

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. XIX. (NO. 9.)

SEPTEMBER, 1905.

NO. 592

CONTENTS:

	PAGE
<i>Frontispiece.</i> The Last Sermon. EDUARD BIEDERMANN.	
<i>Maxime Gorki.</i> OSSIP-LOURIÉ.	513
<i>Treweyism.</i> (Illustrated.) HENRY RIDGELY EVANS.	523
<i>Buddhist and Christian Gospels.</i> Work done in Comparative Religion by ALBERT J. EDMUNDS.	538
<i>Moral Tales of the Treatise on Response and Retribution.</i> With Illustrations by Chinese Artists.	547
<i>The Three Characteristics.</i> EDITOR.	563
<i>Newest Light on our Oldest Mother Country.</i> WILLIAM FAIRFIELD WARREN.	568
<i>Father Hyacinthe's Lecture at Geneva.</i>	573
<i>An Appeal from South Africa.</i>	574
<i>Book Reviews and Notes.</i>	575

CHICAGO

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THE LAST SERMON.

BY EDUARD BIEDERMANN.

Frontispiece to The Open Court.

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MAXIME GORKI.*

I.

GORKI'S work is the logical end of the literary and social movement of the nineteenth century in Russia, the natural and evolutive outcome of Gorgol's *Dead Souls*, of Tourguéniev's *Tales of a Hunter*, of Dostoïevsky's *House of the Dead*, of Tolstoi's *Popular Tales*.

Russian criticisms are almost all laudatory, apologetic, breathlessly enthusiastic. Whether from conviction or unconscious crowd-following impulse, the admirers give wild applause. Scarce are those who, while exclaiming "bravo!" stop to take breath and insinuate a few restrictions in their *vivats*.

Gorki's most incontestable merit is to have introduced into literature characteristic types of the most numerous class in Russia, the people. His glory is to have given us a lifelike picture of the new power on which Russia—advisedly or ill-advisedly—has been relying for a long time, on which all her hope, all her future depends.

* * *

Maxime Gorki (Maxime the "Bitter")—a pseudonym for Alexeï Maximovitch Pechkov—was born at Nijni-Novgorod, in 1869. His father, an upholsterer, against his father's will, married the daughter of a former *bourlac*, a Volga bargeman. He died in 1873, during the cholera epidemic. The mother of the future novelist married again, and soon eight year old Alexeï was sent out to a shoemaker as apprentice.

* This article consists of portions selected from a chapter of Ossip-Lourie's *La Psychologie des romanciers russes du XIXe siècle*, translated by Amélie Sérafon. Russian proper names have not been changed to the more familiar English forms but are left in the French transliteration as originally used by the author.

Gorki inherits a pensive sadness from his mother, and his violent temper from his father. Of an uneasy nature and left to his own devices, he changed his trade several times and ended by enlisting in the army of vagabonds, composed in Russia of work haters, ex-government clerks, former students, and moujiks whom scarcity of land drives from their villages; in short, of the dregs of society, all great vodka-drinkers, without any determined trade; at times laborers, at times thieves, ready for anything, capable of anything. Henceforth Gorki knows nought but the highway; and has for companions only vagabonds whose lives contain no secret from him—and he has understanding for none but scamps. He explores the banks of the Volga, the waters of which stir his imagination. Everywhere he observes, stores up visions, fills his memory with images, enriches it with models, with original types. Gorki's condition is truly pitiable; he becomes, by turns, cook on a steamer, vender of *krass* (cider) and bargeman. The realm of ideas is absolutely foreign to him: some intermittent reading of Gogol, of the verses of the popular poet Kolsov here and there, of Stenko-Razine's history, or episodes from Russian history, and that is all. At the age of seventeen, by some chance he finds himself at Kazan, a university town. Here he becomes acquainted with the students who undertake to educate him, and, while working at a baker's Gorki reads the books they lend him. "The bakery was in a basement the windows of which were beneath the level of the street. There was little light, little air, but much dampness and flour-dust. An enormous stove occupied nearly a third of the kitchen. The smell of yeast pervaded the unwholesome atmosphere. The smoky ceiling, the gray day together with the fire of the oven produced a light fatiguing to the eyes."

But of what importance is it to Gorki? He makes friends with another journeyman-baker, a vagabond like himself, a true artist in his line. "You should have seen him handle a seven-pood block of dough! At first as I saw him dash the raw loaves into the oven faster than I could get them out of the trough, I always feared he would throw them on top of one another. But I felt real admiration for him, after he had taken out three ovens full, without one of the hundred and twenty crisp, beautiful loaves being damaged." Konovalov loved his work, raved over it, was sad when the oven wouldn't bake properly or when the dough wouldn't rise. On the other hand, he was happy when the loaves came out of the oven all round and even, just brown enough, with a thin crisp crust.

He would take the finest loaf from the shovel and throw it from one palm on to the other, exclaiming: "What a beauty!"

"After the work," Gorki relates, "we would stretch out on our backs in the yard, and contemplate the abyss over our heads. By degrees, the blue sky drawing us to its depths would invest our souls. . . . We lost the feeling of existence and were swimming in the secrets of the heavens. . . . We were in a condition of half-sleep and contemplation. . . . We would remain thus for whole hours together, and when we went home this communion with nature had refreshed our hearts. . . . In those days, the destinies of humanity occupied my thoughts. I strove to prepare in my own self an active and powerful force; I considered myself an important person, indispensable to the general life."

Gorki often read popular tales aloud to Konovalov.

"How strange it is," said the latter, "a man has written a book—it is but paper—and still it is a book! Those men live, and see life, and absorb all the pain of life. Their eyes must be extraordinary eyes! They look at life, a sorrow comes to them, and they pour their sorrow into their books! But that does not relieve them for their hearts are touched and you could not drive sorrow from them even with fire.—So they drink. The author dies, his book remains and is read."

Konovalov thought that those who write books should be encouraged "because they understood more than other people. I, for instance, who am I? A beggar, a drunkard. There is no reason why I should live. Why am I on earth, of what use am I to any one? I possess nothing: neither shelter, nor wife, nor child, and I feel no desire. I live and am lonesome. Why? I do not know. Something is lacking,—a spark."

Gorki began to read assiduously the books that the students lent him. The contact with the realm of ideas resulted in an attempt at suicide. Gorki was eighteen. His frail poet's soul was not prepared for intellectual light and the shock was too severe. But his friend Konovalov, the incorrigible vagabond, was there and said to him: "It is very wrong for you to have this mania for cities. Life is rotten there. There is neither space nor light. You are an educated man, you know how to read, what need have you of other men? Leave the cities. Books? One is not in this world only to read books. All that is nonsense. Buy some, put them into your bag and tramp! Would you like to go to Tashkent, to Samarkand? We shall go by the Amour river, don't you want to? There is nothing better than to wander about the world. You walk and

see new things and think of nothing. The wind blows in your face, and it seems as though it had lifted all the dust from your soul. You are free; nothing hinders you. If you are hungry you work for fifty kopeks. And you walk on. In this way we shall see many things."

And Gorki heard the voice of the highway and understood that "his place was not in intellectual circles." He left Kazan, revisited the banks of the Volga, visited the Caucasus, went as far as the Black Sea. Here, railroad official; there, laborer; he earned his living, talked to his fellow-travelers, observed much, saturated his mind with the beauties of nature. In 1892, he became acquainted with Vladimir Korolenko who revealed him to Russian literary men. Our vagabond began to write. His first tale "Makar Tchoudra" (1893) had some success. "It was night," Gorki relates, "when I issued forth from the house where, to a private circle, I had read my first printed story. I had received a great many compliments and, pleasantly affected, I was walking slowly along the deserted street, feeling for the first time in my life with such intensity, the delight of living. It was in February; the night was clear and the sky cloudless, woven with a rich tissue of stars; a bracing wind was blowing on the earth covered with an abundant and vapory raiment of fresh-fallen snow. The boughs of the trees reaching over the walls, cast on my way intricate arabesques of shadow; the snow-flakes glittered, dazzling and soft under the blue and caressing light of the moon. Nowhere was there a living being to be seen, and the creaking of the snow under my tread was the only sound that disturbed the solemn silence of that night, so present to my memory. . . . I was thinking: It is pleasant to be of some consequence on this earth among men."

Gorki writes much, produces tales and stories just as the apple-tree brings forth apples. His first volume of *Narratives* was published in 1896 in St. Petersburg. Criticism seemed rather doubtful, but the literary public gave this volume a warm welcome, and twenty-four thousand copies were sold in eight months. The life-like reality of the characters, the depth, energy, and picturesqueness of diction, very soon procured the author warm admirers.—Since Tourguéniev's *Tales of a Hunter* no such thing had been seen. The characters, conjured up in a realistic vision, delighted the readers.

And Gorki keeps on writing: he has published six volumes of short stories while continuing his vagabond life. The Kremlin at Moskow, the islands of the Neva, and editorial rooms, are un congenial to him. He must have the highway with its tramp-philos-

ophers. Often, after an enthusiastic reception from students and literary people, Gorki says to all: "Good bye, brothers, I am off," and again takes up his endless wanderings.

II.

Maxime Gorki is a prolific and creative writer; his gift for observation is very powerful, and with him, creative imagination gushes forth like a flowing spring; there are true sobs in his unequal but always plastic, voluptuous, feverish and animated style. He knows how to conjure up in a few lines, a whole world of sombre or brilliant, gay or tragic images; how to bring forth the flow of ideas amid the tumult of metaphors. Though the form is of the romantic school, the thought is realistic; he does not analyze, but only sketches, draws, depicts. Always remaining within the limits of reality, Gorki, with rare exceptions, keeps up to a truly poetical pitch; he possesses the emotive gift to a wonderful degree. His language is rough and violent but sonorous; his descriptions are vigorous and lively. He conjures up life with a remarkable intensity; he sees life everywhere. Nature herself seems eloquent to him; he attributes to her a living force, and believes that she feels and understands. Nature plays the most important part in his narratives; all his thoughts, all his sentiments, refer to her, he uses her to make poetical and philosophical comparisons, he confides his griefs, his thoughts to her. . . .

"... The wind was caressing the powerful salty bosom of the sea, the sunbeams were warming it, and it sighed, fatigued by their ardent caresses. . . . Towards the misty horizon it extended perfectly calm and its transparent waves were breaking softly against the noisy and lively shore.—Radiant under the sunlight, it beamed, dazzling, great, strong, yet gentle, and its breath refreshed the workers on the shore who were striving to embank the liberty of its billows. . . . The sea seemed to pity men; centuries of existence had made it understand that the real culprits are not those who build. It knew that they are but slaves and that the fight against elements whose vengeance is ever ready, is forced upon them.—They toil; their blood and sweat is the cement of all that is done on earth. They, too, are an element, and that is why the sea looks kindly upon the work that they will not profit by. The little gray larvæ which exhaust the mountain are like the drops of the waves that first fall against the inaccessible rocks of the bank, urged on by the sea's eternal desire to enlarge its dominion, and are first to die, breaking against them."

Whenever Gorki remains true to himself, whenever he conjures up the world which he knows out and out—the world of vagabonds—he is remarkable. He has lived their life, and lives it still. Often it is his own story he tells; he knows how to animate his heroes, and thanks to him, we know their thoughts, their language, gestures, and aspirations—we watch them live. However, some of Gorki's narratives produce an almost weird impression. The setting is certainly always picturesque and the images are always lifelike; but all those highways, all those public houses and tramps finally overstimulate our nerves and sharpen our sensitiveness. The Russian soul sighs out a sort of painful song which goes to our hearts.

Most of Gorki's characters are devoid of moral sense. Hatred, vengeance, and anger have possession of their hearts. One of the favorite pleasures of his heroes is to beat their wives. Sometimes, a sunbeam, a burst of kindness will light up those rough hearts, lighten and pacify the troubles of their grieving souls.—

The characters in the "Orlov Family," Grischka and Matrena, are both young, in love with and proud of one another. Grischka is strong, passionate, and handsome; Matrena is fair and plump with flashing gray eyes—a buxom girl. They love each other, but are so bored with life! They have hardly any impressions or interests which might have given them now and then the possibility of taking a rest from each other's company, and have satisfied the craving of the human mind to torment itself, to think and to worry—in other words, to live. If the Orlovs had had any object in life, their life would have been easier. They had grown accustomed to each other, knew all each other's words, all each other's gestures. Day followed day and brought nothing into their existence that might have made a diversion. Sometimes, on holidays, they would go and call on other simple people, like themselves; sometimes others visited them; they ate, drank, and often had fights. Then the dull days would begin to pass by slowly, one after the other, like links of an invisible chain, making life heavy for them with work, tediousness, and an absurd irritation towards each other. By way of diversion they would often fight, and the neighbors would furnish an interested audience.

"You will kill me," exclaims the wife, all out of breath.

"That is nothing!" says the man soothingly, with concentrated anger, but quite sure of his right. The public lean out towards the Orlov window, seized with a frantic desire to witness the details of the struggle.

"He is astride her back"... "her nose is all bloody"... the

nearest cry out with delight. The yard is full of noise, laughter, and jokes.

After the fight, Orlov remains silent in a corner, without looking at any one. No one comes near him, for they know that at that moment he is a wild beast. His wife is lying all bruised on the floor; she groans and he feels that she is a martyr. He knows it. He even knows that she is quite right and that he is wrong, and that increases his hatred; for together with this knowledge, a furious and obscure feeling is seething in his heart, stronger than this consciousness.—Everything is muddled and painful inside him, he sinks down beneath the heavy burden of his inmost sensations, knowing of nothing else but a half a bottle of brandy to relieve him.

Often Orlov will groan:

“What a life! Continual work and then endless tiresomeness, tediousness, then again work. My mother brought me into this world by God’s will. There is nothing to say against that! I learned a trade, but what for? Are there not enough shoemakers without me? I remain in a cellar and I sew, then I shall die, and after that? What is the meaning of all that? And why must I live, sew and die?”

“You had better not drink that nasty brandy; you would live happier and such thoughts would never enter your head,” Matrena humbly suggests.

“With your wooden words you are nothing but a devil’s doll! Rack your brains a little: why may I not drink, since it is my pleasure?”

Matrena was coming near him with caressing and loving look, trying to meet his eye, and nestling close up to his breast.

