

years, during a pilgrimage to those districts in the far west which form the scenery of "Bogland Studies" and "Irish Idylls." The former was written in verse and attracted considerable attention, but a wider audience and a more popular appreciation has fastened upon "Irish Idylls." Since its publication last autumn the English edition has gone through three editions. The title is rather misleading, for it suggests a representation of the entire nationality, whereas the "Idylls" cover only a segment of the various life of the Irish people. In a recent letter Miss Barlow comments on this equivocal nomenclature as follows: "Although great poverty is only too often to be found all through this country—there are cabins in this village (in the east) as miserable as they well can be—it is perhaps only in the west of Ireland that a state of things such as is described as existing in Lisconnell could justifiably be represented as general."

The faults of Miss Barlow's work are obvious, and admit of repression and amendment as she gains self-command and experience. As a final word, however, we would emphasize the need of a deeper insight into the religious sentiment of a people who have always been susceptible to religious emotion, and whose shriveled and hard-set lives are softened to a much greater extent by the well-spring of deep human instincts of faith and love, which we know exist surely if unobtrusively in the breast of the Irish peasant, than by the good nature and ready wit which are also his heritage. "In the harsh face of life," says Stevenson, "faith can read a bracing gospel."



A Perplexed Philosopher. By Henry George. (Charles L. Webster & Co., New York.) This volume, like everything else from Mr. George's pen, is brilliant in a high degree. Yet it is likely to detract from Mr. George's reputation. It was not worth his while to devote so much mental energy to exposing the inconsistencies of Herbert Spencer, and it was decidedly beneath him to charge that Mr. Spencer abandoned the radical doctrine of his earlier years because of a desire to remain *persona grata* to the English aristocracy. As a matter of fact, Mr. Spencer, because of his health and because of his tastes, mingles but little in society of any sort, and the motive for apostasy is utterly wanting. Beyond this, Mr. Spencer never did, in a logical and thoroughgoing way, accept the doctrine that all men have an equal right to the land. Mr. George shows very clearly that Mr. Spencer's thinking upon this subject was confused from the start, and it is not likely that he would ever have taught as he did the wrongfulness of individual ownership of the land, had he appreciated that its logical consequences were so fatal to vested interests. A man's views upon social questions depend upon his spirit, and not upon any logical deductions from his philosophical creed. Herbert Spencer has not the spirit of a social reformer, or he would have thrown away his entire social philosophy, when he found that on nearly every important question it forced him to fight with the opponents of social reform. Mr. George ought not to have expected Mr. Spencer to uphold the single tax, and he has no more right to accuse him of moral turpitude because he is not logical than he would have to accuse all clergymen of such turpitude who preach the abstract doctrine of brotherhood, and yet upon concrete political measures are on the side of aristocracy and monopoly.

We are accustomed to associate the name of George Moore with novels of the Zola and Maupassant character, by way of illustrating realism in its utmost purity (?). But *The Strike at Arlingford: A Play in Three Acts*, has nothing improper in its whole course. It is a study of the Socialistic movement, and contains some striking epigrammatic observations on the subject. The plot of the play is extremely clever and rather original; some will consider it to be over-cynical. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

The Faience Violin, translated from the French of Champfleury, by William Henry Bishop, is a graceful rendering of a delightful little virtuoso sketch. The frenzy of the collector, its origin, growth, and culmination, are traced by the hand of one who was himself the most canny and successful of collectors. It is just the story for lovers of *brac-à-brac*—a book to put in the cabinet beside your bit of *Geux faience*, your specimen of fine Cantigalli, or, by good hap, a genuine jewel of Luca della Robbia.

There is an exquisiteness of feeling and a refinement of form in *Nowadays, and Other Stories*, by George A. Hibbard.

(Harper & Brothers, New York.) The best of them, we think, is that entitled "In the Midst." We enjoy the delicate analyses of character and emotion which Mr. Hibbard presents, as well as the felicity of his turns of expression and the general charm of his style. The publishers have presented these fine sketches in a beautiful volume.

