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PROF. GEORGE JOHN ROMANES.

(Died May 23, 1894.)

THE brief cable-announcement of Prof. George John Romanes's death came so unexpectedly that I could not bring myself to believe it, and have hesitated to mention it in the columns of *The Open Court*, in the hope that there might be some mistake about it. But alas! the sad news has been verified. He died, three days after his forty-sixth birthday, from a stroke of apoplexy, after having just attended to some important biological experiments.

Professor Romanes has been a sufferer from nervous prostration for several years; and a hemorrhage of the retina, which was observed some two years ago, was an ominous symptom, warning him not to make light of his disease. However, when two years ago my brother-in-law, Herman Hegeler, and myself, on our trip to Europe, visited him at his home in Oxford, we found him so much recovered that he did not give in the least the impression of an invalid. His strict diet alone reminded us of his ailment, which he seemed to have overcome completely.

Professor Romanes was tall and of aristocratic appearance, gentlemanly and amiable, and a most cordial host. His beautiful home, which is one of the oldest structures, modernised, of old England; his unique study with its antique woodwork and visible rafters in the ceiling, giving to the room an artistic air; his elegantly written manuscripts, well protected against fire in a small safe; a rich store of letters from Charles Darwin, bound together in a thick volume, and highly treasured because they were all written *manu propria* by the great master; the garden and court-yard behind high walls such as exist only in the oldest towns of Europe; the cages of guinea pigs in a corner of the court-yard for experiments to verify or refute his famous colleague, Weismann;—all these surroundings seemed part of the man, for he had impressed his spirit upon them and they reflected his personality. But more fascinating than these externalities was his conversation, in which he showed himself not only a progressive but also a conservative man. Unprejudiced and impartial, he was never quick to condemn antagonistic views, but always expressed himself guardedly. He spoke highly of Weismann,

his scientific antagonist, and recognised the importance of the issues he had raised. Nothing sets the fairness of Professor Romanes in a better light than the fact that Weismann was invited to deliver the third Romanes lecture at Oxford, where he was expected to use the occasion for presenting his own views. With all his cosmopolitan breadth, and although he was born on American soil, in Kingston, Canada, Professor Romanes was a thorough Englishman, believing in English institutions and even excusing their most apparent shortcomings as being adapted to the character of the nation. In religious questions he was liberal, indeed extremely liberal, and I dare say that he acceded to all the main propositions of the monism of *The Open Court*.¹ Yet he prized the Anglican Church and regarded its symbolism as highly appropriate and expressive. He loved poetry, and he wrote poetry himself. "You may be astonished at the religious tone of my poetry," he said, in handing me a volume of his poems, "but you will understand how I mean it."

Professor Romanes's poems have not been published. They were printed for private circulation only, but are no secret among his friends.

As our time, while visiting Professor Romanes at Oxford, was very limited, we could stay only a few hours. We returned on the evening of the same day to London, and he courteously accompanied us to the station. There we parted, and I did not anticipate that it would be forever.

Mr. Hegeler and myself had repeated communications with Professor Romanes anent the publication of the second volume of his "Darwin and After Darwin," which was delayed on account of the recurrence of his old trouble. In a letter of December 10, 1892, he wrote from Madeira, explaining the delay, saying: "I am condemned to imprisonment here *without* hard labor, and, although still far from well, am getting

¹ To exemplify our agreements and disagreements with Professor Romanes we may state that in our conception of evolution we were unanimous. With reference to the editorial reply in *The Monist* to Prof. F. Max Müller, who in his article "On Thought and Language" also claimed to be an evolutionist, Professor Romanes wrote in appreciative terms, adding: "it exactly hits the nail on the head." Professor Romanes also held the same theory as we concerning the relation between feeling and motion, consciousness and bodily organisation. The sole point on which there seemed to be a disagreement was a certain agnostic reservation of his concerning a possible consciousness in the cosmos as a whole. For details as to this last issue see the article "Panpsychism and Panbiotism," Part III, *The Monist*, Vol. III, No. 2.

Job

somewhat better. But it will be some time yet before I can set to work on finishing Part II."

In May, 1893, he sent word that he was ready to go to press, but that he saw fit to change the plan of his work. He wrote: "My 'Examination of Weismannism' is already in type, and in view of his great modifications in his general system presented by his recently published work on 'Germ-Plasm,' I deem it expedient to publish this examination forthwith as a separate little book of about two hundred pages. My Part II will thus be rendered less bulky in size, and therefore run more uniformly with Part I."

