

390

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OMAR KHAYYÂM.

BY M. D. CONWAY.

I. HIS COMMUNION CUP.

SOMEWHAT over eight centuries ago there were in a college at Naishapúr, Persia, three young friends,—Nizám Ul Mulk, Hassan Sabbáh, and Omar Khayyám. These youths entered in a compact, that if either should reach power or wealth he would share with the two others. Nizám Ul Mulk, on becoming Prime Minister, offered his two friends high offices at Court. Hassan Sabbáh accepted, but Omar Khayyám declined; he had become an astronomer, also a poet, and the Prime Minister gave him what he desired, an annuity sufficient for the erection of an observatory in his garden, and ability to cherish his own roses and his own thoughts without carrying either to market. Of the two fellow-pupils whom Nizám thus befriended, Hassan, who chose the Court, ultimately organised a fraternity of pious assassins, one of whose victims was Nizám, his benefactor; while Omar, who chose privacy, now gives the good Prime Minister a share of his own immortality.

When Omar Khayyám made that choice, sectarian civil strife was raging in that region. With their dogmas and divisions he could have nothing to do: his religion was in the Koran of the star, the Avesta of the rose and the vine. The miracle of his faith was the heart of man; and to him that heart is still responding, after all those seventy-two warring sects are extinct, or only traceable in the satires of his pages, as fossils in the geologist's studies. But one reason for the hold Omar Khayyám has on the intellect of our time is that he deals essentially with the successors to those same dogmas, which, under new names, still haunt the mind of Christendom: he punctures Calvinism with divine indignation, formalism, asceticism, puritanism, ritualism, so pointedly that his verses are alive as if written yesterday. Some fifteen years ago, when I printed in my "Sacred Anthology" prose translations of his heretical quatrains, these were selected by some orthodox critics for especial lamentations,—a curious confession that our Christian dogmas are little wiser than those of Persian Islâm eight centuries ago, and a notable tribute to the ancient genius who speaks

more pertinently to the superstitions of our century than any poet born in it.

There is indeed one respect in which Omar Khayyám's reputation suffers by reason of his living relation to the thought of our own time. Ordinary readers, finding his thoughts so applicable to-day, make no allowance for distance in time and space in one point where it is required; that is in his enthusiastic laudations of wine. Martin Luther wrote:

"Who loves not wine, woman, and song,
He lives a fool his whole life long."

But that which is allowed to the leader of the Reformation is inadmissible in a heretic. Some of this old Persian's admirers interpret his beloved wine as mystical, a symbol of divine inspiration. There is no foundation for that. His wine is a symbol, but not of divine inspiration,—rather of human inspiration. We owe to a lady, the late Mrs. Cardell, a Persian scholar who lived long in the East, the elucidation of this matter. In an admirable paper in *Fraser's Magazine* (1879), she pointed out that in Omar Khayyám's time and region, wine-drinking had no low associations, but the reverse. Although drunkenness was not an evil of the time, the Moslem Puritans regarded wine with especial hatred, not on account of any intoxicating quality, but because of its association with gladness, mirth, good fellowship, earthly happiness. "The wine-parties," says Mrs. Cardell, "were in fact nurseries of all the intellectual life of the time, which was unconnected with religion, and did much to counteract the dulness of orthodox Mohammedan life." The hostility to it was much like the puritanical horror some pietists now have of dancing and theatres. Those fighting Moslem fanatics wished men to scorn earthly life, and welcome death as an entrance to such pleasures. Hassan Sabbáh, mentioned above, who founded the religious fraternity of assassins, occasionally narcotised one of them and had him conveyed to a palace (like Shakespeare's Christopher Sly), where he was for several days indulged with all sensual delights; then another narcotic was administered, and the soldier was carried back to his hardships. On awaking he was told that he had been in paradise enjoying pleasures that would be his eternal portion if he obeyed his chief and Allah. In this way the zeal of fanatics was

stimulated. The wine of Omar Khayyám and his friends was thus not merely something to drink; it was the supreme response of the earth to the sun, and symbolised a separation from otherworldliness, a defiance of morose and gloomy dogmas and fears. It is probable that the wine-cup which Jesus passed round to his friends at supper was a similar cup of communion among people withdrawn from surrounding pharisaism. Omar Khayyám desired his circle of kindred spirits, when they met together, after he was dead, to remember "old Khayyám" and "turn down an empty cup." Probably Jesus said and meant no more, and for a long time after his death the annual supper was a merry festivity. (I Cor., xi.) It was Paul, whose pharisaism was rather intensified than removed by his conversion (Christianity's greatest misfortune), who turned the feast into a sanctimonious affair. There is little doubt that all the accounts of the supper in the Gospels are mythical variants of Paul's story in I Cor. xi, and derived from it. Jesus did not, any more than Omar, escape the charge of being a winebibber, because he ate and drank with publicans and sinners. His fellowship and his communion was with man.

