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ACHILLES AND THE TORTOISE.

BY PAUL R. SHIPMAN.

ZENO'S famous argument against the possibility of motion has given the logicians a good deal of trouble. Archbishop Whately, one of the most sagacious of them, is severe on Aldrich for supposing that he exposed the fallacy by showing the impossibility of the conclusion as a fact, yet the Archbishop himself does less than this, saying, indeed, that an attempt to exhibit the pretended demonstration in the syllogistic form will "evince the utter want of connexion between the premises and the conclusion," but, unfortunately, omitting any attempt to exhibit it in that form. Sir William Hamilton thinks, as Brown thought, that the argument of Zeno is unanswerable; while John Stuart Mill, who not unpardonably smiles at Hamilton for thinking thus, undertakes to put his finger on the fallacy, and, in my opinion, misses it. And so it has gone, from Aristotle to Bain; and the end is not yet.

The argument is thus stated by Mill: "If Achilles starts a thousand yards behind the tortoise, and runs a hundred times as fast, still, while Achilles runs those thousand yards, the tortoise will have got on ten; while Achilles runs those ten, the tortoise will have run a tenth of a yard; and, as this process may be continued to infinity, Achilles will never overtake the tortoise." Of which Mill, following up the intimation of Hobbes, offers this refutation: "It assumes, of course, the infinite divisibility of space. But we have no need to entangle ourselves in the metaphysical discussion whether this assumption is warrantable. Let it be granted or not, the argument always remains a fallacy. For it assumes that to pass through an infinitely divisible space requires an infinite time. But the infinite divisibility of space means the infinite divisibility of *finite* space; and it is only infinite space which cannot be passed over in less than infinite time. What the argument proves is that to pass over infinitely divisible space requires an infinitely divisible time; but an infinitely divisible time may itself be finite; the smallest finite time is infinitely divisible; the argument, therefore, is consistent with the tortoise's being overtaken in the smallest finite time. It is a sophism of the type *Ignoratio Elenchi*, or, as Archbishop Whately terms it, Irrelevant Conclusion; an

argument which proves a different proposition from that which it pretends to prove, the difference of meaning being disguised by similarity of language." In this solution, it appears to me, there are two flaws.

The argument of Zeno, I think, does not assume, as Mill supposes, that "to pass through an infinitely divisible space requires an infinite time," but that "to pass through an infinitely divisible space" is successively to divide it *ad infinitum*; of which assumption, wherein the fallacy really lies, the former proposition is a consequence. The possible divisions of infinitely divisible space, no matter how minute it may be, are of course infinitely numerous, and, if actualised one after another, would of course require infinite time; and the vice of Zeno's argument consists in assuming that they are so actualised in motion. This assumption the logicians seem to have overlooked.

Mill, in closing his statement of the argument, it should be noted, refers to the progressive subdivision of the distance as a process that "may be continued to infinity." This process, be it observed, is not *divisibility*, which is a potentiality in lieu of a process, but *division*—division such as is expressed in the terms of the argument—division actual and determinate. That Achilles does not execute such division, and the tortoise cannot, is of course nothing against this construction, as the argument, materially, is absurd throughout, the very proposition it is employed to prove being a contradiction. What is to the purpose, however, and what should be taken as decisive, is that if the argument does not contemplate this division it does not contemplate any division, and, consequently, proceeds without a process at all; which is contrary to its express terms, as well as to reason. Furthermore, if Mill is correct in representing the argument as assuming bluntly that to pass through a finite space requires an infinite time, Zeno stands convicted of the asinine procedure of openly begging his own question; but the father of dialecticians, whatever he may have been, was not an ass. The accepted construction of his argument is inadmissible. The process, then, is none other than divisibility actualised—actual division, which he confounds, consciously or unconsciously, with mere divisibility. And would not the continuation of this process or of any other to infinity require

infinite time? And does not the whole argument hinge, all but obtrusively, on the assumption that motion involves this selfsame continuation? It appears strange that Mill, in using the suggestive words above-cited, should not only not have perceived that the fallacy lies in this assumption, instead of in the proposition flowing from it, but have failed to perceive even the assumption.

