon, the crusader and first king of the Holy Sepulchre.

It is obvious that in all its most important details the story is the same as the Lohengrin legend.

Titurel and Amfortas were presently translated to the other world, whither also Sigune had preceded them. Feirefiss remained at Montsalvat for a time, and then married Queen Repanse and went with her to his own land. There they had a son who became famous as Prester John and who founded a great Christian brotherhood of Knights of the Holy Grail. Percival and Konduriamur remained at Montsalvat, as King and Queen of the Holy Grail. To them were born three children. The eldest, Kardeiss, became the ruler of his mother's kingdom of Beltripar, and also prince over Wales and Anjou. The second, their daughter, Aribadale, remained at Montsalvat and took Repanse's place as bearer of the Holy Grail. The youngest was the gallant knight Lohengrin. He remained at Montsalvat until he was miraculously called forth to be the champion of Elsa, Duchess of Brabant, against the unjust demands of Count Telramund. He vanquished Telramund in battle, in the presence of King Henry the Fowler, and afterward married Elsa. He had been adjured by Percival not to disclose his identity, and warned that if anyone asked him who he was he would have to return to Montsalvat. For a time his secrecy was respected, but at length his wife, goaded by wicked slanders, asked him to reveal himself for his own vindication. He did so, but then was soon recalled to Montsalvat and was seen no more. His wife did not long survive the parting, but died in confidence of rejoining him in the castle and temple of the Holy Grail.

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Such in brief outline is the ancient legend of Percival and the Holy Grail. It will be seen that Wagner, for stage purposes and for the working out of his artistic and philosophical theories, has greatly modified it. We may, I think, also conclude that he has imbued it with a symbolism quite foreign to the original. I can perceive no good reason for supposing that these ancient romances were framed with any deep, esoteric, ethical or philosophical purpose. They were tales of adventure, of chivalry and of love, and nothing more. Thus there is in them a heterogenous mixture of the commonplace and the magical, of Christianity and heathenry. Ages hence some antipodeal antiquaries may discover in, or rather read into, the romances of Walter Scott some profound and mystic symbolism, and recall his title of "Great Wizard of the North" as evidence that instead of writing romances pure and simple he was occultly developing a vast system of philosophy and theology. That will, if it

shall occur, be no more of an exaggeration than the notion that the poets and minstrels of the Middle ages were in fact occult metaphysicians. Let it be granted that it is well to draw from those old tales material for all sorts of philosophic parables. But let us believe that ten centuries ago, as well as to-day, it was possible for men to write pure romance, and to develop actual history into historical romance, without a thought of occult symbolism, and that Percival, Siegfried, Lancelot, Beowulf and the rest were simply human types of human chivalry, and not symbols of mysterious abstractions.

ELIPHAS LEVI—MAGICIAN AND MYSTIC.

BY HENRY RIDGELY EVANS.

I.

THE greatest cabalist and occultist of modern times was Alphonse Louis Constant, who published his elucidations of the mysteries of magic under the Hebraistic pseudonym of Eliphas Levi Zahed. He was born in Paris about the year 1809. His father, a shoemaker, in a small way of business, and apparently in the poorest circumstances, resided in an obscure street of the metropolis. Eliphas Levi received a free education at the seminary of Saint Sulpice, and made great proficiency in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. He was destined for the priesthood, but eventually abandoned the idea, owing to his liberal views. His renunciation of an ecclesiastical career was followed by an elopement with a beautiful young girl of sixteen. This union was unfortunately an unhappy one. After the death of his two children, his wife abandoned him forever. He sought consolation in books of a mystical character, and gave himself up to the pursuit of the occult sciences. In the year 1853, Levi went to London, where his reputation as a magician had preceded him, and where he performed his celebrated ceremonial evocation of the shade of Apollonius of Tyana, described by him in his work on magic, which the reader may believe or not, according to his previous training as mystic or scientific man. In London, Levi made the acquaintance of Lord Lytton, the author; and, says Arthur Edward Waite, an expounder of the magician's doctrines, "the absolute identity between the mysterious *vril* of 'the Coming Race' and the universal force of the Astral Light, is conclusive as to the great novelist's acquaintance with the works of his cabalistic contemporary. . . . Among the papers at Knebworth [Lord Lytton's home] there is a letter from M. Constant on the existence of a universal force, and the requisite condi-

tions of its employment for the evocation of spiritual visions and presences."

Eliphas Levi is best known by his extraordinary works on ceremonial magic and occultism: *Le Dogme et Rituel de la Haute Magie*, *L'Histoire de la Magie*, *La Clef des Grands Mystères*, *La Philosophie Occulte*, and *La Science des Esprits*. He died in 1875 at Paris. Madame Gebhard, a pupil of the occultist, has left us a pen-picture of him: "He was of a short and corpulent figure; his face was kind and benevolent, beaming with good nature, and he wore a long grey beard which covered nearly the whole of his breast. His apartment resembled a bric-à-brac shop, with specimens of the most beautiful and rare old china, tapestry, and valuable paintings. In one of the rooms there was an alcove in which stood a bed covered with a gorgeous quilt of red velvet heavily embroidered with gold; the curtains were also of red velvet bordered with massive gold fringe, and a red velvet step stood before this magnificent couch, having a soft cushion also of red and gold on the top of it. . . . He lived a quiet and retired life, having few friends. . . . His habits . . . were simple, but he was no vegetarian. He had a wonderful memory, and a marvellous flow of language, his expressions and illustrations being of the choicest and rarest character."

Eliphas Levi was laid in state upon his gorgeous couch after his decease. Upon his breast reposed a large crucifix, for he died reconciled with the Roman Catholic faith, though secretly repudiating many of its dogmas, or rather, I should say, interpreting the symbology of the Church in fashion to suit his peculiar ideas. His body was viewed by many men of note, admirers of his bizarre genius.¹

II.

The writings of Levi have largely influenced the present school of the occult in France and elsewhere. Madame Blavatsky drew much of her inspiration from the pages of the French thaumaturge. She knew little or nothing of Sanskrit, but she read and spoke French with considerable fluency. Alphonse Louis Constant apostrophies the occult as follows (*Le Dogme et Rituel de la Haute Magie*):

"Behind the veil of all the hieratic and mystical allegories of ancient dogmas, behind the shadows and fantastic ordeals of all initiations, beneath the seal of all sacred writings, amidst the ruins of Nineveh or of Thebes, on the crumbling stones of ancient tem-

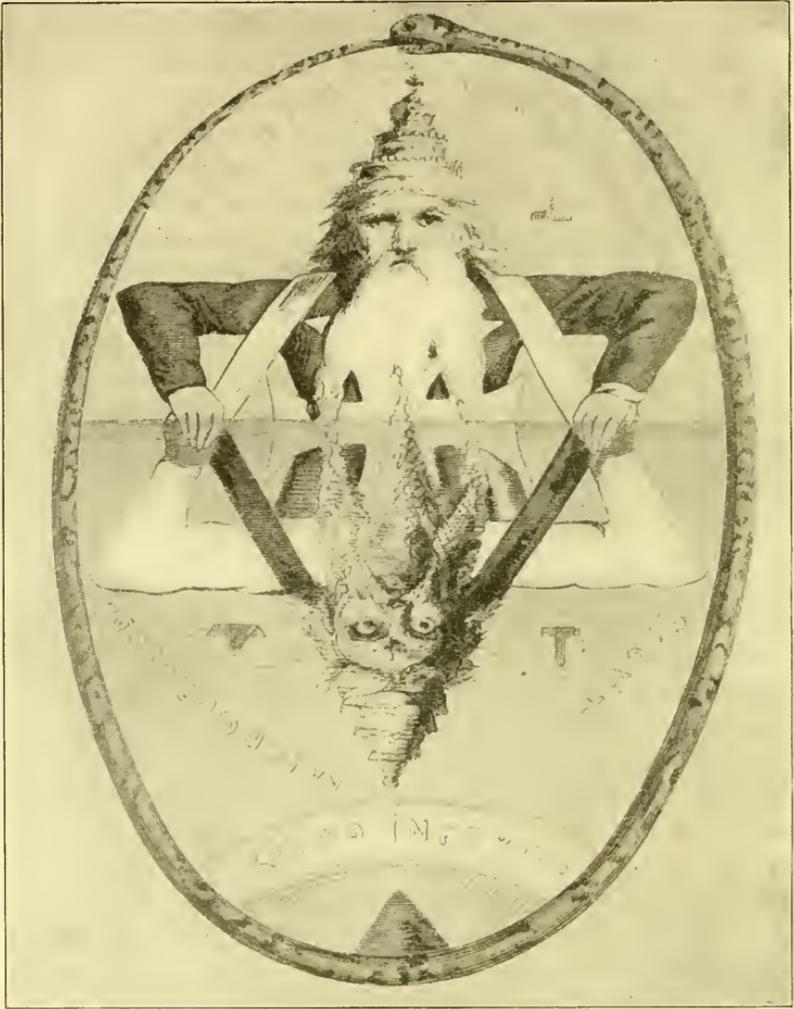
¹ *The Mysteries of Magic: a Digest of the Writings of Eliphas Levi*. London, 1886.

ples, and on the scorched visage of the sphinx of Assyria or Egypt, in the monstrous or marvellous paintings which translate for the faithful of India the sacred pages of the Vedas, in the strange emblems of our old alchemical works, in the initiatory ceremonies adopted by all secret societies, we find the traces of a doctrine which is everywhere the same and everywhere carefully concealed. Occult philosophy seems to have been the nurse and godmother of all intellectual forces, the key of all divine obscurities, and the absolute mistress of society, in those ages when it was exclusively reserved for the education of priests and of kings. . . . Magic is the traditional science of the secrets of Nature which comes to us from the Magi. It unites in a single science all that is most certain in philosophy and most infallible and eternal in religion. . . . Yes, the supreme and absolute science is magic, the science of Abraham and Orpheus, of Confucius and Zoroaster. Its doctrines were engraved on stone tables by Enoch and Trismegistus. Moses purified and *re-veiled* them—this is the sense of the word *reveal*—when he made the holy Cabala the exclusive heritage of the people of Israel and the inviolable secret of its priests.”

Levi claims in the *Dogme et Ritual*, according to his best commentator, to be “in possession of a secret which has once, at least, revolutionised the world; he claims to have discovered a force by which all miracles divine and diabolical have been, and may still be, performed, to possess the key of prophecies, to have traced the exoteric doctrines of all theogonies to one primal and universal dogma. He has recovered the claviculæ of Solomon, and has ‘opened without difficulty every door of the ancient sanctuaries where absolute truth seemed to slumber’; he has unraveled the transcendent secrets which mediæval adepts concealed under the more or less equivocal expressions of the *Magnum Opus*, the philosopher’s stone, the quadrature of the circle, the universal medicine, and the transmutation of metals. He has discovered, in fine, ‘the secret of human omnipotence and of indefinite progression’—he is, in one word, the master of the absolute.”

Gigantic claim! The Mahatmas of Thibet pale away into insignificance before the little French magician. Levi has surrounded his teachings with enigmas and mysteries. What is his Great Arcanum? A thaumaturgical symbol of Trithemius, described in the *Histoire de la Magie*, is declared by him to contain the final secret and indicible formula of the Great Arcanum. “This figure is composed of two triangles—one white and one black—which are joined at the base. Beneath the inverted apex of the black triangle

there is a fool crouching, painfully twisting his head, and looking with a grimace of terror at his own image reflected in the obscurity of the black triangle, while a man in knightly garments, in the vigor of maturity, with a steady glance and a strong yet pacific at-



SYMBOLICAL FIGURE.
(From Levi's *Haute magie*.)

titude of command, is balanced on the apex of the white triangle, within which are the letters of the divine tetragram."

Levi gives the following exoteric explanation of the above device: "The wise man depends on the fear of the true God, while the fool is crushed by his terror of the false god made in his own

image." Its esoteric significance is as follows, says Waite: "Uninitiated humanity creates God by a blackened, magnified, and distorted resemblance of itself which it reflects on the illimitable background of stupidity and ignorance, then it crouches and shivers in the presence of the monstrous phantom. The adept also creates God, not however, by reflecting his likeness on infinity, but the conception of his power and knowledge, figured by a symbol. This conception is reflected on the white triangle, that is, on the unknown world enlightened by the analogies of science. The initiate is represented as poised above this triangle, not only because the hypothesis which he has formed becomes the source of his intellectual and moral stability, but because the creation of this hypothesis is a theurgic act, and the intellect is above that which it creates. The initiate is, therefore, God for the profane, he is the actual finite deity who stands on earth for the hypothetical, infinite God, and he has the right of life and death over any particular conception of divinity which may at any time dominate the crowd of men.

