

MISCELLANEOUS.

BOOK REVIEWS.

ODES ON THE GENERATIONS OF MAN. By *Hartley Burr Alexander*. New York: Baker & Taylor Company, 1910. Pp. 110. Price \$1.00 net.

The author of this philosophical poem is Mr. Hartley Burr Alexander, professor of philosophy at the University of Nebraska, who has contributed to recent numbers of *The Open Court* an article on "The Religious Spirit of the American Indian." The publishers announce the little volume as "a book of poems marked by dignity of theme, splendor of imagery and varied music of rhythm and phrase."

Mr. Alexander compares his poem to a musical composition and characterizes the several odes of his cycle by musical inscriptions after the fashion of a sonata. He begins with the *Largo* as a prelude, addressed to "Earth! 'Twixt sky and sky wide spun," etc. He passes over to an *Andante fiorito*, celebrating in song the first man emerging from brute life and his first manlike cry. An *Adagio pugnente* follows beginning, "Strange prayers ascending up to God." It is written in a mood in which the poet has perhaps found the happiest expression of his cosmic song. An *Allegretto misterioso* follows, which is called an "Antiphonal Interlude," and consists of a responsory between two voices. An *Andante maestoso* unrolls before our eyes a picture of history. It begins with the words, "Of blood and dreams are built the towns of men." A *Grave* then touches upon the topics of suffering, "I had a vision of the King of Pain in awful crucifixion high enthroned," and a livelier poem follows with a Dithyrambic Interlude as an *Allegro appassionato*, and the last ode is written in an *Adagio elegaico*, "There comes a kind of quieting with years." The postlude finally returns to the first movement and is conceived again as *Largo*, dedicated to the earth, the mother of man. To give a taste of Mr. Alexander's poem we select from his third movement the following lines:

Adagio pugnente.

"Strange prayers ascending up to God
Through all the aching aeons, year on year;
Strange tongues uplifting from the sod
The old antiphony of hope and fear:
Strange if He should not hear!

"There was the primal hunter, where he stood
Manlike, not man, lone in the darkening wood
When fell the storm:
From hill to hill it leaped, snuffed light and form,

Licked up the wild,
 And him—lost hunter!—him left isled
 Mid desolation. Bogey-wise
 Down the tempestuous trail
 Gaunt Terrors sprang with shrill wolfish wail
 And windy Deaths flew by with peering eyes...
 Then in the dread and dark
 To the dumb trembler staring stark,
 Just for the moment, beaconlike there came
 The Ineffable, the Name!...
 Oh, wildered was the dull brain's grope
 With anguish of a desperate dear hope
 Escaping!... 'Twas a Name
 Not his to frame
 Whose clouded eye, tongue inarticulate,
 Thought's measure and thought's music yet await:
 Not his the Name...but such the hunter's cry
 As souls do utter, that must die!"

"There was the savage mother: she who gave
 Her child, her first-born, wailing into the hand
 Of the black priest, upright at the prow...
 The glistening bodies rhythmically did bow,
 And from the rushy strand
 Broad paddles drave
 The sacrificial craft with gauds bedecked.
 He held it high—
 With mummerly and mow
 The fetish priest held high
 The offering,—then stilled its cry
 Beneath the torpid wave...
 Sudden the pool was flecked
 With scaly muzzle, yellow saurian eye,
 And here a fount of crimson bubbling nigh!...
 Shout came answering shout
 From all the horde
 That round about
 Waited the sign of fetish god adored,
 Waited the sign with lust of blood implored!...
 But she—the mother,—in her eyes there shone
 A dazzle of calm waters, and her heart's flood
 Was dried, and bone of her bone
 Burned in her, and she stood
 Like to an image terrible in stone.

"Aye, men have prayed
 Strangely to God:
 Through thousand ages, under thousand skies,
 Unto His thousand strange theophanies,
 Men have prayed...
 With rite fantastic and with sacrifice

Of human treasure, scourged with heavy rod
 Of their own souls' torment, men have prayed
 Strangely to God...
 East, North, South, West,
 The quartered Globe,
 Like a prone and naked suppliant whose breast
 A myriad stinging memories improbe—
 Hurt of old faiths,
 And the living scars
 Of dead men's anguish, slow-dissolvent wraiths
 Of long-gone yearnings, and delirious dream
 Of sacrificial pomp and pageant stream:
 Gods of the nations and their atavars!—
 East, North, South, West,
 The suppliant Globe
 Abides the judgment of the changeless stars,—
 Abides the judgment and the answering aid
 Of Heaven to the prayers that men have prayed
 Strangely to God...