"It is only infinite space which cannot be passed over in less than infinite time," he says. That is the question, as Zeno would have been swift to answer. It depends, speaking dialectically, on the route traversed, and the mode of traversing it. If finite space is passed over by way of the infinitesimals at the bottom of it, and by means of reducing it to these through an infinite series of actual divisions, the minutest part of space, obviously, cannot be passed over in less than infinite time; and the argument assumes that space is passed over by this identical process. In this assumption, I repeat, lies the fallacy, and not in the inference (legitimately drawn from it) that "to pass through an infinitely divisible space requires an infinite time." In other words, the fallacy lies not, as Hobbes hinted, and as Mill insists, in confounding the infinitely divisible with the infinitely extended, but in confounding the infinitely divisible with the infinitely divided, and in capping this confusion with the assumption that to move is infinitely to divide *seriatim*—in confounding potential division with actual division serially, and assuming that whatever moves performs this actual division to infinity; from which jumble of affirmations, presenting "confusion worse confounded," it follows of necessity, maugre the coil, that to pass over the smallest space requires infinite time.

"An infinitely divisible time may itself be finite," says Mill. True: but the time required to convert infinite divisibility into an infinite succession of actual divisions is infinite; and the argument assumes that such conversion, as respects both time and space, takes place in motion. "An unlimited number of subdivisions may be made of that which is itself limited," Mill has said in another notice of this fallacy. True, again: but actually to make them requires unlimited duration; and the argument assumes that in motion they are actually made. Manifestly, if passing over a given space is infinitely subdividing it, the passage cannot be made in less than infinite time.

The distinction between an assumption and an inference from one is nice, but real, and exacts observance under penalty of thinking falsely; for nice distinctions, unlike "nice customs," do not "curt'sy to great kings." Had Mill's refutation been proposed to Zeno, the inventor of dialectics might have replied: "What you call an assumption is not an assumption, but the conclusion regularly deduced from my premises,

both of which have escaped your analysis, and neither of which have you denied. Besides, your major premise is simply a denial of my conclusion. Whether or not finite space can be passed over in less than infinite time is the question; and *you beg it*. Your imagined refutation, consequently, leaves my argument not merely unscathed, but untouched; nay, your refutation is itself a transparent fallacy." And the reply, I conceive, would have been triumphant. Mill's refutation is in fact exposed to precisely the same sort of criticism that Whately visits on the refutation of Aldrich; it does not unearth the fallacy. It only flounders amid the bewildering absurdity of the conclusion.

As Mill fails to detect the seat of the fallacy, one can hardly be surprised that he mistakes the nature of it. "What the argument proves," he says, "is that to pass over infinitely divisible space requires an infinitely divisible time," adding: "It is a sophism of the type *Ignoratio Elenchi*, or, as Archbishop Whately terms it, Irrelevant Conclusion." The argument, as postulating first of all the infinite divisibility of matter, implies that "to pass over infinitely divisible space requires infinitely divisible time," but does not *prove* it; so far from proving even an irrelevant conclusion, it proves nothing, for the reason that one of the premises is false. The argument is materially incorrect.

Exhibited in its full development, and in the typical form, it stands thus:

Whatever is infinitely repeated calls for infinite time;

To pass over any assignable space is infinitely to repeat the division of it:

Therefore, to pass over any assignable space calls for infinite time, and not only will Achilles never overtake the tortoise, but neither Achilles nor the tortoise can stir, motion being impossible in less than infinite time.

The argument is formally correct; the conclusion follows necessarily from the premises. The fallacy, such being the case, is not formal at all. It is extralogical, strictly interpreting the sphere of logic. The minor premise, though formally correct, is materially false, assuming that a body in moving from one position to another actualises consecutively the infinite divisibility of the distance, which is to assume that a body in moving does not move; in short, the premise substitutes for the simple idea of motion as change of place a self-contradictory figment, corresponding to no objective reality, and incapable of mental representation. The conclusion is not irrelevant, but absurd; and is absurd only because the minor premise is. That premise interprets motion as consisting in repeating infinitely the division of finite space; but, since division without repetition presupposes motion, this definition of motion implies that motion exists independ-

ently of itself. Hence, the definition is a contradiction, and the premise collapses. It is not motion, as Sir William Hamilton fancied, that involves a contradiction, but Zeno's arbitrary definition of it.