We published four articles of his on Weismannism in Nos. 306, 313, 316, and 317 of *The Open Court*, and soon afterwards brought out his "Examination of Weismannism."¹ The second part of his "Darwin and After Darwin" was to appear in November, 1893, but before Professor Romanes could give his attention to a final revision of his book his health failed again; death overtook him suddenly, and his work remained uncompleted.

The picture which we add to the present issue is perhaps better for not having been taken at a special sitting in a photographer's studio, but in the open air without preparation. It shows him as he bore himself when at leisure, and resembles him much as he still lives in my memory. Another likeness of his, which is a reduced reproduction of the picture which was added about two and one half years ago to the National Portrait Gallery of the British Museum, will be published in the current number of *The Monist*, together with one of Professor Romanes's poems. We conclude these memorial reminiscences of the great scientist with two stanzas of his, addressed to Charles Darwin, which now vividly express the feelings of his own friends towards himself:

"It is a cadence sweet to me,
With sweetness that I cannot tell;
And notes of awful memory
Are roused, like music, by its spell:
But have these notes a wider range
Than beating thus upon my breast?
Do these great chords of solemn change
Appeal to me as to a part
Of all the audience of men,
Beneath the dome of maony skies,
Who bow the head in worship when
They hear a name that never dies?"

If it were true, as it is said,
That immortality is now,
Why should I mourn thee, mighty dead,
For who is deathless more than thou?
Or why, since thou art thus so great,
Must I make effort to restrain
The tears that swell, and sighs that wait
For tears to flow and swell again?
O cease! The change is everywhere!
Do I not know that vacant place?
A silence of the grave is there;
And we have spoken, face to face!"

¹ Professor Romanes's first contributions to *The Open Court* were the articles on "The Psychic Life of Micro-Organisms," which appeared in 1889, Vol. III, of *The Open Court*.

"THE OPPRESSION OF WOMEN."

BY ERROL LINCOLN.

THE essay of Prof. E. D. Cope under this heading in No. 354 of *The Open Court*, displays a fund of sophistry and inconsequential remark, that ought to be, but which, so far as the matters agitated are concerned, is unhappily *not*, distinguished.

"All government rests on force." Men have more force than women. Hence women are not fit to participate in government. Such is the argument actual and implied of Professor Cope. By *force* Professor Cope must mean physical prowess, for as soon as he shall admit mental efficacy or moral influence into the category of force, his argument loses every appearance of cogency. Taking him to mean as the pretensions of his argument require, there is but one thing to be said, viz.: That his argument is based upon a proposition that becomes absurd just as soon as its claims are examined. Government does *not* rest on physical prowess. There is not a government on earth, nor has there ever been one, that could exist in virtue of its mere physical prowess, however preponderant. Had physical prowess the virtue thus claimed for it, how would ever weak, puny man have made his way to the mastery of his fellow beasts. The Oriental despot sends a man to the block out of mere caprice, and all his subjects stand trembling around. Instructed by Professor Cope we would look to see a giant with physical prowess able to compel these results. Oh! Professor Cope would say. This despot can command the needful physical power. But how does he do this? Is it by his own physical power? Not at all. There is something else that is not physical power that commands, that *enforces*. There are powers behind the throne of physical power greater than physical power itself. This little, scrawny, harem-ennervated bantling of a despot *governs*, *not* by physical prowess, but by mental and moral forces into the complexity of which he has become so insinuated that his *choice* has become an important factor in the current events.

But enough and more than enough words have been spent over this contemptible argument that women are fitly to be and to remain subordinate in matters of government because men can *whip* women.

The question is primarily one of *righteousness*. The right to compel obedience to the laws comes from somewhere. Those who exercise this compulsion must show good title to their power, or confess themselves mere usurpers, deserving hatred for their unauthorized interference. Some of them try to derive their title from God, and with some this pretense passes. But the common sense of mankind is now pretty much agreed that all governmental power comes from the delegation thereof by some part or the whole of those who are to be governed. Those who would

allow the delegation of a part of the governed to be a good authority for the government of the whole, have as yet been wholly unable to show any reason that is even respectable, for drawing the line of division where they do, and simple sense and logical consistency indicate that there is *no* reason or justice in denying to any one that is *sui juris*, his or her equal right to be consulted when constitutions of government have been or are about to be set up that he or she will be expected to respect.