“Now all we have to do is lick each other like calves, isn’t it?” said Grischka dully, pretending he wished to repulse her, but she nestled closer and closer to him. Then the shoemaker’s eye would light up; he would throw his work on the ground, and taking his wife on his knee, would kiss her long and repeatedly, sighing with all the power of his lungs, and, speaking in an undertone, as though he feared some one might hear his words:

“Ah, Motria! We don’t live together as we ought to, we snap at each other like wild beasts, and why? Such is my fate. Man is born under a certain star, and that star is fate. How can I help my disposition? You are right and I am wrong. . . . and the more you are in the right, the more I want to beat you. . . .”

“If a child would come to us, we should be better off; we should have a diversion and something to think of.”

"Well, what are you waiting for? Have one then."

"Yes, but with such blows as you give me I cannot. . . . you hit me too hard. . . . If only you wouldn't kick me!"

"Can any one pay any attention at such times where to strike, and with what? Besides I am not an executioner, I do not beat you for pleasure, but because of anger. . . ."

"Where did this anger come from?"

"It is my fate! Look, am I worse than others, than that fellow from Little Russia for instance? Still he does not have this anguish. He is all alone, hasn't a wife, nor anybody. I should have burst without you. And he, nothing! That fellow smokes his pipe and smiles contentedly! I remain in this hole, and work all the time and I have nothing of anything. And even you—you are my wife—what is there of any interest about you? a woman like the rest. . . . I know everything about you. . . . Such a life, I tell you! So I go to the saloon—"

"Why did you marry?"

"Why? The devil knows why! I had much better have turned tramp. . . ."

"Then go and give me my liberty," declares Matrena ready to cry.

"Where would you go?" asks Grischka with an important air.

"That's my business."

"Where?" and his eyes flash fiercely.

"Don't make a row."

"Perhaps you have your eye on some fellow? Speak!"

"Let me go!"

He has her already by the hair; he is in a rage and beats her mercilessly. And half an hour after, "Come my deary dove, forgive me!"

And Matrena is ready to pay for these words with her bruised sides; she is crying, but only for joy in the expectation of caresses.

Now the cholera comes. The Orlovs get acquainted with a medical student who tends the sick people with remarkable disinterestedness in spite of the ignorance and ill-will of the peasants. They both join in nursing the sick.

One day the doctor tells Orlov that he is the man they need. That transforms the shoemaker completely. . . . He does more and more to please the doctor. Under the influence of all the combined impressions this new form of his existence gives him, a strange and enthusiastic state of mind develops within him. He has a passion for doing something that will attract the attention of all to himself;

that every one, struck with astonishment, will be obliged to recognize the force of his individuality. It is an ambition which by degrees becomes a craving for the accomplishment of generous deeds. Stimulated by this desire, Orlov executes all sorts of dangerous feats. For instance, he alone, without waiting for help from his comrades, drags with great difficulty some corpulent patient from his bed to the lazaret, or tends the dirtiest patients. But all that cannot satisfy him; he desires something grander; that yearning torments and exasperates him. Then he unburdens his soul to his wife because he has no one else:

"My soul burns—It requires space that I might freely bring all my force into action. Oh, I feel indomitable force within me! If, for instance, the cholera could assume the figure of a hero, of Ilia Mourometz* himself, I would attack him! 'Come on for a deadly fight! Thou art a force and I, Grischka, am another; we shall see who gets the best of it!' And I should strangle him, or fall myself. A cross on my grave and an inscription: 'Grigory Orlov has delivered Russia from the cholera.' I want nothing more. I would throw myself on a hundred knives, but I want it to be of use, some good for life must come of it.

"You see people such as the doctor, the student, who work wonderfully. They ought to be dead long ago with fatigue. You think it is for money. Money has nothing to do with it; it is for love of humanity. They pity mankind, so they have no pity left for themselves. Everybody knows that Michka is a thief, yet they take care of him and are pleased and laugh when he can get up again . . . I also wish to experience that joy. . . ."

When the hospital is closed, Orlov begins to drink and beat his wife again, and falls back to his old ways. . . .

Many among these people are convinced that if they are what they are, it is because man is not allowed to do as he chooses. "What is necessary, is strength," says one of the characters in "Thomas Gordieev," "for it bends steel and steel is a resisting metal! In resistance alone resides the value of man. . . his resistance to the pressure with which life bears down upon him. If he comes out of the fight victorious, I congratulate him! If he does not succeed, he is a fallen creature!"

"You perhaps think that man is free to act as he wishes? Mistaken, little brother! Tell me what you will do to-morrow? You will never be able to! You cannot say whether you will go to the right or left. That's how it is."†

* A legendary hero of Russia.

† "Jemelian Pilaïe."

All these vagabonds are better than they seem, in spite of that instinct for crime and liquor-drinking, for they are all poisoned by alcohol, from father to son. To intoxicate themselves is the only liberty the czars graciously afford their millions of subjects. The latter indulge in it tremendously. Alcoholism is the chief cause of physical and moral decay in Gorki's vagabonds.

Old Tsergueï* believes she understands the cause of the dullness of Russian life: "I see that men do not live, but simply put up with existence, and exhaust all their strength in it. And when they have cheated themselves, having spent their time uselessly, they begin to complain about fate. Fate has nothing to do with it. Each man makes his own fate. I see numbers of men, but no strong men. Where are they? Mere thought will never remove a stone from the road. To the one who does nothing, nothing will come. Why do we exhaust our strength with thinking and lamenting? Arise! let us make straight for the forest and hew it down."

No one rises, no one moves, the black forest remains untouched. Here and there a cry of revolt, but a blow from the knout or *nahaika*, and all relapses into a morbid silence; gloom gathers and Russia becomes sadder and more sombre.

But the charge of Cossacks, even deadly shooting, will not stop the run of historical events.—

Gorki has shown in what the new power on which Russia has been reckoning for such a long time consists. His task as a novelist is done: he closed the literary nineteenth century in a worthy manner. Others will now have the task of freeing that power of its morbid elements, of setting it in motion, of starting it in the right direction. That is no longer the novelist's business. No more arabesques, no more lessons nor pictures, no more teaching nor theoretical ethics—but examples! action! "The way! show us the way!" shouts young Russia.

Will Gorki point out that way? His name has almost a symbolic meaning. He is the incarnation of the sufferings, the misery, the aspirations of the people from whose ranks he rose.—Will he know how to avail himself of his fame to gather round his personality the crushed masses and lead them to the work of social justice, to liberation and, if need be, to revolt?

*In the story of that title.

TREWEYISM.

BY HENRY RIDGELY EVANS.

“Le mime-comédien Trewey est un prestidigitateur merveilleux, créateur vraiment surprenant d'ombres chinoises avec l'unique secours de ses mains. On peut dire que Trewey est de ceux qui ont agrandi le cercle de la fantasmagorie et en ont fait un des astres les plus vagabonds de la fantaisie.”

DOM BLASIUS, *L'Intransigeant*.

I.

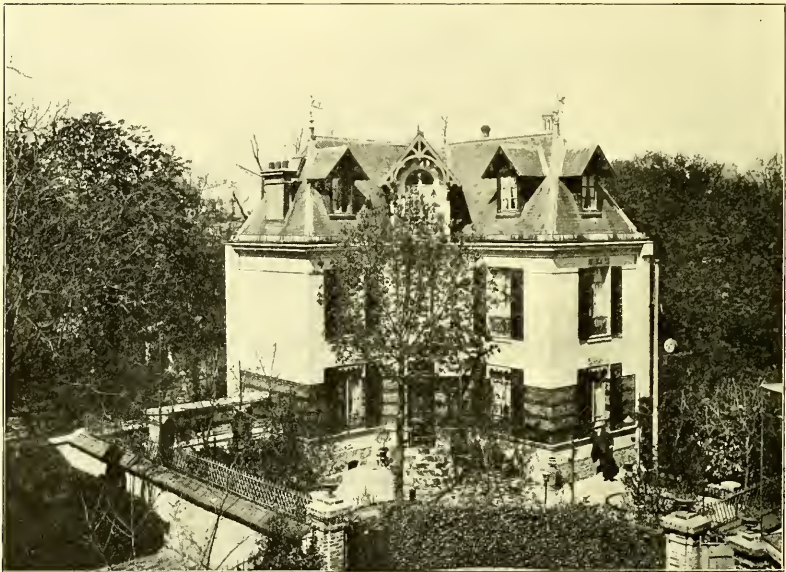
MY favorite character in French fiction is Alexander Dumas's inimitable D'Artagnan, *le mousquetaire par excellence*, who comes out of Gascony with nothing but a rusty suit of clothes on his back, an ancestral sword at his side, his father's blessing, and a bony sorrel horse under him, to seek his fortune in the world. Aided by his good rapier, his wonderful *sang froid*, splendid audacity, and versatile talents, he elbows his way to the foot of a throne, to become Captain of the Grand Monarque's body-guard, and eventually a marshal of France.

In the world of magic we have a similar character, not a mere figment, however, of a novelist's imagination, but a living, breathing personality. I refer to Félicien Trewey, the eminent French fantaisiste, whose life reads like a romance. M. Trewey possesses all of the qualities of heart and mind of Dumas's hero: audacity, versatility, tireless energy in the pursuit of his profession, bonhomie, and what not. Had he lived in the seventeenth century, he doubtless would have been a soldier of fortune like D'Artagnan, fought duels, made love to duchesses, and outwitted a cardinal, but having been born in an age of steam and electricity, and fully realizing the fact that science has reduced the art of war to mere mechanics, he sought out a career that promised the most romance and adventure, and became a mousquetaire of magic, wielding the wand instead of the sword. It is a long, long way from the half-starved mounte-

bank of a wandering caravan to an *Officier de l'Academie* and landed proprietor living at ease in one's old age. But Trewey has accomplished all this.

II.

One evening when strolling along the Boulevard, I saw outside of the *Concert des Ambassadeurs* a bill-board with the following announcement: "Le Grand Trewey! Equilibre, Jonglerie, Prestidigitation.—Le Chapeau Multiforme ou 25 Têtes sous un Chapeau.—Mime.—Musique.—Silhouettes et Ombres des Mains, etc. Amusements Scientifiques et Récréatifs."



TREWEY'S VILLA AT ASNIÈRES SUR SEINE. AU CLAIR DE LA LUNE.

My interest was at once aroused. Here was no ordinary artist, but a man of versatility. I bought a ticket, and was soon seated in the theatre. After the usual infliction of skirt-dancers, acrobats, and eccentric singers with raspy voices, the curtain rose on M. Trewey's act. I sighed with relief. Ah, here was an oasis in the vast Sahara of vaudeville claptrap and mediocrity. I was not disappointed. The stage was elegantly set with gilt tables. The scene was boxed in with rich silk curtains *à la* Pinetti. A burst of applause (not confined to the *claque* either), and the great Trewey appeared. A long black cloak enveloped him. Throwing this off,

he appeared in full court costume—a gentleman of the reign of Louis XVI. I felt like asking him, “When did you see last the Chevalier Pinetti?” After a very superior exhibition of juggling, and sleight-of-hand with cards and coins, he passed on to ombromanie, or hand-made shadows, among them being portraits of

PROGRAMME

PREMIÈRE PARTIE

TREWEY

Dans ses créations.

Ouverture. — Equilibres et Jongleries.

DEUXIÈME PARTIE

Fantaisies. — La Valse des Assiettes. — Les Cuvettes tapageuses. — Le Papier multiforme. — La Harpe éolienne. — Le Tabarin moderne.

ENTR'ACTE

TROISIÈME PARTIE

LES OMBRES DES MAINS

PAR

TREWEY

Ouverture.

- 1^{re} Série.** — Le Lapin. — Les deux Oies. — Le Perroquet.
— Le Poisson. — L' Eléphant. — Le Taureau. — Le Cygne. — Le Prédicateur.
— Le Chat. — Le Chien.
- 2^e Série.** — Le Batelier. — Le Pêcheur. — Le Jockey.
La Danseuse de corde.
- 3^e Série.** — Les Amours du Policeman, pantomime.
- 4^e Série.** — Silhouettes et Profils illustrés.
- 5^e Série.** — Le Clown et l'An savant.
- 6^e Série.** — Le Buveur normand et le Rigolo. —
Au Revoir..., galop final.

Le piano sera tenu par M. Henri DEVIENNE.

Tous les dimanches et jeudis, à 2 heures.

TREWEY

MATINÉE DE FAMILLE

Thiers, Gladstone, Czar Alexander III, Emile Zola, Gambetta, Bismarck, Crispi, and Lord Salisbury. The art of casting silhouettes of animals, such as the dog, the cat, and the rabbit, upon an illuminated wall is very ancient. The Italian painter Campi was one of the first to add new types to the collection of figures. Trewey

raised the art to the dignity of a stage performance and endowed it with movement and life. I shall quote as follows from an article on Trewey contributed by me to the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* some years ago:

“He stands behind a screen, which is brilliantly illuminated by an oxyhydrogen light, and with his hands projects the silhouettes—pictures of soldiers, peasants, abbés, etc., to say nothing of animals. To form the headgear of his men and women, such as the grotesque bonnets of Norman bonnes, the képis of the little piou-pious, and the mortar-boards of the English scholastics, he has recourse to small pieces of cardboard cut to resemble the respective cranial coverings. Trewey is not content with the ‘cold profiles,’ as he calls them, of living creatures, but endows his shadows with animation. His old peasants, for example, smoke, imbibe liquor from large jugs, inhale snuff, roll their eyes, open their mouths, gesticulate; his animals are exceedingly mobile. Besides this, he makes his characters enact charming little pantomimic scenes. One he calls the ‘serenade.’ A piece of cardboard fashioned to represent the side of a house, constitutes the scenery. A gendarme (supposed to be violently in love with the servant girl) knocks at the door of the mansion, whereupon his fair *inamorata* appears at the upstairs window. After an exchange of compliments, she withdraws from the window and reappears at the door. She gives to her lover a drink from a suspicious bottle, and he, after wiping his beard, kisses her and retires. Then comes the strolling musician, playing a lugubrious melody on the clarinet. The owner of the house rushes to the bedroom window and motions the player away, but the musician derisively strikes up a lively tune. The irate proprietor now makes his appearance armed with a long broom, with which he thrashes the clarinetist. The musician still persisting, paterfamilias next produces the water-jug, and from the upstairs window pours the contents upon the head of the luckless serenade, who quickly makes his exit.

“The little accessories used in this act, such as the helmet for the policeman, the broom, bottle, etc., are cut from pasteboard and, where necessary, attached to the fingers of the performer by means of india-rubber rings. The water-jug, however, is an actual little vessel, which is filled with sand. When this is poured out, it simulates a flow of water in the most natural manner.