The fallacy, accordingly, is purely material, and, as such, resolves itself into a question of fact, in which the fallacious premise, we have seen, taking motion to be the infinite subdivision of finite space, contradicts itself, as well as the acknowledged evidence of consciousness in the simplest and most direct form—the form wherein the authority of consciousness is received as definitive by every sane mind; so that after all the refutation of Diogenes the Cynic, when he got up and walked before the eyes of Zeno, left nothing to be desired, except a technical analysis, which those who sneer at his disdainful omission of it have not supplied. Diogenes, like Dr. Johnson in the case of Berkeley's argument against matter, exploded the conclusion, though he did not stay to track it back to its source in the premises; the Cynic, like Ursa Major, contemptuously left that to the professional logicians. But whoever would refute Berkeley or Zeno, and imagines he can dispense, in the one case with the *argumentum baculinum*, or in the other with the *argumentum ambulatum*, will presently find he has reckoned without his host. In both cases the indefeasible reality controls the situation.

The truth is, when all is said and done, (and this, too, the logicians seem to have overlooked,) the answer to Zeno is substantially an affair of common sense. The trouble is, in place of unravelling formal subtleties, to disentangle the fact from the figment asserted in the minor premise; and that has to be done outside the strict province of logic. But, as already shown, it is easily done. The infinite *divisibility* of the finite is one thing, the infinite *division* of the finite in regular order is another thing; the former is potential infinity, the latter, which Zeno assumes to be the process of motion, and with which he confounds the former, is actual infinity, or would be, were it actual indeed. At the first touch of this distinction the figment in the minor premise falls to nothing. The fact is the *possibility* of division continued to infinity; of which the figment asserts the *actuality*, and calls it motion, whereas it is not actual, and, if it were, would not be motion. The thing is essentially a piece of dialectical child's play—a logical make-believe. Zeno, as it were, calls out to his pupils: "Come, let us play *Something is Nothing*—I will say 'Motion is not motion,' and you say 'Behold, there is no motion.'" "With all our hearts," they gayly respond. And thereupon we have, cunningly feigned, the Achillean paradox, which, to the reproach of the human mind, has puzzled seventy generations of experts. Certainly, Zeno as a logical prestidigitator is an incomparable success.

The argument, then, is faultless in form, but void of substance, the only objection to it being that there is nothing in it. It begins and ends in zero. The fallacy is not, therefore, as Mill would have it, a "logical quadruped," the most frequent of formal fallacies, but what might be called not unaptly a *logical ghost*; for, logically, as I have said, the argument is perfect—that is to say, perfect in logical form. It is a phantom of reason—a dialectical apparition. The mill is all right, to change the metaphor; if the grist is not, it is because cockle instead of wheat has been put into the hopper.

But all this, if just, it may be said, is paying inordinate attention to a trifle; which I will not gainsay, though the long line of illustrious thinkers who have deemed the sophism not beneath their serious notice might suggest a mitigation of this view. The paradox, as it has been called not too accurately, is something of a puzzle, without doubt; yet how it has come to nonplus so many of the first logicians of every age may well seem to plain people a greater one.

KARMA.

A TALE WITH A MORAL.

PANDU, a wealthy jeweller of the Brahman caste, was travelling with a servant in a carriage on some lucrative business to Vārānaśi,¹ and overtaking on his way a monk of venerable appearance who was walking in the same direction, he thought to himself: "This shramana² looks noble and saintly. Companionship with good men brings luck; should he also be going to Vārānaśi, I will invite him to ride with me in my carriage." Having saluted the shramana he told him whither he was driving and at what inn he intended to stay in Vārānaśi. Learning that the shramana, whose name was Nārada, also was travelling to Vārānaśi, he asked him to accept a seat in his carriage. "I am obliged to you for your kindness," said the shramana to the Brahman, for I am quite worn out by the long journey. Having no possessions in this world, I cannot repay you in money; but it may happen that I can reward you with some spiritual treasure out of the wealth of the information I have received while following Shākya-muni, the Blessed One, the Great Buddha, the Teacher of mankind."

