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WAGES OF FOLLY.

BY HUDOR GENONE.

It is a bitterly cold day in the early spring. The windows of "The Biddle," a semi-genteel flat, are frosted white, and the steam heater, radiating none too well, snaps and thumps as if angry at its inability to compete with the cold.

Wrapped in a frayed and faded shawl, relic of former "gentility," Caroline McLane hovers over it, absorbed in a paper-covered novel. Clara, her younger daughter, suffering from a mild ailment, is in bed in an inner room, while her elder sister, Heloise, a beauty of nineteen, stands before a tawdry looking-glass, arranging her abundant auburn hair.

For a while Caroline continues her perusal; then, suddenly awaking to life's realities, lays the book down, and turning with an impatient twitch of the shoulders, says querulously: "It's high time that man was here."

Heloise making no response, after a pause she adds: "If he's coming, I'd like to know why in the name of common sense he don't come."

"I'm sure I can't tell you," the girl replies indifferently, continuing to untwist her curl-papers.

"He said he'd be here about three, didn't he?"

"Yes."

"What time did you say it was now?"

"I didn't say. I can't be running next door every five minutes to ask the time. It was quarter past a while ago; it must be half past now. Do quit fretting, mother, do; you're forever fretting. He said he'd be here, and I suppose he will. You don't think Mr. Dronloth would lie, do you?"

With another twitch Caroline picked up her novel, saying, half aloud: "Oh! dear, dear; did I ever expect to come to this?"

Almost as she spoke there was a knock at the door, a quick, energetic rap.

"There he is now," said Caroline. "Go to the door, Heloise, and let him in."

But to do this Heloise was indisposed. She had completed her adornments and was tying her bonnet-strings.

"Tell him I've gone out, mother," she whispered,

and with that whisked nimbly into the other room, closing the door softly.

"Come in," said Caroline.

The door opened briskly. Caroline's face fell.

"Oh! is that you, Mary Rowan?" Then she added, none too cordially, after a brief pause: "Won't you sit down? But what brings you to the city a day like this?"

Miss Rowan was tall, thin, and angular, with prominent features and cold grey eyes. She crossed the room and sat down with scant ceremony.

"What brings me to the city?" she repeated, tartly. "That is a pretty question for you to ask. You wrote, saying that you and Heloise would be glad of some plain sewing. I sent a package by express last week, all cut out, basted, and ready. Did it come?"

"Oh! yes; it came," said Caroline, wearily.

"And why didn't you write, as I asked, and acknowledge receiving them?"

"I thought Heloise wrote. She said she would."

"You ought to have written yourself. The least you could have done, after the trouble I took to accommodate you, was to drop a line, if it was only a postal. But it doesn't signify. Are they done?"

"No; they are not finished."

"Well," exclaimed Miss Rowan, indignantly. "I must say it's high time they were. Here you've kept me waiting over a week. You ought to have finished them at once, Caroline, and sent them back, especially as I asked you to be prompt."

"I was prompt," responded Caroline, bridling; "as prompt as I could possibly be under the circumstances."

Miss Rowan sniffed.

"You had a novel in your hand when I came in. Do you call that being prompt,—wasting time over a trashy novel, when you might be sewing? And where, I should like to know, are your girls? They ought to be helping you."

"Clara is sick abed," answered Caroline, shortly.

"And Heloise?"

"Heloise wasn't feeling well, either, so I told her to go out and get a breath of fresh air. Besides (here Caroline's temper got the better of prudence), besides,

I want you to understand, Mary Rowan, that I don't intend to be catechised by you or any one else, nor do I intend to make a slave of myself. It's easy to say the work ought to be finished—mighty easy, and it would have been if I had had the strength. I never neglected a duty in my life—never."

"Where is Heloise?" asked Miss Rowan, stiffly. "You said she had gone out."

"I suppose she has gone to the Philharmonic. She does go sometimes."

"Well! I do think," exclaimed Miss Rowan, vastly irritated, "I do think, after asking for work, the least she could have done was to leave an expensive place like the Philharmonic, or whatever you call it, alone till my work was done."

"Thank you," retorted Caroline; "but we didn't ask for charity. I hope you don't think we've sunk so low as that."

"That's neither here nor there," said Miss Rowan, whose stock of patience, after running low, now gave out altogether, "beggars shouldn't be choosers."

