

THE OPEN COURT.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE.

No. 486. (Vol. X.—51.)

CHICAGO, DECEMBER 17, 1896.

{ One Dollar per Year.
Single Copies, 5 Cents

COPYRIGHT BY THE OPEN COURT PUBLISHING CO.—Reprints are permitted only on condition of giving full credit to author and publisher.

MARTIN LUTHER.¹

BY GUSTAV FREYTAG.

[CONCLUDED.]

THE TRAGIC ELEMENT IN LUTHER'S LIFE.

No man is transformed entirely by the great thoughts and acts of his later life as a man. We are not made quite new by new activity; our inner life is made up of the sum of all the thoughts and emotions that we have ever had. He who is chosen by fate to create the greatest new things by destroying great things that are old, will destroy and ruin, at the same time, part of his own life. He must violate duties to fulfil greater duties. The more conscientious he is, the more deeply will he feel in his inmost nature the incision he has made into the order of the world. That is the secret pain, nay, the repentance, of every great historical character. There have been few mortals who felt this pain so deeply as Luther. And the great thing in him is just this, that he was never prevented by such pain from doing the boldest acts. To us, however, this appears as a tragic element in his inner life.

And another tragic element, the most fateful for him, lay in the attitude which he was compelled himself to occupy with reference to his own teachings. He had left to his people only the authority of the Scripture; with fervor he clutched its words as the only safe anchor for the human race. Before him, the Pope and his hierarchy had interpreted, misconstrued, supplemented the words of the Scripture; now he was placed in a similar position. Together with a circle of dependent friends, he was compelled to assume the prerogative of rightly understanding the words of the Scripture and applying them properly to the life of his time. It was a superhuman task, and he who took it upon himself must of necessity become the victim of some of the evils against which he had himself made such a grand fight in the Catholic Church.

Firmly linked and brazen was the structure of his mind; he was created a ruler if ever mortal man was, but the very gigantic and demon-like quality of his will must at times make him a tyrant. If, nevertheless, on several important occasions, he practised tol-

eration, either by self-restraint or with inward freedom, it was but the happy influence of his good nature that made itself felt. But not infrequently he became the pope of the Protestants. There was no choice for him or for his people.

In recent times, he has been blamed for having done so little to invite the co-operation of the laity by a Presbyterian constitution. Never was reproach more unjust. What was possible in Switzerland with vigorous, free communities of peasants, was entirely impracticable in Germany. The citizens of the bigger cities alone possessed the intelligence and strength to control the Protestant clergy; but almost nine-tenths of the Evangelical denomination consisted of downtrodden farming people, who were, as a rule, indifferent and obstinate and had become savage since the peasant wars. The new Church was obliged to force its discipline upon them as upon neglected children.

Whoever doubts these assertions, may look at the report of inspections and observe the incessant complaints of the various reformers at the rudeness of their poor congregations.

But still other things pressed upon the great man. The ruler of the souls of the German people sat in a little town among poor university professors and students, among feeble citizens of whom he often had occasion to complain. He was not spared the inconveniences of life in a little provincial town, the distasteful disputes with petty scholars and clumsy neighbors; and there was much in his nature that made him particularly irritable at such things. No man carries in himself with impunity the consciousness of being a preferred instrument of God; he who lives thus no longer fits into the narrow and small structure of civil society.

Had not Luther been, at the bottom of his heart, modest, and in intercourse with others infinitely good-natured, he must have seemed insufferable to the sober people of common sense who stood cool beside him. Thus it happened only occasionally that he had a violent conflict with the citizens, the municipal authorities, the legal faculty of his university, the councilors of his sovereign. He was not always right, but he almost invariably carried his point against them, for seldom did any one dare defy his ponderous wrath.

¹ Translated by H. E. O. Heinemann.

In addition, he was a victim of severe bodily ailments. During the last years of his life their frequent recurrence had exhausted even his immense vitality; he felt it most painfully and prayed incessantly to his God to take him unto himself. He was not yet an old man in years, but he appeared old to himself, old and hoary, and not at home in a strange terrestrial world. These particular years, not rich in great events, made difficult by political and municipal quarrels, filled with bitterness and hours of mourning, should fill with sympathy all who contemplate the life of the great man without prejudice. The blaze of his life had warmed his entire people, called forth in millions the beginnings of a higher human development, and the blessings remained to millions. He felt at last little else himself than the torments. Once he had hoped joyfully to die as a martyr, now he desired the repose of the grave like a persistent, weary workman of many years. That, also, is a tragic fate.