Both travelled together in the carriage and Pandu listened with pleasure to the instructive discourse of Nārada. After about an hour's journey, they came to a place where the road had become almost impassable by a washout caused by a recent rain, and a farmer's cart with a broken wheel prevented further progress. Dēvala, the owner of the cart, was on his way to Vā-

¹Vārānaśi, Sanskrit (Bārānaśi, Pāli), Benares.

²Shramāna. a Buddhist monk.

rânaśi to sell his rice, and was anxious to reach the town before the dawn of the next morning. If he was delayed a day or two longer, the rice merchants might have left town or bought all the stock they needed.

When the jeweller saw that he could not proceed on his way unless the farmer's cart was removed, he began to grow angry and ordered Mahâduta, his slave, to push the cart aside, so that his carriage could pass by. The farmer remonstrated because it being so near the slope of the road, it would jeopardise his cargo; but the Brahman would not listen to the farmer and bade his servant overturn the rice cart and push it aside. Mahâduta, an unusually strong man who seemed to take delight in the injury of others, obeyed before the shramana could interfere. When Pandu was about to continue his travel the shramana jumped out of the carriage and said: "Excuse me, sir, for leaving you here. I am under obligations for your kindness in giving me an hour's ride in your carriage. I was tired when you picked me up on the road, but now thanks to your courtesy, I am rested, and recognising in this farmer an incarnation of one of your ancestors I cannot repay your kindness better than by assisting him in his troubles."

The Brahman looked at the shramana in amazement: "That farmer, you say, is an incarnation of one of my ancestors? That is impossible."

"I know," replied the shramana, "that you are not aware of the numerous important relations which tie your fate to that of the farmer. But the blind man cannot be expected to see; so I regret that you do harm to yourself and I shall try to protect you against the wounds which you are about to inflict upon yourself."

The wealthy merchant was not accustomed to be reprimanded, and feeling that the words of the shramana, although uttered with great kindness, contained a stinging reproach, bade his servant drive on without further delay.

The shramana saluted Dêvala, the farmer, and began to help him repair his cart and load up the rice, part of which had been thrown out. The work proceeded quickly and Dêvala thought: "This shramana must be a holy man; invisible devas seem to assist him. I will ask him how I deserved the ill treatment at the hands of the proud Brahman." And he said: "Venerable sir, can you tell me why I suffer an injustice from a man to whom I have never done any harm?" And the shramana said: "My dear friend, you do not suffer an injustice, but only receive in your present state of existence the same treatment which you visited upon the jeweller in a former life, and if I am not mistaken in reading the thoughts of your mind, I should say that you would, even to-day, have done the same unto the jeweller if he had been in your place, and if

you had had such a strong slave at your command as he has, able to deal with you at his pleasure."

The farmer confessed that if he had had the power, he would have felt little compunction in treating another man who had happened to impede his way as he had been treated by the Brahman, but thinking of the retribution attendant upon unkind deeds, he resolved to be more considerate in the future with his fellow beings.

The rice was loaded and both travelled on to Vârânaśi, when all of a sudden the horse jumped aside. "A snake, a snake!" shouted the farmer. But the shramana looked closely at the object at which the horse shuddered, jumped out of the cart and saw that it was a purse full of gold, and the idea struck him: "No one else but the wealthy jeweller can have lost this purse." He took the purse and handing it to the farmer said: "Take this purse and when you come to Vârânaśi drive up to the inn which I shall point out to you; ask for Pandu, the Brahman, and deliver the purse. He will excuse himself for the rudeness with which he treated you, but tell him that you have forgiven him and wish him success in all his undertakings. For, let me tell you, the more successful he is, the better you will prosper; your fate depends in many respects upon his fate. Should the jeweller demand any explanation, send him to the vilhâra where he shall find me ready to assist him with advice in case he may feel the need of it."

Pandu in the meantime arrived at Vârânaśi and met Mallika, his business-friend, a rich banker. "I am a ruined man," said Mallika, "and can do no business with you, unless I can buy a cart of the best rice for the king's table. There is a rival banker in Vârânaśi who learning that I had made a contract with the royal treasurer to deliver the rice to-morrow morning, and being desirous to bring about my destruction, has bought up all the rice in Vârânaśi. The royal treasurer must have received a bribe, for he will not release me from my contract and to-morrow I shall be a ruined man unless Krishna will send an angel from heaven to help me."

