

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE VERSE OF THE FUTURE, WITH TWO PROPOSED ILLUSTRATIONS.

BY C. CROZAT CONVERSE.

The Parnassian poet, when the gods practised poetry and physic, never—it is said—gave a prescription in rhyme; and the Verse-Of-The-Futurist, when inditing recipes for the sane, will—I think—be under this Parnassian influence; finding Apothecarus Hall and the muses as separable as did the English poet, Keats, who—in his Hyperion—removed his pen from even the restrictions of ten-syllabled blankverse, apparently fearing—as, it is said, the Parnassian poet feared—the perverting effects of rhymed medicine or, of Hyperion, cut to meter. Or, let this Futurist take encouragement from Aristophanes's spondaic exuberances, in evidence in that poet's grandest verse.

De Maistre's dictum that—"thought and language are only two magnificent synonyms"—may be cited in the Futurist's favor. For, if man thinks his words before he speaks, he surely does not think in rhyme,—as every speaker who thinks must confess—rhyme being weaker word-play than the sanest, simplest mental acts, the strongest verse: such—for example—as Shelley's:

"Life, like a dome of many-colored glass
Stains the white radiance of eternity,
Until death tramples it to fragments;"

which clearly would not be saner, if rhymed, or its syllables wore the ten-uniform.

Matthew Arnold truly says: "For poetry the *idea* is everything." Then let the idea be expressed euphoniously, and not put in metrical harness, which artificializes it. Let it be expressed as in Homer's lines, to which, Arnold says, supreme praise is due:

"So said she; they, long since, in
Earth's soft arms were reposing;
There, in their dear land, their
Fatherland, Lacedæmon."

The easy rhymester would walk the streets for hours in laboring to versify and metricize this idea, and—perhaps—take the liberty the poet Burns relished of giving one-syllabled words two syllables.

If Burns's vocabulary had to be thus mended, to meet the demands of his muse, the Futurist may felicitate himself on being enabled to take his English *in puris naturalibus*.

THE OPEN COURT.

THE CLOUDS.

BY C. CROZAT CONVERSE.

Idlers of sky:
 Idleness apotheosized.
 Sculpture-ghosts, taking forms
 Of life-dreams in marble.
 Self-conscious;
 Self-serving;
 Fancies the world's eyes
 Only, and ever, on them:
 On them in adulation.
 Scurrying everywhere;
 Eager, ever and everywhere,
 To hide some rising star from view,
 As envious mortals would hide rising souls:
 Quite as blindly;
 Quite as ineffectually.

Idlers of sky:
 Spoiled sky-children.
 Sulking;
 Frowning;
 Weeping.
 In their esteem Sun and Moon
 Were born of the world's need,
 For light to show
 No charms save theirs.

THE WIND.

BY C. CROZAT CONVERSE.

The wind is a devil:
 A whining, whistling, gibbering devil,
 Crying threateningly at the door.
 His vassals, the rain, hail, sand and snow.
 Razing the helpless village;
 Showing no mercy
 To babe or widow,
 Sick or needy.
 Frolicking with frost and fire,
 In Bacchic orgy;
 Finding sweet music
 In burning, crackling timber;
 In snapping, bursting girder;
 In plunging, crashing car,
 And smothered death-groan.
 A fellow-feeling has he for Mammon;
 A devil's respect for plans of gain.
 Mayhap he thinks the city's throng,
 Of high and low seekers for gold,
 Inhumanly rival his human deeds.

An over-handed devil
 Is this "prince of the power of the air";
 Working without man's mean disguise.
 An honest devil is he—as devils go;
 Seeming to be what he really is:
 Noisy, rough, capricious, remorseless:
 A prince, indeed,
 Of limitless wantonness.
 A prince for that man
 Who bends the knee
 To all gods of pretense:
 A prince to fawn to
 As worthy of Satan's crown.

DR. OTTO PFLEIDERER.

With deep regret we learn from a cablegram of the death of Dr. Otto Pfeiderer which took place on July 20. As *The Open Court* goes to press nothing is yet known of the details of his illness. Professor Pfeiderer was one of the leading theologians of Germany, and combined deep personal piety with the spirit of fearless research. In fact he has been one of the leaders in investigations with regard to the history of the primitive Church and the origins of Christianity. He has written important books on philosophical topics, but his three latest publications have been on the origin and development of Christianity, *Die Entstehung des Christentums, Religion und Religionen*, and *Die Entwicklung des Christentums*. A translation of the Introduction to his last work on "The Evolution of Christianity," which is really a condensation of Professor Pfeiderer's whole position, appeared in *The Monist*, of October, 1907. Another important article by Professor Pfeiderer appeared in the same magazine in the last two numbers of 1904, under the title "The Christ of Primitive Christian Faith in the Light of Religio-Historical Criticism." Dr. Pfeiderer has many friends among students of religion in America and was a prominent figure at the Congress of Liberal Religions held at Boston last summer.

SISTER SANGHAMITTA'S EXPERIENCE WITH VOICES.

To the Editor of The Open Court:

After reading in *The Open Court* an article entitled "The History of a Strange Case," I am prompted to tell you something that I have never told any one before. I too have heard voices in my own ears. When I was a child and until recently, I have heard voices coming from within my brain, similar to those emanating from the head of Mrs. Blake; however with this difference: I never heard what is commonly supposed to be communications from the dead. Sometimes these voices annoy me; it is as though I was in a crowd of people all talking at once, and being obliged to listen, I become weary.

Only in three instances has anything of importance been communicated to me through these voices; the first time was when a voice in my ear told me in clear loud tones of an accident that had happened to my mother. At this time I was in California and my mother in Mexico, and the voice told me of the accident on the same day it happened. Another time was on the occasion of