

# The Independent.

Entered at the Post Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

"EVEN AS WE HAVE BEEN APPROVED OF GOD TO BE INTRUSTED WITH THE GOSPEL, SO WE SPEAK; NOT AS PLEASING MEN, BUT GOD WHICH PROVETH OUR HEARTS."

VOLUME XLVII.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 30, 1895.

NUMBER 2426.

For Table of Contents see Page 10.

## MEMORIAL DAY.

BY KATHARINE LEE BATES.

### I.

THE holy day of heroes—let us keep it  
With rain of blooms on every soldier's grave,  
With hearts that utter, ere our lips repeat it,  
The sacred cry of Glory to the Brave!  
Our spirits yearn with pride and pain  
Toward the unforgotten slain  
Of Gettysburg, Chancellorsville,  
Chattanooga, Malvern Hill,  
Dallas, Shiloh—what you will,  
For names spring fast  
From the burning Past,  
Almost the Present still.  
Tears still are salt for those who fell,  
Precious wreckage of shot and shell.  
On the sinking deck, on the fort's red stone,  
Bruised and shattered and overthrown,  
Riders who reeled from the saber-stroke,  
Stormers torn in the cannon-smoke,  
The dying whose gaze could scarce descrie  
Floating flag from drifting sky,—  
Trampled and rent and riven,  
Their orison a groan,  
Giving their life as the Christ's was given,  
For a mercy not their own.  
O shining spirits who thronging went  
Up from that awful sacrament,  
By one keen agony shriven,  
Up from the South where the slave had wept,  
Up from the land where the truth had slept,—  
O shining spirits, be well content!  
Did not your blood atone?

### II.

And ah! those specters of men  
Called to endure  
In sickly swamp, in prison pen,  
A martyrdom obscure;  
When will our pang for these be healed,  
Or passionate pity cease for those  
Who, stretched long hours on the encrimsoned field,  
Prayed God for one more bullet from their foes?  
Thirty ambrosial Mays  
With weft of bud and tender leaf,  
Impearled with gleamy rains,  
Have hid those battle stains,  
But have not quenched the grief,  
And have not dimmed the praise.  
E'en now, on these delicious days,  
Comes there no sob of loss,  
No bugle call across  
The dulcet lilt of birds in creamy sprays?

### III.

The count of dead is not complete  
With those whose splendid winding-sheet  
Was ruddy fire and vital flow  
Of patriot blood—red roses strow—  
Nor yet with those who bore  
A lingering tragedy, for whom we heap  
Poppies of balmy sleep.  
The fatal list has more.  
Above this flush of flowers already shed  
Pallor of lilies spread,  
Sad-suited mignonet,  
Pitiful violet,  
With honeysuckle from some cottage door,  
And that remembrancer of grief and pride,  
The dusky-purple pansy lit with gold.  
For underneath this turfed and bannered mold,  
A woman's heart lies cold,  
A heart whose leaping pulse no Mays restore.  
In count of battle-slain  
Let not our land ignore  
The wifely bliss, the bridal hope of maid,  
But know these, too, were unafraid  
And glory-fain.  
Not to the men alone this rite belongs  
Of strewments and of songs.  
There is no sex in courage and in pain.

### IV.

The beautiful of months, the lovesome May,  
Our yearly miracle no atheisms wither,  
Is soon away.  
Her dainty wings of orient feather,  
Already take the air.  
Ah, whither, whither?

In what star-chamber would'st thou cloister thee?  
What astral nunnery austere white,  
To awe the rapture in thy rosy blood,  
To saint thy wild, capricious maidenhood,  
O novice rare,  
Unruly acolyte,  
Startling the skies with bursts of lyric glee,  
With scent and color of the vernal wood,  
With such ecstatic thrill of sweet New England weather  
The moonbeams dance together,  
And angels on the heavenly hills  
Fall harping unaware  
A music like the run of rills  
And bird songs debonaire.

