

# An Hour with the Editor

## A LITTLE SERMON

Writing to the Corinthians upon the Resurrection, Paul said: "If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable." The Apostle was speaking for himself and for those who held the same faith as he did. He was not referring to people who today profess to be Christians. Much fruitless controversy has arisen out of the practice followed by certain divines of reading the statements made by Paul in his Epistles as though they were necessarily applicable to all persons who have lived since his time. When the Apostle used the expression above quoted he must be assumed to have reference to the Christian Church as it was then, not to what it is now. In his day it was the reverse of respectable to be a Christian. His Grace of Canterbury, His Holiness of Rome may be the legitimate successors of the Apostles, but they occupy a vastly different social position from that in which the latter passed their lives. But without referring to those high ecclesiastical dignitaries, let us fancy a modern preacher addressing a modern congregation in one of our fashionable churches and telling them that if he and they had hope in Christ only in this life, they are of all men most miserable. His hearers would question his sanity, for they would know perfectly well that, if death ends everything, they would be far from being in any such deplorable state. We suppose the average Christian Church today is not materially different in the character of its membership from the Church at Corinth to which Paul was writing. Some of the members of our modern churches are good; some are bad; some are indifferent. The same thing was probably true of the Church at Corinth. If it was not, a good many things which Paul wrote to them would doubtless have been left unwritten. But there was this distinction between the membership of the two churches: The Christians of today are as a rule in easy and comfortable circumstances; the Christians of Corinth were as a rule outcasts socially and subject to more or less persecution. Therefore to them it would appear only too true that if their hope in Christ meant nothing to them in a future life, they were of all men most miserable, for they had sacrificed everything of temporal value to accept this promise of happiness in a world to come.

Such is the perversity of the human mind that many people have taught that we must be miserable in this life, if we expect to enjoy happiness in the next, and they justify their teaching by reference to such quotations as that given above. Now Paul did not say: Because we have hope in Christ in a future life, we must be miserable in this one. Probably he was a man into whose soul few rays of sunshine ever found their way. It is difficult to imagine him indulging in a hearty laugh; it seems impossible that he ever had either time or inclination for pleasure. He was filled with a deep sense of duty. He was inspired by the conviction that he had been set apart for a great work. He consecrated all the powers of his mind and body to the task he had undertaken. Speaking in a reverent sense, he had staked all upon the truth of the Resurrection. If there was nothing in that, then there was nothing in life to him. But nobody in these days takes such a position. All Christians accept the doctrine of the Resurrection, possibly not all exactly in the same sense, but all in one sense or another. They are not forced to sacrifice anything because they accept that doctrine. They may be diligent in business and surround themselves with comfort; they may marry happily and bring up a family of children; they may take part in the affairs of state; every avenue of life is open to them. That they have hope in Christ in another life is not only not a barrier to their prospects of rational happiness in this world, but ought to make their happiness more real and enduring, because they feel that it will continue in a more exalted condition in the future. The point of this sermonette is that it is not necessary for good people to be doleful now, because the early Christians would have been most miserable if it were not for their hope of immortality. A cheery smile is not a badge of evil; laughter is not a sign of inward wickedness. The Creator is not mocked when we derive pleasure from the works of His hands. We do not add to His glory by long faces and doleful sighs. It is doubtless wrong to say: "Let us eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die"; but it is not wrong to say, "Let us eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we live and shall continue to live; for then, perhaps, we will learn that we should eat, drink and be merry with the consciousness that when we do so, we are shaping our lives in this world and that which is to come. Much of the evil that is in the world today comes from the fact that overzealous religious teachers have branded many things, innocent in themselves, as essentially wicked, because they thought a modern Christian must be miserable in this life for the reason that the primitive Christians, living in the midst of heathendom, were, in temporal matters, "of all men most miserable."

