

to take Hokusai as a representative of the whole of the artistic ideals of his country. Hokusai typifies the poorer classes of Japan, not the aristocracy, and he remained unknown until at his advanced age he had become famous in spite of his poverty and peculiar habits of life, which excluded him from the wealthier and more fashionable classes of society. He is interesting not only as a Japanese artist, but as a character of his own. No doubt he is an artist by God's grace. There are features of his mode of life for which precedents may be found in the history of the Western nation for he is a genius of a well defined type. Yet he stands forth both as a man and an artist, and considering all in all, his fate and work and ideals are peculiarly his own.

His family name is Katsu-shika, his given name being Tokimasa, while Hokusai is one of his most common artist pseudonyms, by which he has become generally known. Hokusai means "north house," and may have been assumed by him either from one of his favorite residences, or perhaps because he was born in a cottage bearing that name; Germans might translate it by *Nordhof*. His other artist signatures indicate either a poetical disposition or philosophical inclinations, for instance: Shunro, "the son of spring"; or Taito, "carrying the dipper" (viz., the constellation also called Ursa Major or the waggon); or Hokkey, "valley of the north"; or Hokuba, "horse of the north." Of a religio-philosophical nature are other of his signatures, such as Manrojin, which may be translated, "the religious old man," viz., "the old man of the swastika" (卐); or, Yitsu, "living out oneness"; or Sori, "he who takes reason for his foundation."

The pictures of Hokusai which Mr. Holmes reproduces are well chosen, but they might be more numerous, and further we miss his portrait, a want which we herewith supply. It is a simple outline picture, the original of which is in colors, drawn by his daughter and reproduced from a French biography of the artist.

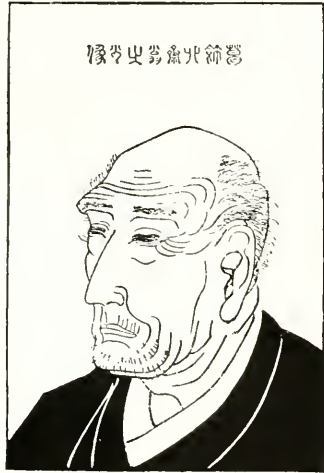
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PROFESSOR CHARLES WILLIAM PEARSON.

We have received from different parties communications concerning Professor Pearson's attitude, and we regret being unable on account of lack of space to publish them.

It is a matter of course that Professor Pearson's attitude is open to criticism from every position except his own. In our own opinion, he does not see the solution of the problem which is the cause of his theological difficulties. But his case is significant and created a sensation because it is a symptom of the times, and as such it is instructive, interesting, and noteworthy. It is for this reason that we published the essay which forced him to resign his position as professor of English literature at the Northwestern University.

As to the personality of Professor Pearson, we ought to bear in mind that in



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his intention he was very far from causing a sensation by his heresies ; he simply followed his conscience.

The editor of *The Open Court* has met Professor Pearson only once, and that many years ago when he was still in the odor of orthodoxy. He knows him to be the author of a thrilling epic in enthusiastic glorification of the Methodist faith, and has not seen him since he came before the public owing to the waning of his belief. It is quite sure, however, that in spite of his heretical attitude, Professor Pearson remains as religious and as devout as he ever was ; and it gives us pleasure to notice in a little periodical entitled *Good Will*, published by the Church of Good Will of Streator, a paragraph concerning the personality of Professor Pearson which seems to be a faithful description of the impression he naturally gives. It is as follows : "During the [Unitarian] conference, it was our pleasure to meet the gentle and modest man whose utterances provoked so furious a storm in the Methodist world lately. Never was so boisterous a tempest from so mild a source, we thought. Mr. Pearson is a simple, quiet, unobtrusive man ; retiring in manners, unaffected in demeanor, and with a Quaker-like simplicity of speech ; not in the least spectacular, assertive, or combative ; the last man one would pick out to do a sensational act or court newspaper notoriety. But he is direct, sincere, a lover of truth, and when the time came to speak plainly he could not deny himself the luxury of self-expression—and so became a victim of the wrath of men, perhaps equally honest, but not equally well informed, broad-minded, or sweet-spirited as himself. He has an idea that if a message of love and sacrifice were preached by a man who exemplified these virtues in his life, men would be drawn to it as they were in the time of Jesus. He talked about it sincerely and earnestly, but we shook our head. Egoism is too strong in the Western heart."

THE STORM.

BY CHARLES CARROLL BONNEY.

There was an awful majesty, in that wild fearful storm,
 And a dim and floating shroud was wrapped around old Tempest's form ;
 The thunder spoke a language dread, and mystical, and grand,
 Which shook the sky-crown'd mountain shrines, that circle prairie land.
 And lightning torches lit the sky, with fierce and blinding glare,
 Revealing shapes of dreadful form, in cloud-gloom, and the air ;
 The wind-king's hosts were on the hills, and aged moss-grown trees
 Were broken as a boy would break a reed across his knees ;
 A pall of blackness hid the stars in chill and ghostly gloom,
 While rain-drops fell upon the earth, like tears upon a tomb ;
 And all that long and cheerless night the tempest's wail and roar,
 Were a horrid dirge-like anthem to the dwellers on that shore.
 And when gleam and boom were wildest, in the battle of the storm,
 And gloomy clouds were wreathing into every ghostly form,
 Then I thought of human empire, and the struggles of the brave—
 For the sacred right to freedom, which have ended in the grave.
 And when the thick gloom parted, and starlight floated down,
 And moonbeams silvered broken clouds,—a smile upon a frown,
 Then I thought of Freedom's triumph, in the coming of that day,
 When the human race shall all be free from despotism's sway.