The Story of Parthia is the most recent number in the series of "The Story of the Nations." It is by Professor George Rawlinson, which is a perfectly sufficient guarantee that it is a trustworthy historical account, and, upon examination and comparison, we find nothing to condemn; but this we do say, that the book is far from being, in any true sense, a "story." It is a respectable, abridged history of the Parthians, and it is rather dull. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

A new and decidedly handsome library edition in two volumes of Hepworth Dixon's famous work on *Her Majesty's Tower* comes to us from T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. We miss the not always artistic but certainly illustrative pictures of the earlier editions, but otherwise this is vastly superior. The fascination of the grim romance clinging to the ancient Tower of London is of a lasting kind.



Literary Notes

—Mr. Rudyard Kipling's forthcoming long story is called "The Bridge-Builders."

—A new biographic work on Schopenhauer is expected soon in Dresden. Its author is the late Dr. Bahr, an intimate friend of the great pessimist.

—Mr. Howells is to publish his literary reminiscences in a series of articles entitled "Men and Letters." The papers are to appear in "Harper's."

—Colonel R. S. Lanier, father of the late Sidney Lanier, the poet, died at Macon, Ga., on October 20. He was a lawyer, and eminent in his profession.

—Mr. Holman Hunt is writing a history of the Pre-Raphaelite Movement, based on his personal knowledge and his reminiscences of the men who contributed to the movement.

—Louis Kossuth has completed the third volume of his memoirs, but is so nearly blind that he has been unable to read the proof-sheets personally. He is over ninety years of age.

—The Century Company have printed a second edition of Miss Case's "Love of the World," a singularly fresh and suggestive book of religious meditation, of which *The Outlook* spoke at length last season.

—An interesting feature of "Scribner's Magazine" during the coming year will be a novel by George Meredith, which will bear the title of "An Amazing Marriage," and is declared to be a brilliant piece of work.

—A writer in the "Pall Mall Gazette" reports the mound over Rossetti's grave, in the pretty old churchyard of Birchington-on-Sea, as being "trodden away" by visitors, and suggests that an iron railing be placed around the grave and monument.

—Professor Jowett, the late Master of Balliol, Oxford, bequeathed the copyright of all his papers and other writings to the College, with full control to three literary executors, Professor Lewis Campbell, Dr. Evelyn Abbott, and P. Lytton Gell.

—Says the London "Literary World": "£25,000 for the copyright of an ex-Imperial Chancellor's memoirs is not a bad price, and if the report be true that Prince Bismarck has obtained it from a firm of German publishers, we congratulate him on an excellent stroke of business. General Gordon's family got only £6,000 for his famous Diary, and we fancy that that was almost too much."

—Messrs. Little, Brown & Co., of Boston, have issued a new edition of a very attractive volume which last year found many readers. "The World's Best Hymns," compiled and illustrated by Louis K. Harlowe, is so well described by its title that nothing remains to be added to the former notice of the book save the record of the fact that additional hymns have been added to the present edition.

—Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., of this city, announce the Anthropological Series, edited by Professor Frederick Starr, of the University of Chicago—a frequent contributor to *The Outlook*. The books in this series will treat of ethnology, prehistoric archaeology, ethnography, etc., and the purpose is to make the newest of all the sciences—anthropology—better known to intelligent readers who are not specialists. The first book in this series will be "Woman's Place in Primitive Culture," by Professor O. R. Mason, of the Smithsonian Institution; the author will trace in it the division of labor between man and woman, which began with the invention of fire-making.

[For list of Books Received see page 865]

With Our Readers

I.—Correspondence

The Immanence of God

To the Editors of *The Outlook*:

Permit me to offer a suggestion or two regarding the difficulty encountered by Mr. Gass in reconciling the theory of the immanence of God with the workings of natural law, as set forth by him in the correspondence column of your issue of October 14 last.