This will not be agreeable reading for the prohibitionists, but it might be instructive to them. Among the many literary and artistic men whom I have met, I cannot recall but one prohibitionist (Professor Newman), nor one who did or does not drink wine, unless some college professors who abstain as an example to their pupils. Many prohibitionists really seem to be trying not so much to promote temperance as to puritanise the nation; otherwise they would not include in their project of extermination, along with drinks generally injurious, pure wine "that maketh glad the heart of man." I am writing this in Paris, amid the festivities of Carnival. Daily and nightly I see much of the people, and have not yet seen a tipsy person. Wine is cheap; all drink it. The American duty on wine is a heavier blow to temperance than prohibition will ever be able to remedy unless they insist on its removal. The cheapness is given to that which steals away man's wits instead of to that which helps his wits. The prohibitionists have not considered this last fact, nor understand why, though none write sonnets on beef and mutton, there is a large library of poems in praise of wine. Several of Omar's tributes to wine are strikingly like this passage in Esdras (xiv): "A voice called me saying, Esdras, open thy mouth and drink that I give thee to drink. Then opened I my mouth, and behold he reached me a full cup, which was full of liquid, but the color of it like fire. I took it and drank; and then my heart uttered understanding, wisdom grew in my breast, for my spirit strengthened my memory." Dr. John Chapman, the well-known editor of the *Westminster Review*, in whose house Emerson

staid while giving his lectures in England (1848-1849), told me that it was remarked by himself and others that Emerson did not enter easily into conversation until he had taken a little wine. He was abstemious, drank very little, but that little opened his cabinet of treasures like a key. In his "Hafiz" Emerson says wine was mixed with Hafiz's clay. Emerson loved Omar Khayyám also, and translated a quatrain of his before he was known in England. I have it not before me, but it is nearly this:

"Each spot where tulips prank their state
Has drunk the life-blood of the great;
The violets that deck the plain
Are moles of beauties Time hath slain."

"Though I drink wine I am no libertine," says Omar Khayyám.

"Give me a flask of wine, a crust of bread,
A quiet mind, a book of verse to read,
With thee, O love, to share my lowly roof,
I would not take the Sultan's crown instead."

He thinks that if the Devil only drank wine he would become a good fellow, which recalls the personal asceticism Goethe ascribes to Mephistopheles, who is shocked by the nudities of Greek art, and though he draws wine from the table in Auerbach's cellar for the students, does not drink any himself. Isa's breath turns water into wine; but Mephistopheles turns the wine into fire-water, to reduce the students to "bestiality,"—pretty much the miracle of those who tax wine and leave whiskey cheap. Omar's wine is that of his Isa's (Jesus's) vernal breath. Sensible men, he tells the Mollahs, go to the tavern to repair the time misspent in mosques. It will be evident to any careful reader that a good deal of this kind of writing is satirical and defiant. Omar Khayyám praised wine a good deal more than he drank it. The Moslem Mollahs had made wine a religious test, and he accepted it. Something of the same kind still goes on in the East. The genuine Moslems never drink wine, and they are without any literature except that of these ancient Persian wine-drinkers, which they read, while interpreting the wine in a mystical way. Omar Khayyám advised the Mohammedans to sell their Koran to buy wine; they would understand then that if pleasure is a good thing in paradise it might as well begin on earth. It would bring them into communion with the earth and with mankind. His writing is not Anacreontic, but rather in the vein of Robert Browning's opening fable in "Balaustion's Adventure." Apollo visits the Fates to plead with them for an extension of the thread of Admetus's life. He finds the weird sisters in a gloomy dismal cavern, and they tell him that he ought rather to plead for his friend's release from the miseries of earthly existence. But Apollo offers them a bowl of wine, which makes them merry, and they begin to feel that existence is not so bad after all.

