

figure of the Infant, upon whom Joseph and Mary are gazing. Above the cave's roof some shepherds are starting up, and shade their eyes as they see the radiant Gabriel standing over their flocks. Beyond stretch a dark wood and a dark sky, typifying the gloom of the world which Christ came to break. Another "Nativity" of Sir Edward's is a double picture, and was painted for the Church at Torquay. From opposite paths two angels come out of a forest, leading a King and a Shepherd. The paths unite in front, showing the union of Jew with Gentile. The second scene represents the Nativity itself. Under the shelter of rushes hung between two silver-stemmed birches lies Mary, clasping her new-born babe. The realism of this treatment of our great subject has never been surpassed. Thus not only the chief of the pre-Raphaelite school broke away from the vapid conventionalism of previous ages; his ardent disciple did so none the less, and followed with absolute fidelity that mediævo-religious manner adopted directly from the early Italian masters, though each picture was expressive of entire originality.

Those works from the elder pre-Raphaelites which have to do with the Nativity are Holman Hunt's "The Flight into Egypt" and Rossetti's "Bethlehem Gate," "The

Passover in the Holy Family," and "The Infant Christ adored by a Shepherd and a King"—a triptych for the altarpiece for Llandaff Cathedral. Few portrayals of Nativity-scenes are more remarkable than these, and it is a matter of regret that we cannot present illustrations of them. In most portrayals of this great subject the idea of earth is insistently present. The pre-Raphaelites, however, believed in no mystical hysterics, but they did believe that the spiritual world should assert its own authority in visible form. To them the reality of the latter world was genuine because they had a childlike openness of mind to truth. Their very reason-of-being was that earthly joys were transient, external things, insufficient, and that the spiritual world was ever immanent in the physical. A brooding sense of the mystery of all things lies across their every endeavor; but the mystery of doubt is transfigured into the mystery of faith. The childlikeness to which reference has been made was their highest maturity. Thus we understand how not only the earlier pre-Raphaelites, but the later ones, such as Watts and Burne-Jones and William Morris, have so emphasized the world which is unseen but eternal.

A word may be added as to the influence of the pre-Raphaelites upon their contemporaries out of England. The fusion of classic Hellenism with the latter romantic mysticism had affected not only the men mentioned, but also such noble writers and poets as Maurice, Kingsley, George Eliot, Browning, and Tennyson. From Britain it influenced the painters and the poets of the Continent. In France we discover not only the Barbizon school, with kindred ideals in humanitarian subjects; we find also men like Bastien-Lepage, whose masterly "Joan of Arc" adorns the Metropolitan Museum in New York, and Dagnan-Bouveret (an illustration of whose Madonna we give herewith), charged with the most subtle and tender pre-Raphaelite feeling. In Germany it is Carl Müller who is an exponent on the side of the ideal, and Fritz von Uhde on that of realism, while in Italy we find Barabino and in Russia Verestchagin realizing for us these two elements.

It is true that pre-Raphaelitism brought into art a sadness, a perplexity, an awe, not before known. It is none the less true, however, that it has inspired an idealism, a reality of the unseen, a reverent mysticism, which could still be united with a robust intellectuality. Thought again speaks through language. This ethical triumph over the artificial in art is nowhere more telling than in the portrayals of the Nativity. Not alone is God humanized: man is deified because Christ has come.



The Night Before Christmas

A Story for the Young Folks

By Margaret Newcomb

I have always said that unselfishness was the noblest thing on earth. And when should one be unselfish if not the night before Christmas? But, really, the trouble with my two boys, Jack and Augustus, was this: they were *too* unselfish. If alike in that one way, they were different in every other respect: Jack was humdrum and practical, while Augustus was always skylarking off from every-day affairs.

One sat on an empty packing-box, and the other on the planing-table, in the old workshop. The candle sputtered between them.

Said Gus: "Now, Jack, we ought to go."

"I know it. There isn't a minute to lose."

"Well, what do you say?"

"I say we give up the pudding-dish. *That's* what I say."

"But the Cupid ain't any fun for you, old fellow," persisted Gus. "Anybody'd know you would not buy Cupids! They ain't in your line. Now are they?"

"But you liked it ever so much," said Jack. "I know by the way you kept dodging in there. Look here, Gus, did you hear what that girl said about you?"

"What girl?"

"Why, the one tendin' the Cupids. I couldn't catch onto



Dagnan-Bouveret. "Madonna"

it all, but 'twas something about sticking-plaster, and I said to her, 'My brother has as good right here as you have. You're too cross to be keeping angels, anyway.'"