"Out of the living Past,
 Children of the dragon's teeth, they spring
 Full-panoplied—the idols vast
 That man has wrought of man's imagining
 For man's salvation...
 Isle and continent, continent and isle,
 Lifting grim forms unto his adoration
 In tireless variation
 Of style uncouth with style,
 Until the bulky girth
 Of the round zonéd Earth
 Is blazoned o'er
 As with a zodiac of monsters, each dread lore
 In turn begetting dreadful lore."

"From the dark burials of the nations
 Mid echoing supplications
 They arise...
 Mid echoing supplications:
 Prayers and cries
 Of men in strait of battle, ecstasies
 Of saints, and the deep-toned call
 Of prophets prophesying over all
 The devastation of a kingdom's fall...
 The ruins of the temple still resound
 With women weeping Tammuz' yearly wound;
 And still from out the vale
 Do ghostly voices lift the ancient wail
 Of those who gashed their bodies, crying 'Baal! Baal!'
 When Baal was gone ahunting. Still Mahound
 Leads desert hordes to battle:

'Allah! Ya Allah! Ya Allah ilah Allah!
 And Paradise is found
 In arch of flashing cimatars. Still go
 In nightly revelry through field and town
 Curete, Bacchant and wild Corybant,
 Rapt Maenad by the god intoxicant,
 And the swift-dancing rout
 Of frenzied Galli raising olden shout
 To Attis and to Cybele:
 'Io Hymenae Hymen Io!
 'Io Hymen Hymenace!'

While adown
 The vanished centuries endure
 The chanting of dead Incas: 'Make me pure,
 'O Vira Cocha, make me ever pure!'

"—There, in the blackness of Gethseman's grove,
 One anguished night *He* strove
 Mightily with God...
 Hour by hour there passed
 Athwart the gloom
 A huge ensanguined image, like a shadow cast
 By outstretched arms, and overspread
 The living and the dead
 Throughout the wide world's room...
 And so His prayer was said,
 And answeréd.

"Oh, up to God
 Through all the aching aeons, year on year,
 Men's prayers ascend,
 In hope and fear
 Striving to bend
 His pity and His wrath forefend...
 Strange if He should not hear!"

PSALMS OF THE EARLY BUDDHISTS: Psalms of the Sisters. By *Mrs. Rhys Davids*. London: Frowde, 1909. Pp. 200.

This collection is a very interesting addition to the publications of the Pali Text Society, and Mrs. Rhys Davids has entered most sympathetically into the spirit of these early Buddhist nuns who in refinement and intellectuality compare favorably with the Christian orders in days when Western learning was mostly bound by convent walls. In many respects the songs of the Buddhist Bhikkuni resemble the attitude and meditation of their Christian sisters, and as Mrs. Rhys Davids says are "profoundly and perennially interesting as expressions of the religious mind universal and unconquerable." Still in some instances the spirit here shown is different from the Christian type as might easily be suspected from the difference in emphasis of the two faiths.

To many the vows of the order came as a blessed release, as liberty. The twenty-first psalm ascribed to a certain unknown sister called "Sumangala's Mother" expresses this feeling of freedom:

"O woman well set free! how free am I,
 How thoroughly free from kitchen drudgery!
 Me stained and squalid 'mong my cooking-pots
 My brutal husband ranked as even less
 Than the sunshades he sits and weaves away.

"Purged now of all my former lust and hate,
 I dwell, musing at ease beneath the shade
 Of spreading boughs—O, but 't is well with me!"

Mettika, who the commentator says was a contemporary of the Buddha, expresses a similar feeling of exaltation:

"Though I be suffering and weak, and all
 My youthful spring be gone, yet have I come,
 Leaning upon my staff, and clomb aloft
 The mountain peak.

"My cloak thrown off,
 My little bowl o'erturned: so sit I here
 Upon the rock. And o'er my spirit sweeps
 The breath of Liberty! I win, I win
 The Triple Lore! The Buddha's will is done!"

Then, too, if freedom allured some to renounce the world, others were driven by grief to the step for consolation:

"Woeful is woman's lot! hath He declared—
 Tamer and Driver of the hearts of men!"

The bereaved mother learned from the unwritten psychology of the Buddhists that she could not say her own sorrow was all important, but realized that she

"...had better live no longer than one Day,
 So she behold, within That Day, That Path!"

Whereas Christian monasticism held out to its followers a future state of bliss where she who renounced the joys of this world would be the bride of a heavenly Lord, the Buddhist sister was bidden "Come to thyself," and confessed herself victor over pain and sorrow,

"In that I now can grasp and understand
 The base on which my miseries were built."