"Thank you," again retorted Caroline, with a toss of the head and much caustic inflexion. "You're civil, I'm sure; but I want you to understand, Mary Rowan, that we're not quite paupers."

* * *

"She bounced up off her chair (this is Mrs. McLane's version, as given an hour later to the Rev. Mr. Dronloth). And oh! the cruelty in her tone. Said she, 'If this is the way you are going to do my work, not another stitch will you get!' Then she went on and abused us all like pickpockets. I never heard such outrageous talk in all my born days. Was it my fault that Clara and I were sick? Why, Mr. Dronloth, all this day I've had such a feeling of distress come over me whenever I move. And you've no idea how my side aches after sewing any length of time. And then to hear her harp upon Heloise going to listen to a little good music. What could be more innocent? And yet you would have thought, to hear her talk, that the poor child had done something morally wrong."

The following day two ladies of the "Aid Society" connected with Mr. Dronloth's church came to the flat. By this time Clara had so far recovered from her indisposition as to be able to sit up, or rather to recline on a lounge in the front room. Heloise was again absent, and Mrs. McLane, her novel discreetly put away, and the plain sewing having been replevined, sat with folded hands.

"Poor thing," exclaimed young Miss Bradford, brimming over with the fervor of good works, "poor thing, how you must have suffered. It is no wonder that you feel these insults keenly. Do you wonder at it, Mrs. Vernon?"

Janet Vernon's sole response (because she had

been connected with organised charity for so many years) was rather in the way of a practical suggestion.

"Oh! of course, Mrs. Vernon," said Caroline, tearfully; "we understand that thoroughly. We do not expect to live in idleness. We must do something, now that all our friends have abandoned us in our poverty. We are ready to turn to anything. As I have said over and over again to Heloise, anything that was respectable."

Miss Bradford was sure this showed the right spirit; and then Mrs. Vernon brought out a blank form of application, explaining that before the Society could take steps to provide employment this must be signed.

"Oh! certainly," said Caroline.

When the form had been filled out, Caroline read it over attentively.

"Of course we will sign it," she said, pen in hand, but nevertheless hesitating; "we will sign it cheerfully, but I do think it ought to state more explicitly the nature of the proposed employment. I should like it to be more distinctly specified that any employment we are asked to accept shall not be menial."

"Yes, indeed," said Miss Bradford, "that, of course, is understood."

"Then it ought to be specified," said Caroline, her courage rising. "My husband in his lifetime was a most excellent business man. How often he used to say to me, 'Caroline, never enter into any agreement that you are not fully prepared to abide by.'"

Mrs. Vernon here lost patience.

"No one expects you to take a place you're unfit for," she said, a little tartly; "and if they did, who's to make you? What object is it to us, except to help you? The word 'suitable' covers it. If you don't like what the Society finds, why you needn't take it; that's all there is to the matter. Just sign, and have done with it."

At this frank speaking, Miss Bradford, quite new to the business of succoring those in indigent circumstances, blushed painfully, and was far more concerned than Caroline, who, without more ado, signed the paper.

"Don't get up, dearest," she said to Clara, who was rousing herself languidly; "don't get up; I'll bring it to you, pet." Adding aside: "She suffers so at times I spare her every exertion."

Clara feebly traced her name.

"Must this be signed by Heloise also?" asked Caroline. "Is that requisite?"

"Certainly," responded Mrs. Vernon, crisply, "if she wants help from the Society. Now, I will leave the paper for her. When she comes in, you and she make out a list of essentials,—wearing apparel, and

things you are in absolute need of,—only absolute necessities, of course,—and let Heloise bring the list with the paper to the rooms of the Society to-morrow.”

With this understanding the ladies went away.

* * *

In going so frequently to the Philharmonic, Heloise had not been actuated solely by the love of music. There was a Mr. Augustus Holmes, whom she had met, and who had recently become “attentive,” whose attentions had so far progressed as to be “Gus” to Heloise, and her escort, not only to the Music Hall, but to many other places of amusement.

These pleasuring cost the girl nothing, and Miss Rowan erred in assuming that they were—in the way of money, at least—expensive.

It had occurred to Caroline to tell the “prying old maid” something of these economical facts, to have one small triumph, and to say, “That shows how you misjudge,” but a certain intuition withheld her tongue, or perhaps she might have been questioned as to Mr. Holmes’s “antecedents,” and as to whether he was “a fit associate.”