While Mallika was still lamenting the poverty to which his rival would reduce him, Pandu missed his purse. Searching his carriage without being able to find it, he suspected his slave Mahâduta; and calling the police accused him of theft, and had him bound and cruelly tortured to extort a confession. The slave in his agonies cried: "I am innocent, let me go, for I cannot stand this pain; I am quite innocent at least of this crime, and suffer now for other sins. O, that I could beg the farmer's pardon whom, for the sake of my master, I wronged without any cause! This torture, I believe, is a punishment for my rudeness."

While the police officer was still applying the lash

to the back of the slave, the farmer arrived at the inn, and, to the great astonishment of all concerned, delivered the purse. The slave was at once released from the hands of his torturer. But being dissatisfied with his master, he secretly left and joined a band of robbers in the mountains, who made him their chief on account of his great strength and courage. When Mallika heard that the farmer had the best rice to sell, fit for delivery to the royal table, he bought at once the whole car-load for treble the price that the farmer had ever received, and Pandu, glad at heart to have his money restored, hastened at once to the vihâra to receive further explanations from Nârada, the shramana.

Nârada said: "I might give thee an explanation, but knowing that thou art unable to understand a spiritual truth, I prefer to remain silent. However, I shall give thee some advice: Treat every man whom thou meetest as thy own self; serve him as thou wouldst demand to be served thyself; for thus thou shalt sow a sowing of good deeds, the rich harvest of which thou wilt not fail to reap."

"Give me, O shramana, the explanation," said the jeweller, "and I shall thereby be better able to follow your advice."

The shramana said: "Listen then, I will give you the key to the mystery. If you do not understand it, have faith in what I say. Self is an illusion, and he whose mind is beat upon following self, follows an *ignis fatuus* which leads him into the quagmire of sin. The illusion of self is the veil of Mâyâ that blinds your eyes and prevents you from recognising the close relations that obtain between yourself and your fellows, and from tracing the identity of your self in the souls of other beings. Ignorance is the source of sin. There are few who know the truth. Let this motto be your talisman:

'He who hurts others injures himself.

'He who helps others advances his own interests.

'Let the delusion of self disappear from your mind. And you will naturally walk in the path of truth.

'To him whose vision is dimmed by the veil of Mâyâ, the spiritual world appears to be cut up into innumerable selves. Thus he will be puzzled in many ways concerning the transmigration of soul-life, and will be incapable of understanding the import of an all-comprehensive kindness toward all living beings.'

The jeweller replied: "Your words, O venerable sir, have a deep significance and I shall bear them in mind. I extended a small kindness which caused me no expense whatever to a poor shramana on my way to Vârânasî, and lo! how propitious has been the result! I am deeply in your debt, for without you I should not only have lost my purse, but would have been prevented from doing business in Vârânasî which

greatly increased my wealth, while if it had been left undone it might have reduced me to a state of wretched poverty. In addition, your thoughtfulness and the arrival of the farmer's rice-cart preserved the prosperity of my friend Mallika, the banker. If all men saw the truth of your maxims, how much better the world would be, how greatly evils would be lessened, and public welfare enhanced! As I am anxious to let the truth of Buddha be understood, I shall found a vihâra at my native place, Kaushambî, and invite you to visit me so that I may dedicate the place to the brotherhood of Buddha's disciples."

Years passed on and Pandu's vihâra at Kaushambî became a place in which wise shramanas used to stay and it was renowned as a centre of enlightenment for the people of the town.

At that time the king of a neighboring country had heard of the beauty of Pandu's jewelry, and he sent his treasurer to order a royal diadem wrought in pure gold and set with the most precious stones of India. When Pandu had finished the work, he started for the residence of the king, and, as he expected to transact other profitable business, took with him a great store of gold pieces. The caravan carrying his goods was protected by a strong escort of armed men, but when they reached the mountains they were attacked by a band of robbers lead by Mahâduta, who beat them and took away all the jewelry and the gold, and Pandu escaped with great difficulty. This misfortune was a blow to Pandu's prosperity, and as he suffered some other severe losses, his wealth was much reduced.