“‘The pulpit orator’ is a clever silhouette. About the left arm of the performer is tied a small box, which represents the pulpit; the bent fingers make a canopy. Between the fingers of the right



THURIN



GLADSTONE



BISMARCK



ALEXANDRE III



GAMBETTA



LORD SALISBURY



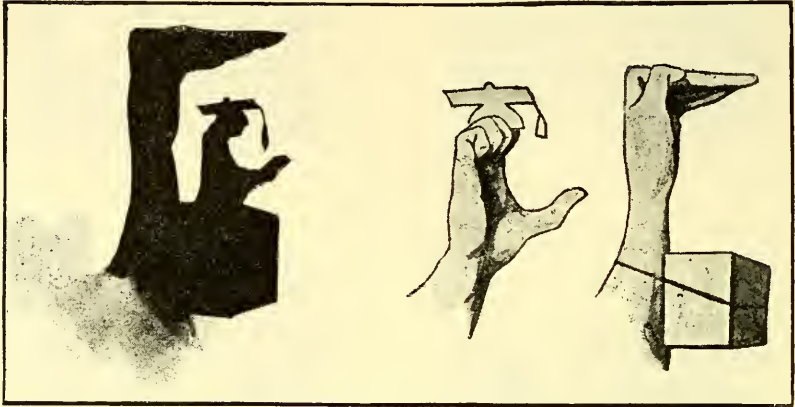
CRISPI



ZOLA

TREWEY'S SHADOW SILHOUETTES.

hand is held a bit of pasteboard, cut in the shape of a mortar-board cap. The paraphernalia is very simple. You see the learned divine ascend the pulpit, bend forward in prayer, then begin to exhort an



THE PULPIT PANTOMIME.

imaginary congregation. He thumps the pulpit-rail vehemently, twists himself into all sorts of grotesque positions, and wipes his



TREWEY'S HANDS.

perspiring brow. After having blessed the people, he descends from his elevated perch."

I learned from him many interesting things about shadow-

graphy and sleight-of-hand generally. To excell in the art of ombromanie requires long practice. The fingers have to be exercised continuously in certain peculiar movements, such as are depicted in the accompanying illustration. Dexterity is largely dependent upon the formation of the hand, one of particular characteristics of skilfulness being "the faculty of reversing the metacarpal phalanges of the fingers, so that when the hand is extended it is convex." Trewey possesses this faculty. Another peculiarity of his hands is the formation of the fingers; they differ very much in length. The middle finger exceeds the ring-finger by nearly an inch.

III.

I met Trewey some weeks later in London at the Empire Theatre, and we struck up a great friendship which has lasted to this day. The story of his life is full of interest, and is a typical example of the folly of setting any one to a vocation for which he has no particular taste. Intended at first for the priesthood by his parents and subsequently for a mechanical trade, Trewey followed his own inclinations—conjuring and juggling. I will quote again from my paper in the *Cosmopolitan*:

"Like most artists who have risen to eminence on the French stage, Trewey has known hardships and bitter poverty. His youth was a struggle against adverse conditions. But he had in him, in its truest sense, the soul of old Gaul—that joyous insouciance, that sardonic humor, which laughs at fortune and snaps its finger at the world. Natural vivacity will often keep a Frenchman alive, though his body is clothed in rags and his stomach is empty. Trewey was born at Angoulême, France, during the Revolution of 1848. His father was an engineer in a paper-mill. Trewey père was ambitious for his son to enter the Church, so he sent him to the Seminary of the Holy Trinity at Marseilles to study for the priesthood. But fate had willed otherwise. When quite a young boy, Trewey had been taken to see a circus at Marseilles. Among the mountebanks was a conjuror, who gave a very interesting exhibition. The feats of magic of this strolling Merlin so fascinated the little Trewey that he forthwith secretly vowed to become a professional prestidigitator, as soon as he grew up. The studies pursued at the Jesuit college did not cure the boy of his love for the stage. He divided his time between Latin verbs and juggling, mathematics and the art of palmistry. Soon he was able to give little exhibitions, private, of course, for the amusement of his com-

rades. The good fathers must have thought him a very eccentric youth, for he was continually trying to balance his slate on the tip of his nose. Many a well-deserved cat-o'-nine-tails he got for his improvised feats of equilibration. Lying awake at night in the silent dormitory, he invented tricks, then fell asleep to dream of the wild delights of the mountebank's life—wandering like a gipsy over the country in a caravan, and performing at the little French villages and towns before crowds of rustics. He pictured himself dressed in gorgeous raiment, exhibiting magic tricks for the amusement of gaping yokels—pulling rabbits from hats, turning omelets into doves and producing bowls of gold-fish from shawls. The boom, boom, of the bass drum, calling the spectators together, resounded in his ears. The boy had in him the spirit of adventure; the blood of some old strolling player of an ancestor ran in his veins. He longed to escape from under the watchful domination of the 'black-robes,' as he designated the good priests of the seminary. Three years passed. One day during the Christmas holidays, Trewey refused to return to his studies, so his father placed him in the engine-room of the paper-mill to learn machinery. Cog-wheels and oil-cans possessed no more fascination for him than Latin and Greek. One fine summer day he ran away from home in company with an acrobat.

"Trewey at this period of his career was not over fifteen years of age, and had but little experience of men and manners. The quiet cloisters of a Jesuit seminary are not conducive to knowledge of the world. Life now became hard for Trewey and his companion, the youthful tumbler. They exhibited in market-places, cafés, and in inn yards. The life they led was next door to starvation. Soon Trewey left the acrobat and obtained an engagement at one of the small music-halls of Marseilles. The munificent sum of six francs per week (one dollar and twenty cents) was the salary he received for his services. In addition to his juggling exhibition, given several times a day, he was obliged to appear in a pantomime performance at night. In this troupe was the famous Plessis, who eventually became one of the foremost comedians of France, rivaling even the great Coquelin.

"In those days it was the custom for people to throw money on the stage to favorite performers. Applauding with the hands being monopolized by a paid claue, there was no better way for enthusiastic spectators, in French places of amusement, to show their appreciation of the talents of an artist, than by showering upon him gold, silver, or copper coins. The vaudeville artists did not

consider it beneath their dignity to stoop and gather up these substantial evidences of public favor.

“Said Trewey to me: ‘I saved these coins until I was able to purchase two fine costumes. Then I secured an engagement at the Alcazar at Marseilles.’

“Other engagements followed this, and Trewey became the most popular performer in the south of France. The desire for a roving life led him to become the proprietor of a traveling pantomime and vaudeville company. His versatility was shown here. He juggled, conjured, played Pierrot in the pantomime, danced in the clodoche, and managed the finances of the troupe. After two years of this life, he got an engagement at Bordeaux. It was here that he invented his ombromanie, and straightway became famous. From Bordeaux he migrated to Paris. His success was instantaneous.”

The journalists rallied to his aid. He became the lion of the hour. *L'Illustration* named his art Treweyism. His reputation was established.

IV.

Trewey is a mimic *par excellence*. He is past master in the art of pantomime and facial expression. One of his particular acts which has given rise to numerous imitations is entitled “Tabarin, or Twenty-five Heads Under One Chapeau.” Thanks to a piece of black felt cloth, circular in shape, with a hole cut in the center, Trewey is able to manufacture in a few minutes all the varieties of head gear required for the Tabarin. For example: Napoleon—A couple of twists of the cloth, and lo! you have a representation of *le chapeau de Marengo*, the little cocked hat which Napoleon made famous, and about which so many legends cluster. With this hastily improvised hat on his head, Trewey assumes the Napoleonic attitude—one hand thrust into his vest, the other behind his back. His physiognomy is that of the great Emperor, as depicted by the painters of the Imperial régime. The likeness is perfect. And so with fat French priests, soldiers, bonnes, landladies, artists, diplomats, etc. It is a portrait gallery of French types; Gavarni lives for us again. And just here let me digress a moment to explain the origin of the curious word *Tabarin*, which, as all lovers of French comedy know, has passed into the repertory of the national theatre. Some two hundred and fifty years ago that bridge of memories, the old Pont Neuf of Paris, was the rendezvous of quacksalvers and mountebanks. Booths for the sale of various articles lined

the sides of the bridge. People flocked there to see the sights, to laugh, chat, make love, and enjoy life as only Parisians can. Students and grisettes from the *Quartier Latin* elbowed ladies and gentlemen of fashion from the Faubourg St. Germain. Bourgeois families came to study the flippant manners of their superiors. Poodle-clippers plied their trade; jugglers amused the *quid nuncs* with feats of dexterity; traveling dentists pulled teeth and sold balsams; clowns tumbled; and last, but not least, pickpockets lifted purses and silk *mouchoirs* with impunity. One of the principal venders of quack nostrums of the Pont Neuf was Montdor. He was aided by a buffoon named Tabarin who made facetious replies to questions asked by his master, accompanied with laughable grimaces and grotesque gestures. The modern ringmaster and clown of the circus have similar scenes together, minus the selling of medicines. Tabarin was celebrated for his wit. Some of his *bon mots* have descended to our time. He performed the feat of making some ten different hats out of the brim of a felt hat, giving appropriate facial portraits beneath each, and using wigs and beards to enhance the effect. Such, in brief, is the story of the famous Merry Andrew whose name has become a by-word in France for buffoonery and broad humor. The history of such men would make interesting reading for the student of sociology. But Dame Clio has eyes only for tremendous battles, diplomatic intrigues, the doings of royalty and great folk. The little world of every day life, that busy ant hill where the human comedy is so ardently played, is beneath her notice. The life and adventures of quacksalvers, minor poets, wandering jugglers, faugh!—that is asking too much of the Muse of History. Says Guizot: "History has no room for all those who throng about her gates without succeeding in getting in and leaving traces of their stay."

But occasionally a man or woman rises from the dregs of the people and compels recognition; and sad to relate, nine times out of ten, through the commission of crimes. Have we not Cagliostro and Madame de la Motte, thorough paced scoundrels and charlatans, but nevertheless very delightful folk, who have added a tinge of romance to history? I for one confess a weakness for the tittle-tattle of court gossip and backstairs diplomacy. Behind the scenes with Louis XV and XVI, Frederick the Great and Catherine II is far more entertaining than the battles of the period. Casanova gives one a better picture of eighteenth century morals and manners than any of the great historians of the time. History is the dry



THE TABARIN.

bones of an epoch; the memoir writers are the Ezekiels who behold the bones clothed with flesh and thrilling with life-blood.

Wandering across the old Pont Neuf, gazing over the parapet at the sunshine rippling in the flowing waters of the Seine, all these thoughts came to my mind. Once again, as in the days of long ago, I saw in my imagination, the bridge crowded with people. There came to me the faint rustling of silk skirts, the clatter of high-heeled shoes upon the paving stones. Boom! boom! goes the drum. I hear the strident voice of Montdor shouting out his wares, and the unctuous notes of the comical Tabarin uttering a *bon mot*.

v.

Trewey is the inventor of many clever card sleights and passes; for example, a color change executed by taking cards from the back of the pack with the fork of the thumb and forefinger and placing them on the front. The origin of this clever sleight is not generally known. I have seen him throw cards from the stage of the Alhambra Theatre, London, to the topmost gallery. This is a tremendous feat, as the Alhambra is one of the largest theatres in the world. He possesses the peculiar talent of writing in reverse, necessitating the use of a mirror in order to read it. The artistic sentiment was born in him. It seems to be a family characteristic. Rosa Bordas, the celebrated French *chanteuse patriotique*, is his cousin-german. A writer in *L'Echo des Jeunes* thus apostrophises him in verse:

“Dans le monde artistique ou son étoile brille,
Trewey ne peut que ressortir,
Vraiment, cela tient le famille,
Vu que bon sang ne peut mentir.”

The most exclusive and aristocratic salons of Paris and Vienna have engaged his services for private séances. In Spain, Belgium, Austria, Russia, and England he was the sensation of the day. At the present time he is living in retirement at Asnières, near Paris, where he has purchased a charming home known as the Villa Traversière *au clair de la lune*. During the Exposition of 1900 he was the manager of the Theatre Phono-Cinéma. At his villa, he spends his time inventing and improving devices to be used in moving-picture apparatus; corresponding with his friends; meditating upon the works of his favorite authors, Confucius and Epictetus; and writing songs, farces, and dramatic articles. In the year 1903 he was made an *Officier de l'Académie* by the French Government. He married Miss Ixa of Trocadero fame.

Trewey relates many interesting anecdotes of contemporary

French magicians whom he has met on his travels. He is literally a man without envy. His admiration for Buatier de Kolta was unbounded. They were close friends.



M O N S. T R E W E Y .
JUGGLER, SHADOWGRAPHER, AND—WELL, EVERYTHING.

FROM "THE ENTR'ACTE," LONDON, MAY 7, 1887.

He once toured the Continent with the Hungarian conjurer Velle, who was the first to give exhibitions within a marked circle

where the audience could gather on all sides. Velle impersonated Mephisto to perfection. Trewey and August Lassaigue were once partners. Lassaigue was born in Toulouse, in 1819. Besides being a magician he was an aeronaut, having made 347 ascensions. He died in Montpellier in the year 1887.

When Trewey first toured the United States, under the management of Alexander Herrmann, he was very much annoyed by impostors, who advertised themselves as *Drewey*, but their performances were only weak imitations of the original—the merest shadows of a shade. In the wake of the whale follow little fishes—“pikers”—who grab at the crumbs dropped by the monarch of the sea, being too lazy or indifferent to find hunting seas of their own.

