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Founded by EDWARD C. HEGELER

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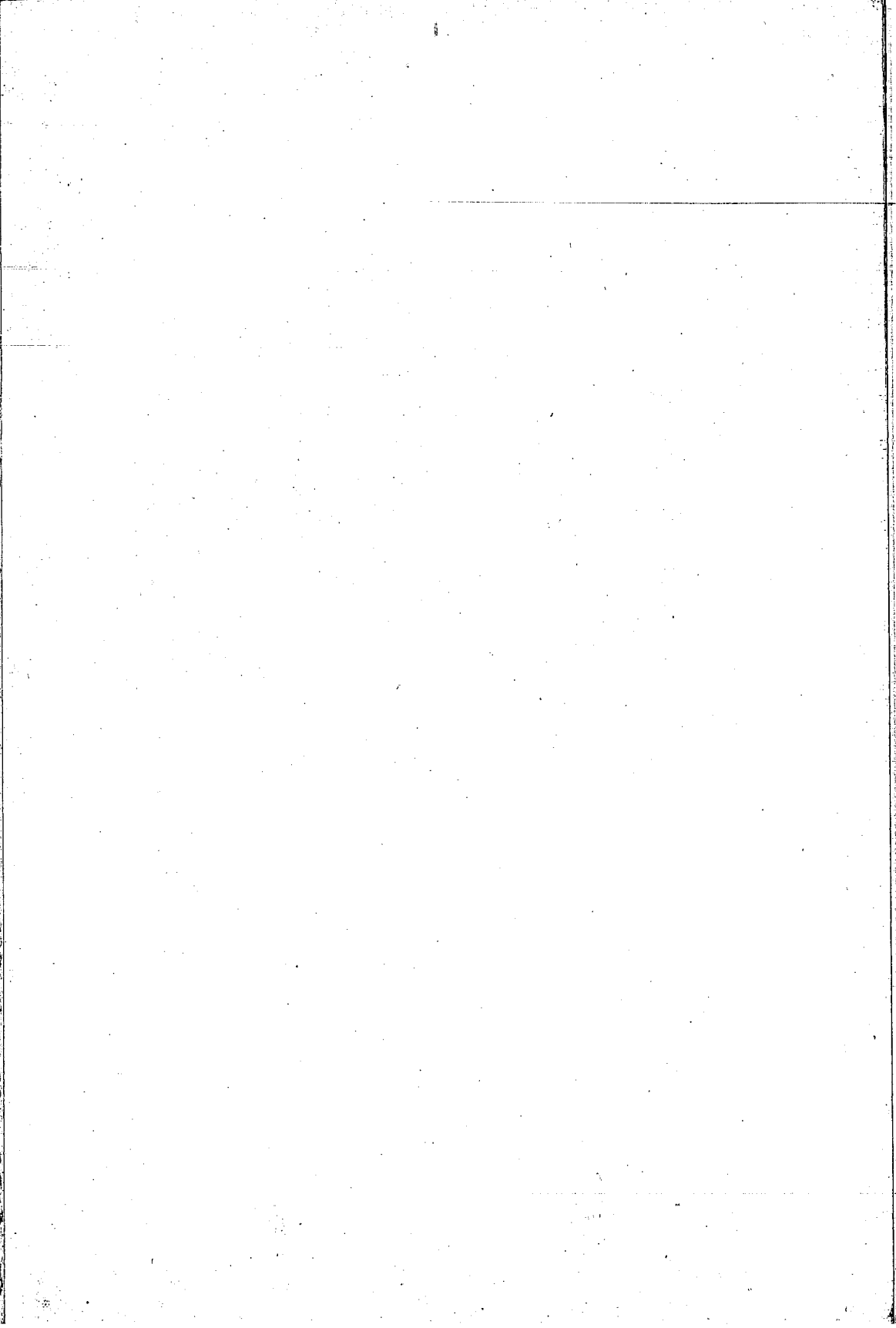
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AMEN-HOTEP IV AND HIS WIFE.

Frontispiece to the Open Court.

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THE HUMAN SIDE OF TUT-ANKH-ATON

BY WILLIAM E. BARTON.