The end of magic is thus the *creation of the gods* and the evolution of the Deific conception in the *élite* of humanity. From the Christian standpoint all this is outrageous blasphemy, but it is the outcome of Eliphas Levi's philosophy. If any proof were wanting it would be supplied by the following passage (*La Clef des Grands Mystères*, p. 219): "'Jehovah is he who overcomes nature (understand human nature to be included) as we tame a rebellious horse and make it proceed where we will.' This is the absolute, indicible, theurgic secret. Here Jehovah cannot mean the all-creating God, to whom everything that exists must be necessarily in complete subjection, and who cannot be described as overcoming by force what lies in the hollow of his hand. Jehovah here is the God-creating man, the self conqueror, who by the *création de soi même* has power over the chaos of human passion and over the blind forces of nature. The Great Magiç Arcanum is thus in its primary phase the secret of the power of a completely emancipated mind over the slaves of superstition and ignorance. The unique Athanor, the philosophic and moral alchemy, is the transmutation of darkness into light, in the intellectual order, of gross matter into gold refined, of ignorance into knowledge, of dead substances into substances quickened by the energies of veritable life, of the mere animal into conscious man, and of man into God. 'The stone becomes a plant, the plant an animal, the animal a man, and man greatens into Deity.'" "The secret agent of the *magnum opus* . . . is magnetised electricity." This force Levi usually terms the *astral*

light—a name which he borrowed from St. Martin and the French mystics of the eighteenth century. We have seen it exploited by Lord Lytton, in his occult novels, *A Strange Story* and *Zanoni*. It is an important factor in modern Theosophy and hermetism, and is closely related to the “radiant matter” of chemists and the “ether” of physicists. “Astral light is the universal agent, the universal plastic mediator, the common receptacle of vibrations of motion and of the phantoms of form.” It is likewise the *Od* of Baron von Reichenbach; “it is the great *Thelesma* of *Hermes Trismegistus*, and the control of this force constitutes the great arcana of practical magic. It heats, illuminates, attracts, repels, vivifies, destroys, coagulates, separates, crushes, and gathers all things under the stimulus of powerful wills; it is a perpetual and transformable vibration. Its cabalistic figure, represented by the Serpent of Theogonies, is:

“*Od* = +

“*Od* = —

“*Aour* = ∞.”

Says Arthur Edward Waite: “The preservation of the images of all forms in the universal agent which is the mirror of visions, supplies the author [Levi] with his natural explanation of all kinds of apparitions, including those which are seen in necromantic evocations. . . The Great Magic Agent, like the *Arcanum* by means of which it is directed, is, at least in one of its phases, a moral one. The power which is promised to the emancipated and enlightened mind is dominion over *Azoth*, the domain of *Magnesia*, the secret of quickening the dead substances of the alchemical symbolists. But, unlike electricity, steam, etc., this mysterious *Azoth* cannot be directed by a man of science working in secret and possessing only his knowledge and his instruments. He must form the magic chain; he must be able to set in motion and direct a current of enthusiasm in unenlightened humanity. It is not, therefore, primarily a physical force. The hopes, the fears, the caprices, the weaknesses, the imaginations of the crowd, in a word, its *FREE-WILL*, these are the monster to be conquered, these are the blind force which equally lends itself to good or evil.”

The Great *Arcanum* is the secret of will-power over the minds of men and the plastic substances of nature. In the *Astral Light*, visions and phantoms may be conjured up, but they are not entities.

Says Levi: “In virtue of the great magical dogma of the hierarchy and of universal analogy, the possibility of real evoca-

tions may be cabalistically demonstrated; as to the phenomenal reality of the result of magical operations conscientiously accomplished, it is a question of experience; *in our own case we have established it, and we place it in the power of our readers to renew and confirm our experiences.* [The italics are mine.]

“There are evocations of intelligence, evocations of love, and evocations of hatred. There are two kinds of necromancy—the necromancy of light and the necromancy of darkness, evocation by prayer, pantacle, and perfumes, and evocation by blood, imprecations, and sacrileges. We have practised the first only, and we advise no one to devote himself to the second. It is certain that the images of the departed appear to the magnetised persons who evoke them; it is equally certain that they never unveil to them any mysteries of the life beyond. They are beheld just as they would still be in the memory of persons who have known them.

“When the evoked spectres reply to those who address them, it is always by signs, or by an interior and imaginary impression, never with a voice which really strikes on the ears, and this is easily comprehensible—how should a shadow speak? With what instrument could it make the air vibrate by striking it in such a manner as to cause distinguishable sounds?

“Electric touches on the part of the apparitions are nevertheless experienced, and these contacts sometimes seem to be produced by the hands of the phantoms; this phenomenon, however, is wholly subjective, and the power of imagination, acting in concert with the occult force which we call the Astral Light, is its sole and only cause. This is proved by the fact that the spirits, or at least the spectres which pretend to be such, touch us certainly sometimes, but we never can touch them, which is one of the most alarming adjuncts of apparitions, for the visions seem occasionally so real that we cannot without agitation feel the hand pass through what appears to be a body and yet encounter no resistance.

“There is no proof that spirits really leave the superior spheres to communicate with us, and the very contrary is probable. We evoke the reminiscences contained in the Astral Light, which is the common reservoir of universal magnetism. It is in this light that the Emperor Julian beheld the manifestation of his gods, but old, ill, and decrepit—fresh proof of the influence of current and accredited opinions on the reflections of this same magic agent which *causes tables to speak and answers by taps on the walls.*” [Italics are mine.]

It will be seen from the above that Eliphas Levi was an op-

ponent of the doctrines of modern spiritualism, so far as the reality of médiumistic manifestations are concerned. He strongly condemns spiritualism in his works as a species of Black Magic. In his own magical experiments he advocates the use of the pentagram and other symbols as potent talismans in conjuring up phantasms in the Astral Light. "The pentagram," he says, "expresses the mind's domination over the elements and it is by this sign that we bind the demons of the air, the spirits of fire, the spectres of water, and the ghosts of earth. It is the Star of the Magi, the burning star of the Gnostic schools, the sign of intellectual omnipotence and autocracy. . . . If it be asked how a sign can exercise that immense power over spirits which is claimed for the pentagram, we

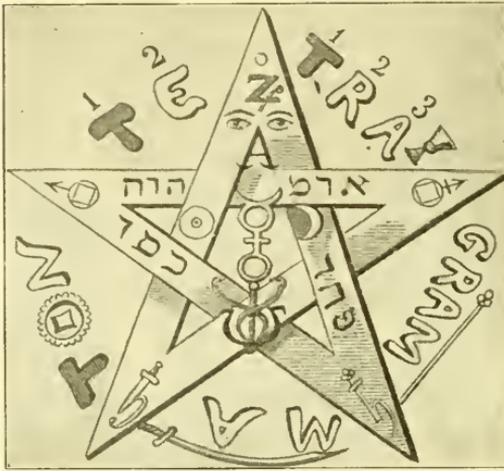


FIGURE OF THE PENTAGRAM.

(From Levi's work *Dogme et rituel de la haute magie.*)

and will over ignorance and weakness. . . . The pentagram was traced by the old magicians on the threshold of the door, to prevent evil spirits from entering, and good ones from going out. . . . The double triangle of Solomon, forming the six-pointed star, is the sign of the Macrocosmos, but it is less powerful than the Pentagram, the microcosmic sign."

III.

Levi gives us in his various books the ceremonies, vestments, perfumes, characters, figures, and instruments to be used in magical operations, which rites, he declares, "have nothing *fantastic or ar-*

inquire in turn why the Christian world bows before the sign of the cross. The sign by itself is nothing, it derives its strength from the doctrine it symbolises, and of which it is the Logos. Now a sign which epitomises by signification all the occult forces of nature, and which has always manifested to elementary and other spirits a power superior to their own, naturally strikes them with fear and respect, and enforces their obedience by the empire of knowledge

bitrary about them; they have been transmitted to us from antiquity, etc."

The following is Levi's account of his thaumaturgical experience in London. It reads like some conjuration in an ancient Egyptian temple, and is related in perfect good faith. Did he dream it, or was it a vision under hypnotic conditions? He says:

"In the spring of the year 1854, I repaired to London to escape from internal disquietude, and to devote myself, without distraction, to study. I had letters of introduction to persons of distinction, and to those seeking communications from the supernatural world. Of the latter I met with several, and, amidst much affability, I discovered in them a fund of indifference and triviality. They immediately required of me the performance of prodigies, as from a charlatan. I was not a little discouraged, for, to speak truly, so far from being disposed to initiate others into the mysteries of ceremonial magic, I had always dreaded its delusions and weariness for myself. Moreover, such ceremonies require a paraphernalia which is expensive and difficult to collect. I immersed myself, therefore, in the study of the supreme cabala, and thought no further of English adepts, when one day, on returning to my hotel, I found a note in my room. This note enclosed half of a card transversely divided, and on which I at once recognised the character of Solomon's seal, with a tiny slip of paper, on which was written in pencil: 'To-morrow at 3 o'clock, in front of Westminster Abbey, the other half of this card will be given you.' I kept this singular appointment. A carriage was waiting at the place; I held unaffectedly my portion of the card in my hand; a footman approached and made a sign to me, opening the carriage-door as he did so. Within there was a lady in black whose face was concealed by a thick veil; she motioned me to a seat beside her, displaying the other part of the card I had received. The door was shut, the carriage rolled away, and the lady raising her veil, I saw that my appointment was with an elderly person, who beneath her grey eyebrows had bright black eyes of preternatural fixity. 'Sir,' she began, with a strongly-marked English accent, 'I am aware that the law of secrecy is rigorous among adepts; a friend of Sir B. L., who has seen you, knows that you have been asked for phenomena, and that you have declined to gratify curiosity. It is possible that you do not possess the necessary materials; I can show you a complete magical cabinet, but I must require of you, first of all, the most inviolable secrecy. If you do not guarantee this on your honor, I will give orders for you to be driven home.' I made the

required promise, and have kept it faithfully by not divulging the name, quality, or abode of the lady, whom I soon recognised as an initiate, not actually of the first degree, but still of a most exalted



INSTRUMENTS USED IN MAGIC INCANTATIONS.

The lamp, sword, wand, and pruning-hook. (From Levi's *Haute Magie*.)

grade. We had several long conversations, during which she insisted always on the necessity of practical experiences to complete initiation. She showed me a collection of vestments and magical

instruments, even lending me certain curious books which I was in want of; in a word, she determined me to attempt at her house the experience of a complete evocation, for which I prepared myself during twenty-one days, scrupulously observing the rules laid down in the Ritual.