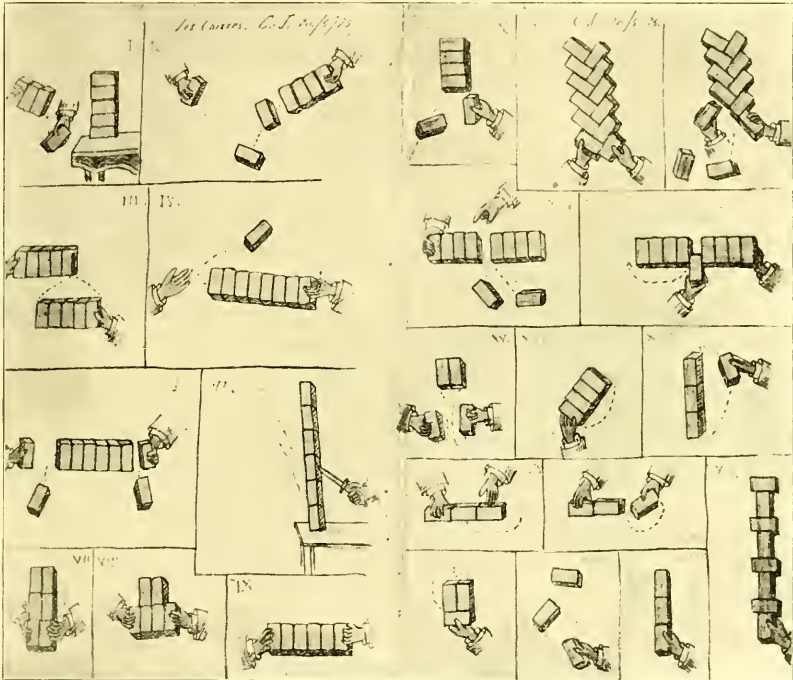
“Many amateurs are more skilful than professionals,” said Trewey to me. “I have in mind my friend Alexander Osso, who was born in Paris in the year 1828. While a student he once happened to be present at a soirée where M. Comte was giving an exhibition. He was so fascinated that he afterwards took lessons in legerdemain from the professor. When he finished his schooling, he entered the service of the Count de Nigra, then Ambassador to Italy, and remained with him for forty years, visiting London, St. Petersburg, Vienna, and other great capitals. Osso often entertained the Count and his friends with conjuring séances. In this way he amused society at nearly all the Courts of Europe, besides giving many entertainments for the benefit of the poor. In spite of his advanced age he still keeps in practice as a conjurer, at his home in Paris, where he retired from an active life in 1903.

“Then we have M. Pitau, a wine merchant, who studied legerdemain to amuse his friends and increase his custom. He was a capital guest at the hotel table. People loved to be seated near him, for he was not only skilful at hanky panky with glasses, plates, napkins, knives, corks, coins, etc., but he was a brilliant raconteur and a mimic. His most amusing trick was the following: He would place his hat over his plate which held perhaps a chop and potatoes. Passing his hand under the hat he would bring forth several five franc pieces. Then he would pass it a second time beneath the chapeau and bring out five or six gold one-hundred franc pieces. Now he would exclaim: ‘Ladies and gentlemen, I will give what is left on the plate for ten centimes.’ Lifting the hat, a child’s sock or an old shoe would be seen, the chop and potatoes having vanished. This feat was always greeted with shouts of laughter. Pitau often gave entire performances for charitable purposes.”

Behind the scenes in an Egyptian temple would doubtless have

revealed many curious secrets of natural magic to the uninitiated. Like all so-called sorcerers, the priests evidently compiled works on the subject of their art for the benefit of their successors. But none of these have come down to us. Hermes Trismegistus is said to have written two myriads of books on the occult sciences. He was the Alexander Dumas of the Egyptian pantheon.

Trewey, an apt descendant of the ancient magi of the land of Mizraim, has compiled a ponderous folio of illusions, and feats of



A LEAF FROM TREWEY'S NOTE BOOK.

juggling and legerdemain; a great manuscript volume of mysteries, the text of which is illustrated by pen-and-ink sketches by himself. Over two thousand magical experiments are described and explained in this tome of thaumaturgy, gathered from all sources, many of them being his own inventions, perhaps the majority of them. I know that this volume exists, for I have seen it and glanced over it. I have urged Trewey to publish the work. Perhaps he will some day, now that he has the leisure for literary labors.

BUDDHIST AND CHRISTIAN GOSPELS.

WORK DONE IN COMPARATIVE RELIGION BY ALBERT J. EDMUNDS.

MR. Albert J. Edmunds of Philadelphia, who has contributed frequently to the columns of *The Open Court* on the parallelism between the Buddhist and Christian Gospels, published in 1904 the second edition of a pamphlet in which he brings out a general synopsis of his labors. In the Preface he expresses his impatience with the publishers on account of their reluctance in bringing out his lucubrations, and he adds thereto the hearty endorsement of his work by Prof. T. W. Rhys-Davids of London. We wish to state here that we deem the results of Mr. Edmunds's investigations important in a high degree and think that he is especially fitted for his task; because, on the one hand, he is a Christian and an accomplished New Testament scholar, and, on the other hand, he sympathizes strongly with Buddhist doctrines. There is perhaps no one in the world so well acquainted with the sources of both religions as he. If any one can with approximate certainty point out the date of a Pali text, it is Mr. Edmunds, and few indeed are the scholars that are posted on the subject as well as he is. He is perfectly familiar with the maturest results of New Testament criticism, and in the province of Pali scriptures he is himself one of the leading higher critics.

* * *

From this pamphlet we select for publication some of the salient points which may serve as samples of Mr. Edmunds's work.¹

¹ *Buddhist and Christian Gospels*. Now first compared from the originals. Being Gospel parallels from Pali texts, reprinted with additions by Albert J. Edmunds, Honorary Member and American Representative of the International Buddhist Society of Rangoon, Translator of the *Dhammapada*, "The Buddhist Genesis," etc., Member of the Oriental Society of Philadelphia. Second edition with a notice by T. W. Rhys-Davids. Philadelphia: Sold by the Author, 3231 Sansom St., and by Maurice Brix, 129 South Fifteenth St. Postal Orders payable at Middle City Station, Philadelphia. 1904. Price, 25 cents; Cloth, 50 cents.

Some parallels between the Buddhist and Christian Gospels are very remarkable but perhaps natural. So for instance: Christ is called "the Lion that is of the tribe of Judah," (Rev. v. 5) and Buddha is called "the lion of the tribe of Shakya" or briefly "Shakya-simha." We read in the *Numerical Collection*, v. 99:

"Lion, O monks: this is the appellation of the Tathâgato, the Holy One, the fully Enlightened One. Because, monks, when the Tathâgato proclaims the Doctrine to a company he does so with a lion-voice. If he proclaim it unto monks or nuns, he proclaims it comprehensively, with nothing omitted; and likewise unto lay-disciples, whether men or women. And if, monks, the Tathâgato proclaim the Doctrine to the common people even, who merely care for food and maintenance and wealth, he proclaims it comprehensively, with naught omitted. What is the reason? The Tathâgato, monks, is weighty in religion, an authority in religion."

The literal agreement of a very unique phrase is extraordinary and will go far to prove that there must have been a connection of some kind. We read in John xii. 34: "The multitude therefore answered him, We have heard out of the law, that Christ abideth forever." If we consider that the Greek New Testament texts are written without accents, the verb "abideth"¹ might as well be the future and could in that case be translated "will abide" or "shall abide." The term "forever"² is an incorrect rendering. It means in Greek "for the æon," and the word "æon" corresponds exactly to the Buddhist term *kappa* or in Sanskrit *kalpa*.

Mr. Edmunds quotes passages from *Enunciations* vi. 1, and *Long Collection*, Dialogue 16 (*Book of the Great Decease*. Translated in *Sacred Books of the East*, Vol. XI, p. 40.) and translates as follows:

"Anando, any one who has practised the four principles of psychological power—developed them, made them active and practical, pursued them, accumulated and striven to the height thereof—can, if he so should wish, remain [on earth] for the æon or the rest of the æon.

"Now, Anando, the Tathâgato has practised and perfected these; and if he so should wish, the Tathâgato could remain [on earth] for the æon or the rest of the æon."

Mr. Edmunds makes the following comments on the passage:

"As our text occurs also in the Sanskrit of the Divyâvadâna (which has an independent transmission) its antiquity is certain.

¹ μένει means "abideth," and μενεῖ, "will abide."

² εἰς τὸν αἰῶνα.

Moreover, the Book of the Great Decease and that of Enunciations are two of the oldest in the Pali, Enunciations being also one of the Nine Divisions of a lost arrangement of the Canon.

"The ascription of the saying in John to 'the multitude,' shows it to have been a current belief at the time of Christ. It is not a New Testament doctrine, though the physical Second Coming has been assimilated to it. Commentators have been at a loss to identify the Old Testament passage ('out of the Law') which is supposed to be quoted. The *Twentieth Century New Testament* proposes the Aramaic version of Isaiah ix. 7 as the source. The learned August Wünsch, in his work on the Gospels and the Talmud, says that the source is unknown. Be that as it may, we have here a verbal Pali parallel:

"ὁ Χριστὸς μενεῖ εἰς τὸν αἰῶνα: Tathāgato kappam tittheyya."

The beautiful passage in John xiv, which promises that Christ will manifest himself unto him who keeps his commands, can be matched by passages in the Buddhist text which bear a close resemblance to it. We read in St. John xiv:

"He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me: and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself unto him [i. e., appear before him.]"

Mr. Edmunds quotes the following text from the *Logia* Book, 92 (Partly translated into French by the translator of Minayeff: *Recherches sur le Bouddhisme*: Paris, 1894, p. 218):

"O monks, even if a monk should gather up the folds of his robe and follow behind me, treading in my footsteps, yet if he be covetous, on lusts intent, bad-hearted, corrupt in his mind's aspiration, heedless, mindless, ill-conducted, with heart confused and unripe faculties, then is he far from me, and I from him.

"And why? Because, O monks, that monk sees not the Doctrine; and he who sees not the Doctrine sees not me.

"But if that monk should dwell an hundred leagues away, O monks, and be not covetous, nor intent on lusts, not bad-hearted nor corrupt in his mind's aspiration, but heedful, mindful, well-conducted, with concentrated heart and faculties restrained, then is he near to me, and I to him.

"And why? Because, O monks, that monk sees the Doctrine; and he who sees the Doctrine sees me.

[The word "Doctrine" is the ubiquitous *Dhammo*, Sanskrit *Dharma*; and can be equally translated "truth" or "religion."]

"COLLECTION OF SUTTAS, STANZAS 1139-1144.

(Translated by Fausböll: *S. B. E.*, X, part 2, p. 212.)

"From Him I am never absent,
O Brahmin, for a moment—
[Never absent] from Gotamo, the great of intellect,
From Gotamo, in wisdom great.

"Twas he who taught me the Doctrine
Of instantaneous, immediate peace,
And destruction of Thirst,—
Whose likeness is nowhere.

"Him do I see in my mind, as with an eye,
Vigilant, O Brahmin, night and day:
Worshiping I pass the night;
Therefore, I ween, am I never absent.

"Faith and joy, mind and memory,
Bend me unto Gotamo's religion.
What way soever goeth the Great Intellect,
That way, and that only, am I bent.

"Of me who am aged and tottering
The body therefore fareth not thither,
But in imagination I go ever;
For, O Brahmin! my mind is yoked with him.

"Shivering in the mire,
From island unto island did I leap,
Until I saw the fully Enlightened,
The Flood-crossed, the Unsullied."

Fausböll adds: "The commentary here states that Gotamo, knowing from afar the mental state of this monk and his companion, sent forth a golden light, and stood before them in apparition. A similar Christophany is related in the Introductory Story to Jâtaka No. 4. But in Jâtaka No. 2, personal devotion to the Master is placed on a lower level than solitary thought."

The idea that Christ is the king of truth finds a literal parallel in Buddhist scriptures. We read in St. John xviii, 37:

"Pilate therefore said unto him, Art thou a king then? Jesus answered, Thou sayest that I am a king. To this end have I been born, and to this end am I come into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth. Every one that is of the truth heareth my voice."

In the *Scla-Sutta*, Buddha makes the same claim. He says:

"I am a King, O Selo!
 An incomparable King of religion;¹
 By religion I set rolling a wheel,
 An irresistible wheel.

* * *

"What ought to be supremely known I know,
 What ought to be perfected I perfect,
 What ought to be renounced I renounce:
 Therefore, O Brahmin! am I Buddha.

"Discipline thy doubt of me,
 Surrender thyself, O Brahmin!
 Hard to obtain is the appearing
 Of fully Enlightened Ones repeatedly.

"He who indeed is hard in the world to obtain,
 In manifestation repeatedly,
 That fully Enlightened One, O Brahmin, am I—
 Physician incomparable.

"Godlike, beyond measure,
 A crusher of the Devil's army,
 Having subjugated all enemies,
 I rejoice as one who hath nowhere a fear.

* * *

"Thou art Buddha, thou art the Master,
 Thou art the Sage who overcomest the Devil,
 Thou hast cast off all inclinations:
 And having crossed over thyself, hast ferried this
 [human] race across."

As the disciples of Christ are not of the world, even as he is not of the world (John xvii. 16), so Buddha desires his followers to live in the world without being soiled by it. He says (*Classified Collection* XXII, 94):

"Monks, even as the blue lotus, a water-rose or a white lotus is born in the water, grows up in the water, and stands lifted above it, by the water undefiled: even so, monks, does the Tathâgato grow up in the world, and abide in the mastery of the world, by the world undefiled."

We read in Mark ii. 21:

"No man seweth a piece of new cloth on an old garment, else the new piece that filled it up, taketh away from the old and the rent is made worse."

The passage appears without any connection with the preceding statements and is followed by a similar passage concerning the new

¹Or *Truth* (as in John:) *Dhammo*, which we generally translate "Doctrine."

wine in old bottles. Both the sentiments, concerning the old cloth and the old bottles, are contradictory to the sentiment of Jesus uttered in the Sermon on the Mount where he declares that "till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law." The clause "till all be fulfilled" is not contained in the best codices, and is moreover contradictory to the other determination of time "till heaven and earth pass away." But whatever Jesus may have said, it is remarkable that we find a passage in the Buddhist scriptures which also speaks of the old cloth that has to be cut away. We read [*Middling Collection*, Dialogue 22. Partly translated by Copleston: *Buddhism*, 1892, p. 30]:

"Thus, O monks, is the Doctrine well taught by me—plain, patent, clear, and with the old cloth cut away. Seeing, O monks, that the Doctrine is thus well taught by me—plain, patent, clear, and with the old cloth cut away,—all those who have merely faith and love toward me are sure of Paradise hereafter."

