

Sinai, where he is directed to alight and pray, because there God had spoken to Moses, after which he is conducted to Bethlehem, where again he is directed to alight and pray, because there Jesus was born, after which again he is brought into the presence of Abraham, Moses, Enoch, John the Baptist, and Jesus, by all of whom he was hailed as a worthy brother and prophet. The direct descent becomes plainer still when we learn how Mohammed, on his return from talking with God in the seventh heaven, again meets Moses, who persuades him that the religious exercises prescribed by God for the faithful are too onerous, and goes back with him to plead with the Lord for a reduction of the daily prayers from fifty to five as Abraham pleaded for Sodom.

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 The spirit world of our Indians is a place where death and old age are unknown, and where every one is happy in the simple happiness which he knew on earth—hunting, feasting, and playing the old-time games with former friends, but without war, for there all is peace. The ideal happiness is material, perhaps, but it is such happiness as the world might long for, with nothing in it gross or beyond reasonable probability. The Semitic ideal, from which our own is derived, is very different. We get one conception in the book of Revelation and another six hundred years later in the vision of Mohammed, which is puerile to the last degree. Among its wonders are an houri, who comes out of a quince, and whose body is composed of camphor, amber, and musk. Then there is a cock which stands with his feet on the lowest earth, while his head reaches the empyrean and his wings outstretched the limits of space, whose business is every morning to praise the Lord and set all the cocks on earth to crowing after him. There is an angel who bathes daily in a river, after which he flaps his wings, and from every drop that falls from them there is created an angel with 20,000 faces and 40,000 tongues, each of which speaks a distinct language, unintelligible to the rest. But the masterpiece is the tree *tooba*, whose fruit is the food of the inhabitants of paradise. Every branch produces a hundred thousand different-colored fruits, while from its roots run rivers of water, milk, wine, and honey. As if this were not enough, the tree produces also ready-made clothing. "On the tree were baskets filled with garments of the brocade and satin of paradise. A million of baskets are allotted to each believer, each basket containing a hundred thousand garments, all of different class and fashion"—and so on ad nauseam. (*Merrick's Mohammed.*) When we reflect that this is accepted by more than 150,000,000 civilized Orientals, from whom we have derived much of our own culture, we may, perhaps, be more tolerantly disposed toward the American Indian belief.

#### JOAN OF ARC

→ The most remarkable, the most heroic and pathetic instance of religious hallucination in Europe is that of Joan of Arc, known as the Maid of Orleans, born in 1412 and burned at the stake in 1431, and recently