

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.<sup>1</sup>

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.

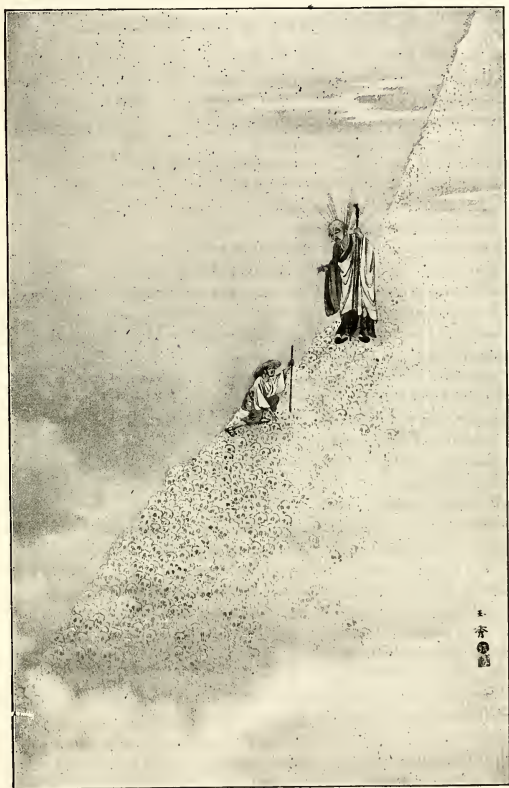
In the present work he tries to depict the beliefs and superstitions of the people as derived from popular Buddhism. The book starts with a scene on the "Mountain of Skulls," of which we reproduce the illustration. The opening is ghostly enough, but the legend is thoughtful. It describes the vision of 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.

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

Not even one of them is the skull of any other being. All—all without exception—have been yours, in the billions of your former lives."

The author's method is varied. He narrates, describes, moralises, philosophises, becomes absorbed in reverie, and concludes with a reflexion on human life as the music of the gods,—the thought suggested on the sea-shore at the time of



THE MOUNTAIN OF SKULLS. (From *In Ghostly Japan*.)

the Bon or Festival of the Dead. The collection of Buddhist Proverbs will be of special interest to many readers, and omitting the original Japanese which is added throughout by Mr. Hearn, we quote the following wise saws:

"All evil done clings to the person.

Better to shave the heart than to shave the head.

Meeting is only the beginning of separation.  
 Even a common man by obtaining knowledge becomes a Buddha.  
 All lust is grief.  
 Out of karma-relation even the divine nature itself grows.  
 Like monkeys trying to snatch the moon's reflexion on water.  
 The priest who preaches foul doctrine shall be reborn as a fungus.  
 The future life is the all-important thing.  
 Like a lot of blind men feeling a great elephant.  
 The task of the priest is to save mankind.  
 Even the Buddha was originally but a common man.  
 Even to become a Buddha one must first become a novice.  
 One blind man leads many blind men.  
 Life is a lamp-flame before a wind.  
 Even a worm an inch long has a soul half an inch long.  
 Hell and Heaven are in the hearts of men.  
 Even Hell itself is a dwelling-place.  
 Even in Hell old acquaintances are welcome.  
 Never let go the reins of the wild colt of the heart.  
 The body is tortured only by the demon of the heart.  
 Be the teacher of your heart: do not allow your heart to become your teacher  
 This world is only a resting-place.  
 The mouth is the front-gate of all misfortune.  
 Nothing will grow, if the seed be not sown.  
 Having waxed, it wanes.  
 In even a cat the Buddha-nature exists.  
 The time of sleep is Paradise.  
 Even a devil is pretty at eighteen.  
 Even a devil, when you become accustomed to the sight of him, may prove a  
 pleasant acquaintance.  
 A devil takes a goblin to wife.  
 With one hair of a woman you can tether even a great elephant.  
 The karma of the parents is visited upon the child.  
 The fallen blossom never returns to the branch.  
 Pleasure is the seed of pain; pain is the seed of pleasure.  
 Only by reason of having died does one enter into life.<sup>1</sup>  
 There is no miracle in true doctrine.  
 Joy is the source of sorrow.  
 So the insects of summer fly to the flame.  
 Clay-Buddha's water-playing.<sup>2</sup>