In other guise, however, a future reward was promised, the attainment of Nirvana (in Pali, Nibbana):

"Come, O Dhira, reach up and touch the goal
 Where all distractions cease, where sense is stilled,
 Where dwelleth bliss; win thou Nibbana, win
 That sure Salvation which hath no beyond."

Acceptance of a supreme will above one's own desires belongs to all ages and times:

“The Buddha’s will be done! See that ye do
 His will. And ye have done it, never more
 Need ye repent the deed. Wash, then, in haste
 Your feet and sit ye down aloof, alone.”

No one believes these verses are the actual words of the recluses to whom they are ascribed, but they are attributed to certain eminent sisters and form the second part of the canonical work entitled *Thera-theri-gatha*, “Verses of the Elders, Brothers and Sisters.” Some beautiful and appropriate photographs of Indian scenes illustrate Mrs. Rhys-Davids’s book, and to these she adds a reproduction of Bouguereau’s *Vierge Consolatrice* as illustrative of the spirit of one psalm of comfort, which if read unthinkingly and unsympathetically might seem but cold comfort to the Western mind.

THE MESSAGE OF THE EAST. By *Ananda K. Coomarasawmy, D. Sc.* Madras: Ganesh & Co. Pp. 50. Price 4 annas.

The author of this little book is well fitted for the task of being an interpreter of the East to the West, since he is himself a mixture of both races, and though Indian in residence and sympathies, is married to an English lady, who was one of the striking personalities at the Religious Congress held at Oxford in 1908. We have perused this book with great interest and consider that its main value consists in the recognition of the needs of the East, and that it would be highly desirable if our author’s views were listened to by his Hindu countrymen, although apparently he mainly addresses the West. He points out that the good old Indian spirit has faded away from the memory of modern India and has made room for an insipid imitation of the productions of European commerce. He says on pages 44-45:

“This loss of beauty in our lives is a proof that we do not love India; for India, above all nations, was beautiful not long ago. It is the weakness of our national movement that we do not love India; we love suburban England, we love the comfortable bourgeois prosperity that is to be some day established when we have learned enough science and forgotten enough art to successfully compete with Europe in a commercial war conducted on its present lines. It is not thus that nations are made. And so, like Mr. Havell, I would say to you, ‘Leave off asking the Government to revive your art and industries; all that is worth having you must and can do for yourselves; and when you have achieved all that you can do, no Government would refuse to grant you the political rights you desire, for the development of your faculties will give back to India the creative force her people have lost. It will infuse into all your undertakings the practical sense and power of organisation which are now so often wanting.’”

We believe that Dr. Coomarasawmy goes too far when he criticizes the West for its scientific materialism, and he also exaggerates what he calls the “subtle Indianization of the West.” He says:

“The ‘new Theology’ is little else than Hinduism. The Theosophical movement is directly due to the stimulus of Indian thought. The socialist finds that he is striving for very much that for two or three millenniums has been part and parcel of the fundamentally democratic structure of Indian society. Exhibitions of Indian art are organized in London for the education of the people. The profound influence which Indian philosophy is destined to

exert on Western thought and life is already evident. Indian science had a far-reaching effect on the development of certain aspects of mathematics earlier in the nineteenth century, and is now exerting its influence in other ways."

The influence of ancient India in Western countries can not be denied and has been very favorable, but we do not go all the way with Dr. Coomarasawmy when he says that science has corrupted art and also that England is so very much backward in culture in comparison to India as is stated in these words:

"England with a blindness characteristic of a youthful and materially successful country has conceived that it has been her mission not merely to awaken and unite, but to civilize India. Only very gradually is England realizing the truth of Sir Thomas Munro's declaration, that if civilization were to be made an article of commerce between the two countries, she would soon be heavily in debt."

There is a truth in Dr. Coomarasawmy's claims but we must take them with a grain of salt.

P. C.

THE POET OF GALILEE. By *William Ellery Leonard, Ph. D.* New York: Huebsch, 1909. Pp. 159. Price \$1.00 net.

Dr. William Ellery Leonard here points out a new view of Jesus, which reflects a sympathetic conception of Christ, avoiding the dogmatic issues without antagonizing them. It is introduced by a poem in praise of all religious aspirations, but above all of Christ, bearing the refrain:

"Praise be to all! but to thee,
Praise above praise, Galilean! . . .
Even from me."

The contents treat of Jesus as The Observer, The Lover, The Seer, The Inspired, The Man of Sorrows, The Scourger, The Humorist, The Alert, The Story-Teller, The Sayer, and as a Hero of Folk-Lore.