"THE SOUL OF THE BISHOP."

BY F. M. HOLLAND.

THIS is the title of a very interesting book, which deals, like "Robert Elsmere" and "John Ward, Preacher," with the conflict between the love that unites and the creed that separates. The deep, strong current of argument is usually kept in the background, its results are occasionally brought out with great dramatic power, but much of the meaning of the book is shown by the lively conversation of servants and other subordinate characters. I shall not deprive my readers of the pleasure of finding out for themselves how it comes out; but they can be sure that the story is told too well to be abridged without serious loss. The underlying argument deserves to be presented more clearly and fully in these columns than could be done in a novel without injury to artistic unity.

The hero is a handsome young bishop of the Church of England, who is liberal enough to go on principle to a ball-room. In its corridor he wins the heart of a lovely girl, whose eager face had fascinated him as he was preaching in his cathedral. There is nothing to prevent an immediate marriage, except Lent. She has thought herself a faithful daughter of the Church; but she is surprised to find him unwilling to come to the dinner-party by which her father wishes to announce the engagement.

"I don't think," she said, thoughtfully, "that you ought to have engaged yourself to me just before Lent if you meant Lent to interfere with proper attention to me, and it is a proper attention to me that you should meet my friends and my fathers's friends as my future husband. If it were not Lent, it would be a perfectly natural thing . . . and I don't think it is at all right for you to slight me because of the season of the year."

"But, my darling," he exclaimed, "you keep Lent in some way yourself, surely."

"Never," she answered, "never. I believe in being good all the year round."

Soon after she tells her lover that she has been reading the Thirty-nine Articles, and asks him if he really believes them. He answers, "Of course"; but then she reads him the thirteenth, and says: "Now do you mean to tell me that God does not love good for its own sake, and that good cannot exist without a certain faith in an accepted creed?"

"Why, it amounts to this: If you do not believe in Christ, if you have not the grace of God, your goodness is wicked." He tries to explain in what sense he accepts the Articles; but she becomes only more curious to find out what is really taught by the Church. She often spends half the night studying the Fathers and other standard theologians. She has many discussions with her lover about what is to become of

good people who are not Christians. He assures her, in direct contradiction not only to the thirteenth but to the eighteenth article, that he does not think that any one, whatever his religion, "is totally cut off from the God who made him." She interrupts him with a cry of despair, for his admission makes her think that the doctrines of the Church are so false, that even those who profess to accept them cannot really believe them with sincerity. Why is she to believe what he cannot?

"You tell me," she says, "that I must believe those Thirty-nine Articles; then I must believe that a dear little innocent babe of a week old shall, if by some accident or other it has not been baptised, merit God's wrath forever. . . . Why, you will not even read the burial-service for the comfort of the living, over a child that, according to the Church's theory, has, for no fault of its own, been let slip into eternal damnation. . . . If you knew how wretched I am—if you know how anxious I am to believe everything as you would have me believe it, you would pity me. Now I understand what a poor woman, whose child died last year in the next village, felt like when she cried out that they had buried her baby like a dog."

Imagine the agony of a poor girl who keeps on studying orthodox books in what she calls "my feverish anxiety to believe what my reason tells me is perfectly impossible." She sits up all night reading the four Gospels over and over again, and at last finds herself "regarding it all as a mere fable, having no reverence for the religion of the present, and without any belief or hope in a world to come." She loves the Bishop passionately, but she has to ask him if he does not fear that their marriage would imperil his soul. No wonder that she says, "My whole life is a blackened waste, and the sooner it is over and I am no more able to think, the happier for me."

The worst of it is, that this is a very common case. I have just heard of an American girl, whose engagement with an orthodox minister ended in his telling her that unbelief had made her a prey to Satan. I knew myself a pious young man in a Unitarian divinity school, who devoted himself to studying the New Testament under a devout teacher of profound and liberal scholarship. My friend's chief anxiety was to find out precisely what Jesus had claimed to be; and his studies had led him to the painful conviction, not only that he could not accept the theology and ethics of the New Testament, but that he ought not to. I speak of this case because it illustrates a fact which is not mentioned by the novelist. Such scepticism is often very painful; and therefore it usually is very brief. The student I spoke of soon came under the influence of a writer whom he had hitherto neglected, Theodore Parker, and was thus enabled to go on as

zealously as ever in the ministry. The lady who was handed over to Satan is now a Unitarian.