### V.

Let Heaven not trust thy tales too well,  
O exquisite historian!  
Not always may our planet dwell  
Within thy smile aurean.  
Even now the change is hinted.  
This richer-voiced tune  
Of birds more gayly tinted,  
This turf with gold imprinted,  
Are omens of the June.  
And yet, as symbol true,  
We break, to softly strew  
Above our youth who in their valor fell,  
Thine orchard blooms of evanescent hue,  
Of such ethereal pink  
As Ariel might sink  
His folded plumage in for fairy cell.  
These arborous delicacies  
Our sorrow consecrates  
To those fair manhoods broken in their spring,  
Whose fruitage is a fragrance blown abroad  
To seed the happy sod  
With peace and freedom for an harvesting.  
Their labor-tide, that looked so brief,  
Bound immortality in sheaf.  
The life transcends the clod;  
Nor may an earthly song aspire to tell  
How blithe they tread the blessed asphodel  
Who garnered for the granaries of God.

### VI.

Such comforts soothe the grief that saddens yet  
Within the pæan of the Northern pine;  
But where shall pity seek an anodyne  
For sorrows that the South may not forget?  
How praise the gallant dead who died for error?  
Oh, 'twas not all mistake—for generous vows  
And lofty love to quell the pulse of terror  
And front despair with sacrificial brows.  
From shattered cup and wasted wine  
A perfume fills the air,  
A scent that makes defeat divine,  
And victory a prayer.  
There hides beyond the mist a hoar magician  
Of patient eyes and art most sweet and strange.  
We bring to him our folly, our contrition,  
In his alembic dum to undergo their change.  
The secret of his alchemy who knows?  
Or whence the jewel potent to refine?  
His charm works even as the lily blows,  
And faith may neither further nor oppose.  
O necromancer old,  
Thou givest joy for sighing,  
New life for noble dying.  
Naught human is so vain  
But holds some goodly grain  
For purifying.  
So take them, gentle Time, our manifold  
Losses and loves and drops of bitter brine.  
Transmute our dross to gold.  
WELLESLEY, MASS.

## THE HEART AS ORGAN OF INSIGHT.

BY C. H. PARKHURST, D.D.

THE emphasis of current thought lies on light rather than on heat. A bright man is listed at a higher figure than a man with fervid impulses. Brain counts for a good deal more to-day than heart does. It will win more applause, and earn a larger salary. Emotion we are a little afraid of. We caution people not to let their feelings run away with them. We want to know that a conclusion has been reached in cold blood before we are disposed to assent to it, or to submit our own judgment to it. Convictions formed heatedly we are not supposed to publish till they have been reviewed and revised at a lower temperature. Thought is driven with a curb-bit,

lest it quicken into a pace and widen out into a swing that transcends the dictates of good form. Exuberance is in bad odor. Appeals to the heart are not thought to be quite in good taste. People are not disposed to surrender themselves to any influence or impression that they cannot intellectually construe. The current demand is for ideas. There is a great deal of disciplined intelligence about, and intelligence that is in that condition finds all the satisfaction that it craves in the simple act of inspecting clever and glistening forms of truth that may come before it, with an eye only to their cleverness, and glisten, little or nowise concerned as to whether those forms of truth enshrine a nucleus of truth that is likely to work concrete results or even is competent to; just as we look at the stars and are interested in their brilliancy, without its occurring to us, very likely, to wonder whether they have anything to do with us, or whether there is anything back of all that entertaining sparkle that relates them to us or to our world.

