

graph affords a correct idea of the appearance of these remarkable art productions in the position in which they were found.

A few words may be added in comment upon the recent theory which Count Bégouen shares. It assumes that prehistoric art served a magic purpose. Because present pragmatic man always sees some practical end toward which his efforts are directed, he is inclined to think that the deeds of prehistoric art must also have had a definite intention, and this can only have been to attract by magic power the animals to be hunted. Perhaps scholars of the future when discovering our modern monuments will assume that they too were meant as means of conjuration to procure a victory over the enemy, and the idea that our artists have designed them in pure joy of some great accomplishment or of ideas that took possession of their minds will not occur to them. It can be said of theories as of books, *Habent sua fata*. The truth is that we have these artistic monuments, and we need only concede that art flourished in the primitive prehistoric age of mankind.

SONG OF THE WAR DEVIL.

BY C. L. MARSH.

“Move upward, working out the beast,
And let the ape and tiger die.”

—Tennyson.

Still in the heart of each human I lurk,
Peasant, philosopher, Christian or Turk,
Still is unstifled my smoldering fire,
Spark of the tiger that once was your sire.
Smear me with culture and bury me deep,
Out from the blaze of your passion I leap.
Preach me or teach me! I laugh you to scorn,
Into your hearts from your fathers I'm born.
My eyes are glowing red,
By your native hatred bred,
And I wake your drowsy will
With a thirsty lust to kill,
Till the golden fields are filthy with the foulness of the dead.

Plausible tales of a national might;
Country! Religion! “The Glory of Right!”
These are the slogans that make my disguise,
I am the child of “The Father of Lies.”
Cat-like I crawl through your peace-making schemes,
Softly I purr at your love-gendered dreams.
Waiting the moment when “self” is alone
Swiftly I strike, and your heart is my own.
Your eyes see only red,
By my fiery passion fed,
And I paralyze your sight
Till you know not wrong from right,
And I laugh to see you triumph in the thousands of your dead.

Love is my enemy, hatred my life!
 Love hopes to slay me! I joy in the strife!
 Think of your history! glance at your past,
 Find—of survivals I still am the last.
 Death is my comrade, sorrow my joy,
 Born in the hearts of your girl and your boy.
 I am the spirit that curses your race,
 Ne'er shall I rest till your name I efface.
 When the private feud begins,
 Or the pride of conquest wins,
 I sharpen teeth and claws
 For a war without a cause,
 I hate and loathe you utterly, your virtues and your sins.

BOOK REVIEWS AND NOTES.

PALMS AND TEMPLE BELLS. By *A. Christina Albers*. Calcutta: Burlington Press, 55 Creek Row.

Miss Albers, born in Germany and educated in the United States, has from her childhood had an inborn love of India. It was her desire to go to India and live among the people whom she had greatly admired long before she ever set foot on Indian ground. She has frequently given expression to her thoughts in writing, and we may mention among her publications a little story of Indian wifehood, in which the customs of child marriage are pictured in a pleasant and attractive story. She has also written a life of Buddha for children, with interspersed verses, and now we are in receipt of this little book of poems whose purpose is to "interpret to the West some of the thoughts, the ideals and the customs of India." Miss Albers is fond of India, but she sees the dark side of Indian life as well as the noble and exalting high virtues of some Indian men and women. In contrast to these she recognizes the "various harsh usages, prominent among the latter being the marriage of children." The verses before us reflect Indian life in all the various phases which the poet has met, and we can give no better description of the contents of this little book before us than in a review which appeared a short time ago in the *Indian Mirror* of Calcutta (February 26, 1915).

"There are few Europeans who can say of India with greater enthusiasm 'This is my own, my native land' than Miss Christina Albers, the author of the book of poems, *Palms and Temple Bells*. No European lady living in India has observed with greater closeness the manners and customs of its people and evinced her sympathy with its women-folk with greater sincerity than she. The title of the book is eminently suggestive of its contents.

"The physical aspects of the country and the spirituality of its peoples form the principal themes of the collection of poems which this volume embodies, although a few pieces describing life and views outside of India find a place therein. The authoress sings a variety of songs in a variety of measures, the key-note of the music being sympathy. The Taj has been variously described by succeeding poets and travelers. Miss Albers gives it a characteristic designation; she calls it 'a great love's dream creation.' The lines on Jahangir and Shahjehan represent such sentiments as their respective reigns