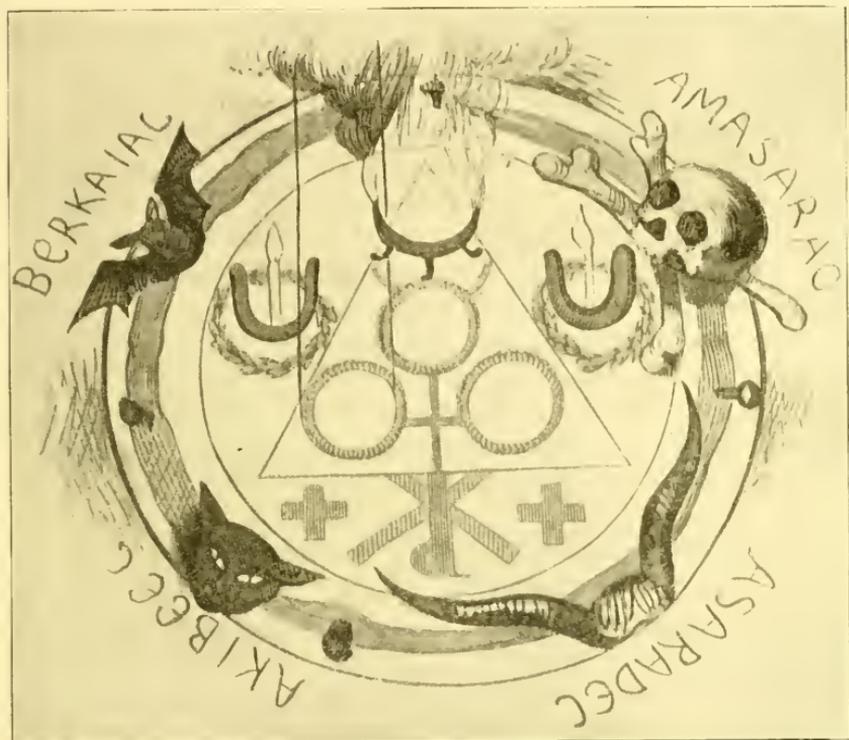
“All was completed on the 24th of July; it was proposed to evoke the phantom of the divine Apollonius, and to interrogate it about two secrets, one of which concerned myself, while the other interested the lady. The latter had at first counted on assisting at the evocation with a trustworthy person, but at the last moment this person proved timorous, and, as the triad or unity is rigorously prescribed in magical rites, I was left alone. The cabinet prepared for the evocation was situated in a turret; four concave mirrors were hung within it, and there was a kind of altar whose white marble top was surrounded with a chain of magnetic iron. On the marble the sign of the Pentagram was engraved and gilded; the same symbol was drawn on a new white sheep-skin stretched beneath the altar. In the middle of the marble slab there was a small copper brazier with charcoal of alder and laurel wood, while a second brazier was placed before me on a tripod. I was vested in a white robe very similar to those worn by Catholic priests, but longer and more ample, and I wore upon my head a chaplet of vervain leaves entwined about a golden chain. In one hand I held a new sword, and in the other the Ritual. I set alight the two fires with the requisite and prepared materials, and I began, at first in a low voice, but rising by degrees, the invocations of the Ritual; the flame invested every object with a wavering light, and finally went out. I set some more twigs and perfumes on the brazier, and when the flame started up again, I distinctly saw before the altar a human figure larger than life, which dissolved and disappeared. I recommenced the evocations, and placed myself in a circle which I had already traced between the altar and the tripod; I then saw the depth of the mirror which was in front of me, but behind the altar, grow brighter by degrees, and a pale form grew up there, dilating and seeming to approach gradually. Closing my eyes, I called three times on Apollonius, and, when I reopened them, a man stood before me wholly enveloped in a winding-sheet, which seemed to me more grey than white; his form was lean, melancholy, and beardless, which did not quite recall the picture I had formed to myself of Apollonius. I experienced a feeling of intense cold, and when I opened my lips to interrogate the apparition, I found it impossible to utter a sound. I therefore placed my hand

on the sign of the Pentagram and directed the point of the sword towards the figure, adjuring it mentally by that sign not to terrify me in any manner, but to obey me. The form thereupon became indistinct, and immediately after disappeared. I commanded it to return, and then felt, as it were, an air pass by me, and something having touched me on the hand which held the sword, the arm was immediately benumbed as far as the shoulder. Conjecturing that the weapon displeased the spirit, I set it by the point near me, and within the circle. The human figure at once reappeared, but I experienced such a complete enervation in all my limbs, and such a sudden exhaustion had taken possession of me, that I made two steps to sit down. I had scarcely done so when I fell into a deep coma, accompanied by dreams of which only a vague recollection remained when I recovered myself. My arm continued for several days benumbed and painful. The figure had not spoken, but it seemed to me that the questions I was to ask it had answered themselves in my mind. To that of the lady, an inner voice replied, 'Dead!' (it concerned a man of whom she was seeking news). As for myself, I wished to learn whether reconciliation and forgiveness were possible between two persons who were in my thoughts, and the same interior echo impiteously answered, 'Dead!'

"Here I narrate facts as they actually occurred, I impose faith on no one. The effect of this experience on myself was incalculable. I was no more the same man; something from the world beyond had passed into me. I was neither gay nor depressed any longer, but I experienced a singular attraction towards death without, at the same time, being in any way tempted to suicide. I carefully analysed what I had experienced, and, in spite of a keenly-felt nervous antipathy, I twice repeated, at an interval of a few days only, the same experiment. The phenomena which then occurred differed too little from the former to require their addition to this narrative. But the consequence of these further evocations was for me the revelation of two cabalistic secrets, which, if universally known, might change in a short period the basis and laws of society at large.

"Am I to conclude from this that I have really evoked, seen, and touched the great Apollonius Tyanæus? I am neither so far hallucinated as to believe it, nor sufficiently unserious as to affirm it. The effect of the preparations, the perfumes, the mirrors, the pantacles, is a veritable intoxication of the imagination, which must act strongly on a person already nervous and impressionable. I

seek not to explain by what physiological laws I have seen and touched; I assert solely that I have seen and that I have touched, that I saw clearly and distinctly, without dreaming, which is sufficient ground for believing in the absolute efficacy of magical ceremonies. I look upon the practice, however, as dangerous and objectionable; health, both moral and physical, would not long withstand such operations, if once they become habitual. The old lady I speak of, and whom, subsequently, I had cause to complain



GOETIC CIRCLE.

Used in evocations of black magic and pacts. (From Levi's *Haute magie*.)

of, was a case in point, for, in spite of her denials, I do not doubt that she continually practised necromancy and goëtic magic.¹ She at times talked complete nonsense, at others yielded to insane fits of passion, whose object could be scarcely determined. I left London without revisiting her, but I shall faithfully keep my promise to say nothing whatsoever which may disclose her identity, or give even a hint about her practices, to which she doubtless de-

¹ The term "goëtic magic" was invented by Porphyry. It signifies "black magic" or "unlawful sorcery."

voted herself unknown to her family, which, as I believe, is numerous, and in a very honorable position.”¹

IV.

Immersed as he was in the fantastic dreams of the Illuminati, the disciples of the Rosy Cross, and the cabalists, Eliphas Levi was nevertheless a thinker of considerable originality and profundity. We must separate the wheat from the chaff, the thread of virgin gold from the vast mass of quartz in his writings. He has a vigorous and fascinating style. The following fragments, garnered from his philosophy, will doubtless interest the reader, as they have deeply interested me.

Eliphas Levi, as has been said, largely influenced occult thought in France. Occultism to-day in France is represented by a society known as the *Groupe Indépendent d'Études Ésotériques*. It has over a thousand members, some two hundred branches and correspondents. It embraces members of the following associations: *Ordre Martiniste*; *Ordre Kabbalistique de la Rose-Croix*; *Église Gnostique*, *Société Alchémique de France*. The membership is free. Dr. G. Encausse, whose pseudonym is *Papus*, was a few years ago (and perhaps still is) the President of the Esoteric Group, also President of the Supreme Council of the Martinists. He is the author of sixteen books on magic and hermetism.

FRAGMENTS FROM THE PHILOSOPHY OF LEVI.

IMMORTALITY.

“On matters which our science cannot in this life ascertain we can only reason by hypotheses. Humanity can know nothing of the superhuman, since the superhuman is that which exceeds the scope of humanity; the phenomena of decomposition which accompany death seem to protest in the name of science against this innate necessity of faith in another life which has brought forth so many dreams. Science, nevertheless, must take account of the want, for Nature, which does nothing without object, does not endow beings with desires that are not to be satisfied. Science, therefore, though necessarily ignorant of, must, at least, suppose the existence of things which are beyond her, and cannot put in question the continuity of life after the phenomenon called death, since no abrupt interruption is found in the *magnum opus* of Nature, which, according to the philosophy of Hermes, never proceeds by jumps.

“The immortality of the soul is cabalistically proved by anal-

¹ *The Mysteries of Magic*, pp. 309-313.

ogy, which is the one doctrine of the universal religion, as it is the key of science and the inviolable law of Nature. Death, in fact, can no more be an absolute end than birth is a real beginning. What we call death is birth into a new life. Nature does not unmake what she has made in the order of the necessary progressions of existence, and she cannot belie her own fundamental laws. Birth proves the pre-existence of the human individual, since nothing is produced from nothing, and death proves immortality, as being can no more cease to be than nothing can cease to be nothing. Being and nonentity are two absolutely irreconcilable ideas, with this difference, that the wholly negative notion of nothingness is derived from the very conception of existence, whose antithesis cannot even be understood as an absolute negation, whilst the idea of being cannot even be compared with that of nonentity, to say nothing of being derived from it.

“Pythagoras believed above all things in the immortality of the soul and the eternity of life. The perpetual succession of the seasons, of days and nights, of sleeping and waking, sufficiently explained to him the phenomenon of death. The individual immortality of the human soul consisted according to him in the persistence of memory. . . .

“But the immortality of the soul, being one of the most consoling doctrines of religion, must be reserved for the aspirations of faith, and, consequently, never will be proved by facts accessible to the examination of science. Who indeed can be assured beforehand of his eternal destiny? Life here below appears to be a school in which we learn how to live. It is to be concluded from this that we shall live elsewhere. This is a dramatic farce which precedes the grand mystery.”

THE GREAT ARCANUM OF DEATH, OR SPIRITUAL TRANSITION.

“We are saddened frequently, by remembering that the most beautiful life must end, and the approach of that terrible unknown called death embitters the joys of existence. Why are we born if existence must be so brief? Why bring up children, who must die, with so much care? This is what human ignorance asks in its most frequent and sorrowful doubts. This also is what the human embryo might vaguely demand at the approach of that birth which is about to usher it into an unknown world by despoiling it of its conserving envelope. In studying the mystery of birth, we shall find the key to the great secret of death.

“Cast by the laws of Nature into the womb of a woman, the

incarnated spirit slowly wakes therein, and laboriously creates for itself those organs which will be indispensable later on, but which in proportion to their growth increase its inconvenience in its present situation. The most blissful period in the embryo's life is that when, under the simple chrysalid form, it weaves about it the membrane which serves it as an asylum, and floats with it in a nourishing and preserving fluid. Then it is free and impassible, it shares in the universal life, and receives the impression of the memories of Nature which later on will determine the configuration of its body, and the individuality of its appearance. This happy age may be called the childhood of the embryo.

“Its adolescence follows, the human form becomes distinct and the sex is determined; a motion takes place in the maternal egg, which is like the vague yearnings of the period which succeeds childhood. The placenta which is the exterior but real body of the fœtus, feels something unknown germinating within it and which tends already towards escape by breaking through it. The child at this time enters more distinctly into the dream-life. Its brain, inverted as if it were a mirror of the mother's, reproduces the imaginations of the latter so forcibly, that it communicates their form to its own members. The mother is then for it what God is for us, an unknown, invisible Providence, towards which it aspires, even to the identification of itself with all that she desires. It depends on her, lives by her, but sees her not, it cannot even understand her, and could it philosophise it might possibly deny the personal existence and intelligence of that being, who for it is as yet only a necessary prison and a preserving environment. Little by little, however, this slavery troubles it, it grows restless, suffers, worries, and feels that its life is ending. An hour of anguish and convulsion comes, its bonds drop off, it feels itself sliding into the gulf of the unknown. This comes to pass, a painful sensation contracts it, it heaves a final sob, which changes into a first cry—it is dead to the embryonic life, it is born into human life!

“In the embryonic period it seemed to it that the placenta was its body, and it was actually its special embryonic body, useless in another stage and rejected as refuse at the moment of birth. Our body in human life is like a second envelope which is useless to the third life, and for this reason we reject it at the moment of our second birth. Human life compared with the celestial is truly embryonic. When evil passions destroy us, Nature has a miscarriage, and we are born prematurely into eternity and are exposed to that terrible dissolution which St. John calls the second death.

“... The leaf once fallen from the branch can never be re-grafted. The aurelia becomes a butterfly, but the butterfly never returns into the chrysalis state. Nature shuts the door on all that passes and impels life forward. The same morsel of bread cannot be twice eaten and digested. Forms pass, thought remains, and never does it reassume what it has once cast aside.

“The cabalists compare the spirit to a substance which remains fluidic in the divine environment, and under the influence of the essential light, but whose exterior hardens, like a cortex exposed to the air, in the colder regions of the rational or of visible forms... The cortices of the spirit world are transparent, those of the material are opaque; bodies are only temporary cortices from which souls must be liberated.