The following note on the grotesque in Buddhism deserves special attention:

"The comparison of Buddha to an elephant excites in some a smile. But the elephant is just as gentle as the lamb and far more majestic, yet we are not shocked by the Apocalyptic Lamb upon the throne of the Godhead. I am told that certain items in the Buddhist scriptures are trivial or grotesque. Are the Gospels free from the like? Joseph's perplexity at the pregnancy of Mary, till a dream assures him it is supernatural; the food and raiment of the Baptist; the fantastic scenes of the Temptation; the baptismal Dove; the transmuted water; the extemporized creation of fishes; the Devils who know the Son of God; the clay and the spittle; the Gadarene swine (so humorously depicted by Carlyle); the coin in the fish's mouth; the Matthæan parallel between Jonah's three nights and Christ's; the rivers that flow from a believer's belly; the blasted fig tree; the Matthæan mistake about the two asses; the anointed feet wiped with a woman's hair; the whipping of the hucksters; the Matthæan apparitions of the corpses; the hand in the resurrected side; the risen Lord eating broiled fish; the vision of the sheet-full of animals; the Elect collected by a trumpet; the adulterers cast into a bed: are not all these New Testament incidents and saws grotesque except to us who are powerfully psychologized by the Christian ideals? No philosopher will make objection for a moment to the Buddhist books on the score of the grotesque."

Mr. Edmunds now proposes to bring out a more comprehensive work under the title *Buddhist and Christian Gospels Now First Compared from the Originals*. The book will compare the texts of the two religions. It is to be edited by Mr. M. Anesaki, Professor of Religious Science at the Imperial University of Japan, and he will add many other parallels between Buddhist and Christian writings derived from Chinese sources, printed in the original Chinese characters.

The book is to appear in Japan and The Open Court Publishing Company will act as its agent in the United States and Canada.

Mr. Edmunds trusts that the parallels between Buddhist and Christian texts will, in many instances, throw new light on the text of the Gospels, and after having completed the manuscript, which is now being set in Japan, he has discovered one more very important parallel which he publishes in a little pamphlet entitled, *Can the Pali Pitakas Aid Us in Fixing the Text of the Gospels?* Mr. Edmunds answers this question in the affirmative, and he has proposed in his book three important parallels which will be a help in determining the text of the Gospel. These are: First, The phrase, "An æon-lasting sin" (Mark iii. 29; Cullavaggo vii. 3). Second, The declaration that Christ remains on earth for an æon (John xii. 34; Enunciations vi. i, and Decease Book iii. 3). Third, Christ's word "I have overcome the world" (John xvi. 33; Numerical Collection i. 15). Mr. Edmunds has discovered a fourth one which has not been incorporated into his forthcoming book, but which was so important to him that he was anxious not to have it overlooked.

We will here recapitulate the contents of his pamphlet mostly in his own words.

When the Buddha was born, we are told Asito, the hermit, saw the god

"Sakko the leader and angels white-stoled,
Seizing their robes, and praising exceedingly."

He asks the angels why they rejoice, and they answer:

"The Buddha-to-be,¹ the best and matchless Jewel,
Is born for weal and welfare in the world of men,

¹ This term, in Pali Bodhisatto, is the word whose Sanskrit form Bodhisattva, through the Arabic Yudasatf, has been transformed into the Christian Josaphat. He (i. e. Buddha) is a saint of the Catholic Church (both Greek and Roman) and has a church at Palermo. See the Autobiography of Andrew D. White, who visited it in 1895 (Vol. II, p. 455. For a photograph of the saint's statue on the altar and further explanations see *The Open Court*, Vol. XV, p. 284). The Buddhist-Christian romance of Barlaam and Joasaph, after being rendered into most of the languages of Christendom from Armenia to Iceland, was finally translated into Tagalog (Manila, 1712 and 1837).

In the town of the Sakyas, in the region of Lumbini:
Therefore are we joyful and exceeding glad."

This passage agrees in some of its phraseology literally with the message of the angels to the shepherds as we read in Luke:

"And the angel said unto them, Be not afraid; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all the people: for there is born to you this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this is the sign unto you; Ye shall find a babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, and lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, divine favor among men."

The parallel is further carried out in the narrative. The hermit, like the shepherds, goes to pay his reverence to the newborn Saviour. Considering that, between the Greek of Luke and the Pali of the Sutta Nipato, there lies a lost Aramaic version, many of the words in the two accounts are practically identical. The Pali words *hitasukhataya* ("for blessing and happiness") are a conventional phrase, often recurring in the texts. They are here translated "weal and welfare," for the sake of poetic effect, but they mean much the same as the English phrase, "peace and prosperity." Now if Luke, or rather his Aramaic intermediary, did actually use the Pali poem, it is evident that (omitting *jato*, "born") we find a very good equivalent of the line

Manussaloke hitasukhataya jato,

literally:

"In the world of men for weal and welfare born,"

in the line

ἐπὶ τῆς γῆς εἰρήνη ἐν ἀνθρώποις εὐδοκία.

literally:

"Upon earth peace, among men good will."

It is thrown into the form of a Hebrew parallelism, in which peace on earth and divine favor among men are interchangeable terms. But it is well known that the oldest manuscripts of the New Testament are at variance here over the word "good will."² Some read the genitive,³ and then we must render:

"among men of good will" (i. e., men of the
divine favor, i. e., the elect, as Alford says).

This is the reading of the Vulgate and of the English and American Revised Versions. It is because "good will" in the Septuagint

² εὐδοκία.

³ εὐδοκίας.

means so often the Divine good pleasure that the Revised Version has "men in whom he is well pleased." But the old King James reading (following the *textus receptus* afterwards fixed by the Dutch printers Elzevir) is borne out by the analogy of all Hebrew parallelisms. This is therefore a passage wherein the Pali Pitakas can probably aid us in fixing the text of the New Testament.

The same can be said of the Marcan phrase, "æon-lasting sin,"⁴ which, as Dean Alford long since pointed out, was so unusual that the copyists altered it to "eternal judgment" (or damnation). But the idea was a Hindu one, and as Buddhism in the time of the apostles was the most powerful religion on the planet, and actually sending missionaries into China, it is now coming to be admitted by scholars that it was not unknown in Palestine. As Van Eysinga,⁵ in his recent work on the subject, has said, we know that Christians borrowed stories of Buddhists from the third century onward, and the same channels of intercourse were open in the first.

Luke, the most learned of the Evangelists, was a physician of Antioch (according to a second-century tradition⁶), and it was precisely in the metropolitan centers Rome, Antioch, and Alexandria, that interchanges of religious ideas and the study of comparative theology then flourished. The lost work of the Egyptian Asclepiades, *Theologoumena*⁷ (i. e., what we should call Comparative Theology) must have been one out of many such. For further information about intercourse between Palestine and India we refer the reader to Van Eysinga and to Mr. Edmunds's forthcoming book.

⁴ αἰώνιον ἁμάρτημα.

⁵ *Indische Einflüsse auf evangelische Erzählungen*. Göttingen, 1904.

⁶ The Muratorian Fragment. Rendel Harris says that the information about Luke probably rests upon the lost work of Papias.

⁷ Referred to by Suetonius, Aug., 94.

MORAL TALES OF THE TREATISE ON RESPONSE AND RETRIBUTION.*

(With Illustrations by Chinese Artists.)

RAYS OF TRUTH.

A COPY of the *T'ai-Shang Kan Ying P'ien* had been handed down in the family of Wan Teh-Hsü from one of his ancestors as a very precious heirloom. Four successive generations had reverently read and recited it, and now when it came into the possession of Wan Teh-Hsü, he kept it in a place of honor in the Middle Hall; and he, and all the members of his family, had many merits recorded in their favor, for they vied with one another in living up to the moral principles laid down in the sacred document.

One day a Taoist priest visited the home of the pious man and was cordially received. Wan Teh-Hsü presented his guest with gifts and requested him to discourse on the mystery of religion, whereupon the stranger expounded the Tao, that divine rationality which pervades all things.

"The soul," he said, "is Tao, and the Tao is soul. The soul and the Tao are not different in essence. If the Tao is separated from the soul, you will transmigrate through the six domains and keep on the three paths,† but if the soul and the Tao are united, you will finally reach paradise and the land of immortals. Hell and heaven are in your own heart. Unless heaven reside within you, the mere reading or reciting of sacred books profiteth nothing." Then looking around in the Middle Hall he added: "You have a rare gem in your

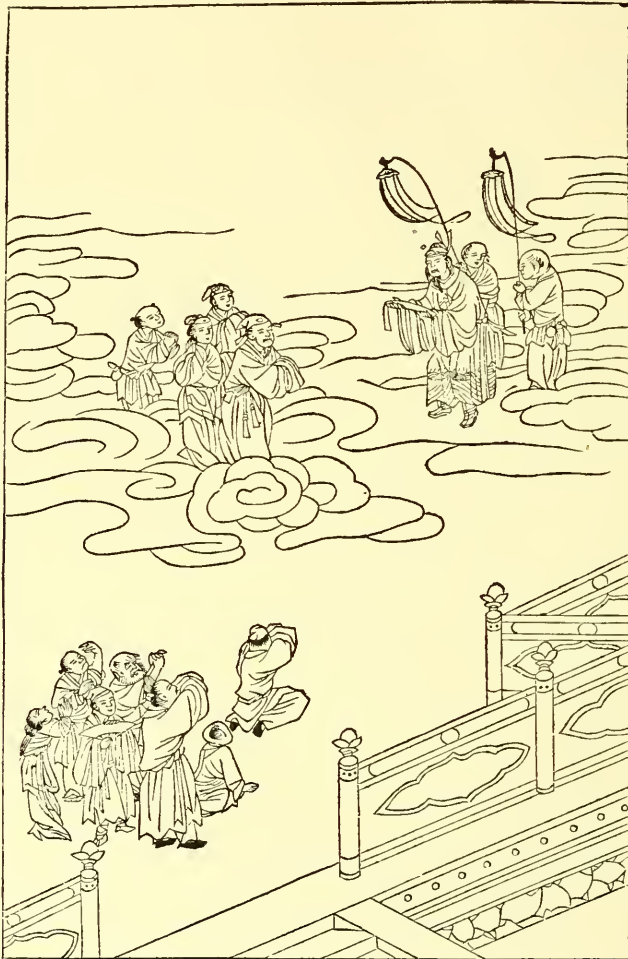
* These little stories have been translated in part directly from the Chinese originals by Mr. Teitaro Suzuki, and partly through the French version of Stanislas Julien.

† The six domains are those of (1) the gods, (2) human beings, (3) animals, (4) *asuras* or fighting demons, (5) hungry ghosts, and (6) denizens of hell. The three paths are lust, wrath, and greed. The three paths and the six domains constitute the wheel of Samsara.

house; for when I entered I saw the radiance of a holy light. Where do you keep your treasure?"

The host answered: "In this poor dwelling there is nothing worthy the name of a treasure."

The priest then took Wan Teh-Hsü by the hand and led him to the place where the *Kan Ying P'ien* lay, saying: "This holy book



is the treasure. All the holy men of the three religions selected and compiled it to point out the way of virtue on which every one should walk. If a man disciplines himself according to its instructions, the truth will shine forth in all its glory, and every letter in the sacred writing will emit rays of divine light. But if you recite the sacred

text with a secret desire for profit or reward, selfishness will darken its native glory, and the writing will show no illumination. To my vision the glorification of the holy book is perfect. Its saintly atmosphere has ascended to heaven, resulting in an harmonious blending of your heart with the will of the Lord on High. Your immortality is assured and I bless you. But keeping in sight the heavenly station that awaits you, you must continue to exercise still more self-control in your dealings with your fellow men. Be diligent and fail not to fulfil the work so auspiciously begun."

In accordance with the words of the Taoist priest, Teh-Hsü practised the teachings of the *Kan Ying P'ien* with even greater zeal. For thirty more years, he did everything in his power to benefit others and to promote the general welfare. One day his neighbors heard heavenly music resound from above, and saw the entire family of Wan ascend to heaven in broad daylight, surrounded by a host of celestial beings.

Later the villagers built a monument to Wan on his own homestead, where they paid him homage and offered prayers which were answered and granted.

[Our illustration shows Ti Chün (the Taoist Good Lord) accompanied by two attendants, welcoming the good man and his family as they are carried up to heaven. Below we see the neighbors, some of them on their knees, witnessing the scene.]

THE PIOUS SCHOLAR'S GOOD FORTUNE.

Shang Shih-Ying of the Ming dynasty was a scholar and good calligrapher. Though poor, he was diligent in doing good. Once he saw a man asking for aid to print and distribute the *Kan Ying P'ien*. He wanted to help the man, and having no means, pawned his clothing. With the cash thus realized he gratified his pious desire, but on this account had to go without warm clothing in winter. Even when he was thirty years of age, he was as poor as ever. He went to the capital to try his fortune, but nobody seemed to recognize his abilities. To gain a living he was obliged to compose and copy for other people, poems which were to be dedicated to Kwang Tî.

New Year's Eve was approaching and the chief mandarin had some official business to attend to at the shrine of Kwang Tî. He sent one of his clerks who was a man of good judgment, and he greatly admired the work of Shang, hung up in the shrine, and asked the poor scholar to accompany him home as a guest of honor.

On the night of the fifteenth of January, the festival of lanterns, the chief mandarin, according to custom, decorated his garden and tested the poetical and calligraphic skill of his invited friends in competitive games, the best compositions to be attached to the lanterns. Since the result was not very satisfactory, the clerk recommended the



poor scholar who stayed at his house. Shang was at once summoned and his unusual talents were admired by the whole company.

It happened that evening that the Emperor came to inspect the illumination, and he was greatly impressed by the beautiful handwriting of the inscriptions. He had their author presented to him,

and recognizing his worth, conferred a high literary degree upon him.

From that time, Shang's promotion was rapid till he was honored with the highest literary title and occupied the very important position of secretary to the Emperor.

One day after his regular work at the Court, he went to the shrine of Kwang Ti to give thanks for his prosperity. The priest received him very cordially, and when the ceremony was over, let him take a rest in the temple when lo, Kwang Ti appeared to him in his ethereal form and said: "The prosperity you are enjoying to-day is the result of your meritorious work in helping others print and distribute the *Kan Ying P'ien*. Keep on cultivating piety in your heart as before, be loyal and faithful to your superiors as well as to the state, and never think of abusing the power which is yours at present."

Coming to know the reason of his unparalleled success in life, he advised others to follow his example and made many converts.

[The reader of this story should know that Kwang Ti, the war god, is not merely the Chinese Mars but presides generally over the affairs of mortals. He may be compared to St. Peter or the Archangel Michael.

In the illustration, the inscription over the entrance of the temple reads literally: "All the heavens together are filled with glory," reminding us of the beginning of the nineteenth Psalm: "The heavens declare the glory of God." The inscription reading downwards on the column, is a loose quotation from the *Kan Ying P'ien*: "Lucky stars follow the good man."]

PHILANTHROPY REWARDED.

