

filed by unholy articulation and would be distressed at knowing that the characters and meaning were in possession of persons outside of the pale of sanctity. This reminds me that my grandfather, Sir. C. E. Carrington, was under the impression that Sir W. Jones's unexpected death a week or two after gaining possession of the Gayatri was not without connection with his acquirement of the long sought-after treasure; but this was only a guess.

The subject of secret names and formulæ is a large one. I mentioned in my former paper one other instance: the Most Holy name of God. Certain of the Jews believed that Jesus Christ acquired knowledge of this name and that it was by it that he worked his miracles. There are, of course, very many other cases of unpronounceable, or at least rarely pronounced, names and words. The Greeks would not refer directly to the Erinyes as may be seen from the following passage in the *Œdipus at Colossos* of Sophocles:

"Some wandering stranger must the old man be,
No native of the land, or he
Had never dared to rove
Within the bounds of this untrodden grove
Of the unconquered maids whose names we ne'er
Even to utter dare,
But hurry by
Without a glance and silently;
With lips fast closed and words confined
To the mute language of th' adoring mind."

—Translated by H. Carrington.

It was to avoid direct allusion to the Furies that they were called the Eumenides or "Kind Beings," a description they merited in the case of *Œdipus*, as they did not resent his innocent intrusion.

The dislike to mentioning the Erinyes by their name, probably sprang merely from the apprehension lest they might be angered by light or disrespectful reference to them, but much deeper questions are involved in the early uncertainty or secrecy about the name of the Supreme Creator. We know that the earliest Roman worship was of a mysterious *Aio Loquente*: a voice that spoke out of the depths of the earth. Perhaps the very earliest idea of deity was a voice—a speaking voice—a Logos. I am tempted here to mention a theory formed by an Italian friend of mine now dead; it was that at first, in the evolution of man from a lower animal form, language was the discovery of a few individuals who kept the secret to themselves and thereby became powerful and the objects of religious awe. I do not know if this supposition has ever been discussed, but it would account for the primordial reverence of the word.

E. MARTINENGO-CESARESCO.

WORDS O' CHEER.

Lo! Calvin, Knox, and Luther cry,
I hae the truth and I and I.
Puir sinners, if ye gang agley
The Deil will hae ye
And then the Lord will stand abeigh
And will na sae ye.

But Hoolie! hoolie! Na sa fast.
When Gabriel shall blaw his blast

And Heaven and earth awa hae past,
 These lang syne saints
 Shall find baith Deil and Hell at last
 Mere pious feints.

The upright, honest-hearted man
 Who strives to do the best he can,
 Need never fear the Church's ban
 Or Hell's damnation,
 For God will need nae special plan
 For his salvation.

The ane wha feels our deepest needs
 Recks little how man counts his beads,
 For righteousness is not in creeds
 Or solemn faces,
 But rather lies in kindly deeds
 And Christian graces.

Then never fear, wi' purpose leal,
 A head to think, a heart to feel
 For human woe, for human weal,
 Nae preaching loon
 Your sacred birthright e'er can steal
 To Heaven aboon.

Tak tent o' truth and heed thee well,
 The man who sins mak's his own hell,
 There's nae worse deil than himsel,
 But God is strongest,
 And when puir human hearts rebel
 He haulds out longest.

ROBERT BURNS.¹

A WORLD'S RELIGIOUS CLASSIC.

Mr. Albert J. Edmunds has at last given us a real English translation of the immortal verses of the *Dhammapada*,² a translation that rigorously adheres to the original, yet is couched in robust and idiomatic English. The *Dhammapada*,

¹ This poem comes to me through the courtesy of a Scotch gentleman of high position in the banking world. He received it from a countryman of his, and the poem purports to be an unpublished production of Robert Burns's muse. But my authority, while leaving me at liberty to use the poem, requested me not to mention his name for the reason that he has his grave doubts as to the authenticity of the verses. The poem is too good to have remained so long unpublished. There is no doubt that upon the whole the language is that of Burns, but its resemblance is so close that it is more likely that of a clever imitator compiling Burns's most characteristic expressions than of Burns himself. In spite of these doubts it seems not impossible that the poem is genuine. The ideas certainly are in harmony with Burns's convictions.

Can any of our Scotch readers give us light on the subject?

P. C.

² *Hymns of the Faith (Dhammapada)*: Being an Ancient Anthology Preserved in the Short Collection of the Sacred Scriptures. Translated from the Pāli by Albert J. Edmunds. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co. 1902. Pages, xiii, 110. Price, cloth, \$1.00 net (4s. 6d. net).