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## THE OPPRESSION OF WOMEN.

BY PROF. E. D. COPE.

MRS. MONA CAIRD, Miss Sara Grand, and the other ladies of their "persuasion," are furnishing some interesting reading nowadays. Representing the educated woman, with constitutional fluency they display the art of the pleader in excellent literary form. But the subject-matter of their discourse is so astonishing that some men rub their eyes in wonderment at what this eruption can be about; while others, more disposed to listen, stop to reflect seriously whether society is really upside down, or whether there is or is not something fundamentally wrong with so-called civilization in its treatment of women. It is evident that a good many men have not reached any definite conclusion in their own minds as to the rights and wrongs of the situation. In consequence some men are disposed to grant all that is claimed, trusting to luck for the outcome, while others are urged to an indiscriminating hostility towards all women who are or wish to be educated, if an education only serves to sharpen their tongues in such wise. Others of both sexes are inclined to suspect that these-writers know little of the normal relation which exists between men and women, and are quite oblivious to the *grande passion* which renders hard things easy and makes the world fit to live in.

The question may, however, be reasoned out in a judicial way outside of the influence of passions, either good or evil. If the universe is on a sound basis, as most people suppose, it ought to be possible to find out what the foundation facts of the situation are, on which a system of social life must repose. It is not my intention to go into an exposition of this subject now and here, but I only refer in passing to some previous attempts in this line.<sup>1</sup> There is one aspect of the case, however, which these ladies appear to have overlooked, and to which I will call attention. This part of the subject is so fundamental that men accept it as a matter of course in their lives. It is in fact a matter of instinct rather than of reason, and as such is rarely formulated, but men regard it as a foundation fact, like their senses and sensations, which require no

explanation for practical purposes. I refer to the fact that the lives and conduct of men are determined by force in the hands of other men, and that they cannot escape from it any more than they can escape from the forces of nature. In fact, this human force *is* one of the forces of nature. The class of writers mentioned neglect this factor in men's lives, but think of it only as it appears to them in women's lives. But if men are subject to it, women must be also.

Advocates of women's entrance into state government frequently respond to the allegation that all government rests on force, by the counter assertion that that time has passed, and that government now rests on good-will and "the consent of the governed." The very word government, as well as its nature, however, implies the use of force against the unwilling; and if all mankind consented to uniform and harmonious lines of action, government would be no longer necessary. The fact is that not only government, but all human acts whatsoever are expressions of force; and another fact is that the greater force will always control the lesser, no matter whether the object to be attained be good or ill. It follows from this that the weaker members of society must always adopt measures for attaining their ends other than by the application of direct force, but must frequently use indirection. This is what men and women always have done under such circumstances, and always will do. It is, however, the burden of these lady doctrinaires, that women, the weaker sex, are compelled to use indirection! It is no wonder, then, that this kind of sentiment appears to some men sophomoric, and that others cannot be made to see what it is really about.

Let us illustrate from the ordinary experience of men. In any region away from police protection, men are very careful not to put themselves into the power of thieves and other dangerous characters, or even men whom they do not know, who have or may be possessed of superior physical force. In the presence of physically stronger men they are careful to observe civil manners, and to avoid the language of command. So much for direct physical force. The rich control physical force by its representative, money. Now every one knows that if a man desires the co-operation of a capitalist in his enterprises, he must not

<sup>1</sup> Popular Science Monthly; The Monist, Vol. I, No. 1; The Open Court, Nos. 64, 65, and 187.

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make himself disagreeable to the holder of the purse. The antagonism of the rich man is to be avoided, since he has in his hands power to neutralise the efforts of the less wealthy, even as an unconscious rival. Let us now place ourselves for a moment in the position of the shop-keeper and salesman. The fundamental element of success is to please his customers by his personal bearing towards them. Rudeness over the counter will effectually neutralise the attractions of his goods. If, however, the merchant gets control of the entire supply of certain goods, so that customers must buy of him, then the tables are turned. The preponderant force is on his side, and manners become less important to him as an element of success.

Apart from and beyond these personal aspects of the force question, lies the great truth that the courses of human activity are directed by forces which are rarely controlled by any single man. Wealth consciously or unconsciously aggregated and directed to a given end, determines the occupations and lives of the industrial population, as the weather and the crops direct the human forces which are dependent on agriculture. Men take advantage of these conditions, or lose by them, and no question of freedom or slavery can be considered in either case. It is necessity, so far as it can be understood, that confronts the individual man, and to this he must bend, or be broken. Men who are engaged in this struggle must use their energies to the best advantage, as they understand it, and questions of secondary importance must yield. They must use the modicum of force which belongs to them, and not waste it, and they will get what they can for the increase of their stock of force, and for the purpose of acquiring the pleasures for themselves and for those that are dependent on them, which the possession of force places within their reach.