But his greatest pain lay in the attitude which he himself was forced to take toward his own doctrine. He had founded a new church on his pure gospel, had given incomparably greater worth to the mind and conscience of the people. About him blossomed a new life, increased prosperity, many valuable arts, painting and music, comfortable enjoyment of life, finer culture among the citizen classes. And yet there was something in the air, weird and boding destruction. The rulers were in fierce discord, foreign powers on the march against the people, the Emperor from Spain, the Pope from Rome, the Turk from the Mediterranean; the visionaries and rioters powerful, the hierarchy not yet fallen. His very gospel, had it cemented the nation together for greater unity and power? Greater was the discord become, upon the worldly interests of certain princes would the future of his church depend. And he knew even the best ones among them. Something horrible was approaching, the Scripture was about to be fulfilled, the day of doom was at hand. After that, however, God will build a new world, more beautiful, splendid, and pure, full of peace and bliss, a world in which there would no more be a Devil, where every human soul would find more pleasure in the flowers and fruit of the new trees of Heaven than the present generation takes in gold and silver, where the finest of the arts, music, would sound in tones much more enchanting than the most magnificent song of good chanters in this world. There the good would find all their dear ones again whom they had lost here below.

The yearning of the human heart for ideal purity of existence grew ever more irresistible in him. If he expected the end of the world it was a faint recollection of the people from its remotest antiquity still hanging in the mental sky of the new reformer. And

yet it was, at the same time, a prophetic foreboding of the near future. It was not the end of the world that was preparing, but the Thirty Years' War.

Thus Luther died.

When the hearse with Luther's body drove through the Thuringian lands all the bells tolled in village and city, and people crowded sobbing around his coffin. It was a good part of the strength of the people that was buried with this man. And Philip Melanchthon said in the church of the castle at Wittenberg over the body: "Every one who understood him aright must witness that he was a very kind man, in all speech gracious, kind, and lovable, and not at all forward, stormy, self-willed, or quarrelsome. And yet there was an earnestness and bravery in his words and actions, as should be in such a man. His heart was true and free of guile. The severity which he used in his writings against enemies of the doctrine came not from a quarrelsome or spiteful mind, but from great earnestness and zeal for the truth. He showed great courage and manliness and was not frightened by a little rushing sound. He was not intimidated by threats, danger, or terror. He was also of such high and keen understanding that he alone could, in confused, obscure, and difficult disputes, see quickly what was to be advised and done. Nor was he, as some perhaps have thought, so inattentive as not to have learned how it stood everywhere about the government. He knew right well how the government was constituted, and paid attention with special diligence to the minds and wishes of the people with whom he had to do. But we should keep this, our dear father, in our memories steadily and forever and never leave him from our hearts."

Such was Luther. A titanic nature, his mind hard to move and sharply limited, his will powerful and well tempered, his morality pure, his heart full of love. Because after him no other man arose strong enough to be a leader of the nation, the German people lost their dominion on the earth for centuries. But the spiritual supremacy of the German race rests upon him. But Luther's influence is not limited to the history of his own people; he is the central figure of the age of the Reformation, and his spirit is still moving in the life of all the Protestant nations.

NIRVANA.

A Story of Buddhist Psychology.

[CONTINUED.]

ANURUDDHA'S SERMON ON HAPPINESS.

After the completion of the wedding ceremonies, Subhūti invited his guests to partake of a meal, and, seeing among the people Anuruddha, the philosopher, he called him to sit at his side. The guests were merry and enjoyed the feast, and when the evening

grew cooler and the moon rose in mild brightness the company sat down under the branches of a large banyan tree and began to speak of the blessings of the gods and the glory of their country. Then Subhūti, the judge, addressed Anuruddha and said :

“Venerable Anuruddha, I cherish a high regard for the Blessed One, the sage of the Sākyas, whom the people call the Tathāgata, the Holy Buddha. But it seems to me that his doctrine will not suit our people. It is a philosophy for those who are oppressed by the evils of life ; it affords a refuge to the weary, the sick, the sorrowing ; but if you consider the happy, the powerful, the healthy, it is a failure. It may be a balm for those that are wounded in the battle, but it is distasteful and like unto poison to the victor.”