EGYPT, land of the earth's most ancient civilization, is also the center of most recent discovery. In one way or another Egypt has managed to keep on the front page for about 3000 years. Ever since Moses led a brick-layers' strike and precipitated a strife between capital and labor, resulting in the formation of a new nation destined to play an important part in the world's politics and religion, Egypt has claimed the attention of scholars and also to a marked degree an interest in the world of thought beyond the pale of technical erudition. During the last one hundred and twenty-five years Egypt has been springing one surprise after another upon the world. In 1799, Napoleon's invading army discovered the Rosetta Stone, which, after considerable delay, afforded an alphabet and cipher code for the translation of Egyptian hieroglyphics. Within a few years after this discovery, interesting finds began in the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings in Upper Egypt. The Tomb of Seti I was discovered in 1817, since which date no decade has passed without some interesting revelation. In 1881, the royal mummies of an amazing number of kings of the XIXth Dynasty was discovered, including the mummy of Rameses II, justly called the Great, and by many scholars believed to have been the Pharaoh of the Oppression described in Exodus. The bringing to light of the actual mummy of this powerful monarch not only amazed the scholars of the world but made a profound impression on the reading public. It seemed to afford a tangible connection between the antiquities of Egypt and the familiar stories contained in the Old Testament concerning the exodus of the Hebrew People.

The finding of these royal mummies, that had been assembled from many tombs and hidden at some remote date to preserve them

from grave-robbers, seemed to leave very little to be hoped for by further explorers. Whatever the future might yield that would confirm or correct discoveries down to 1881, nothing, it would have seemed, could possibly equal the importance of that miraculously interesting and important find.

Contrary to all that might have been expected, Egypt continues to yield revelations of antiquity that astonish the world, not less by their number than by their variety. Two wholly unexpected avenues of research have been opened. In 1887, three hundred clay tablets were found at Tel el-Amarna. The first scholars to whom these were shown pronounced them of no great importance because they were in the Babylonian script. It occurred to an American missionary, the Rev. Dr. Murch, that they might be important just because they were in the Babylonian script, and he hurriedly sent word to the British Museum. Careful investigation showed that these tablets were one of the most valuable of all possible resources of information concerning a period of very great interest and value to modern scholarship.

Another discovery, equally surprising, began at Oxyrhynchus in 1896, in the uncovering of a vast deposit of papyrus inscribed in Greek uncials and dating from the third and fourth Christian centuries. This opened a new field for scholarly investigation concerning New Testament origins.

More recently a series of excavations, conducted largely under joint American and British auspices, has shed new light upon the kings and queens of the XVIIIth Dynasty.

Since the close of the war, Mr. Howard Carter, an American, working under a concession granted by the Egyptian government to Lord Carnarvon, has crowned the achievements of former investigators with a find that has excited popular interest to an unprecedented degree. The arrival of the first group of authentic photographs gives to some of us who have had no actual share in these investigations a feeling of participation which we really have done little to deserve. These pictures show the entrance to the Tomb of Tut-Ankh-Aton, now just discovered and explored, as being almost directly under the entrance to the Tomb of Rameses VI. This is a tomb which many American scholars have visited and explored. It is numbered 9 in the list of royal tombs, and is of interest because the sarcophagus, though much injured, was found in the innermost chamber. The walls and vaulted ceiling of this burial chamber contain interesting astronomical calculations. I remember this tomb very well, as that in which my guide, having conducted me to the inner-

most recess, assumed a deeply mysterious and pious tone, and told me that he counted it the greatest honor of his life to have conducted to this place so distinguished a man, and he wished to present me a



QUEEN TII, WIFE OF AMEN-HOTEP III.

token of his affection and undying regard. He then gave me a scarab, which he vowed by all the gods of Egypt was the most precious that had ever been in his possession. I knew the rascal

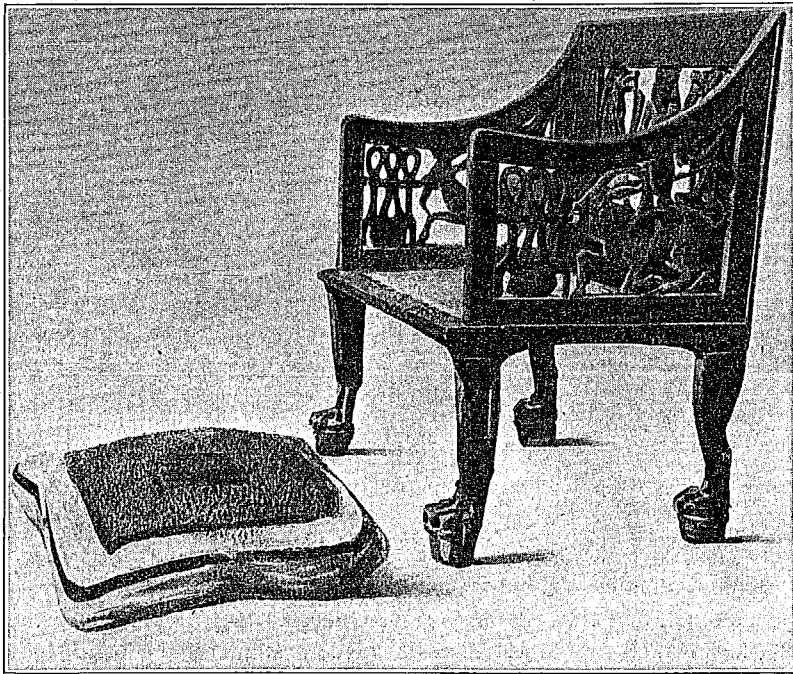
was lying; that the speech he made to me was the same speech which he made to everyone whom he conducted to that place, and that the scarab was not worth three piastres; however, I must admit that there was something about the performance so impressive that I had not the heart to tell him I knew he was a fraud.