It is impossible that women as a sex can stand on an equality with man as a sex in this struggle. Although this is perfectly well known, there are men and women who are clamoring for equality of the sexes. Such a proposition is a form of communism, like that which demands an equal division of property. On the morrow after the division, inequality would immediately appear. Let opportunity for the exercise of force be equally distributed between men and women to-day, to-morrow the superior force of men would assert itself. The claim of equal share in government by women involves a logical absurdity; and if it were granted in word, it could not be granted in fact, even if men were a unit in desiring it. The fact that there are men who support the idea only shows how inveterate has become with men the habit of drawing-room gallantry.

It may be inferred from what has preceded, that in the present writer's opinion, "might makes right,"

His opinion is, that since might makes everything, it is right in the long run. In some particular cases, however, it may and does make wrong. The direction of might obviously determines its utility. If the majority of people in a country are bad, it is evident that that will be a bad country, and nothing can long prevent such a result. The directing of human might is performed by the human mind, and if we want might to be right, we must cultivate right thinking and right feeling. The source of right thinking is experience; and the source of right feeling is love. The source of love is the relation between the sexes, and in this fact we find the true significance of that relation to all the other relations of men.

There is absolutely no reason why men should expend their energies on women, excepting as an expression of personal affection. In other words, were woman to be of the same sex as man, and were she aggregated into a separate nation in a separate country, she would be subject to all the conditions to which weaker nations have to submit. It is probable that in such a case her country would be invaded by emigrants from the men's country, whom she could not expel, and that she would ultimately succumb and experience the fate of the nations who resist the advance of the strongest race. This picture is in broad contrast to the position which she now occupies, and which is at least as good as that of man. The qualities which are special to herself are so useful and so attractive, and her *indirect* influence is so considerable, that she is excluded in great measure from the conditions of man's struggle for existence. Man assumes it for her, since she furnishes him with satisfaction of those parts of his nature which belong to the affections, and which his contact with men can never supply. This, then, is the "celebrated" sphere of women. It is not the product of human law or of man's "tyranny," but is the flower of her evolution, the product of nature's forces. When woman abandons it, she throws away her opportunity, takes brass for gold, and consigns herself to insignificance.

The views here expressed in no way encourage the idea that woman should be kept in ignorance. The better educated she is the more certainly will she know that the positions assumed in these pages are true. It is indeed ignorance of the facts, as it appears to me, that is at the bottom of much so-called "advanced" opinion on the subject. Particular women doubtless have just grievances against particular men. If under such circumstances such women see opportunity of bettering their condition, they should be permitted to do so. But if they are instructed they will know that it is on the sex instinct of men that they have ultimately to depend, and not on any preponderance of force. The law can only give them rudimental rights,

and nothing more; and they must depend on men to execute those laws. The rivalries of men, the law does not touch, so long as they are honestly conducted. If particular women cannot escape from association with unpleasant men, they can remember that men are even more frequently in the same disagreeable position in their relations with men, and cannot help themselves.

On the other hand, it must be remembered, that men do not cheerfully submit to be governed by those who are dependent on them. If necessity compels them to be so in some cases, no personal affection is possible in such a relation. Political opponents are enemies; and the importance of the interests involved determines the intensity of the hostility. Such hostility, be it mild or intense, is not compatible with the marriage relation. The fact is that one of the principal objects of government is the protection of the marriage relation, and any form of government which renders that relation undesirable to men has not long to exist.

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#### OMAR KHAYYÁM.

BY M. D. CONWAY.

#### II. HIS GARDEN.

WHEN Antioch College, at Yellow Springs, Ohio, was flourishing under the presidency of the most eminent educator of his time, the Hon. Horace Mann, it had for its motto: "Orient thyself." I know not who selected the motto, nor precisely what it was meant to convey, but there is a sense in which it becomes increasingly significant now that the Western world has come more and more under the influence of Oriental thought. The seventeenth century made the discovery of a "Republic of Letters" above all national partitions; the nineteenth century has revealed above racial divisions a "Republic of Religions." But our studies should go farther than the estimation of these great formations in the lump, and this is not so easy. The traveller who leaves his own region, where persons are individualised, and finds himself amid swarming populations of other races—Hindus, Chinese, etc.—can scarcely distinguish one from another, any more than if they were blades of grass. In a great festival at Allahabad, amid two millions of pilgrims, I had to pin a ribbon on the head-dress of my guide in order to follow him. Something like this occurs also to the reader of Oriental and Eastern classics. We are generally brought up to mass the books of the Bible in one, and it requires special studies to distinguish the varieties and shades of thought so bound up together and called the Word of God. But though we may have ceased to confuse such different and often antagonistic ideas as those of, say, Job and Jeremiah, Mark and Paul, we are still liable to lose distinctions in the

Buddhist, Brahman, Moslem, and Zoroastrian literatures. Each of these Oriental literatures comprises intellectual differences as marked as those of Carlyle, Tennyson, Spencer, Emerson, Hawthorne, Goethe, Heine, or any other authors of our time.