Eyes are so related to light that luminous things amuse them. Intelligence is so related to scintillant forms of truth that those forms are an entertainment to it, without its making any particular difference whether the substance has been penetrated which the form overlays. People who have learned to think love to think, and enjoy having something given them that they can think upon; exactly as eyes that can see love to look at rockets, lightning and glowworms. It means nothing in particular. Any power that we have is restless till it gets a chance to act. We have been trained to think till we can do it easily, and anything that we can do easily we like to do. But the fact that our thinking is keen and alert is no indication that we reach, or have any relish for, the inward substance of the truth upon whose glittering surface our thoughts so jauntily divert themselves. This holds of religious truth exactly as much as of any other. If a preacher handles his matter with dexterity, and if in the process his own mind is quickened into any degree of activity, this activity of his will communicate itself to the machinery of his hearers' minds, just as the movement of one cogwheel communicates revolution to the companion wheel that it gears into. This movement of their intellectual gearing amuses them. They enjoy the sensation of feeling it go.

There is little risk in saying that that makes out ninety per cent. of all the real fact in the case when men say that they enjoy preaching. I asked a member of my church the other day whether he thought a certain friend of his, who is an attendant at church, and is exceptionally brainy, was really entering into sympathy with religious things. "Oh no," he said; "he likes to hear preaching, because he has an active mind, and enjoys the way that things are homiletically spread out in front of him." So much for that one hearer; but the fact is much the same all around. In the old hot days of the Church one sermon used to convert three thousand men; now that temperature is down it takes three thousand sermons to convert one man.

The point is that intellectual activity upon Christian themes is not Christianity, any more than working a flying trapeze in a church is "godly exercise." An ox can devour the painting accidentally left upon the easel out in the pasture where he is grazing, but that does not help to make the ox esthetic. The creature has dealt with the painting purely on the basis of his brutality; he has not chewed it with any reference to the spirit of beauty which the canvas incarnates. So it is the peculiar function of pure intellect to deal with the forms of truth, with the shell in which the truth is incased, without any necessary regard being had to the meat that is packed inside the shell; just as children can play with diamonds, and yet if you take away the diamonds and give them cheap beads, or even white beans, the probability is that they will go on with their play just as satisfiedly, because it is the shape and the glisten of the thing and not the quality of its interior substance that amuses them. Exactly as when, in solving a problem in algebra, we deal with the *x*'s, *y*'s and *z*'s without having any concern for the concrete values which those symbols represent, so we can have no end of discussion upon Christian matters; can run the entire gamut of theological controversy; maintain among hearers an unflagging interest; keep the intellectual machinery running with a rush that sets the wind blowing, and the ground shaking; all of that and a good deal besides, without the hearers, one of them, having come into experimental touch with one

single morsel of the meat which those theological nuts, which we have been squeezing between the jaws of our intellectual crackers, have packed away inside of them.

That is the kind of thing pure intellect is; not to be trusted to prick through the cuticle of truth into its quick; brilliant as winter sunshine, but cold and surface-grazing as the frosty splendor of January; which has scintillant agility enough to whiten the air without being competent to brush away the snow, eat through the ice, bore into the ground, unlock the fountains of fertility, fire the pulse of this ague-stricken old earth, warm it into springtime, and garnish it with summer life and loveliness.

It is worth a great deal to have blood, and it is as essential to the intelligence as it is to the body. There has never been a thing said, more fundamental to the appreciation of the matter we have just now in hand, than what Solomon said three thousand years ago: "The issues of life are out of the heart." Passion is axial. Power begins in heat. In the last analysis there is scarcely a terrestrial activity in either earth, sea or air, that does not owe itself to the great sphere of material passion that we call the sun. The throb of the sea, the currents of the air, the very coal on the hearth, that converts winter into summer, and turns evening into daytime, is every whit of it old sunshine, cosmic fire, preserved and translated into instant effect. God means something by all that. It is a divine satire on cold-bloodedness, and it is the way Heaven takes to rebuke the notion that results in the intellectual, artistic, moral and spiritual world can be hammered out by cold calculation.