“... The dead cannot return to earth any more than a child into its mother's womb. The human soul served, but also limited by its organs, cannot place itself in communication with the objects of the visible world except by means of these organs. The body is an envelope which is proportional to the material environment in which the soul has to abide here below. By limiting the scope of the soul, it concentrates and makes its action possible. In effect, a soul devoid of body would be everywhere, but everywhere is so inappreciable a degree that it could act nowhere; it would be lost in infinity, absorbed, and as it were, annihilated in God. Imagine a drop of fresh water enclosed in a globule and thrown into the sea; so long as the globule remains unbroken the drop of water will preserve its own nature, but if the globule be destroyed, the drop of water must be sought in the vast sea. God in creating spirits could only endow them with individual self-consciousness by providing them with an envelope which centralises their action and prevents it from being dissipated by the very fact of its limitation.

“After death the soul ascends because its envelope ascends, and its activity and consciousness are attached to its envelope, as we have said.

“... The facts of ærial suspension are possible, but for a man to live under the earth or in water is unheard of. It would be equally impossible for a soul separated from its body to remain, even for a single instant, in the heaviness of our atmosphere. Therefore the souls of the dead are not around us, as the table-turners suppose. Those whom we love may still see and appear to us, but only by mirage and reflection in the common mirror of the light. Moreover, they can no longer interest themselves in

mortal things, and are bound to us only by such of our sentiments as are sufficiently elevated to bear some conformity or analogy to their life in eternity. . . . The spirit clothes itself to come down, and strips itself to go up."

THE CABALA.

"On penetrating into the sanctuary of the cabala, one is seized with admiration at the sight of a doctrine so simple and at the same time so absolute. The necessary union of ideas and signs, the consecration of the most fundamental realities by primitive characters, the trinity of words, letters, and numbers; a philosophy simple as the alphabet, profound and infinite as the Logos; theorems more luminous and complete than those of Pythagoras; a theology which may be epitomised by counting on the fingers; an infinity which can be held in the hollow of an infant's hand; ten numerals and twenty-two letters, a triangle, a square, and a circle—such are the elements of the kabbalah, such are the primary principles of the written word, shadow of that spoken Logos which created the world.

"All truly dogmatic religions have issued from the cabala return therein; whatever is scientific and grandiose in the religious dreams of all *illuminati*—Jacob Boehme, Swedenborg, Saint Martin, and the rest—has been borrowed from the cabala; all masonic associations owe their secrets and their symbols thereto. The cabala alone consecrates the alliance of universal reason and the Divine Word; it establishes, by the counterpoise of two forces in apparent opposition, the eternal balance of existence; it reconciles reason with faith, power with liberty, knowledge with mystery; it has the keys of the present, past, and future."

[Among all mystics Eliphas Levi Zahed deserves special attention because he is the most modern one, and we can, better than in any other case, study the history of his life and comprehend the philosophical attitude which dominates his theories. The mystics of antiquity, men like Porphyry, or still further back, mystics of Egypt, Babylonia, India, or China, are too remote for psychical analysis; and while Jacob Böhme and Swedenborg hold a position of their own, they are influenced by the gnostic traditions of their religious faith, which had been repressed but not eradicated by the authorities of the church.

The human heart has a hankering after the mysterious, and this longing finds expression in mysticism. Mystic minds have a certain dislike of scientific methods. They attempt to grasp philosophical and religious truths not in clear conceptions but in symbols, not by inductive argument but by the bold flight of fancy which finds expression in sweeping deductions. They lack critical acumen, but they are possessed of a vivid poetical imagination, and thus they may, at the same time, anticipate truths of great profundity.

Eliphas Levi was not a prestidigitateur, not a trickster, but an occultist. No doubt, he attempted to perform feats of magic; but he was serious about it, and his magical experiences were the result of a genuine self-hypnotisation. He believed them himself, and we have no reason to doubt his honesty. He was not an impostor but a dreamer, a visionary prophet.

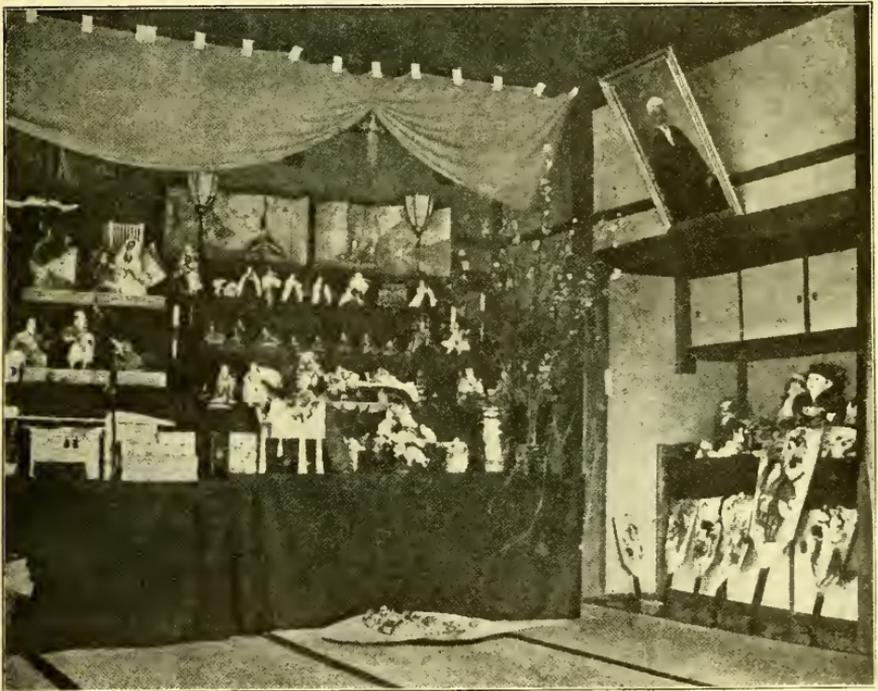
A study of the books of Eliphas Levi Zahed gives us a key to the leading principles of mystic aspirations, and our readers will be grateful to Mr. Henry Ridgely Evans for having condensed from recondite and almost inaccessible sources the views of this interesting man. Ed.]

THE JAPANESE FLORAL CALENDAR.

III. THE PEACH. THE DOLLS' FESTIVAL.

BY ERNEST W. CLEMENT, M. A.

THIS blossom, coming between the plum, "of classical fame and predilection," and the cherry, "of patriotic boast," is

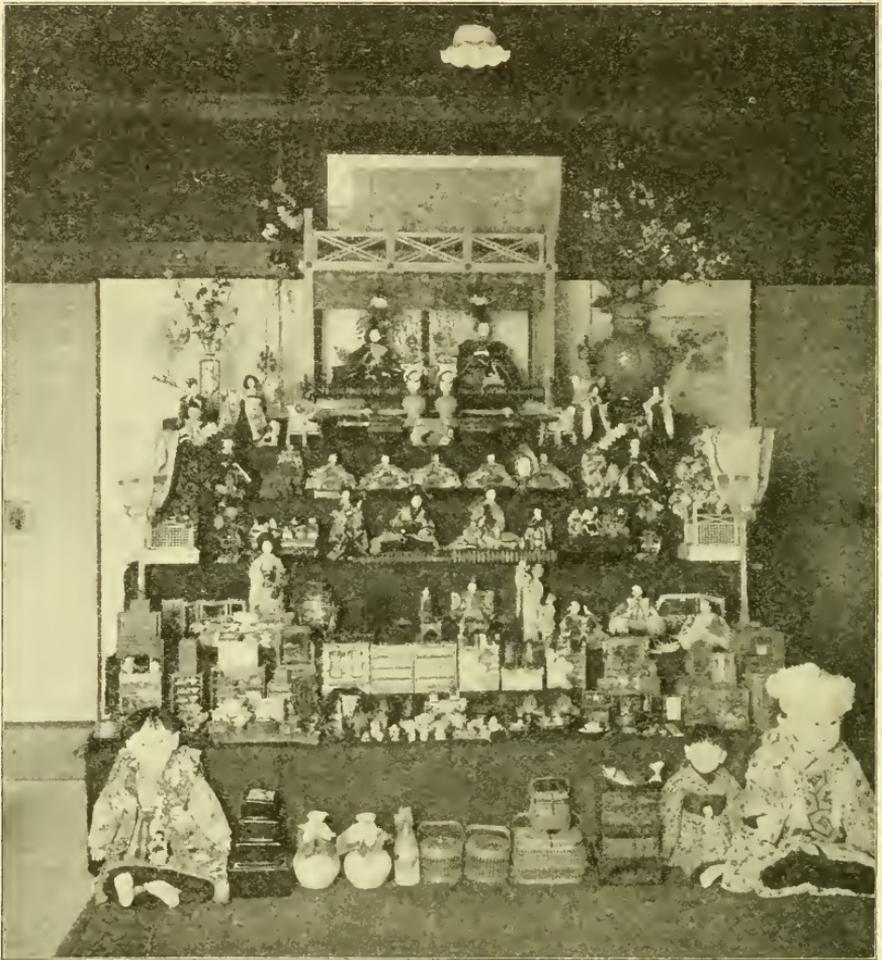


rather overshadowed by those popular favorites. And yet, as Mr. Conder adds,¹ the peach "excels in size, richness, and coloring. These blossoms are of numerous tints,—white, different shades of pink, and a deep crimson remarkably rich in tone. The peach-

¹*The Floral Art of Japan.*

blossom in mass, as it appears in groves and orchards, contributes far more to the beauty of the spring landscape than its more honored but severer brother, the plum-blossom." "The orchards of peach-trees in blossom are much frequented by the common people."

Of the different colors, the pale pink is said to rank first. The peach-blossom, the Japanese name of which is *momo*, meaning



"hundred," is considered "emblematic of longevity," and is a greater favorite in China than in Japan. It is generally associated with oxen, as in the following Chinese saying, depicting a peaceful scene of prosperous country life: "Turn the horse on the flower-covered mountain and the ox into the peach-orchard."

In the art of Japanese floral arrangement the peach and the

cherry-blossoms make an "objectionable combination." The peach-blossom is, however, most felicitous by itself, or with other blossoms, on the occasion of the Dolls' Festival, often called the "Peach Festival," on the third day of the third month. Indeed, the peach is especially connected with girls.

The peach is commonly supposed to have the mysterious power of driving away evil spirits, or keeping them at a distance. In China as well as in Japanese folklore arrows made of peach-tree wood are frequently used for the purpose of piercing the otherwise invulnerable hearts of devils.

Chinese doctors sometimes use the extract of the peach leaves or kernels for medicinal purposes.

THE ENSOULMENT OF NATURE.

BY EDMUND NOBLE.

IF we would adequately realise the conditions under which the teleological ideas about nature were set up, we must begin with a glance at that almost complete removal of modern man from contact with nature which, little as we may recognise it, has become one of the salient results of the stage of culture we are accustomed to call civilised. That we know nature with a completeness which makes all ancient wisdom about it, Greek included, a mere affectation, has grown almost trite by repetition; yet we are none the less excluded from that wisdom by a difference of method, founded to some extent on difference of opportunity, which in one respect at least makes the ancients incomparably our superiors. In the primitive stage of human life the study of nature was everybody's business; under modern conditions this study has become the task of a few specialists. For the modern student—deeply as it may fascinate him who makes it his calling, complete as may be the devotion with which he sacrifices worldly interests in its service—it can never be so closely correlated with the needs of existence as to make success in its pursuit, as it must have been in the case of primeval man, a matter of life or death.