Said Anuruddha : “The doctrine of the Blessed One is indeed for those who are oppressed by the evils of life. It affords a refuge to the weary, for it makes them hale, healthy, and happy. The happy, the powerful, the hale, need no comfort, no assistance, no medicine. But who are hale, happy, and healthy ? Is there any one among you free from the liabilities of sorrow, disease, old age, and death ? If so, he might truly be called a victor, and he would not be in need of salvation.

“Now, indeed, I see much happiness around me. But is your happiness well grounded ? Will your minds remain serene and calm in the time of affliction and in the hour of death ? He only has attained genuine happiness who has entered the deathless Nirvāna, which is that state of heart which lifts you above the petty temptations of the world and liberates you from the illusion of self. Happiness on account of worldly prosperity is a dangerous situation ; for all things change, and he only is truly happy who has surrendered his attachment to things changeable. There is no genuine happiness except it be grounded upon religion, the religion of the Tathāgata.

“The Tathāgata opens the eyes of those who deem themselves happy that they may see the danger of life and its snares. When the fish apprehends the bait he believes he is happy, but he feels his misery as soon as the sharp hook pierces his jaws.

“He who is anxious about his personal happiness must always be full of fear. He may be indifferent to the misery of his fellow-beings, but he cannot be blind to the fact that the same end awaits us all. Happy he who resigns to death that which belongs to death. He has conquered death. Whatever be his fate, he will be calm and self-possessed ; he has surrendered the illusion of self and has entered the realm of the immortal. He has attained to Nirvāna.”

Sudatta looked at the bride and said : “I shall never embrace Gotama's doctrine, for it would not

behoove a groom to leave his bride for the sake of the attainment of Nirvāna.”

Anuruddha overheard Sudatta's remark and continued : “My young friend fears that the doctrine of the Tathāgata would tear him away from the bride to whom to-day he has pledged his troth. That is not so. The Blessed One left his wife and child and went into homelessness because error prevails and the world lies in darkness. Having reached the deathless Nirvāna, he is now bent alone on that one aim of pointing out the path to others, and we, his disciples, who like him have left the world, devote ourselves to a religious life, not for our own sake, for we have surrendered all attachment to self, but for the sake of the salvation of the world.

“It is not the severing of the ties of life that constitutes liberation, but the utter surrender of self. The hermit who has cut himself off from the world but still cherishes in his heart the least inkling of attachment, be it for happiness in this life or in a life to come, is not yet free, while a humble householder, if he has surrendered all craving, may attain that glorious condition of soul, the fruit of which is Nirvāna.

“He who longs for a religious life should leave worldly considerations behind and apply himself with all his energy to obtain enlightenment. But he who has duties to perform at home should not shirk his responsibility. The Tathāgata says :

“The succoring of mother and father,
The cherishing of child and wife,
The following of a peaceful calling,
This is the greatest blessing.

“Acts of charity, a pious life,
Aid rendered to your kin,
And actions that are blameless,
This is the greatest blessing.

“Self discipline and purity,
The recognition of the four noble truths,
And the attainment of Nirvāna,
This is the greatest blessing.”

THE CONTROVERSY.

Anuruddha saw that Sudatta was wincing with indignation. So he ceased to speak and looked expectantly at the young man. Sudatta rose to his feet and said :

“Utter surrender of self, is that the liberation which Gotama preaches ? My father called him a heretic and an infidel, and truly he was not mistaken, for Gotama's liberation is a destruction : it annihilates man's self. Gotama rejects the authority of the sacred Scriptures. He does not believe in Isvara, the Lord of Creation, and he holds that there is no soul. Yea, he is so irreligious that he condemns sacrifices as impious, ridicules prayer as useless, and would fain destroy our sacred institution of castes on which the

social order of our civilisation rests. His religion is the negation of all religion, it is not divine but purely human, for it claims that enlightenment is sufficient to illumine the path of life."

Anuruddha listened to Sudatta's vehement denunciations, and observing the heightened color in his cheeks, thought to himself: "How beautiful is this lad and how noble does he appear in his pious zeal for the religion of his father!" Then he asked: "Who is your father that he speaks contemptuously of Gotama, as of an infidel and a heretic, and does not accord him the honor of calling him the Tathâgata, the Bhagavat, the holy Buddha?"