"My, but we daren't go back! That settles it. We'd better get the pudding-dish, Jack. If you heard mother say she wanted a pudding-dish, that settles it."

"But you said she was tired of the parlor with nothing in it," argued Jack.

"She never said so right out, but that time Mrs. Grey looked 'round so, mother blushed, and when Mrs. Grey said, 'Such a dear little room! You won't have place for knickknacks,' mother said, 'You know we haven't many.'"

"That settles it. We oughter buy the Cupid," said the good Jack.

"But let's toss up. That's fair, anyway. Heads, the Cupid. Tails, the pudding-dish."

Jack tossed the penny, but you see it came down on the edge of the candlestick, tails; and then rolled over, heads.

"How would you count that? It's yours," cried Jack.

"No, that's no fair. Try again."

As the two heads bent over the penny, the clock struck eight. The boys sprang to their feet. "Tails, and the pudding-dish! Hurry up, Jack, it's eight o'clock. We've got all those bundles to tie yet." So saying, Gus blew out the candle, and went whistling forth most bravely out of the workshop door. It was a freezing cold night. Just the night to usher in Christmas, and skating, and double-rippers. Not that my boys expected a double-ripper. There had been a board at the carpenter's shop exceedingly fitted for such a purpose, but it was far too costly a board.

Now you would have thought that the whole of Compton had gone mad, such a squeeze of distracted persons was jamming about on its principal thoroughfare. If that man yonder intends to buy a sugar elephant, let him be calm about it. Nor is it best to shatter the nervous system over a glass paper-weight. I have a suspicion that boys actually enjoy throwing themselves into a *mêlée* such as that on Compton Street the night before Christmas. It is all of a piece with going down the rapids in a leaky boat, or hanging on to a precipice by tooth and nail, which things, as every one knows, the boys find exceedingly pleasant. Gus took a good grip on Jack's comforter, and the latter sailed ahead in fine style. Half-way down the street they ran foul of a big man carrying a glass globe. This was no time for manners, and the big man collared Jack and sliced him neatly up against a cold window-pane.

"Another o' ye!" said he, and he did the same for Gus, then shoved off down street.

Jack was preparing for a new plunge, when his brother's ardent gaze in the window attracted his attention. He looked. Behold, it was the store of the Cupids! They were whiter and more dazzling than ever under the electric light.

"My, Gus, you did want that Cupid for mother!" said Jack.

"Oh, no, it's all right. I say, Jack, wouldn't it have been jolly if we'd had enough money to buy both!"

"Never mind the pudding-dish, Gus. I say it isn't half so fancy nor anything—just used for eating!"

Gus's blue eyes grew thoughtful. "Anyway, it had a pink vine on the edge," said he, then took another look at the Cupid. "Come on, Jack; we're getting stuck again."

This was true in two senses of the word. Not only was their decision weakened by the sight of the Cupid, but also there was no room for advance on the pavement.

"Would you?" said Jack.

"Would what?"

"Get the—er pudding dish?"

"Yees—er—"

"Fellers! Hi-yi there! Wait half a jiffy, Gus."

A shrill-voiced boy in enormous galoshes gamboled over the toes of pedestrians, and whacked himself against the window-pane. His eyes was starting out of his head. He was scant of breath, and his red mittens waved frantically at the aforesaid window. "Yer oughter see! Been in here?"

"Some," said Gus, disdainfully.

"Well! Seen the china dogs, sorto' pink?"

Gus decidedly looked him down, but Jack was more

benevolent. "We've seen about everything in there, Coney. We're not buying anything small, you see. We are clubbing together for mother's present."

"Mother! seen that cup with Mother on, fer drinkin' tea? It's got gold angels goin' round the top."

"What's that?" said Gus. My boys looked at one another.

"Haven't yer seen that? Yer oughter. *Do* come in. If yer going to buy, they'll let us stay. A lot of us fellers was turned out this afternoon."

"Gus," said Jack, "I declare I want to see that cup. If mother had a cup of her own every night—my—I should like that! Let's go in."

"They'll turn us out," said Gus.

"No, they won't," said Coney, the irrepressible. "Show 'em your money. How much yer got?"

He bundled in behind Jack and Gus, and soon the three pairs of eyes were fixed upon the teacup. You will feel for my boys; at least you will if you have ever engaged in Christmas shopping. The teacup pleased them, and that's a fact. It was the idea of the thing that pleased Jack; as for Gus, he was fascinated by the teacup itself. "The teacup, the teacup, naught but the teacup," so said his shining eyes as they encountered Jack's.

"Walk on, boys, walk on, walk on," said the floor-walker.