At a time when America was not yet discovered by Europeans, and when Europe was mainly barbarous, Christendom being without anything that could be called a literature of its own, and holding Greek and Latin classics accursed, Persia had a literature comparable with that of the Elizabethan age. Nizámi, Jámi, Jelleddin, El Rúmi, Háfiz, Omar Khayyám, Saadi, 'Urfu, Faizi, to name some of them, are great and original thinkers. The literature represented by these men is a wonder of the intellectual world. Although Mohammedan fanaticism, like that which burnt the Alexandrian library,—saying, "its value is in the Koran,"—ultimately trampled out Persian genius, its development was largely due to the Moslem invasion. It is difficult now to realise that the hard Moslem system, not much better than an Eastern Mormonism, ever had that scientific phase which created chemistry in Arabia, and that artistic phase which built the Alhambra. However, it was not, I think, chiefly by that influence of its better days that Mohammedanism temporarily stimulated Persian thought; it was more probably by its rude iconoclasm in breaking up the previous dead formation. There is a wonderful Persian book called the "Desatir," ascribed by some scholars to the first century of our era. It was written by various hands, and impresses me (there is a good English translation) as a sort of Zoroastrian New Testament. From that book we learn that there had come upon Persia an era of barrenness. The religion of Zoroaster had sunk into ruts of formalism; his real teachings were forgotten; nobody believed anything. Then appeared a prophet, Sasan, much in the same way as John the Baptist in Judea: there was a revival; and it is said that a poet, Arda Viráf, was given a sacred narcotic that he might visit Heaven and Hell, and bring back tidings of the true religion. His reports are more beautiful than anything in Dante. I do not know whether this sacred fire was kept up, but if so, it was probably in a half-suppressed way, until the invasion and establishment of an alien religion (Islám) released Persian genius (which is of the highest order) from bondage to dead formulas of Parsaism. (Some scholars identify this word with Pharisæism.) Islám was then contented with a nominal conformity; it required some centuries for the conqueror, speaking another language, to discover that under such external conformity the mind of Persia might be thinking its own thoughts, and reviving the ancient Zoroastrian fire. Out of this condition of things arose Sufism, originally a compromise between free-thought and

Mohammedanism, corresponding to the compromise between rationalism and Christianity now represented in Unitarianism. But, as Emerson, Parker, and other minds left Unitarianism, and the best religious thought is more and more developed outside of it, so was it in Persia. Those great thinkers were unchurched. They retreated to their own gardens. Emerson's early poem, "Good-by, proud world, I am going home," is an unconscious refrain of Omar Khayyám's quatrains:

"My law it is my own sweet will to obey,  
My creed to shun the fierce sectarian fray;  
I wedded Fortune, offered her a dower,  
She said, 'I want none, so thy heart be gay.'

"Sooner with crusts of bread contented be,  
And water from the well, and liberty,  
Than crouch and fawn and bend the vassal knee  
To one who is nothing worth compared to thee.

"O man, creation's glorious summary,  
Gaining and spending too much trouble thee;  
Arise and quaff the stern cup-bearer's wine,  
And live from life's annoyments forever free."

I have thus far tried to bring my reader to the gate of the astronomer-poet's garden; but in it we can enter veritably only so far as we can "orient ourselves." That is, we must not westernise Omar Khayyám, not measure him by his approximation to our assumed Occidental culmination of wisdom, but be equally ready to measure ourselves by his wisdom. At the same time it is *ourselves* we are to orient; we may well leave behind our hemispherical conceit, our notion of the mere paganism of non-Christian races, but not our organic individuality, which represents our point of access to the universal reason. Lately the Omar Khayyám Club of London has been planting on the grave of Edward Fitzgerald, who introduced the quatrains into England, two rose-trees. The hips were brought from Omar's grave at Naishapúr and grafted on a rose-tree in Kew Gardens. They have never yet budded, but we are hoping to see next spring what colors the Persian rose will catch from English skies. But as to the poetic roses, it is equally important to graft our Western flowers on the Persian stem. That is our due orientation. We are too much confined to the grooves of our German-English-American line of mental and moral development and progress. Omar was more cosmopolitan. In his garden were the rose of Sharon and lilies of Jerusalem: its spiritual growths gained their rarest beauty from the poet's graftings of foreign flowers on his Persian stem. This stem grew, as I think, out of the heart of Zoroaster. Zoroaster divided the universe into "the Living and the Not-Living,"—or, as we might now say, the organic and the inorganic. He personified the living as Ahuramazda, but he did not personify the not-living. The evil power, Ahriman, was the later creation of Parsi theology. Omar Khayyám believes in one God, whose heart is Love. He says: "Diversities of belief have divided

the world into seventy-two nations: from all their doctrines I have selected one—the Divine Love." This divinity he will not associate with the unbending and destructive forces of nature. On the inorganic universe he looks with the eye of an astronomer, and is, of course, an agnostic in philosophy, though not in religion.

