"God of Heaven" may here give us the clue. I emphatically term this a conjecture, as may be seen by referring to my book. If it be not actually verified, it should at least "stir up thought"; as indeed it has so far done; and this is what we need.

Finally I thank my reviewer for apologizing for my brevity toward the close. In fact this had its most natural of all mechanical causalities; for both my time and my money were very scant. As is known, I am driving a fierce race with my "latter end," pushing on with pen and with paper-mill in fullest fury to finish before my chance is over. I have already made up some little for the scant treatment of the last pages; see The Monist for January presaging the number for July, where I actually compare Avesta with Daniel and Revelations verse by verse.

Let me, in closing, again express my thanks to my reviewer. He has in fact forestalled my friendly appreciation by his own kindness to me,—but, as one of the "aged" I may be pardoned if I allow myself to add a word of heartfelt commendation.

Dr. Gray is, as I understand, still somewhat young, but he has less of the vapor of his age about him than any scholar yet known to have attained his present position under similar circumstances.

So far as I am capable of judging, he is radically sound, though a little too much spread out in his field of literary action, which peculiarity has indeed, in part at least, its obvious explanation in the fact that he is not yet a settled professor, at least, so I regretfully suppose. One does not like to predict the future; but I am of the opinion that this brilliant man will, if he has a fair chance of it, live to be recognized as one of the keenest and most useful scholars that even the land of Whitney has produced.

Lawrence H. Mills.


MAN A CREATOR.

If man can truly be said to have been created in the image of God, he ought to evince his divinity by imitating the creator in deeds of creation, and this, indeed, has long been recognized as the worthiest occupation of man. The poet, the artist, the inventor, in fact all original thinkers and leaders, produce new forms, new devices and contrivances, new thoughts and higher ideals. Indeed it seems as if the world were the mere raw material purposely left unfinished so as to enable man to exercise the divinest of his qualities, his creativeness. The imperfections of nature appear from this point of view as if made on purpose so as to offer man the opportunity of accomplishing this ambitious task and building up a human world above the natural. A late Latin proverb characterizes the pride of the inhabitants of the Netherlands in this line:

Deus creavit mare sed Batavus litora fecit.

"God created the ocean, but the shores have been made by Batavians."

The creativeness of man appears to acquire a special resemblance to God's own work, when it extends to the procreation of new species, and this has actually been accomplished of late by Dr. Nilsson, the Director of the Swedish Agricultural Station at Svalöf, and our reputed countryman Luther Burbank, of Santa Rosa, California. However meritorious these undertakings are, they remain exposed to the criticism of the narrow-minded, and so we need not be
surprised to find that Mr. Burbank was once called to account for arrogance by some ignorant clergyman who for the purpose of censuring him in the name of God, invited him one Sunday to his church, gave him a prominent seat in a pew exposed to the view of the congregation and denounced the supercilious ways of men who meddled with the plans of God by attempting to create new species. The incident is referred to by Mr. Harwood in his *New Creations in Plant Life*, (pp. 20-21) when he speaks of the troubles which Mr. Burbank encountered at the start of his career. He says:
"Opposition now came from many quarters. Not only did his friends see the fulfilment of their predictions,—some of them very kindly telling him so,—but people who had heard of some of the strange things he had done and who had not the breadth of vision to see what manner of man this was, pronounced him a charlatan,—a man who was creating all manner of unnatural forms of life, monstrosities, indeed a distinct foe to the race. A
Mr. Ramanathan is Solicitor General of Ceylon, and a distinguished man in his own country, where he is a recognized social and political leader. There are few Orientals better known than he to English, if not to American, readers. He has recently visited America and has written a book on The Culture of the Soul Among Western Nations (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1906). Though he is not a Christian his attitude toward Christianity is very sympathetic, and if he had his way he would reform Western Christianity according to his ideals of a spiritual life. His position is well characterized in the two mottoes which are inscribed on the title page: Emerson's

"In Greece, every Stoic was a Stoic, but in Christendom, where is the Christian?"

and Tennyson's

"Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

The impression which Mr. Ramanathan left on a circle of friends and admirers is best echoed by the editor of this book, Mr. Myron H. Phelps, who says:

"Mr. Ramanathan leaves many friends in America; many who have received from him a new light, a new hope, and a new inspiration, which they believe will ever continue to illumine and cheer their pathway through life."

Some passages of Mr. Ramanathan's book contain observations on American life, as he saw it. He says on page 73:

"Thus has dogma taken the place of the quickening precepts of Jesus and Paul. The Christianity taught by those masters has been, alas, 'killed' by unsound interpretation, and there remains now Churchiinity, or an aggregate of different literary and historical problems full of 'vain questions and strifes..."