

tide of iniquity, and his unflinching opposition to the false sentiment that would have sunk the moral sense and absolved the victim of a murderer from a past life of shame and degradation, are exhibited in his plain and unmincing words on the ignoble end of James Fisk, Jr.: "No man ever died a more natural death, excepting, perhaps, Judas Iscariot."

Dr. Holland was pre-eminently, as a writer and a man among men, what has been styled "a prophet of God's commonplace." This century has known men of exceptional power and self-sacrifice, whose lives have been the possession of the common people, whose struggles have touched the common heart, and appealed widely to the sympathies and ideals of the "plain man," as he has been dubbed. The life of these men is not their own; it seeks "the level of every day's most quiet need," and has no care for place or preferment; it is given to them to inspire and stimulate the struggler and the doubter. Such a man was Dr. Holland, of whom it can be said above all things: "He made faith in goodness easy to other men."



Howells's "Traveler from Altruria"¹

The work of Mr. Howells on social reform is that of Count Tolstoi plus humor, minus intensity. His "Traveler from Altruria" is far more enjoyable reading than Tolstoi's "What to Do," but Mr. Howells is not so troubled by the social order he condemns as to have upon his conscience or lay upon the reader's the question which is the subject as well as the title of the Russian's work. Intellectually, Mr. Howells believes that the present system is the child of class injustice and the parent of class hate. He believes also that it belittles the minds of its beneficiaries as much as it bedulls the minds of its victims. Still further, he believes that it bemeanes the souls of its beneficiaries, while it leaves the souls of its victims open to sympathy and faith. Yet, in spite of these beliefs, he does not in the least make us feel that we ought to deny ourselves the privileges which separate us from our brothers, or in any way take up our cross for the establishment of a nobler order. Instead of this sense resting heavily upon us, we usually find ourselves regarding the inanities and hypocrisies of our present social system in a mood of positive hilarity. There are exceptions to this rule. Indeed, there is one chapter in which Mr. Howells makes us feel that he has been touched by the spirit of Jesus Christ, and knows the consciousness of divine love which comes from the exercise of human love. He strikes in this chapter a strong religious chord, and creates a future in which there is more exalted living than in the materialistic utopias of Mr. Bellamy and the German Socialists. But the deeper side of the author's beliefs is rarely even suggested. There are few pages in the book that might not be spoken in a drawing-room without calling for any comment except upon their brightness.

Nevertheless, if the volume is in the main merely bright, it is bright to a degree that will illumine many minds in the society circles to which it is addressed. It is as full of humor as most social reform books are destitute of it—and more would be impossible. Sometimes the humor of the book injures it as a work of art. The automatons introduced to us in the first chapter gradually develop into characters, but occasionally they go to seed as caricatures. Mrs. Makely, for example—whose name would have been Mrs. Money Makely in some of the older writers—is a type of woman with whom we are all very familiar—one-third thoughtful of others, two-thirds thoughtful of herself; one-sixth democratic, but five-sixths exclusive; one-twelfth Christian, but eleven-twelfths worldly; and all these qualities are joined in one who is perfectly satisfied that she is altogether thoughtful of others, altogether democratic, and altogether Christian. By the law of her own being Mrs. Makely continually makes a fool of herself in a way that is delightful. But Mr. Howells is not content with this, and repeatedly makes a fool of her, in a way that is extremely

funny, but which jars on our sense of reality. The same must be said of his treatment of the professor of political economy. Many of us have met him. The narrowness of intellect and the still greater narrowness of heart he exhibits in ridiculing the reforms which the under classes have been forced to believe in by a world of experience entirely out of the professor's vision—these are so real that one regrets when Mr. Howells minifies the professor's littleness while holding it up to our contempt. Furthermore, Mr. Howells hardly strengthens himself by his general contempt for political economy. Had he read a little more of it, he might not have allowed his clear-seeing Altrurian to be duped by the stupid apology for selfish luxury, that it gives work to the poor. The most heartless of the political economists have rejected this flimsy excuse in scorn, and pointed out that luxury is the waste upon one's self of wealth which, if used unselfishly, would employ exactly as much labor, and, if invested profitably, would employ as much labor in the present, and continue to re-employ it in the future. This, however, is a minor point. Mr. Howells's "Traveler from Altruria" will be read with delight by every one whose political or religious beliefs lead him to desire a nearer approach of human brotherhood.



