

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### ABOU BEN ADHEM.

#### EXPURGATED FROM SUPERSTITION.

Abou ben Adhem, (why speak of his sire,  
Foul gases decomposed by air and by fire?  
Why of his tribe's increase, jest of the breeze,  
Upcast like sun-hatched spawn, from unknown seas?)  
So Abou, sleeping on his silk divan,  
While indigestion's fancies through him ran,  
Full-gorged with meat, and superstitions old,  
Dreamed he saw writing, in a book of gold,  
An angel. And of this subjective sprite,  
Sport of his brain, he asked, "What do you write?"  
The vision raised its head, "I write the names  
Of those who love the Lord." "Dreams, idle dreams."  
Quoth Abou, "God is dead." "Alas! 'tis true,"  
She said, "that God and love are dead, with you."  
"Nay! write me as one that loves his fellow-men,"  
Said Abou; but the spirit spake again,  
And asked, "Can lumps of gathered filth then love,  
Hold fellowship, and faith? Pray, rise above  
Such superstitions, let me write for you  
Your debtors' names, whom it will pay to sue,  
The cash you squandered on some deed of good,  
And what you wasted when you shared your food:  
If naught's worth serving save your appetites  
Then drop your jargon-slang of wrongs and rights,  
And be yourself; rob, ravish, lash your slaves,  
For duty, mercy, love, are in their graves  
With God." "But learning, fame," he cried, "are things  
That outrun fate, and lend us God-like wings!"  
"Do hunted rats," she said, "then outrun cats  
To leave a record-mark for coming rats?  
Winged bats, in caves, head-downward hang all day,  
But use their wings to keep the light away;  
If life's long quest for fame and learning fall  
With your poor body's breath, why try at all?"  
"Stop! Stop!" he cried; "Why should I stop?" she said.

"Do you fear truth? or is truth also dead?"

"I'll slay myself," he shrieked, "and end life's woe!"

"Nay," she replied, "you've done that long ago."

I. W. HEYSINGER.

#### NOTES.

In our frontispiece, "Called to the Colors," a modern Japanese painting by Kiyokata Kaburagi, we see a young Japanese officer taking leave of his family, mother, wife, and child. He is in the modern uniform of young Japan while the women and children still retain the national costume of former times.

A souvenir of the Chicago Schiller Centennial Celebration has appeared in book form under the title *Schiller-Gedenkfeier*, and is for sale at Koelling & Klappenbach's, 100 Randolph Street, Chicago, for \$1.00 per copy (by mail prepaid, \$1.30). It is bound in buff linen with title embossed in red, and contains appreciations from about eighty well-known people, together with a number of portraits.

The Rev. Daniel Crosby Greene publishes a statement on *The Christian Movement in Its Relation to the New Life in Japan*, (published for the Standing Committee of Co-operating Christian Missions, Yokohama, 1904. Pp. 245.), which is full of promise for Christian missionaries and explains why both the Christians and native missionaries of Japan are patriotic and faithful supporters of the present imperial policy. There is scarcely any need to mention that the Japanese enjoy absolute religious liberty and that no objection whatever is made to Christian missionaries of any denomination.

"The Philosophy of Pain," by Dr. Ernest Crutcher, is a thoughtful article which proves that the author has pondered deeply on the problems of life. He has much to say that should be considered and remembered. His line of thought would indicate that he is rather isolated, and his very style seems to confirm it. Under these conditions we are not astonished to find that his conception of the soul not only betrays a spiritualistic tendency, but even as such it regards the soul as a stranger on earth. He says, for instance: "The soul is alien to this planet; while here it is in the dark. Its lamps are the five senses. If one lamp be put out the soul perceives only by the others. The soul can suffer no physical pain for it is spiritual. When its mortal senses are destroyed, it must flee away to its altersphere,—its altermity."

We believe that the soul has developed on this planet by and through and with the activity of its body. We believe that the soul does feel physical pain, for the spiritual is closely interwoven with the bodily life, and both are two different spheres of action of one and the same reality. We do not intend to enter into further explanations, for in spite of our discrepancies with Dr. Crutcher on this very important part, we have read his article with satisfaction and profit.