When women ask for suffrage as a privilege to be granted out of the graciousness of those who have "hogged" this right all to themselves and their own sex, they do society a wrong,—suffrage is theirs by natural right, and they should demand it as such. It is simply distressing to see the mean mental and moral contortions, the silly and despicable subterfuges, that men, and particularly the women, will resort to, to evade the force of this sun-clear principle. The usual trick is to bring forward some consideration that sounds in expediency. Common suffrage for all would induce vast changes, it is said. So it would, and that is one of the glories of it. And, they go on, we men and we women would naturally be led to ways of thinking and acting that we are not used to, and home would be home no longer, for we would get to talking politics, and nice ladies would get to drinking beer and smoking cigars and swearing and fighting, and so on and so forth, through all the gamut of absurdities.

But nothing of another character seems to occur to these cavillers. They cannot foresee the enlarged lives, both mental and moral, that this change might bring in its train to both men and women. They cannot prognosticate the on-coming of gentler, purer, and more refined manners and customs in politics. They cannot forecast, much less estimate, the good results that ensue from that charity of feeling that is always consequent on mixing with one's fellows, and contending with them candidly and respectfully over matters of real consequence.

THE YOUTHFUL REPORTER.

BY PROF. E. D. COPE.

THE youthful newspaper reporter is responsible for a good deal of injury to public ethics in this country. If the editorial eye could revise his work more thoroughly, and use the blue pencil in certain cases more frequently, the essentials of his work might be retained, and the unnecessary injuries reduced to a minimum.

How frequently, for instance, do we find news items which relate to the commission of crime, which close with the remark that "lynching was threatened," or, "the criminal, if caught, will be lynched." This assertion is entirely gratuitous, as threats of re-

venge for crimes committed may be always expected from somebody, just as profanity is a usual adjunct of quarrels. But the press does not generally find it necessary to report the latter fact. Nor is it certain that the criminal will be lynched if caught, because somebody threatens it. This kind of popularisation of lynching has, however, gone on so long that a sentiment has apparently been generated in some quarters, that there is something wrong with that community in which lynching is not at least threatened. This sentiment places in the front rank of progress the communities where lynching is practised, whereas they are sunk in a stage of barbarism far removed from a true civilisation.

Much of the spread-eagleism of the press is due to the youthful reporter. The repetition of the assertion that the United States is the "greatest country in the world," does not prove conclusively that such is the case, to thinking people either in this country or out of it! It is probable that in some one or two respects each of the civilised nations is the greatest in the world, and a reasonable acquaintance with statistics would settle the question for the time being at least. A little knowledge of our real status should relieve us of oversensitiveness to either the praise or blame of foreigners, and furnish us with as much pride as we are entitled to. But what are we to think of the Parisian correspondent of one of our great dailies, who wrote of the presentation of our representative at the Elysée for the first time as ambassador? Because a detachment of gaily caparisoned cavalymen rode to his hotel to escort him to the palace, the callow correspondent declared that "the American heart swelled with pride," and more like rubbish; and the great daily published it. Query: Was the correspondent an American or a Frenchman? Perhaps it was like the French reporter's commentary on an address made by an American before one of the congresses at the Exposition of 1878, which declared that at its close the speaker, "M. —, took his seat with great satisfaction." Query: whose satisfaction?

On the woman question the immaturity of the average reportorial mind is often apparent. Generally of bohemian life, his preference for women of that type is conspicuous. If she gets into trouble through her misdeeds, she has his sympathy, and in this he is a good second to the women who delight to send bouquets to incarcerated criminals. Who ever heard of a woman who eloped who was not "pretty," according to the reporter? Who ever heard of an ugly female defendant or plaintiff in a divorce suit? He loves the monstrous and exceptional in woman's ways, and often depicts these as though worthy of imitation. While it is doubtless his duty to record the events of the day, he need not approve what women of custom-

ary refinement never do. In lauding women who enter into competition with men, he displays the usual preference of the hobbledehoy for the hoyden.

These remarks are a not unconscious tribute to the power of the newspaper press. Newspapers are the daily mental food of this nation, and there rests a heavy responsibility on those who supply it. They can create popular opinion as well as follow it. Hence the tendencies of the young and inexperienced mind should not determine the character of the newspaper. The senior editor, if there be any, should give it its tone, while he uses the young and energetic men who can collect news where older ones would fail.

WHAT IS MAN WORTH LIVING FOR?¹

THE ANSWER OF HINDUISM.

