

this life to the light and love beyond. In the presence of such an action, the mere debate on the question why the righteous suffer is so small a part that it sinks to insignificance; it is only the wordy vehicle whereby the littleness of men, their false dignity, their hidebound traditions, their dogmatic intolerance, their vanity of knowledge, beat against the great rock-soul of the patriarch as he wages his battle for disinterested love. This central theme is for all men; in it is vitally involved the spiritual evolution of manhood. An epic for the world it is, therefore, not for theologian or scholar or Jew or Christian alone; a song for humanity, with the largeness, the sanity, the sublime beauty of universal literature.

An eye that so clearly discerns spiritual things as does that of the author of this Book of Job may be expected to look out steadily and truly into the world of nature. Accordingly we find here some of the greatest nature-poetry ever written—poetry that reveals a keen eye for the beautiful, and especially for the sublime in the world, for the wonders of the rocks and the wildness of the wastes, for cloud and snow and hail, for the power and wisdom displayed in animal life, for the grandeur of the seas and the heavens. Ancient and solemn the diction, but underneath it is a spirit of accurate observation, of unconventional fidelity to fact, which we too lightly think was first brought to expression by Wordsworth and Tennyson. In it all, too, is an insight which pierces beyond the phenomenal to the divine soul of all things; so that it is like nature as viewed by a celestial visitant, who sees not the mere outside, but those inner qualities that are struggling to make themselves visible though our muddy vesture of decay. It is the true nature-poetry, because it sees the world of nature folded in the arms of its Creator and everywhere obedient to his will.

In the same way the spirit of poetry, of the universal human heart, pulsates in all its approach to the greater mysteries of life and death. In the theme that forms the profound undertone of the world's most solemn literature—the theme of that Power which holds us in a grasp unevadable, which casts down and builds up, slays and makes alive as it will—the heart of our author beats in unison with the heart of the world, giving no oracular utterance as from the mountain of absolute revelation, but sending forth the cry of those who see through a glass, darkly, blinking nothing of the terror and the dread, yet in the face of it all assuming that attitude which best befits us as we enter the cloud, and which, for life and character, is the true solution of the world's enigma. It is much that from the depth of inexplicable mystery one voice has learned to say, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." No greater utterance has ever illumined the pages of literature.

Such is a hint at some of the things which the Book of Job reveals when studied as a monument of the world's literature. Its melody is solemn and sublime, requiring the chastened ear to hear; but, rightly heard, it strikes the deepest chords of the human and the divine.



Inequalities in the Human Condition

A Meditation

By the Rev. Amory H. Bradford, D.D.

Down there among the rocks on the almost perpendicular side of Monte Generoso is a woman picking berries. They are few and far between. A little further, in a still steeper place, another woman with a sickle is cutting grass, which is so sparse that it has to be severed almost spear by spear. Watch her. After a while she binds all in a huge bundle larger than herself, and, getting below it in some way, manages to lift it on to her shoulders, and then, with sickle and rake in her hands, climbs where a chamois might well be dizzy. A dreary life for a human being! It is worse than an animal's existence, for in the woman is self-consciousness. Not far away, in the hotel, are other women; their features are fair, their clothing rich, their hands soft and covered with gems. That woman, for instance, with coal-black hair, and face fair as the morning,

has a fortune in precious stones on those little hands of hers, and from morning until night she does nothing but rest, talk, read under the trees, and languidly look at Monte Rosa and Lago Lugano. And those women are sisters! How strange! Sisters! and yet they never meet; and one works harder than the oxen, and the other hardly works at all. Is there not something wrong about this? If these women are sisters, ought they not to recognize one another? and is it right that one should carry loads fit only for a horse, while the other never feels the pressure of a burden? Are not those teachers mistaken who tell us that the present social order is the best, and that each person gets what he deserves in this world? That woman with the coal-black hair and the diamonds may think this the best social order, as she sips her coffee under the pine-trees, but what are the thoughts of her sister with the load of hay on her back, which she wearily carries to the home which is at once barn and dwelling?

