

others is the secret of maternity; in a word, that service and self-sacrifice are from the beginning essential to development.

Professor Harris approaches this subject more from the ethical point of view, assumes evolution without defending or even to any great extent interpreting it, and boldly affirms that the struggle for self is a moral struggle—as moral as the struggle for others. This affirmation of the virtue inherently resident in regard for one's self is the distinguishing contribution of his volume to the literature of this subject. Not, indeed, that this is original with him; not that no ethical teacher before him has ever affirmed that love for one's self is part of the moral law. To go no further back, this is found distinctly stated in the ethics of Dr. Mark Hopkins, and both he and Professor Harris discovered it embedded in Christ's summary of the Jewish law. But Professor Harris works out with marked ability the principle that struggle for others and struggle for self are not inconsistent nor incongruous; that, indeed, one is impossible without the other. "Two persons are concerned in every altruistic act—the giver and the receiver. To the completeness and the value of such an act receptiveness is essential. There is as much virtue in right receiving as in right conferring." "It is false pride to refuse needed help. Ingratitude is base. Indeed, right reception is the more difficult, and therefore in many cases the better, part of virtue." "The altruism which reduces self to zero is an act without an actor; it is something out of nothing; it is a verb without a noun." "Unless one does make the most of himself, he is incompetent for good to others. The pleasure I have in helping another does not reduce the virtue of the act, but enhances it." He contends, we think successfully, that the very term self-sacrifice is, if not misleading, very liable to mislead. Every true act of self-sacrifice is a true act of self-service. In sacrificing ourselves for another, what we really do is to sacrifice our lower for our higher selves. "Self-sacrifice is not self-abasement, self-obliteration, self-debasement. One may, for the sake of another, sacrifice outward things—goods, time, pleasures, comforts, reputation. He may sacrifice possessions and enjoyments which in themselves are legitimate, and so may practice self-denial. But he may not sacrifice character, the goods of the soul, truth, honor, purity, nobleness." This is but another way of saying, "He that loseth his life for my sake shall save it." It is but an interpretation of the declaration that because Christ emptied himself God highly exalted him. Self-emptying is always the condition of true self-exaltation.

Our brief quotations have been, we hope, sufficient to show the terse, compact, and often scintillating style of the writer. Our brief epitome has not been sufficient to embody its substantial contribution to ethical thought, only to indicate the central and germinant element in that contribution.

### Some Recent Novels

Whatever Mrs. Burnett writes is sure of a wide reading. *A Lady of Quality* marks an entirely new departure in her methods. She has given us here the life-story of an eighteenth-century woman placed under strange conditions, who learns what love and unselfishness mean only after a bitter experience of sin and its punishment. Clorinda is the motherless daughter of a drinking, hunting English father of the Squire Western type, a brutal, foul-mouthed fellow who hates his daughters because he has no son, refuses even to see them, and allows Clorinda to be brought up by grooms and ignorant servants until she becomes as a child passionate, willful, and as foul-mouthed as himself. Discovering this by chance, he takes a fancy to her, makes her a kind of child boon-companion, dresses her in boy's clothes, brings her to the hunting-field, and, in short, does all he can to ruin her character. At the age of fifteen she abandons boy's attire and becomes a superb beauty and coquette. Proud of her power over men, she yet falls a victim to the arts of a villain, conceals her sin, marries a noble-hearted elderly man, to whom she is gentle and faithful, and after his death meets with an ideal man of her age and learns what true love is. Meanwhile the villain of her early life (who then refused to marry her) continues to pursue her with threats of exposure. In a moment of rage at the vilest insults she strikes him with a heavy whip and kills him. She conceals his body in the cellar of her house, marries the man of her choice, and lives a life of repentance, charity, and humbleness. This brief outline is enough to show that the story in itself has strong dramatic possibilities. In its treatment we do not think that Mrs. Burnett is at her best. In reproducing the eighteenth-century atmosphere she is not at home. The unqualified somberness of the story is not in keeping with the bent of her genius. The characters have not an air of naturalness. The whole tone of the story is too intense not to become strained. The diction is often stilted, and one feels that there is too much repetition of the superlative in describing the wondrous beauty and power of Clorinda. No one can deny the originality of the plot and the strength of the situations; but from the literary point of view there is exaggeration. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

