

I have visited the shrines of my native land in days gone by; I have listened with open-mouthed wonder and reverence to the tales of ancient heroes told me by my aged parents. But these are all fables; I believe in them no more. They have failed me. I am a lone wanderer. I am in despair.

I once thought that before my mind would unroll the panorama of the universe, if only I should search for the highest view-point. But I see only a short way before me and that dimly. From the dusty bones of past generations arises a stifling pestilential odor which all but overcomes me. I know I have turned my back on my native land but what else should I do, since I am undone. I thought to see a world of beauty and what did my eyes fall upon? Blasts, frosts, conflagrations, thefts, murders, hangmen, vultures and hell. Is life for forty or more years thus to be?

Nature tells me in hollow, tantalizing tones, Yes. But there is one stronger who hurls back with the spirit of Yamato—Nay. Never will I yield to be imprisoned with such as these. I once thought a life full of achievement was within my reach. But they say fate is over me; that I can gain no help in prayer, that the gods of my native land are dead. What days are these on which I have fallen? I will not be the sport of blind forces. I can conquer them even though it be in death.

There are sights that might gladden my eyes, but they are denied me. They are reserved for craven-hearted souls who are content to tread the common thoroughfares of men. There are battles to be won but by those who are poisoned by human ambition and care not for the soul of things.

Such are most men. I was not born for such low existence as this. My soul is preparing for a loftier flight; meanwhile its spreading wings are stained with blood as they hopelessly beat on the prison-house of this human existence. I cannot bide my time. I know not what lies beyond. The grave is dark, clammy and cold, cheerless and hopeless; yet 'tis no worse than here. Perchance beyond the grave I may descry another land. Or maybe my soul freed from fleshly fetters will launch forth on a sea of eternal light and merge into the great All. I know not. Maybe the pause of my heart-beat will terminate all. If so I complain not. I see no way. Yet I must have relief. I can compel this world to give me one boon whether it will or not. This boon I now appropriate.

Therefore to all I say farewell. Ye men of fleshly souls, I am not one of you. I bid you farewell.

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### BOOK REVIEWS AND NOTES.

COURSES OF STUDY. Edited by *John M. Robertson*. London: Watts, 1904.  
Pp. viii, 516.

This book adds one more to the constantly increasing number of books about books, but among the literary guide posts this fills an important place of its own. Its aim is not to provide bibliographies, or specifications of the best books, but to assist private students to acquire knowledge in any or all branches of liberal culture. In compiling the courses the editor has had very generous aid from specialists in the various branches.

The book was prepared under the auspices of the Rational Press Association of London, and it seemed to the editor that a systematic compilation

covering most fields of study with a view to the wants of non-specialists, would be of service to average culture.

Each chapter mentions the leading works about its particular subject with descriptive or definitive comment about each. The student is further guided by the fact that the books best adapted to readers of little leisure, or specially recommended to beginners are indicated by a prominent black type, and works of more elaborate character and standard rank by ordinary type spaced out. Sometimes further guidance is given by warnings against untrustworthy works. The selection is made with special reference to the need of the English reading public, but in every line the best authorities of France and Germany are given due prominence. The value of this compendium is still further enhanced by two very complete indices, one of which contains a list of the authors cited, and one enumerating the subjects in detail.

While these *Courses of Study* can in no sense replace the library to the enquiring student, the book may go far to take the place of the service of the helpful librarian in suggesting lines of work to be pursued.

Major General Forlong, who died March, 1904, left a voluminous work in the hands of his executors to be published under the name, *Faiths of Man, a Cyclopædia of Religions*. The General was a Fellow of the Royal Society, and well known in literary circles of England. He utilized his whole stay in India for a careful study of ancient India, and especially its religious traditions, and when he retired from active service he devoted his entire time to a comparative study of religions. He was a great reader and in company with his wife sifted from his readings all passages of interest in the different phases of religious thought, symbols, rituals, monuments, etc. His entire home was devoted to this work. A large round table in his study was covered with systematically arranged extracts ready to be incorporated in book form, and he left his work in good condition, ready for publication, and a legacy of two thousand pounds for the execution of his literary labors. All arrangements are in the hands of his wife who had been his faithful companion to the very end, and who is to be assisted by two trustees, and it is confidently to be expected that the work will be of great interest to all scholars of religion. Bernard Quaritch of London will be the publisher.