Now the pictures that come to us from Egypt show me, as they must show other Americans, that the ground of this most recent exploration is familiar. I have walked around upstairs in the same apartment building where Tut-Ankh-Aton was buried. If his mummy did not sleep soundly I might almost have disturbed his slumbers, for I have tramped around over his head. A considerable number of Americans, including not only scholars but tourists, must be impressed, as I was impressed, at the first sight of these photographic reproductions in the papers. Having read with interest from the beginning the progressive reports of the investigations, I have a sudden feeling of being at home.

I remember very well the two days which I was privileged to spend in the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings. The first day I was with a considerable group of American tourists, and we visited the tombs that are regularly visited by tourists. These are numbers 2, 6, 9, 11, 17, and are the tombs of Rameses IV, Rameses IX, Rameses VI, Rameses XI, and Seti I. All these I visited, and duly checked them in my Baedeker, as is the custom of tourists. This book with its penciled notes made on the spot now lies before me. But I went on another day, and went alone, accompanied only by my donkey boy. I did some exploring on my own account, including a visit to the terraced Temple of Queen Hatasu, whom more recent authorities call Hateshepsut. I shall never forget the quiet and unbroken interest of that day's visit.

I have told unblushingly of the high compliment paid to me by the guide on the preceding day. Let me with equal modesty tell of a greater compliment which came to me on this second occasion. I was riding along on my donkey, having crossed the Nile and being in the vicinity of the two colossal statues of Memnon. A peasant girl of 13 or 14 ran out, and offered me a handful of relics. I did not stop my donkey, but took them in hand, examined them casually, and handed them back to her, and told my donkey boy to drive on. The relics were worthless. She tucked them into her girdle, but she did not desert me. Having failed to sell me anything, she began to beg for backsheesh. She repeated the word "backsheesh" over and over, at first using the title "Sir." She knew one or two common English titles, and then used them. At first I was not interested,

and strove to leave her behind, but she caught my stirrup-leather and kept up with the donkey, all the time calling me by titles which I knew must be interesting, but which I could not understand. I said to my donkey boy, "Abdul, listen to this girl, and tell me what she is calling me." He translated her titles as she uttered them in ascending succession. As soon as she saw that I was interested, she employed titles of greater dignity. She made low salaams to me, even while keeping on the run. She stooped, and repeatedly she kissed



CHAIR FROM TOMB OF THE PARENTS OF QUEEN TII.

my knee. These were some of the titles which she bestowed upon me, each one preceded by an appeal for backsheesh: "Backsheesh, Sir! Backsheesh, my Lord! Backsheesh, Captain! Backsheesh, Major! Backsheesh, Colonel! Backsheesh, General! Backsheesh, Governor!"

Interested and perhaps elated, I said to my donkey boy, "Now, Abdul, listen, for I think something of importance is coming next."

It came. By what title does the reader believe she finally addressed me?

"Backsheesh, O great and mighty Khedive!"

This is what she said to me, and I gave her a piastre for it. I am free to confess that I thought it was worth the money. No man ever rose from the ranks more rapidly than I on that occasion, and no man was ever promoted to be Emperor of Egypt, for so small a sum. Roughly speaking, a piastre is worth five cents in American money. I got my money's worth.

I soon left behind me my flattering and highly appreciative Egyptian girl, and I had already separated myself from the chatter from my fellow tourists. That day I spent quietly among the Tombs of the Kings and in the Temple of Deir el-Bahri.

Of the archeological value of these recent discoveries, others will write. It will be some time, I apprehend, before the Egyptologists can tell us exactly what they have found, and what its value is to be to modern scholarship. I am undertaking to tell the human side of the story which lies behind these discoveries in the life of the XVIIIth Dynasty. Insofar as there is any need to refer to authorities in an unpretentious article such as this, I refer to Breasted's *History of Egypt* and his *History of Ancient Times*; to Budge's *History of Egypt* in eight volumes, and his magnificent two-volume work on *The Gods of Egypt*;¹ his three volumes on *The Egyptian Heaven and Hell*, and his edition of *The Book of the Dead*; to Winkler's *Translation of the Tel el-Armana Tablets*, and to such other books on Egypt as I chance to have at hand. My scholarship is not original, but I believe it to be accurate.