There is much about *The One Who Looked On*, by Miss F. F. Montresor, that reminds one of the qualities that made "Ships that Passed" so popular. The story is slight, but told with simple sincerity and

what we may call a cheerful pathos. The narrator is a true-hearted, natural girl whose unrequited love does not prevent her from being a helpful, bright companion to all around her, and to sympathize with the sorrowful love-story of her innocent and unknowing rival. There is wholesome humor in the book, too; and the author's imaginative touch is delicate and sure. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

*Iralie's Bushranger* is a cleverly told little story by Mr. E. W. Homung, who is probably tired of being called the Kipling of Australia. It is a tale of the old days—not so very old either—when bushrangers' deeds gave plenty of material for writers of adventure. The plot is a clever one and neatly handled; and both the bushranger and the gentleman whose identity he assumes, and who in turn is believed to be the robber, are brought out clearly. For readers of stories of incident this book will provide a satisfactory hour's reading.

Anthony Hope's *Comedies of Courtship* includes "The Wheel of Love" and a few other society tales, not intended to be very probable or to be taken seriously, but serving as a medium for witty talk and to set off amusing situations in the limitlessly possible complications of love-making. Those who have read the "Dolly Dialogues" will know what to expect. There is no sign that Mr. Hawkins's powers of invention and quiet satire are failing him. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

*Strangers at Lisconnel* is a second series of the charming "Irish Idylls" by Miss Jane Barlow. The new sketches are not inferior in the least to their predecessors. They give a lifelike reproduction of Irish peasant character, without a touch of burlesque or excess. In turn they bring out the pathetic, the humorous, and the quaint qualities of the Irish village, as deftly and strongly as does Ian Maclaren those of the dwellers in his Scotch glen. While the story-element is slight, it is always present. The reader feels that he has before him a chapter out of human nature, with the simple gayety or sorrow unspoiled by over-refinement, yet treated with true art. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

Mr. Walter Frith's *In Search of Quiet* is a little like "Cranford" modernized, but not as amusing or clever. It tells of a city man's visit for rest to an English village, and of the little comedies and tragedies he discovered under the apparently humdrum inactivity. The style is good, and a little more vigor in the telling would have made the story a capital one. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