As poet appeals to poet, so Dr. Leonard has been able to interpret the Synoptic stories of the life of Jesus in a very lifelike way. The humanity of Jesus is emphasized and he is made the most charming and lovable of characters. The author thinks that the intellectuality of Jesus is often underrated, and emphasizes his quickness at repartee and readiness to take advantage of the strong points of a situation. He adduces the many puns and picturesque exaggeration of his figures as instances of his alert sense of humor, and in order to bring the value and applicability of his parables clearly to the fore compares him to Lincoln as a relator of stories. Nothing is wanting in sympathetic treatment to make the intense humanity of Jesus realizable. The miracles are treated either as probable ("It is quite likely that his gentle and commanding personality quieted the epileptic and the mentally deranged, who in these cruelly ignorant times roamed at large in such numbers; and it is quite likely that this contributed to the legends of his cures") or as a mystical statement which is the very natural outgrowth of folklore accretions around the figure of the beloved hero. To those who wish to become intimately acquainted with the Man of Galilee as the great Elder Brother of the race, no better interpretive introduction to the Synoptic Gospels can be offered than Dr. Leonard's *Poet of Galilee*.

COSMIC CONSCIOUSNESS; or the Vedantic Idea of Realization or Mukti in the Light of Modern Psychology. By M. C. Nanjunda Row. Madras: Natesan, 1909. Pp. 237. Price 2s.

This is a revision of a paper read at the seventy-sixth birthday anniversary of Sri Ramakrishna Paramahansa. The author believes that the Vedantic idea of Mukti, or liberation, is the same as the Western idea of cosmic consciousness as expounded for instance in Doctor Richard M. Buck's book on the subject. He also believes that this is the basic truth of the teachings of all great religions and that in this conception lies the opportunity for an eventual harmony between the composite nationalities of India. Mr. Row's conception of this principle was that of an unsolvable mystery, until he came in contact with the life and teachings of a simple unlettered Brahman lady whose one claim to greatness was that she was supremely happy. He feels sure that she possessed preeminently all the characteristic signs of Mukti (later described in the chapter on "Effects of Liberation"). A vision came to her in her thirtieth year from which she gained an insight which led her to exclaim:

"O Light, Holy Light, that art the very essence of my life! Thou existed for all eternity, Thou wert with me while I was an infant, when I grew into girlhood, and then into a woman, and in fact always. Is it to realize Thee that I had to struggle so hard these ten years and undergo all this tribulation and mental suffering? Thou wert never without me, and I never without thee.

'Thou art mine own, mine equal and my Spouse,
My complement, without whom I were naught;
So in mine eyes thou art more fair than I,
For in thee only is my life fulfilled.'

Oh! now that I have realized thee birth and death are at an end. I see I am unchangeable; I am all bliss; I am ever existent; I am all pervading; naught else exists but me. How happy I am."

As soon as Mr. Row read Dr. Buck's *Cosmic Consciousness* and Professor James's *Varieties of Religious Experience* he realized how greatly this illiterate woman exemplified the cosmic consciousness. He quotes her as saying, "I never read any book, I do not know your Gita, nor your Upanishads; but when Pandits versed in these works came and told me all about the attributes of the Atman, it struck me as if they were exposing my very inner being and describing my own experiences. In fact, it is I who confirmed the truth of the Gita and the Upanishads and they in their turn confirmed my experiences." This account of a poor Hindu woman is certainly of great psychological interest and it is under the inspiration of this Vedantic saint that Mr. Row gives his exposition of Mukti under the headings "Stages of Mental Evolution," "Stages of Evolution in Man," "Effects of Liberation," "Methods of Attainment," and "Cosmic Consciousness as it Affects our Present Condition."

THE DIMENSIONAL IDEA AS AN AID TO RELIGION. By W. F. Tyler. New York: Fenno. Pp. 75. Price 50 cents.

Here is an attempt of a man to work out his own religion on the basis of his education and environment. Judging from the preface the author dis-