The people in the province of Chiang-Hsi had an objection to raising daughters, and on that account there were a great many bachelors there. The governor wanted to put a stop to the inhuman custom of drowning infants, and so he summoned some of his old councilors to see what measure could best be taken to effect this. Old state documents were consulted and it appeared that many of the preceding governors had attempted the same reform but had signally failed. So the task seemed to be beset with insurmountable difficulties.

After a meeting with his councilors the governor retired, still thinking that there must be some method which would effectively put an end to the barbarous practice, and he thought, what could cause people to suppress parental love but the expense and trouble they must undergo at the time of giving their daughters in marriage. If there were built a sort of public nursery where all the female

children could be provided for by the state, the cruelty of drowning girls would naturally cease.

While going over the old records, the governor had found that there were deserted temples and shrines to which a regular annual revenue was still attached. He thought these revenues might be used with great benefit to the public. In the morning he would go



to the temple of the Heavenly Mother and ask her gracious assistance for this scheme.

That same night the priest of the temple was informed in a dream by the Heavenly Mother concerning the governor's humane project and his impending visit in the morning. She added that

though his philanthropic scheme had not yet been executed, the very thought of lovingkindness that prompted it, had caused a commotion in heaven and he was attended by a host of angels.

According to the divine command, every preparation was made in the temple to receive the governor. After due salutation, the priest inquired whether his mission was about the establishment of a nursery. The governor was greatly surprised to find him well informed in regard to the secret plan which had not been divulged to anybody. The priest then told him all about the previous night's communication from the Heavenly Mother.

The benevolent plan was successfully put into execution and general prosperity began to reign in the district. The governor was promoted by the Emperor and died at an advanced age, surrounded by his children who were all prosperous and respected.

THE POWER OF A GOOD MAN'S NAME.

King Tsing, while on his way to a large gathering, passed through a district called Chun-Hoa, where there lived a young girl who was possessed of evil spirits. When King passed the night at her home the demons did not dare to enter, but they returned as soon as he left the house. The young girl asked them the reason and they answered, "We are afraid of King." She then told her father who ran after King Tsing to call him back. But the good man simply wrote these four words on a slip of paper: *King Tsing tsai tzu* ("King Tsing is here"), and advised him to paste it on the door. The demons never dared to return.

This true story goes to prove that the presence of a good man can put evil spirits to flight.

[This story encourages the use of charms and incantations, but it reveals to us the logic of exorcism. If the presence of a good man keeps demons away, the same result might be effected in his absence, if the demons can be made to believe that the good man whom they fear is actually present.

It is a common belief that the mere name of a person or god is as efficient as its owner, and hence is to be kept sacred. In this way, according to the faith of the early Christians, miracles are performed in the name of Jesus.]

A RUFFIAN'S REFORM.

Wu Chien-Chiu of Shan-Yu had wonderful muscular strength, and nobody in his town could beat him at boxing or fencing. He became so overbearing that any person who dared affront him was sure to pay a penalty for it. He borrowed the property of others

without ever returning it, and he compelled people to do things for him under threats of severe punishment.

One summer evening he went up to the tower to cool off in the breeze. When the people who had gathered there saw the ruffian come they ran away, except one old man who seemed quite indifferent to his presence.



“Why do you alone dare defy my power?” cried Wu, intending to intimidate the old gentleman, but the latter replied:

“How profound your ignorance is! Your mother’s womb sheltered you for ten long months, and your mother’s arms took tender care of you for three more years. Your parents wanted you to grow

and mature into a good, serviceable citizen of the Empire. When you would achieve something for the State, your family name would become known and glorified. You have undoubtedly some unusual talents. Why, then, degrade yourself thus and become the useless fellow you are now? The State loses in you a serviceable citizen, and the spirits of your parents feel disgusted with you. This is greatly to be deplored."

Wu felt so much ashamed that he had a chill of cold perspiration, and he said: "The people have marked me as a desperate character, and I have acted accordingly; but by your words I realize my predicament; pray tell me how to retrieve my good name."

The old gentleman replied: "You know the story of the butcher who became a saintly Buddhist at the instant when he repented and dropped the knife. Follow his example. If you repent and start on a righteous march onward, you will certainly become a just man and command the respect of others."

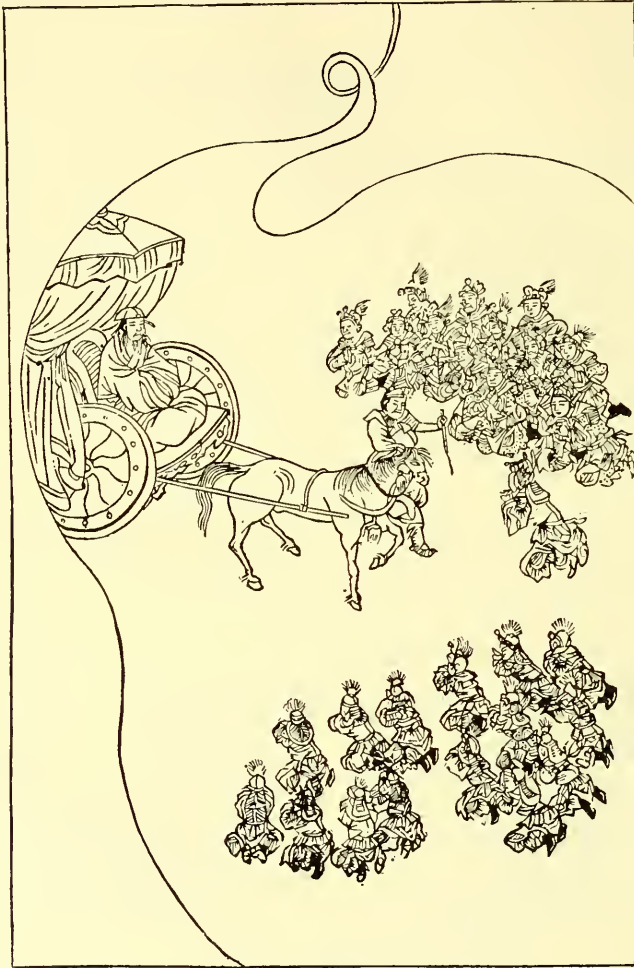
Wu was serious in his reform and having joined the army was finally promoted to the rank of general.

THE ANTS.

Ho Kwan of Kuang Nan was a kind-hearted man and never killed any living thing. He had a jar containing one thousand pieces of silver which he kept in a casket. The white ants, of which there were so many in his district, invaded the casket and ate part of the silver. When his family found what had happened, they traced the ants to a hollow cave where millions of them were living. They thought if they put all of these ants in a crucible, perhaps they could recover a part of the lost silver. But Ho objected to the scheme, saying: "I cannot bear to see all these many creatures killed on account of a small sum of silver."

So they let the matter drop. That night he dreamed that scores of soldiers in white armor came to him, asking him to enter a carriage which they had with them and to come to the palace of their king. Ho Kwan proceeded with the soldiers to a town where the people looked prosperous and the buildings were all magnificent. Numerous officers came out to meet him and took him to a splendid palace. The king, clad in royal fashion, descended from the throne, and, cordially saluting Ho Kwan, said: "By your benevolent acts we have been saved from our enemy. While not forgetting your kindness, the lack of strict discipline among my people caused you some trouble recently, but by your mercy they have again been

saved from calamity. How could I let your kindness go unrequited this time? There is a certain tree near your residence readily identified, under which in olden times a certain person buried a jar full of silver. Just dig that out and keep it for yourself. You are the unicorn of mankind (the emblem of perfect goodness) that will



never hurt any living soul. It is a pity that you are now too old to enjoy the fruits of your kindness yourself, but your descendents will reap what you have sown."

After this Ho Kwan was escorted back to his own house as before, by armed soldiers. When he awoke he meditated on the dream and found it to be the work of the ants. So he dug up the

place as told by their king and recovered a jar buried therein these many years. His son became an eminent scholar.

THE CRUEL HUNTERS.

In the county of Hsiang-Tan in Hu-Kuang there was an old and much respected gentleman. He had three sons who did not care for culture and refinement but spent every day in sports and roaming through the mountains.

One day the three went out hunting with a large company of young people and they met unexpectedly an old man in white garments who knelt and thus addressed them: "To refrain from injuring all growing things and from killing whatever is awakening into life is the part of universal lovingkindness as observed by saints and sages. It is now springtime when everything in nature is starting to life again. If you pay no attention to the tenderness of heart as practised by holy men, and, by unchecking the wild passions lurking in men's hearts, if you set the woods afire and exterminate the animals and insects that inhabit them, you will surely incur heavenly displeasure and suffer the consequences thereof. I, poor old creature, have seven young children in my family, and there is not time to remove them to a place of safety; but if you, gentlemen, have pity on us, we will never forget your mercy and will reward you later."

The three leaders of the party did not exactly understand what the old man wanted but without further thought promised to do as he had requested.

When the old man was gone some of the party began to wonder who he could have been and whence he might have come into this wilderness; and they argued that his appeal to their sympathy did not sound human. Possibly he was the spirit of some old wild animal living around in the mountains.

Upon this suggestion they pursued him, and, seeing him enter a cave, spread a net before it and started a fire in the entrance. Suddenly a white stag darted forth from the hole, and breaking through the besiegers, climbed up to a near rock, and then assuming the form of an old man, turned back to the hunting party, exclaiming: "You have killed my seven young daughters. You shall have to pay a penalty for this heartless act. A calamity ten times greater than I have suffered, will befall your family."

The three young men tried to shoot him, but he caught up the arrows in his hands and breaking them to pieces disappeared.

Later, there came to their house a Taoist monk who predicted for them an imperial career and great prosperity for the future. Incited by this prophecy, they organized a rebellion in which many of their friends joined, for the purpose of overthrowing the reigning dynasty and establishing a new government under their own



leadership. While the preparations were going on secretly, somebody betrayed their conspiracy to the authorities. Soldiers were immediately dispatched to their home, and, surrounding the house, put every one of the family under arrest. On examination they were found guilty of treason. Seventy members of their families and associates were executed according to law; but nobody ever

knew what became of the Taoist monk who had been the real leader of the scheme. He as well as the man who had betrayed them disappeared.

[This curious story, especially the figure of the mountain spirit who acts as a protector of wild animals, reminds us of Schiller's poem, *Der Alpenjäger*, which we quote entire from Bulwer-Lytton's translation, slightly modified:

THE ALPINE HUNTER.

- “Wilt thou not be lambkins heeding?
Innocent and gentle, they
Meekly on sweet herbs are feeding,
And beside the brook they play.
'Mother, keep me not at home,
Let me as a hunter roam!’
- “Wilt thou not, thy herds assembling,
Lure with lively horn along?—
Sweet their clear bells tinkle trembling,
Sweet the echoing woods among!
'Mother, mother, let me go,
O'er the wilds to chase the roe.’
- “Wilt thou nurture not the flowers,
Tend them like my own dear child?
Dark and drear the mountain lowers,
Wild is nature on the wild!
'Leave the flowers in peace to blow.
Mother, mother, let me go!’
- “Forth the hunter bounds unheeding,
On his hardy footsteps press;
Hot and eager, blindly speeding
To the mountain's last recess.
Swift before him, as the wind,
Panting, trembling, flies the hind.
- “Up the ribbed crag-tops driven,
Up she clammers, steep on steep;
O'er the rocks asunder riven
Springs her dizzy, daring leap:
Still unwearied, with the bow
Of death, behind her flies the foe.
- “On the peak that rudely, drearily
Jags the summit, bleak and hoar,
Where the rocks, descending sheerly,
Leave to flight no path before;
There she halts at last, to find
Chasms beneath—the foe behind!
- “To the hard man—dumb-lamenting,
Turns her look of pleading woe;
Turns in vain—the Unrelenting
Meets the look—and bends the bow,—
Yawn'd the rock; from his abode
Th' Ancient of the mountain strode;
- “And his godlike hand extending,
To protect her from the foe,
'Wherefore death and slaughter sending,
Bringst thou to my realm this woe?
Shall my herds before thee fall?
Room there is on earth for all!’”]

MISUSE OF BOOKS.

A temple in the district of Wu-Kung-Hien contained a library which students from the district school often consulted. One winter day, four of them used some of the sacred books for fuel to heat the room, while another burned one book to warm some water for his toilet. Only one of their number, Kang Tui-Shan by name, was indignant at their conduct, but he dared not offer a word of censure.

The next night Kang Tui-Shan had a dream in which he and his fellow-students were led before the tribunal of the three divine Lord-Superior Magistrates.* The six prostrated themselves and one of the gods said: "Buddha is a great saint, why have you dared burn his sacred books to warm yourselves?"

The four students struck their foreheads against the ground and besought pardon for their crime, but were condemned to death. The one who warmed water for his toilet was doomed never to receive any advancement during his life. Finally the god asked Kang Tui-Shan why he had not remonstrated with his companions.

"I knew that they were doing wrong," answered Kang, "but as they are my elders, I was afraid my reproaches would offend them."

"I will pardon you," said the god, "but when you have risen to a prominent position do not fail to give your support and protection to the religion of Buddha."

When he awoke Kang wrote down his dream. He obtained the degree of *Chwang-Yüen*† when the four other students failed in

† The first rank in the list of doctors.

their examinations and were excluded from the contest. Six months later the plague spread in their country and all four perished with their families, while the student who burned the sacred book to heat water was still, in his old age, merely a poor schoolmaster. He died from starvation in the seventh year of the reign of Shih-Tsung of the Ming dynasty (A. D. 1529).

Now it is a greater sin to waste sacred books than to mock and slander sages and saints. Paper, whether written or printed, often contains maxims that wise men have bequeathed to us. If we use

* The name of this divine tribunal is Shen San-Kuan Ti-Chün, which, literally translated, means the Divine Trinity of Official Lord Superiors. They are the gods of heaven, of earth, and of water. Their birthdays are celebrated on the fifteenth of the first, seventh, and tenth months, respectively. The first distributes blessings, the second forgives sins, and the third saves from fire.

it for unclean purposes, if we trample it underfoot, instead of carefully preserving it, we are committing a crime as serious as if we slandered them.

PUNISHMENT APPORTIONED TO CRIME.

In the garden of the city of Sieu-Shui-Siuen, there once lived a man by the name of Fan Ki, who led a wicked life. He induced men to stir up quarrels and lawsuits with each other, to seize by violence what did not belong to them, and to dishonor other men's wives and daughters. When he could not succeed easily in carrying out his evil purposes, he made use of the most odious stratagems.