"Whilom, ere youth's conceit had waned, methought  
Answer to all life's problems I had wrought;  
But now grown old and wiser, late I see  
My life is spent, and all my lore is naught.

"I solved all problems down from Saturn's wreath  
Into the deepest heart of earth beneath,  
And leaped out free from bonds of fraud and lies;  
Yea, every knot was loosed save that of death.

"The shining lights of this our age who keep  
Ablaze the torch of art and science deep,  
Never see day, but, whelmed in endless night,  
Recount their dreams and get them back to sleep.

"The stars that dwell on heaven's empyreal stage,  
Still mock the wise diviners of our age;  
Take heed, hold fast the rope of mother wit,  
These augurs all distrust their own presage.

"For me heaven's sphere no music ever made,  
Nor jarring discords in my life allayed;  
Nor granted me one moment's peace, but straight  
Into the bands of grief betrayed.

"These circling heavens which make us so dismayed,  
I liken to a lamp's revolving shade;  
The sun the candlestick, the earth the shade,  
And men the trembling forms thereon portrayed.

"Ah, wheel of heaven, running a course so blind,  
'Twas e'er your wont to show yourself unkind;  
And cruel earth, if one should cleave your breast  
What store of buried jewels would he find!

"The good and evil with thy nature blent,  
The weal and woe that nature's laws have sent,  
Impute them not to motions of the skies—  
Skies than thyself ten times more impotent

"Souls that are well informed of this world's state,  
Its weal and woe with equal mind await,  
For be it woe we meet, or be it weal,  
The weal doth pass, and woe too hath its date.

"The wheel of heaven still holds its set design  
To take away thy life, O Love, and mine;  
Sit we on this green turf, 'twill not be long  
Ere turf will hide my dust along with thine."

This remorseless machinery of nature, established religion ascribed to the all-creating omnipotent Allah. Omar does not literally deny the existence of such a potent personality (he has too much literary tact for that), but presses the dogma to logical moral absurdity. As we have seen, he tells the Mollahs that their Allah determined all the sins they complain of. Who is to blame? "Who mixed my clay? Not I. Who wove my web of silk and dross? In sooth not I." But Omar does not, to use a phrase of his own, "misread one for two." Whinfield,—whose translations I am mainly following because they are more literal than Fitzgerald's,—understands that phrase as mere assent to the Moslem Unitarianism. But I think that quite too commonplace for Omar, and believe it to be dualistic. Amid the elemental universe Omar finds signs of the divine Love. He finds the rose, and the

rosy maiden; he finds the heart of Jesus, whom he tenderly loves. Isa (Jesus), who is said to have raised the dead, is his emblem of the warm breath of Spring under which the earth revives. Whereon he has a quatrain curiously comparable with the feeling of Faust when in his cloister he hears the song "Christ is risen!"

"Now springtide showers plenty on the land,  
And quickened hearts go forth, a joyous band,  
For Isa's breath wakes the dead earth to life,  
And trees gleam white with flowers, like Moses' hand."

That is, Moses's hand, which Jahve made leprous, white as snow (Exodus iv, 6), but in which Omar sees blossoming of the white-thorn. Sitting under his own vine, he sees a hand of love offering its juice which can

"with logic absolute  
The two-and-seventy sects confute."

Wherever he feels the presence of Love, there he recognises a supreme heart like that beating in his own breast.

"O Soul, when on the Loved One's sweets you feed,  
You lose yourself, yet find yourself indeed."

#### CHANDRA, THE PESSIMIST.

WHEN Buddha, the Blessed One, the great sage of the Sakya tribe, was still walking on earth, the news spread over all the valley of the holy Ganga, and every man greeted his friend joyfully, and said: "Hast thou heard the good tidings that the Holy One, the Perfect One, has appeared in the flesh and is walking among us? I have seen him and have taken refuge in his doctrine; go thou also and see him in his glory. His countenance is beautiful like the rising sun; he is tall and strong like the young lion who has left his den; and when he openeth his mouth to preach, his words are like music, and all those who listen to his sermon, believe in him. The kings of Magadha, of Kosola, and of many other countries have heard his voice, have received him, and confess themselves his disciples. And the Blessed Buddha teaches that life is full of suffering, and he points out to his disciples that we can escape the evils of existence only by walking in the noble path of righteousness."