All the best thoughts in the world, into however solid and granitic a form they may eventually have become chilled and compacted, are ingots molded from metal once molten, mayhap a thousand, two, five thousand years ago. Man's first language is music. Prose is poetry cooled down. Geology tells us that the world began hot; so every thought that has had a history began as a passion. You can manufacture in cold weather, but all creating is done under a high temperature. What is true of thought is just as true of art. Art is enthusiasm become shape. The grand cathedrals are old, petrified pulse-beats. The master paintings—and they are all religious—are holy medieval passion flung on to canvas. Art is imitative now rather than creative, because the thermometer is down. We can make waxwork with the mercury at zero, but we cannot grow flowers there. Moses built the tabernacle, and he patterned it from what he caught, up in the Mount.

This principle operates nowhere more urgently than in the domain of theology. One cannot read St. Paul's Epistles without feeling that they were struck out at a white heat. All the evidence and symptoms of temperature are both in what he said and in the way he said it. His sentences are passionate. His thoughts are kept in steady glow by the heart flames out from which, like so many quick flashing sparks, his thoughts continually leap. His grammar breaks down under the weight of what he undertakes to load upon it. His paragraphs crack apart under the strain of what gets crowded into them. The links in the chain of his argument melt asunder by the fever of the temperature at which he undertakes to weld them. There is nothing that suggests elaboration, review, revision. Once get into the seething current of his argument and the only fair illustration of the situation that seems likely to occur to you will be that of a full caldron that is continually brimming over at the excitation of the hot flames that are crackling underneath.

That was the way theology was made 1800 years ago. Only it was not thought of as theology. It was not theology in our sense of the term. We never commence to call a religious truth theology till a good part of the vitals are out of it, and the blood in it is well curdled; just as we never think of anatomy till it is a *dead* body that we are handling. Theology is religious truth treated anatomically. Paul was too hot and hurried a man to concern himself with that kind of thing. The mere forms of truth and the relations of those forms to each other had for him not the slightest tincture of interest. Paul never would have worried over algebra. Mental processes that had no respect for the very innermost substance of the things they were busy about would have had no inkling of fascination for him. When Paul was a baby you couldn't have taken away his diamonds and given him white beans. He would have fastened his teeth in them to find what they were made of. That is the characteristic of heated thought; that is the inmost quality of the kind of vision that the heart sees with; it makes no playing of the glossy surface of what is given it to handle, but bites through the cuticle and tastes the flavor of the meat and the marrow.

Now theologic thought is not that kind of thing at all; and because a man is a theological expert is no kind of a sign that he is rich and luscious with the juices of Christian truth. A man can be an acute theologian without *having* any juice. It is clear then that we are not criticizing Christian truth; our censure is only upon intellectual dexterity considered as means of dealing with it. Intellectual dexterity cannot deal with it. Intellectual dexterity does not know how to deal with it. Truth has a heart and only heart can find it. What we understand by dogma to-day is what is left of some old holy vision, but with all the original heavenly light died out of it. It

is truth's body, but in which the warm currents of truth's blood no longer circulate. The theologian constructs his system of theology out of truths that have ceased to beat, very much as the botanist constructs his herbarium out of dead flowers. All the theology that is in the Church to-day is in the Epistles, but it is not there as theology. So all the bone-dust that is in our graveyards to-day was once in society, but it was not there as bone-dust.

Intellect is not vision. The sum of the whole matter is this, that in the sphere of truth, in the domain of life, and in the higher ranges of religious discernment and of Christian appreciation and aspiration, pure calculating intellect is being worked for a great deal more than it is worth. It is heat that makes the world a live world, and not light. It is heart that composes the core of Christianity, and not head. The moving energy in the world's history to-day is not a philosophy but a cross; and the consummating act by which Christ fitted the Church for its work was not the founding of a college, but the baptism of the Church with the *Holy Ghost and with fire*.

NEW YORK CITY.

### IS JAPAN A BUDDHISTIC COUNTRY?

BY CHOKURO KADONO,

"KOGAKUSHI" (DOCTOR OF TECHNICS), IMPERIAL UNIVERSITY OF JAPAN.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, in "Triumph of Japan," in a late *Chautauquan*, gave an admirable account of the conflict between the two leading Asiatic powers.