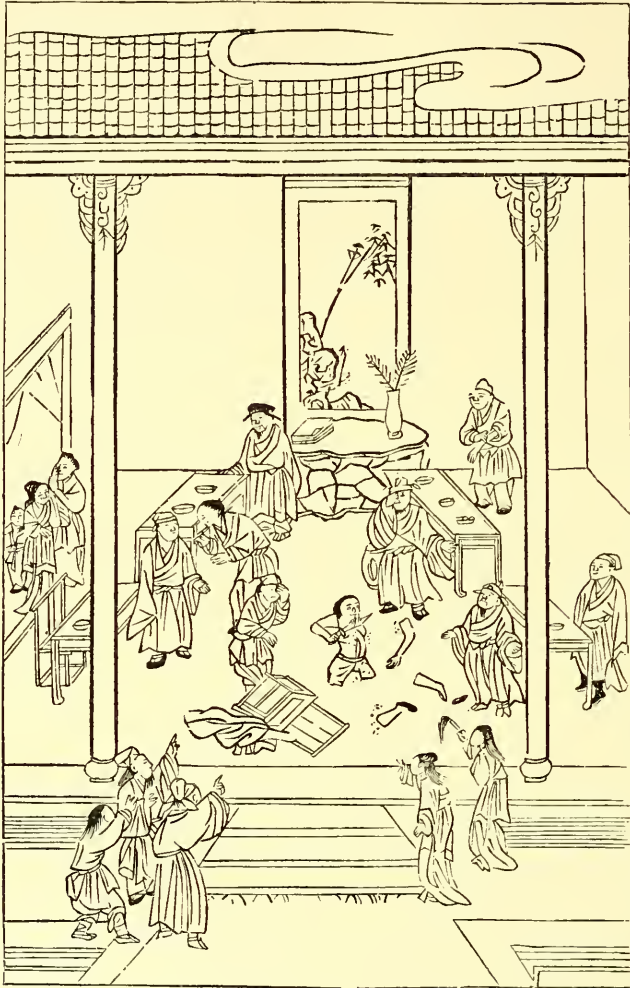
One day he died suddenly, but came back to life twenty-four hours afterward and bade his wife gather together their relatives and neighbors. When all were assembled he told them that he had seen the king of the dark realm who said to him, "Here the dead receive punishment for their deeds of evil. The living know not the lot that is reserved for them. They must be thrown into a bed of coals whose heat is in proportion to the extent of their crimes and to the harm they have done their fellows."

The assembled company listened to this report as to the words of a feverish patient; they were incredulous and refused to believe the story. But Fan Ki had filled the measure of crime, and Yama, the king of hell, had decided to make an example of him so as to frighten men from their evil ways. At Yama's command Fan Ki took a knife and mutilated himself, saying, "This is my punishment for inciting men to dissolute lives." He put out both his eyes, saying, "This is my punishment for having looked with anger at my parents, and at the wives and daughters of other men with guilt in my heart." He cut off his right hand, saying, "This is my punishment for having killed a great number of animals." He cut open his body and plucked out his heart, saying, "This is my punishment for causing others to die under tortures." And last of all he cut out his tongue to punish himself for lying and slandering.

The rumor of these occurrences spread afar, and people came from every direction to see the mangled body of the unhappy man. His wife and children were overcome with grief and shame, and closed the door to keep out the curious crowd. But Fan Ki, still living by the ordeal of Yama, said in inarticulate sounds, "I have but executed the commands of the king of hell, who wants my punishment to serve as a warning to others. What right have you to prevent them from seeing me?"

For six days the wicked man rolled upon the ground in the most horrible agonies, and at the end of that time he died.

This story teaches us what punishments are in store for evil-



doers. How dare men act contrary to what they know to be just and right!

[This story is taken from Julien's French version, but the Chinese edition at our command contains a similar, though less detailed, story of self-mutilation, for the illustration of which the accompanying picture was originally used.]

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

THE THREE CHARACTERISTICS.

BY THE EDITOR.

I HAD been reading Buddhist texts to a friend, and the solemn proclamation of the three characteristics still lingered in my ear:

“Whether Buddhas arise, O priests, or whether Buddhas do not arise, it remains a fact and the fixed and necessary constitution of being, that all conformations are transitory. This fact a Buddha discovers and masters, and when he has discovered and mastered it, he announces, teaches, publishes, proclaims, discloses, minutely explains, and makes it clear, that all conformations are transitory.

“Whether Buddhas arise, O priests, or whether Buddhas do not arise, it remains a fact and the fixed and necessary constitution of being, that all conformations are suffering. This fact a Buddha discovers and masters, and when he has discovered and mastered it, he announces, teaches, publishes, proclaims, discloses, minutely explains, and makes it clear, that all conformations are suffering.

“Whether Buddhas arise, O priests, or whether Buddhas do not arise, it remains a fact and the fixed and necessary constitution of being, that all conformations are lacking a self. This fact a Buddha discovers and masters, and when he has discovered and mastered it, he announces, teaches, publishes, proclaims, discloses, minutely explains, and makes it clear, that all conformations are lacking a self.”

This formula which constitutes a significant feature of Buddhism is called *tilakkhanam*, i. e., “three characteristics,” and it reads in its briefest form in the original Pali:

*“sabbe sankhara anicca,
sabbe sankhara dukkha,
sabbe sankhara anatta.”*

The word *sankhara* is an important Buddhist term. It is commonly translated by “compound,” or “conformation.” Other translations, such as “component things,” “elements of being,” “constit-

uents of being," or "factors of being," are not quite accurate. The word is derived from a root which means to adorn, to arrange, and denotes any arrangement, or composition, or configuration. It is a synonym of *dharma* (Pali *dhamma*) which is etymologically considered as the same word as the Latin *forma* and has two meanings: first, any material or bodily form; and secondly, the norm or law that governs the formation of bodily forms. In the second sense *dharma* has acquired the meaning of religion or truth. In the former sense it frequently replaces the word *sankhara* or conformation, in the official quotation of the *tilakkhanam*.

The idea is that all compounds are transitory because subject to change; are harassed by suffering, because they are liable to be joined to things unpleasant and disjoined from things pleasant; and that their construction is a mere combination, the unity being produced through composition. A compound does not form a thing-in-itself, called in the nomenclature of ancient Brahmanism *atman*, "self" (Pali *atta*). The contrast to this declaration of the impermanence of bodily compounds is found in the declaration of the permanence of things immaterial (called *arupa* in Pali) and these immaterial things are the ideals of Buddhist ethics, the treasures of the religion, such as insight into the impermanence of bodily existence, enlightenment, righteousness, the path of salvation and its aim, nirvana. These things are discovered by the Buddha, and we read in the *Jataka* the declaration that they are eternal and immutable, and that recognition of these truths constitutes the nature of a Buddha. We read for instance the following exposition of Gautama Siddhartha while he was still a *Bodhisattva*, a seeker of the *Bodhi*, and before he had attained to Buddhahood, when witnessing the words of his predecessor, the Buddha Dipankara:

"The Buddhas speak not doubtful words, the conquerors speak not vain words,

There is no falsehood in the Buddhas,—verily I shall become a Buddha.

As a clod cast into the air shall surely fall to the ground,

So the word of the glorious Buddhas is sure and everlasting.

As the death of all mortals is sure and constant,

So the word of the glorious Buddhas is sure and everlasting.

As the rising of the sun is certain when night has faded,

So the word of the glorious Buddhas is sure and everlasting.

As the roaring of a lion who has left his den is certain,

So the word of the glorious Buddhas is sure and everlasting.

As the delivery of women with child is certain,
So the word of the glorious Buddhas is sure and everlasting."

The doctrine of the Buddha was preached by his disciples who formed a great brotherhood called the *sangha*, which is the official name of the Buddhist order or church. Converts took their refuge in the trinity of the Buddha, the Sangha, and the Dharma. Of this trinity the Dharma was truth itself; the Buddha, the revealer of truth; and the Sangha, his church as the instrument of setting the example of a holy life and pointing out the way of salvation. This was condensed in the words of the refuge formula which reads:

"In the Buddha I take my refuge,
In the Sangha I take my refuge, and
In the Dharma I take my refuge."

The original Pali formula is repeated in Buddhist temples all over the world as follows:

*"Buddham saranam gacchami,
Dhammam saranam gacchami,
Sangham saranam gacchami."*

This refuge formula has been amplified into the following confession of faith, which we quote from the *Samyuttaka Nikaya* (III):

"To the BUDDHA will I look in faith. He, the exalted one, is the holy supreme Buddha, the all-wise, the great sage, the blessed one, who knows the worlds; the supreme one who yoketh men like oxen; the teacher of gods and men; the exalted Buddha.

"To the DOCTRINE will I look in faith. Well-preached is the doctrine by the exalted one. It has been made manifest; it needs no time; it says 'Come and see'; it leads to welfare; it is realized by the wise in their own hearts.

"To the ORDER will I look in faith. In right behaviour lives the order of the disciples of the exalted one; in proper behaviour lives the order of the disciples of the exalted one; in honest behaviour lives the order of the disciples of the exalted one; in just behaviour lives the order of the disciples of the exalted one: the four couples, the eight degrees of saintship, the order of the disciples of the exalted one, worthy of offerings, worthy of gifts, worthy of alms, worthy to have men lift their hands before them in reverence, the highest place in the world in which to do good.

"In the precepts of righteousness will I walk, which are beloved by the holy, unfringed, unviolated, unmixed, uncolored, liberating, praised by the wise, unpolluted, and leading to emancipation."

It was under these impressions that I listened in the evening to the powerful strains of the Andante from Beethoven's Seventh Symphony. The master exhibited here the full power of his genius and was preaching a religion. He emphasized his precepts with a serious conviction and vigorous earnestness, repeating the motive three times just as old Buddhist monks repeated their formulas three times in order to give emphasis to a truth and to inculcate its moral applications. The melody was almost a monotone, repeating the same measure again and again, without any attempt at embellishment; and the harmony consisted of a few changes in the accompaniment, apparently serving no other purpose than to lay stress on that one motive which was the main theme and the sole burden of the composer's thought. Without shaping my thoughts into definite words, I felt that Beethoven was a prophet who revealed the selfsame truths that had been explained by the Buddha. There was the same stern attitude, the same simplicity in propounding the doctrine and the same accentuating repetition, so that almost unconsciously the melody of the master's melodramatic theme spoke to me in words expressive of the Buddhist Dharma.

As in a dream I saw a Buddhist congregation, and a choir sang *sotto voce* the following formula three times successively:

"All conformations
Always are transient,
Harassed by sorrow,
Lacking a self."

A solo rendered in firm notes expressive of conviction sounded the answer in threefold repetition as follows:

"This is the doctrine
Taught by all Buddhas;
This is a fact and
Always proves true."

Finally the chorus of the whole congregation repeated the melody with the following words:

"Words of the Buddha
Never can perish;
They will remain for
Ever and aye.

"Words of the Sangha
Set up a standard,
Point out salvation,
Teach us the way.

"Words of the Dharma—
Truths are immortal,
Errors and passions
Will they ally."

THE TILAKKHANAM IN MUSIC.

L. VAN BEETHOVEN.

Grave.

Choir. mp
 1. All con - for - ma - tions Al - ways are tran - sient, Harassed by sor - row,
Solo. f
 2. This is the doc - trine Taught by all Buddhas; This is a fact and
Tutti. ff
 3. Words of the Bud - dha Nev - er can per - ish; They will re - main for

Lack - ing a self. All con - for - ma - tions Al - ways are tran - sient,
 Al - ways proves true. This is the doc - trine Taught by all Bud - dhas;
 Ev - er and aye. Words of the San - gha Set up a stan - dard,

Harassed by sor - row, Lack - ing a self. All con - for - ma - tions
 This is a fact and Al - ways proves true. This is the doc - trine
 Point out sal - va - tion, Teach us the Way. Words of the Dhar - ma

Al - ways are tran - sient, Harassed by sor - row, Lack - ing a self.
 Taught by all Bud - dhas; This is a fact and Al - ways proves true.
 Truths are im - mor - tal, Er - rors and pas - sions, Will they al - lay.

NEWEST LIGHT ON OUR OLDEST MOTHER COUNTRY.

BY WILLIAM FAIRFIELD WARREN.

WHENCE came we Aryans? In what remotest mother country did the first men of our blood and of our speech reside? What was their culture, what their religion in the prehistoric years prior to their differentiation into the great Indo-European peoples? From what center did they march forth, horde after horde, until the left wing of their ever-broadening array rested by the mouth of the Ganges and the right wing covered the Hebrides?—These are questions of perennial interest not only to us of Aryan stock, but also to all enlightened minds in other races.

During the second half of the nineteenth century a flood of light was thrown upon the thought and life of the primeval, as yet undispersed Aryas by studying, in the comparative method, the languages of the peoples known to have descended from them. Proceeding upon the sound principle that when one and the same word is used to express a particular idea in each member of this family of languages, it is safe to regard that word as having come down from the time when the ancestors of all the Indo-European peoples were as yet living together and of one speech, such scholars as Pott, and Burnouf, and Pictet, ascertained that those far-off ancestors were far from being in the conditions of savage life. They could count beyond a hundred. They built houses that had roofs, and windows, and doors. They navigated rivers and lakes in boats with oars. They used yokes and wheels, they spun and wove. They were acquainted with metals and could work them. They made swords and spears, and to the sound of the trumpet rode into battle in chariots. Family life was of a high type, with no sign of polygamy. There were family altars and social worship. Pictet even claimed that their philosophic insight had already reached a point

so high that for "conscience," "will," and "memory" they had words that are not traceable to material objects.¹

As to the land in which the Aryans dwelt the learned were for quite a period of one opinion, all agreeing that it was in Central Asia. More precisely it was on the great Plateau of Pamir, where modern Bokara and Tibet are found. Great interest was felt in its early exploration. Here are the words of Renan:

"When the Aryan race shall have become master of the planet, its first duty will be to explore the mysterious depths of Bokara and Little Tibet, where so much that is of immense value to science probably lies concealed. How much light must be thrown upon the origin of language when we shall find ourselves in the presence of the localities where those sounds were first uttered which we still employ, and where those intellectual categories were first formed which guide the movement of our faculties!"²

If instead of speaking of "sounds" and "categories," Renan had suggested the possibility of unearthing a few Proto-Aryan coins or crania in that first home-land of our race, his appeal would have seemed more promising.

