Concerning the highest existence he denied that it was anthropomorphic, and said: "There is a highest state of existence in which individuality is merged, but this state of Nirvana does not imply annihilation, as that term is commonly used."

He further described the Buddhist view of immortality thus: "There is immediate re-birth. In any one world we see only two kingdoms having life, the animal and the human. The Buddhist says there are six, and begins at the bottom with the hells, or places of punishment; the ghost world; the animal; the human; the Assouras, a curious sort of beings with powers greater than human beings; and the next, the highest kingdom of all."

It will be noted that here Ananda Metteya does not speak in the first person, but introduces his views about the six worlds by saying "The Buddhist says," which we take to be an indication that he has not made this rather mythological statement his own. We at least have always considered the belief in the sixth sense as belonging to Buddhist mythology, not to Buddhist doctrine. We conclude with the following passage of this interview: "The main difficulty in presenting a clear statement of Buddhism to Englishmen lies in terminology, a fact recognized and admitted by the Bhikku, 'Sin' and 'suffering,' for example, mean something entirely different in Buddhism to what they have come to be regarded in the Occidental conception. He, however, told me that he is trying to cope with this difficulty and compile a pamphlet which will explain to the Western world the tenets of Buddhism, freed from Oriental expressions."

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**THE SPIRIT'S CALL.**

**BY SINCLAIR LEWIS.**

Far and faint as the echo's plaint
That loves in an exquisite dream to dwell
In the pearl-fay's delicate frescoed shell,
Recalling the roar of a water-fall,
Recalling the sea-waves that foam and fall;
And subtle as powder-scent, that clings
In banners, hinting of dying kings;
Such is the Spirit's faltering call.

Harsh and loud is the bellowing crowd
That clangs in a turmoil on the street.
The Spirit's whispering, softly sweet
As the distant note of an autumn horn,
As a shadowy elfin autumn horn,
Is lost in the clamour of the throng;
But listen! It echoes the cosmic song;
And so shall the spirit life be born.

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**BOOK REVIEWS AND NOTES.**


This book is interesting for many reasons, but it will scarcely meet with an endorsement from professional biologists or scientists in general. What-