Sudatta replied: "My father is now dead, but his memory is still sacred to me and to all the inhabitants of Avanti. His name is Rôja, and he was one of the village priests. It was his office to provide for the sacrifices the sacred herbs from which we press out the sweet juice of the sôma, the delight of Indra and all the other gods. There was in our village no one superior to him in wisdom, for he was deeply religious and well versed in the Vêdas."

"You say that your father is dead," said the samana; "but though he died he still liveth in your heart. No word nor any deed of a man can be lost, and lo! it is he who speaks out of your mouth. The thoughts which you uttered were his, and in his thoughts he is now present among us."

"His thoughts are here, indeed!" rejoined the youth, "but his self, I am confident, lives in Brahma's heaven. If salvation consisted in the utter surrender of self, where would my father now be? He would be annihilated! But he knew the self; and it is knowledge of self that renders one immortal."

These words were spoken slowly and with emphasis; they indicated the deep difference that obtains between the Brahman who believes in a self-soul, and the Buddhist who finds salvation in the utter surrender of the idea of self with all its vain hopes.

"My young friend," asked the samana, "what do you mean by self?"

Sudatta replied: "My self is the immutable, eternal ego that directs my thoughts. It is that which says "I." It is the immortal deity that ensouls me; it is that which remains the same after you have taken away all that which is changeable. Neither my body, nor my mind, nor the emotions of my heart are my self. My self is the lord of them all. My self is the enjoyer of all enjoyments. My self is my soul."

Anuruddha replied: "You preach the metaphysics of the Brahmans, who practice the Yoga. But their view is based on a wrong conception of the unity of compound things. Tell me, please, where is that Self? Where is the Self of a house? If you take

away the walls, the roof, and also the foundation stones, do you have the Self of the house left? The house is the combination of all its parts, and so the soul is that peculiar interaction that originates by a union of organs of sense and thoughts and volitions."

Sudatta interrupted the samana: "If there were no Self, there would be no salvation, there would be no bliss, no enjoyment of bliss, for the self is the enjoyer! Who otherwise shall be the Lord that is in possession of bliss, but the Ego or Self, that which says 'I,' the soul."

"Pause a moment to give me an explanation!" exclaimed Anuruddha. "What is the Ego or that which says 'I'? There is unquestionably something which says 'I' in me, and you, and in everybody present. But that something which says 'I' is a mode of speech, as much as all the other words and ideas that people our minds. The word 'I,' it is true, remains the same throughout life, but its significance changes. It originates in the child with the development of self-consciousness, and denotes first a boy, then a youth, after that a man, and at last a dotard. The word may remain the same, but the substance of its meaning changes. Accordingly, that something which says 'I,' is neither eternal, nor immutable, nor divine, nor what Yoga philosophers call "the real Self." It is a word which signifies the whole personality of the speaker with all his sensations, sentiments, thoughts, and purposes. You may as well speak of the kernel of a water bubble as of the Self which is supposed to be the Lord of your mind, of your character, of your body. The truth is that the idea of an independent Self is an unfounded assumption which cannot be proved."

The Brahman replied: "If it cannot be proved, it has to be taken on faith; but Gotama is an infidel who denies the existence of the soul and yet is so inconsistent as to talk about the transmigration of the soul and immortality."

"Let us not haggle about words, friend Sudatta," said the samana, "but understand the doctrine aright. The Tathâgata looks upon that self of which you speak as an error, an illusion, a dream; and attachment to it will produce egotism, and egotism is a craving for happiness here on earth and then beyond in heaven. He who believes that the discernment of self is the condition of liberation is like the leader of a caravan in the desert who sees a mirage and declares, 'That, friends, is our goal; there is the oasis with living water wells and palms; thither be our march!' Unless that leader of a caravan surrender the illusion, he will go astray in the desert and die in the agonies of thirst that cannot be quenched. But while that illusory self is an error of your philosophy, there is a real self, and a real personality, and a real soul. There

is not a person who is in possession of character, thoughts, and deeds; but character, thoughts, and deeds themselves are the person. There is not a soul in you, O Sudatta, that thinks your thoughts and shapes your character, but your thoughts themselves are thinking, and your character itself is the nature of your very self. The ego-idea is not a Lord who owns your body and mind, directing the emotions and impulses of your soul, but those of your emotions which are the strongest, they are the Lord, they govern you. If evil passions grow in your heart, you will be like a ship which is at the mercy of the winds and currents of the sea; but if the aspiration for enlightenment takes possession of the rudder, it will steer thee to the haven of Nirvāna where all illusions cease and the heart will be tranquil like a still, smooth lake. Deeds are done; and the doing of deeds passes away; but that which is accomplished by deeds abides; just as a man who writes a letter ceases writing, but the letter remains. Considering the permanence that is in deeds, what can be better than shaping our future existence wisely. Lay up a treasure of charity, purity, and sober thoughts. He who lives in noble thoughts and good deeds will live forever, though the body may die. He will be reborn in a higher existence and will at last attain the bliss of Nirvāna. There is no transmigration of a self-substance, but there is a re-incarnation of soul-forms which takes place according to the deeds that are done."