In the first place, the thought which Mr. Gass himself brings out, that "law is the working of the constant inner mind," would (as it seems to me) offer the solution of the problem, if carried to its legitimate conclusion. If God, he who is infinite in knowledge, in resources, and in power, be indeed within all and the cause of all, then he must, from the beginning, have taken cognizance of each occurrence and all occurrences which should come to pass throughout all time, and must have formed his plan for man accordingly. In short, the foreknowledge of God and his constant presence in all things, if it be accepted as a fact, requires the conclusion that from such foreknowledge and through such presence he has so planned and does so execute as to control. It follows, then, that, without interfering with the freedom of man, the circumstances and conditions which surround each of us are those best calculated for his peculiar need. It does not vitiate this theory when we find that some men suffer more of the kind of loss or chastening to which Mr. Gass refers than do others. It simply resolves itself into this: that, *under all the conditions which surround them*, this is for their good. In proof of this: how many lives have been saved under circumstances which would seem, humanly speaking, to preclude the possibility; how many lost when there was no apparent reason why this might not have been averted. And who will have the hardihood to say that God's hand is not in these things? If we believe that "His purposes and providences extend to all things," we must believe that even such disasters as storms and earthquakes are a part of his plan.

In the second place, and as a continuance of the same thought, let me suggest the idea of higher laws, whose workings we do not yet understand—never will entirely understand. And this idea is twofold, referring first to the unexplored realm of natural law which stretches illimitably before even the most learned, and then to the effect exerted by spiritual law and force upon natural law and force—an effect in which he must believe who recognizes the necessity for the integrity of natural law, and still believes in the efficacy of prayer for material blessings or results.

F. C. R.

Another Answer

To the Editors of *The Outlook*:

Mr. John Gass asks a question in his letter on "The Immanence of God" which must strongly appeal to every thoughtful believer in God. How, he asks, if all law and force in nature are to be thought of as the activity of the will of God, are we to reconcile earthquakes, storms, and other death-dealing physical phenomena, which are beyond human control, with the divine goodness? Is there not, he asks, "a force in nature opposed to, or at least regardless of, man?"

The most helpful treatment of this problem I have ever seen is to be found in Dr. James Martineau's "Study of Religion," Vol. II., Chapter III.: "If you ask me to find a place for them" (these painful physical phenomena) "in the moral order of things, and tell you the end for which each is ordained, I have no answer to give. But if the question be, 'How, with these things in the physical order, the moral order is yet compatible?' I need only beg you to look beyond these particular phenomena to the system in which they appear, and which cannot be judged by them alone. They occur in conformity with atmospheric and meteorological laws which alone render life possible, and under shelter of which every breathing thing exists and moves and grows and sees the world and feels the sun: so that

the same rules which are death-dealing for an hour or a day are life-giving for ever. If we are to judge truly of the expression and significance of nature, surely we must look on her face, not in the convulsion of a passing struggle, but in its permanent aspect of composure or of joy. The real question is simply this: whether the laws of which complaint is made work such harm that they ought never to have been enacted; or whether, in spite of occasional disasters in their path, the sentient existence of which they are the conditions has in its history a vast excess of blessing. Can any one who really applies this test pronounce that it was incumbent on a wise and beneficent Being to refrain from instituting the terrestrial laws?"

F. L. P.

II.—Notes and Queries

Will you please give your interpretation of the following passage: The first Epistle of Paul to Timothy, chapter ii., from eighth verse to end of chapter; also the first Epistle of Paul to the Corinthians, xiv., 34, 35.

W. D. C.

It is a question whether the words, "Not with braided hair," etc., should not be understood, like the words (Matt. vi., 19) "Lay not up treasures upon earth," in a relative rather than an absolute sense, as contrasted with better things, rather than utterly prohibited. As to the silence and subjection enjoined on women, it must be understood with reference to the Greek status of women, as having a local reference only. As to the argument from Adam and Eve, it has no significance now, except as a clear proof that Paul's inspiration was not such as to make his logic infallible.

Kindly tell me what you think of such theories as are advanced by Uriah Smith, the Seventh-Day Adventist, and also how you think it best to deal with those who are inclined to take what seems to me an abnormal interest in these theories? Again and again I am surprised to find Mr. Smith's books turning up in quite unexpected places, but I have never found that they have had what I would call a wholesome effect upon the character of those who have read them with especial interest.

A. G. S.

We know nothing of Uriah Smith in particular. The notions of the sect you refer to we regard as a Judaizing of Christianity and an anachronism to-day, a survival of a rudimentary development of Christian thought. The best way to deal with them is not in attempting to refute their assertions, but rather in supplanting by more spiritual conceptions the defective idea of Christianity from which they spring.