Then again, I have known people pass on, without regret, from the theological to the scientific view of their duty and destiny. I see them live as happily and virtuously as any bishop; and I deny the truth of the words put into the mouth of the hero of this novel, "Cast aside your faith, break down the beliefs of your childhood, and what have you left? Nothing, nothing, nothing." Ministers, even in novels, ought to let the people know that all the churches are now provided with fire-escapes.

Justice to the Episcopalians in America requires me to add that a bereaved mother finds more mercy here than in England. The American prayer-book merely says, at the beginning of its burial-service, that it "is not to be used for any unbaptised adults, any who die excommunicate, or who have laid violent hands upon themselves." This little point is all the more interesting because the Bishop in the novel says in his argument against expurgating the Articles: "It is proved beyond all question of doubt, that you cannot pull any constitution to pieces without doing a vast amount of harm." English Episcopalians talk in the same way about the danger of discarding the Athanasian creed, with its threats of damnation against all who do not believe a series of contradictions. This reminds me of the politicians who carried the election of 1888 by saying, as they do now, "It would ruin the country to change the tariff," and then passed the McKinley bill. The Church in America owes much of her prosperity to the courage with which she permitted burial of unbaptised babies, and dropped the Athanasian Creed as well as one of the Thirty-nine Articles. If she were to deal just as radically with what she says of baptismal regeneration and "the resurrection of the body," her position would be none the worse. As far as constitutions go, it is plain enough to an American that those of our States, as well as of our nation, owe much of their strength and value to the frequency with which they have been revised. Creeds and articles of faith really are like constitutions. If they cannot be amended, they ought to be repealed.

CHAPTERS FROM THE NEW APOCRYPHA.

BY HUDOR GENONE.

THE SERMON IN THE VALLEY.

NOW THE multitudes were gathered together in the valley nigh unto Bethany;

And Jesus stood in the midst of them and taught them, saying:

It is written in the law of Moses, To God belongeth vengeance and recompense;

And again in the prophet Nahum, God is jealous and the Lord avengeth;

But David saith also, God is gracious and merciful; his mercy is from everlasting.

But some shall say, How can these things be, and how can God have wrath and yet mercy, and vengeance and yet loving kindness?

Behold the truth which endureth from generation to generation;

For he that doeth evil is God's adversary, and the worker of iniquity is at enmity with the Lord.

God is not unrighteous who taketh vengeance. I speak as a man, otherwise ye could not understand; Neither doth God make void the law by his mercy to them that transgress.

For what is vengeance but recompense?

It cometh from God and returneth unto him again; for thou thyself givest and gettest it.

And will ye call that man guilty who runneth not in the race?

Verily ye will not if he be halt.

Or will ye esteem him to be a runner if he see not his way to walk?

Verily if he be blind ye will say, The Lord will not hold him guilty.

I charge them that would be just in this world that they be not high-minded, nor trust in uncertain judgment:

For there were two brothers in one household, even Jacob and Esau in the house of our father Isaac.

As it is written, Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated.

Sayest thou God was jealous and his anger against Esau was kindled without a cause?

Nay, but rather that Esau sold his birthright,

Which things are an allegory.

Therefore, if thou seest thy brother have faults reprove him, but with loving kindness lest in spirit which thou knowest not, he be halt or blind.

Let him be blessed in his doing who doth hunger and thirst after righteousness.

Let him despise not the time of small things, but let him rather be grateful.

Let him say unto the wind that holdeth back, I am glad, and unto the flood that delayeth, I rejoice.

Let him say unto the pestilence, I am happy because of thee; and unto evil, Thou art good, for thou hast taught me.

Verily I say unto you, If your heart be fixed, no evil can come nigh unto you or touch you.

There was an oak tree planted by a water-course which flourished exceedingly.

But the gardener came and dug about the tree and transplanted it to an high place.

And the tree cried, I perish for lack of water.

But lo ! the heavens opened and the clouds poured down rain.

Again the tree cried, My feet are in stony ground where there is no nourishment.

But the roots thereof did spread, and went down, and gathered nurture where none was.

And again the tree cried, I cannot live ; for the stormy wind that is round about me on this high place.