The acquaintance was not of long standing. In fact, it was only the previous week that Mr. Holmes had been brought to the flat and duly presented.

“This is my particular friend, mother,” said Heloise, making the presentation. Caroline shook hands graciously, and with much emphasis hoped that her visitor would not be “too particular to be seated.”

This passed, of course, for a sally of wit, and “Gus” laughed heartily and at other sallies, till in the course of that one afternoon they all got to be on excellent terms.

When he had gone, Caroline fell to discussing him: “So fine looking; so agreeable; evidently has money. Where on earth did you pick him up, Birdie?”

And when Heloise (or Birdie) blushed and was loth to tell, Caroline remonstrated that she ought to tell. “You ought to tell your mother everything. A mother is always a girl’s best friend and adviser.”

Holmes came home with Heloise that evening and stayed so late that the preparation of the list of necessities was deferred till next day.

I am strongly tempted to give this list entire; but perhaps realism (in this instance, exact truth) may go too far; let it suffice that among the things regarded by Mrs. McLane as “essential” were “one dozen cans corn, ditto tomatoes, and a soapstone griddle.”

All the items, which were exceedingly voluminous, were written upon the finest of linen paper, a relic of former “style,” both paper and envelope adorned with what passed for the McLane arms. For crest a claymore rampant, and for motto, “So we fought,—all or naught.”

Modesty, or some other reason, restrained Heloise from delivering this in person; Clara was still indisposed, so a district messenger boy was sent, charged to bring an answer, and with instructions to “collect.”

At the rooms of the Society all this created something of a sensation; but charity, as we know, suffereth long, so in due course a bountiful supply of real essentials was sent to the flat, which however did not include the soapstone griddle.

Accompanying the goods was the following letter:

“OFFICE OF ST. ANN’S AID SOCIETY,

“No. — Oddth Street, March 20, 189 .

“MRS. C. McLANE:

“Madam—With some difficulty places have been obtained for your two girls with Messrs. Cheviot and Dellane, No. — Blank Avenue; for the elder as saleswoman in the hosiery department,—wages, — dollars; for the younger in the laundry at — dollars. The work in the laundry will be light, and will not overtask her strength. The girls should apply at the side entrance on Oddth Street at seven to-morrow. Yours, etc., JANET VERNON.”

When Caroline received the abundant but frugal store she was indignant, but this letter made her a ravening woman. That evening Mr. Dronloth, not fully informed as to what had taken place, came again to “The Biddle.”

He found Caroline alone and in tears.

“Read it,” she said, hysterically; “I only ask you to read it,” and thrust Mrs. Vernon’s letter into his hands. She watched him narrowly, and when he had finished the perusal again burst forth: “Now, do you wonder that you find me weeping? Observe how she speaks of wages and alludes to my daughters as if they were common servants applying for situations. It is enough, quite enough, to make me weep. It is hard to be reduced through force of circumstances to the necessity of seeking assistance, but to be gratuitously insulted is more than a mother can bear.”

Mr. Dronloth felt called upon to disclaim somewhat strenuously for Mrs. Vernon any intentional insult; but his disclaimer,—or want of sympathy, as Caroline felt it to be,—only served to make matters worse.

“Oh! did I ever expect to be reduced to this?” she exclaimed, frantically. “Oh! what shall I do? Hounded here, hounded there.”

“Have they gone?” inquired the rector, in some perplexity.

“Gone!” exclaimed Caroline, “*my* daughters? I wonder you ask the question. No indeed; sooner than have that happen I’d work my fingers to the bone.”

“But what are they to do?”

“Anything. They are willing to do anything. I mean, of course, anything in reason. It was expressly stipulated that nothing degrading should be offered,

and I must say, in suggesting positions as shop-girls, Mrs. Vernon violated her pledged word."

"Have you anything else in prospect?"

"Heloise," responded Caroline, loftily, "has recently expressed an intense longing to fit herself for the stage."

"That is a life full of peril," said Dronloth.

"Yes, I know some are prejudiced,—unduly so, I think. But Heloise has been too well brought up for me to have any fears on her account."

"And what are her qualifications? Has she any aptitude for the profession of a dramatist?"

"Oh!" replied Caroline, airily, "that remains to be seen. It is never well to be too sanguine; though, for my part, I haven't the least doubt of it in the world. Why, Mr. Dronloth, she recites beautifully. You ought to hear her recite; and then, she has such an exquisite figure. Oh! I am sure all that she needs is the chance."