1. Will you please give the name and price of a good, small work on the history of theology—not one written by an orthodox clergyman? 2. Will you tell me when and by whom will be published the proceedings of the Parliament of Religions, the Literary Congress, and the Congress which discussed social and economic questions at the World's Fair?

C. A.

1. There is none that we know of that exactly meets your requirements. Perhaps Professor Allen's "Continuity of Christian Thought" is the best you could find. 2. The Rev. J. H. Barrows, Chicago, Ill., will edit, and the Parliament Publishing Co. of Chicago will publish, the official record.

I wish advice (1) concerning the most desirable work on the principles of Bible inspiration, adapted to a layman; and (2) some good work on what is revealed concerning Heaven, with reasonable deductions therefrom.

W. C. C.

1. The Rev. R. F. Horton's last book, "Verbum Dei." 2. See a discourse on "Questions About Heaven" in a small volume entitled "Turning-Points of Thought and Conduct." (T. Whittaker, New York.)

Please explain what possible ground there is for the following statement made by the Rev. George F. Pentecost before the Religious Parliament on the 23d of September:

"But in India among the high-caste Brahmans there are at least six hundred priestesses, and every one of them is a prostitute. [Sensation and applause.] They are prostitutes because they are priestesses, and they are priestesses because they are prostitutes. These men are here criticising Christianity. There are two or three Oriental bubbles floating over Chicago for the last two or three weeks that need to be pricked. [Loud applause.]"

A. P. A.

Dr. Pentecost is a competent witness, and the statement seems to explain itself—viz., that

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in these cases the prostitution is regarded as an act of worship to the particular deity.

Under the head of "Notes and Queries" in *The Outlook* of October 14, I find a request for information regarding the lines on a tablet at the entrance of our beautiful cemetery. They come from an old poem called "Death's Sermon," by Samuel Maunders (born 1793—died 1849). The tablet was placed in the cemetery about 1860, under the direction of the late Dr. Asa Fitch, a well-known entomologist, and the author of several works on that subject, who resided at Fitch's Point, about three miles south of the village, and was for many years President of the Cemetery Association. He found the poem in a quaint volume called "Death's Doings," compiled to illustrate thirty plates by Richard Dagley. Dr. Fitch made some extracts from the poem, and a few changes, which were immaterial, as may be seen by comparing the lines on the tablet with those appended here, which were taken from the original volume. The Lenox Library of New York owns a copy of the book, which is now very rare, and another is in the Bancroft Public Library at Salem, N. Y., which, though a library young in years, is fortunate in possessing quite a number of valuable books belonging to the literature of times long past, as well as a very excellent modern collection. The lines in the original, date of 1828, are:

"See what a motley and incongruous heap
In undistinguish'd fellowship are here!
The head which once a proud tiara wore,
Unconscious rests upon a ploughman's cheek,
And that which, animate, promulgated the law,
Serves as a pillow for a felon's skull.
Huge legs, that once with sinews strong were braced,
And arms gigantic, that, encased in steel,
Wielded the sword or rais'd the massive shield,
Now rest in quiet with the stripling's limbs,
Or relics sad of beauty's fragile form.
And where's the difference now?—What boots it,
then,

To know the deeds or qualities of either?
Rank, honours, fortune, strength Herculean,
Fame, birthright, beauty, valor, or renown,
What trace is left of ye? What now denotes
Th' imperial ruler from the meanest boor,
The recreant coward from the hero brave?
Here all contentions cease. The direst foes
Together meet, their feuds forever past;
No burnings of the heart, no envious sneers,
No covert malice here, or open brawls
Annoy. All strife is o'er. The creditor
His debtor no more sues; for here all debts
Are paid—save that great debt incurred by sin,
Which, when the final day of reckoning shall
Arrive, cancelled will be, or paid in full."

M. R. A.

Salem, N. Y.

Will some one kindly tell me the author of the poem beginning with the lines—

"Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone?"

L. J. P.

Erysipelas in My Face

And head had long troubled me. I became nearly blind and my hair all came out. I doctored without relief. Finally Hood's Sarsaparilla was highly recommended, and after taking three bottles I was free from my trouble and long sufferings. Last winter after an attack of the grip I became easily tired and had no appetite. I resorted to Hood's. The tired feeling is gone and I have a good appetite. A severe cough which troubled me much has left me.

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