But the wind taught it ; aye, even the roots thereof that they took firmer hold.

And the tree that was but a sapling by the water-course waxed strong,

And grew and became a great tree, and the fowls of heaven lodged in the branches thereof.

Learn a lesson of the oak tree. For which of you fathers reproveth not his son and correcteth him ?

And whether is it better that a young man be slothful, or that he learn in his youth to endure hardness ?

Verily as a father pityeth his children so is the loving kindness of God to the children of men.

But say not when tribulation cometh, My father is wroth with me ; but rather, It is good that I suffer that I may learn ;

For tribulation worketh patience, and patience when it is finished bringeth forth good to as many as are called of God ;

For the calling of God is of the spirit of God.

And as many as have the spirit are called of the spirit.

But I say unto you God calleth not with his mouth, nor doth man hear the voice with his outward ears.

The life is more than flesh as the body is more than raiment ;

But I say unto you also that the spirit of man is more than his life.

For after the fashion of this world men say, Lo ! this man is good, for he doeth good.

Verily his doing is a sign of his heart's intent ; but God only knoweth his goodness ;

For his ways are not as our ways, nor his thoughts as our thoughts.

There is that mercy which is more merciful to withhold than to grant.

There is that loving kindness which is more lovely to smite than to spare.

There is that charity which is more charitable to take than to give.

For if ye give unto all that ask, these shall all become beggars, and thou thyself become like unto them.

It is better to give help to earn than money without labor.

For which of you will give unto his children all they ask ? And what shall it profit a child to have all his desire ?

Truly at the end the sweet shall be as gall. But

the affliction that chasteneth shall be sweeter than honey and the honey-comb.

Behold, I say unto you, vengeance belongeth unto God.

Hath God passions like unto men that he should be angry, or hath he weakness that he should desire the death of him that hateth him ?

Doth God fear him whom he smiteth ?

Behold God is over all and through all and in all.

Shalt thou say to him who hath a withered hand, Why didst thou do this unto thyself ?

Or shalt thou say to the blind, Why didst thou pluck out thine eye ?

The hand withereth, and the eye loseth sight, and the man endureth though he hath no power over such of his members as perish.

Say ye not when the lightning smiteth a man and he die that it was God slew him.

Nor say of him whom the waters overwhelmed it was God's doing ;

Neither of him whom the adder hath bitten, It is God's wrath.

But say rather that God maketh his lightnings to fall, and his waters to rise, and his serpents to sting ;

And lo ! that man who standeth in the way thereof is like unto the withered hand or the eye that was plucked out.

For the ways of God are changeless ; his law is from everlasting to everlasting ;

And woe unto him who transgresseth one of the least of these ;

For iniquity is not always guilt, nor transgression crime,

And a man's foolishness shall ensue evil even as the mischief that he deviseth.

Verily the kingdom of this world is round about you, but the Kingdom of Heaven is within you, and the ruler of that Kingdom cannot be slain.

Neither by the lightning, nor the waters, nor the serpent's sting.

For in God's image were ye made, inhabitants of a celestial city eternal in the heavens.

Say not that God sendeth plague, pestilence, and famine ;

Neither say it is he who hath given sorrow and anger ; for all things work together for evil unto them that do evil ;

But unto them that do good all things work together for good.

And when Jesus had done speaking many came unto him saying, Master, we heard what thou didst say unto the young man ;

For when he asked thee, What shall I do to inherit eternal life ? Thou didst say unto him, Sell all

thou hast and give unto the poor, and come and follow thee.

Is it then required of all to do this?

Jesus answered, Nay, I said not so; for when I spake I spake unto the young man, and not to another.

Then said he that had spoken, Tell me then, I pray thee, what must I do to inherit eternal life?

Now Jesus knew this man's heart, because of the power given him from on high, and he saith unto him,

Go thy way, and what thy hand findeth to do, do that diligently as unto the Lord. Be silent and let thine acts speak for thee. Sufficient unto the life is the duty thereof.

And one of the multitude lifted up his voice and said, Verily thou speakest as one having authority. Tell us now plainly whether thou art God or man.

Jesus answering saith unto him, Can'st thou tell me of thyself what in thee is of God and what of man?