THE WORLD'S CAREER, OR A JOURNEY WITH THE WORLD. By *Joseph Harter*. Tiffin, Ohio. 1903. Pp. 151. Price, \$1.00.

Mr. Joseph Harter, a stone cutter of Tiffin, Ohio, who has reached the prescribed three score years and ten, has published this little book as an attempt to summarize former scientific theories in regard to the life history of the world, with additions of his own original interpretation as suggestions, in which he hopes the thoughtful reader will find the "seed that sprouts action."

Mr. Harter does not agree with what he calls the "imaginary plan," which scientists have termed the nebular hypothesis. Instead, he considers the sun's relation to the planets as that of a brooding hen, and carries out the analogy of the egg so far as to imply that the ice fields at the poles may be part of the original shell of the world-egg.

The author is a native of Baden, Germany, and spent the first eighteen

years of his life there. It is plainly evident in this work that he is not a literary man, and is not accustomed to writing for the public. For this reason there is danger that professional critics noting lapses in accepted grammatical and rhetorical rules may lay the book aside without the consideration which, at least, the author's sincere attention and original thought would deserve.

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LES PRIX NOBEL EN 1902. Stockholm: Norstedt. 1905. Pp. 88-10.

Under the direction of the institutions that award the Nobel Prizes, the Royal Press of Stockholm has issued a very fine book giving account of the ceremonies of the distribution in 1902. Biographical sketches of the recipients with excellent portraits and cuts of the medals and diplomas are followed by the papers read by each recipient, according to the recommendation of the founder, on the subject for which he was awarded the prize. Each address is given in the language of the speaker although those in Scandinavian are also to be found in German translation.

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SONGS OF AMERICA AND OTHER POEMS. By *Edna Dean Proctor*. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1905. Pp. 123.

The character of this latest collection of Miss Proctor's verse is clearly indicated by the title, since much the larger portion of the book is devoted to subjects dealing with American history and legend. Some were specially written for a definite occasion as "Columbia's Banner," which was one number of the official program of the National Public School Celebration on Columbus Day in 1892; also "Crowning Vermont"; and the "The Hills are Home," which was written in celebration of the author's native state, closing with the stanza:

"Forget New Hampshire? Let Kearsarge forget the sun;  
Connecticut forget the sea; the shoals their breakers shun;  
But fervently, while life shall last, though wide our ways decline,  
Back to the Mountain-land our hearts will turn as to a shrine!  
Forget New Hampshire? By her cliffs, her meads, her brooks afoam,  
By her hallowed memories—our load-star while we roam—  
Whatever skies above us rise, the Hills, the Hills are Home!"

Others deal with Indian myths and tales of the red man's heroism and privation, and two sing the praises of "The Republic's emblem,—the bounteous, golden Corn!" "The Captive's Hymn" tells of an incident at the close of the French and Indian War.

There are notes in the back which explain all references to historical incidents or Indian legend, thus adding value to the poems which in themselves are worthy representatives of Miss Proctor's genius.

Some, too, of the "Other Poems" sing of national celebrities, though most of them deal with more universal themes. As an instance we quote entire "The Heavenly Way" which is written on the text from Plato's Republic, "Wherefore my counsel is that we hold fast to the heavenly way."

"The heavenly way! The narrow path that leads  
Where gulf and steep and burning desert bar,  
Till, high and clear, it gains the golden meads  
And the soft radiance of the morning star.

“What dost thou care, O Soul, for present gloom,  
The wind's wild tumult and the surging sea?  
Bear thyself grandly through the darkest doom,  
Thou heir of all that was and is to be.

“Only hold fast to heaven! The black night speeds;  
The shadows vanish where the dawn gleams far;  
And lo! the rapture of the golden meads,  
And peace celestial with the morning star!”

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LOGIC TAUGHT BY LOVE. By *Mary Everest Boole*. London: Daniel, 1905.