Extract of an Address to the Nagercoil Club by its President,

M. RATNASWAMI AIVER, B. A.

POETS and fable-writers tell us of a time when everything inanimate as well as animate had a tongue, or, at any rate, spoke somehow. In that Elysian age the fingers of the human hand possessed powers of elocution too. Once upon a time they assembled in solemn conclave and held a pretty warm debate on the rather delicate question, which of them was the greatest? The thumb, as the first in position and foremost in order, therefore, to lead, started the discussion, and, in a speech by no means as diminutive as the orator, claimed for himself the front rank of precedence. He argued that he held his own against all the other four members of the fraternity projecting from the same palm of the hand, put together. He represented one-half the space and the direction making up the whole while folding or otherwise using the hand, and acted as, though single, yet the essential complement and counterpart of the other fingers, which collectively represented only the other half of the circuit. In these circumstances *he* was the greatest, exclaimed this proud dwarf, winding up his arguments in the pithy remark, "I am quite half against half," and evidently looking down on his comrades, who, all to a man, had to combine and make up the other half. "Wait a bit, my Lilliputian brother!" cried out the next gentleman, the forefinger, and, starting up impatiently, continued: "Am I not the guide, the messenger, the friend, who points to everybody the path and leads all on? And should not gratitude, shown even to my inanimate symbol—the finger-post—be all the more shown to *me*, its more useful animate prototype? Do you deny then to the leader and the guide, that is, myself, the title to be the greatest? Ingratitude cannot go further." "Brethren,"

spoke the middle finger, "why beat about the bush? The tallest is certainly the greatest, and I am therefore the greatest of all. I am the biggest man in the commonwealth. Measure my height, and satisfy yourselves. All who have eyes can see." It was now the turn of the next finger to speak. He briefly remarked: "None but myself is entitled to be decorated with ornaments. None else is so honored. I am the *ring-finger*, and, most adorned, shine the most. Who can lay higher claims to greatness?" The little finger, however, was not to be outdone and adopted a no less ingenious argument to proclaim *his* greatness. "Is not the man next or nearest the king the greatest? In all salutations (*kumbudus*), who stands first and foremost, and therefore nearest the king? Do I not lead, and are not all the rest my followers?"¹ Though misnamed the least, I am the highest finger therefore." These angry words led to *strikes* (a modern remedy)—not to *blows*, however, for *that* requires *union* of all the fingers; but it was soon found that none of them was able to get on without the others. So, bitterly learning by experience the fact that each of them was a necessary factor for the happiness of one and all, and realising alike the folly of a contest for individual superiority and the wisdom of harmonious co-operation, they resolved to turn over a new leaf and worked, individually and collectively, for their general good on the best of terms.

Neither the ubiquitous shorthand reporter nor Edison's phonograph was there then, to record and hand down to us precisely the interesting speeches of these puny debaters, but the sentiments above expressed are repeated *mutatis mutandis* every day by other *dramatis persone*, in the wide arena of the world's stage in precisely similar circumstances, so that this is a case of fiction being truer than history and illustrated off and on, over again, by the successive life-pictures, individual and collective, of every age and every society.

The story points to two morals, or rather establishes two truths. One is, that nothing in the universe exists for itself. The other is, that everything exists for the whole. It may be only a drop in the ocean, but every such drop must be there to make up the ocean. An atom is nowhere in the make of this glorious fabric, but it is yet a unit, a necessary factor in that whole or aggregate of atoms, which, without it, would, to that extent, be incomplete. The littleness and the greatness of the individual are thus forcibly brought home to us at the same time.

The struggle amongst interdependent, interadjusting, and interacting human units, for *being* in the first place and for *well-being* later, has gradually evolved higher and better regulative principles of conduct in life. The function that religion has performed in this

¹ The title and text of this article are exact reproductions of the author's copy.—Ed.

¹ This refers to the Hindu mode of greeting.

evolution has been the holding up of high ideals to follow. Ethical development has gone on hand in hand with, and with more or less dependence on, religion. Self-cultivation is most important for one's own as well as others' happiness. The Hindu religious ideal combines both *nishkama karmam* and *gnanam*, disinterested good action (i. e. without any desire for the fruit thereof) and wisdom. The Baghavatgîtâ preaches it, and in the very first chapter of Vilmiki's Brihatyoga Vasishtum is given the dictum of Augustya :

"In the same way as both the wings of a bird are necessary for its flight, both *nishkama karmam* and *gnanam* are necessary for *moksham*."

