MISCELLANEOUS.

AN EPITAPH OF ANCIENT ROME.

To the Editor of The Open Court:

In reference to the epitaph you quote in your article "Mysticism and Immortality" in the June number of The Open Court, permit me to call your attention to the following taken from a book by Prof. F. F. Abbott of Princeton University, Common People of Ancient Rome, page 90: "I was not, I was. I am not, I care not." (Non fui, fui, non sum, non curo.) This sentiment was so freely used that it is indicated now and then merely by the initial letters, N. F., F., N. S., N. C.

It seems that William Kingdon Clifford must have been acquainted with old Roman epitaphs.

I understand that Professor Abbott got his data from the book by G. W. Ven Bleek, Quae de hominum post mortem condicione doceant carmina sepulcratia Latina.

PERRY B. PRESTON.

BOOK REVIEWS AND NOTES.


Every generation has to settle the religious problem over again according to the world-conception that has become dominant, and the rector of Aston Clinton, Rev. J. R. Cohu, presents us with his solution which is backed up by an introduction from the pen of the Lord Bishop of S. Asaph. Mr. Cohu's solution will be satisfactory to a large number of thinking men who are Christians at the bottom of their hearts and try to save as much of their creeds as possible. In this sense Mr. Cohu goes over the field of religious ideas and endorses the principles in great outlines without entering into the details, and at the bottom of these principles he finds the thought that if evolution is traceable in the world and if nature is ordained by law, it is an indication that an intellectual being dominates it, and that the leading ideas of Christianity must be true. We will epitomize his book in extracts characteristic of the different arguments here proposed. Mr. Cohu says:

"Definitions are always troublesome, and religion is the most troublesome of words to define. It has to cover every shade and grade of soul-attitude, from paleolithic man's thrill of shudder in the presence of earthquakes and primeval-forest dangers, right up to the heart-experience of a Christ. And for the religious sense to awaken, either in savage or philosopher, all that is needed is to be alive to the facts and mysteries of life. In the presence of an immense universe, evil and death, the same religious shudder thrills savage and philosopher alike, and forces a sigh which is the birth of prayer. 'Out of the deep I cried unto Thee, and Thou hearest me.' (Page 15) . . . .