Pandu was much distressed, but he bore his misfortunes without complaint, thinking to himself: "I have deserved these losses for the sins committed in my past existence. In my younger years I was very hard on other people; when I now reap the harvest of my evil deeds I have no cause for complaint." As he had grown in kindness toward all beings, his misfortunes only served to purify his heart; and his chief regret, when thinking of his reduced means, was that he had become unable to do good and to help his friends in the vihâra to spread the truths of religion.

Again years passed on and it happened that Panthaka, a young shramana and a disciple of Nârada, was travelling through the mountains of Kaushambî, and he fell among the robbers in the mountains. As he had nothing in his possession, the robber-chief beat him severely and let him go. On the next morning Panthaka, while pursuing his way through the woods, heard a noise as of quarrelling and fighting men, and going to the place he saw a number of robbers, all of them in a great rage, and in their midst stood Mahâduta, their chief; and the chief was desperately fighting them, like a lion surrounded by hounds, and he slew several of his aggressors with formidable blows,

but there were too many against one! at last he succumbed and fell to the ground as if dead, covered with fatal wounds. As soon as the robbers had left the place the young shramana approached to see whether he could be of any assistance to the wounded men. He found that all the robbers were dead, and there was only a little life left in the chief. He at once went down to the little brooklet which was murmuring near by, fetched fresh water in his bowl and brought it to the dying man. Mahâduta opened his eyes and, gnashing his teeth, said: "Where are those ungrateful dogs whom I have led to victory and success? Without me as their chief they will soon perish like jackals hunted down by skilful hunters."

"Do not think of your comrades, the companions of your sinful life," said Panthaka, "but think of your soul and accept in the last moment the chance of salvation that is offered you. Here is water to drink, and let me dress your wounds; perhaps I may save your life."

"Alas! alas!" replied Mahâduta, are you not the man whom I beat but yesterday and now you come to my assistance, to assuage my pain? You bring me fresh water to quench my thirst, and try to save my life! It is useless, honorable sir, I am a doomed man. The churls have wounded me unto death—the ungrateful cowards! They have dealt me the blows which I taught them."

"You reap what you have sown;" continued the shramana, "had you taught your comrades acts of kindness, you would have received from them acts of kindness, but having taught them the lesson of slaughter, it is but your own deed that you are slain by their hands."

"True, very true," said the robber chief, my fate is well deserved; but how sad is my lot, that I must reap the full harvest of all my evil deeds in future existences! Advise me, O holy sir, what I can do to lighten the sins of my life which oppress me like a great rock placed upon my breast, taking away the breath of my lungs."

Said Panthaka: "Root out your sinful desires; destroy all evil passions, and fill your soul with kindness toward all your fellow beings."

The robber chief said: "I have done much evil and no good. How can I extricate myself from the net of sorrow which I have woven out of the evil desires of my own heart? My Karma will lead me to hell and I shall never be able to walk on the path of salvation."

Said the shramana: "Indeed your Karma will in its future incarnations reap the seeds of evil that you have sown. There is no escape for an evil doer from the consequences of his own actions. But there is no cause for despair. The man who is converted and has

rooted out the illusion of self with all its lusts and sinful desires will be a source of blessing to himself and others.

"As an illustration I will tell you the story of the great robber Kandata who died without repentance and was reborn as a demon in hell where he suffered for his evil deeds the most terrible agonies and pains. He had been in hell several kalpas and was unable to rise out of his wretched condition when Buddha appeared upon earth and attained to the blessed state of enlightenment. At that memorable moment a ray of light fell down into hell quickening all the demons with life and hope, and the robber Kandata cried aloud: 'O blessed Buddha, have mercy upon me! I suffer greatly and although I have done evil, I am anxious to walk in the noble path of righteousness. But I cannot extricate myself from the net of sorrow. Help me, O Lord; have mercy on me!' Now it is the law of Karma that evil deeds lead to destruction, for absolute evil is so bad that it cannot exist. Absolute evil involves impossibility of existence. But good deeds lead to life. Thus there is a final end of every deed that is done, but there is no end in the development of good deeds. The least act of goodness bears fruits containing new seeds of goodness and they continue to grow, they nourish the soul in its weary transmigrations until it reaches the final deliverance from all evil in Nirvâna. When Buddha, the Lord, heard the prayer of the demon suffering in hell, he sent down a spider on a cobweb and the spider said: 'Take hold of the web and climb up.' When the spider had again disappeared out of sight, Kandata made great efforts to climb up and he succeeded. The web was so strong that it held, and he ascended higher and higher. Suddenly he felt the thread trembling and shaking, for behind him other fellow sufferers of his were beginning to climb up. Kandata became frightened. He saw the thinness of the web, and observed that it was elastic, for under the increased weight it stretched out; yet it still seemed strong enough to carry him. Kandata had heretofore only looked up; he now looked down and saw following close upon his heels, also climbing up on the cobweb a numberless mob of the denizens of hell. How can this thin thread bear the weight of all, he thought to himself, and seized with fear he shouted loudly: 'Let go the cobweb. It is mine!' At once the cobweb broke and Kandata fell back into hell.