* * *

Poor Heloise. She had the chance. Five years afterwards, one bitter winter's night, she lay dying alone and friendless in the city hospital. They told her she could not live, and asked if she had friends she wished sent for. No, she said, she had no friends. Would she have a clergyman? At first she said "No" also to that; but at last said she wished to see Mr. Dronloth. He came, and his wife, once Miss Laura Bradford, when she heard who it was, came with him.

All that could be done they did for her; but for comforts of this world few days were left.

That night the good man gave her such absolution and remission of her sins as were his to give, praying fervently beside her bed, and then leaving her, wet-eyed, alone with his wife.

The fondest breast on which the parting soul reclines is always a woman's. Tender-hearted Laura would have spared the woman's recital of her story; but Heloise,—in broken words, and sometimes with long pauses,—told it all.

"I thought I was married. For more than three years I called myself Mrs. Holmes. Ah, you remember the name,—Mrs. Augustus Holmes. I was so young when I met him first. He was managing the Melpomene Theatre. Mother let me go out so much alone. I was good then. I never thought to be anything else, God knows. Mother took to the man from the start. He was very kind, and that was a time, you know, when there were few enough to be kind. He used to take me out places—theatres, suppers, and then balls. He was a great deal older than I, and mother always said there was no harm, going as I did,—that I could never be young but once, and Holmes was old enough to be my father. God pity

the girl who goes with a man old enough to be her father. He found out how poor we were and how proud mother was. Poor mother; she was always so proud. Then you offered us places in the store, and mother cried and took on and said it was degrading, and all that. Holmes had heard me recite and sing,—I had a very fair voice then; mother told him I wanted to go on the stage, and begged him to get me on. After a while he did. At first it was in the chorus. But what I wanted was parts. Then he offered to pay for my training. Mother accepted for me. What harm was there? she said. I could pay him back some time.

"By spring, the woman said, I should do well enough. Holmes said so, too. But the company was going 'on the road,' as they call it.

"Oh! after that I had a gay time, plenty of money, lots of fun, and chances to act the parts I liked. I thought I was married; I did; I did truly. Holmes promised sacredly. He said it was a marriage,—that a ring and a promise made a marriage, what they call a common-law marriage.

"What a fool I was! Girls brought up like me are always fools. In a year I found out how he had lied to me,—the scoundrel,—I found out he had a wife already. I could have killed him, and I believe I did try. But,—ah, that was my sin. Holmes swore he never loved the other woman, and that he did love me. He begged and pleaded, and at last I gave in.

"I did it for mother, more, oh! a thousand times more than for myself. Why, I had sent her regularly a hundred dollars a month. Was I to stop that? What else could I do? Yes, I can honestly say I did it for mother.

"We were out West when mother sent me a telegram that she was very ill and could not live. I showed the dispatch to Holmes. He was good-hearted enough when he was himself; but he had taken to drink. He said I shouldn't go. I told him I would go, and then he said,—the cur,—that if I went and left the company in the lurch, with no one to play Mignonette, he would tell every one how it was between us.

"Well, I packed up and took the next train east. Oh! mother wasn't dying. It was only one of her old turns. When I got to New York she was all right,—up and about as usual.

"Of course, I didn't tell her all,—only that Holmes had acted like a brute. She said I must go back at once. But—oh! that man. He had been as bad as his word. I found that out. It almost killed me. But what was I to do? I stayed, mother harping continually about my going back to—my husband.

"One day mother said to me: 'Heloise, you haven't given me my allowance for this month.'

“Then she went on to tell me that she couldn't possibly get along with only a hundred ; that she owed then for the rent, and this, that, and the other—bills here and there and everywhere.

“ ‘Tell me just how much you owe, mother,’ said I, my heart almost broken.

“She got paper and pencil and summed it up, item by item, talking all the time, telling what she intended to do in the summer, and complaining how the tradesmen had overcharged her.

“It came to over five hundred dollars. I knew to a cent what I had left in my purse,—a little over sixty dollars. There was one fifty-dollar bill. I gave her that, but she wasn't pleased.

“ ‘The landlord wants his money for the rent,’ she said. ‘He is coming for it this afternoon. I promised he should have it, and it would mortify me to death not to keep my word.’