Sudatta's belief in the doctrine of the Self was not shaken. No, he felt more assured than ever of the truth, for his whole soul hung on it, and he exclaimed: "What are my deeds without my Self? What is enjoyment if I am not the enjoyer?"

Anuruddha's pensive countenance grew more serious than ever: "Dismiss the craving for enjoyment and all thought of Self and live in your deeds for they are the reality of life. All creatures are such as they are through their deeds in former existences, and when they die they will be reincarnated according to their deeds. Deeds shape in the slow process of growth the soul-structures which build up our personality, and that which you call the person, the enjoyer, the Self, is the living memory of past deeds. Former deeds done in past existences stamp upon every creature the character of their present existence. Thus the past has borne the present, and the present is the womb of the future. This is the law of Karma, the law of deeds, the law of cause and effect."

The samana's words were weighty and serious. Nevertheless, his auditor remained unconvinced, and Kāchāyana, the son of Māha-Subhuti, murmured to himself: "Gotama's doctrine cannot be the truth. It would be a sad truth, indeed, if it were true after all.

I shall hold fast to the dearest hope of the religion of my father."

The samana replied: "Choose not the dearest but the truest; for the truest is the best."

THE KATHA UPANISHAD.

Sudatta was too happy to give himself trouble about the doctrines of a heretical teacher. He would have dismissed all thought of his controversy with Anuruddha, had he not been reminded of it from time to time by his father-in-law and by Kāchāyana, his brother-in-law, who continued to discuss the religious innovations of the Tathāgata. They granted that caste distinctions were hard on the lower castes, but declared that they could not be relaxed without injury to the community, and there was no question about its being a divine institution. Yet it was right to extend our sympathy to all sentient beings that suffer, and the lowest creatures should not be excepted. Certainly we must not by negligence of worship provoke the wrath of the gods, but were the gods truly in need of the bloody sacrifices offered at their altars?

Such were the questions that moved the minds of Subhūti and Kāchāyana; and they began to doubt while they investigated; yet they remained good Brahmans.

One day Subhūti, the chief of Amanti, came to his son with a joyful countenance and said: "Kāchāyana, my boy, I trust that I have found the solution of the problem. It came to me while I was reading the Yagur Vēda on the institution of the Nāchiketas fire-sacrifice. I have it clearly in my mind, and I shall teach it to you. Let Sudatta take leaves from the big palm-tree in our garden, let him bleach them, cut off their pointed ends and prepare them for writing. I am eager to give a definite shape to my thoughts before I forget them."

Said Kāchāyana expectantly: "And what in brief is the solution you have obtained?"

The Brahman chief replied: "Listen, I will tell you. Death is the great teacher of the deepest problems of life. He who wants to know the immortal must enter the house of Death and learn from death the secret of life. There is no child born in this world but is destined to be an offering to Death. Yet Death is not Brahma, he is not the ruler and lord; he bodes dissolution but cannot annihilate the soul, and the man who fears him not is granted three boons. Death allows those who enter his house to return and be reborn; he further grants that the deeds of men be imperishable; and lastly he reveals to the courageous inquirer the mystery of life."

Said Kāchāyana: "Profound, O father, are these thoughts; but the main thing is, What is the lesson Death teaches?"

Subhûti collected his thoughts, and after a pause said: "The doctrine of the Blessed One has deeply affected my mind, but I am not as yet convinced that the fundamental notions of our sacred religion are baseless. Is the great fire sacrifice indeed an empty ceremony that bears no fruit? If it were, our sages would truly be blind leaders of the blind. Sacrifices are without fruit only to him who has not conquered the desires of his heart and has not severed the ties which bind him to that which is transient."

