

If the above "postulates" are correct there can be no "immortality" for human consciousness.

Even all worlds are temporary, subject to redissolution by collision, as we see in those stellar phenomena called *novae*,—new or temporary stars.

BOOK REVIEWS AND NOTES.

PSALMS OF THE EARLY BUDDHISTS. II. Psalms of the Brethren. By *Mrs. Rhys Davids*. London: Frowde, 1913. Pp. 446. Price 10s. net.

We are glad to see the second volume of Mrs Rhys Davids's sympathetic translation of Buddhist psalms. It is natural that this volume of the Brethren should be twice as large as that of the *Psalms of the Sisters* published in 1909. At a cursory reading these psalms seem to be more uniform in thought and expression, the minds represented to run more nearly in one mould, than is the case with those of the Sisters. The latter have the feminine personal quality which speaks from the point of view of the individual in contrast to their brothers' tendency to more abstract generalizations. But Mrs. Rhys Davids has formulated the aspects under which the supreme goal of salvation is viewed by the brethren, and her tabulation shows a wide variety of points of view. One evidence of uniformity is the tendency to refrain. A frequent one is:

"The Threefold Wisdom have I made my own,
And all the Buddha bids us do is done."

and sometimes as much as eight lines are duplicated. The keynote of the volume is that of victory, of triumph, "the lion's roar," a frequent figure which introduces the collection thus:

"As to the call of distant lions' roar
Resounding from the hollow of the hills,
List to the psalms of them whose selves were trained,
Telling us messages anent themselves:
How they were named, and what their kin, and how
They kept the Faith, and how they found Release."

One Brother, Kassapa the Great, thus gives forth the lion's roar of victory in his own behalf with Pharisaic sincerity:

"In the whole field of Buddha's following,
Saving alone the mighty Master's self,
I stand the foremost in ascetic ways;
No man doth practise them so far as I.
The Master hath my fealty and love,
And all the Buddha's ordinance is done.
Low have I laid the heavy load I bore.
Cause for rebirth is found in me no more."

The story of Kassapa's life, as of many of the brethren, is of romantic human interest. He promised his parents that he would care for them during their lives and afterwards renounce the world. To appease his mother he had a statue made of an ideally beautiful maiden, telling her that if he found one who resembled it he would marry. The mother sent out messengers with the statue, and once when they left it standing by the river's edge the

nurse of the beautiful Bhadda Kapilani discovered it and mistaking it for her charge, slapped its face in wrath at the young lady's ill breeding. The messengers asked her about her mistress, and when they saw her sent word to their master that they had found the maid he was to marry. But she too was unwilling, so each wrote to the other expressing the same intention to renounce the world. The messengers met, read the letters, thought them foolish and substituted others, so that the marriage took place. After the parents' death they decided to renounce the world and started out together with shorn heads and yellow raiment, but it occurred to the young man that the world would judge that though renouncing the world they could not give up each other, and so they parted at the crossroads, he going to the right and she to the left. "Then the earth trembled at the weight of such virtue" and Kassapa was duly ordained. His psalms are admonitions to his brethren founded on his own experiences. The first reads:

"Walk not where many folk would make thee chief.
 Dizzy the mind becomes, and hard to win
 Is concentrated thought. And he who knows:
 'Ill bodes the company of many folk,'
 Will keep himself aloof from haunt of crowds.
 Go not, O sage, to hearths of citizens.
 Who greedy seeks to taste life's feast entire,
 Neglects the good that brings true happiness.
 A treacherous bog it is, this patronage
 Of bows and gifts and treats from wealthy folk.
 'Tis like a fine dart, bedded in the flesh,
 For erring human hard to extricate."

As a whole the psalms teach the peace and content that comes from the pursuit of a simple, sincere, benevolent life. p

THE ANATOMY OF THE BRAIN. A Manual for Students and Practitioners of Medicine. By J. F. Burkholder, M.D. Pages 206.

It is well known that the construction of a sheep's brain strongly resembles the human brain and is therefore of much practical value for classes in anatomy because of its availability for laboratory purposes. Dr. Burkholder, professor of ophthalmology in the school of medicine at Loyola University, here publishes a manual for students and practitioners of medicine explaining in detail by the aid of forty full-page plates, the anatomy of the sheep's brain, emphasizing the respects in which it deviates from the human brain as well as the similarities between them. p

WHY ARE WE HERE? By *Edwin A. Rice*. Chicago: P. F. Pettibone & Co., 1913. Pp. 135.

Of his own work the author says: "I have gathered and combined from many sources, and present this outline of my philosophy of life for the benefit of those who may be eagerly groping for truth without the unusual advantages of associations which it has been my great privilege to enjoy. As an hypothesis it will be judged by its efficiency in solving the problems of life. To me it is logical, consistent and satisfying, and I hope it may be useful and uplifting to others as it has been to me." The author's philosophy is spiritualistic but he opposes the common mediumship in most rigorous terms as "the

great psychological crime" (p. 110) and urges independent self-reliance and self-control. He declares that "there will always remain unsolved problems and unanswered questions, but the teachings outlined herein and further elaborated and defined in the works referred to, will furnish a key to right living, a reason for human existence and a glimpse of the infinite beneficence of the divine plan." From the standpoint of spiritualism the book is wholesome, but we ought to add that we take a different view. In our opinion the question "Why are we here?" is not correctly formulated. We are faced by the fact that we are here, and the question is what shall we make of it. κ

The third *Jahrbuch der Schopenhauer-Gesellschaft* contains a number of interesting contributions. Illés Antal of Budapest investigates the claim of Dr. Günther Jacoby Concerning Bergson's dependence on Schopenhauer, as set forth in *The Monist*, October 1912, and Lucia Franz furnishes us with information with regard to Schopenhauer's home life. Franz Mockrauer of Kiel publishes some passages from Schopenhauer's lectures while he was *privat docent* at the University of Berlin. The scope of the volume is international as other articles are written in English (Alfred Forman), Italian (Alessandro Costa) and French (André Fauconnet).

There are two facsimiles of Schopenhauer's handwriting, one letter to his mother, a pessimistic contemplation of the misery entailed by the Napoleonic invasion, and a special rarity, a love poem of the great woman hater. It is addressed to the actress Karoline Jagemann, a contemporary of Goethe who had been ennobled by the duke of Weimar under the title of Frau von Heygendorf. The case is interesting because Frau von Heygendorf is the only woman who might have induced Schopenhauer to forget his prejudice against marriage. Wilhelm von Gwinner as quoted by Paul Deussen writes on the subject as follows:

"He (Schopenhauer) felt personally drawn to only one person, the actress Karoline Jagemann. 'This woman,' he owned once to his mother, '.....I would make my wife (*heimführen*) even if I had picked her up breaking stones on the highway.' By the bye she was ten years his senior. His only love poem, written in the winter of 1809, was inspired by her. She visited him in Frankfort as Frau von Heygendorf, on which occasion he had read to her his parable of the company of porcupines just written at that time (*Parerga* II, 396) which she had greatly enjoyed."

The poem describes a chorus of singers who went out to serenade the actress on a murky day. The philosopher joins them and is disappointed that she does not appear at the window. The versification is poor, and the sentiment expressed almost trivial. The last stanza reads as follows:

"Der Chor zieht durch die Gassen,
Vergebens weilt mein Blick,
Die Sonne hüllt der Vorhang—
Bewölkt ist mein Geschick."

It may be rendered into English thus:

"The chorus goes parading;
Linger in vain mine eyes.
The sun is veiled by curtains,
My fate beclouded lies."