Mediæval and Renaissance Libraries, by Mr. J. W. Clark, is pleasant reading for the bibliophile, the librarian, and the student. The author has many interesting things to say. Thus, he tells us that the Romans preserved their books in two ways: either in a closet for reading elsewhere, or in a large apartment in which the volumes were doubtless studied as in a modern library. To get an idea of one of the larger Roman libraries, we have an exact modern antique in that of the Vatican. Mr. Clark puts the beginning of the world's library era at the publication in the sixth century of the Rule of St. Benedict prescribing general directions for the formation of libraries and of study in them. When the Cluniacs came into history, they directed a special officer to take charge of the books, and that an annual audit be made. The Carthusians and Cistercians provided for the loan of books to extraneous persons under certain conditions. Augustinian houses then began to be built with book-recesses in their walls, and later conventual establishments placed their libraries in special apartments, which always adjoined the scriptorium. Between these conditions of monastic and those of college libraries Mr. Clark traces a close analogy. The resemblances, as he well says, are too striking to be accidental, and he instances the Paris Sorbonne, where a library was established in 1289, quoting this clause from the Oriel College statutes dated 1329: "The common books (communes libri) of the House are to be brought out and inspected once a year, on the feast of the Commemoration of Souls (2 November), in the presence of the Provost or his deputy, and of the Scholars (Fellows). Every one of them in turn, in order of seniority, may select a single book which either treats of the science to which he is devoting himself, or which he requires for his use. This he may keep until the same festival in the succeeding year, when a similar selection of books is to take place, and so on, from year to year. If there should happen to be more books than persons, those that remain are to be selected in the same manner." The system of chaining the books is explained at length, and also that of shelving. When the fashion of elaborate bindings and bosses obtained, however, it became impossible to arrange books in the old way, and hence a form of library arose, described by no one so well as by our author, in which the room was one mass of desks and seats, like the pews in a church. The earliest example is that of Cesena, built in 1452. Mr. Clark's work is a distinct and valuable addition to library literature. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)

In the "Expositor's Bible" series have appeared the commentary on the *Second Book of Kings*, by Archdeacon F. W. Farrar, and that on the *Second Epistle to the Corinthians*, by James Denney, B.D. Dr. Farrar's second volume seems to us distinctly an advance beyond his first, in point of scholarship, in pertinence, and in rhetorical fervor. It is, in fact, the best piece of work we have seen come from his hand for some while. Literature, archæology, philology, and a careful comparative study of the text make this volume of unusual value and interest. Mr. Denney had no easy task before him in expounding the Second Epistle to the Corinthians. The work has become possible for him only by setting aside the vexed questions of the analysis of the text, and by simply adopting without argument the readings which he chooses. The purpose of his exposition is mainly to show forth the ethical import of this book of the

¹*A Traveler from Altruria*. By W. D. Howells. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$1.50.

New Testament. His work is conscientiously done, and, taking into consideration the difficulties which beset him, we are forced to admit his success. For the purpose of the series this commentary is rightly conceived and satisfactorily executed. (A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York.)

