

glory. Their adjustments to it are as tragic or pathetic, as grotesque or heroic as they themselves are one or the other. Here is material out of which a Tolstoy could fashion a dozen volumes to cap "War and Peace" or a Pushkin create a thundering epic.

Albert Rhys Williams has not tried to do either. What he has tried to do—and he has succeeded—is to etch little vignettes of life uprooted but striking newer and younger roots into the soil of spirits reborn in travail and bewilderment, but inextinguishable.

And that, after all, is what revolution is, in Russia or anywhere else. It is also what life is.

PHILOSOPHIES AND RELIGIONS, OLD AND NEW

By Edna Kenton

THE TIBETAN BOOK OF THE DEAD. *Edited by W. Y. Evans-Wentz. Oxford. \$5.50.*

THE LIFE OF BUDDHA. *By A. Ferdinand Herold. A. & C. Boni. \$2.50.*

WAS JESUS INFLUENCED BY BUDDHISM? *By Dwight Goddard. Privately printed.*

THE STORY OF BUDDHA AND BUDDHISM: HIS LIFE AND SAYINGS. *Edited by Brian Brown. McKay. \$2.50.*

THE STORY OF CONFUCIUS: HIS LIFE AND SAYINGS. *Edited by Brian Brown. McKay. \$2.50.*

RELIGIONS PAST AND PRESENT. *By Bertram C. A. Windle. Century. \$3.00.*

THE GOSPEL OF SĀDHU SUNDAR SINGH. *By Friedrich Heiler. Oxford. \$3.00.*

THE PRIEST AND HIS DISCIPLES. *A Play by Kurata Hyakusō. Doran. \$2.00.*

THE Tibetan Book of the Dead" is one of the books of the world, and Lāma Kazi Dawa-Samdup's English rendering makes it available to the Anglo-Saxon world. But unfortunately it has been edited so ably as to offer a perfect example of the letter murdering the spirit. There is a Preface, a Description of Illustrations, a Foreword and an Introduction—one hundred pages before we come to the translated Tibetan text, and these pages can be skipped. What cannot be ignored, however, are the Notes to the

text—from a quarter to three-fourths of almost every page is over-burdened with them; and they are singularly unilluminating except to the scholiasts. Once upon a time Madame Blavatsky wrote two huge tomes of explanatory text on the "Stanzas of Dzyan", a secret "book of books" consisting of about 500 brief lines. Madame Blavatsky's "The Secret Doctrine" was an interesting book, but no one ever knew how interesting and comparatively simple the "Stanzas of Dzyan" were until some bright mind conceived the idea of extracting the 500 lines of Dzyan from the Blavatsky explanatory notes of an odd million words and publishing them in a little book all to themselves. Perhaps some day, just as compactly, the seventy-five pages of "The Tibetan Book of the Dead" will be bound all to themselves, with almost no notes at all. Until that day, however, this volume, even with its disturbing, impeding notes, is an indispensable addition to any bookshelf of Eastern literature.

A. Ferdinand Herold's "The Life of Buddha" reads less like history or legend than like fiction, although the author's Foreword says emphatically that fiction it is not. But its tone is fictional, which is not at all bad for the primer-class, let us say, of the Western world beginning its study of the Eastern. What has interested the author is just what will interest the primer-class—the embroidered tapestry, the fantastic romance of his subject, rather than its reality. Here are the legends, the loves, the asceticisms, the outer trials and triumphs of Gautama Buddha, but very little of his inner life until the latter half of the book, when some of the delicate fruit of his meditations is given. Here are the familiar though ever delightful parables of the Hermit and the Hare, Padmaka and the Fish, the Crane and the Fish, the Bamboo Grove, and so on. The parables are all right; fairy stories never harmed any one; their vague wisdom is likely to stick in the mind.

Dwight Goddard has published a comparative study of the lives and thoughts of Gautama and Jesus under the major title "Was Jesus Influenced by Buddhism?" According to his thesis, Jesus spent his "lost years" with the semi-Buddhist Essenes, a

secret order existing from time immemorial, rising now and then into a certain prominence and then sinking back into obscurity. About two centuries before Christ they rose again to purify the already corrupted teaching of the Buddha (who died 483 B.C.), and though there is nothing in this book that will prove Jesus spent his mysterious years with the Essenes before his appearance as a world-teacher, in this it does not differ from any other treatise on that unsolved problem. It has a flaw that will be less serious than humorous a half-century hence: an attempt to "psychoanalyze" Jesus, with a sort of phantasy of his early home-life that could and should have been edited out of the manuscript. The Virgin-Mother realized her child was "odd and abnormal. Is it any wonder that, at times, weary with the care of a large family of step-children, she became, towards Jesus, cross and unappreciative? In his after-life Jesus had little to do with her, and never refers to mother-love. This accounts for Jesus's tendency to make the father-image the symbol of his will-to-power".

"The Story of Buddha and Buddhism: His Life and Sayings" is one of a pair edited by Brian Brown, the companion book being "The Story of Confucius: His Life and Sayings". The Introduction to this third life of Buddha gives clearly and briefly the changes Gautama Buddha brought about in the religion itself. The story of his life is less romantic than the Herold book; then, following a brief discussion of the religion itself come selections from the Buddhist scriptures. This is perhaps the most satisfactory single volume on the Buddha. The companion volume on Confucius follows the same general plan. The second chapter, "His Favorite Disciple's Opinion of Him", is delightful in its colloquial, commonsense point of view of a revered Master. In this volume too are selected parables, maxims, rules of conduct, and, in the last chapter, the Chinese catechism, dialogues between Cu-Su, a disciple of Confucius, and Prince Kou, son of the King of Lou. Altogether, the selections make a very good, simple outline of the Confucian scriptures.

