kind of Te Deum—'yatha ahu vairyo'—as a pan of his triumph. His victory over Ahriman is complete, and it serves as the prelude to more full and perfect success, for Zoroaster, who has received the revelation and who has withstood all temptation, is now to achieve his crowning glory, the conversion of King Vishtaspa who becomes the Constantine of the faith.

Other scriptures of interest are the tombs of the Persian kings which show a representation of Ahura Mazda, a dignified man growing from a winged disk. This same emblem decorates the gable front of the Paroi temple of Atash Behram in Bombay.

THE HOME OF GOD.

BY PIERCE C. FREETH.

Where is the home of God?
Where may the God seeker find Him?
Here in my transient soul?
There in that purple mountain?
Is His throne in a twinkling star?
Looks He forth from the sibroum moon?
Are His great thoughts hid by the deep sea crests?
Or burn they deep in our human breasts?
Will He breathe an Apocalypse soon?

Do ye not know?
God dwells where dwells perfection.
In the eye of a child
There is His Holy of Holies;
In the heart of a seer,
In the grip of a man of action.
God guides the hand of the ploughman,
But His is the ripened harvest.
Where beats the heart in endeavor God hovers;
In the deed well done God's presence feel;
Wrought Performance, ah! that is God.
God is Silent. Voice of Thunder
The impact of the clouds hastening to escape
His swift quickening spirit.
All the puissant forces of the earth and
Sky and Sea
Are silent; and are God.
Each potent spark is dynamic of God;
Each life light ray is emanant from God
And doth our hearts illuminate if we perceive.

Perception: that is God!
If ye would know Him
Flee to the outer space
Observe the simplest flower
Obtruding from the clay and cumbering herbage
Standing for a sign to man;
God seeded it, and watered it,
The daisy lifteth up itself
And for one day is God.
Pierce to the depths where the fern fronds are aworship,
There find God.
In the still lake, in clear bush-hidden streams,
God's spirit flows.
Not in the crowd you'll find Him;
He hateth noisy rabblings;
But see ye on the verge,
One stern and thoughtful face, communing inwardly,
Then look for God;
Or some poor trull with eyes ayearn for Pity
And God is near.
He flees the ranter, and those that pray
With foaming emphasis,
And squirm, and crawl, already rotting for the sod;
These be imperfect worms, whom to perfect
Would not advantage him;
But Daisy uprightness, rigidity of Rock
In purpose manful, which is Godful,
Doth so delight Him
That if it were possible to breed a race of men
There were no need for a millennium
For it were here.
God is in all performance
Every day he guides the hand of genius
To the master stroke, holding it there
As Master Genius.
To praise a hero is to raise a psalm to
God,
The Heroes' Hero.
Then see with what simplicity divine
He holds the reins which guide a mass of waving systems!
See how the rents of Friction are repaired,
Not by a miracle, but by amelioration of the years,
A lesson, surely, here for us to hasten slowly
To our sure Goal of God.
God is a Simpleton: See how very loth
He is
To obtrude the merest details of His Great Design;
Thus it is, that as like begets
The ploughboy loutish, likewise Simpleton,
Hath often a more inner view of God's Great Concept
Than your pragmatic doctrinaire and all
His thoughtless thousand congregation.
God is a spirit; worship Him in Spirit and in Truth
But more than all in Deed.

Where is God not?—
See that storm-blasted pine
With rotten outwardness presaging rotten innerness?
There God is not.
See that dead fruit clinging to withering stalks?
There God is not.
Where life is not, there God is not.
The heating fire of High Desire is God.
When He departs Desire evanisheth
Leaving to rearward everywhere traces of Death,
Paralysis, stagnation, and the pall of Doom.
The stricken doe feels God depart
And lays her down and dies.
The instinct of the brute we say:
Vanish instinct vanish God.
So it is with all creation;
So it is with that frail genus yclept man
Which arrogates unto itself superiority
Because together with its fairer attributes
It wags, or so it thinks,
A far more facile and a better reasoned speech
Than all surrounding heterogenity.
But is it so?
God knows, and he alone can know
Whose dialect is spoken of the Universe
If man is not a more imperfect beast,
Vegetable, bird, or whatever thing he is
Than half the other dwellers of the sphere.
Once in a hundred years God sends a Man—
Or so it seems to us purblindlings—
Who, when he soars, we shoot
With critic shafts and hypercritic malices
unto the death;
Then gather round the bier and scream apotheosis.
There God is not.
He one time sent a strange imperfect Christ
Whose strength was weakness: See how Jesus died!
And other would-be Christs have risen, and gone down
In silent might; their names enwrought
With blood and fire in the tablets of the ages.
Look what small God-like Wisdom rules this man!
Look how hypocrisy, cunning, all the vices
Leap up and grin upon his party government!
What wonder then that at first sound
Of such contemptuous strife
If God the Simpleton, ashaméd of his handiwork,
Shakes free the clogging dust, and flees these whited sepulchres!
There God is not.
God wants not worship from the wilted soul.

See how His wand of Doom

Touches the prostrate seedling.

See what a poor, warped, weakly thing it is

Which flings upon its knees in selfish fear

And wastes a precious lifetime crying mercy!

See how the Creeds at pulpiterial beck

Bow down to gods of wood, and stone,

And stained glass

And spill the filthy grease of beasts

On wastrel altars; whilst hunger damned

In soul, not less than flesh, perish their fellows!

There God is not.

Would ye put on the Godly attributes,

And death defy?

Nay, would ye God be in yourselves?

Then strip your robes conventional

shed thy halt creed

And stand out naked for the Truth.

Fear no man but Thyself; no teaching brook

But that of thine own heart, God's alma mater.

Be not less pure than mountain stream

Nor less erect than mountain birch,

Pierce through the clouds like mountain peak,

Shed out sweet fragrance like the flower

Reflect the radiance of the Sun,

Be silent, steadfast as the Rock,

But, birdlike, when the chance presents

Pierce the empyrean with thy voice.

Impart thy favors as the dew,

Which tips the flowers then quick resolves

Into its native atmosphere;

Then quick take introspective glance,

Find thine own Heart the Home of God


A valuable contribution to the literature on Japan and things Japanese has recently come from the fascinating pen of Prof. Lafcadio Hearn, of Tokyo Imperial University. His name and his several former works are all well known to American readers who take an interest in these subjects. By his gifted literary talent and assimilative imagination, he has rightly won the admiration and sympathy of the reader, both at home and abroad. Many works describing the inner and outer life in Japan have been written, but most of them seem to me to have failed of accomplishing their aim. Mr. Koizumi Yakumo, which is the Japanese name of the author of the present book, enjoying free and long intercourse with the natives and above all being endowed with intensity of imagination and keenness of analytic powers, has deeply penetrated into the atmosphere which surrounds and permeates Japanese life and thought.

In the present work he tries to depict the beliefs and superstitions of the people as derived from popular Buddhism. The book starts with a scene on the "Mountain of Skulls," of which we reproduce the illustration. The opening is ghostly enough, but the legend is thoughtful. It describes the vision of a searcher for truth. A pilgrim follows the voice of Bodhisattva, yet finds himself to his horror climbing a mountain of skulls. Bodhisattva encourages the wanderer, saying: "Do not fear, my son! Only the strong of heart can win to the place of the vision." The significance of the dream is explained as follows:

"A mountain of skulls it is; but know, my son, that all of them are your own! Each has at some time been the nest of your dreams and delusions and desires.