“I made an excuse, and got away by myself to think. What was I to do? I couldn't—oh! I couldn't try for a place on the boards again. I suppose I inherited that kind of pride. Well, I was too proud. Every one in the profession knew how it was by this time, and I had always held my head so high. I went into the park and sat down. But I couldn't think. I couldn't sit still. I got up and walked about,—as poor mother used to say,—distracted. I suppose I must have acted queer, for I heard some one ask me what was the matter. I turned round. It was a man I had known before I went on the stage,—when I used to go out with Holmes.

“Oh! God pity me; what's the use of telling it all? He was rich and generous. I paid mother's debts and made her comfortable. She never knew to her dying day. Thank God for that.

“I had to lie about Holmes. I told mother we had separated, and that I had an allowance.

“Mother was always a great hand to talk about family and good breeding and such things. I hated to hear her tell how respectable we had always been. But what could I do? I had to listen. She never used to be great for going to church, but now she took to going, and tried to get me to go with her. I never would. I didn't dare to. To that man I used to pretend that I didn't believe in religion, or a God, or a hereafter. Oh! it was all a pretence. I did believe. I do believe, not much in churches, but in a good God somewhere and in a pitying Jesus. Am I penitent? I hardly know whether I am that or not. No, perhaps not exactly penitent. If I had it to do over again I suppose it would be the same way. I didn't do it for myself. I did it for mother. I don't suppose you call that being penitent; but I can say truthfully, I am sorry, I am so sorry for it all.”

EZEKIEL.

BY PROF. C. H. CORNILL.

EZEKIEL was the son of a priest of the temple of Jerusalem, and had been carried off to Babylon with the first captives, under Jehoiakim, in the year 597. Five years later, 592, he appeared as prophet. His work lasted for twenty-two years, but we know nothing of its details. He was at first a mere herald of the judgment; the approaching complete destruction of Jerusalem was his only theme. But his companions in misery refused to listen to him. National fanaticism, blind confidence in God, who in the end must perforce aid both His people and His temple, had seized possession of their hearts. Derided and maligned, the prophet was forced to be silent, till the fulfilment of his threat by the destruction of Jerusalem loosed the seal from his mouth and from the ears and hearts of his people.

The Book of Ezekiel is the most voluminous of all the prophetic literature, and it is not easy to give in a few brief strokes a sketch of the man and of his importance, but I will try to emphasise at least the chief points.

Personality is the characteristic of Ezekiel. Ezekiel was a man of a thoroughly practical nature with a wonderfully sharp perception of the problems and needs of his age; he understood how to read the signs of the times and to deduce the right lessons from them. In this respect he bears a most wonderful resemblance to Isaiah, with whom he has also a marked relationship of character. The key-note in the character of both is the immeasurable distance between God and man. In the image of God the predominant and decisive feature is His sanctity and majesty, His absolutely supramundane elevation in ethical and metaphysical matters, the consequence being that humility is the cardinal virtue of man. When confronting his God, Ezekiel feels himself to be only the “son of man.” When thought worthy of a divine revelation, he falls on his face to the ground, and it is God who raises him up and sets him on his feet. He has, in common with Isaiah, the same terrible moral earnestness, a certain vein of severity and harshness, which does not suffer the tenderer tones of the heart to come into full play.

One of the most learned theologians of the present day has compared this prophet to Gregory VII. and Calvin, in both of whom personal amiability and sympathy are wanting, but who excite our unbounded admiration as men and characters by the iron consistency of their thought and the hard energy of their actions. There is much that is true and befitting in this comparison. Ezekiel—if I may be allowed the expression—is pre-eminently churchman and organiser; as such, the greatest that Israel ever had. He has left,

in this respect, the imprint of his mind on all future ages, and marked out for them the way of development.

As Isaiah transformed into practice the ideas of Amos and Hosea, so Ezekiel is thoroughly dependent on his great predecessor Jeremiah. He drew the conclusions from the religious subjectivism and individualism of Jeremiah, and bestowed upon them the corrective which they urgently needed.

I will now endeavor to group together and to characterise the principal thoughts of Ezekiel in their most important aspects. The first thing Ezekiel is called upon to do is to vindicate God, even as against his most pious contemporaries.