The practice of the duties of life, self culture as well as the service of the universe, so as to leave it better, in the sphere in which one can do so, than he found it, sums up then his mission on earth—and is a cosmopolitan religious law. It is because Hinduism preaches the high ideals I have referred to above, the law of universal love,—and, in addition, insists on no faith in any particular dogma, but only on merit and purity of heart for salvation, it can accommodate within its all-protecting shadow the whole human, or rather sentient, race. We welcome as Hindus any alien religionist actuated by such love; no external conversion is prescribed or necessary. We ought not to confound any forms, ceremonials, and social arrangements that have prevailed or do prevail, and which are readjusting themselves, with the gold that lies imbedded in the Vedas, Upanishads, and the Gîtâ and more enshrouded and obscured in other sacred writings. There is a good deal of furbishing of the gold necessary to remove many of the excrescences around it, and which gold is ever found pure and unmixed? Hinduism consists of a series of systems based on the psychological laws of development of the religious idea, and adapted therefore to the stages of growth of the intellect itself. From *tabula rasa*, through forms of symbology improperly called idolatry, next through forms of theism and monotheism, to the loftiest heights of *Advaitism* or *Universal Oneness*, is not one leap, but structure after structure, support after support, have to be set up and removed, as each arch from the concrete to the abstract is completed.

I shall not detain you with my views as to what formal improvements may now be introduced in these intermediate processes and ceremonials. The gold is unaffected and pure, and we have only to adapt to modern environments any formal arrangements in such matters. It is fortunate that the Hindu religion, both in ideal and practice, is sufficiently cosmopolitan and progressive to admit of all further improvements. It is no exclusive nor aggressive religion, nor intolerant, for it tolerates *even* intolerance. It is no religion

named after any particular individual and binding its votaries to any particular dogma. It breathes universal love and toleration and says in effect with the English poet :

"For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;
His must be right whose life is in the right."

Sri Krishna in the Baghavatgîtâ insists only on purity of heart and devotion, and as for form and deity, virtually says: "Worship how and whom you like." One pithy Sanskrit stanza repeated in our daily prayer *Sandyavandhanam* says, "As every drop of water that falls from the sky finds its way to the ocean, the worship dedicated to every deity finds its way to Kesava." I should be glad to see more of this spirit in gentlemen attached to what are now believed to be exclusive, aggressive, and intolerant religions. Every code of beliefs and forms has to undergo a purification, and the happy result will be the harmonious presentment of the best ideals in each, which, I think, are at bottom *one and the same*. In such a peaceful parliament of man consists the kingdom of heaven on earth—*Brimmanandam*. Not only *live*, but also *let live*. Know thyself, and merge thyself in the universal self.

This is easily said, but not so easily accomplished. If many a geological period is necessary for depositing one foot of coal, or lifting up one thin stratum of the earth, the great spiritual elevation and absorption—which is the goal towards which all mankind has to march—cannot be reached by immaturely developed spirits in the space of one generation or the period of one earth-life. Successive earth-lives, provided there is no fresh karma done calculated to retard or throw back the onward march, are the only means here, as in other mundane affairs, of reaching the ideal. Purity of thought, word, and deed, and self-culture, pave the way, till the mature individual is made in the final earth-life or generation into one with his general essence or *Paranatma*. The idea may sound strange to alien religionists, but psychic investigations are daily establishing the position even better than physical investigations have established the latest conclusions of geology and palæontology.

In conclusion let me remind you of the answer Hinduism has given to the query, What is man worth living for? *Nishkama karmam* of the right kind and culture in *gnanam*, so as to raise spiritual purity, to dispel *Avidhya* (ignorance) and to clear up your light and merge it in universal light—this is the end.

OMAR KHAYYÂM.

BY M. D. CONWAY.

III. HIS ROSES.

WHEN death was near, Omar Khayyâm expressed a hope that he might be buried where the north wind might scatter rose-leaves on his grave. He was buried

at the corner of a monument of some grand personage of Naishapúr, and his friends planted rose-trees beside his grave. The grand personage is forgotten, his monument a ruin, but the roses still scatter their petals on the poet's grave, otherwise unmarked. No doubt they have been replanted there many a time. The Mohammedans never conceded any monument to the thinker who assailed their dogmas, but some hearts have cherished him, and maintained across the centuries the roses, his true monument, emblems of verses whose perfume is still upon the air. Edward Fitzgerald, beside whose Suffolk grave the roses from that grave in Naishapúr are growing, brought hither the poetic roses. And I will begin this final paper on Omar Khayyám by calling especial attention to one of these mystical roses—the finest of all—which was written neither by the Persian nor the English poet, but flowered out of their united souls.