The XVIIIth Dynasty covers a period of 230 years, from 1580 to 1350 B. C. It is intermediate between the reign of the Hyksos, or Shepherd Kings, about which so much has been written and so little known, and the notable period which reached its climax in the long and brilliant reign of Rameses II, doubly interesting because of his work as a builder and because of his relation to the period immediately preceding the Exodus. We have no occasion to give in detail a list of monarchs of this XVIIIth Dynasty; they can be found in any of the standard works on Egypt, and I rely for my chronology of the period upon Breasted, depending mainly for the facts cited upon him and Budge.

For our present purpose we may begin with King Amen-Hotep III, who reigned 36 years, from 1411 to 1375. Not without reason has he been called "The Magnificent." He was the son of Thothmes IV and Queen Mutemua. Amen-Hotep III declared that he was of

¹) These volumes may be obtained from the Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago.

divine origin, the god Amen becoming incarnate in his father, Thothmes IV at the time of his conception. In this declaration he followed the example of Queen Hateshepsut, who declared that the god Amen in like manner incarnated himself in her father. The doctrine of a divine birth held by Egyptian kings was not understood to render an earthly paternity unnecessary. We have a sculpture in bas relief in which Amen-Ra upholds Amen-Hotep III acknowledging him as his son. This powerful monarch married a remarkable woman, Queen Tii. A few years ago an excavation undertaken by Mr. Theodore M. Davis for the benefit of the Museum at Cairo, discovered the tomb of the parents of Queen Tii. These untitled peo-



AMEN-RA ACKNOWLEDGING AMEN-HOTEP III AS HIS DIVINE SON.

ple, whose names were Ioua and Tioua, were buried in the valley of the Tombs of the Kings, near the tombs of Rameses III and Rameses XII. The mummies were found in good condition. The features of Tioua, the mother, appear to be unquestionably Egyptian, but those of the father, Ioua, have an appearance that suggests a Syrian origin. This would seem to lend some color to the tradition that Queen Tii was of foreign, as she certainly was, of untitled, parentage.

The contents of this tomb required a large baggage train of carriers who transported these articles to Luxor for shipment to Cairo. There were beds with bottoms of woven flax, chairs surprisingly modern in construction; a light pleasure chariot, vases, jars, and other articles in profusion.

We shall be very glad to know more about King Tii. She and her husband's great-grandmother, Queen Hateshepsut, exercised an important influence on Egypt throughout a considerable portion of this XVIIIth Dynasty. Hateshepsut was the daughter of a king, the wife of no one knows how many kings, and the mother of royal generations. She is supposed to have been married to at least one of her own half-brothers and quite possibly also to her nephew, Thothmes III. He, who was himself a great builder and a ruler of ability, liked it little that his aunt, the widow of Thothmes II, continued to dominate policies which he himself would much have preferred to carry on independently. After the old lady was dead he went about Egypt erasing her names from a considerable number of Temples, where she had caused them to be carved. It was rather an ungracious thing for him to do, but his provocation appears to have been great. There is evidence that toward the end of her reign, or rather reigns, Egypt was in a bad way. She had lost control and would not let anyone else assume it. Nations that had paid tribute to Egypt were holding back, hoping for her death and her nephew was unable to secure either from her or from the people adequate recognition so long as she lived. She lived and reigned almost as long as Queen Victoria and her longevity was a disappointment to two or three generations of waiting crown princes. No wonder Thothmes III grew weary of her domination while she lived and probably hearing her quoted to him after she was dead. On several of her buildings, however, her name stood, notably on the Temple Dier el Bahri. This Temple is unlike any other in Egypt. Instead of being erected on one level, it is on a series of terraces, and it contains the only altar as yet found in Egypt.

How many kings Queen Hateshepsut married, and how many in addition she had managed without marrying them, we shall never know, and need not here discuss. She was as forceful in her day as Queen Elizabeth was in hers, and while not remaining unmarried, as England's Queen preferred to do, she possessed a strong element of masculinity, as did Elizabeth. Hateshepsut caused herself to be sculptured as wearing an artificial beard, and without a woman's breasts. Quite otherwise was the method of Queen Cleopatra. She caused herself to be sculptured on the walls of the temple of Denderah, wearing the heifer-horns and embodying the character of the goddess Hathor, but she did not permit the sculptor to omit any single curve of her delicately modeled and thoroughly feminine form. She was a great woman ruler in her day, as Hateshepsut was in hers, but she ruled by being feminine, while Hateshepsut never forgave the gods

for not making her a man. Mark Antony could describe himself to Cleopatra as—

“He who drunk with thy caresses,
Madly flung a world away.”

No man was really intoxicated by the caresses of Hateshepsut, and none of her husbands or associates flung any worlds away. They did not get the worlds to fling. She held onto them. She married men because that was the easiest way to control them and to insure a royal succession.