## COMPARATIVE GREATNESS

A correspondent writes from Ireland for an article that will enable him and others to form some estimate of the relative greatness of Julius Caesar and Abraham Lincoln. Unfortunately there is no standard of greatness by which men can be compared. We form our estimates according to our own ideals, and

there is no such thing as absolute greatness. Caesar's figure looms up large against the background of ancient history, but when the record of his achievements is compared with that of others, they do not appear superlatively great. Lincoln's career was pivotal in the history of his country, but one can hardly say that his influence was much more than local. We know very much more of Lincoln as a man than we can hope to know of Caesar; but we must not, in comparing him with Julius Caesar, lose sight of the very different conditions under which they lived. The qualities, which made Lincoln great, would have been inefficient in the days of Caesar. There would have been no place in the United States in 1861-65 for a man of the type of the great Julius. Therefore to reach a conclusion that can be regarded as satisfactory in regard to the relative greatness of the two men may be set down as impossible. We may, perhaps, be able to convince ourselves, but to convince others is another matter.

In late years there has been a disposition to magnify the greatness of Lincoln. His secretaries, Hay and Nicolay, in their monumental biography, do not picture a man of foresight and determination. They rather give us the picture of one who went about with a degree of caution, which at times resembled nervous fear. The one quality which stands out supreme in their delineation of him may be called the courage of his conscience. He never flinched from doing what his conscience told him he ought to do. Hannibal Hamlin was vice-president at the time the Emancipation Proclamation was signed, and was with the President at the time. Describing the incident, he gave a glimpse of Lincoln's character, which did not suggest personal greatness, and yet, if we judge of the act by its results, it was a great act, sufficient of itself to give the man who did it undying fame for greatness, because it is by their acts only that we can judge of men's claims to greatness. But he had other claims also, and may very properly be assigned a very exalted place among the world's leaders.

Here follows a list of some of those upon whom the title "Great" has been bestowed, with the date of their death:

- Alexander of Macedon, 323 B. C.
- Alfred of England, 901 A. D.
- Antiochus of Syria, 187 B. C.
- Catherine of Russia, 1796 A. D.
- Charlemagne, 814 A. D.
- Constantine of Rome, 337 A. D.
- Cyrus of Persia, 529 B. C.
- Darius of Persia, 486 B. C.
- Frederick of Prussia, 1786 A. D.
- Frederick William of Prussia, 1688 A. D.
- Gregory, Pope, 604 A. D.
- Herod of Judea, 4 B. C.
- Ivan of Russia, 1050 A. D.
- John of Portugal, 1433 A. D.
- Mithradates of Pontus, 63 A. D.
- Mohammed of Turkey, 1481 A. D.
- Peter of Russia, 1725 A. D.
- Pompey of Rome, 48 B. C.
- Rameses of Egypt, 1300 B. C.
- Theodoric, a Gothic king, 526 A. D.

To only one man has the title "Very Great" been given, and, indeed, it by that title alone that he is referred to in history. Akbar, emperor of Hindustan, the mightiest of the Mogul sovereigns, is meant. The word "Akbar" means very great, and it was not his actual name, but only a title bestowed upon him because of his wonderful achievements. No monarch ever accomplished more. As a soldier he was conspicuous for valor and military skill, and his conquests were very extensive. As an administrator he displayed conspicuous wisdom and won a reputation for justice and kindness that has never been surpassed. As a scholar he was among the first of his day. As a man he was temperate, generous, tolerant of the views of others. As a social reformer, he has few equals and no superiors. He was undoubtedly one of the greatest of men.

## SEN-LAC

The battle of Senlac, usually spoken as the battle of Hastings, was one of the most important in history, so far as its political effects are concerned, although the number of men engaged on either side was not large in comparison with those engaged in the great epoch-making struggles referred to in previous articles of this series. King Harold assembled his forces on the height called Senlac, and it was there he was attacked by the invader. The fight took place chiefly on the level ground now occupied by the town of Battle, Harold had just come from a successful effort to drive away the Norwegians, who had landed on the Yorkshire coast, marching with all possible speed in order to check the ravages of William, who for two weeks had been harassing the country around Hastings. The Normans landed at Pevensey on September 28, 1066, and, as the custom of that time was, proceeded to lay the country waste. William intended to march upon London, and he expected that some of the great nobles would espouse his cause, but Harold moved with such celerity that the invader realized that he must chance all upon the issue of a single battle, and that this must be fought without a day's needless delay. Therefore the English King had scarcely taken up his position before the Norman Duke advanced to the attack. It was on October 14 that William led his troops out of Hastings towards the Height of Senlac. The distance is about eight miles. The English forces had hastily dug a trench