As moderns we find ourselves separated by two all-potent conditions from the early interpretation of nature—by a life more or less sessile, and by the specialisation due to industry. It is only occasionally, and then never for long, that we are enabled to realise how completely these characters of civilisation have separated us from the primitive life of man. We get a suggestion of the differentiation by recalling our still unobliterated antithesis between city and country, and by remembering that, in the older regions of the world, at any rate, few of the mass of modern men who live in villages, towns or cities, ever know anything of country life; that fewer still know by travel much of the physical features of the

country they call their own; and that a much smaller percentage can claim acquaintance with the general scenery of the earth's surface. Yet the lesson of our isolation from nature is perhaps best taught when its physiological implications are kept well in view. Nor is it difficult to formulate these when we bear in mind the millions of city-segregated workers to whom we deny even that exercise of the organism which is essential to the normal maintenance and development of its powers. The muscles, made for the vigorous activities of outdoor life, grow limp and flabby in gas-lit rooms where papers are listlessly pigeon-holed or ledgers languidly moved to and fro; the eyes, which in their brightness should reflect the rich furnishing of a thousand landscapes, become dull and spiritless with following the motions of a pen through mazes of figures; the brain, working with its highest alertness and efficiency in the savage, is specialised in civilised man into expertness for some single form of activity which, once acquired, unfits it for all the rest. Sometimes, moreover, this industrial differentiation shows itself in particular forms of bodily ailment or disease, as in the case of artisans compelled to earn their livelihood in occupations which fill the lungs with deleterious fumes, or with germ-laden dust; which pour into the blood poisons both metallic and vegetable; which crack the hands, stiffen the joints, palsy the limbs, and by excessive demands on the time and strength of the worker, dwarf the powers of both body and mind. What leisure or taste can men thus dealt with by our industrial system retain for the study of nature, even as a recreation? How shall we look to the miner, living in the earth's depths; to the shoveller, chained to the furnace-mouth in the hold of an ocean steamer; to the cotton operative, spending his day amid the deafening rattle of machinery; or to the maker of shoes, growing more and more like the mechanism he guides—for even the glimmering of a desire to lose himself in the pleasures, to say nothing of the utilities of nature study? The answers to such questions are obvious. For we are in each case dealing with men whom civilisation has specialised out of all necessity, as well as beyond all opportunity, of contact with nature.

Another condition which separates the modern man from nature is this cultivated ability of his to get his living away from nature. We do not need to know our natural environment even in the interest of self-sustenance. The food which nourishes us is obtained for us vicariously; we pay for it nominally with money, yet really with work which involves us in no sort of educational contact with the deeper physical forces that really dominate our

lives. Our relation is to the co-operative system within nature, so to speak, rather than to the body of nature powers outside. And though the individual unit of the social organism may "eat in tears" the bread which the system bestows upon him, now lavishly, now grudgingly, he finds the *himmlische Mächte* of his over-world not symbolised for him in the lights of heaven, but objectified in the industrial processes of the co-operative commonwealth of which he is a member. In the primitive condition of society the individual human being, like the individual cell, could perform all the functions of self-maintenance with the same degree of efficiency; and it was as much his interest to study nature as it was to obtain his food or to defend himself from enemies. But with the progressive unification of the "social organism" the task of converse with nature was more and more conferred upon a specialised few on its external periphery, while the great bulk of its members were relegated, so to speak, to the interior for tasks of social maintenance such as effectually excluded them from contact with the world of field and forest outside. The knowledge of natural objects, the whole art of nature, once a universal accomplishment, has thus been more and more taken from the average man, and more and more conferred upon the specialist, with the result that the great mass of humanity have no converse with nature, and do not in any sense become its students.

Nor are men—relieved from the necessity of nature study by their industrial arrangements—impelled thereto by any fear of the environment properly so-called. The multifarious phenomena of the external world have ceased to affright us. The rare comet may still move the savage to superstitious ceremonials—as for the modern, the *Cultur Mensch*, he quickly regains his composure in the reassurances of the explanatory magazine article. The celestial interspaces, depopulated of their spirits, have been filled by our modern knowledge with wonder-working ether; it is the power embodied therein which moves the planets in their courses, and the same source of energy that, in various degrees implicated with matter, long ago exorcised the soul of the magnet, and reduced to terms of physical action and re-action the tiny snap of the induction coil, the deafening crash of the thunder cloud. The ancient "He" who used to be active *super nubibus* is now a spiritless impersonal; we are content to say, even in our religious moods, "It rains," "It lightens," "It thunders." In an age which studies its astronomy with an opera glass, the periodical return of the Leonids, the Perseids, the Lyrids, has ceased to excite even a shudder; so

thoroughly have we discounted the phenomenon that the most spectacular star-shower has become a mere show for the gazing vulgar. The eclipse, solar or lunar, we are content to see in our evening paper; if we happen to be out when it lightens, we remember—in that lucid interval of intellectual lethargy which, strangely enough, is called “stopping to think”—that trees are to be avoided. Amid the loudest crashes above us, our feeling—so sure are we that we know the whole process—is that of Skrymir, under the blows of Thor—“Did a leaf fall?”

It is the same with the earth and all that is therein. Well versed in the science of our time, we think ourselves prepared for anything that may happen, while much which might have happened in earlier periods we now regard as impossible. The submarine monster whose movements used to cause the flow of the tides has vanished into the same limbo as that which received the demon convicted by the ancients of trying to make a meal of the sun. Knowing how the hills have been heaved up, how the continents have come forth from their watery environment, we start not at the landslip or at the inundation; even earthquakes, when pitted for competitive purposes against the interest of prize fights or—*longo intervallo*—national elections, continue, as in the days of Thrasimene, to “pass unheededly away.” And if the more boisterous phenomena of nature fail to obtain recognition, the quieter mysteries of our planet share the fate which, in a world of noise and self-assertion, menaces modesty in all its forms. As the old-time whisperings of grove and fountain are silent, gone also is the piping of Pan; the places that once knew the naiad and the dryad know them no more. The ancient interest in animal life which carried the belief of man’s kinship with it into the totem worship of a thousand savage clans, divided by as many seas and mountain ranges, can now be kindled for a brief hour only among our young in the enthusiasms of the peripatetic menagerie. Outside the devotion of the professional botanist, the mysteries of the plant world pass for the mass of humanity unappreciated. In Kant’s time the changing of a single seed into a blade of grass was deemed worthy of a judgment which, in its wonder and despair, placed the cause of the phenomenon beyond the utmost reach of the human intellect for all time; yet to-day, trampling the green spears of the tiny host beneath our feet in myriads, or destroying millions of their slender blades with our patent lawn-mowers, we forget that there is any problem. Why, indeed, should we give thought to so simple a case of miracle when the metamorphosis of a well-nigh invisible

germ into a man—the greatest mystery of all—has become the greatest commonplace of all?

Yet we should seriously err if we were to suppose that this modern contempt of things familiar, by discounting phenomena that once filled the life of primitive man with anxiety and terror, implies any knowledge of natural appearances at first hand, still less any intimate or profound contact with nature. Most of us gain our knowledge of the external world from books, or from the teaching of experts; a mere effort of memory, and the stored-up information interests us no more. We realise that the earth is round without once witnessing the experiment of the retreating ship; we know that our planet moves about the sun without noting the annual march of the constellations from east to west. How many of us have ever seen the solar spots, or know as much of the moon and her craters by direct observation as did Galilei? Perhaps we are able to distinguish between such conspicuous planets as Jupiter, Venus, and Mars; but have we, in genuine enthusiasm for nature, ever risen early enough to pick up so elusive a brilliant as Mercury, as it glimmers faintly for moments through the reddening dawn, or after extended struggles with the mysteries of "right ascension" and "declination" succeeded in following Uranus or Neptune to the constellation in which for the time being she happens to be making her home? Are we really interested in the night skies, and do even our educated—eager as they may be for the reputation of culture—watch the heavens each season for the returning planets as the happy gardener awaits the blossoming of his favorite flowers? Full of lore as we are of the rocks and their fossil remains, do any of us, save a few experts, ever go down into the strata to see for ourselves the wonders of which we talk so glibly? Is the wayside eloquent for us, as we pass through country lanes, with stories of the process which gave us our planetary home, millions of miles from the warm hearth fire to whose gravitating embers we were said (before the advent of radium!) to owe so much of our right to exist? With electricity in the very air we breathe—here multiplying our powers of locomotion a thousand fold, there carrying our voice or expanding our sense of hearing to untold distances—how many of us, repeating the simplest experiments after the great discoverers, know even so much of the properties of the objects about us as to be able to turn a piece of soft iron into a magnet, or to light a gas jet with an electric spark drawn from the carpet at our feet?

It will indeed help us in our effort to realise why certain views

of nature should so long resist the solvent of the objective or scientific method if, turning to the conditions which preceded the differentiation described, we glance at the life lived by primeval man millions of years, it may be, prior to the beginning of recorded history. It was a life of contact with nature the closeness of which has no parallel in modern times, even among savages—a period in which modern forms of coöperative relation between man and man may be said to have scarcely yet begun.

Our ancestor had to fight his own individual battle for self-sustenance, and had to fight it in the open. During periods geological by their very length, his struggle for existence was a struggle which kept him continually on the move—everywhere facing sky and air, everywhere bathed in shine and shower, everywhere drawing in from his environment that knowledge of nature at first hand which was to come to the great mass of his successors through books, or by means of personal instruction. His first acquaintance with the external world was probably gained in the forest, since it must have been in an arboreal environment that, forsaking the quadrupedal for the bipedal attitude, he made his first acquisitions in the realm of human speech. Here it was that, only just cunning enough for the spoken word, he was glad enough to mutter his first incantation—half-prayer, half-apology—to the beast he had been compelled to slay for food; here, too, that he must have emerged from his first successful encounter with a sense of the embodied potencies of animal life of which the modern sportsman feels nothing.

And it was in or near this leafy retreat, which now held off the torrential rain-burst, or now shielded him from the mid-day heats, that well-nigh every species of animal competed with him for the opportunities of sustenance. Athwart his pathway glided the snake, incomprehensible in its powers of motion and disappearance; above him, even more unintelligibly, soared the bird, resting without support, or moving without effort—able to make itself invisible before his very eyes behind leagues and leagues of transparent distance; around him were the lithe, bounding animals of prey—the broad-browed graminivora, the horned runners with the split hoof, the striped forest prowler, or the leaping, cat-like lyers-in-wait—each there to stimulate his imagination and test his strength in cunning or in combat. Roamer in the forest, he was also hunter along the river-bank; as fisherman, he awoke to the still stranger powers of the water-world, with its tidal irregularities, as mysterious as its sudden inundations—with its sources at heights which the vision

placed near the meeting of cloud and mountain top—with its wondrous life concealed in underworld caves and Dom-Daniel palaces whereat the fancy stood aghast.

Nor did his mind find less incitement to activity in the travail which made him alternately an agriculturist, and a raiser of herds, or at a still later stage, gave both those interests into his keeping. In the open field he found himself beneath an open sky, and could store up as daily lessons the sights and sounds of the most primitive meteorology man had ever known. And though the vault above might feed his sense of wonder with the silver phases of a growing and waning moon, he had around him a yet greater miracle—the waxing and ripening of the seed into the mature plant—the gift by earth and sun and air of his daily bread.

Perhaps the grandest of all the objects that met his gaze as more and more he gained opportunities for contemplating it was the earth itself—the solid mass which, extending beneath his feet as far as eye could reach, seemed, according to his elevation, now like a plain of enormous thickness, or now like the same disk sloping from the horizon into a concave beneath him, yet ever cupped over by the same inverted hollow, the same evasive, melting depths which defied the effort of vision to sound them. How the massiveness of our planet must have impressed him: early enough in his goings to and fro he must have felt the mightiness of its strength, not to be tipped aside by all the weight of the cloud-soaring mountains—the firmness of its foundations, not to be shaken by all the length of the outstretched sea, or the raging thereof. Nor was it any the less mighty because man had as yet created nothing of his own to diminish his wonder at the nature environment—had raised no temples, obelisks, coliseums, aqueducts or amphitheatres to compete with it in the spectacular effects of human handiwork. The far-extending city did not yet exist even in dreams; the only known architecture exhausted itself in those simple lines and curves that went to the making of the rudest domiciles ever contrived for the shelter of man. For then our ancestor had his home in the forest tops, or he wove it aground with the branches of some fallen tree; he crept into some crevice left by the subsiding of rocks once upheaved; sought on the rude, pile-supported platform, the protection of surrounding waters; or appropriated inshore the cave deserted by some wild animal. Yet none of these could seem other than insignificant and contemptible when contrasted with the massive, the tremendous nature that lay everywhere about him—world of crag and valley, of lake, island and stream—an expanse of far-

extending territories which forest might darken or mountain range wall in or divide, but which must none the less have acted on his imagination with a vividness and power of which our own poetry-aided feeling of to-day gives us no more than a suggestion. Nor need we wonder that with the sense of its features in all their luxurious *ensemble* strong upon him—features of breadth and distance, of height and depth, of fixity and movement, of color and form—our forefathers should have given ceremonial expression to their feelings in earth worship, and should have made the bridal of the earth and sky the subject of thousands of their myths.