Egypt was a land of powerful kings, but its destiny was greatly influenced by a series of notable women. Perhaps if we knew all the facts we should deem Queen Hateshepsut the most powerful woman monarch of history. But it is quite certain that not every one loved her, and some of the men associated with her in the ruling of Egypt made their contribution very willingly to her funeral expenses, when at last, and very tardily, she consented to die.

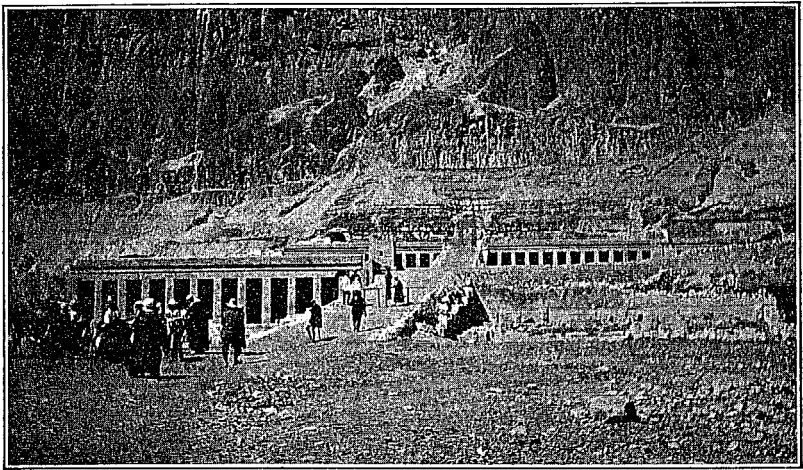
The memory of this dominant woman was potent in Egypt when Amen-Hotep III came to the throne and it might have seemed discreet upon his part to have married a wife distinctly domestic and one who did not concern herself with public affairs. He had indeed an assortment of wives, but Queen Tii appears very definitely to have exercised the strongest influence over him. It is believed that she was of another religion than that of Egypt, and that she may have influenced her husband and almost certainly did influence her son. If we could be quite sure that Queen Tii was responsible for the change in her son's religion, we should have no hesitation in ranking her with Hateshepsut as one of the most potent influences in the history of Egypt. And if her son did not get his religious views from her, whence did they come to him?

Let us leave to archeologists the technical study of these antiquities recovered in recent years, while we concern ourselves with the human aspects of this marvelously interesting story.

Amen-Hotep III reigned for 36 years from 1411 to 1375. When he married Tii he made no secret of her obscure birth, but proudly proclaimed that if she lacked anything in this regard, he had royalty enough for both of them. The Egyptian scarab was worn primarily as a confession of faith in immortality and for use as a seal. Amen-Hotep III used it, as did certain other kings, as a kind of medal cast in honor of some great event in his reign. Such a scarab he inscribed to commemorate his marriage to Tii. Another one was wrought to tell of his having slaughtered 102 fierce lions in the first ten years of his reign.

Amen-Hotep III built at Thebes a temple in honor of the god Menthu, and another to the goddess Mut. Here he provided a considerable number of seated statues of the goddess.

There were many temples in Thebes, but the city seems to have lacked unity of design until the reign of Amen-Hotep III. He connected Karnak with the suburb that we know as Luxor, laying out a magnificent avenue lined on either side with ram-headed sphinxes. A large majority of these have disappeared. One who rides a donkey along this avenue from end to end, has to rub the eyes of his imagination in order to reproduce in any adequate fashion the glory of this thoroughfare as the great emperor wrought it out.



TEMPLE OF HATESHEPSUT AT DER EL-BHARI.

At Karnak he erected a hypostyle hall and pylon, whose fore-court has a column portico. Attached to this and surrounding an open court is a row of columns, whose capitals are designed from the bud of papyrus. There was a stupendous hall in honor of the god Ammon. A visit to these ruins staggers the imagination when it attempts to reconstruct that Temple in its original glory.

Among the impressive works of this monarch are the two seated statues of himself on the west bank of the Nile. These are known as the Colossi of Memnon. They stood in front of a large temple. They are about 53 feet in height and are on pedestals a little over 12 feet high. They weigh 700 tons each. The northern statue was believed to emit a musical note. Many traditions gather about it.

This mighty monarch, conqueror, builder, hunter, had a plurality of wives, some of them daughters of kings, and he presumably had several sons. It has been believed to have been through the influence of Queen Tii that her son came to the throne as Amenophis IV.

It was a time when Egypt needed a strong ruler, and this she did not secure in Queen Tii's son. The delicately modeled face which the statues of his earlier period preserve for us are those of a dreamer, a poet, an artist, rather than a ruler. We can never imagine him as issuing scarabs to celebrate the killing of lions or wild cattle.