After a brief pause Subhûti continued: "And the idea of an immutable self cannot be mere fiction. I understand now that the self is the uncreated and the sole ruler within all things, yet it cannot be seen by the eye, reached by the speech or apprehended by the mind; the self must be imagined by the heart. The self is briefly expressed in the exclamation "Om," and is the absolute being which is neither born nor dies."

"Your solution, then," continued Kachayâma, "is a defence of the old Brahmanism?"

"Indeed it is," enjoined Subhûti, "but my attitude is considerably modified by the suggestions of our friend Anuruddha. I grant that that which is good is one thing and that which is dear to our hearts is another thing; and it is well to cling to the good and abandon for the sake of the better that which is dear to our hearts. I cannot deny the truth which the Tathagata impresses upon the minds of his followers that all component things will be dissolved, but I feel in my inmost heart that there is something which death cannot destroy; and it is that which our sages call the self. I am anxious to know what it is, for only he who knows it will find peace of soul. Let Anuruddha explain to me the problem of the self, but he must not say that there is nothing that I can call my own, that life is empty, and that the eternal has no existence."

During the rainy season Subhûti could be seen writing under the roof of his veranda, and when the sun broke through the clouds and the blue sky reappeared in its former beauty he had his composition finished, which he called the *Katha Upanishad*, a discussion of the great Why? that confronts us all, the all absorbing problem of life.

It was in these days of the return of good weather that the disciples of the Blessed Buddha used to start again on their pilgrimages through the country preaching the glorious doctrine of salvation, and Anuruddha passed again through the village of Avanti while Subhûti sat before his house in the shade of a sala tree reading and reconsidering what he had written. The two men exchanged greetings, and when Anuruddha saw the manuscript, they at once began to discuss the great problem of the Hereafter.

Subhûti read to Anuruddha the *Katha Upanishad*, and the venerable monk was greatly pleased with its literary beauty and thoughtfulness, but he shook his head and said: "Truly there is the immortal, but the immortal is not a self, the immortal is not a being, it is not an entity, nor is it the ego that appears in our perception of consciousness. All things, all beings, all entities, all shapes of substances are compounds, and compounds are subject to dissolution. The immortal is not as you have it—smaller than small and greater than great; it is neither small nor great; it is unsubstantial and without bodily shape. The immortal consists in the eternal verities by which existence is swayed, and the cognition of which constitutes enlightenment. The highest verities are the four noble truths, of misery, the origin of misery, the escape from misery, and the eightfold path of righteousness, which leads to the escape from misery."

Said Subhûti: "I grant that the eternal cannot be a material thing; the eternal cannot be a compound; it must be immaterial; it is spiritual. The self is not the body, not the senses, not the mind, not the intellect; it is that by which man perceives all objects in sleep or in waking. The consciousness 'I am' is the great omnipresent Self, which is bodiless within the body, as agni, the fire, lies hidden in the two fire sticks."

Anuruddha paid close attention to Subhûti's explications, and replied in quick repartee: "Agni, the fire, does not lie hidden in the two fire sticks. The two fire sticks are wood, nothing but wood; and there is no fire hidden in either stick. The fire originates through the friction produced by your hands. In the same way consciousness originates as a product of conditions and disappears when the conditions cease. When the wood is burnt, whither does the fire go? And when the conditions of consciousness cease, where does consciousness abide? We are in the habit of saying 'the wind blows,' as if there were the wind performing the action of blowing; but there are not two things: first, the wind, and then the act of blowing; there is only one thing, which is the motion of the air, called wind, or, by a license of speech, the blowing of the wind. In the same way there is not a person that remembers deeds, but the memories of the deeds themselves are the person."

Said Subhûti: "When a man is dead, some say he is, and others he is not. I understand that the Blessed One teaches that he is not, which means, to put it squarely, that there is no hereafter."

"No, sir," Anuruddha replied almost sharply. "No, sir. Your dilemma rests upon a wrong premise. That self of yours does not now exist, how can it continue to exist after you have gone? That, however, which you are now, will persist after the disso-

solution of your bodily existence. Truly you are right when you compare man in your Katha Upanishad to that ancient tree whose roots grow upward and whose branches grow downward. As the tree reappears with all the characteristics of its kind, so man is reincarnated, and his peculiar karma is reborn in new individuals. There is no self in the fig-tree that migrates from the parent stem to the new shoots, but the type in all its individual features is preserved in the further growth and in the evolution of new trees."

Said Subhûti: "There is one eternal thinker thinking non-eternal thoughts, and the eternal thinker is the self."

