

with such utter abandon in conjecture, the conservative has as good a right—and better. Let us direct our chef of the critical cuisine to serve up the goose and the gander with the same sauce. Sir William delights in cataclysms—of the past. They give large room for the excursions of the “scientific use of the imagination,” even to the extent of confirming Sir William’s rather narrow interpretation of the Hebrew Scriptures. Dr. Paul Haupt, in an exceedingly absurd theory, locates Paradise, according to the geography of 640 B.C., by making the Nile flow across the Red Sea. Sir William locates Eden on the western frontier of Persia. Both savants are deceived by a childish literalism. Next we shall have a map of Asgard, and a verification of the location of the Hesperides, with the precise spot where grows the serpent-guarded apple-tree. Sir William’s work is well meant, but is to be classed with the equally well-intentioned efforts of Ignatius Donnelly and Dr. W. F. Warren, who constructs (with the assumption of cataclysms) an equally irrefutable argument to the effect that Eden is situated at the North Pole. Some people like to read books about the Ten Lost Tribes and the Beast of the Apocalypse and the Lost Dauphin and the place of Paradise. They will enjoy this book, which may be obtained of the Fleming H. Revell Company, of this city.

Not until we took up *The Secret of Mankind* did we suspect that mankind had any secret from man. The puzzling thing about the literature of life is that continually man walketh in a vain shadow. This is not intended to be a confession of faith in Berkeleyan metaphysics, but as a sigh of fatigue. Our old men will persist in seeing visions, and our young men in dreaming dreams, and it is all patented and copyrighted. Such is not the customary fashion of the exercise of the vision and faculty divine. It looks darkened by the communal sin. Nevertheless, when we read this portentous work, “*The Secret of Mankind*,” we find that it is an apocalypse that we see before us. In fact, the narrative begins precisely at the article of death. It has not the gracefulness of the “*Little Pilgrim to the Unseen*,” nor the scientific interest of Flammarion’s “*Stories of Infinity*,” which it somewhat resembles. Through traveling from planet to planet, and holding sweet converse with Pythagoras, Milton, Laotze, and Napoleon, the author, who is too modest to put his name to his book, like John the Theologian—the author, we repeat, in the ghost-world learned the “secret of humanities.” If we told the populace that secret, the populace would not buy the book. As we cannot be sure that the writer will get glory from exposing his vision and revelation, we shall help him to get gain. (G. P. Putnam’s Sons, New York.)

Every one knows that Paul Gerhard was the second Luther and a man of amazing learning, also of some talent—certainly with the talent for study. His writings were voluminous. When quite a young man he wrote a book of pious meditations that have been reckoned as belonging with Thomas à Kempis’s “*Imitation*” and St. Augustine’s “*Confessions*.” A new translation of Gerhard’s *Sacred Meditations* has been executed by the Rev. C. W. Heisler, and issued from the press of the Lutheran Publication Society of Philadelphia. To our mind the world has moved further away from the mental standpoint of Dr. Paul Gerhard than from that of Augustine. The peculiar theology of the early reformers saturates these meditations, making them unreal to any but the more conservative German Lutheran. How few sincere souls to-day could be edified and consoled by this meditative emotion: “Consider, O faithful soul, the blazing wrath of God!” and again: “The bodies of the damned shall be hideously deformed, sluggish and unwieldy!” One can only conjecture how the good Dr. Gerhard found out this latter fact. *Quien sabe?* As a matter of course, there is no question of the piety of the author and of his book, but it seems a thought out of adjustment with the temper and terminology of our time.

New Books

[The books mentioned under this head and under that of Books Received include all received by The Outlook during the week ending August 14. This weekly report of current literature will be supplemented by fuller reviews of the more important works.]

No more readable story has appeared among recent novels than *Black Diamonds*, by the veteran Hungarian romancer, Maurus Jókai. The fertility of invention and imagination are wonderful. As with Dumas the elder, whom Jókai in some ways resembles, improbabilities and even impossibilities are merrily taken at a leap; the marvelous hero’s unflinching wisdom, knowledge, courage, and power surmount every difficulty; half a dozen story-threads are kept spinning without interference with one another; love, stock-gambling, political intrigue, scientific discovery, coal-mining and mining disasters, industrial strikes, dueling—all are utilized in the most vivacious and entertaining way. We are not certain whether this is a recently written book; certainly it is at least the equal of any of Jókai’s novels accessible. The translation by Frances A. Gerard is good, though with an occasional lapse into bad English. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)—Gabriele d’Annunzio has been received by some French critics as the greatest of recent Italian imaginative writers. He is introduced to American readers in Myrta L. Jones’s translation of *Episcopo and Company*. M. de Vogüé declares that D’Annunzio is never “vulgar,” but his present translator speaks of some of his works as “daringly erotic,” and of others as not translatable into English. “*Episcopo and Company*” may not be of evil intent, but it is feverish, a study of degradation of the most repellent kind, and, while it has a certain power, we can see neither pleasure nor intellectual profit in it. (H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago.)—In *A Story of the Heavenly Camp-Fires*, by “One