No less potent in their influence upon the primeval mind were the phenomena of the heavens—the realm into which the bird disappeared, the deeps from which the hissing meteor came forth, the broad gateway through which the dawn made its way. The most important of them—the daily return of the sun—must have been awe-inspiring beyond anything we can now conceive. Sometimes bringing death as well as life in its wake; the devastator of the scorched plain, as well as the giver of life to the sown field—the orb of day called forth the adoration of the agriculturist as well as of the sun-worshipper, and by common mortals everywhere must have been looked for with an eagerness of which our own science-protected humanity knows nothing. If the return of light is striking enough even when it floods the arctic plains after months of absence, what must it have been to primitive man in latitudes where the whole transition from dark to light is accomplished in a few minutes, and where the busy life of wood, stream and plain bursts anew into activity ere one can realise that it is sun-rise? And if into the sun, thus endowed with power over nature, primitive man could not fail to read the characters of will and personality, as of a nature deity daily enthroned and processional, the moon herself, inexplicably growing and fading, could hardly escape a like personification. Nor were the stars wanting in an impressiveness all their own, as, night after night, year after year, the bright luminaries succeeded each other along the same celestial track, sometimes shrunk to points of nebulous star-dust, elsewhere expanded into heaven-circling highways—brightest of all when touched into planetary splendor, here with a blaze in the night sky, there with a white spangle on the brow of morning. That all this mysterious show—of sun, moon, planet and star—should once every twenty-four hours pass away from sight, and only by some sub-celestial necromancy hidden below the earth's rim, should finally reappear

again—this for the primeval world of thought must have been the wonder of wonders.

There was indeed enough in the silent, motionless, unchanging aspect of the environment to impress nature deeply, indelibly upon the fresh feelings of primitive man: to this aspect of the world, with its suggestions of power, magnitude, immensity, endlessness, our ancestor could have accommodated himself without difficulty, with perhaps scarcely an effort. Yet the nature to which there must be adaptation was no world of surfaces, however extensive, nor yet any mere complex of objects, however numerous. Under scrutiny, its steadily burning lights became dissolving patterns that almost might be said to fashion men's nocturnal experiences each night anew: its solid earth, in the stress of life upon and motion over it, became a shifting floor the conditions of sure foothold in which varied from day to day. Not the quiescent, the immovable, but the changing elements it was that made nature terrible to primitive man—for it was a nature ebbing and flowing, seething and bubbling, rising and falling, swelling and subsiding—a nature ready to rise and overwhelm, prepared to fall and engulf—yet withal a nature in the deadliest sense uncertain and unknowable. And it was such uncertainty as this which impelled our ancestor to the search after some method of orientation, some principle of vicissitude, upon which he might depend for the guidance of his change-threatened life. The problem was that of reducing the multifarious mysteries of motion to some intelligible order, principle, or law.

Primitive man failed, not in the knowledge of nature changes, but in the power to interpret them. Within the great commonplace uniformities which brought day and night, which yielded the phases of the circling moon and presided over the return of a few familiar constellations, there were thousands of occurrences as unforeseen and unpredictable as is the cloud pattern of any midday sky which, with its streaks of white, its patches of gray, its blue-bounded hillocks of vapor, its far-extended and threatening sheets of gloom, shifts and moves and flows above us like a panorama. From the realm of phenomena whose incessant stream was even more tangled and causally obscure than are many meteorological phenomena for us to-day—out of that maze of vicissitude whose separate elements traversed each other in countless complexities of intersection—primitive man sought, vaguely and unconsciously that organised sense of definite processes sure to be repeated whenever the conditions recurred which we now call acquaintance with natural law. From the ghostly patter of the wind-driven leaf over

the surface of the snow plain to the writhing of the many-armed forest under the lash of the storm; from the soft flame of the will-o'-the-wisp to the meteor shower threatening with destruction the whole works and race of man; from the simplest changes of plant life to the phenomena everywhere yielded by man himself—the swoon, the long fast, the awe-inspiring delirium, the mysterious death—there were innumerable events which, while appealing with the utmost power to the mind of man, found in that mind no explanatory principle.

What of darkness in such an age, and of the uncertainty which accompanied it? If we would realise the fear-burdened night of primeval man, we have only to think of him with stone-headed spear defending his usurped retreat from the cave bear, or with his fire-girdled bivouac holding off, for a few brief hours of slumber, the whole forest of mysterious sounds hurled at him in mock or in menace. If we would know on what vicarious pains our own safety in life is founded, or appreciate at its true worth the care-void complacency with which we go about our daily tasks, and after sunset in our street-protected cities build up from undisturbed sleep the strength needed for the morrow, we must recall the thorny ways through which, with torn limbs and bleeding feet, amid hardships and perils beyond counting, primitive man—gibbered at by everything anatomically and intellectually beneath him—toiled up the first steps of the ascent to civilisation, hewing a safer pathway in the obdurate rock of circumstance for those who were to come after.

Yet the terrors inflicted upon man by his faulty knowledge of cause were by no means dependent on particular times and seasons. We recognise this in the pains which our ancestor lavished by day as well as by night in order that, with the aid of spells, charms, ceremonies, he might shield himself from the evil influences of objects which he believed capable of acting upon him injuriously. What care he took in the selection of his cave or hut, with a spell for every branch or plank thereof! How carefully guarded were his crops, his implements, his cattle in an age when demons were more plentiful than gnats in midsummer! His very days were made lucky or unlucky for him by influences which only magic could adequately counteract. The same subtle agencies held man's body in constant peril. Spirits disputed the way to the human newcomer throughout the period prior to childbirth, and their baleful influence called for the most powerful exorcisms. Nor did successful birth remove the terrors which filled the life of primeval

man with foreboding. Not an object passed by him in his outgoings which might not, through the subtle influence of analogy or association—doing duty for the knowledge of cause—announce to him the displeasure of one deity, or become the instrument of the deadly, self-executing vengeance of another. So surrounded was our ancestor by demon-like beings, waiting for the opportunity to injure or destroy, that he could not carelessly throw away the tuft of hair from his head, or the nail-paring from his finger, lest these objects should immediately be used against him as the instruments of a maleficent will. His name could not be pronounced save with precautions taken to safeguard him from evil; the rude drawing of him on slate, sand or wax—so absolutely was he at the mercy of his fears—might very well be used in a persecution culminating in his death. The magician was indeed his enemy; yet the most terrible of the sorcerers who beset him was his own mind, the subtle linkings and enchainments of which, added by the physiological demand for a theory of cause, so involved him in the phenomena of his daily object-world that any unusual accident—any occurrence of chance association—a supposed or real likeness—an event happening simultaneously with or after another—the coincidence of a personal experience with some unusual natural event—sufficed for the sorcery of which he was himself so largely the originator. And to-day the whole story of savage magic and modern witchcraft, however we may wonder at it, yields us no more than a pale reflex of the conditions under which early man successfully asserted his primacy in the animal world not only against living competitors, but also against the spirits and demons, the ghosts and deities who, conjured into existence by his own imagination, contested every foot of his way upwards.

Man thus helpless in the presence of phenomena needed an intellectual deliverance, and this could only come through an adequate knowledge of cause. But his mind was unfitted for its discovery. Impressed with only the superficial differences of objects, our ancestor failed to recognise their profounder likenesses, and therefore could not bring into existence the deeper classifications needed for the recognition of cause. Living largely in the feelings of the moment, with only an elementary degree of the power to relate and compare, he was at the mercy of the sense images of objects, and of the disparate glimpses of his environment which they yielded. His view of nature resembled that of one who, eager to see the complete surface of a planet in full sunlight, should be allowed to glimpse no more than the illuminated peaks which it presented to

him at sunrise. And it was because primitive man thus failed to realise those deeper bonds of connection which stretched beneath the luminous points of his system of sense-images—failed to recognise the profounder likenesses, the fundamental causal characters of things which, evading his gaze like great gaps of unfathomable darkness that only centuries later the daylight of science was to fill—that he failed to formulate for the phenomena of change in his environment the principle since given to us under the modern conception of natural law.

The time for confidence in nature had not yet come, and man, distrustful of his surroundings, fearful of his ignorance, turned to the one object which he knew better than any other, turned to the one process with which long and favorable experience had made him familiar—turned to himself and sought in his own body, in his own feelings and thought, the explanations which nature had concealed from him. Lacking the knowledge of cause, the external or objective means of explaining nature processes, he projected into the world around him the soul principle which he believed he had found in himself—invested objects, that is to say, with a soul life, and explained their changes and movements by supposing that they also, like the human organism, were ruled by the powers of life and mind. It was a hypothesis crude in the extreme, yet it gave an explanation of nature such as, for want of something better, not only allayed somewhat that sense of uncertainty which made phenomena a perpetual source of terror to him, but also helped him, however inadequately, to adapt himself in the interests of self-maintenance to the perplexing vicissitudes of his ever-changing environment. And it was the vast period during which this teleological view of Power, this personal view of Nature, swayed the mind of man, amounting to many millions of years in the most impressionable period of the life of the race, which surely accounts, as nothing else ever can, for the strength with which, in refined forms, it still dominates the thought of the world.

THE ASCENT OF MAN.

BY THE EDITOR.

AN old pious Irish woman (so the story goes) called at the library for Darwin's *Descent of Man*, but returned the book speedily, saying, "I thought it was on a 'dacent' man, but I am dis'pinted, it is mere gibberish about apes and that kind o' things."

Whatever errors the good old Irish woman may be guilty of in spelling, the truth is that in spite of the science of its author, the book is one-sided and attempts only to trace the physiological connection of man with a series of lower animals. If the theory of evolution holds good (which is no longer doubted by any true scientist), the descent of man is continuous since the beginning of life on earth. There is no break in the ladder of life, but when we trace the genealogy of man, we ought not to forget the Apostle's word,¹ who when addressing the Athenians on the market-place of their city, quoted from some of the Greek poets² the line :

“Τοῦ (sc. Θεοῦ) γὰρ καὶ γένος ἔσμεν.”

(For God's offspring are we.)

The idea that we are the offspring of God is Greek, not Hebrew, but the sentiment has become part of our religious ideas. At the time of Christ monotheism had attained its most rigid form among the Jews, and any orthodox rabbi would have scorned the idea of attributing to God offspring in any sense of the word. In the same way Mohammed who had imbibed similar traditions under similar circumstances in opposition to the Christian idea of divine sonship, declared, for the same reason, most emphatically that "God is neither begotten nor a begetter." But the Apostle Paul, being born and raised in Tarsus, was (more than he himself knew) accustomed to the Gentile ways of thinking, and so he was not offended at the Gentile belief that claimed a divine origin

¹ Acts xvii.

² The words occur in fragments of Aratus and of Cleanthes.

for man. But to prove it according to the method of the age by quoting Scriptures, he had to fall back on a Gentile authority. Paul quotes not the Bible but a pagan poet, and thus it came to pass in the Gentile Christian Church that the legend of the creation of man from the clay of the ground was given a Gentile interpretation. The whole creation had been made by God, but now we are specially told that the human body was formed by God himself, and God himself blew into the nostrils of the clay figure the breath of life. Whatever the rabbinical meaning of the legend may have been, it was interpreted by Christian exegetists after the precedence of St. Paul in the spirit of the Gentile conception to denote a unique or separate and indeed a divine origin of man. The idea that man had been made of dust and that finally he should return to dust was now limited to his body, as Longfellow says :

"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was *not* spoken to the soul."

Darwin's views were bitterly combated, although it would seem more dignified if God had fashioned the first man (not directly from a clod of soil), but indirectly after a long preparation of the material, through a series of intermediate stages of lower animals, from the infinitely more refined organism of an anthropoid brute. We can still insist that man, though his body consists of the same material as the dust of the earth, holds a unique position among the rest of creation. The sway of conservatism, however, is great, and so the people trained in the old views of thought clung with tenacity to a literal belief in the story of Genesis. In spite of all that Darwin said in favor of the kinship of man to the rest of the animated creation, almost half a century passed before the doctrine of evolution gained ground and became universally recognised; and there was no other objection to it, but the implication as to man's descent from lower forms of life, and the denial of the legend that God had formed him directly from the dust of the earth.

At present there may be no one trained in modes of scientific thinking who does not unhesitatingly accept the doctrine of evolution with all that it implies; but having understood the physiological solution of the origin of man, it may be wise to look at the argument of the reactionary party, whose main contention consists in ridiculing the idea that man was descended from the ape.

