

## New Books

*The Book of Job* (Macmillan & Co., New York) is the latest in Professor Moulton's admirable series, "The Modern Reader's Bible." This book, which he fitly calls a dramatic poem framed in an epic story, is presented in its dramatic form with brief literary notes. We shall speak at an early date and at length of this series. It must suffice to say now and here that this pocket edition of "The Book of Job" will be to most English readers like the discovery of a new and



THE HOLMES HOMESTEAD, CAMBRIDGE

great work.—*Eucharistic Conferences* is the title of the collected papers presented at the First American Eucharistic Congress, Washington, D. C., October, 1895. (The Catholic Book Exchange, New York.) The object of these Conferences is to promote greater devotion and a larger use of the Eucharist, as by a daily celebration of the mass, special preparations for it, explanation of its meaning, and the like. The Protestant reader will find this a valuable treatise, if he desires to obtain the Roman Catholic point of view of the Holy Sacrament.

*The Ideal of Universities*, by Adolf Brodbeck, Ph.D., translated from the German and reprinted from the "Metaphysical Magazine" (The Metaphysical Publishing Company, New York), is a series of essays on the function of the university, the main value of which will be their suggestiveness to professional teachers and those who have some part in the framing of educational systems.—*American Orations* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York) is a new and revised edition of this valuable work—valuable not only for the specimens of eloquence which it contains, but also for the current, vital, personal interpretation of historical events by the men who had so great a part in making those events.

Mrs. Cotes (Sara Jeannette Duncan) again makes good use of her intimate knowledge of Anglo-Indian life in *His Honour, and a Lady*. There is more than local color, humor, reproduction of official, social, and native manners and life; there is also a subtle study of character and motive. The novel is well worth reading. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)—Miss F. F. Montresor has a singular gift for telling a pathetic story tenderly and without excess in expression. *Worth While* is such a tale. A second story in the volume is fairly good. The author will be remembered as having written "The One Who Looked On." (E. Arnold, New York.)—In *Mark Herron* Alice W. Bailey takes her characters through summer schools, theosophy, mind-cure, the glories of the Chicago Fair, Christian Science, Indian philosophy, and much else that is mysterious. The book is immensely interesting, not as a story (there is not much plot, and the reader cares little how the love affair terminates), but as a well-informed study of the waves of mental excitement which have followed one another in the last few years. The author does not argue, and the talk of her characters is not wearisome. There is an extraordinary amount of observation in the book, and it is acutely suggestive. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)—A third volume has been added to the reprint of William Carleton's racy *Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry*. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)—*A Mountain Woman*, by Elia W. Peattie (Way & Williams, Chicago), is a very tastefully made book which contains eight short stories, some of which have appeared in various magazines and journals. The stories are interesting chiefly because of a certain freshness of feeling in them and a certain note of promise. They are very uneven, and in one or two cases they are crude in construction, but the writer is dealing with real things in a genuine spirit, and her work is therefore worthy of careful attention. It contains the promise of better things.—Mr. S. R. Keightley, the author of "The Crimson Sign," has selected the period of the English Revolution as furnishing material for his new story, *The Cavaliers*, a spirited novel of adventure. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)—New editions of standard authors constitute a very large part of the current publication, and, it hardly need be added, a very valuable part. Messrs. Macmillan & Co. (New

York) send us a new volume, *The Unknown Masterpiece*, in their series of Balzac's translations, the work of translation being done in this case by Ellen Marriage, and Mr. Saintsbury, the general editor of the series, furnishing a preface. The further this series progresses, the more satisfactory become its qualities as a piece of tasteful and beautiful book-making.—The same publishers issue also Daudet's *Tartarin on the Alps* in the series commented upon in these columns last week.—*Across an Ulster Bog*, by M. Hamilton (Edward Arnold, New York), is a story of Irish life. With the memory of Jane

Barlow's simple Irish stories in the reader's mind, "Across an Ulster Bog" is tame and colorless.

A new and enlarged edition of Mr. Julius H. Ward's *The White Mountains: A Guide to their Interpretation*, has been issued; the new chapters are on The Gateway at North Woodstock, The Mountain Colors, Snow-Shoeing on Osceola, and The Winnepesaukee Region. We commented fully on this book when it first appeared, and need only say now that no lover of the White Mountains can afford not to read it. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)—Another delightful outdoor book from the same publishers is Miss Alice Brown's *By Oak and Thorn*, which is a record of "English days," largely in Devon and Cornwall. It is very much more than a book of travel; it touches literature and history at many points; it is written with keen appreciation of the charm and association of the places visited; in style it is admirable.