A valuable guide-book is the Rev. Dr. Henry S. Lunn's *How to Visit Switzerland*. (Horace Marshall & Son, London.) This book ought not to have been prefaced by such a cheap portrait of Dr. Lunn, and its maps ought to be of a more exhaustive order. However, the editor tells us that he has no intention of entering into rivalry with the excellent handbooks of Baedeker or Murray, and that one or the other of these works is indispensable to any one who wishes to make a thorough study of Switzerland. As many of our readers know, Dr. Lunn is the originator of the now famous Grindelwald Conference. During his residence at the University of Dublin he had been a member of a small club called the "Contemporary," which represented every shade of political opinion, and which met every Saturday evening to discuss the developments of the week. When Dr. Lunn founded the "Review of the Churches," it occurred to him that if men who differed so widely in their political aspirations could meet together in so friendly a manner from week to week, and, as a consequence of those assemblages, could understand each other so much better, it would be possible to combine in a party visiting some quiet spot on the Continent a number of men who differed on matters ecclesiastical as completely as Mr. Russell and Mr. Davitt (two members of the Club) differed on political issues. Accordingly, Dr. Lunn planned for a fortnight in January, 1892, a winter party to visit Grindelwald to enjoy the skating and tobogganing of that delightful resort. The party numbered twenty-eight, and included a High Church clergyman, two evangelical clergymen, three Methodist ministers, and several other representatives of Nonconformity besides Dr. Lunn. Every day, after dinner, problems which tend to separate Christians were discussed, and also questions touching those fundamental grounds of agreement which should unite Christians. The days were given up to winter sports. Encouraged by this success, Dr. Lunn wrote to Earl Nelson and to the Bishop of Ripon asking them if they would co-operate with him in summoning a Conference to meet at Grindelwald in the summer to discuss the question of Home Reunion, the primary object of the gathering being to give greater prominence to those aspects of truth upon which English Christians are at one. Both the Earl and the Bishop replied, promising their sympathetic support. The summer Conference of that year at Grindelwald surpassed the most sanguine expectations of its founders. Nearly one thousand persons availed themselves of the opportunity. The most remarkable addresses were delivered by Père Hyacinthe and by the Bishop of Worcester. One result of the Conference was the beginning of the Co-operative Educational Travel Movement. A tour to Rome was decided on. Professor Mahaffy and the Rev. H. R. Haweis delivered lectures, and, in all, six parties went to Rome in the spring of 1893. The total number of tourists was about 450. In the summer of 1893 occurred another Conference, but in consequence of the disastrous fire at Grindelwald the assemblage took place at Lucerne. The next experiment in foreign travel was the pilgrimage to Jerusalem. A steam yacht was chartered, and the party enjoyed unusual privileges, listening to lectures from Dean Farrar, Professor Mahaffy, the Bishop of Worcester, and from Mr. F. J. Bliss, the eminent archaeologist. In 1894 another Grindelwald Conference was held. The attendance had now risen to 2,500. The previous year an appeal had been made to the churches of Great Britain, suggesting that Whitsunday should be set apart as a day of special intercession for the outpouring of the Spirit of Unity. The Archbishop of Can-

terbury issued a special encyclical to his clergy supporting the suggestion, and the Moderator of the Church of Scotland, Presidents of all the Methodist Conferences, and leading representatives of the Congregationalists and Baptists united in preaching special sermons on the occasion. At the Conference of 1894 addresses were delivered by the Dean of Bristol and Norwich, Professors Schuttlesworth and Lindsay, Dr. Newman Hall, and many others. Summing up all this Educational Travel Movement, Dr. Lunn justly says that the union of persons with common tastes and aspirations, though often separated from one another by the sectional barriers of Christianity, proves an unmixed good. From each experience the members return, not only with a widened circle of friends, but also with a widened horizon for things intellectual and spiritual. Racial and religious prejudice must go down before the assurance of the brotherhood of nations, and to that end Dr. Lunn has contributed a real means. His book on Switzerland contains interesting information, and it is fortunate that its name does not suggest the more exhaustive knowledge which we have a right to expect in a genuine guide-book.