And there was an old Brahman by name Sudatta, who had devoted his life to the collecting of herbs and the using of them as medicines for the sick. His life had been full of toil and poverty and his joy was to see the alleviation of suffering in his patients. On hearing the tidings, he said: "I will go and see the Blessed One face to face," and he went to Rajagriha where at the time Buddha was preaching.

While travelling on the road, a young man joined him, who had the same longing to see the Blessed One. It was Chandra of Agra, a gambler. And Chandra said: "Deep is the wisdom of the Perfect One.

He teaches that existence is full of suffering, nay, that it is suffering itself; and my experience confirms the doctrine. Pessimism is indeed the true theory of life. The world is like a lottery in which there are few true prizes and innumerable blanks. We can see at once how true it is that life is not worth living by supposing a wealthy man buying all the chances in a lottery in order to make sure of winning all the prizes. He would certainly be a loser. Life is bankrupt throughout; it is like a business-enterprise which does not pay its expenses."

"My friend," said the Brahman, "I perceive you are a man of experience. Am I right in assuming that being a gambler you had for a time an easy life until you met another gambler better versed in the tricks than yourself who cheated you out of all your possessions?"

"Indeed sir," said the gambler, "that is my case exactly; and now I travel to the Blessed One who has recognised the great truth that life is like a lost game in which the prizes are only baits for the giddy. When I met a man unacquainted with gambling I always made him win in the beginning, to make him bold. I, too, was successful for a time in the game of life, but now I know that those who win at first are going to lose more in the end than those who are frightened away by losing their first stake."

Turning to the Brahman bent down with old age and care, he continued: "The whiteness of your beard and the wrinkles in your face indicate that you, too, have found the sweets of life bitter. I suppose you are not less pessimistic than myself."

A beam of sunshine appeared in the Brahman's eyes and his gait became erect like that of a king. "No sir," he replied, "I have no experiences like yours. I tasted the sweets of life when I was young, many, many years ago. I have sported in the fields with my playmates. I have loved and was beloved, but I loved with a pure heart and there was no bitterness in the sweets which I tasted. My experience came when I saw the sufferings of life; I was married and in the midst of happiness, but my wife fell sick and died, and the babe that was dearer to me than my own life died also. Oh! how I complained of man's fate who sins in his ignorance and is unable to escape from the curses that follow his errors! That was a bitter experience. So far I had been living as in dreams, enjoying myself thoughtless as the birds of the air or the deer upon the plain. But when misfortune had awakened me to the full consciousness of the conditions of existence my eyes were opened and I saw suffering among my fellow beings which I had never seen before. Thinking to myself that much misery could be removed, I began to study the causes of disease and to seek for medicines by which it might

be cured or at least its pains assuaged. O, the misery I have seen in the cottages of my native town will never be effaced from my memory. The world is full of sorrow and there is no life without pain. I have been sad at heart ever since, but when I heard that Buddha was come into the world, and that he teaches us how to escape from suffering, I rejoiced; and I became conscious of the happiness in which I lived. I know now that the bitterness of life is sweet to him whose soul has found rest in Nirvâna. I am happy because I am able to alleviate some of the bodily ailments of my brothers and sisters and I now go to the Lord, the holy teacher of mankind, to find a medicine for the maladies of their minds."

When the two men came to the Vihâra at Rajagriha, they approached the Blessed Buddha with clasped hands, saying: "Receive us, O Lord, among thy disciples; permit us to be hearers of thy doctrines; and let us take refuge in the Buddha, the truth, and the community of Buddha's followers." He who reads the secret thoughts of men's minds, addressed Chandra the gambler asking him: "Knowest thou, O Chandra, the doctrine of the Blessed One?"

Chandra said: "I do. The Blessed One teaches that life is misery." And the Lord replied: "Indeed Buddha maintains that life is misery, but he has come into the world to point out the way of salvation. His aim is to teach men how to rescue themselves from misery. If thou art anxious for delivery from evil, enter the path with a resolute mind, surrender selfishness, practice self-discipline, and work out thy salvation with diligence."

Said the gambler: "I came to the Blessed One to find peace, not to undertake work." Said the Blessed One: "Only by energetic work is peace to be found; death can be conquered only by the resignation of self, and only by strenuous effort is eternal bliss attained. Thou regardest the world as evil because he who deceives will eventually be ruined by his own devices. The happiness that thou seekest is the pleasure of sin without sin's evil consequences. Men who have not observed proper discipline, and have not gained treasure in their youth, lie sighing for the past. There is evil, but the evil of which thou complainest is but the justice of the law of Karma. What a man has sown that shall he also reap."