An important book of the week, one eagerly expected by many readers, is W. Fraser Rae's biography of *Sheridan*. It is

printed in two large volumes, has a portrait, and is accompanied with an introduction by Sheridan's great-grandson, the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava. A great deal of material not before published is included. We shall, of course, give a review of the work at a later date. (Henry Holt & Co., New York.)

Mr. Charles G. Leland has followed his first series of *Legends of Florence Collected from the People* (Macmillan & Co., New York) with a second series. Mr. Leland had very rich material to draw upon in these two volumes, and it hardly need be said that he is an expert collector and sifter of popular tradition. No American of our time has been a greater adept in the lore of the common folk, and especially of wandering folk like the Gypsies.—Mr. Richard Lodge's *Richelieu*, which bears the imprint of the same publishers, and which takes its place in the Foreign Statesmen Series, furnishes a compact account of one of the most adroit statesmen and one of the most picturesque characters in modern French history.

Mr. William Root Bliss, who has shown so much knowledge of things colonial and provincial in connection with Buzzard's Bay and the Old Colony, has prepared another book in the same vein on *Quaint Nantucket* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston), a study of the town as it existed for two hundred years before the invasion of the summer boarder, the material being taken from the town and port records, sea-journals, personal letters, and private manuscripts of various kinds.

Professor Arthur T. Hadley's *Economics* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York) is a survey of the entire field from the standpoint of a moderate individualist, who is generally but not invariably opposed to measures urged on behalf of the poorer classes. Professor Hadley's individualism is not that of Herbert Spencer, nor, indeed, that of his senior colleague, Professor Sumner. The labor measure he most heartily indorses is the legislation restricting the hours of women and children in factories, to which the older individualists were so strenuously opposed. It is in regard to monopolies that his individualism is most marked. He seems to cling to the belief that enlightened self-interest will persuade natural monopolies and trusts to reduce rates to the level demanded by the public interest, and secured in other branches of industry by the presence of competition. In regard to railroads he even seems to feel that there is danger of too great competition, and recommends the permission of "pooling" contracts to prevent their competing with each other in the unrestricted way necessary for merchants and farmers. On the question of taxation Professor Hadley is thoroughly in sympathy with the principles of free trade, and somewhat in sympathy with the principle of progressive taxation. On the question of currency he is entirely out of sympathy with the bimetallist movement. He even maintains that the success of France in maintaining silver and gold at the legal ratio was limited to "the first half of the present century," when "the production of both gold and silver was slow and equable." As a matter of fact, the relative production of gold was trebled during this period, and the greatest triumph of the French law was during the decade following 1850, when the production of gold was again and suddenly trebled without a sensible change in the relative value of the two metals. Still more unjustifiable is Professor Hadley's argument that an increase in the currency injures labor. He bases this upon the

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# KATE CARNEGIE<sup>1</sup>

By Ian Maclaren

Author of "Beside the Bonnie Brier-Bush," "The Days of Auld Lang Syne," etc., etc.

## CHAPTER XI.—IN THE GLOAMING

August is our summer-time in the north, and Carmichael found it pleasant walking from Lynedoch bridge to Kilbogie. The softness of the gloaming, and the freshness of the falling dew, and the scent of the honeysuckle in the hedge, and the smell of the cut corn in the fields—for harvest is earlier down there than with us—and the cattle chewing the cud, and the sheltering shadow of old beech-trees, shed peace upon him and touched the young minister's imagination. Fancies he may have had in early youth, but he had never loved any woman except his mother and his aunt. There had been times when he and his set declared they would never marry, and one, whose heart was understood to be blighted, had drawn up the constitution of a celibate Union. It was never completed—and therefore never signed—because the brotherhood could not agree about the duration of the vows—the draftsman, who has been twice married since then, standing stiffly for their perpetuity, while the others considered that a dispensing power might be lodged in the Moderator of Assembly.

This railing against marriage on the part of his friends was pure boyishness, and they were all engaged on the mere prospect of a kirk; but Carmichael had more of a mind on the matter. There was in him an ascetic bent, inherited from some Catholic ancestor, and he was almost convinced that a minister would serve God with more abandonment in the celibate state. As an only child, and brought up by a mother given to noble thoughts, he had learned to set women in a place by themselves, and considered marriage for ordinary men to flavor of sacrilege. His mother had bound it as a law upon him that he was never to exercise his tongue on a woman's failings, never to argue with a woman unto her embarrassment, never to regard her otherwise than as his superior. Women noticed that Carmichael bore himself to them as if each were a Madonna, and treated him in turn according to their nature. Some were abashed, and could not understand the lad's shyness; those were saints. Some were amused, and suspected him of sarcasm; those were less than saints. Some horrified him unto confusion of face because of the shameful things they said. One middle-aged female, whose conversation oscillated between physiology and rescue work, compelled Carmichael to sue for mercy on the ground that he had not been accustomed to speak about such details of life with a woman, and ever after described him as a prude. It seemed to Carmichael that he was disliked by women because he thought more highly of them than he ought to think.