The most valuable and timely publication in that excellent series called "Public Men of To-Day" (F. Warne & Co., New York) has just appeared, namely, *Stambuloff*, by Mr. A. Hulme Beaman. It is always a pleasure to read an account of a notable man written by one who has known him intimately, and it is exactly this pleasure which we gain in turning over page after page of a book which is a history of Bulgaria as well as a biography of her great statesman. The one criticism to be made upon this volume is that it is too much a history of Bulgaria's foreign relations and not enough of the internal development of a new country. For many years, and under the most diverse conditions, Stambuloff was the central figure in Bulgaria. That he fell from his high office in spite of the national demonstrations against his leaving it, that unruly mobs were excited against him by the soldiers themselves, that he was spit upon and insulted by the rabble, that his house was put in a state of siege, that he was attacked by the police, that he was illegally sequestered, that an execution for taxes was levied upon him, and finally, after many premeditations, that he was horribly assassinated, lies at the door of Prince Ferdinand's Government. Stambuloff had ruled roughly a rough people. It was the only way. He had been a revolutionary leader when most youths of his age were still at school. No matter how rugged his course, no matter how heavy his hand, he, far more than any other one man, had consolidated Bulgarian union, and even when his own prince was cruelly kidnapped, had held his country single-handed. No matter how far his course may have been from what it would have been had he lived in a land of greater civilization, his assassination came like a terrible shock upon all those who love civil liberty. This was emphasized by the character of the assassination itself. The assassins of Stambuloff were known to the authorities. They openly boasted that they were hired to kill the man who had made Bulgaria. Stambuloff was already ill of a grievous disease, and his physicians had begged leave for him to quit Sofia, for he could not take a step outside of his own house without being followed by these brigands who had been sworn and paid to assassinate him. So public a scandal had it become that the foreign diplomatic agents stationed at Sofia had repeatedly informed the Government of the danger to Stambuloff, and had declared that, in case of disaster, the responsibility would be on the Government itself. Still the Government officials persisted in refusing to grant a passport, and, as Mr. Beaman truly says, they signed Stambuloff's death-warrant, as surely as if they had led him out to execution. The very day before the murder the Government organ, the "Mir," had published an article saying "that so long as Stambuloff lived there was no hope of a reconciliation with Russia, and that the only thing to do with him was to tear his flesh from his bones."

Mr. Miner W. Bruce has published through the Lowman & Hanford Company, Seattle, Washington, a book on *Alaska*. The author's six years' experience in our Arctic province has enabled him to present a singularly graphic and instructive account of his observations. Few of us who speak of Behring Straits stop to think that it was only in 1728 that the Imperial Government at St. Petersburg sent Vitus Behring on his voyage of discovery. By 1775 Spanish explorers had reached Sitka, but in the meantime Russians had arrived at Unalaska. Captain Cook, one of the most daring navigators, justly shares with Behring and Vancouver the honor of navigating the northern waters. Our direct interest in this country, however, dates from 1867, when, for the sum of \$7,200,000, we purchased Alaska from Russia. The name Alaska comes from "Al-ak-shak," which means "Great Country." It is such, for it comprises an area equal to about one-quarter of all the rest of the United States. The real beginning of Alaskan progress did not occur until the Alaska Commercial Company's lease of the fur-seal islands expired. The North American Commercial Company took hold of affairs, and the whole southern coast was invaded by the new combination. While the book was probably written to give to prospectors and others a correct idea of the material resources of the territory, its author does not neglect other things. For instance, Prohibitionists might be pleased with the conduct of affairs in Alaska. Up there they prohibit the cutting of timber and the exporting of it out of the territory; they prohibit the killing of fur seals except under certain restrictions; above all, they prohibit the importation, manufacture, or sale of whisky. As to this latter, however, the fact is that liquor can be had in almost any place. Notwithstanding the absolute prohibition, the Government collects an internal revenue tax from all persons having it for sale! The nature of the country, with its astonishing coast-line and many intricate channels, offers many an opportunity for the successful smuggling of liquor. As an example of the extent of the traffic, we may instance the fact that in the little town of Juneau, with a population of 2,000, there are twenty saloons. One of the most interesting chapters in Mr. Bruce's book is that on mission-

aries and their work. In 1793 Russia sent missionaries to Alaska to instruct the natives in religion, and also sent convicts from Siberia to teach them agriculture. The result of all this was that a few priests of the Greek faith tried to stem the tide of outrages from unscrupulous men, but with little success. When the American flag displaced that of Russia, the Russian schools and churches for the most part were closed, and the ground became gradually occupied by our own missionaries. One of the most eminent now in Alaska is Dr. Sheldon Jackson, who has done much to eradicate the degradation and ignorance prevailing among the natives.



## Literary Notes

—A movement is on foot for the erection of a suitable memorial to Dr. Johnson at Lichfield, his birthplace. It is possible that a museum for the preservation of Johnsonian relics and literature may be established.