The immediate circle about the young king consisted of his



FAMOUS LION-HUNT SCARAB OF AMEN-HOTEP III.

mother Tii, his queen, Nofretete, who is thought to have been a woman of Asiatic birth, and a favorite priest, named Eye, husband of the woman who had nursed him in childhood. Then were those to whom he stood in the most intimate relation. He was a man of peace in an age when Egypt needed a soldier; he was a man of philosophy in a time when Egypt needed a ruler.

He found himself hampered and thwarted and embarrassed by the threatened domination of the priests of Ammon. He revolted against their political machinations, and also against the prevalent polytheism of Egypt. We do not know whether it was his mother who most influenced him in this hour, but he came to a belief in monotheism. He revolted against the worship of bulls and cats and

beetles. The sun seemed to him the only god to be worshipped. From the sun came light, warmth, energy, life. Why should people care to worship any other god?

Having reached a point where he could declare himself in favor of the worship of one god and that god the disc of the sun, it would have seemed that he might have gone to Heliopolis and allied himself with the priests of that temple. They probably would have welcomed his new creed, and declared it to be essentially the same as their own. This, however, he did not do. He proclaimed himself a worshipper of the god Aton. This god did not disguise the sun behind a symbol. The god worshipped was the actual sun disc. The worship of the god Aton may almost be said to be confined to the reign of this king.

So seriously did he take his new religion that he changed his name to Ikhnaton, "the living image of Aton." Opposed by the priests of Ammon, he resolved upon a desperate expedient. He moved his capital away from Thebes, and built a new city, to which he gave his own name. This city occupied the site of the modern Tel el-Armana. There the clay tablets were transported, that preserved the official correspondence of Amenophis III and there are other tablets accumulated containing the correspondence of his own reign.

The revolution which Ikhnaton inaugurated extended to the realm of art. He cast aside the flat monotonous and lifeless bas relief of his predecessor and caused objects to be painted from nature and colored true to life. There are preserved paintings of ducks and other fowls, of flowers and other natural objects from his reign and they are most unlike those that had obtained in the art of his predecessor.

Furthermore, his was a religion of life and joy. Comparatively little attention was paid to death. His eldest daughter died, and was buried in a royal tomb, which he constructed, but the tomb was never finished. He did not attach to death the degree of importance which belonged to the older theology of Egypt.

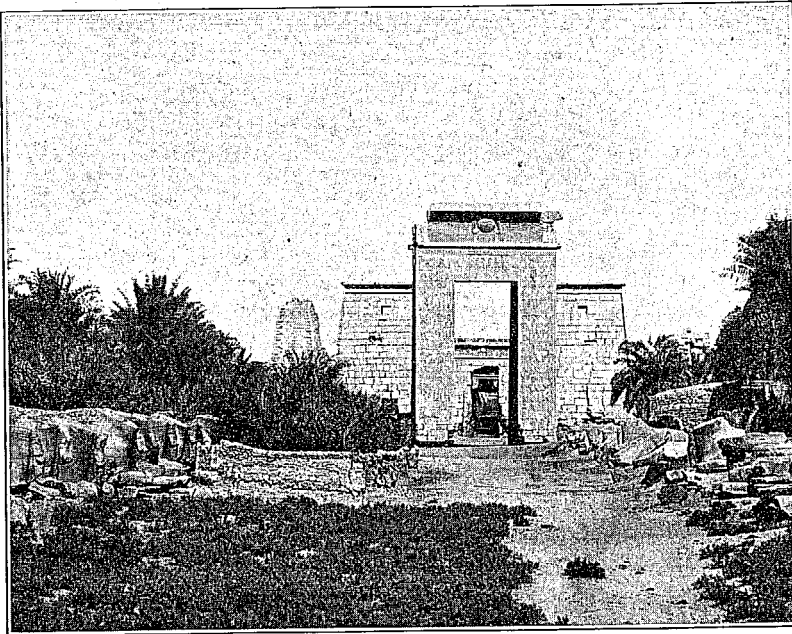
Ikhnaton was devoted to his wife, Nofretete. She appears with him quite habitually in the sculpture of the period, and so do his daughters who increased in number until there were seven of them, all told. We have the names of them, as follows:

1. Aton-Merit; 2. Maket-Aton; 3. Ankh-sen-pa-Aton; 4. Nefer-neferu-Aton-ta-shera; 5. Nefer-neferu-Ra; 6. Setep-en-Ra; 7. Aton-Baket. The eldest daughter died before her father. Some of the sisters married husbands who sat for a time upon the throne.

The third daughter, Ankh-sen-pa-Aton, married Tut-Ankh-Aton, of whom we shall hear further.

The temple of the heretic king, Ikhnaton, was discovered some years ago, and we have a fairly complete account of what he undertook and the extent to which he succeeded.