Then the Blessed One turned to the Brahman and continued: "Verily, thou understandest the doctrines of Buddha better than thy fellow traveller. He who makes the distress of others his own, quickly understands the illusion of self. He is like the lotus flower that grows in the water, yet does the water not wet its petals. The pleasures of this world allure him not and he will have no cause for regret. Thou art walking in the noble path of righteousness and thou de-

lightest in the purity of thy work. If thou wishest to cure the diseases of the heart as thou understandest how to heal the sores of the body, let people see the fruits that grow from the seeds of selfishness. When they but know the bliss of a right mind, they will soon enter the path, and reach that state of steadiness and tranquillity in which they are above pleasure and pain, above the petty petulance of worldly desires, above sin and temptation. Go, then, back to your home and announce to your friends who are subject to suffering, that he whose mind has been freed from the illusions of sinful desire, has overcome the miseries of life. Spread goodness in words and deeds everywhere. In a spirit of universal kindness be ready to serve others with help and instruction; live happily then among the ailing; among men who are greedy, remain free from greed; among men who hate, dwell free from hatred; and those who witness the blessing of a holy life will follow you in the path of deliverance."

The eyes of Chandra the gambler were opened and his pessimism melted away in the sun of Buddha's doctrines. "O Lord," said he, "I long for that higher life to which the noble path of righteousness leads. Wilt thou persuade the Brahman, my fellow-traveller, to take me to his home where I am willing to enter his service so that I may learn from him and attain to the same bliss."

The Blessed One said: "Let Sudatta, the Brahman, do as he sees fit"; and Sudatta, the Brahman, was willing to receive Chandra in his house as a helpmate in his work. And Buddha said: "Let evil deeds be covered by good deeds. He who formerly was reckless and afterwards becomes sober, will brighten up the world like the moon when freed from clouds."

EDITOR.

## SCIENCE AND PROGRESS.

### THE AGE OF STRIKES.

THE plan of settling disputes by stepping aside and waiting till your employers or employees come to their senses, is a lesser evil, as clearly as the dignified silence of resentment is an improvement on violent altercations. There was a time when reforms had to be effected in a different manner. The companions of Spartacus had to fight fifteen murderous battles for the privilege of quitting their jobs. The malcontents of the Peasant's War had to *strike* with iron clubs. With all its incidental abuses, the new plan is the best. Retreat to a platform of neutrality is better than flight to the shades of an unknown world. A thirty years' absence from church is better than a Thirty Years' War. The spread of agnosticism and indifferentism, so called, means simply that millions of our contemporaries have decided to step aside and wait till their spiritual task-masters can agree on a less unbelievable doctrine.

### VAIN APPEALS.

Professor Loomis of Kansas City, however, denounces strikes—railroad strikes, especially, and recommends appeals to the humanity and self-respect of railway companies. Professor Loomis is said to be an agnostic, and ought to be able to appreciate the fatuity of appealing to things that may have no existence.

## FALLEN STARS.

During the last six months the distinguished arrivals in the realms of Pluto must have resembled a shower of shooting stars: Tyndall, Baker Pasha, Childs, Joseph Keppler, Kossuth, Vance, Dr. Brown Sequard, General Trumbull, with a host of luminaries of lesser magnitude. The mystic palingenesis of Angelus Silesius makes such periods coincide with the birth of future celebrities, and according to that theory the third or fourth decade of the twentieth century ought to rival the Napoleonic era.

## A CONSISTENT LIFE.

Louis Kossuth has been called a "Protestant," but his claims to that distinction were founded mainly on the emphasis of his political protests. In metaphysics he was a free inquirer, not to say a freethinker, and a good deal of a monist, to judge from his often expressed aversion to the crass dualism of the monastic era. And, moreover, his philosophy was old-age-proof. During the last two days of his life his conversation appears to have been wholly limited to secular topics, though after his partial recovery from a severe syncope he entertained no doubt that his respite was measured by hours. "Poor Bathyani,—I have been lucky, after all," he whispered, when his soul had already entered the penumbra of death.

## COLONIAL BIGOTS.

The superior liberalism of new colonies is a rule with occasional exceptions. Exclusively pastoral or agricultural settlements often attract an *exquisitum* of rustic bigots, and a representative Boer of the Transvaal now proposes to abate the locust-plague by the persecution of heretics. "Without doubt locusts and other plagues," he says, "have been sent as a punishment, not only for flagrant desecration of the Sabbath, but for us allowing blasphemous heretics, like the Catholics and the Jews, to practise their diabolical rites in our midst."