with a New Name,” Dante, Milton, Cromwell, Bunyan, and other great men in the world of spirits discuss religion, philosophy, life, immortality, war, and much else. Only a rare genius could use this form of presenting thought attractively, and though the thought is often suggestive, we fear the medium used will repel many readers. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)—*Without Sin*, by Martin J. Pritchard, might have had value as a study of the life of the more cultivated circles of Jewish society in London, had the author rightly developed this side of his book. It is fairly well written, and, considering its main subject, not overstrained or intentionally objectionable. That subject is the delusion of a wealthy and intellectual Jewish maiden that through her the Messiah will come, and the birth and death of a child of whom she is the mother, and whom she regards until its death as that Messiah. The inherent improbability of the plot is as great as its unsuitability for purposes of fiction. (H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago.)

The fifth edition of *How Marcus Whitman Saved Oregon*, by Oliver W. Nixon, with an introduction by the Rev. Frank W. Gunsaulus (Star Publishing Company, Chicago), has just been published.

The love of learning is growing in America. The people reach out after knowledge, as witnesses the marvelous growth of societies and associations the end of which is to make an education possible to adults who have not had educational opportunities. Added to the list of books wisely written and designed to aid in rending the veil of ignorance is *The Pith of Astronomy*, by Samuel G. Bayne. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

To have the author of a book hold up to theological students West Point discipline in the matters of dress, habits of cleanliness and deportment, and boldly assert that the manners of clergymen are rarely as good as they should be, is encouraging. The author of *Our Seminaries*, the Rev. John Talbot Smith (William H. Young, New York), has courage. He sees what too often exists, that the lack of manner and sloppiness in dress and habits greatly limit the influence of the pulpit.

Literary Notes

—The original of “*Jess*,” in “*A Window in Thrums*,” died recently at Kirriemuir.

—The London “*Globe*” says that M. Zola’s next romance, “*Paris*,” will not be ready for fifteen or sixteen months to come.

—Mr. Kipling’s new volume of ballads, “*The Seven Seas*,” to be published in October, will contain some new ballads as well as many which have appeared in periodicals since the publication of his last book of verse.

—Mrs. Burton Harrison will edit the new edition now in press of Mrs. Martha J. Lamb’s “*History of the City of New York*,” and will add a chapter on the “*Externals of the Modern City*,” taking up the narrative where Mrs. Lamb left off and bringing it down to date. The work is published by A. S. Barnes & Co.

—A meeting of newspaper men was held in St. Louis recently to arrange for the collection of a fund for a monumental tribute to the memory of Eugene Field. It was agreed that the contributions of newspaper men should not exceed \$5 each, while the entire fund should not be less than \$1,000. Public acknowledgment is to be made of each contribution.

—“*Oliver Optic*,” the writer of boys’ stories, who is now at work on a volume that will number up in the second hundred, celebrated his seventy-fourth birthday lately. “*Oliver Optic*” (W. T. Adams) has crossed the Atlantic twenty-one times and the Pacific once, and has visited every country in Europe and many of those of Asia, in search of literary material for his stories, of which over 1,100,000 copies have been sold.

—The manuscript of “*Trilby*” is preserved in a locked glass case in the rooms of the London Fine Arts Society. It is said that Du Maurier sold it for a sum larger than most authors get for the serial rights of a novel. The story is written in little exercise-books, but in various hand-writings. Du Maurier has a pet theory that all members of his family must take part in the production of his works, and each one wrote at his dictation portions of the remarkable story.

—The autumn list of announcements of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. contains a number of notable new books and new editions, among which may be mentioned the “*Letters of Victor Hugo*,” Woodrow Wilson’s “*Essays*,” new and complete editions of the works of Mrs. Stowe and Bret Harte, elaborate illustrated editions of Fiske’s “*American Revolution*” and Thoreau’s “*Cape Cod*,” and new volumes by Dr. Lyman Abbott, Mr. Aldrich, John Burroughs, Joel Chandler Harris (“*Uncle Remus*”), Henry James, Miss Jewett, Miss Phelps, Miss White, Mrs. Whitney, and Mrs. Wiggins.