Said Anuruddha: "Would not your statement be truer if turned round: there are eternal thoughts which are thought by non-eternal thinkers? or, in other words, what we call a thinker is but the thinking of the thought; and the thinking of true thoughts is the attainment of the eternal. The truth is the Immortal, the truth is Nirvâna."

The Brahman chief felt that his most sacred convictions were omitted in his statement, and he asked, not without a tremble of uneasiness in his voice: "If there is nothing in me that is immutable, nothing that is eternal and immortal, what is that which I can call my own? What am I and what shall I be after the dissolution of my body in death?"

"Let my reply," rejoined Anuruddha, "be in the words of the Blessed One, who said:

"Not grain, nor wealth, nor store of gold;
Not wife, not daughters, neither sons:
Nor any one that eats his bread
Can follow him who leaves this life,
For all things must be left behind.

"But every deed a man performs,
With body, or with voice, or mind,
'Tis this that he can call his own,
This with him take as he goes hence.
This is what follows after him,
And like a shadow ne'er departs.

"Let all, then, noble deeds perform,
A treasure-store for future weal;
For merit gained this life within,
Will yield a blessing in the next."

THE EPIDEMIC.

Three children were born to the young couple, and all three were boys full of future promise. Sudatta's prospects seemed brighter than he had ever dared to hope. But times change and misfortunes overcome men sometimes when they are least expected. A drought set in, which dried up all the wells of the country, spreading famine and contagious disease. The people prayed to the gods, they fasted and expiated their sins, the priests offered sacrifices and recited in-

cantations, but the rain did not fall. More sacrifices were offered, and the blood of the slaughtered animals reeked to heaven; yet the drought continued; the gods remained deaf to the prayers of the priests; the famine became worse, and the disease caused more ravage than before.

And it happened that during the time of the drought Sudatta's wife bore another child, but she grew sick and both mother and babe died in one day. Sudatta fainted at her deathbed and took the disease. While he lay for several days in a delirious trance his boys were infected also, and were nursed by Kâchâyana, their uncle, but no medicine availed and the patients, with the exception of Sudatta, died, one by one.

Subhûti, the chief, was bowed down with grief, but he bore his lot bravely. He attended to the funeral and took care that the rites of cremation were properly observed. And when Sudatta alone was left of the patients, Kâchâyana concentrated upon him his entire attention, watched eagerly his breath. There was some hope still left, and at last Sudatta's breath became quiet and his stupor changed into a restful sleep. His condition improved little by little and he succeeded in saving his life.

But what a terrible awakening for Sudatta! He was deprived of the love of his youth and of the dearest hopes of his life. How gladly would he have given his own life for the lives of his beloved ones. He showed no gratitude to his brother-in-law for having saved him from death, for life had become desolate to him and he became apathetic. He tried in vain to find comfort in the idea of self. He thought that his sorrow was external to his self, that his self was the immutable in him and that thus his self was the same as in the happy days gone by. But he no longer believed in his former views. Then again he thought of his beloved ones as having their own everlasting selves who were now migrating to the heaven of Brahma. There he would find them again. Yet those selves were not his wife and children. They were unreal shadows like metaphysical abstractions, they were mere ego-ghosts, and he felt more and more that he cared as little for them as he would for dreams.

While the epidemic lasted Kâchâyana did not tire of succoring the sick and ministering to their wants wherever he could, and he was always serene and self-possessed.

One day Kâchâyana came to Sudatta and said to him: "Brother, will you not prepare for me a drink that is good for relieving fever?"

Sudatta roused himself from his lethargy and asked: "For whom do you need the drink?"

And Kâchâyana informed him that all the children

of his neighbor, the former playfellows of his own boys, lay sick, but that they might be saved if they were properly attended to. Sudatta went at once to the neighboring house, and, having ascertained the condition of the little patients, betook himself to the woods, gathered the herbs and brewed the drink. He administered the medicine himself and did not rest until the children were out of danger. The recovery was slow, but when, for the first time, they left their beds and sat among the flowers in the garden, he watched the little ones and tears of gladness ran down his cheeks.

That was the first ray of light that illumined the darkness of his sorrowing heart; it was the first joy he experienced since his bereavement. And how sacred was that joy! Truly the Tathagata was right when he said: "Love that is egotism will come to grief, and the source of our grief is selfishness." Sudatta's religion had been a belief in the self and his happiness consisted in the unchecked success of his self-seeking instincts. But now he no longer thought of his self; he had no other aim than to save that which without his help would be lost. That was the sole satisfaction he had; and it contained no admixture whatever of self or selfhood.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

CORRESPONDENCE.