Succeeding Mr. Phillips's pleasant biography of Sir Joshua Reynolds, we now have, appropriately enough, that of Sir Joshua's friend and supposed lady-love, Angelica Kauffmann. In her romance, "Miss Angel," Miss Thackeray has taught us something of the successes and misfortunes of the fair artist, born in Switzerland and taught in Italy; but this book, *Angelica Kauffmann*, by Frances A. Gerard, naturally teaches us much more. It admirably supplements Mr. Phillips's pages devoted to Angelica, and, strange to say, it is the first life of the artist written in English. The sad thing in the book is, of course, Angelica's marriage to a supposed Swedish Count. The most attractive narrations are those of her relations to Winckelmann and Raphael Mengs in Rome, to Sir Joshua in London, and, years later, to Goethe and Herder. The German Jupiter called her Fra Angelica. Following a chapter of criticisms by her contemporaries and by writers of the present day comes an admirable appendix of her works, mentioning in each case the subject, the original or present owner, and, if engraved, the name of the artist. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)

Professor Thomas Egleston, LL.D., of the Columbia College School of Mines, has made a contribution to American history in *The Life of John Paterson, Major-General in the Revolutionary Army*. General Paterson was the great-grandfather of the distinguished author. Professor Egleston, finding that the life and character of his great ancestor had been somewhat deficiently recounted in our annals of the Revolution, undertook to gather such material as might bring to light the services which General Paterson rendered to the United States. He has thoroughly examined the collection of papers in private and public libraries, and has brought to our knowledge many details of the Revolutionary period of our National life hitherto unknown. Such may be found, for instance, in the chapter on "Shays' Rebellion." Incidentally in the narrative are careful pen-pictures of the customs and opinions of the old times. The book is illustrated with pictures and maps, and supplemented with considerable genealogical matter concerning the Paterson and the Egleston families. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

One fairly rubs his eyes to find a rational Protestant advocating under a new guise the old doctrine of the "counsels of perfection." The theory of Christianity formulated by the anonymous author of *Discipleship: A Scheme of Christianity*, is nothing less than the mediæval notion of the different "states of life" revived. In this way the author answers Tolstoi and all preachers of universal perfection. This writer classes the Christians into "disciples" and common folk. Between the "disciple" and the "minister" there is no distinction to be made. The disciple is bound to follow strictly the life of Jesus; the other Christians are not to be held to so strict a rule, else the world would come to an end. With folly of this sort we have little patience, for it amounts to flat infidelity. We believe that the Sermon on the Mount was intended for every one, and not for the practice of a select few. Mediæval history is a sufficient comment and proof of the mischievousness of the theory when applied to social life. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

Mr. Du Pont Syle's *From Milton to Tennyson: Masterpieces of English Poetry* (Allyn & Bacon, Boston) gives us excellent selections from Milton, Dryden, Pope, Thomson, Johnson, Gray, Goldsmith, Cowper, Burns, Coleridge, Byron, Keats, Shelley, Wordsworth, Clough, Matthew Arnold, Browning, and Tennyson; it is too bad that Scott is unrepresented. Mr. Syle, who, by the way, is Instructor in English at the University of California, presents his chief claim to consideration in the remarkably entertaining and instructive notes which constitute the latter half of the volume. These notes consist, in the case of each author, of a short biography, a bibliography of criticism, and then the description of the special poems, with elucidation of any difficult word or passage. The book is well printed, but it should have had a limp cover. Such a volume is far more than a student's text-book; it is also a welcome *vade mecum* to older men, who will make of it a pocket companion, gladly living over again in it their college courses in modern English poetry.

The papers contributed by the Rev. Alexander Maclaren, D.D., to the "Sunday-School Times" on the International Lessons upon the Gospels, are being republished in book form by A. C. Armstrong & Son, of this city. We have already commented on the two volumes which have appeared, and now the two concluding volumes, *Bible Class Expositions: The Gospel of St. Luke—The Gospel of St. John*, are before us. The clear

style, the sincere piety, the suggestive exposition, need no comment. Dr. Maclaren's characteristics are generally known and recognized. He is with justice considered by many the prince of textual analysts. At any rate, no one can excel him in opening up the Scriptures. There is nothing of the controversial element in his writings. He is positive and constructive. His works are an aid to the devout study of Holy Writ, and as such merit their great popularity.

Literary Notes

—It is announced that Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich is going to Japan, and that the result will be a volume of as delightful travel-sketches as those in "From Ponkapog to Pesh."