"The illusion of self was still upon Kandata. He did not know the miraculous power of a sincere longing to rise upwards and enter the noble path of righteousness. It is thin like a cobweb but it will carry millions of people, and the more there are that climb it, the easier will be the efforts of every one of them. But as soon as in a man's heart the idea arises: 'This

is mine ; let the bliss of righteousness be mine alone and let no one else partake of it,' the thread breaks, and you fall back into your old condition of selfhood, for selfhood is damnation and truth is bliss. What is hell? It is nothing but egotism, and Nirvāna is a life of righteousness."

"Let me take hold of a spiderweb," said the dying robber chief, when the shramana had finished his story, "and I shall pull myself up out of the depth of hell."

Mahāduta lay for a while quiet to collect his thoughts. Then he continued :

"Listen, honorable sir, I will make a confession : I was the servant of Pandu, the jeweller of Kaushambî, but when he unjustly had me tortured I ran away and became a chief of robbers. Some time ago when I heard through my spies that he was passing through the mountains I succeeded in robbing him of a great part of his wealth. Will you now go to him and tell him that I have forgiven him from the bottom of my heart the injury which he has unjustly inflicted upon me, and ask him, too, to pardon me for having robbed him. While I stayed with him his heart was as hard as stone, and I learned to imitate the selfishness of his character. I have heard that he has become benevolent and is now pointed out as an example of goodness and justice. I do not wish to remain in his debt. Therefore inform him that I have kept the gold crown, which he wrought for the king, and all his treasures, and have hidden them in a cave near by. There were only two of the robbers under my command who knew of it, and both are now dead. Let Pandu take a number of armed men and come to the place and take back the property of which I have deprived him."

Then Mahāduta described the situation of the cave and died in the arms of Panthaka.

As soon as Panthaka, the young shramana, had reached Kaushambî, he went to the jeweller and gave him a full account of his recent adventure in the forest. And Pandu went with an escort of armed men and secured the treasures which the robber-chief had concealed in the cave ; and they buried the robber-chief and his slain comrades with all honors, and Panthaka spoke at the grave, discoursing on the words of Buddha :

"By one's self evil is done ; by one's self one suffers.

"By one's self evil is left undone ; by one's self one is purified.

"Purity and impurity belong to one's self ; no one can purify another.

"You yourself must make an effort. The Buddhas are only preachers.

"Our karma," the shramana said, "is not the work

of Īshvara, or Brahma, or Indra, or of any one of the gods. Our karma is the product of our own actions. My action is the womb that bears me ; it is the inheritance which devolves upon me ; it is the curse of my misdeeds and the blessing of my righteousness. My action is the resource by which alone I can work out my salvation."

Pandu carried all his treasures back to Kaushambî, and, using with discretion the wealth thus unexpectedly regained, he became richer and more powerful than he had ever been before, and when he was dying at an advanced age he had all his sons and daughters and grandchildren gathered round him and said unto them :

"My dear children, do not blame others for your lack of success. Seek the cause of your ills in yourself. Unless you are blinded by vanity you will find it, and having found it you will see the way out of it. The remedy of your ills, too, lies in yourself. Let never your mental eye be covered by the veil of Mâyâ, and remember the words which have proved a talisman in my life :

"He who hurts others injures himself.

"He who helps others advances his own interests.

"Let the illusion of self disappear.

"And you will naturally walk in the path of truth."

P. C.

APHORISMS.

BY HUDOR GENONE.

It is not so very meritorious for a hen to be anxious about her own brood. But when you hear a hen cackling with joy over an egg laid by her neighbor you may be sure that hen is not far from righteousness.