## TURKISH JUSTICE.

A Turkish judge of Kis-Sereth, on the lower Pruth, recently persuaded his neighbors not to mob a Russian deserter who had taken refuge with a charitable Mussulman and then robbed his benefactor. At the kadi's advice, the gentleman who could not behave himself among strangers, was put in a boat and ferried back to his knout-armed friends on the other side of the river.

## "SANITARY DESPOTISM."

The despotism of Health Commissioner Emery of Brooklyn would be a blessing in disguise if the sanitary tendency of his regulations could be more clearly established. He has been accused of attempting to bully persons who refused to be vaccinated and confining them to their rooms till they agreed to comply with his orders. His rights in such cases would be those of every quarantine commissioner; but the trouble is that the expediency of Dr. Jenner's plan is still subject to grave doubts. A large number of eminent pathologists, both of Europe and America, maintain that the benefits of vaccination are outweighed by its mischievous tendencies, and that the abatement of small-pox is mainly due to dietetic reforms, cleanliness, and the more thorough ventilation of our dwelling-houses.

## LONGEVITY RECEIPTS.

An English cynic predicts that the continued prodigality of our Pension Bureau will evolve an enormous crop of centenarians, and quotes the precedent of Driffield Parish, "where sixteen persons, in receipt of outdoor charity, can boast a combined age of 1,280 years," an average of eighty for each pensioner. A sinecure seems often, indeed, almost to realise Ponce de Leon's ideal. The French government hardly expected to run any risks in granting the artist-scholar Waldeck a pension of three thousand francs,

after the celebration of his seventy-eighth birthday, but from that day the health of the venerable savant improved, and the annuity had to be paid for twenty-three years.

## ALCOHOL AND ANARCHY.

A week ago the American press commented on the experiments of an Old World naturalist who fuddled bees with alcohol and claims to have noticed a consequent tendency to shiftlessness, theft, and insurrection. The alcoholised insects ceased to work, and not only plundered the stores of their neighbors, but refused to recognise the prerogatives of their queen. As a compliment to temperance the story would be worth believing, if it were not for the implied libel on political independence. An ardent love of distilled liquors is not unconsistently with an abject submission to the powers that be. The disciplinarians of the mediæval convents knew what they were about when they stinted their monks in meat, but indulged them in beer and wine. The all-round rebel Shelley was a total abstainer, while the brandy fuddled Russian boors are models of subordination.

## TRANSFIGURED TRAMPS.

"Don't hope to attract followers by the logic of your arguments," says the disappointed philosopher Schopenhauer, "but

"Gieb ihnen zu fressen und zu saufen,  
Sie kommen in Schaaren dir zugelaufen."

Yes—or else supply them with a decent pretext for enjoying the luxury of a good, long tramp. It is quite probable that we are all descended from more or less nomadic ancestors, and the chance to achieve glory by locomotion has a charm not easy to resist. Hence the popularity of religious pilgrimages and the success of Tramp-generalissimo Coxey.

FELIX L. OSWALD.

## THE WAY OUT.

BY HYLAND C. KIRK.

In dreams I saw a little bat  
Within a cave, this way and that  
Go flying, as if seeking way  
To make his exit to the day.

And on his winglets weary grew,  
Tired of flitting, heart-sick, too,  
And, perched upon a friendly stone,  
He seemed to say in plaintive tone:

"There's no escaping from this cave;  
It is, alas, a hopeless grave.  
I've tried the walls, the floor, the dome,  
And all in vain, I'm in my tomb."

Surprised to hear this winged mole  
Speak thus, when yawning an ample hole,  
Permitting egress, had he tried  
To pass out at the open side,

I waking mused: and is it man,  
This bat, too blind the truth to scan?  
Too blind to see his own way clear  
And that the light is now and here?

## BOOK REVIEWS.

VILLAGE SERMONS PREACHED AT WHATLEY. By the late R. W. Church, M. A., D.C.L., sometime Dean of St. Paul, Rector of Whatley, Fellow of Oriol College. London and New York: Macmillan & Co., 1894. Pp 356; price, \$1.75.