This is an interesting book written by the widow of the famous Boole, one of the great logicians, and herself no mediocre representative of the same science including the additional branches, such as mathematics and arithmetic. The little book is perhaps not what people may expect, and she herself anticipates that her essays will appear to some “a mere medley.” It contains hints as to the teaching of logic, and pious exhortations, yet it is interesting. The author excuses her rambling way of writing by calling attention to the fact that our life is being disorganized by the monotony of our methods of teaching. She tries to escape this monotony by introducing variety and multiplicity into her explanations.

The book contains twenty-four chapters of about eight pages in the average, among which we note the following topics: In the Beginning was the Logos; The Natural Symbols of Pulsation; Geometric Symbols of Progress by Pulsation; Babbage on Miracle; Gratry on Logic and on Study; Boole and the Laws of Thought; Singular Solutions; Algebraizers; Reform, False and True; The Art of Education; Trinity Myths; and The Messianic Kingdom.

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THE DHARMAPADA OF BHAGAVAD-GAUTAMA BUDDHA. Rendered in Sanskrit Verse by *Svami Hariharananda Aranya*. Nayasarai, Hugli: The Kapilasrama. 1905.

Svami Hariharananda Aranya has translated the Dhammapada into Sanskrit for the benefit of Hindu readers, and it is published by the Kapilasrama for free distribution. The translator is not a Buddhist, but an Arshaist, or as we would say a Brahman, who claims Buddha not so much as the founder of a new religion as the founder of a Brahman sect. He maintains that Buddha did not change the meaning of Nirvana, but he accomplished much more, he attained to it. The Svami says in reply to critics of Buddhism:

“Buddha is blamed by many critics for fostering monasticism and mendicancy. Abuse of monasticism is no doubt undesirable, but Buddha is not to be found fault with for it. It is the innate tendency of every human institution to degeneracy which is really at fault. A Bhikshu, with the culture of Dhamma which is enjoined by Buddha is a veritable blessing to society. Abundance of such examples to follow, even if they can only be followed by the majority of mankind at a distance, is of far greater efficacy in improving the moral tone of a race than all the secular repressive measures. Buddha said that it is better to swallow red-hot balls of iron, than for a Bhikshu without adequate self-restraint, to live upon public charity. But, however

pure the source, what stream flowing to a distance can help losing its purity?

"From this it will be evident that Buddhism is not a different religion but a sect of Arshaism (or what is inaccurately called Brahmanism), founded by a great leader. They are the branches of the same tree, and though after the lapse of ages they look like different trees, yet the same roots nourish them both."

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Dr. Hans Haas, editor of *Die Wahrheit*, a German periodical published in Japan for the benefit of those Japanese who study German, and also author of a *History of Christianity in Japan* written in German, has published two useful little tracts, one on the sects of Japanese Buddhists, the other on the contemplated schools of Japanese Buddhism. The data upon which his information rests are native sources, and they are upon the whole reliable. There are also books on the same subject in English and French, but so far as we know this is the first attempt to present the subject in German. The pamphlets are, perhaps, not too colored by the Christian spirit of the author who lives in Japan as a Lutheran minister, but it is strongly noticeable in the foreword of Dr. Augustus Kind. There is no need of a scholarly study of this kind to cast reflections on shortcomings, but a great interest attaches to instances in another country if we consider differences and similarities. We may for instance notice that the strongest sect of modern Japan resembles Protestantism, especially as represented by Luther, to a remarkable degree. It is the Shin sect in which the priest do not wear a special dress as do the other and more contemplative sects. The priests are allowed to marry as do lay men. They may even eat meat or fish, and are simply speakers and teachers in the same sense as our Protestant ministers.

It is characteristic of the sect that the same stress is laid upon the doctrine that man can be saved by faith alone, a principle upon which Luther insisted most vigorously. They also show a great zeal in the interest of proper education. They cultivate preaching and missionarizing. Their chief temple at Kioto belongs to the greatest and most magnificent buildings of the country, and they pride themselves that they have never asked for any government support, which other sects have always been ready to accept.

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Our attention is called to a misprint which occurred in an editorial article on "The Bhagavadgita" published in the February number of *The Open Court*. On page 116 the religion of the Bhagavad is called the Bhagavadgita religion, while it ought to be called the Bhagavad religion. The Bhagavadgita, or the Song of the Blessed One, is the canonical book of the Bhagavad devotees, but the Bhagavad religion is older than the Bhagavadgita.

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