and thrown up an embankment surmounted by a rough stockade. On their right was a piece of marshy ground, which rendered their position safe. On the left the King's house guard, the very pick of his troops, men clad in full armor and wielding huge battle-axes, were stationed. The rest of the field was occupied by masses of rustics, armed with whatever weapons they could secure, a badly organized body, indeed, to defend a King's claims to his kingdom. William led the flower of his Norman knighthood against the centre of Harold's position. It was a spirited assault. At the head of the charging host was Taillefer, the minstrel, chanting the Song of Roland, in which were recounted his deeds at Roncesvalles. It was Taillefer who struck the first blow on that memorable day, and he it was whose life-blood first flowed on that fateful field. The English peasantry made a splendid resistance and drove back their assailants. Again and yet again was the attack repeated, each time with the same result. The fortunes of the day seemed to be against William, and a cry went over all the field that he was dead. Hearing it, he snatched his helmet from his head, and crying: "I live; and by God's help I will conquer yet!" led a fresh assault. This time he charged directly upon the ground surrounding the standard of the King. He was thrown from his horse, but springing to his feet, struck down the King's brother with one stroke of his mace. He again mounted a horse that was close at hand, but this was killed under him. Once more he mounted, but only after he had fought with the man whose steed he demanded. But even this furious assault failed to dislodge the sturdy Englishmen, and William had recourse to strategy. He ordered a retreat, and when the English sallied from their entrenchments in pursuit, he called on his troops to renew the assault, and they found the disorganized enemy an easy prey. Meanwhile Harold held his position, which was on the spot where the great altar of Battle Abbey was afterwards erected. Night was coming on and there seemed every prospect that when darkness came the fate of the kingdom would be undecided; but William ordered his archers to the front, and they rained arrows upon the group of soldiers who stood around the King. Just as the sun was setting a shaft pierced Harold's eye and he fell dead upon the well-fought field. His body lay between the Golden Dragon of Wessex and the Royal Standard, and over it there was a fierce struggle, but when darkness came the remnant of the English force forsook the field. William forthwith advanced on London, and burned the suburb of Southwark in order that he might strike terror into the minds of the people. Yet they were not prepared to yield, and it was only when the great earls found their estates in danger from the Normans, who were advancing into the heart of the country, and therefore withdrew their forces from the defence of the capital, that the Londoners consented to receive the invader. On Christmas William was crowned at Westminster.

Who were these Normans who had thus possessed themselves of England, and brought with them a language and customs very different from those of the conquered land? Their name indicates their origin. They were men from the North. Some uncertainty attaches to their origin, but the best evidence is to the effect that they came originally from Norway, being led to seek homes in Southern Europe, partly through love of adventure and partly because the land of their origin was too inhospitable to be able to support the natural increase of population. The migrations of races from the North, which took place in the early centuries of the Christian Era, form one of the unsolved and apparently insoluble problems of history. We said, when considering the great battle of Hadrianople, that the Visigoths were supposed to have come from homes somewhere on the shores of the Baltic. In the sketch given not very long ago of the career of Charlemagne, the uncertainty as to the origin of the Franks was touched upon. Some writers contend that the Saxons, the Jutes, the Angles, the Danes, the Normans, and the Franks were all branches of the great Scandinavian family, and that possibly the Visigoths were of the same origin. If this is the case, we find England, France and Spain all occupied by this same masterful branch of the human race; but without taking so wide a view of the case, it may be mentioned that England was the meeting ground of the most adventurous of five members of this group. First came the Saxons and the Angles, and with them the Jutes. The name of the latter survives in Jutland, a part of Denmark, that of the first named in the Kingdom of Saxony, and that of the last in England itself. Then came the Danes, who in their turn became for a time masters of the land. Last of all came the Normans. Thus on the soil of England, which the blood of these people of the same stock reddened in many a conflict, they were reunited to form the English race. Let us follow the evolution of history a little further. More than five centuries after William's victory at Senlac, adventurous Norman sailors found their way across the Atlantic and laid in the St. Lawrence valley the foundations of New France, settling it with people in whose veins the blood of Norsemen and Frank blended. A century rolled around, and the descendants of the Saxons, Jutes, Angles and Normans wrested New France from its possessors, and after another century had elapsed, the Dominion of Canada was founded, and here is the meeting ground of all these children of

the North, who are working side by side to build up a great nation. The descendants of the Visigoths are not yet united with us, and perhaps they may never be, for it is not certain that they are of our family. But surely the story of these peoples is more wonderful than any romance that was ever penned.