And yet there is another side to this question. On the road to Generoso Kulm yesterday sat a peasant on a rock. His clothing was coarse, and his face brown as the sides of the mountain. He held in his hands a pink, and was studying it with the exquisite wonder which is sometimes seen in the face of a sensitive girl as she looks for the first time on the Sistine Madonna. I pitied that peasant until I saw his delight in the flower, and then thought of the man at my side—a strong, noble fellow, rich, cultured, dressed in the height of fashion—who was wandering here and there, and carrying everywhere a breaking heart. Two years ago he buried his young wife, and since then has been desolate indeed. While I look at Monte Rosa, he looks beyond with "a nameless longing and a vague unrest;" while the peasant revels in the sight of the beautiful flower, my friend is reminded of the fact that it was *her* flower. Of the two men, that peasant with the rough clothes and ugly shoes is the happier. That woman with the load of hay may have carried a song in her heart, while the woman with the coal-black hair may have concealed some awful grief behind her face so fair. And yet, while the inequalities in life may be more apparent than real, who can doubt that something is wrong while those who work hardest have least, and often those who never work revel in luxury? Some way, that woman with the diamonds ought to make the woman with the load of hay on her head appreciate that they are sisters; and some way those who have more than they need ought to make larger and brighter the lives of those who have but little.

The better social order will never come in any mechanical way; it will come when the rich man with the broken heart gets into fellowship with the man whose only delight is a wayside flower, and the woman with the diamonds and no work proves herself the sister of the woman who cuts hay in the places where chamois might fear to go. Not more laws, but more love; not new institutions, but finer and truer sympathy; not force, but brotherhood, will change the inequalities in the human condition which now are so terrible. And, after all, those inequalities are not so great as they appear, since the peasant with the pink was happy and the rich man from London was miserable; since the woman with the hay could "warble" as she worked, and the woman with the diamonds seemed only a doll.

Monte Generoso, August 27, 1894.



He who would be a great soul in the future must be a great soul now.—*Emerson*.

People are usually willing to do their duty, but they do not like to do too much of it.—*Anonymous*.

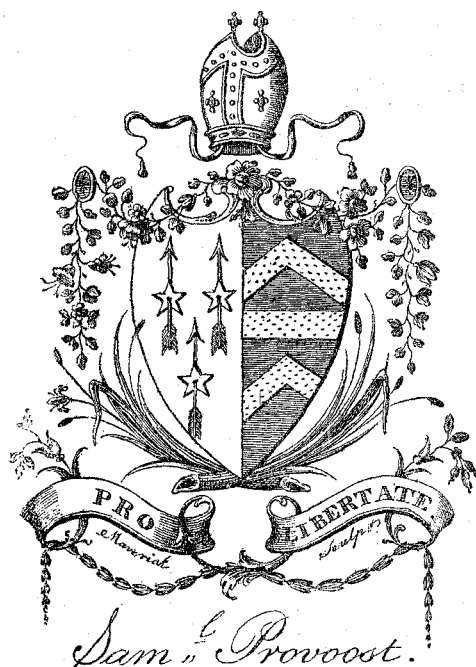
Life, like war, is a series of mistakes, and he is not the best Christian nor the best general who makes the fewest steps. He is the best who wins the most splendid victories by the retrieval of mistakes.—*The Freeman*.

All great ages have been ages of belief. I mean, when there was any extraordinary power of performance, when great national movements began, when arts appeared, when heroes existed, when poems were made, the human soul was in earnest.—*Emerson*.

American Book-Plates¹

By E. H. Bierstadt

The literature of Book-Plates grows apace. But a few years since and the works of Paulet-Malassis in French, and the Hon. J. Leicester Warren (Lord de Tabley) in English, were the only books to which the amateur and collector of book-plates could turn in search of instruction or guidance. What else had been written on the subject was scattered through the pages of old magazines, difficult to seek and inadequate when found. And yet there was a rapidly



growing body of people, book-lovers and book-collectors in the first instance, who were also interested in and collectors of these unconsidered bits of paper, the humble adjuncts of books. In 1891 they came together and organized the Ex-Libris Society of London, and since that date have published a monthly journal devoted to the study of their favorite hobby. They have found imitators in Paris and Berlin, and the past four years have seen such a succession of books and pamphlets issuing from the presses

of England, France, Germany, and Sweden that it is difficult to keep pace with them. The latest accession to their number is the handsome volume whose name we have placed at the head of this article, and which constitutes the first serious attempt at a systematic and complete description of American Book-Plates.

The mere fact of the existence of so many books on one subject is evidence enough of the interest which that subject has for many readers. But in the long roll of general readers the number of those who are interested in such a special subject must be comparatively small, and we have no doubt that many are still ignorant of what book-plates are, or why they should have so many books devoted to their description.