So entertaining is the style of the book, and so diversified its topics, that in reading it we are reminded of a well-known Chinese style of comment on this kind of writing: "The author leads the reader to a wonderful land where one finds now a green sward, now a jungle, now a rugged mountain, now a murmuring brooklet,

<sup>1</sup> I never hear this singular proverb without being reminded of a sentence in Huxley's famous essay, *On the Physical Basis of Life*: "The living protoplasm not only ultimately dies and is resolved into its mineral and lifeless constituents, but is always dying, and, strange as the paradox may sound, *could not live unless it died.*"

<sup>2</sup> That is to say, "As dangerous as for a clay Buddha to play with water." Children often amuse themselves by making little Buddhist images of mud, which melt into shapelessness, of course, if placed in water.

here spring trees in full blossom, there a dreary winter scene, etc., etc., so that one has not really the time to respond to so many pleasant impressions."

T. SUZUKI.

### AN ANCIENT SARCOPHAGOS.

Upon a tomb, a man and maiden fair,  
His face the older, hers, in youth's clear glow,  
Hand clasped in hand, together thus they stand  
A picture speaking love for every land,  
Perchance a stifled love like Angelo's :  
An artist speaks in stone, a language true,  
Heart answers heart and eye to eye replies,  
When love is pure and high as heaven's blue sky.

FLORENCE PEORIA BONNEY.

ROME, November 1899.

### SCIENTIA.

Under this title, the enterprising publishing house of Georges Carré and C. Naud, of Paris, has begun the issue of a unique and attractive series of memoirs on the scientific questions of the day. The idea of the series is not that of supplanting the special periodicals, which record the daily progress of science, but to supply philosophical and general expositions of recent discoveries and of the controlling ideas and vicissitudes of scientific evolution. It will enable every student of science to obtain brief but sound views of the work which is being carried on in neighboring branches as well as in his own. The editorship of the series is in the hands of well-known authorities, the physico-mathematical section being edited by MM. Appell, Cornu, d'Arsonval, Friedel, Lippmann, Moissan, Poincaré, and Potier all of whom are members of the Institute; and the biological section being edited by MM. Balbiani, Professor in the Collège de France, d'Arsonval, Filhol, Fouqué Gaudry, Guignard, Marey, and Milne-Edwards, also members of the Institute. Each of the little volumes, which are very tastefully bound in boards, comprises from 80 to 100 pages and costs 2 francs. Subscriptions to six volumes are 10 francs only. The following numbers have already appeared or are announced for immediate publication:

I. Physico-Mathematical Section: P. Appell, *Les mouvements de roulement en dynamique*; A. Cotton, *Le phénomène de Zeemann*; P. Freundler, *La stéréochimie*; A. Job, *Les terres rares*; G. Lippmann, *Détermination de l'Ohm*; Ch. Maurain, *Le magnétisme du fer*; H. Poincaré, *La théorie de Maxwell et les oscillations hertziennes*; Raveau, *Les nouveaux gaz*; Villard, *Les rayons cathodiques*; Wallerand, *Groupements cristallins; propriétés optiques*; H. Laurent, *L'Élimination*.

II. Biological Section: M. Arthus, *La coagulation du sang*; L. Bard, *La spécificité cellulaire*; M. Bertrand, *Mouvements orogéniques et déformations de l'écorce terrestre*; H. Bordier, *Les actions moléculaires dans l'organisme*; Courtade, *L'irritabilité dans la série animale*; Yves Delage, and A. Labbé, *La fécondation chez les animaux*; Fabre Domergue, *Le Cytotropisme*; H. Frenkel, *Les fonctions rénales*; A. Gilbert and Carnot, *Les fonctions hépatiques*; Hallion, *Modifications du sang sous l'influence des solutions salines*; Hallion and Julia-