"The way of the Lord is the wrong way," was a remark that Ezekiel must have repeatedly heard. And such views were not urged without a certain amount of justification. Were the people and the period just previous to the destruction of Jerusalem so especially wicked and godless? Had not King Josiah done everything to fulfil the demands of God? Yet this righteous king was made to suffer a horrible death, and misfortune on misfortune was heaped upon Judah. The proverb arose: "Our fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge." This conception appears in a still more drastic form in a remarkable passage of the Book of Jeremiah, where the answer is hurled at the head of the prophet, who is warning and exhorting his people: "When our fathers worshipped Baal and the stars, things went well with us, but since Josiah served the Lord only, things have gone ill." In opposition to such views, Ezekiel had now to bring forward proof that the judgment was deserved and unavoidable.

To this end, he passes in review the entire past of the people, and comes to the conclusion that it had been one long chain of direct ingratitude and shocking sin. Jerusalem is much worse than Samaria, has acted more sinfully than the Gentiles; even Sodom is justified by the iniquity of Jerusalem. Jerusalem is as a rusty pot, whose filthiness cannot be removed by being burnt out, but which must be thrown into the furnace, so that its metal may be purged and rendered fit for a new cast.

This appears heartless and is at times stated by Ezekiel with offensive harshness. But to break up the new land required by Hosea and Jeremiah, the thorns and weeds must first be pitilessly dug out, and the earth upturned to its very depths by the ploughshares. Nothing else is Ezekiel's intention. By this painful process the ground is simply to be loosened for the new seed, for God takes no pleasure in the death of a sinner, but wishes rather that he be converted and live. And this conversion is quite possible; for the relation of God to man adjusts itself

according to the relation of man to God. Now, here is the point where Ezekiel's creative genius is displayed. If religious personality be the true subject of religion, the inestimable value of every individual human soul follows directly from this fact. Here it is that the lever must be applied, and in Ezekiel thus prophecy is transformed into the pastoral care of souls.

The idea of pastoral care, and the recognition of it as a duty, is first found in Ezekiel. Even the Messiah does not appear to him in the pomp of a royal ruler, but as the good shepherd, who seeks him that is lost, goes after him that has strayed, binds up the wounded, and visits the sick and afflicted. Ezekiel considers this pastoral and educating office to be his vocation as prophet, and has conceived it with the sacred earnestness peculiar to himself: he feels himself to be personally responsible for the soul of every one of his fellow-countrymen: "If the wicked man sin, and thou givest him not warning, to save his life, the same wicked man shall die in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at thy hand. Yet if thou warn the wicked, and he turn not from his wickedness, nor from his wicked way, he shall die in his iniquity; but thou hast delivered thy soul." With these words God makes Ezekiel a prophet, or, as he has vividly expressed it, a "watchman over the house of Israel."

Such was the practical conclusion which Ezekiel drew from Jeremiah's religious conceptions, and by which he introduced into the religio-historical development of the world an entirely new force of imperishable importance and of incalculable consequences.

I spoke above, however, of a complement, of a corrective of the work of Jeremiah by Ezekiel, and this brings us to the point by which Ezekiel exercised a determinative influence on the succeeding period. Jeremiah with his religious subjectivism and individualism had spoken the final and conclusive word on the relation of the individual to God. But beyond individualism Jeremiah did not go. The conception of fellowship was altogether wanting in his views. He did not notice that great things on earth are only produced by union. Ezekiel, on the other hand, regarded it as the aim and task of his prophetic and pastoral mission to educate individuals not only to be religious, but also to be members of a community, which as such could not be subjectively determined only, but also needed definite objective rules and principles. The problem was, to preserve Israel in Babylon, to prevent the nation from being absorbed by the Gentiles. To this end Ezekiel insists that his people shall absolutely eschew the worship of the idols of their conqueror. He also discovers a means of directly worshipping God. Temple and sacrifices were wanting in the strange land, but they had the Sabbath, which appertained to no particular place nor land, which they

could observe in Babylon just as well and in the same way as in Palestine. And so Ezekiel made the Sabbath the fundamental institution of Judaism, or, as he himself expresses it, "a sign between God and Israel, by which they shall know that it is God who sanctifies them." On every seventh day Israel shall feel itself to be the holy people of God.