## The Birth of the Nations

XVI.  
(N. de Bertrand Lugrin.)

### THE HINDUS

#### II.—The Ramayana

The Sanscrit epic Ramayana is of more recent date than the Maha-Bharata, having been written about 3000 B. C., and it gives evidence of a more advanced state of civilization. The terrible warfare between the rival factions of the House of Histanipur had taught the country the horror of family feuds. In the narrative which the epic embodies we have as one of the salient features the loyalty and affection displayed towards one another by the sons of the rival Ranas.

Dasrath, Maharaja of Ayodhya, a large territory on the northern bank of the Ganges, had three Ranas, or wives. The story is concerned with Rama, the son of Kausalya, the first and chief wife, and Bharata, the son of the youngest and most beautiful of the Raja's queens, by name Kaikeyi. Rama was married to Sita, a lovely and charming girl, the daughter of a neighboring Raja. He was the idol of the people and favorite with his father of all his sons. When the time arrived for the appointment of a Yuva-Raja (young Raja), the old Maharaja named Rama as his successor, and there was general rejoicing throughout the Raj. Kaikeyi had alone been kept in ignorance for fear lest her jealousy be aroused and she insist upon the appointment of her son Bharata as his father's heir. So she was zealously guarded and kept within the harem upon one pretext or another, until it should be too late for her to interfere. Through the instrumentality of one of her waiting maids she learned the secret, however. The girl told her that there were mysterious preparations going on, and Kaikeyi had crept from her rooms to the highest tower to look out upon the city. It was night, and every house was ablaze with light and the streets were full of hurrying people, preparing for the morrow. Country folk were driving into the city, their carts laden with flowers, which at dawn would strew the streets. There was the sound of music in the air, the tinkle of the tamborines, the clash of the cymbals, an occasional blast from a trumpet. A general air of impending festivity prevailed. "What does it mean?" asked the Rani, suspiciously. "What is about to happen of which I have been kept in ignorance?" "Tomorrow they inaugurate Rama as Yuva-Raja," whispered the slave-girl, and Kaikeyi screamed and staggered back at the words, her face blanching with anger. Flying down the stairs and through the winding corridors, she reached her sleeping apartment, where she flung herself prone upon the floor, tearing off her jewels and covering her face with her hair. The Maharaja was sent for, and came trembling with fear, for he worshipped his youngest and loveliest and least worthy wife, and dreaded to anger her. So impressed was he by her grief, so irresistible was she in her supplication, that the old man, against his better judgment, agreed to all her selfish and heartless demands. He promised that Bharata should be made Yuva-Raja, and that Rama should be sent into exile for fourteen years.

The next morning, when Rama was called to the palace, he came joyfully enough, anticipating glad tidings, but he found his father prostrate with grief, and Kaikeyi, cruelly triumphant, told him what fate had in store for him. He had been trained by the Brahmans, and though his heart almost ceased to beat when he fully realized the portent of her words, he said nothing at all, nor let his face betray his outraged feelings, but calmly prepared to carry out the commands of his father.

The scene between Rama and his mother, Kausalya, was pitiful in the extreme, not only was the Rani's heart almost broken with grief, but her pride, erstwhile in the ascendant, was humbled to the dust. She implored Rama to let her accompany him, but he told her sternly that she should put her duty to her husband first and remain faithful to him until his death, in spite of his apparent unfaithfulness to her.

But when Sita, Rama's young wife, clung to him and entreated him by his love for her to let her accompany him into the jungle, he could not find it in his heart to refuse her. The two departed together and were carried in the Maharaja's chariot to the limits of the Raj, from whence they sent loving messages back by the charioteer to their father. They determined to lead the life of religious devotees, and clad themselves in the bark of trees and went barefoot even in the jungle, sleeping in huts of wood and leaves, and eating only what the country afforded them of honey, fruit and game.

Meantime Bharata, who had been absent from Ayodhya for some days, and who knew nothing of the state of affairs in the Raj, returned to his home, to be met with sad news.