—Five short autograph poems by Robert Burns were sold recently in London for \$490, three long letters for \$370, and three short ones for \$105. At the same time seven letters of Sir Walter Scott were sold for about \$27.50 apiece.

—Professor Herman Grimm, of Berlin, has recently received from the Emperor the order "Pour le Mérite." It was conferred upon him at the same time as upon Bismarck, and is a deserved recognition of his lifelong devotion to the highest ideals of arts and letters.

—The three volumes of "Unpublished Works of Edward Gibbon" will be brought out within a short time. They will contain the historian's famous autobiographies—seven in number—and in addition to his journals there will be much correspondence and other matter.

—It is not generally known that there were four conspiracies against President Lincoln—three to take his life and one to kidnap him. Victor Louis Mason, an attaché of the United States War Department, has written an article for the April number of "The Century" on "The Four Lincoln Conspiracies," which gives the first complete and consecutive account of these attempts.

—Mr. Bernard C. Steiner, Librarian of the Enoch Pratt Free Library of Baltimore, writes to "The Critic": "So much has been said of late concerning book-worms that it may be of interest for you to know that about two years ago we discovered one in one of our books. We kept the worm for several weeks, in hopes that it might turn into a chrysalis, but, in spite of feeding with bits of paper, the worm died."

—Mrs. Harrison, the novelist, is a daughter of Charles Kingsley. Most of her books bear only the name "Lucas Malet." When asked recently why she chose a pseudonym instead of using a name which was already so well known in literature, she replied that it was in order that her work might be judged on its merits—quite apart from and independent of her father's reputation. "And the secret was, as a matter of fact," she said, "kept for a long time."

—Mr. Edmund Gosse, in his capacity as chairman at a recent Browning lecture, speaking with the authority of long personal friendship, warned his hearers against thinking of Robert Browning as a sort of Veiled Prophet. "What I saw," he told them, "was an unostentatious, keen, active man of the world, one who never failed to give good practical advice in matters of business and conduct, one who loved his friends but certainly hated his enemies, a man alive in every eager, passionate nerve of him, a man who loved to discuss people and affairs, and a bit of a gossip, a bit of a partisan too, and not without his humorous prejudices. He was simple to a high degree, simple in his scrupulous dress, his loud, happy voice, his insatiable curiosity."

—The New York "Evening Post" informs us that Mr. William Woodville Rockhill, the newly appointed First Assistant Secretary of State, and one of the most distinguished of living Asiatic travelers, has given us an account of his second journey to Tibet, in the form of a "Diary of a Journey through Mongolia and Tibet," published by the Smithsonian Institution. The bulky volume will be of much value and interest to specialists, as the author, who speaks both Chinese and Tibetan, had great advantages over any rivals in the same region, and knew how to make the most of them. The public, however, will find the mass of uncouth names and minute geographical information rather formidable, and be more inclined to admire than to read. Although Mr. Rockhill did not succeed in following out his original plan of pushing through to India, but, like so many others, was forced to turn back, he went over much new ground, and has added materially to our knowledge of one of the least explored countries of the world.

—The "Atlantic Monthly" remains true to its traditional literary quality, but shows a notable power of adaptation to the expanding life of the country. It was once in a certain sense a New England magazine, but American literature was then largely of New England. That literature is now fast becoming national, and New England has taken its place as a part of the Nation in the development of its literature. With this expansion of literary interests and activity the scope of the "Atlantic" has also expanded. The March number gives us side by side a continuation of some very interesting memoirs of Hawthorne by his daughter, a study of Secretary Morton as a possible Presidential candidate, an account of E. A. McDowell, the sculptor, and a very interesting article on "The Irish in American Life," to be followed in April by a corresponding treatment of the Scotch element in the American people. It is a pleasure to note these signs of vitality in a magazine which has done so much for the encouragement of American literature and the development of the literary spirit, and which holds so resolutely to the highest ideals of life on this continent.

[For list of Books Received see page 527]