Carmichael was much tried by the baser of his fellow-students, especially a certain class of smug, self-contented, unctuous men, who neither had endured hardship to get to college, nor did any work at college. They were described in reports as the "fruits of the revival," and had been taken from behind counters and sent to the University, not because they had any love of letters, like Domsie's lads at Drumtochty, but because rich old ladies were much impressed by the young men's talk, and the young men were perfectly aware that they would be better off in the ministry than in any situation they could gain by their own merits. As Carmichael grew older, and therefore more charitable, he discovered with what faulty tools the work of the world and even of kirks is carried on, and how there is a root of good in very coarse and common souls. When he was a young judge—from whom may the Eternal deliver us all—he was bitter against the "fruits," as he called them, because they did their best to escape examinations, and spoke in a falsetto voice, and had no interest in dogs, and because they told incredible tales of their spiritual

achievements. But chiefly did Carmichael's gorge rise against those unfortunates because of the mean way they spoke of marriage; and on this account, being a high-spirited young fellow, he said things which could hardly be defended, and of which afterward he honestly repented.

"Yes, religion is profitable for both worlds," one of them would exhort by the junior common-room fire, "and if you doubt it, look at me; five-and-twenty shillings a week as a draper's assistant was all I had, and no chance of rising. Now I'm a gentleman"—here Carmichael used to look at the uncleanly little man and snort—"and in two years. I could ask any girl in religious society, and she would take me. A minister can marry any woman, if he be evangelical. Ah," he would conclude, with a fine strain of piety, "Gospel is its own reward."

What enraged Carmichael as he listened in the distance to these pæans of pharisaism was the disgusting fact that the "fruits" did carry off great spoil in the marriage field, so that to a minister without culture, manners, or manliness, a middle-class family would give their pet daughter, when they would have refused her to a ten times better man fighting his way up in commerce. If she died, then this enterprising buccaneer would achieve a second and a third conquest, till in old age he would rival the patriarchs in the number of his wives and possessions. As for the girl, Carmichael concluded that she was still under the glamour of an ancient superstition, and took the veil after a very commonplace and squalid fashion. This particular "fruit" against whom Carmichael in his young uncharitableness especially raged, because he was more self-complacent and more illiterate than his fellows, married the daughter of a rich self-made man, and on the father's death developed a peculiar form of throat disease, which laid him aside from the active work of the ministry—a mysterious providence, as he often explained—but allowed him to enjoy life with a guarded satisfaction. What Carmichael said to him about his ways and his Gospel was very unpleasant and quite unlike Carmichael's kindly nature, but the only revenge the victim took was to state his conviction that Scotland would have nothing to do with a man that was utterly worldly, and in after years to warn vacant churches against one who did not preach the Cross.

After one of those common-room encounters, Carmichael used to fling himself out into the east wind and grayness of Edinburgh, fuming against the simplicity of good people, against the provincialism of his college, against the pharisaism of his church, against the philistinism of Scottish life. He would go down to Holyrood and pity Queen Mary, transported from the gay court of France to Knox's Scotland, divided between theology and bloodshed. In the evening he would sweep his table clean of German books on the Pentateuch, and cover it with prints of the old masters, which he had begun to collect, and ancient books of Catholic devotion, and read two letters to his mother from her uncle, who had been a Vicar-General, and died in an old Scottish convent in Spain. There was very little in the letters beyond good wishes and an account of the Vicar-General's health, but they seemed to link a Free Kirk divinity student on to the Holy Catholic Church. Mother Church cast her spell over his imagination, and he envied the lot of her priests, who held a commission no man denied and administered a world-wide worship, whom a splendid tradition sanctioned, whom each of the arts hastened to aid; while he was to be the minister of a local sect and work with the "fruits," who knew nothing of Catholic Christianity, but supposed their little eddy, whereon they danced like rotten sticks, to be the main stream. Next day a reaction would set in, and Carmichael would have a fit of bohemianism, and resolve to be a man of letters. So the big books on theology would again be set aside, and he would write an article for "Ferrier's

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