

and it is quite doubtful whether the artist was at all familiar with the myth of ancient Greece. It seems that he has taken up the ornamental motive as deserving reproduction because of its beauty. As on many of the ancient coins Melikertes is here represented as a young child, producing an almost feminine type quite in agreement with the ancient legend.

DIES IRAE.

The fine article of B. Pick on the text of this grand hymn (Vol. XXV, No. 10) suggests the question, how are we to write and understand the first two lines. The article is quite correct in saying (p. 584):

"The author takes the beginning and the keynote of his poem from Zephaniah i. 15, 16, where the text of the Vulgate reads: *Dies irae, dies illa*, etc., which may be thus translated: 'That day is the day of wrath, etc.'"

Quite right; but then we must strike out, according to our modern system of punctuation, the comma after *dies irae*; we no longer separate subject and predicate by a comma. And then we must translate the first two lines of the hymn: "A day of wrath is that day, *it* will dissolve the world."

But that is not the common way to write and understand the hymn. Generally *dies irae* is taken as in apposition to *dies illa*: "That day, the day of wrath, will dissolve the world;" no comma standing after *irae*.

The text in *The Open Court* combines both constructions, putting a comma both before and after *dies irae*, a way of punctuation not to be imitated.

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EB. NESTLE.

CHINESE COURTESY.

During these times of rebellion and turmoil in China, it will be interesting to have a glimpse of private life into the sentiment of a Chinese scholar who has been visiting an American friend acquainted with Chinese civilization and literature. Mr. James Black of Denver, Colorado, the author of several publications on the literature of the Celestial Empire, had as his guest one of his Chinese friends who on his return to his home in Asia, sends him a letter of thanks in the form of a poem. Literally translated it reads thus:

"In former years when I sojourned in America it was a pleasure to me to meet you in the afternoons to discuss literary topics. Together we discriminated doubtful literary meanings, and I felt ashamed that my mind seemed like an empty basket, while you were quick to discern. As we chatted pleasantly, the shadows lengthened, for the meanings were hard to understand. In my own country, the old learning is decaying, but here in another land I found a student acquainted with Confucius and Mencius and knowing the writers of Han and T'ang, who not only turned his mind to poetry, but, looking higher, contemplated the former wisdom. When you rose to leave I could not bear to see you go because good friends are hard to find. Great labor obtains rich prizes and every effort brings the goal nearer. For three years we have been far apart, but correspondence has not ceased. You have bought the works of Han (Yu) and Ou (Yang Hsiu), and your translations have been published. Dwelling on the mountain, I see little company, and the old, rainy time comes back to my mind. Seated by the south window, I think of the distant, and hum over poetry to myself without ceasing. When shall I see you again? How much a cheerful talk would brighten me. And so taking paper I use my leisure to write you this from here.