IN DEFENCE OF HIMSELF.

À M. le directeur de *Open Court*, Chicago.

MONSIEUR,

On me communique un extrait de votre numéro du 29 octobre courant où a paru une lettre signée F. de Gissac où il est parlé de moi à propos d'un article paru dans la *Revue Blanche* et signalé par l'*Open Court* (No. 477).

M. de Gissac a menti en disant que je ne suis pas français. Je suis né à Paris le 9 novembre 1855 et ai fait mon service militaire au 26ième de ligne.

M. de Gissac a menti en disant que je suis *a spy*. L'accusation a été déclarée fausse par la justice de mon pays. (Audience du 20 mars 1896.)

M. de Gissac a menti en disant que je suis un "maître-chanteur." J'ai été acquitté par la justice de mon pays le 25 mars 1896. J'ai pour moi l'estime de tous les gens de bien de France qui savent de quelle infame machination j'ai été victime, et je souhaite à M. de Gissac—s'il est français—d'être acquitté d'une prévention quelconque après soixante-dix jours de prison préventive.

M. de Gissac ne pouvait pas supposer que ses accusations me tomberaient sous les yeux, car si comme son nom l'indique, il est français, il n'aurait pas sciemment menti par trois fois. Je dis SCIEMMENT car s'il a lu le procès auquel il fait allusion, il ne peut ignorer qu'il a menti.

J'espère, Monsieur, que je n'ai pas besoin de faire appel à mon droit de réponse à une attaque pareille—qu'il me suffira d'en appeler à votre courtoisie. Agréez l'assurance de mes sentiments distingués.

JACQUES ST. CÈRE.

PARIS, 30 Nov. 1896, 26 Rue Jouffroy.

[We publish M. St. Cère's letter and have only to add that M. de Gissac's untimely death renders a reply on his part impos-

sible. We are not sufficiently informed about the facts in the case to make an authoritative statement concerning the points which M. de Gissac raised. This much, however, is sure, that M. de Gissac was a gentleman—a thorough aristocrat, with all the aristocratic sense of honor, yet without the haughtiness of family pride. We have known him for years and have met him personally, and whatever errors he might have been guilty of we know that he was incapable of consciously uttering a falsehood. M. de Gissac may have meant that M. St. Cère (or as M. de Gissac claims, M. Rosenthal) was a foreigner in the sense of being of foreign extraction. Whatever mistake M. de Gissac may have made, it was an error, and not, as M. St. Cère claims, a knowing lie.—Ed.]

JUST PUBLISHED.

English Secularism. A Confession of Belief. By *George Jacob Holyoake*.

Pages, 146. Buckram, 50 cents. Frontispiece, Portrait of Author.

"Mr. Holyoake has left his mark in the history of thought, and the influence which he exercised will remain an indelible heirloom of the future."

Ancient India. Its Language and Religion. By *Professor H. Oldenberg*.

Pages, 110. Cloth, 50 cents. Paper, 25 cents.

Professor Oldenberg is one of the first philologists of Germany, and a foremost authority on the religions of India.

Karma. A Story of Early Buddhism. By *Paul Carus*.

New, second Japanese art edition. Just received from Japan. Crêpe paper, tied in silk. (Design and coloring of cover of second edition different from the first.) Price, 75 cents.

The story has been translated into Russian by Count Leo Tolstoi. German and French editions are also to appear.

THE OPEN COURT PUBLISHING CO.,

324 DEARBORN STREET, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

THE OPEN COURT.

"THE MONON," 324 DEARBORN ST.,

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, POST OFFICE DRAWER F.

E. C. HEGELER, PUBLISHER.

DR. PAUL CARUS, EDITOR

Terms: Throughout the Postal Union, \$1.50 per year, 75 cents for six months; in the United States, Canada, and Mexico, \$1.00 per year, 50 cents for six months.

CONTENTS OF NO. 486.

MARTIN LUTHER. (Concluded.) The Tragic Element in Luther's Life. GUSTAV FREYTAG	5159
NIRVĀNA. A Story of Buddhist Psychology. (Continued.) EDITOR	5160
CORRESPONDENCE.	
In Defence of Himself. JACQUES ST. CÈRE	5166