* * *

If you cannot forgive yourself, even God cannot forgive you.

* * *

But if you cease trying to excuse yourself, and blame yourself and set to redeeming yourself, be sure that God can and will redeem you.

* * *

Conscience is always in executive session with closed doors.

* * *

The spirit of man is free to execute laws already enacted. But in his nominations to action he is bound to act by and with the advice and consent of senatorial reason.

* * *

If you see a man truly godly, never you mind how he got or keeps his godliness.

* * *

Some trees you can tell from the seed ; some from

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bark and leaves ; but, after all, the best and surest way is by tasting the fruit.

A little mixture of superstition may be essential to some people's religion, as the pure gold would be of no use as coin without alloy.

It is unfortunate to be too original going Godward, because few will understand that your face is set that way. And yet it is better if you must be original to keep natural ; better to be saved without precedent than damned by example.

Consistency and obstinacy resemble each other because they are twins, but they are not all alike in their dispositions.

An obstinate man is one who is firm in the wrong ; a firm man one who is obstinate in the right.

The chemical formulæ for acetic ether and butyric acid are identical ; no analysis can tell one from the other. Put the ether to your nose, and the odor says plain as words—"Apples," while the acid will tell you "I am rancid butter."

Domine Hopewell always looked on the sunny side of things. One of his parishioners having been accused of throwing potatoes at his aged mother, he said, "Well, that was wrong, of course, but perhaps after all the potatoes were very mealy."

I have no sympathy with that class of mind which dogmatizes about the Unknown. If a man tells me there is a Flapdoodle, I never reply, There is no Flapdoodle. How do I know there may not be one ? The Universe is a big place.

Still I should like to know what a Flapdoodle is.

As the toiling plant produces the idling flower, so labor is mother to leisure.

Always pay for goods or services. Gratuitous benefactions are inevitably in the end the most expensive.

In a multitude of counsellors there is safety ; but with many masters is great peril.

I should like to reduce the sects to a common denominator ; for in that way only can they be added one to another in brotherly love.

If you see any one in a field culling leeks and rue when he might be plucking lilies and roses, you say there is something wrong with his taste.

So it is in life. It is the field of trial and test of taste. Good and evil, Heaven and Hell are matters of taste. You have the things to choose, and choice is free. Shall it be leeks or lilies, rue or roses ?

TO A STAR.

BY J. ARTHUR EDGERTON.

Star, that gleamest through the night, shore within the spatial sea ; Star, that burnest on my soul what I am, what would be ; Island in the far-off space ; Cradle of some happy race ;

I would reach thee. Something in me yearneth unto thee.

Planet, on thy sister world, glowing with thee round the sun, I am but an insect living for a day and am done ; Yet I feel in me a soul,

Striving to thee as a goal ; Striving to all things of beauty—to the central ONE.

We see darkly ; grope in feeling to a truth we cannot see ; We strive upward and yearn blindly, as my soul unto thee ;

We strive upward through the night, Upward to a little light, Yearning to the higher, better—in Infinity.

NOTES.

Mr. Theodore Stanton has been engaged in Paris during the last year in preparing a series of lectures on the Third French Republic, which are to be delivered before the Wisconsin State University. While in Madison, Mr. Stanton will be the guest of President Adams.

Dr. Wilhelm Meyer, the Berlin astronomer, is publishing in *Himmel und Erde* a series of lectures, the data of which he collected during his sojourn here last year, on some of the striking physiographical features of our country. Their title is *Das Wunderland der neuen Welt*. The lectures were delivered before the *Urania Society* of Berlin, and are presented in the form of itinerary sketches. They close with the August number of *Himmel und Erde*. (Berlin : H. Paetel.)

The Report of the Celebration of the Sixtieth Birthday of Prof. Ernst Haeckel, February 17, 1894, recently published, contains a beautiful photogravure of the marble bust of Haeckel presented on this occasion and now permanently stationed in the Jena Zoölogical Institute. For persons who would wish to see more of the charming personality of Professor Haeckel than can be got from his purely scientific works, this report containing the addresses of the friends, pupils, and colleagues of Professor Haeckel, with his replies, will be indispensable and full of interest.

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