And he was dumb. And when Jesus perceived that he answered not he saith again unto him,

When thou knowest what in thine own self is of God and what of man, then will I tell thee whether I am God or man.

ONEIROS AND HARPAX.

WHEN God, the Lord, had finished heaven and earth, he created man out of the dust of the ground in his own image, in the image of God; male and female created he them. And the Lord planted a garden in Eden and made trees to grow that bear fruits good to eat and pleasant to the sight, and God took the man and put him into the garden of Eden, commanding him to dress it and to keep it. And the man did as he was bidden.

And man saw the trees of the garden; he saw the rivers and the rocks, the birds that lived in the foliage of the trees, and the beasts that roamed through the woods, and the creation of the Lord was imaged in his mind. Thus man lived without cares and tribulations, in a state of perfect contentment. He attended to the trees and ate of their fruits; he thought neither of the future nor of the past, but lived solely in the present, in blissful indifference; and when he was tired he lay down on the soft sod beneath a tree and slept a dreamless sleep.

And God the Lord was displeased with his work and said to himself, "The man whom I have made and into whose nostrils I have breathed the breath of life so that he is life of my life, worthy to be called my son, leads a life of indolence and has become like a spoiled child. I have done the work of creation, and he enjoys it; and he lives in indifference, knowing not good nor evil. He is a living soul, but not

knowing death, he comprehendeth not what life is and gives no care to investigate what is truth and error. I will teach him to make comparisons and he will learn."

And God called two angels, Oneiros, who stands at his right hand, and Harpax, who stands at his left hand, and said to them: "Go down to man and when he falls asleep, stir thou, O Oneiros, the images of his soul and impart to him the secret of creation so that he may become like unto me, his God and Heavenly Father. But when he awakes, O Harpax, be quick and snatch away the dreams he has shaped."

The two angels did as they were bidden. When man fell asleep Oneiros approached him and caused him to have dreams, and man created out of the images of his soul new things. Harpax, however, was ready to seize the beautiful dreams and destroy them as soon as man awoke.

Now man began to compare the things and animals which God had made with the creatures of his own imagination, and he thought to himself: "The world which I create in my dreams is far superior to the world made by God," and he began to be dissatisfied and complained about the faults of God's creation. "O Lord, God, my Father," said the man, "thou sendest me Oneiros with beautiful dreams, why dost thou allow Harpax to take the dreams away from me as soon as I awake?"

And God the Lord said: "Oneiros will show thee the tree of the knowledge of good and evil which I have planted in Eden, but know thou that I have placed Harpax who will not allow thee to eat of its fruit. I offer thee the gift of life, but death is the price which must be paid for it. I have created thee unto my image, but if thou wilt become like unto me, thy God and thy Creator, thou must open thy eyes and learn, thou must be active to do work; thou must give shape and real existence to the dreams of thy fancy; thou must create as I do."

And God left the man and the woman, but Oneiros and Harpax staid with them.

And the man said to the woman: "Our ambition to be like God implicates us in danger; life begets death, the knowledge of good presupposes the experience of evil. Let us live contentedly and worry no longer."

This was the work of Harpax who took away from Adam's mind his dream of divinity, and the woman became very sad at heart and said to the man: "We are in a sorry plight. There is the tree of life and knowledge, yet God has forbidden us to taste of its fruit, for he has said: 'On the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die.' We are unhappy and miserable." So their souls were filled with melancholy thoughts, and wearied by their disappointments they experienced a feeling which they had never felt be-

fore ; it was as if for a moment they had been overcome by old age and they fell asleep.

Now Oneiros roused their souls to new hopes, and the man saw in his dream that the woman had the miraculous power of restoring youth and imparting life. Yet when he woke up his dream was gone.

Such was the condition of the man and the woman when the serpent approached them with the words of the tempter. And the serpent said : " God doth know that in the days ye shall eat of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, your eyes shall be opened and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil." And the woman became confident that it was good to eat of the fruit of the tree of knowledge and they both ate of it.