It is almost unnecessary to state that a collection of sermons from the well-known pen of the late Dean Church will be widely read and appreciated by all. This writer is perhaps best known

to the general reader by his short historical books and essays, although these by no means constitute the greater part of his work. The present sermons are models of simplicity. This, with their brevity and homely forcefulness of style, well justifies their title, "Village Sermons." It is understood that they represent the ultra-Christian standpoint, but in spirit they are truly pan-religious. Their titles are as follows: The Advent of Christ, No Continuing City Here, The Incarnation of Our Lord, The Wonder of the Incarnation, The Calling of the Gentiles, The Use of Lent, The Will of God Our Sanctification, Careless Hearing and Its Fruits, The Barren Fig Tree, Christ's Love to Mankind, Christ's Love to the Multitudes, Christ's Love to His Enemies, The Last Evening, The Return to Christ's Love, The Words From the Cross, God's Great Day, Continual Improvement, Profession Without Practice, Wasting Away of Life, Heaven and Purity, Man at God's Right Hand, The Promise of the Spirit, The Holy Trinity, Knowledge of God by Prayer, Holy Baptism, The Present Time and the End, Holy Communion, Causing Others to Sin, Pleading Not Ourselves but Others, Common Prayer, The Love of Christ, The Truth and Justice of God, Grieving the Holy Spirit, What Will Be Wished for at Death, The Meaning of the World, The Use of Sunday, All Saints' Day.

EDWARD LIVINGSTON YOUMANS. Interpreter of Science for the People: A Sketch of his Life. By *John Fiske*. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1894.

In a letter, dedicating this work to Herbert Spencer, Mr. John Fiske writes: "Our friend expressed a wish that if his biography were to be written I should be the one to do it." And certainly, from his long intimate friendship with Youmans, Mr. Fiske was the most competent person to discharge this task, as the execution of the present volume testifies. Not only is the book a biography of E. L. Youmans, but it is a history of the movement by which the great results of modern European research were first popularised and made a part of the intellectual life of our country. Mr. Youmans was one of the first pioneers in this field, in which there are now so many able workers. It was he who conceived the idea of the International Scientific Series, and established it after much hard and unselfish labor, and it was he who bore the main brunt of the battle in this country when the theory of evolution first came into conflict with the prejudices of religious tradition. A great part of Mr. Youmans's correspondence with Herbert Spencer, who is in great measure indebted to him for the success of his works in this country, is here printed, and also numerous letters from Tyndall, Huxley, and other prominent Englishmen are reproduced. Altogether Mr. Fiske has compiled an attractive volume, and given a very creditable record of an important period in the history of American education. The work contains two portraits of Youmans, with reprints of the following select writings: "Mental Discipline in Education," "On the Scientific Study of Human Nature," "What We Mean by Science," "Herbert Spencer and the Doctrine of Evolution," "The Charges Against the Popular Science Monthly," "Concerning the Suppressed Book." The volume also contains an Appendix with Youmans's ancestry and a list of his works. The book is elegantly got up. μκρκ.

*Reformed Judaism and its Pioneers. A Contribution to Its History.* By *Dr. Emanuel Schreiber*. Dr. Schreiber is Rabbi of the Congregation of Emanu El, Spokane, Washington. The purpose of the volume is the setting aright of the history of Reform-Judaism which from Dr. Schreiber's accounts seems to have suffered much at the hands of the historians, its special misrepresentation having been accomplished in the eleventh volume of Graetz's "History of the Jews." This is not the author's first attempt in this field, as he has impugned before in a German work the credi-

bility of this part of Graetz's history. The history of the work is told in the Preface. It was not accepted by the Jewish Publication Society of America, and many obstacles seem to have been put in the way of its publication. The author's account of the fortunes of the book is not unmingled with invective. The exposition is made in the shape of biographies of the prominent Jewish reformers, each of which takes up a chapter. They are: Moses Mendelssohn, David Friedlaender, Israel Jacobsohn, Aron Choria, Gotthold Salomon, Abraham Kohn, Samuel Holdheim, Leopold Loew, and Abraham Geiger. A commendable feature of the book is that it is thoroughly indexed, but it is not wholly free from misprints. It is too bad, after all its misfortunes, that it did not find a better publisher. (Spokane, Washington: Spokane Printing Company. 1892. Pp. 400.)

*Progressive Eclecticism. A Brief Outline of a System of Culture Based on Freedom of Selection and the Natural Development of Character, Guided by Science.* By *D. G. Crow*. The dedication is to the "children of the world." The author finds the true norm of conduct in eclecticism, a principle which he sees at the bottom of all modern philosophy and of all modern ethical movements, including "that curious combination called the Religion of Science." "Progressive Eclecticism teaches a faith in nature, in science, and in man's province and capacity to work out his own salvation." The author says the earnest of the establishment of his idea is found in the Parliament of Religions. He devotes a section to the natural development of character, and gives a catechetical résumé of the teachings of the Eclectic system, including hints for the organisation of eclectic assemblies. For the particulars of such organisations, the reader may apply to the author at Waco, Texas. (Waco, Texas: Brooks and Wallace. 1894. Pp. 60.)

## THE OPEN COURT.

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Yours very truly,  
Geo. J. Romms.