Also in its mode of life Israel must prove itself a pure and holy people. Ezekiel warns his people against the sins of unchastity with greater emphasis than any of his predecessors. If the sanctification of wedded life and the purity of the family has ranked at all times as the costliest ornament and noblest treasure of the Jewish race, it is a possession, in which we cannot fail to recognise, more than any other, the seal which Ezekiel lastingly imprinted upon it. And moreover, Ezekiel urges and inculcates afresh the necessity of love towards brethren and neighbors. Every Israelite shall recognise in every other a brother and treat him with brotherly love, that the little band of dispersed and scattered exiles may be held together in ideal unity by this spiritual bond. If Ezekiel could only succeed in making of every individual a sanctified personality, who at the same time felt himself to be the member of a community and was steeped with the conviction that he could find true salvation only in this community, then would there be some hope of obtaining citizens worthy of the Kingdom of God, which was sure to come.

Ezekiel has given us a description of this future Kingdom of God, which ranks among the most remarkable portions of his book. It is the famous vision of the new Jerusalem, which forms the conclusion of the Book of Ezekiel. Here he essentially follows Deuteronomy. The service and worship of God are marked out most exactly, and the temple becomes, not only spiritually, but also materially, the centre of the whole nation and its life. The priests and Levites receive a definite portion of land as the material foundation of their existence.

Most noteworthy of all, however, is the future picture of the State in the vision of Ezekiel. In earlier speeches Ezekiel had expressed the hope that the future king would come of the house of David, though the king he pictures exhibits quite peculiar ecclesiastical characteristics. Now, however, there is no further mention of a king; he is merely called the prince. And what is his position? In the new Jerusalem crime is unknown, as God bestows on all a new heart and a new mind, and turns them into a people who walk in the way of his commandments, observe his laws, and act accordingly. The administration of justice, then, is no longer needed, and so one of the most important moral functions of the government dispensed with. Should, however, a crime or transgression actually

occur, it must be atoned for by an ecclesiastical penance. Nor has the State need to provide for the external welfare of the people, for God gives all things bounteously now and no one is in want. Neither are measures for the external security of the country required, for this is a kingdom of everlasting peace, where war is no longer possible. Should a heathen nation dare to disturb this peace and stretch forth its hand against the Kingdom of God, God himself will interfere and in the fire of His wrath destroy the offender, so that Israel will only need to bury the corpses, and to burn with fire the weapons of the enemy, as described by Ezekiel in his wondrous vision of Gog, chief of the land of Magog.

In such conditions no function is left for the prince but that of representative of his people, and patron of the church. He has to look after the temple, and supply the materials of worship, for which purpose he can only collect from the people gifts of such things as are needful for the sacrifice: sheep, goats, bullocks, oxen, corn, wine, oil. All taxes are exclusively church taxes. The prince receives, so as not to oppress his people, nor exact unlawful tribute from them, a rich demesne of land, which he tills like every other Israelite. Also each individual tribe receives its determinate portion of the sacred land.

We have here for the first time in perfect distinctness the conception of a Kingdom of God, or, as we might also say, of an ecclesiastical State. The State is completely absorbed in the Church. Such is Ezekiel's new Jerusalem, and its name is "Here is God."

These ideas were feasible as long as the Babylonians, the Persians, and the Greeks deprived the Jews of all secular and governmental functions and discharged them themselves. Theocracy as a fact, for such we are wont to call this conception after a word coined by Josephus.—theocracy as a fact, realised in this world, needed as its complement and as its presupposition the conquest and government of the Jews by a foreign power. So soon, however, as Judah was enabled and obliged to form a national and political State, this contradiction asserted itself, and the tragical conflict arose which five hundred years later brought about the destruction of the State of the Maccabees.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"SARAH GRAND'S ETHICS."

To the Editor of The Open Court:

Mr. Salter has favored me with a brief reply to my article on "Sarah Grand's Ethics," but I cannot see in what way he has thereby improved his position. He takes me to task for a supposition which I do not entertain. I do not expect an innocent young girl of nineteen to have her suspicions about a man of thirty-eight, nor do I think that English gentlemen as a rule take such suspicions for granted. My contention was that Evadne, as

she is described, is a ridiculous and impossible person. She is said to be well versed in anatomy, pathology, prophylactics, and therapeutics; to be not only familiar with *Tom Jones* and *Roderick Random*, but also to be capable of making philosophical reflexions on "young men steeped in vice," the danger to the community involved in their marriage, "the self-interest and injustice of men, and the fatal ignorance and slavish apathy of women." In her opinions she boasts a perfect independence, and she makes her relatives feel it; and if, after all this parade of grace, wisdom, and understanding, she succumbs to "a heavy moustache," it is clear that either her learning or her morality is a sham. Though she may receive our sympathy, I do not see how she can compel it.