When the writer of these lines was a child, he knew a pleasant grey haired teacher of a country parish school, who used to tell the story that when he once explained to his children the first chapter of the Bible, one of the boys, the son of a rich farmer, rose and

said: "Mr. Teacher, my father says we are descended from the ape." Our sage old pedagogue cut all further perplexities off by saying: "It would not be proper here to discuss the private affairs of your family." Thus he imputed the blame of a lowly origin to the families of those who believed in evolution, and had the laugh on his side, but what remained for the others? A direct origin from the dust! They were of the earth earthy.

Reactionary minds who upheld a literal belief in the legend of man's creation from the dust of the ground, went too far when they disclaimed the doctrine of the evolution of all higher life from simple beginnings, but they were right in one point, viz., in the sentiment that man is not of the earth earthy, but that the very feature which constitutes man's manhood is of a nobler origin, and that after all man, in this sense, can claim the privilege of divine sonship.

Let us investigate the nature of the problem and understand what constitutes the distinguishing feature of man and in which way the humanity of man made its first appearance on earth.

The difference between man and the brute is reason, and reason, the faculty that sees the general rule in a special example, enables man to foresee the possible or probable course of events, to make plans, to avoid danger, and to sow the seeds in summer with the expectation of reaping the harvest in the fall. All other creatures must adapt themselves to surroundings; man alone can adapt the surroundings as well as all other conditions to his wants.

The question is, whence did the faculty of reason come? Was it innate within the germs of the physiological ancestors of man or did it come to him from without?

We must remind the reader here of the fact that the term "evolution" is really a wrong word. When a common origin of all life on earth was first advocated by naturalists, which was done in the middle of the eighteenth century by Kaspar Friedrich Wolf (1733-1794), and later on by Haller (1708-1777), Gottfried Reinhold Treviranus (1776-1837), Lamarck (1774-1829), Geoffrey Saint-Hilaire (1772-1844), Goethe (1749-1832), Von Baer (1792-1876), and others, there were two theories offered in explanation; one was called "evolution," or in German *Auswicklung*, i. e., unfoldment (literally, "outrolling")—a theory of development from within, the other "epigenesis," or the theory of development by additional growth from without. According to the theory of evolution, the nature of the higher animals was assumed to be predetermined by the mysterious disposition of their original life-

plasma, in about the same way as the chicken, with all its limbs, its bodily and intellectual faculties, is somehow pre-existent in the ovule of the egg. However, according to the epigenesis theory, new properties are acquired by experience, and thus it would appear that external conditions determine the further development of life. The term "evolution" was used in those days in its original meaning of something being unfolded (rolled out) from a latent state into a visible and plainly perceptible form, but since Darwin's time, we use the word in place of "epigenesis"; for the theory of epigenesis has practically been established on the basis of observation and experiment, and the Germans speak no longer of *Auswicklung*, but of *Entwicklung*. The majority of naturalists of this age hold that the growth of higher life is not directly due to the latent qualities of ancestors, but is the result of new acquirements conditioned by extended experiences under definitely given surroundings. The progress which mankind is making still in its onward march to the higher planes of existence is due to the lessons of life and not to the mysterious potencies of primordial germs.

The chicken's egg is different from the primordial life plasma. Its ovule contains in the latent form of dispositions the experiences of all its ancestors—a kind of race-memory which will reproduce the chick-type by evolution in the original sense of the term.¹

If the doctrine of epigenesis be true, we must insist that those features which constitute the manhood of man are not contained in a latent form in its brute ancestors, but they are a new acquisition which comes from without, not from within. Of course we must understand that only that animal which has passed through all the preceding degrees can be graduated to the higher sphere of life, and in this sense the experiences of the lower animal are still preserved and must be presupposed in all future advance.

Reason originates through language. Abstract thought becomes possible by naming things. Names stand for whole classes and thus a speaking animal is able to classify his experiences and distinguish the general features of phenomena from that which is particular and incidental. The uniformities of nature, however, are only the manifestations of those factors which scientists formulate as natural laws. They in their totality constitute the world-

¹This statement is subject to certain restrictions which we do not care to discuss in detail in this connection. The ovule contains the memories of the chick-race, but its growth takes place by repeating the process of epigenesis.

The egg does not contain feathers, or eyes, or a bill, or feet, but certain life-impulses which under proper conditions will change the yolk into the several organs of a chick's body. Thus in the limited sense of the word, the term "evolution" would be misapplied even here.

order, and they, in short, are the divine presence that pervades the entire domain of the creation. Reason is nothing but the tracing of these uniformities, and thus human reason is the divinity of the cosmos reflected in consciousness. In this sense the divine is the more realised in a living creature, the higher its life rises in the scale of evolution, and we can truly say that the upward movement acquires its rationality from above, not from below.

The characteristic feature of evolution is not as Mr. Herbert Spencer has it, a change from homogeneity to heterogeneity, but the gradual approach of an acquisition of truth. Those creatures who have a clearer, and broader, and a more correct conception of the world-order that pervades all things, and whose attitude in life is correspondingly adjusted, range higher than those whose souls are only dimly lit up by reason or obscured by error and passion. Not complexity is the test of progress, but rationality. And our conception of truth ought to be, not a mere theoretical insight into certain laws, but truth practically applied; truth respected, cherished, and followed; truth loved, and truth lived out. Truth in this sense, i. e. truth that has become part of our souls, is not mere rational knowledge, but justice, and goodness, and loving kindness.

Truth, and reason, and goodness are not made of the dust. Reason is a perception of the relational facts, and it supports the ideals of life. Truth and goodness appertain to the immaterial, the purely formal, the spiritual. None of these qualities can be said to be qualities of matter; they do not reside, in whatever latent form it may be, in atoms or molecules. They develop by experience; they are added unto the budding life; they are the product of an epigenesis, which originates under the guiding influence of the cosmic order with all that it implies, and if there is any sense in the expression "divine," that certainly, and that alone, is worthy of the name.

Progress in our days is not made because man *likes* to advance and learn new lessons, but mainly because he *must* progress and discover. Man *must* make new inventions because competition and the struggle for life force him to do better than others and rise higher. It is as if nature were whipping man onward and forward, and there are only a few individuals that have acquired a natural impulse to work, to advance, and to inquire. There are very few indeed that labor for the sake of progress and for the love of it.

We may assume with great probability that the most important step, taken by life in its higher advance, viz., in its transition from brute existence to human existence, was done under compul-

sion and under the penalty of perdition for the unsuccessful. The rational being, called man, is probably the survivor only of a great number of man-apes that died out because they were unable to take the step and fulfil the stern demands made on them by circumstances.

The origin of mankind must most presumably be sought in the North, not in the South; in a place where life is hard, not where life is easy, and we may assume that by some catastrophe, a number of ape-man families were cut off from the sunny regions of the southern countries, and had to fight their way in a dreary northern climate, where they would unfailingly perish unless they acquired the necessary altruism to help one another, and the indispensable intelligence to protect themselves against the inclemencies of hostile conditions.

The word of Christ that "the Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force," does not apply to the origin of Christianity alone but is generally true and will find its application whenever an important advance is made in the development of mankind. It must have proved true also when the first intelligent and intelligible sounds were uttered in the little circle of a primitive ape-man family, when cries and shouts changed to words, rendering possible an intercommunication of mind with mind, and begetting in them a purer, a clearer, a more definite, and a truer conception of the world.

Life is like the tree that grows upward. Its roots grow down into the depths of the earth. Its nourishment is from below, but the power that quickens it and imparts to it the strength to rise higher, is the energy furnished by the sunbeams and comes from above.

While it is true that man's body consists of matter and is of the earth, his spirit is spiritual and reflects the divinity of the world which represents itself to the naturalist as the cosmic order of law-ordained conditions. Without taking exception to the truths established by comparative zoölogy, which proves the kinship of man with the lower animals and traces its bodily form back through a series of brute ancestors, assuming the existence of the intermediate type of the so-called pithecanthropos or ape-man, we may rightly say that St. Paul's idea of man's divine sonship holds good and will remain true forever.

Having established the two sides of the ascent of man, his rise from below and the help that came to him from above while he was learning the lessons of life, we shall better appreciate the signifi-

cance of the period of transition in which man was just emerging from the brute state and soaring with mighty impulse upward to the higher plane of spiritual life and rational comprehension. No doubt this primitive ape-man must still have been a ferocious creature, and we can very well imagine that he was daring and bold and savage. It must have been dangerous for any weaker mammal to cross his path or to fall a prey to his ruthless hands, for he was still thoughtless and inconsiderate. He had to make his living from roots and berries and nuts, perhaps also by eating the flesh of some birds and animals that he might catch, and life must have been hard on him. Yet we must not forget that the tenderer feelings of friendship, conjugal affection, and parental love must have been at least as strongly developed in him as they are in many



LATERAL VIEW OF THE NEANDERTHAL SKULL.¹

After Schwalbe.

brute animals, for the probability is that the most essential features that the ape-man acquired in his ascent came not only from his keener intelligence, but also, perhaps even mainly, from an increased refinement of his sentiment.

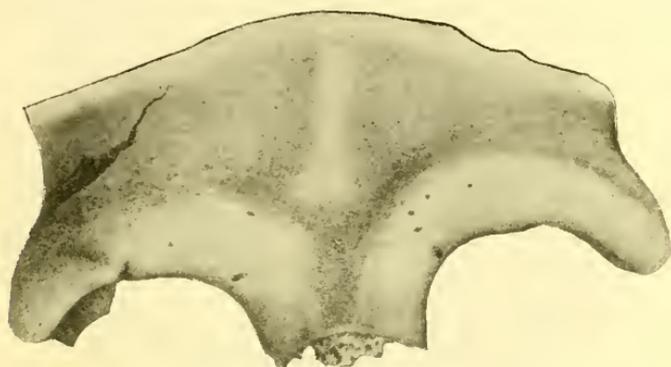
The doctrine of evolution would have been accepted without much opposition, had it not been for its implication with the descent of man from some brute ancestry. All possible arguments have been exhausted to weaken the theory proposed by Darwin and his successors. How much has been said and written about the "missing link," as if the acceptability of the doctrine of evolution depended solely upon the verification of the transition from

¹ Casts of both the exterior and the interior of the Neanderthal skull can be had, securely packed, of Charles H. Ward, Anatomical Laboratory, 594 Lyell Ave., Rochester, N. Y.; both for \$4.50, or either cast for \$2.25.

the brute animal to the intelligent *homo sapiens*. The truth is that there are innumerable missing links in the scale of life, and it will forever be impossible to point out every single phase through which man has passed since he started from the beginning.

In the meantime many discoveries of primitive human remains have been made which indicate that there was indeed no gap between the highest ape types and the lower races of man, which corroborates the assumption that man is descended, not from the ape, but after all from some animal kin to the ape.

In the year 1857 a human skeleton was discovered in a limestone cave (commonly called the "little Feldhofner Grotto") in the Neanderthal near Dornap, between Düsseldorf and Elberfeld. And how hot were the controversies about the character of the bones as well as the formation of the skull! Virchow, so liberal in



FRONT VIEW OF THE SUPRAORBITAL REGION.¹

After Schwalbe.

politics and reactionary in science, advised caution and declared that these bones might be the remains of an imbecile and degenerate individual.

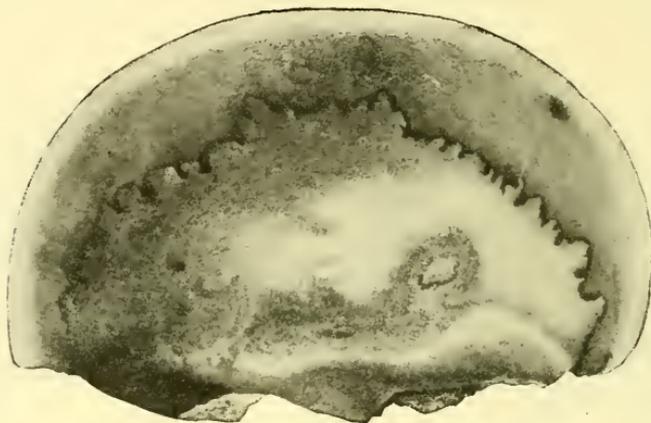
Professor Virchow claimed that no conclusion could be drawn from one isolated instance; but in the meantime other skeletons and skulls of a similar type have been discovered, which prove that the Neanderthal man was not an isolated individual, but the representative of a race that must have inhabited the caves of Europe

¹The fracture in the right temporal region is plainly visible and is obviously due to a vigorous blow which, however, may have been made at the disinterment.