"We're buyin'," said Coney, and he pointed with an air of ownership to the teacup and its lovers. He himself had not a red cent, nor is it always those with money who extract the most rapture out of Christmas.

"How much, sir?" asked Jack. The price named took their breath away. It was only half the price of the Cupid, half that of the pudding-dish. Now what to do? "Is it too dear, then?" said Coney.

"Tain't enough."

"Not enough! Je-ru-sa-lem! Why don't yer buy *two* things?" The excitable Coney dodged from under the floor-walker and pointed the red mitten down the store. "Down here's the pink dogs," he yelled, beside himself. I am sorry to say he was put out, but it was not the first time that day; and I hope, besides, that this mishap brought to his mind home, and a certain pillow whereon he might lay that curly head and dream of the pink dogs he could not buy.

"Gus, why couldn't we buy two things, after all? Get something for the parlor, and have the teacup too?"

Gus nodded his head. They had struck it at last. But which of them should give the teacup?

"You give for the parlor, Gus, because you like fancy things, and I'll give the teacup," said Jack.

"Yees—er." Gus was holding the teacup in both his hands. But he now set it down, determined to let his brother buy it. Seeing him do this, the floor-walker lost patience. "Walk on, walk on! We've had about enough of boys for this year."

They did walk on, and in their confusion they brought up before the very pink dogs that Coney liked so much. Gus could but laugh at the way one of those dogs held his tail. "It's real comical," said he. "But then the tea—"

"Gus, you liked the teacup."

"You liked it yourself."

"But didn't you?"

"I—er, yees—er."

"There you be!" said an incisive voice. It was that of the girl who had called Gus sticking-plaster—she who sold Cupids. Jack had a mind to stand up to her. Yes, even if his brother did run away. How absurd of Gus to squint so at the dish-towels across the store! As if he cared for dish-towels!

"We're here and going to buy," said Jack to the girl.

"I want to know!" said she. An incredulous look was in her eyes.

Jack held up the largest of the pink dogs. "I tell you I am going to buy this dog." And he did. "Now Gus can have the teacup," thought he, and, with the parcel under his arm and relief in his spirit, he went in search of his brother.

Gus's fear of the Cupid girl led him to a close survey of the dish-towels, and after that he developed an interest

in bibs for infants, since these lay behind a tower of dish-towels too solid for the piercing eye of the Cupid girl to penetrate. Too solid for Jack's eyes also, and thus Jack happened on the wrong turn and missed Gus. They met in the workshop, later, poor children, and what do you think they found out then? Each of them had bought a pink dog.

You see, it flashed upon Gus that he was very mean to want the teacup. It was his part to buy for the parlor shelf, and do it he would. I know, besides, his pride must have been hurt by the unbelief of that Cupid girl. His spirit revolted at her cynicism, and he went and looked her in the face and bought the dog.

Now, as I said, unselfishness multiplied by *too* is ticklish work. But do not understand that I dislike pink dogs, for I like them much. Having one of them on each side of the mantel-shelf gives me the completest feeling.

There is another thing to tell. Jack and Gus had a new double-ripper on Christmas morning.



Books and Authors

Pfleiderer's Philosophy of Religion¹

This work is disappointing to us. It is disappointing because it attempts again to do what has often been attempted, and always with resultant failure. That is, to eliminate the supernatural from Christianity and preserve Christianity. As an attempt, it is not so fresh, so original, so interesting, as the analogous attempt of William Mackintosh in "The Natural History of the Christian Religion," noticed in these columns last winter. We can have entire intellectual respect for the man who denies the supernatural in Christianity, provided he also denies the claims which Christianity makes for itself. But we cannot reconcile the denial of one and the affirmation of the other. The Bible, from Genesis to the Apocalypse, is, in its claims, a series of revelations of a supersensuous world. The revelation is made by dreams, by visions, by angelic messengers, by ecstatic communications, by prophetic experiences, by the incarnation of the Son of God, by the indwelling of the Spirit of God in the followers of the Christ. If there is no such supersensuous world, if such revelations of it have never been made, the Bible is but a fairy tale—fascinating, possibly, but untrue; not merely untrue in minor matters of history, chronology, or philosophy; not merely untrue because its prophets saw in part and through a glass, darkly—that is, saw through their prejudices and their ignorances—but untrue in its vital and fundamental assumption that there is something to reveal and that there is a capacity in man to receive the revelation. We can understand the philosophy which regards Christianity as one of the illusions to which man has been from time to time subjected—an agreeable and even inspiring illusion, but none the less really illusive. And we can understand the faith which believes the Glad-Tidings of a God revealed as One helpful to all who desire help toward a better life. But we cannot understand a philosophy which proposes to banish the notion of a revelation as an illusion, and still keep the inspiration which that illusion has afforded to the world.