In order to appreciate this miraculous verse, my reader must bear in mind what is said in the preceding paper of Omar's faith in the God of Love,—really the Ahuramazda of Zoroaster, the Father of Jesus,—as antagonistic to the phantasms of omnipotent inhumanity adored by Moslem and Pharisee. Omar's heart nestles close to his Beloved.

"Can alien Pharisees thy sweetness tell
Like us, thy intimates, who know thee well?
Thou say'st, 'All sinners will I burn in hell'
Say that to strangers, we know thee too well!"

This dualism of Omar Khayyám is not a scientific generalisation; he offers no philosophical theorem about the universe. It is a religious and ethical dualism; he will not call good evil, nor evil good. If there be an author of earthly agonies he will not worship him; if for that he must burn in hell, then to hell he must go, but he will never kneel to the hell's founder. Bearing this dualism in mind, the reader will follow with more interest an investigation I have made, and here for the first time print, into the origin of the wonderful quatrain referred to above. I believe it to be unsurpassed in literature for heretical sublimity. In Fitzgerald's first translation of the "Rubayát" it is as follows:

"Oh Thou who man of baser earth didst make,
And e'en in Paradise devise the snake,
For all the sin with which the face of man
Is blackened, man's forgiveness give—and take!"

Since Fitzgerald's death, scholars have vainly searched the thousand quatrains ascribed to Omar Khayyám for this particular one. Fitzgerald's hundred and one translations represent, as he stated, a larger number of Omar's; but not even in detached lines of different quatrains can anything be found about Eden and the snake, nor man's offer of forgiveness to God. But there is one which, in literal translation, reads:

"O Thou knower of the secret thoughts of every man, in time
o need the helper of every man: O God, give me repentance,

and accept the excuses I bring; Thou giver and receiver of man's excuses."

This is not addressed to Allah, not to the foreordainer of all evil, but to the good God, who sends his sunshine alike on just and unjust. But Fitzgerald did not realise this distinction, nor did he understand Omar's idea that divine Love inspires the repentance it accepts,—is "giver and receiver of man's excuses." He (Fitzgerald) interpreted the quatrain in the light of two others which are satires on the theological deity, Allah:

"In my life's road thou hast laid the snare in many a place.
Thou sayest, 'I slay thee,' if I make any misstep. The world is
not free from thy command—not a tittle,—I can only do thy order
and thou callest me a sinner!

"What are we that he should speak evil of us, and make a
hundred of each one of our faults? We are but his mirrors; and
what He sees in us, and calls good and evil, sees He in Himself."

Here Omar does not literally say (had he so said he might have been slain) that the deity who decrees man's actions needs forgiveness for man's sins, but he says it implicitly; and here the English translator's logic came in, and recollections of his Bible: the "snare" he connects with the temptation of Eve, and the "receiver of man's excuses" suggested to him the innumerable sermons he had heard excusing the Creator for the evils of his creation. So although Omar did not precisely offer the Almighty, who chose to create a sinful world, man's forgiveness for his sins, that is what the Persian wrote across eight centuries on an English mind akin to his own, who took it to heart, and home to his own Christendom, with its fable of Eden. Thus we owe neither to the Oriental poet nor the English poet, but to a spiritual unity between them, availing itself of a felicitous mistranslation, that magnificent sentence on all the proud Omnipotents, "*Man's forgiveness give—and take!*"

An American artist, Vedder, illustrator of the "Rubayát" (Quatrains) has accompanied this particular one, which flowered of itself from the west-eastern genius of humanity, with a fine picture. Eve pedestalled on a coil of the splendid serpent, has a winged child clinging to her left knee, while her right hand receives the apple from the serpent's mouth. Just beneath, amid the flowers, a spider's web awaits its winged victims, as the snake is ensnaring the winged child,—Eve's posterity, aspiring from the coils of evil.

Outside his typical garden,—a little humanly-created world, made of cultured roses and cultured hearts,—Omar beholds a world mainly predatory.

"Ah Love! could you and I with fate conspire
To grasp this sorry scheme of things entire,
Would we not shatter into bits—and then
Remould it nearer to the heart's desire?"

"Could but some winged angel, ere too late,
Arrest the yet unfolded roll of fate,
And make the stern Recorder otherwise
Enregister—or quite obliterate!"