The noted poet and writer has rendered a great service, unsolicited needless to say, to Japan with his pen. His several visits there gave opportunities to observe our social customs, etc. It seems he was captivated with the country, and especially its women. We cannot say those things he admires are all of them our pride. Of some things we rather blush to have them advertised to the world by such an able pen as that of the author of "The Light of Asia." However, we are thankful to Sir Edwin for kindly interest he has taken in us.

Mistakes are liable to be incurred by one when he undertakes either to denounce or to praise necessarily intricate social customs and manners of a nation strange to him.

In my judgment Japan is more of a Confucius country than a Buddhistic. Not in number, to be sure; but in spirit the Japanese are followers of the great Chinese sage. The Imperial speech upon education, altho not in express terms, shows it clearly. It is not my intention here to discuss comparative merits and demerits of Buddhism and Confucianism. A simple statement of facts is all that I undertake to do. It rather astonishes me that Sir Edwin should have made such an error. Take middle classes and upward, they are almost all followers of Confucius, ethically. They will tell you Buddhism is for their burial purposes, and only for that. As to pure Buddhism, it is an entirely different thing. An infinitesimal fraction of the whole populace understands what it really is. As to popular Buddhism, it is the religion for the mass, but without life and spirit in it. True, you may find some intelligent men supporting the cause of popular Buddhism; but their motives would be that as it is national, it ought to be upheld; it is not their faith, but their national politics. Some call themselves Buddhists from their "spite" against Christianity.

The famous poet knows Buddhism, in whatever form it may be, through his sojourn in India; but, judging from his enunciation of Confucianism, it must be said that he is either ignorant of or unjust to the sage's teaching. Self-respect—*mizukara omon zuru*—is as emphatically and plainly taught in it as in any other ethics. "The Five Virtues" in "the Books" could not have escaped the poet's attention. Where else are patriotism, loyalty, courage, self-respect, humanity, faithfulness, politeness, wisdom, truthfulness, and obedience and respect to the aged and to the superior, so plainly taught as by "Cofushi," as we call him.

The present writer believes that the Japanese are triumphant because they are followers of Confucius, being happily free from that mendicant and servile spirit of Buddhism noticeable in all Buddhistic countries in the East. The Japanese accepted the teachings in a different way from the Chinese. They did not make a religion out of it, which it is not. They did not follow his political precepts, founded upon myths and impossibilities. Moral guidance they obtained from him, but their geographical and climatic influences produced an entirely different nation from the Chinese. The Chinese for ages looked backward to the past glory and "perfect state," which the sage had pictured for them as to have existed thousands of centuries ago. They did not look forward, but constantly tried to step back—as they have been doing before the Japanese Army! Thus, they opposed every change and improvement as a wrong step. Herein lies the doom of the colossal Middle Kingdom. On the other hand, the Japanese welcomed the sage as a teacher in moral philosophy, but wisely his Utopia they did not try to reach by walking backward. Moreover, China is just as much of a Buddhistic country as Japan is.

It is very unfortunate that Sir Edwin Arnold, trying to find the reason for Japan's triumph, attributed it, if not wholly, to Buddhism; especially so, as he stands high as a man of letters. He is a lover of Brahminism and the

mythology of Hindu Buddhism. He sees things as poets do.

I, who had the honor of meeting the great and genial poet, regret that his views are so diametrically opposite to mine; but it should not be supposed, even for a moment, that I am ungrateful for his kindly interest in and praise for my own country.

LEHIGHTON, PENN.

### CLIMATE IN THE TENNESSEE MOUNTAINS.

BY HANFORD A. EDSON, D.D.

ALTITUDE and latitude are in perpetual conflict here; but the rivalry is a delightful one, and honors are pretty evenly divided. We are in "the South"; yet during the winter of 1892-'93 the mercury more than once fell thirty degrees below zero, and deep snows covered the earth for three consecutive months. We are more than six thousand feet above sea-level—higher than the summit of Mount Washington; yet in summer we are surrounded by meadows gay with flowers. Those who know the region in its December aspects are enthusiastic over the endlessly varied creations of the frost-king; but June and July, with their bowers of beauty, are almost tropical.