The sculptors who depicted him must have wrought their work according to his direction, yet they did it in such fashion, that some authorities are constrained to believe that some of their representations are actual caricatures. How any such picture as he permitted



AVENUE OF RAM-HEADED SPHINXES AT KARNAK.

to be made of himself could have inspired respect, we cannot imagine. He was lean, cadaverous, sickly looking and had a receding forehead. His features disclosed no lines of strength.

One cannot look upon his picture without feeling the inadequacy of king Ikhnaton for any task of practical statesmanship. We should be sure that such a man as he shows himself to have been, would have been weak and unpractical. He was a dreamer, a theorist, a pedant. And yet, if ever a revolution deserved to succeed it was his. What would it have meant to civilization if he had been able to influence Egypt to accept the worship of one God and to adopt a religion

and philosophy of life as well as a system of art in accordance with the teaching of the king and of nature? Even Amenophis III in the days of his greatest power could hardly have made such a revolution effective. The traditions and sacred precedents and vested interests of Egypt were inwrought with its polytheistic principle. Ikhnaton did as well as under the circumstances we could have expected. He wrote his hymns to praise Aton, and they are singularly like some of the Psalms of the Hebrew nation, but he was not able to carry his people with him in a revolution so drastic as that which he undertook.

Added to his other sorrows was the fact that he had no son. This fact led to a plot between an army officer named Harmhad and the priests of Ammon, whereby the priests and the army fomented a conspiracy against the throne. Having no son of his own and being in frail health, Ikhnaton feared to die and leave his kingdom to the practical certainty of a civil war. His eldest daughter, Aton-Merit, had married a nobleman named Sakare. This son-in-law Ikhnaton proclaimed co-regent and named him as a successor. Shortly after this Ikhnaton died, about 1358 B. C., having reigned for seventeen years. Like Hamlet, he had taken arms against a sea of troubles. The times were out of joint and he had proved unable to set them right.

Shortly before his own death, his eldest daughter, Merit-Aton, whom he intended to be queen, died, and her father did not long survive. In a lonely valley, about nine miles east of his royal city, they buried his emaciated body.

Sackare did not long retain the throne. He was not of royal blood, and he no longer had a royal wife to give him title to the crown. He soon was dethroned, at any rate he disappears from view, and was succeeded by Tut-Ankh-Aton. Tut-Ankh-Aton started under happier auspices. He was the son of Amen-Hotep III, though by a wife not of royal rank. He was thus a half-brother of Ikhnaton, as well as his son-in-law. In him the throne had a security which Sackare, especially after the death of his wife, was unable to secure. But even Tut-Ankh-Aton could not stand against the priests of Ammon; their power was continually growing. His position in the new capital was untenable. Finally, he was compelled to yield to the power of the priests. He forsook the city which his father-in-law had built, and transferred his court to Thebes, where no Pharaoh had been seen for twenty years. For a time he was permitted to continue the worship of Aton in Thebes, and he made some enlargement of the Temple of Aton in that city; but he was compelled to recognize also the worship of Amon. Nor did the matter stop there. He was finally compelled

to change his name from Tut-Ankh-Aton to Tut-Ankh-Amen. The priestly party had triumphed. The ideals of Ikhnaton became anathema. He was freely denounced as "the criminal." He is still known as "the heretic king."

The king whose tomb we are now exploring represents the undertow and reaction of the XIVth century in Egyptian history. He is a man who was permitted to hold his throne only by the sacrifice of all the principles which he had inherited and to which he owed allegiance. Perhaps he felt somewhat less of obligation to be loyal to the memory of Ikhnaton because he was not Ikhnaton's choice as a successor. Perhaps Ikhnaton feared to place upon the throne his father's own son, a half-brother who had nearly as good a right to the throne as himself. Perhaps Ikhnaton knew that this son-in-law, having royal blood in his veins, was flirting with the priests of Amon, and so did not trust him sufficiently to permit him to be regent and successor. Perhaps this is why the priests of Amon were willing that he should be king instead of Sakare.

However we read the story we find it shot through with tragedy. Ikhnaton deserved to succeed. He deserved a son who should have been loyal to his father's memory. The Arabs have a proverb which they put in the form of a question that may be counted a conundrum, "Who is the richer? He that hath a million dollars or he that hath seven daughters?" The answer is, "He who hath seven daughters is the richer man, for he desireth no more." Ikhnaton loved his daughters, and took pains to have them drawn and painted with him and his wife. One of them at least was sculptured in limestone and the headless and the almost armless and legless body is preserved, showing a graceful and delicate figure. Dear as his daughters were to him, he could not have afforded to exchange them all for one strong son. But could such a son have succeeded though he had inherited all the vigor of Amenophis III and been married to some cousin with all the vigor of their common ancestress of Queen Hatshepsut?