In some important details we are also disappointed in this work. We are rather surprised to find in it a revival of the mythical explanation of the Gospels. We supposed that Strauss was already laid on the shelf; that scholarship had generally agreed that the time which elapsed between the death of Christ and the composition of the Gospels was not sufficient for the growth of a myth; that rationalism had substituted the naturalistic for the mythical explanation of the miracles. We are surprised to see Dr. Pfleiderer making no account of Tatian's "Diatessaron," which we supposed had established the fact that the Fourth Gospel was written at least as early as the beginning of the second

century. We are not ignorant of the value of the contribution made to our understanding of the New Testament by Baur and the Tübingen school; but we are surprised to find all their processes accepted and their conclusions adopted by Dr. Pfleiderer, with little or no criticism or qualification. Dr. Pfleiderer's estimate of the teaching of Jesus Christ certainly adds nothing to the work of such prior interpreters as Weiss and Wendt, and appears to us far inferior in prophetic insight to that of Bruce. As an interpreter of Paul, Dr. Pfleiderer appears to us inferior to Matthew Arnold. He is compelled to recognize in that Apostle a mystical element; but, as the very essence of mysticism is belief in the supernatural, and the very essence of Dr. Pfleiderer's philosophy is that such a belief is illusory, we find it difficult to reconcile his apparent admiration for Paul's mysticism with his own view of Christianity and of life. We hesitate to say that his imputation of forensic theology to the Pharisees of the first century is an anachronism, but, in the absence of any authorities—and he cites none—we shall still continue to be of the opinion that this particular form of legalism was Roman rather than Hebraic, was imported into the Talmud from Gentile sources, so far as it is to be found in the Talmud at all, and has been wrought into Paul's theology by scholastics who borrowed it from Imperial Rome, not borrowed by Paul from rabbinical sources.

The first of these two volumes, which deals with the "Philosophy of Religion," is more valuable and suggestive than the second volume, which deals with the "Origin and Development of Christianity;" but it is not so valuable nor so suggestive as are the Gifford Lectures of last year on the same general theme, by Edward Caird.



The announcement that Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has written a new story is always received with joy, not only by the world of young readers, but by that of old readers. There is life in her little people; they breathe and have souls. They are quaint, remarkable children, and yet every nursery has produced their prototypes. In that lies their charm. They are the every-day children at their remarkable moments: the boy we love when that which is hidden and unusual in him comes to the surface and reveals what we suspected. *Piccino* (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York), Mrs. Burnett's latest book, is the story of an Italian peasant baby who developed wonderful beauty and charm. So different was he from other children that strangers noticed him among his many companions, who were given soldi and cakes because they were with him. Alas! his beauty was his undoing. A rich woman saw him, and bought him, and took him from his dearest friend, the donkey, and from his nurse and caretaker, his sister Marie. Poor baby! the horror and terror of a bath, the hatred of the English food, the sense of insult and indignity inflicted because he must wear girls' clothes, when he had inherited, and shown with pride to his bosom friend, and worn among his fellows, his brother's tattered trousers, make a tragedy in the child's life that rouses the reader's sympathy, and makes him rejoice that it is a tragedy limited to two days. *Piccino* gives the title to the book, but there are three other stories, "The Captain's Youngest," "Little Betty's Kittie Tells Her Story," and "How Fauntleroy Occurred." It will be an open question in the minds of many older readers whether the story "The Captain's Youngest" should appear in a child's book. There are certain sad possibilities in life that fortunately are beyond the imagination and comprehension of a child until he reads the newspapers. Is it quite wise to raise the questions in a child's mind involved in the incident that caused the death of "The Captain's Youngest"? "Little Betty's Kittie Tells Her Story" is familiar to our readers, having appeared in *The Outlook* in September. "How Fauntleroy Occurred," the last story in the book, is a delicate, artistic, sympathetic piece of work. That heaven of child-life comes very near to every reader who looks backward to those days when the world was a delightful storehouse of wonders. To the children, the thousands who count Little Lord Fauntleroy a personal friend, "How Fauntleroy Occurred" will make this charming book-child more real, more familiar, more engaging, more than ever a child to be looked for in every journey with the possibility of finding him.

The Political Club. The annals of Kentucky are being gathered and published by the Filson Club, a historical association which takes its name from John Filson, Kentucky's first

¹ *Philosophy and Development of Religion: Being the Gifford Lectures delivered before the University of Edinburgh, 1894.* By Otto Pfleiderer, Professor of Theology, University of Berlin. In 2 Vols. G. F. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$5.