Among suggested sources of religion Bertram C. A. Windle in his "Religions Past

and Present" offers this, quoted from Daniel G. Brinton: ". . . the psychic origin of all religious thought is the recognition or, if you please, assumption, that conscious volition is the ultimate source of all force. It is the belief that behind the sensuous, phenomenal world, distinct from it, giving it form, existence, and activity, lies the ultimate, invisible, immeasurable power of Mind, of conscious Will, of Intelligence, analogous in some way to our own; and—mark this essential corollary—that man is in communication with it". This is a promising text for an "Elementary Account of Comparative Religion"—the book's sub-title. But the author had too many notes and he has heaped them on too small a surface. This is a very elementary story indeed of racial beliefs, taboos, magics, superstitions and traditions, scooped out of the multitude of compilations of such things, but it is very far from being even an elementary account of religions past and present, let pass one of comparative religion. Text and title do not belong together.

In Friedrich Heiler's "The Gospel of Sâdhu Sundar Singh", we have another more or less psychoanalytic study of another world-teacher, this time a living one, whose "love to Christ" is explained as "rooted in repressed infantile sex-complexes". This is a contemporary treatise on a contemporary mystic, who has travelled round the world, taught in America, and about whom legends and myths are already in the making. There are sections on prayer, ecstasy, inward peace, the joy of the cross, heaven upon earth, brotherly love; and his religious life as a whole appears to tend more toward the emotional than the reflective type. His biographer is likewise of an enthusiastic temperament. But it is difficult to write the lives of the living, particularly the lives of living mystics.

Kurata Hyakuzō wrote, in 1918, a play called "Shukke to Sono Deshi", which has just been translated from the Japanese by Glenn W. Shaw under the title of "The Priest and his Disciples". Mr. Shaw's introduction to this fine little reading-drama performs the rarely exercised function of really introducing its author. Hyakuzō, it ap-

pears, studied what he liked, was dismissed from his school, lost two elder sisters, was disappointed in love, fell victim to incurable tubercular infection, almost committed suicide, then turned right about face and decided to live it out. Just after facing death and accepting life he wrote this play around the lives of Shinran Shōnin, a Japanese world-teacher of the thirteenth century, and his disciples. It is an astonishingly mature work for a young man of twenty-six, until we remember that Hyakuzō had in effect "died" before he wrote it. His translator tells us that this is not "the historical Shinran. . . . He has simply taken a great and admired teacher whose heart looks to him like his own, and without violent wrenching, made him the vehicle for the expression of his own convictions". This is putting the tone of the play into a sentence. The tone is simple, sincere, lucid.

AMERICANS SEEKING THEMSELVES

By Sydney Greenbie

AMERICA FINDING HERSELF. *Volume II in "Our Times".* By Mark Sullivan. Scribners. \$5.00.

WITH the key sentence: "Time is a judge that takes no account of novelty", in his mind, Mr. Sullivan has by a complete violation of his own philosophy achieved the success for which he is being acclaimed. He has dug up out of the grave of time every novelty he could discover, and by treating them all as if they were the news of this morning he has given them so much life that time will never be able to kill them. He has taken the past sixty years of American life and, by attention to all the little things that historians either entirely overlook or smother in generalized though erudite phrases, he has shown us the component elements out of which "Our Times" were made. The songs sung in school, the geographies studied, the histories memorized, the gestures when making an oration, the spelling-bees, the games, the sentiments, the exercises, the political battles, the industrial struggles and

developments, the trust-making and trust-busting, the clang of Roosevelt before and after office, the thawing of the water-pump in the yard, the horseless carriage and the corsetted busts and bustles—the vast accretion of little prides and great traditions—all that which, when half forgotten, makes up "the good old days", Mark Sullivan has dished up for us in the manner of a newspaper man who knows the value of news.

To conclude from this that "Our Times" is a light book dealing with pleasing, alluring, "popular" matters is to misjudge it. As a matter of fact, it is a plain, clear, outspoken recital of American activities. It begins more fantastically than it ends. It is saved from being matter-of-fact by an almost unconscious sense of humor, but it broadens out into a study of American industrial and business life with the acumen of a trained reporter. If it is critical, it is largely so by a process of selection of material before the material was placed in the book. If it is literary, it is so by the projection of the latent culture in the American scene rather than by anything inherent in the style of the author. Mainly its interest lies in the intimate, personal association of the writer with the material he has in hand. The result is that the reader himself becomes familiar with the men, the environment and the events as he could not become from even the most constant reading of the newspapers.

A comparison of "Our Times" with any history of America covering the same period of time would be a most interesting revelation of the reason why history is little read. Mr. Sullivan spends short time generalizing. He states his facts convincingly and leaves you with a feeling that much more might also be said. His own opinions are manifest, but there is no violence in his declarations and he seems to leave you free to differ if you wish. His philosophy is concrete. He does not carry you on to any great heights. But one comes away with a definite notion of the forces that have made history in the past sixty years, though with considerably less romantic feeling about "the good old days". So far his book is faultless, but faultless by no means is the America he portrays.

With a predilection for politics, Mr. Sulli-