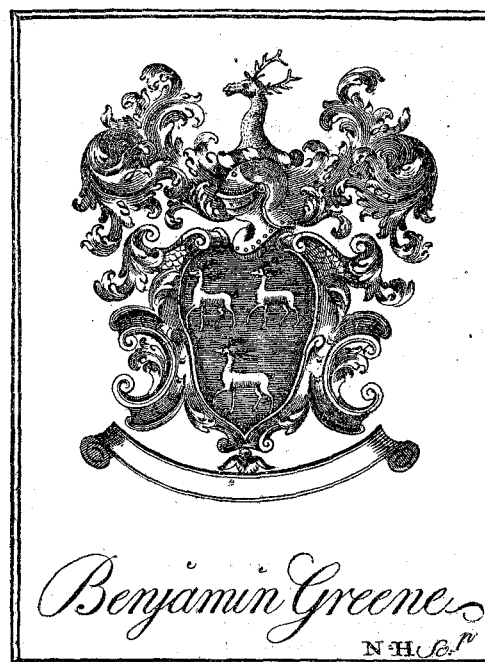
Briefly, then, by the term Ex-Libris or Book-Plate is meant the engraved or printed label which the owner of a book pastes on the inside of its cover to indicate its ownership. Nearly every one has seen the printed label pasted inside the books of a circulating library giving the rules and regulations which are to govern its use. That is a book-plate in its simplest form. The owner of a private library, however, requires something different. His taste may be satisfied with his name alone, without any ornament, perhaps his visiting-card printed on thinner paper. He may prefer his coat of arms, if he is entitled to bear arms, with the shield, crest, motto, and name engraved simply or elaborately as he may choose. Or, discarding heraldry altogether, he may have his book-plate pictorial or allegorical, making it symbolical of his profession or tastes.

The use of book-plates was probably derived from the older custom of stamping in gold the leather binding of a book with the arms or name of its owner—a custom that has not wholly gone out of fashion even now. Many of the wealthier collectors of to-day still follow the example set by Jean Grolier, and adopted by all the earlier collectors, of having their books ornamented with their arms or initials stamped in gold or painted and inlaid with different colors

¹ *American Book-Plates: A Guide to their Study, with Examples.* By Charles Dexter Allen. With a Bibliography by Eben Newell Hewins. Macmillan & Co., New York.

of leather. For the more humble possessors of books it was an obvious step to have their arms or name printed on a paper label and to paste it within the inner cover. The plates that can be safely attributed to a date earlier than 1700 are comparatively few. Doubtless many existed which have been destroyed by the ravages of time, but enough remain to show that their use was widespread from the beginning. The earliest plate known is of German origin, and is attributed to about the year 1450. It is, therefore, as old as the printed book itself. The earliest French plate known is a simple typographical label dated 1574. Cardinal Wolsey has the honor of being the first English owner of a book-plate, only one copy of which is now known. It probably belongs to the period between 1515 and 1530. The earliest English plate bearing a date is that of Sir Nicholas Bacon, 1574. The greatest artists of all times have not disdained to turn their attention to the designing and engraving of book-plates, and the names of Albert Dürer, Lucas Cranach, Boucher, Chofford, Eisen, Gravelot, Faithorne, Vertue, Hogarth, and Bewick testify to the interest they have always excited, and afford the modern amateur reasons enough for collecting and preserving these personal relics of the past.

The art of the book-plate has generally followed the prevailing art of the day, so that it is possible to determine the approximate period of any example from the style of its design and engraving. The work of the Hon. J. Leicester Warren (Lord de Tabley), "A Guide to the Study of Book-Plates," London, 1880, was the first systematic attempt to classify the various styles of English plates, and the system of nomenclature which he presented has since been generally followed. The "Early English" comprise all plates from their first use down to about the year 1700. The plates of this period are simple armorial, showing a plain shield, helmet, and crest with mantling. They were followed by the "Jacobean," which lasted until about 1735, and were succeeded by the "Chippendale," which continued to be the favorite style until well toward the end of the century. Then in turn came the "Ribbon and Wreath," the "Pictorial," the "Allegorical," and then chaos. Most of the plates of the earlier years of this century are plain armorial—stationers' work with which art has no concern. But the recent revival of interest in the sub-



ject has stimulated the artists of Europe, England, and the United States into producing plates that vie in beauty with the best engravings of earlier times.

Americans, as being a part of the English-speaking race and deriving their books and literature from England, have followed the lead of the English in the matter of book-plates, and what has been said of English plates applies as well to American, the styles of one being the same as the other. Only, the writer of a book on American book-plates.