Now Oneiros placed the man into an abode that was better than Eden, for it was the product of man's own work and everything was arranged as he wanted it ; yet Harpax took away the beautiful abode and left man in dreary poverty. So the man and the woman decided to stay together for better or for worse in the struggle for life, in the faithful alliance of husband and wife, and to build up a world of their own in which everything should be as they wanted it. So they left Eden and the man began to pull up the thorns and thistles and to till the ground ; and he ate the bread which he had procured himself in the sweat of his brow, and gave his wife also and they both ate of it. She bore to her husband children and their sorrows were multiplied, but they went on undaunted ; they planned and in carrying out their plans they toiled, and they had failures and successes, yet they were satisfied that this world of work and struggle, in spite of so many dangers, miseries, and disappointments, was better than the Eden of unconscious happiness.

The man died and the woman died, for death was the price of the eternal rejuvenescence of their souls, but mankind lives. We are in mankind and mankind is in us, and we eat of the tree of knowledge ; and the more we struggle and work the grander and nobler, the holier grows the image of God in our minds.

Oneiros and Harpax are still with us, and it is good that they are. If your child wakes up crying, you must know that Oneiros had given him some beautiful toys to play with, but Harpax took them away when he awoke. The little pessimist thinks that the world of dreams is more beautiful than the world of realities.

Do not mind the child's tears ; if he but have energy in him, he will by and by become a man and build up the noble visions of his soul.

P. C.

THE AMERICAN CONGRESS OF RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES.

WE have to announce the birth of a new movement which we hope will prosper and increase to the benefit of mankind, and contribute its share to the enlightenment of the world. It is " The American Congress of Religious Societies," which convened in Sinai Temple, Chicago, on May 21st, 8 P. M., and having remained

in session during the whole week organised on Saturday, May 26. Its object is : " To unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation " such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy " with the movement toward undogmatic religion ; to foster and " encourage the organisation of other non-sectarian churches and " kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty ; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the " thought and work of the world under the great law and life of " love ; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in organisation, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure " and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher development of " the future."

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We looked forward to the Congress with great hope, but not without anxiety. The new movement is one of the fruits of the Parliament of Religions which took place during the memorable year of the World's Fair. We say one of the fruits, for the committees of the World's Fair Auxiliary Congresses are still in office, and as they have not yet finished their labors, we may expect that they, too, will produce some good or even better results. The religious committee has proposed to extend the work of the Parliament of Religions, so as to make its blessings a lasting possession of mankind, a *κτῆμα ἐς αἰῶν*. And this " Religious Parliament Extension " is planned to embrace all creeds, Christian and pagan, orthodox and liberal ; it is not intended to proclaim a new religion, but it invites all religious people to come into friendly relation, to exchange their ideas and explain their meaning. As a motto the saying of Isaiah i, 18, has been selected : " Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord." That such friendly intercourse is possible has been proved by the Parliament of 1893. What the World's Religious Parliament Extension wants is to be broad enough to let even the most narrow-minded find room in the movement. If we but apply to religious affairs the same rules of gentlemanly behavior which in worldly affairs are as a matter of course expected of everybody, we shall be able to clear away many prejudices and understand one another better. We only need patience and mutual brotherly assistance. The American Congress of Religious Societies is another and an independent movement. While the Religious Parliament Extension is liberal in the sense of excluding no one and opening its doors to all, the recent Congress proposes to bring about a closer alliance among the liberals. It is not for the Roman Catholics : it is not for the orthodox ; it is for those who have thrown off the shackles of traditional authority and avow the principles of liberalism. There is a certain contrast between the two but no antagonism. Both movements are sorely needed, and we wish heartily that both may succeed. It is much needed that all liberal religions should unite, and that they should organise themselves and become better acquainted with one another. But it is more difficult to accomplish a union among liberals than among the old-fashioned orthodox, for so far their agreement appears to consist in negations only.

* * *

Dr. H. W. Thomas of Chicago opened the Congress of Religious Societies, and no better man could have been selected for the purpose, for he is one of the most prominent pulpit-orators, keen in thought, not afraid of hereticism, and highly esteemed by everybody. The active worker and propeller of the new movement is its secretary, Dr. Jenkin Lloyd Jones ; he is here in his element as an organiser and founder. Dr. Jones is one of the most energetic men on the globe. He undertakes three or four great schemes at the same time and loses track of none of them. There is certainly no danger that he will let the movement go to sleep ; if there is any danger it is that he takes too many steps at once. The innovations which he proposes are far-reaching, and he must be on his

guard lest he break down under their burden. He has left the Unitarian Church, of which he was a member, in order to be free from all fetters. This involves the obligation to refund to the Unitarian Conference an investment of seven thousand dollars, and Dr. Jones's congregation is willing to pay the amount. At the same time Dr. Jones proposes a new building of eight stories in height, which is to be a type of the church of the future, containing assembly halls, gymnasium, baths, business rooms for rent to pay the running expenses, and on the top floor the parsonage. God speed thee, courageous sailor, and give thee in the rush of business the necessary calmness of consideration.