These two, translations by Fitzgerald, have inspired the sympathetic art of Walter Crane. He has painted the stern Recorder, throned on stone, under a dome of stars, in an ancient temple. Beneath his feet an olive bough leans against an hour-glass,—Peace making a truce with Time. On the margin of Fate's scroll is written, *Mors et Mutabilitas*. Love, a beautiful youth, rainbow-winged, passionately grasps the half folded roll, and tries to seize the fatal recording pen. The hoary Recorder is as the stone he sits on, not to be pleaded with. Yet there are signs of crumbling about his old temple; Love has entered, hope is on his rainbow wings, lustrous from a sun rising in the distance. When Fate's temple crumbles, when he is no more worshipped, perhaps Humanity may follow Love, and make and record its own fates.

Omar Khayyám, at any rate, is not to be victimised by fate in his own spirit. There he is free. He sees that the worst evil of the deified phantasms is the time spent in praying to them, and the sacrifice of life to them. He fairly begins the work of seating man on the throne of providence.

"Nay listen thou who, walking on life's way,
Hast seen no love-lock of thy love's grow grey,—
Listen, and love thy life, and let the Wheel
Of heaven go spinning on its own willful way."

As we are about to leave Omar Khayyám's garden, let us carry some hips of his roses to graft in our own gardens—choosing those that hold the finest beauty of character, and the heart of happiness, and the perfume of sweet influence. To attain perfection in the art of living a man must, according to Omar,—whom I must now condense and interpret:

1. Clear the mind of all fears or cares about anything after this life. The only life of which we can be certain is the life we have, and its roses wither under vain menaces about the future. As for the promises of future bliss, let us take the cash and let the credit go. Happiness in this world is as sweet as in any other. As for that distant paradise, we shall arrive there, or—we shall not. The only hell and heaven that really concern man are in himself,—hell is the sum of our pains, heaven the sum of our unfulfilled desires. They are projected by fear and hope into the future, but will be really dealt with when we grapple with the pains and attain the desires in their actual forms.

2. A wise man will not allow even to-morrow to encroach on to-day, and still less yesterday. Here I must quote:

"My life lasts but a day or two, and fast
Sweeps by, like torrent stream or desert blast;
Howbeit, of two days I take no heed—
The day to come, and that already past."

"To-day is thine to spend, but not to-morrow,
Counting on morrows breedeth bankrupt sorrow;
O squander not this breath that heaven hath lent thee,
Make not too sure another breath to borrow."

"Sweet is the breath of spring to roses' face
And thy sweet face adds charm to this fair place;
To-day is sweet, but yesterday is sad;
And sad all mention of its parted grace."

"Now is the volume of my youth o'ertold,
And all my springtide's blossoms rent and torn:
Ah, bird of youth! I marked not how you came,
Nor how you fled and left me thus forlorn."

"Ah, why forecast to-morrow's hopes and fears!
To-day at least is ours, O cavaliers!
To-morrow we shall quit this inn and march
With comrades who have marched seven thousand years."

Vain are all regrets about the past:

"The moving Finger writes; and having writ,
Moves on: nor all your Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all your tears wash out a word of it."

3. Let the pilgrim of life dismiss the notion that he can be aided by any supernatural powers outside of his supernatural self. The heavens are not affected by or concerned about anything he does or believes, nor can the universe be moved by his prayers or entreaties. The only thing we have to fear is not what may be done to us, but what we do, or fail to do, to and for ourselves and others. No mercy in the universe can undo what is done.

4. He will study the laws and forces surrounding him, but not waste his strength on illusory speculations of metaphysics, about the mystery of being, and so forth, which must be without any sure result, and fruitless for himself and others. Many good brains have been spent in building up creeds and systems which are now fables.

5. Still less will the wise man surrender himself to the illusions of worldly pomp and magnificence.

"Yon palace whose roofs touch the empyreal blue,
Where kings bowed down and rendered homage due,
The ringdove is its only tenant now,
And perched aloft she sings, 'Coo-ooo, Coo-ooo.'"

6. He must seek happiness, but not imagine that he can enjoy it in selfishness, or in isolation from others. "Devotees promise paradise to those who confer benefits on God. But share thy bread with the needy, guard thy tongue from speaking evil of any; and I venture, on my own account to promise thee a paradise." "The whole world will be populous with that action of thine which saves a heart from despair."

7. But it is no charity for a soul to give away its individual liberty. He who is himself unhappy cannot confer happiness. He is to live his own life, think his own thought. All is abandoned by him who truckles to authority, whether of the sultan or the multitude, accepting their creed or their uncongenial customs. Amid the rush and roar of elements he cannot control; amid the turmoil of fanaticisms, the vain ambitions of princes and states, bending the strength of nations on trifles; the wise man will find his unambitious sphere, his little oasis, his home, his bride, there think his thought, pursue the task he loves, and be content.