Mr. Salter declared that her situation was "a problem in ethics," and if his article was not designed to approve her solution as admirable, there is some difficulty in seizing its exact purpose. He described the theme of *The Heavenly Twins*, and found "its treatment of this theme brave, strong, and in a high sense womanly." If he now considers that the only noble element in Evadne's attitude was the act of rebellion, I take to myself some credit for having assisted him to this conclusion; because, as I think, he cannot logically rest in it, but must be driven on to another of a still less sentimental character and more in harmony with the facts. The solution of a moral problem is not reached by an act of rebellion. That is only the statement of the problem. The solution which Evadne provides shows us that she is immoral in the wide sense of the word; for she is mean and cruel. She takes all she can get in the way of respect, kindness, and attention, and in return ruins the man who gives her what she wants. How is this conduct to be called brave, strong, and womanly?

Mr. Salter remarks that he knows nothing of Sarah Grand's personality, or of her other writings, but I must beg leave to observe that he has transferred his eulogy of Evadne's character to the character of her creator, whose exaggerations he pardons on the score of her alleged youth, and that he has mentioned an article by Sarah Grand in *The North American Review*, and quoted a passage from it. I made my comments on the article. With Sarah Grand's personality I have nothing to do; and I strongly deprecate the idea that, because a lady has written a book, her personal character and private affairs are a legitimate topic for discussion; although, in truth, from the number of interviews forced upon the public, such discussion sometimes appears to be invited rather than discouraged. But Sarah Grand's voluntary appearances in public, whether in a book or article, or in a system of advertisement by interviews or photography, are fair matter for comment, and a critic is perfectly within his rights, if he shows how they must all be taken into account in estimating the moral effect of her work.

T. BAILEY SAUNDERS.

NOTES.

The meetings of the Pan-American Congress of Religion and Education will be held at Toronto, Canada, July 18-25. The outline programme of the Congress comprises a numerous list of attractive and important subjects. Besides the addresses and discussions on the broad general questions affecting religion and civilised progress, there are three special sections devoted respectively to the "Young People," to "Education," including the Religious Parliament Extension, and to "Philanthropy." The Congress will be welcomed by the Mayor of Toronto on July the 18th; on the 19th President Henry Wade Rogers and Archbishop Ireland will speak; on the 20th Miss Jane Addams and the Rev. William Galbraith; on the 22d the Rev. William Clark and Bishop M. N. Gilbert; on the 23d the Rev. A. Lazerus and Mrs. Charles Henriotin. The Hon. C. C. Bonney of Chicago will preside over the department of Religious Parliament Extension, while Dr. Paul Carus and other speakers, too numerous to mention, will either

lead or assist in the general discussions. Reduced railroad fares can be obtained to Toronto during the sessions of the Congress and circulars of general information may be procured by addressing S. Sherin, Secretary, Rossin House, Toronto, Canada.

Macmillan & Co. announce from the University Press of Columbia College an *Atlas of Fertilisation and Karyokinesis*, by Prof. Edmund B. Wilson with the cooperation of Dr. Edward Leaming. The work will contain forty figures, photographed from nature by Dr. Leaming from the preparations of Professor Wilson at an enlargement of one thousand diameters and reproduced, without retouching or other alterations, by the gelatine process by Bierstadt of New York. The photographs are very perfect and convey a good idea of the actual object. They illustrate nearly every important step in fertilisation, from the first entrance of the spermatozoon onwards to the cleavage-stages, and not only present a very clear picture of the more familiar outlines of the subject, but embody many original discoveries as well. They are to be accompanied by an explanatory text, comprising a general elementary introduction, a critical description of the plates, and a large number of text-cuts.

We have in our hands the prospectus of a new "weekly journal of general information and independent comment," called *The Observer*, the first number of which was to have appeared in Chicago on June 15. The paper is to be edited by Mr. John J. Flinn and is to give a brief but accurate synopsis of the news of the week, with critical comments upon municipal, social, administrative, and political affairs, reviews of new books, the drama, amusements, etc. The place which *The Observer* aims to fill is vacant in Chicago journalism and we may look forward to its first numbers with interest.

Philosophical students will be glad to learn of the following important additions which are about to be made to Bohn's Libraries: *Selected Essays of John Stuart Mill*; and *Harriet Martineau's and Comte's Positive Philosophy* in three volumes with an Introduction by Frederic Harrison.

THE OPEN COURT

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