

unless the leaders of the Christian Churches give an ear to such men as Professor Pearson, the inroads of the other religions will be as serious as the increase of infidelity in Christian countries. We cannot serve God and Mammon. Either we must preach belief by submission to traditional dogma and abolish schools and universities, or we recognise the duty of free inquiry. Either we accept science as a divine revelation and acknowledge that the God of science is the true and sole God, or we bow down before the idols of the letter. We cherish the confidence that at last the time will come when a genuine love of truth will restore to life the dead bones of our Churches.

P. C.

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### JOHN P. ALTGELD.

John P. Altgeld, Ex-Governor of Illinois, died suddenly in his fifty-fifth year on March 12, after a lecture which he had delivered in Joliet. He played an important part in American politics and showed throughout his life an undeniable zeal for the uplifting of the masses and the improvement of the conditions of the poor. That his intentions were honest and noble, we have never doubted, yet we believe that he was mistaken in the means he adopted to help the people during the Bryan-McKinley campaign when he espoused the cause of free silver. The respect which his political enemies accorded him after death is the best evidence that his character deserves recognition. After all that has been said in criticism of him, he made a good governor, and he was a man who had the courage of his convictions. We publish below a laudatory poem on John P. Altgeld by John F. Weedon.

P. C.

#### THE LEADER LOST.

Hewn from a rock, steadfast and true and bold ;  
 Checked but undaunted, foremost in the strife  
 He stood, unswervéd by the tide of life  
 That whirled and eddied round him. Heart of gold  
 Untouched by petty spite. Unconscious he  
 Of mean detractors bubbling up apace  
 That breaking spat their spleen full at his face.  
 And greater than his strength his sympathy.

Altgeld is dead, and down beneath the sod  
 His lifeless clay lies deep. His memory lives  
 Marbled in immortality and gives  
 Courage and strength to those who live to fight  
 For gentleness, for honesty, for right.  
 His work is ended, and he rests with God.

JOHN F. WEEDON.

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### PROFESSOR DELITZSCH'S LECTURE ON BABEL AND BIBLE.

We have had the good fortune to acquire an early copy of the lecture on Assyriological research which Professor Friedrich Delitzsch delivered last January before the Emperor of Germany, at a regular meeting of the German Oriental Society, and which he was specially invited to deliver a second time before the Emperor of Germany in the royal castle at Berlin. The first installment of the

translation of his lecture appears in the present number of *The Open Court*, which has been delayed over a week to insure its speedy publication. Professor Delitzsch is one of the most eminent scholars of modern times, and one of the very foremost authorities on Assyriology. The present article therefore will give our readers an opportunity of acquainting themselves with the present state and the immense scope and import of Assyriological research, from the pen of one of its most accredited exponents. The publishers, J. C. Hinrichs of Leipsic, are to be congratulated upon the promptness with which they have put Professor Delitzsch's work<sup>1</sup> before the public. They also issue the proceedings of the German Oriental Society, which contain many other interesting and popular expositions of Oriental research. The illustrations which appeared in the original have in our translation been enlarged and greatly improved and their number considerably augmented, so as to afford as complete a view as possible of Assyrian art and civilisation.

### THE MEMOIRS OF KAMO NO CHOMEI.<sup>2</sup>

Kamo No Chomei is a Buddhist recluse who lived and wrote in the beginning of the thirteenth century, and ranks in style as well as sentiment with Mediæval mystics and other pious authors. His booklet is entitled *Hô Jô Kî*, and means literally "The Memoirs of Three Meters," that is to say, it is the diary of a hermit who lived in a hut not more than three meters square. The title has been appropriately rendered by Daiji Ichikawa, his modern translator: "A Little Hut."

Kamo No Chomei describes in this booklet his life and philosophy. He contemplates the transitoriness of existence, which is a constant change like the current of water, full of froth and without rest. He further considers the dangers of human existence: fire, inundation, storm, famine, states of anarchy, earthquakes, epidemics, and other tribulations. True happiness can be found only in contentment. He explains why he left his home to seek peace; how he built his first hut, which, however, was abandoned because it was too large; and then he built his second hut, a portable room sufficient to accommodate him and an image of Amítâbha Buddha. The Buddhist recluses of his stamp did not trouble their minds with the question: What shall we eat, or what shall we drink, or wherewithal shall we be clothed? Kamo No Chomei lived on the berries which he gathered in the woods; and the same old dress, though faded and worn, served him as a protection. He visited neighboring shrines, e. g., one place where he pays homage to the great musician Semimaro; and another where the great poet Sarumaru Dayu lies buried. The beauty of the landscape is his joy; it is not private property, like the soil and other marketable goods. The loneliness of the mountains is such that the animals which inhabit the woods are not afraid of him; they approach his hut, and the deer of the forest are tame in his presence.

The seasons remind him of spiritual conditions: Spring is an allegory of Paradise: summer, with the repeated call of the cuckoo (the mysterious bird of the spirit land), indicates that man will have to travel through the dark path of the valley of death; in the fall, the cricket sings of the vanity and transiency of life; while the snow of winter, when it covers mountains and valleys, is like sin,—it increases and increases, and finally melts away.

<sup>1</sup> The original German may be obtained, bound, for M. 2.50.

<sup>2</sup> This article is a review of a German translation of Kamo No Chomei's *Hô Jô Kî*, which appeared under the title *Eine kleine Hütte*, von Kamo No Chomei, übersetzt von Dr. Daiji Itchikawa. Berlin: Schwetschke & Sohn. 1902.