8. And there will he gather true friends. Omar holds friendship high. "A thousand chains broken by thee are less than by uprightness to have chained to thee the heart of a true friend."

"To please the righteous, life itself I sell,
And though they tread me down, never rebel:
Ye say, 'Inform us what aid where is hell!'
Ill company will make this earth a hell."

9. He must be lord of his passions. Uncontrolled they will be crafty as foxes and cruel as tigers; they will bring desolation to his own heart and the hearts of others. There can be no peace in the house mastered by its servants.

Such is my interpretation of Omar Khayyám's religion, ethics, and philosophy of life. His greatness is not simply in his genius, but in its freedom. In this he surpasses the poets of our own time, who either accept "Mrs. Grundy" for a Muse, or else are crippled by their struggles under her vengeance. Half the poetic genius of our century has been, I believe, suppressed by legal or social censorship, or by their intimidation. Shakespeare was great not merely by reason of his intellect, but the stage was then free; and Goethe was great, largely because he was in a position to decree literary laws instead of accepting them from inferiors. Perfect intellectual and moral freedom would surely give us Shakespeares and Goethes again. Omar Khayyám's poetry, after eight centuries, is alive as if written to-day. Time is powerless over genius when developed by perfect freedom to its full fruitage.

FAITH IN ACTION.

BY LOUIS ALBERT LAMB.

No faith have I in candle, book, or bell;
Revere no canon and reject all creeds;
Require no priest to ease my spirit's needs,
And kneel at night no prayer or plaint to tell;

No God I see to judge me ill or well—
Desire no praise or pardon for my deeds,
Despise the virtue done for heavenly meeds
And hate the grace that only saves from hell!

But, in my soul secure, go I my way—
In its stern law I place abiding trust,
Assured that it will guide my life aright;
And, having done the day's relentless Must,
I boldly claim the boon of peace at night—
Too blest with happy toil to doubt or pray.

BOOK NOTICES.

We have received from Prof. James Gibson Hume, of the University of Toronto, a reprint of his address *Socialism* delivered before the Knox College Alumni Association at their Post-Graduate Session. Professor Hume emphasises the necessity of equilibrium between the two forces of individualism and socialism. The address embodies an appeal to "the best individuals to react upon 'the organisation of society, to purify it, remodel it, make it a true expression of what they see it ought to be.'" (Pages, 29.)—*The Function of Religion in Social Evolution*, by M. Rangacharya, is a serious, reverent, and profound study, originally written as a

lecture for the Nagercoil Club of Madras, India. Mr. Rangacharya seems to be thoroughly conversant with the results of modern science and his interesting essay may be recommended to readers interested in the religious development of India, although the author's remarks refer to the whole field of comparative religion. (Pages, 58. Madras: Srinivasa, Varadachari, & Co.)—We beg also to acknowledge the receipt of a little pamphlet by Salvatore de Crescenzo, entitled *Saggio di una scala normale del pensiero astratto secondo la risultante di due fattori. Moduli secondo e terzo ossia di media e d'infima grandezza*, which is an attempt at the systematisation of abstract thought. The systematisation is effected by means of tables or models of "normal scales of abstract thought"; combinations of ideas, after the manner of resultants, being referred with numerical precision by means of this scheme to other ideas catalogued in the tables. The scale may be applied, the author contends, to the analysis of moral and speculative thought, serving both the purposes of criticism and invention. (Naples: Michele D'Auria, 386 Via Tribunali.)—In *The Derivation of the Pineal Eye*, reprinted from the *Anatomischer Anzeiger*, of Jena, Mr. William A. Locy, of Lake Forest, Illinois, claims to "have been fortunate enough to trace the principal epiphysial outgrowth in Elasmobranchs to patches of sensory epithelium located on the cephalic plate," where two pairs of accessory optic vesicles exist from which the pineal body is derived. (*Anatomischer Anzeiger* Jena: G. Fischer.)

The Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. of Boston publish in a very attractive form for the American Folk-Lore Society fifty *Folk Tales of Angola*, with the Ki-Mbundi texts, literal translation, Introduction, and Notes. The tales are collected and edited by Heli Chatelain. They will be unquestionably a valuable contribution to comparative folk-lore. The work contains a map of the Loanda district. (Pp. 315. Price \$3.00.)

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