Books Received

For week ending August 14, 1896

THE J. H. DEWEY PUBLISHING CO., NEW YORK
Dewey, John Hamlin, M.D. Sons of God and Brothers of Christ. 25 cts.
HARPER & BROS., NEW YORK
Jókai, Maurus. *Black Diamonds*. Translated by F. A. Gerard. \$1.50.
One with a New Name. A Story of the Heavenly Camp-Fires. \$1.25.
Bayne, Samuel G. *The Pith of Astronomy*. \$1.
STAR PUBLISHING CO., CHICAGO
Nixon, Oliver W., M.D., LL.D. *How Marcus Whitman Saved Oregon*. \$1.75.
HERBERT S. STONE & CO., CHICAGO
Pritchard, Martin J. *Without Sin*. \$1.25.
D’Annunzio, Gabriele. *Episcopo and Company*. Translated by M. L. Jones. \$1.25.
WILLIAM H. YOUNG & CO., NEW YORK
Smith, Rev. John Talbot, LL.D. *Our Seminaries*. \$1.

For the Little People

The Queen's Approach

By Mary Chase Thurlow

Sweet Summer sent her heralds out
To bear the news around
That she, the Queen, was on her way
To her green camping-ground.

First went the bee, a doughty wight,
With his big buzzing drum.
He called to all to deck the ways
By which the Queen should come.

Then flew the jay, a handsome knight,
In mantle bright and blue.
He had a trumpet sharp and shrill;
He told the glad news, too.

The locust came with fiddle-notes;
He drew a single string,
A humming tone that filled the air
And made the woodland ring.

Then all the flower-folk began,
For this, their festive day,
To trim the roads, adorn the paths,
Where Summer takes her way.

Then all the trees their banners hung
Of white and pink and green.
The rose with red festooned her bush,
So fairy-like the scene.

And by the brook the cardinal-flower
In uniform of red,
The pickerel-weed in serried lines,
Their gay battalions led.

Each flower that had a Sunday hat,
A dress of gorgeous dye,
Put on the best that she could find
For Summer's passing by.

And last of all the graceful ferns
And tiny loving moss
Across the spot her foot must touch
A velvet carpet toss.

Now all is done; the roads are gay
With trumpet tones and drum;
In every flower's throat the song,
"Now, dear Queen Summer, come!"

A Story about Torota

By Helen C. Chapin

I am going to tell you of a little girl I once knew. Her skin was not white, like yours or mine, but light brown; and her eyes, and the soft dusky hair that was braided in two funny tails and tied with little bits of red flannel, were brown also.

She was about four years old when I saw her first, and although her little eyes shone, and she showed every little white tooth in a bright smile, she could not talk to me, or I to her. You see, Torota—don't you think she had a pretty name?—was an Indian and spoke no English, while I am an American and speak no Indian. So we just smiled at each other and became friends that way.

All summer Torota had lived in a tent, or tepee, as the Indians call it, with her grandmother, who was quite old and nearly blind. One day, when Torota's uncle was away from home, and only the old woman and Torota were near the tepee, a strange squaw came slowly riding by on a little Indian horse. No one noticed her or saw her go, but when grandma called for Torota to come and bring her some water in the old cup, the little girl did not answer; and though she called a long, long while, and when her son and his wife came home they, too, called and hunted, they could not find their little girl.

Now, the strange squaw was Torota's own mother, although the little girl did not know her, for the grandmother had taken Torota away when she was a little, little baby. Torota's mother could not keep the little girl, now that she had gotten her, but she rode quickly and quietly on, urging the pony around the foot of a mountain, across a sandy plain, and over a river, until she came to a large

frame building. This was a school for Indian children, and it was here that I first saw Torota.

How do you suppose a little brown squirrel that was used to scampering up a tree and down again, scurrying here and there through the grass wherever he liked all the happy summer through, would like to be caught and kept in the house day in and day out, made to crack nuts for other people, and when he did go out, only go so far? I don't believe he would like it at all, do you? That's the way it was with Torota. She was like a little wild thing for a great many days after her mother brought her. She was a good little girl, though, full of fun and gayety. Almost the first thing she learned was one of the kindergarten songs, and how she did love Miss Strong, the pretty young girl who taught her, though the only way Torota could show her love was to run and grasp Miss Strong very close around the knees!