—Mr. Rider Haggard declares that "Eric Bright Eyes" is the best book he has published. His most popular work, however, is "She," which was written in six weeks. The sales of "King Solomon's Mines" come next.

—It is announced that Mr. William Michael Rossetti, the art critic and brother of Dante Gabriel and Christina Rossetti, is about to resign the position, which he has held for many years, of Assistant Secretary to the Board of Inland Revenue.

—Mr. Jerome K. Jerome says that he has been "everything by turns, and nothing long." His list of employments includes the labors of a railway clerk, an actor, a reporter, a school-teacher, a stenographer, a solicitor's clerk, a "literary man," and now an editor.

—Mr. John Bartlett's "Shakespeare Concordance," which has been in preparation for over twenty years, is to be published soon. There are to be four hundred thousand entries, and references will be given, not only to acts and scenes, but also to lines. The name of the editor of the "Dictionary of Familiar Quotations" is a sufficient guarantee as to the accuracy of the forthcoming work.

—It is said that Leo XIII.'s denunciations of "Lourdes" in his letter to Monsignor Richard, Archbishop of Paris, will double its sales in that city and elsewhere. M. Émile Zola is, of course, reveling in the advertising which the Papal letter gives him. He takes clever advantage of it, too, in declaring that the title of his next novel will be "Rome."

—Through his mother Mr. Rudyard Kipling traces his connection with the English, Scotch, and Irish nationalities, while his father, though an Englishman by birth, is of Dutch descent. Many years back Mr. Kipling, Sr., went to India and became the Director of the Art School at Lahore. He has now returned to his native land. Rudyard was educated at the United Services College in North Devon, where he wrote his first sonnet. When but sixteen he went back to India and entered upon his journalistic career.

—Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes has just attained the age of eighty-five years at his summer home at Beverly Farms, Mass., and thus speaks of his health and literary labor to a Boston "Advertiser" interviewer:

The burden of years sits lightly upon me as compared with the weight it seems to many less advanced in age than myself. But after threescore years and twenty, the encroachments of time make themselves felt with rapidly increasing progress. When one can no longer hear the lark, when he can no longer recognize the faces he passes in the street, when he has to watch his steps, when it becomes more and more difficult for him to recall names, he is reminded at every moment that he must spare himself, or nature will not spare him the penalties she exacts for overtaxing his declining powers. The twelfth septennial period has always seemed to me as one of the natural boundaries of life. One who has lived to complete his eighty-fifth year has had his full share, even of an old man's allowance. Whatever is granted over that is a prodigal indulgence on the part of nature. I am often asked whether I am writing my autobiography, to which my answer is: "I am in the habit of dictating many of my recollections, some of my thoughts and opinions, to my secretary, who has in this way accumulated a considerable mass of notes."

—The colonial house at South Berwick, Me., where Sarah Orne Jewett was born, is a hundred and fifty years old, and has thus far escaped any modernizing. In "The Country Doctor" we have a description of the author's father; elsewhere we are told that—

My father had inherited from his father an amazing knowledge of human nature, and from his mother's French ancestry that peculiarly French trait called *gaieté de cœur*. Through all the heavy responsibilities and anxieties of his busy professional life this kept him young at heart and cheerful. His visits to his patients were often made delightful and refreshing to them by his kind heart and the charm of his personality. I knew many of the patients whom he used to visit in lonely inland farms or on the seacoast in York and Wells. I used to follow him about silently, like an undemanding little dog, content to follow at his heels. I had no consciousness of watching or listening, or, indeed, of any special interest in the country interiors. In fact, when the time came that my own world of imagination was more real to me than any other, I was sometimes perplexed at my father's directing my attention to certain points of interest in the character or surroundings of our acquaintances. I cannot help believing that he recognized, long before I did myself, in what direction the current of purpose in my life was setting. Now, as I write my sketches of country life, I remember again and again the wise things he said, and the sights he made me see.

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