claims a philosophical education and says that he is a "hard-working individual" following his "introspective gropings stimulated by his desultory reading." This is all true and appears from the book. As the most interesting feature of the author's explanations we may point out that he is apparently thoughtful and a man of wide experience. To characterize his common sense we quote these sentences from the preface: "Many dissatisfied with and distrustful of the beliefs in which they were brought up, search about for some new belief appealing to some facet of their nature. In many cases they will discard a belief because one-tenth of it does not appeal to them, and accept in its stead another, of which only one-tenth does appeal. Such are those who take to the so-called Christian Science, to Spiritualism, and to the New Theology. They throw away an old established mystic idea because it is mystic, and adopt in its place merely a new mysticism no easier to understand than the old one." Incidentally it crops out that the author lives in China and visits England frequently. He aspires to become clear about the mystery of mysteries, the inwardness of man's life and to make it plausible that there is something more than this material and tridimensional world, but he is unfortunate in selecting what he calls the dimensional idea to be the corner stone of his religious hope. He sees many possibilities in the fourth dimension, and its incomprehensibility is discarded on the ground "that infinity and eternity exist and yet these ideas are incomprehensible to us." We will not criticize the details of this book. We will only say that eternity and infinitude are aspects of time and space. They are not realities or actualities but unlimited functions of our thought, and if viewed as such they are by no means incomprehensible. On the contrary it would be incomprehensible if we were obliged to think of time and space as limited. What is impossible is only to represent or, as it were, to visualize an infinity or an eternity as a completed real thing, but such a demand is not made and should not be made. Yet on such a notion hinges the widely spread claim that infinity and eternity are incomprehensible. We do not believe that the fourth dimension can yield what Mr. Tyler expects of it, but we believe that his aim of securing the higher ground of what might be popularly called religion, is obtainable by comprehending that the fleeting forms of existence are actualizations of eternalities. The life of every individual passes, but the significance of his aspirations, his aims and highest ideals are the expressions of an eternal world-order which in the Christian religion is called God.

ST. GEORGE OF CAPPADOCIA IN LEGEND AND HISTORY. By *Cornelia Steketee Hulst*. London: David Nutt, 1909. Pp. 156.

This attractive book with its many exquisite illustrations is a collection of the literature and art which have clustered about the personality of St. George. In 494 the learned Pope Gelasius said of him that his "virtues and names are rightly adored among men but his actions are known only to God," thus warning the people against believing in what he called "forged false acts of St. George." The claims of St. George were reconsidered at the time of the Reformation, and Calvin classed him as a mythical saint, in which judgment Protestants have generally agreed. The illustrations are of historic and artistic value; the frontispiece is a reproduction in colors of a section of the Bayeux Tapestry, and the text is interspersed with full-page half-tone repro-

ductions of paintings by Raphael, Veronese, Guido Reni, Giorgone, Tintoretto and many others.

After discussing with great thoroughness the history and legend of St. George, the allegory of St. George and the Dragon, the spread of the Veneration of this saint before the first crusade, the various orders of St. George and institutions and incidents which show his influence, and the romantic developments of the St. George legend, Mrs. Hulst enumerates nearly three hundred artistic representations of the saint and his story, together with the present location of their originals. This is followed by a bibliography of one hundred and twenty titles.

THE OLD TESTAMENT in the Light of the Historical Records and Legends of Assyria and Babylonia. By *Theophilus G. Pinches*. London: S. P. C. K., 1908. 3d ed., pp. 597.

This work by the famous Assyriologist of University College, London, now appears in its third edition which has been revised in the light of the latest works of inquiry by King, Sayce, Winckler and others. Its original intent was not so much to relate new facts and discoveries as to bring together as many of the old ones as possible in a new form more easily comprehended and more attractive to the general reader than the customary lucubrations of specialists. The author has especially given living interest to his account by breaking the monotony of the narrative with frequent quotations from the original records themselves, thus letting them tell their own story.

Professor Pinches is one of the prominent Assyriologists represented in the *Hilprecht Anniversary Volume* recently issued in honor of the great Assyriologist of the University of Pennsylvania, and his contribution is a brief note on "Some Mathematical Tables of the British Museum," which are analogous to a series of tables found among the temple library at Nippur and published by Professor Hilprecht in his report of the Pennsylvania Babylonian expedition.

JEAN-JACQUES ROUSSEAU, A FORERUNNER OF PRAGMATISM. By *Albert Schinz*. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co., 1909. Pp. 39. Price 50c.

This is an interesting comparison between Rousseau and William James in their development and opinions by the author of *Anti-Pragmatism*. Professor Schinz divides the activity of these thinkers into three periods. He discusses first the definition of pragmatism, and then takes up in detail the scientific phase, the physio-psychological phase and the pragmatic phase of Rousseau's thought always with reference to the corresponding element in James. These he follows with "Three Characteristic Applications of Pragmatic Principles." The main essay is followed by three appendices which give additional details with regard to Rousseau's relations with Condillac and Madame de Genlis, and conclude by calling attention to the fact that Rousseau seems to be in favor of pragmatic ignorance for the masses, while holding that for the select few, science is desirable and desirable in the interest of all.