Two qualities must combine to produce successful leadership, and few indeed are the leaders who have both of them highly developed. The first is vision, such as is not possessed by ordinary men; and the second is power to influence and hold the support of the people. A Moses who had the first and not the second of these qualities would lead his people into the wilderness and let them die there. A Moses who had the second and not the first would utter his flaming denunciations of Pharaoh and call down the plagues of Egypt, but still leave his people toiling in the brick-yards. Ikhnaton, the

dreamer, had not the executive ability to make his reforms effective, and his son-in-law held his job by a compromise which sacrificed all that his predecessor had held most dear. Let us not blame Tut-Ankh-Aton too severely. Poor fellow! He could not help himself. Conditions were too strong for him to control. He tried to be loyal to the principles which he had inherited, then decided that half a loaf was better than no bread, and finally gave it up as a hopeless undertaking. So the capital moved back to Thebes, and the city which Ikhnaton had erected became a heap of sand.

Must it always be so? Must the world produce its Messiahs only that they shall be crucified? Is there no easier way to establish true ideals in worship and in art than that men shall be born out of due time to lead in movements which they are unable to carry through to success? Must progress forever meet the inevitable undertow? Must the old battles be fought over and over on the same battle fields in successive generations and truth arrive at success finally, but limping and scarred?

The archeologists will have a merry time of it for the next ten years, dividing up the fruits of their discovery, issuing new catalogues and changing the guide books, and telling us how much has been learned that was not previously known. But some of us will pause and ask ourselves concerning the human aspects that are involved in this story; and if we find the fight for the establishment of truth in our own day making headway less rapidly than we could desire, we shall comfort ourselves with the knowledge that other men before us have encountered inertia and hostility to truth.

We cannot believe that this notable reform accomplished nothing. Not very long after these occurrences Moses came up out of Egypt, and monotheism had a new birth. Moses was learned in all the knowledge of the Egyptians, and may have had no small part of his instruction from the priests of Heliopolis. Moses learned the negative confession of the forty-two sins, and shortened the list into the ten commandments. Who knows how much Moses learned that filtered down through the priests of Heliopolis, but which came originally from Ikhnaton? Possibly Tut-Ankh-Aton did not completely roll the revolution backward. The cause of monotheism may be a little better established on earth today because of the apparent failure of Ikhnaton and the reaction under his successor Tut-Ankh-Aton.

The extraordinary importance which archeologists attach to the discovery of the tomb of Tut-Ankh-Aton, does not grow out of his importance as a ruler, or of the great achievements of his reign. His place in the world's history is relatively small; the value of these

finds is largely in the fact that his tomb was not looted in antiquity and despoiled of any considerable part of its valuable objects. It is such a storehouse of utensils and articles in daily use in Egypt as to gladden the heart of the explorer and enrich the museums of the world. This fact is giving to Tut-Ankh-Aton a degree of prominence which strictly speaking he does not deserve. It is the conjecture of some archeologists that as he came at the end of the Dynasty there was a general house-cleaning after his death and that his tomb became a kind of a storage attic for the cast-off articles that were cleared away for the new and stronger Dynasty that followed. This would not seem to me a very probable conjecture. The founders of the XIXth Dynasty may indeed have cleared the palace of his personal belongings, but they would have found some more convenient junk-shop than his tomb. We have no immediate concern with the question how this relatively insignificant monarch came to have in his grave such a rich and varied assortment of articles that he may be presumed to have used in life. These are questions for the archeologists; we are more interested in the human side of things. These cast-off articles of clothing and furniture will have their important place in enabling scholars to reconstruct the details of Egypt's daily life. But those of us who are accustomed to draw lessons out of the ordinary happenings of our own time, cannot drop the habit when we study ancient history. Like Hamlet moralizing over Yorick's skull, we view these exhumed relics and we reflect and meditate.

How long, O Lord, O how long, we cry. Must it continually be written of the world's prophets that they come unto their own and their own receive them not? Is there no tangible assurance that a conscientious and high-minded monarch like Amenophis IV will not be allowed to fail hopelessly and permanently, either because of the lack of qualities within himself, for which he was not responsible, or for conditions surrounding him which were beyond his control?

Still we walk by faith and not by sight, believing that no man lives utterly in vain who strives for a worthy ideal. Even at this day we can afford to be glad that Ikhnaton revolted against the worship of cats and cattle and staked his soul and his throne on his faith in one God. He seemed to fail, and he did fail, as Socrates failed and Jesus failed; but we will not believe that he made no contribution to the thought and aspiration of the world.

"One accent of the Holy Ghost,

A heedless world has never lost."

Though buried for three thousand years, truth rises again from the grave, and proclaims its own inherent immortality.