The flora produced under these conditions is exceedingly varied—"composed of a greater variety of genera and species than in any other temperate region, excepting Japan," said Dr. Asa Gray, in his address before the British Association, at Montreal, in 1884. Dr. Gray delighted to explore these mountains, and among his pupils are many who have inherited his love for them. The little plant which bears his name (*Lilium Grayi*) is sought by all tourists; but, like the Edelweiss among the Alps, it is in danger of extermination, unless, indeed, our tailors learn to manufacture it, as Swiss tailors make the Edelweiss from cast-off coats of Austrian infantrymen. On the mountain summits, at an elevation of from five to six thousand feet, are great parks of *Rhododendron Catawbiense*, nature's own planting, and about June 20th these parks are aflame with color. Only a few days later the woods glow with Azaleas, the *Rhododendron calendulaceum* often overarching the brooks and trails with splendor. The lily family greatly prospers throughout the region, and I have had days of excitement in May when every step seemed to put me near some new floral glory. Long shall I remember a steep bank teeming with green life in the midst of which clumps of *Uvularia perfoliata* with their nodding yellow blossoms bade me welcome, while near by the gorgeous *Lilium superbum* was just starting its buds where two months afterward I found its whorls of flowers in perfection. Later in the season whole fields of red and gold are seen, Monardas and Rudbeckias maintaining a complete monopoly. The line dividing the evergreen from the deciduous zone is often as distinct and straight as if a landscape gardener had drawn it. Balsam fir (*Abies Fraseri*) is the characteristic tree of the summits, attaining most noble proportions. Under the peculiar conditions some familiar herbaceous plants are quite transformed. "Why," exclaimed Dr. Charles Mohr, of Mobile, one of our authorities in botany, "this *Houstonia purpurea* is magnificent. I did not recognize it. See what the altitude has done—the suppression of the stem, the broadening of the leaves, the enlargement of the flower. On the breakfast table this morning I saw the blossoms of *Oxalis acetosella* without the leaves, and I did not know the plant altho it is a cosmopolitan. We have it in Germany. I have found it in the Sierra Nevada. Here, however, there is not only the enlargement of the flower, but the painting in of distincter purple lines—the magic of the sunny South."

Zoologists, equally with botanists, note striking developments. It is true, as was recently remarked by Professor Fernow, of the Forestry Division, Department of Agriculture, that "plants, not animals, are the real indicators of climatic conditions, because they are fixtures, while animals can flee from conditions they do not like. Consequently, the climatic variations of the flora of any region are greater than those of the fauna." However, the combinations which make a sub-arctic flora possible in North Carolina, effect marked impressions upon the fauna also. Both species and varieties are multiplied. Who can wonder that the Red Man retired most stubbornly from forests so abounding in animal life? "Wolf's Den," "Bear Pen Gap," "Turkey Ridge," and the like are familiar names strongly suggesting the early occupancy. Nor have the original occupants wholly disappeared. After mild winters squirrels are too abundant and saucy for our comfort, and just now four "boomers" (*Sciurus Hudsonius*) take turns exploring the cabin at sunrise, and waking us with their uproarious chatter. Conchologists have discovered numerous land-shells peculiar to the region, while with the rare butterflies entomologists are entertained almost as much as are the poets and other beauty-worshippers. Dr. C. Hart Merriam has gotten here more specimens of *Synaptomys Cooperi*, a big-headed, short-tailed mouse, than all the world besides has furnished. Attention has thus been already commanded by what climate has done for color, form and structure, and materials are being collected for full and accurate delineations.

Now comes also a specialist interested in the very lowest forms of life—the slime-molds (*Myxomycetes*), or *Pilzthiere*, as the Germans call them in doubt whether