* * *

It is a very favorable symptom of the vitality of the Congress that Dr. Jenkin Lloyd Jones's breaking away from the Unitarian fold did not explode the entire undertaking. The Unitarians have long since adopted the motto, "Truth for authority, not authority for truth," and extend to their preachers the widest possible range of liberty. They can justly say that the shackles of which Dr. Jones complains do not exist, and there is no reason to justify his act. His brethren might have taken offence and stayed away from the new movement, but they came and joined hands with him in laying the corner-stone of the new organisation.

* * *

The Congress of Religious Societies consists mainly of Unitarians, Universalists, Jews, societies for ethical culture, and independent liberals. There is no question about their having sufficient interests in common to establish a closer companionship, but we must not be blind to the rocks which threaten to sink the young craft. While scarcely any note of discord was heard during the Congress, we cannot help noticing a great divergency of aims and methods among its most prominent members. While Dr. Jones regards his liberalism as too broad for the Unitarians, Rabbi Hirsch, in whose synagogue the meetings were held, took pains to explain that the solution of liberalism is Judaism. "The Jews must raise their own flag," he said, and he expressed deep regret to see "some veterans of his congregation permitting their children to look with favor upon the new movement." Thus it appears that two leaders of liberal religious aspirations, Dr. Jones and Dr. Hirsch, employ diagonally opposed methods; the former carries to its extreme the principle of shaking off the dust of traditional authority from his feet, while the latter, cherishing the conviction that negotiations are not sufficient as a bond of union, appears almost as a champion of reactionary thought. Such divergencies, however, are good, and if they are not glossed over, but recognised in their full importance, will only give life to the new movement and increase its interest.

The Congress will meet once every year, either in May or June, and various branches will be founded in the East as well as in the West, so as to spread the spirit of fellowship and good-will among all the liberally minded churches and societies of this continent.

* * *

There were two addresses on the Philosophical Basis of Modern Theology; the one by the Rev. Merle St. Croix Wright, the other by E. P. Powell of Clinton, N. Y. Both took their stand upon the ground of a monistic world-conception, rejecting the old pagan notion of a dualistic Deity above the clouds, and inculcating the grandeur of the new God-conception, which is not less but more intensely religious than the old one. Mr. Wright is an impressive speaker and was, as Dr. Hirsch said at the close of the debate, "the right man in the right place, who said the right word at the right time."

BOOK NOTICES.

Macmillan & Co publish a beautiful little work, whose form perfectly harmonises with its subject, on *Leadwork, Old and Ornamental and for the Most Part English*, by W. R. Lethaby. The

author gives an interesting historical sketch including an account of the material and of the craftsmanship necessary to its working, with a description of all the beautiful frames, domes, roofs, turrets, coffins, fonts, inscriptions, statues, fountains, and crests in which his art has found expression. The illustrations are exceptionally fine. "The plumber's art," he says, "as it was, for instance, when the Guild of Plumbers was formed, a craft to be graced by the free fancy of the worker, is a field untilled. That some one may again take up this fine old craft of lead-working as an artist and original worker, refusing to follow 'designs' compiled by another from imperfectly understood old examples, but expressing only himself—this has been my chief hope in preparing this little book." (Pp. 148. Price \$1.25.)

PROMPTINGS.

BY CHARLES ALVA LANE.

Nay God, I bring no voice, against they will !
Thou hast appointed toil : With purblind brain
I scan the riddle that the worlds contain,
And strive, with hands that feel their feeble skill,
To trace my answer in a work shall fill
Thy half-divined desire. Yet seems it vain
To carve on crumbling hours ; for life is fain —
Of immortality's portentous thrill.

Yea, motives rise and strength and life's designs
From hopes that feed upon futurity,
As flowers drink the sun : and, promptly,
From Godward heights, Ideals mark the lines,
Awry and graceless, that our ceilings trace,
Sad of our weary hands and wistful face.

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