She was always so happy and bright that Miss Strong and I were sorry and surprised when we found her standing on the walk one day, with great tears rolling down her cheeks. She could not tell us what was the matter, and, although we guessed everything we could think of, she could not understand, and only shook her head. That same evening Mrs. Percy heard some one sobbing in the hall, and went out to see what it was about. There was poor Torota, curled up in a heap on the floor, crying as though her heart would break. Mrs. Percy picked her up in her arms and carried her into her own room, where she tried to comfort this poor little brown baby and find out what was the matter. At last, Torota said, as the tears rolled down her fat little face, "I'm lonesome; I'm so lonesome!" Good Mrs. Percy rocked her a long time and gave her an apple—oh! such a good one—so that when Torota at last got down, the tears were all gone away. They didn't stay away, though. Oh, dear, no! Almost every day for a week Torota cried and cried because she was lonesome. We couldn't tell what to do for her, or what made her lonesome, until Saturday, the day when every one got a bath, came, and then Mrs. Percy found out all about it.

What do you suppose Torota meant by "lonesome"? Two very sore feet! You know Indians wear shoes made of deerskin called moccasins, which are as comfortable to their feet as stockings. This makes it very hard for them to wear heavy shoes, and poor Torota's feet were badly blistered. "Lonesome" was the only English word she knew that people said in a very sorry way, so she tried to tell us how she felt as best she could.

Mrs. Percy was a very wonderful woman, with as many boxes and bottles on the shelves in her room as a doctor, and among them was a box of the best kind of salve. Some of this salve went on to Torota's feet quickly, I can tell you, and in a day or two she could run around, no longer "lonesome," but happy as a bird, with Mrs. Percy's moccasins tied on her feet with bright ribbons.

Jenny Afloat

The other day there was a collision in New York Harbor between a big European steamer and a grain elevator. A grain elevator is built sometimes on a boat which goes about from dock to dock where there are steamers to be loaded with grain, or unloaded, and by the help of the machinery that is in the elevator the ship is loaded or unloaded in very much less time than it could possibly be done by hand. When this collision took place, there was a great deal of excitement, for a grain elevator is like a high tower built on a boat, and when it was struck it reeled in such a way as to threaten partial destruction to the steamer that struck it. On board of the grain elevator was a cat named Jenny, and when the crash came, Jenny, who had been awakened from a comfortable nap, was very much frightened. The grain elevator sank, but the bag of shavings on which Jenny had

been sleeping floated off, with poor Jenny mewling pitifully. Fortunately, a tugboat was not far away, and on it were some men who are fond of cats, and one of them said, "I am going to rescue that cat," and the tugboat started after the bag of shavings and its frightened passenger, and soon rescued both. The captain of the grain elevator says that he will have that cat back, no matter what happens; but the newspapers have not told us whether the captain of the tugboat has yet surrendered his passenger.

The Emigrants

A church not far from a great railroad station has recently been torn down. The belfry was found to be the home of doves and sparrows, who were greatly startled when the workmen began tearing down the church. They flew about in great excitement for a time, and then it was discovered that they had emigrated to the towers, turrets, and roof of the great station. Why is it that they chose this noisy spot? At a point near the station a line of carriages stand all day in waiting for the passengers from the trains. The horses are fed here, and while feeding they spill oats from their nose-bags. The doves come for these oats, and the sparrows for what the doves leave. Some cats have discovered that this is the birds' feeding-ground, and sometimes a bird that flies down for his breakfast does not fly back.

Painted Corners

A story is told of Sir Edward Burne-Jones, the artist, which shows that he loves children very dearly. The story is told that when his small children are naughty, their mamma punishes them by standing them for a few minutes in the corner with their faces to the wall. This seemed to be quite severe punishment to their beauty-loving papa, so he has painted in the corners where his children are punished sprays of flowers, saying, "If he has to go to the corner, I am determined he shall enjoy himself there." It is also said that the artist, when visiting, found the child of his host receiving the same punishment, and that he quickly sketched with pencil flying birds in the corner where the small boy stood.

Pansies

"I love almost all flowers that blow,"
Said dainty Kitty, airily.
"But pansies, when your vase you fill,
They'll make you think 'tis winter chill,
And fairly shiver, just to see
How, close and tight as they can be,
They creep, and creep, and huddle so!"

"The very prettiest flowers that blow,"
Said Sally, "are the pansies dear.
Their little faces blink and wink,
They really seem almost to think;
And when in dish or vase they dwell,
Their thoughts they must each other tell,
They cheek to cheek will cuddle so!"

—The Bookman.

On a Hot Day

One of the New York daily papers recently told of a boy who was passing one of the large hotels when ice was being delivered there. In handling the ice a large block broke and several pieces were left on the sidewalk. The boy stood still and watched the icemen until he decided they were not going to pick those pieces up. He went to one of the men and asked if he might have the ice. He was told he could. He gathered the pieces up and carried them to a trench where some workmen were at work in the sun, and gave the pieces to them. The men were astonished at the offer, and then eagerly grasped the ice. The boy walked on whistling.