

kind of Te Deum—'yatha ahu vairyo'—as a pæan 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 Vishtâspa 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 sombrous
 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, commun-
 ing inwardly,
 Then look for God ;
 Or some poor trull with eyes ayeurn 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 re-
 paired,
 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 like begets
 The ploughboy loutish, likewise Simple-
 ton,
 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 rot-
 ten 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 vanisheth
 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 genius yclept man
 Which arrogates unto itself superiority
 Because together with its fairer attrib-
 utes
 It wags, or so it thinks,
 A far more facile and a better reasoned
 speech
 Than all surrounding heterogeneity.
 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 purblindings—
 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 gov-
 ernment !
 What wonder then that at first sound
 Of such contemptuous strife
 If God the Simpleton, ashamed 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.	Then strip your robes conventional shed thy halt creed
See how His wand of Doom Touches the prostrate seedling.	And stand out naked for the Truth.
See what a poor, warped, weakly thing it is	Fear no man but Thyself; no teaching brook
Which flings upon its knees in selfish fear	But that of thine own heart, God's alma mater.
And wastes a precious lifetime crying mercy!	Be not less pure than mountain stream Nor less erect than mountain birch,
See how the Creeds at pulpiterial beck Bow down to gods of wood, and stone, and stained glass	Pierce through the clouds like mountain peak,
And spill the filthy grease of beasts On wastrel altars; whilst hunger damned In soul, not less than flesh, perish their fellows!	Shed out sweet fragrance like the flower Reflect the radiance of the Sun,
There God is not.	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 re- solves
Would ye put on the Godly attributes, and death defy?	Into its native atmosphere;
Nay, would ye God be in yourselves?	Then quick take introspective glance, Find thine own Heart the Home of God

IN GHOSTLY JAPAN.¹

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.

¹ *In Ghostly Japan*. Illustrated. By Lafcadio Hearn. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1899. Pp., 241. Price, \$2.00.