A groove is visible over the extreme part of the right eye, slanting over the supraorbital ridge, and ending in an incision. These marks have been the object of much discussion. The incision appears to be the passage for the supraorbital nerve, for it has its analogon, although in a much weaker form, on the right side; but the depression appears on one side only, and thus it is possible that it is the result of an injury received and cicatrised during life. Some of the little holes can be definitely identified as passages for blood-vessels, and none of them seem to be caused by disease.

at the time when mankind had just risen into existence. The skulls of Egisheim, of Brux, and of Cannstatt all characterised by an approach to the ape type, and two skeletons discovered by Messrs. Froipont and Lhoest in 1897 near Spy, Belgium, belong also to a race that was not very distant from the Neanderthal man. The cave in which the latter were found contains in the drift, flint implements of the crudest kind, and bones of the rhinoceros, the cave bear, the cave hyena, and other remnants of the earliest stone age.¹

Renewed investigations of the Neanderthal skull have justified the theory that it belongs to a primitive man. These new discoveries in connection with renewed and careful investigations of the skull have dispelled all doubts concerning the nature of the Neanderthal remains. We may say without fear of contradiction



OCCIPUT OF THE NEANDERTHAL SKULL.²

After Schwalbe.

that the discussion has passed the critical stage, and all anthropologists of reputation agree that we have here the specimen of a primitive race whose forehead still preserves the orbital ridges of lower animals and the facial angle of which is considerably lower than that of the lowest negro type, being only slightly higher than

¹ Prof. G. Schwalbe of the University of Strassburg in Alsace has devoted an especial monograph to the subject, which he has published in the *Bonner Jahrbücher*, No. 106, pp. 1-72, under the title "Der Neanderthalschädel." The article has also appeared in a special reprint.

² On the right parietal bone we discover a cicatrised hole made by a pointed instrument, which looks, as says Virchow, as if it were made by a "bayonet," or "a sharp stone," or "any other pointed weapon," perhaps a lance, or an arrow. It was healed during the lifetime of our subject.

The occipital bone shows further a rough depression which Virchow suspected to be the result of a disease, but anatomists (among them Recklinghausen) declare that similar formations are not of unfrequent occurrence among normal skulls.

The *linea nuchea suprema dextra* is strongly marked. We notice further an unusual development of those parts from which the neck muscles originate.

that of anthropoid apes. The Neanderthal skull measures 62° , the two skeletons of Spy 57.5° and 67° , while the highest apes reach 56° . The facial angle of the human race of to-day averages from 80° to 85° .

While the forehead of the Neanderthal man is narrow and low, the occiput is well developed, and though judging from his bones he must have been a strong creature and presumably ferocious in fight, he may not have been lacking in kindly sentiments, as indi-



cated by the width of his cranium. And what a story do the remains of the Neanderthal man tell! One ulna received an injury which was healed during the life time, but must have considerably

¹ The left ulna shows that the individual to which this bone belonged received a severe injury during lifetime the cure of which was left solely to nature. The right ulna is normal and its surfaces of the *processus coronoides* are well preserved, but on the left ulna a fracture is visible. Here the *incisura radialis* is filled up with newly formed bone substance and thus brought this spot, destined to receive the *capitulum radii*, into direct contact with the *humerus*, the bone of the upper arm. The result must have been that the arm could not be fully extended.

Above the left ulna we reproduce the end view of the pathological *processus coronoides*. The cicatrised injury appears on the left side.

hampered the use of his arm. The right parietal bone of the skull shows the mark of a cicatrised injury which appears to have been made with a pointed weapon, an arrow or a lance. A furrow in



A RESTORATION OF THE NEANDERTHAL MAN.¹

the right superciliary ridge is another irregularity which seems to have been caused by some violent blow and must have been an

¹This picture is a retouched photograph taken of a model made by Guernsey Mitchell according to the instructions of Prof. Henry A. Ward of Chicago.

ugly gash over the right eye. Finally we notice a fracture near the right temple which was presumably done by the spade of the laborer who unearthed these ancient bones. Otherwise it would justify the post-mortem statement of a violent death.

Accordingly the life of the Neanderthal man must have been one of fierce struggle either with rivals of his own type or with the cave bear and other ferocious beasts, perhaps with both, and finally he succumbed in the battle for life, perhaps also in a fight with his own or his tribe's enemies.

The artist Gabriel Max has dared to reconstruct an image of the ape-man, and having devoted many years of study to the shape of the anthropoid simians as well as to the doctrine of evolution, he has thrown his ideas on canvas and dedicated his picture to his friend Ernest Haeckel of Jena.

The picture is at first sight repulsive. There we have a couple of the ape-man, kin to the species found in Neanderthal, Cannstatt, and Spy, who must have been more savage than the savages. The symptoms of his brutish nature still show in his bodily appearance and yet the more we look at the picture the more it gains on us!

Verily, we discover a close resemblance of the scene represented by Gabriel Max to pictures of the holy family. And considered rightly, the similarity is by no means fortuitous, for here we have indeed a holy family. It is an uncultured primitive couple of a speechless tribe of forest men, yet the hope of progress and a brave determination to take up the battle of life for the sake of the babe that is born to them becomes visible in the mother's eyes.

Gabriel Max was equal to the great task of showing man at the beginning of his career in a low state, but he understood how to make us comprehend that we behold here, not the downfall to a state of degradation, but the rise to a higher and nobler development of life. We can plainly see that these creatures, half animal, half man, contain in their aspirations the grand possibilities of humanity. The picture is of extraordinary exactness if judged from the standpoint of anthropology, but even if it were not, the main idea of the artist comes out clearly and is vividly pictured before us—a brute rising into manhood! This much is certain, that the artist has understood how to portray the ancestors of man not as mere brutes, but as aspirants for a higher life, at a moment when their souls were blossoming out into that fuller mentality, which, with its intellectual depth and moral breadth, we call human.

Gabriel Max was prepared for his task in a two-fold manner; first by his study of the physiology and anatomy of the ape and his

knowledge of the doctrine of evolution, and secondly by his previous work in the line of Madonna paintings. The influence of the latter is so strong that the weak point noticeable in all the Christian representations of holy families (the depression of the ideal father into a mere foster-father) is still apparent here. The father of the babe looks too much like St. Joseph, like an old reliable servant and an uninterested guardian, not like a husband and parent, who takes a personal interest in his wife and child and would burn with rage at any danger that might disturb the peace of his little family circle.

In concluding this sketch of the ascent of man we will only insist on one important truth which is frequently misunderstood, viz., that man rose from a brute condition by virtue of superior qualities, not by brutishness and viciousness. Professor Huxley, strange to say, insists on the immorality of nature, and he is fain inclined to attribute the rise of man to his tiger-like fierceness and fox-like cunning, which, it is claimed, man learned in the stern school of life. But there is a flaw in Professor Huxley's reasoning, and while we are fully aware of the fierceness of the struggle for existence we cannot account for the gradual rise of nobler and moral instincts, except by the fact that they gradually improved his condition and made him what he is to day. The infuriated savage may be cruel to his enemies but we must not forget that the fury with which he takes up the combat is prompted by the love of his fellows, of his wife and child, or of his whole tribe, and the rise of mankind would not have taken place without a growth of the more refined sentiments of sympathy, kindness, and love.

Man's ascent is due to a rise, not a fall. Civilisation has not been brought about by an oppression of the weak or by fraud and rascality. It is the product of honest work, of a hard yet fair struggle, of noble aspirations.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE NEANDERTHAL MAN.

The pithecanthropoid whose remains were found in the Neander Valley, although no longer an isolated instance of primitive anthropology, still commands a special interest and will, in addition to the comments and pictures presented to our readers in the article "The Ascent of Man," justify the publication of some pertinent quotations which were collected by Mr. Charles H. Ward of Rochester.

Dr. Fuhlrott describes the locality where the remains were discovered in the early part of 1857 as follows:

"A small cave or grotto, high enough to admit a man, and about 15 feet deep from the entrance, which is 7 or 8 feet wide, exists in the southern wall of the gorge of the Neanderthal, as it is termed, at a distance of about 100 feet from the Düssel, and about 60 feet above the bottom of the valley. In its earlier and uninjured condition, this cavern opened upon a narrow plateau lying in front of it, and from which the rocky wall descended almost perpendicularly into the river. It could be reached, though with difficulty, from above. The uneven floor was covered to a thickness of 4 or 5 feet with a deposit of mud, sparingly intermixed with rounded fragments of chert. In the removing of this deposit the bones were discovered. The skull was first noticed placed nearest to the entrance of the cavern; and further in the other bones, lying in the same horizontal plane. Of this I was assured in the most positive terms by two laborers who were employed to clear out the grotto, and who were questioned by me on the spot. At first no idea was entertained of the bones being human; and it was not till several weeks after their discovery that they were recognised as such by me, and placed in security. But, as the importance of the discovery was not at the time perceived, the laborers were very careless in the collecting, and secured chiefly only the larger bones; and to this circumstance it may be attributed that fragments merely of the probably perfect skeleton came into my possession."

Dr. Fuhlrott condenses his conclusions in these three statements:

"First: That the extraordinary form of the skull was due to a natural conformation hitherto not known to exist, even in the most barbarous races. Second: That these remarkable human remains belonged to a period antecedent to the time of the Celts and Germans, and were in all probability derived from one of the wild races of North-western Europe, spoken of by Latin writers; and which were encountered as autochthones by the German immigrants. And thirdly: That it was beyond doubt that these human relics were traceable to a period at which the latest animals of the diluvium still existed; but that no proof in support of this assumption, nor consequently of their so-termed *fossil* condition, was afforded by the circumstances under which the bones were discovered".

Darwin mentions the subject in *The Descent of Man*:

"The belief that there exists in man some close relation between the size of the brain and the development of the intellectual faculties is supported by the comparison of the skulls of savage and civilised races, of ancient and modern peoples, and by the analogy of the whole vertebrate series. Dr. J. Bernard Davis has proved, by many careful measurements, that the mean internal capacity of the skull in Europeans is 92.3 cubic inches; in Americans 87.5; in Asiatics 87.1; and in Australians only 81.9 cubic inches. Professor Broca found that the nineteenth century skulls from graves in Paris were larger than those from vaults of the twelfth century, in the proportion of 1484 to 1426; and that the increased size, as ascertained by measurements, was exclusively in the frontal part of the skull—the seat of the intellectual faculties. Prichard is persuaded that the present inhabitants of Britain have 'much more capacious brain-cases' than the ancient inhabitants. Nevertheless, it must be admitted, that some skulls of very high antiquity, such as the famous one of Neanderthal, are well developed and 'capacious.'

Huxley in *Man's Place in Nature* says:

"Under whatever aspect we view this cranium, whether we regard its vertical depression, the enormous thickness of its superciliary ridges, its sloping occiput, or its long and straight squamosal suture, we meet with apelike characters, stamping it as the most pithecoïd of human crania yet discovered. . . . And indeed, though truly the most pithecoïd of human skulls, the Neanderthal cranium is by no means so isolated as it appears to be at first, but forms, in reality, the extreme term of a series leading gradually from it to the highest and best developed of human crania."

Finally we quote the statement of a distinguished anthropologist still living, Prof. Paul Topinard, who in his *Anthropology* makes the following statement:

"Human palæontology commences with the Post-pliocene or Mammoth epoch. Examples of it are few in number, and not readily capable of classification. De Quatrefage and Hamy, however, have not flinched from this difficult task. By joining together fragments of male skulls from Cannstatt, Eguisheim, Brux, Denise, and the Neanderthal, and female skulls from Stroengenœs, L'Olmo, and Clichy, they succeeded in discovering in them certain common characters; that is to say, dolichocephaly, a remarkable sinking of the vault of the skull, or platycephaly, a great recession of the frontal bone, and a very marked development of the superciliary arches. Of all the specimens, the most remarkable are the calvarium of the Neanderthal and the jaw of La Naulette. Any one accustomed to handle the skulls of the anthropoid apes will be immediately struck with the great resemblance between them. The Neanderthal especially reminds one of the calvarium of the female gorilla, which is similarly staved in, as it were, or of the skull of a hylobate. The superciliary arches are altogether simian, although the skull is clearly human. Its capacity, estimated at 1200 cubic centimetres, dissipates all doubt on the subject."

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