His father, the Maharaja, had died. The night of the day upon which the charioteer had delivered his son's final farewell messages to him they had found his dead body in the chamber of Kausalya, and the latter lay by his side in a deep swoon. Bharata was greatly grieved, for he had loved his father, but he displayed far deeper emotion when he learned of Rama's exile and the reason for it. He quite refused to accept the dignity the old Maharaja had desired to confer upon him, and vowed that as soon as the period of mourning was over he should go to the jungle and seek out Rama and Sita and bring them home to rule over their rightful kingdom. The following description of the funeral is from Wheeler's "India," and is interesting, as it gives an insight into the customs which prevailed in India 3,000 years ago, customs which have changed but little since:

"Bharata placed the body upon a litter and covered it with garlands and strewed it round with incense. All this while they cried aloud with mournful voice: 'O Maharaja, whither art thou gone?' The sad procession moved from the royal palace to the place of burning without the city. The bards and musicians marched in front. Next the widows appeared on foot, screaming and wailing, with their long, black hair dishevelled upon their shoulders. Then came the litter, borne up by the royal servants, with Bharata and his brothers holding to the back. The white umbrella was carried over the body; the jewelled fans of white hair were kept moving to sweep away the flies, the sacred fire was kept constantly burning. Other servants followed in chariots, distributing alms and funeral gifts among the multitude. In this way the procession reached the bank of the river. The body was placed upon the funeral pile of fragrant woods. Animals were sacrificed and placed about the dead body together with heaps of boiled rice. Oil and clarified butter were poured upon the wood, and incense and perfumes of various kinds. Bharata lit the pile with a torch. After the rite of fire, the mourners performed the rite of water. Bharata and his friends all bathed in the river and poured water out of the palms of their hands to refresh the soul of the Maharaja. This done, the mourners returned to the city, and Bharata continued to mourn for ten days, lying upon a mat of kusa grass. He then purified himself, offered the funeral cakes, and on the fourteenth day went to the river, where he collected the relics of the funeral pile and threw them into the sacred stream."

## BOOK REVIEWS.

"History and Art."—The beauty of ancient Greece has held the Western world for centuries, and its grip is today as strong as ever. The most recent study of what we have come to regard as the paradise of art and grace is Professor Allan Marquand's scholarly work on its architecture. It is one of the Macmillan Handbooks of Archaeology and Antiquities, a series which now numbers eleven important contributions to our knowledge of ancient art and life.

Professor Marquand, who holds the chair of art and archaeology in Princeton, has gone into his subject with the thoroughness of a scholar and the love of an enthusiast. Greek Architecture considers every aspect of Greek building, the practical as well as the artistic, although by careful condensation and selection the author has been able to keep his material within the limits of one octavo volume of convenient size. Nearly four hundred illustrations emphasize the text and make the work as attractive as it is useful.

Designed for the general public instead of the scholar, and dealing not with the great triumphs of man's artistic sense and the flower of culture, but with fierce struggles in the virgin forest, with the crude, rough strength of pioneers, The Story of the Great Lakes is in striking contrast to Professor Marquand's work. In it Professor Edward Channing, of Harvard, and Miss Marion Lansing have made a notable addition to the series of Stories from American History, of which it is one. It is a tale to make every American's heart thrill with pride. Since the days when La Salle and Champlain first explored their shores, these wide inland seas have been the theatre of strife, adventure and daring. The winning of them from Indians, Freuchenmen and, later Englishmen is a proud chapter in American history and the authors of this book tell it well.

It is hardly, however, an elaborate, formal history that we have here. "No minute and exhaustive chronicle has been attempted in this volume," says the preface, "but important events, with the customs and life of each period, have been brought together and presented. Changes have come with such rapidity that the conditions of fifty years ago seem remote today. In this swift progress the heritage of the past must not be forgotten. The picturesqueness of the early life, the courage and hardihood of the explorers and settlers, and the tales of thrilling adventures and noble deeds should be treasured."

If you have friends in adversity stand by them.—Dickens.

The more we sacrifice in behalf of any cause the dearer it becomes to us.—N. Meloy.

He who reigns within himself and rules passions, desires and fears, is more than a king.—Milton.

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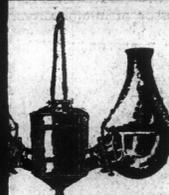
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