This mid-Asian solution of the question as to the starting-point of the Indo-European migrations was not destined to be final. In the last quarter of the last century many philologists and ethnologists openly abandoned it.³ The majority of these located the starting-point in Scandinavia, or in other northerly portions of Europe. Some thought the data pointed rather to Siberia. At the close of the century not one leading authority remained to champion Tibet as the cradle-land in question. The weight of expert opinion inclined perhaps to Scandinavia, but in any case to some location much farther to the north than the Plateau of Pamir.

Just now a new and remarkable work, produced in India, is attracting the attention of European and American scholars. Its author is a native of the Orient, a man possessed of scholarly familiarity with the Sanskrit texts, yet well acquainted with Occidental science and learning. He writes English with a correctness and force which many an Englishman might covet. His training as a

¹ *Les Aryas primitifs*, II, 539-546.—Our best compendium for this information in the English language is Dr. Schrader's *Prehistoric Antiquities of the Aryan Peoples*. Translated from the German by Jevons.

² *De l'origine du langage*, p. 232.

³ So Latham, Spiegel, Schrader, Benfey, Poesche, Penka, Rendell, Isaac Taylor, Van den Gheyn, etc. Taylor declared, "There is no more curious chapter in the whole history of scientific delusion."

lawyer has given him lucidity of style and a proper appreciation of the principles of evidence. If, like other scholars, he needed experience in practical affairs to check speculative tendencies, he has had it in his habitual work as an editor, and as an official councilor in connection with the government of Bombay. In a former work, entitled *Orion, or Resarches into the Antiquity of the Vedas*, he surprised his countrymen by showing that certain till then unnoticed astronomical allusions in the Vedic hymns gave evidence that these compositions must have been written at a period far more remote than commonly supposed; in fact, at a date about 4500 years before Christ. Naturally this claim was at first received by scholars in a very skeptical spirit, but soon after, without knowing of the researches of his Indian predecessor, Professor Jacobi of Bonn, one of the best Sanskritists in Europe, independently arrived at a conclusion substantially the same; since which time Professor Bloomfield,⁴ M. Barth, Professor Bühler, and others, have more or less freely conceded the force of the new arguments. A writer of these qualifications and antecedents is certain to have a respectful hearing. His name is Bâl Gangâdhar Tilak.

The title of his new and striking work is *The Arctic Home in the Vedas: A New Key to the Interpretation of many Vedic Texts and Legends*.⁵ He finds the cradle-land of the Aryans "at or near the North Pole." In his Preface he speaks of his ten years of search for evidence that would reveal the long vista of primitive Aryan antiquity, and adds: "How I first worked on the lines followed up in the *Orion*, how in the light of latest researches in geology and archæology bearing on the primitive history of man, I was gradually led to a different line of search, and finally how the conclusion that the ancestors of the Vedic Rishis lived in an Arctic home, in inter-glacial times, was forced on me by the slowly accumulating evidence, is fully narrated in the book."

The volume is an octavo of five hundred and twenty-four pages. Its first chapter treats of "Prehistoric Times" in general; the second of "The Glacial Age"; the remaining eleven of the following topics in due succession: "The Arctic Regions"; "The Night of the Gods" (a very ancient designation of the polar night of six months); "The Vedic Dawns"; "The Long Day and Long Night" in the Vedic hymns; "Months and Seasons"; "The Cow's Walk" (a ceremony in the ancient sacrificial system); "Vedic Myths—the Captive Waters";

⁴ See Professor Bloomfield's address at eighteenth anniversary of Johns Hopkins University.

⁵ Published by Messrs. Ramchandra Govind & Son, Bombay.

“Vedic Myths—the Matutinal Deities”; “The Avestic Evidence”; “Comparative Mythology”; “The Bearing of our results on the History of Aryan Culture and Religion.” Two excellent indexes, one “General,” and one “Index of Vedic and Avestic Passages,” greatly increase the value of the work to all scholars.

Within the limits of this article no summary of the author’s argument can be given. Suffice it here to say that in the judgment of the present writer the array of evidences set forth is far more conclusive than any ever attempted by an Indo-Iranian scholar in the interest of any earlier hypothesis. Absolute candor and respect for the strictest methods of historic and scientific investigation characterize the discussion throughout. This results in part no doubt from the fact that the author’s own attitude of mind was at the outset highly skeptical. He says: “I did not start with any preconceived notion in favor of the Arctic theory; nay, I regarded it as highly improbable at first; but the accumulating evidence in its support eventually forced me to accept it.” It is hard to see how any other candid mind can master the proof produced without being mastered by it in turn.

One criticism must not be suppressed. Both titles given by Mr. Tilak to his book are altogether too narrow. They prepare one to expect nothing beyond a discussion of evidences found in the Vedic hymns. In reality he deals with a far wider range of data. He draws almost as often upon Avestic texts as upon the Vedic, and in more than one instance finds the former more convincing than the latter. Probably the fact that he was writing in India and primarily for the heirs of Vedic literature, accounts for this undue restriction of the title.

Twenty years ago, in preparing my work on the broader problem of the cradle-land of the whole human race, I went through all the Vedic and Avestic texts so far as existing translations would then permit, reaching at the end the same conclusion that Mr. Tilak has now reached.⁶ Incidentally, in my argument a new light was thrown upon various points in the mythical geography and cosmography of the ancient Iranians,—light which the foremost Iranist of his time, Professor Spiegel, generously acknowledged. Incidentally, I also arrived at a new interpretation of the Vedic myth of the captive waters, and of other Vedic myths. Especially gratifying, therefore, is it to me to find in Mr. Tilak a man in no degree dependent

⁶ *Paradise Found: the Cradle of the Human Race at the North Pole.* Boston. 11th edition. 1904.

on translations, yet arriving not only at my main conclusion, but also at a number of minor ones of which I had never made public mention. I desire publicly to thank this far-off fellow-worker for the generosity of his frequent references to my pioneer work in the common field, and for the solidity and charm of his own, in certain respects, more authoritative contribution. Whoever will master this new work, and that of the late Mr. John O'Neill on *The Night of the Gods*, will not be likely ever again to ask, Where was the earliest home of the Aryans?

MISCELLANEOUS.

FATHER HYACINTHE'S LECTURE AT GENEVA.

Father Hyacinthe Loyson lectured of late (June 12) in the great Hall of the Reformation at Geneva, to a large audience of Protestants and liberal Catholics on "The Religious Crisis in France." The orator was by no means onesided, for he placed the blame for many misunderstandings between the religious and irreligious upon both parties, the leaders of scientific and liberal progress and the representatives of the Church. The latter he considers too narrow and blind to the significance of science, and the former, especially the Comtean positivists, would fairly limit man's life to the narrow span of the few experiences which the individual gathers between the cradle and the grave, while deifying that same limited humanity.

When the orator had finished the critical part of his lecture he was interrupted by the acclamations of his audience, and after a short pause proposed his remedy for the ills of to-day. He expressed his belief in a universal Christianity based upon the successive and progressive revelations of God, made according to the degree of man's intelligence. He stated his faith in a holy and eternal God, and explained that morality was based upon the respect of humanity as found in oneself and one's fellows. This is the gist of the saying of Jesus which bids man "love the Lord thy God. . . and thy neighbor as thyself."

Father Hyacinthe is not a Calvinist, but on the contrary is still a Catholic. He has cut loose from the domination of Rome and represents the liberal religionists of France who would continue in the forms and ceremonies of the Church without submitting to the hierarchy. The faction of those in sympathy with him will probably gain a new significance after the separation of Church and State in France.

Our own differences with Father Hyacinthe Loyson have been expressed in a discussion concerning the conception of God which appeared some time ago in *The Open Court* (XI, 618); and we must add that after the pleasure of having met him personally in Paris during the Exposition of 1900 the discrepancies of belief appeared greatly minimized; for we are perfectly willing to allow him the right of using terms in the sense to which he is accustomed, while he gave a much more philosophical and less dogmatic interpretation to his thoughts than might be anticipated by those who read his expositions or listen to his sermons. He is decidedly a man of deep thought who, though he loves the religious forms to which he has been accustomed from childhood, is broad enough to see that his mode of worshiping God and even his inter-

pretation of the nature of God are but one possibility among many, and he respects the scientific and philosophical conception above others for its exactness, provided it be not negative and destructive, while he would sanction the poetry of religious language and ceremonies according to the needs of the devotional heart.

AN APPEAL FROM SOUTH AFRICA.

An appeal comes to our readers from the Countess Evelyn Asinelli of Geneva, Switzerland, in her attempt to arouse the interest of Americans in the deplorable condition of the Boers. Besides making many thousand orphans the war has ruined nearly every home; and England's small indemnity does not go as far as it should towards adequate relief because of mismanagement in the distribution.

Miss Emily Hobhouse verified some very painful reports she had heard by spending two months in careful investigations, visiting the northern districts so difficult of access, and the desolated villages from which no word had come since the signing of the peace. In an open letter she has told of the miserable condition of the half-starved people and their ruined homes. She said, "Sad indeed it is to see the people on farms situated often twenty, thirty, or fifty miles from any town. The man has probably tramped away to seek work for cash; the women and children sit silent at home. No word of complaint is ever heard. There is nothing to do: no clothes to make, no food to cook, no garden to till, and neither seeds nor water. They sit in a row silent."

Countess Asinelli writes us the following account of this enterprising woman's brave endeavors towards the alleviation of the pitiful state of affairs:

"Miss Hobhouse who has devoted her life to those who suffer, is a very practical woman. She understood after having lived with the ruined Boers, that one thing alone could do them a permanent good, and that was to give them the means of gaining their living. She therefore settled at Philippolis, a small town in the Orange River Colony, where with the help of two experienced teachers, she opened a large work-room; young girls from sixteen to twenty-two years are taught to spin, to weave, and to knit by machinery; we hope by and by to be able to add a fourth branch of activity, namely lacemaking, for which there is good market in South Africa. As these industries were totally unknown in the country, they have a chance of success which might be doubtful elsewhere. The progress of the whole undertaking is most encouraging.

"Unfortunately, the current expenses are very high; life is expensive over there and moreover wood being costly and very scarce, our Boers can not reproduce the looms and the spinning-wheels to the degree required for all our new pupils and for the home use of our now very able first workers. This last point is a serious hindrance, as we shall be obliged to send the necessary material from our posts, which means an increase of expense."

As yet there are only one hundred subscribers to the undertaking, and any help from new friends who may see this appeal will be welcomed by Countess Evelyn Asinelli, 8 Grand Pré, Geneva, Switzerland, and wisely administered.

BOOK REVIEWS AND NOTES.

IL PAPATO. Sua origine, sue lotte e vicende, suo avvenire. Studio storico-scientifico di *Baldassare Labanca*. Turin: Fratelli Bocca. 1905. Pp. xxviii, 514.

The author of this book which purports to be a historico-scientific study of *The Papacy, its Origin, its Struggles and Vicissitudes, and its Future*, is the professor of the history of Christianity at the University of Rome. Some-what more than a year ago, he published a book on *Jesus Christ in Contemporaneous Italian and Foreign Literature*, which was favorably received in Italy and is being translated into French and Spanish. The present work does not pretend to be a compendium of the history of the popes, for there are already enough of those, both valuable and worthless; nor has the author undertaken to write a thorough papal history on scientific lines, for the reason that too many necessary documents are impossible of access. But since it is not possible to write a long history of the popes, he proposes "to give a scientific history of the papacy, in the same way that Max Müller and Tiele wrote the history of religion, when not possessing all the material necessary for a scientific history of religions."

The first half of the book is devoted to the philological and historical study of the origin of the titles "pope," "bishop," and "pontiff," including the controversy on the subject of the papacy between the churches of the East and West, and the reasons why its influence has always been so much stronger in the West than in the East. The second half of the book has to do with the history of the papacy as divided into four periods, while the last chapter treats of prophecies for its future.

The Buddhistischer Verlag of Leipsic has issued together in one copy, the first two numbers of a new monthly called *Der Buddhist* which, as its name indicates, is devoted entirely to Buddhist literature. In the back, under the same cover, are added a few leaves containing news items in relation to Buddhist missions and propaganda, together with reviews of books of Buddhist trend. These leaves in the back of the magazine are entitled "Die Buddhistische Welt" and can be had separately.

The motto of *Der Buddhist* is the verse from the Dhammapada which may be thus rendered in English verse:

"Commit no wrong, but good deeds do,
And let thy heart be pure.
All Buddhas teach this doctrine true
Which will for aye endure."¹

In the editor's announcement the *raison d'être* of the new periodical is expressed as follows:

"*Der Buddhist* does not wish to deprive any one of his religious conviction; our heartfelt wish for all people is that they may be at peace with

¹ See *The Open Court*, Vol. XVIII, p. 625. "Three Buddhist Stanzas" done into English verse and set to music, by Paul Carus.

themselves, and we sincerely rejoice when we see that a man has found repose and comfort in his religious convictions. On the other hand we know very well that hundreds of thousands, yes many millions in Germany have withdrawn from the established religion; a very large percentage of these millions are yearning for some compensating faith; to these unbelieving hearts, estranged from God and yet thirsting for religion, our journal will offer the teaching of an undogmatic religion, and a rational world-conception."

This same Buddhist press of Leipsic has published a simple and attractive yearbook, called *Buddhistische Vergissmeinnicht*. The well-chosen collection of helpful quotations is made by Bruno Freydank. The little volume contains a detailed index, which is followed by a summary of Buddhist rules for the conduct of life.

K. B. Seidenstücker, the editor of *Der Buddhist*, has provided the German public with a German edition of a number of Buddhist works. One of these, from the English-Japanese original of S. Kuroda, *Mahayana, die Hauptlehren des nördlichen Buddhismus*, is a German translation of the *Outlines of the Mahayana as Taught by Buddha*. This book was originally written for the instruction of non-Buddhists at the Parliament of Religions in Chicago. *Das Licht des Buddha*, also by S. Kuroda, purports to be an impartial summary of the main points of the Buddhist doctrine, but it is in fact of the greater interest because of its Mahayana or north-Buddhist point of view. The others, *Dhamma, oder die Moralphilosophie des Buddha Gotama*, and *Sangha, oder der buddhistische Mönchs-Orden*, are translated portions of Professor H. Tilbe's *Pali-Buddhism*, and the editor's purpose is thus expressed in the Preface to *Dhamma*: "May this little book, which was originally intended to arm Christian missionaries in their battles against Buddhism, serve an almost contradictory purpose in this present translation: namely, to make known the teaching of Buddha Gotama in more or less Christian Germany."

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