

speaks of the chambers of his mind where beauty and terror lie close companioned. The sense of this union is in all his later stories. The genial humor of "Borderlands" has taken on a sharper edge, and the "general" type of character there first introduced is further developed and used for tragic as well as comic purposes. Bell Haggard, in "Krindlesyke," is the greatest of these acrid portraiture and Gibson's finest achievement in character delineation. It is to be hoped that American readers will become better acquainted with Gibson's recent work.

"Away, You Rio!"

A BOOK OF SHANTIES. By C. Fox SMITH. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1927. \$3.

Reviewed by JOANNA C. COLCORD

LATEST of the folk-songs to receive the attention of collectors, the shanty or work-song which accompanied sea-labor in sailing-ship days appears to be coming belatedly into its own. As "the humble bottled ship, once swapped for a pint of beer, reposes in undreamed-of state in the marble halls of the multi-millionaires," so these lowly songs are now appearing on the programs of fashionable concerts, along with their once despised kinsmen, the negro spirituals. If the singers but knew how they should be sung—but that is another story!

Miss C. Fox Smith, writer of much sea literature, has made the latest collection of shanties, consisting in the main of the old favorites. There are some singular omissions, notably "Haul on the Bowline," "A Long Time Ago," and "Santy Anna," which most collections include. In many of the well-known shanties, the author furnishes more elaborate and interesting versions of the words than are usually found. Her airs, however, are simpler than those used in the 'nineties aboard American ships—recognizably the same, and yet devoid of the runs and "extry notes" which gave musical novelty to the shanty.

Shanties in common use, like any folk-songs, were the survivors out of a vast number of attempts to produce something that would hold the popular fancy. Of that larger number which did not "catch on," some lingered for a while in a few shantymen's repertoires, and have thus from time to time crept into print. The new material which the author includes is largely of this class—fragments with a certain charm (as, for instance, the little short-drag shanty called "O Billy Riley"), but whose lack of survival value is apparent. The chief exception among Miss Fox Smith's new material is that fine and deservedly popular sea-song, "Rolling Home," which has been omitted from too many collections.

In addition to the words and music of the songs, the author has added to each a historical note, and has provided an introduction which is a real contribution to the study of shanties and their origins.

America

(Continued from page 113)

desire that a national literature is possible, leisure, too, if he demands it, for writing—he has everything except the wisdom to use and develop his gifts. His worst enemy is himself, and the thousands of like-minded Americans who drive him toward Immediate Returns and Large-Scale Production. He cannot master the American scene because he cannot master his own energy for the slow processes necessary in literature. Find a young and successful American writer of talent and you find a dissatisfied man in conflict with himself.

The delicate-minded go off to Europe where they acquire refinement at the cost of energy. They should keep their energy and get ideals. The French and English have passed through their ages of bounding vigor and they know, as we do not, that unless the artistic conscience is satisfied the writer and his work are both unhappy. This we can learn from Europe, which with not half of our gusto can still get far more from living.

The current European fashions—expressionism, sur-realism, Joycism, Proustism, Sitwellism, esthetic defeatism, super-intellectualism—are bad medicine for us. We must mix our own. But there are symbols in the English walled garden where leisure is protected, or the French cafés where living is a commodity to be purchased cheap, which we might ponder with profit. The young American writer needs first of all to learn how to live. His inspiration he will find at home.

The BOWLING GREEN

The Birdhouse of Logs

LIKE all small boys, Christopher was a great student of the advertisements in magazines. Especially the advertisements that offered souvenirs, premiums, free samples of anything. All sorts of queer surprises turned up in the crowded letter-box at the post-office—little packages of biscuits and breakfast foods and toothpaste, badges and buttons of every kind, catalogues, First Aid outfits, instruction booklets on How To Play the Harmonica or How To Carve a Bullfrog From a Cake of Soap.

Although Christopher's allowance was only fifteen cents a week, Mr. Mistletoe observed enviously that his son always seemed to have plenty of ready cash. Occasionally, however, Christopher had a sudden impulse to put it all into a toy bank from which it could not be got out. Then Mr. Mistletoe had to make an advance to pay for the box of crayons or ice cream cone that seemed very urgent just at that moment.

But one of the advertisements that caught Christopher's fancy resulted in a real story. It was an advertisement about a birdhouse made of "Lincoln logs." It was a charming idea: a little birdhouse made of rough strips of wood with the bark still on, so that it looked like a tiny log cabin—in fact, it was planned to look like the famous log cabin where Abraham Lincoln was born. Christopher sent along the money and the birdhouse arrived. It came in pieces, with instructions, and he and Mr. Mistletoe enjoyed fitting it together. It was put up in a tall tree in the back lot.

The houses that people live in have a great influence on their thoughts and behavior. The blackbird who came to live in that cabin was evidently a queer fellow by nature, but when he settled there he became the talk of the neighborhood. I think he imagined that because he lived in that log cabin he was a kind of Abe Lincoln among birds. Certainly he looked the part, for he was unusually tall and shambling, with long shanky legs and rusty black plumage. It was even said that when he went out searching for worms he wore a little plug hat and carried an umbrella and an old-fashioned satchel. He put up a scrap of shingle on his cabin that said LAW OFFICE, and earned a modest living by settling disputes among the birds. Birds have a great many problems, for they are quick-tempered and their life is complicated.

Sometimes a lively scolding and chattering would be heard in the green apartments of the trees. A feather or two would come floating down. Then there was a flutter and angry birds came flying to the log cabin. They perched on a limb and screamed their quarrel to the lawyer while he appeared at his door and listened patiently. He tried to get them to talk one at a time; he never decided anything without calling in witnesses and hearing both sides. He gave judgment in some very important cases which became famous in those days.

So Blackbird became quite well known among birds interested in the law. More than once birds from the Mineola Courthouse flew over to the Roslyn Estates to consult him.

But his own clients were not always grateful. Sometimes, when the dispute was settled, they forgot to pay him his fee. In spite of his helpful services he was rather the joke of the community. It is true he was queer, and birds are great gossips, painfully quick to criticize anything unusual. As you have noticed, birds are almost always well dressed, neat and trim in their appearance, and Lawyer Blackbird's awkward figure seemed to them absurd. They made rather cruel fun of him. When he went strolling thoughtfully about in the cool early morning, looking for his breakfast, a mischievous thrush would dart down in front of him and snatch up a worm or insect right from under his beak. They played practical jokes on him, stealing the caterpillars that his clients laid by his front door in payment of his services. They whistled mockingly from the neighboring trees when he was studying, and screamed with laughter at his clumsy way of flying. Handsomer birds, such as cardinals, blue jays, orioles, sneered at his shabby black suit.

Of all birds, baby robins have the hardest time learning to fly. They cause their mothers much anxiety, for they are very fat and also very reckless. Before their wings are strong enough to carry their heavy bodies they often get themselves into positions of great danger. So it happened one day that while Mrs. Robin, who lives in the dogwood tree opposite the dining-room windows, had gone down to the drug store, young Pudgy Robin, not yet properly able to take care of himself, flopped lumpily to the foot of the tree. It was very thrilling to be out on the open grass, and the first thing anyone knew he was hopping and exploring across the croquet ground. He was interested in the wire hoops, and tried to flutter up to perch on one, but fell off. He was as fat, awkward, and helpless as only a young robin can be.

The croquet court is a bad place for a young bird. Anything moving on that stretch of grass is in plain view to many watchful eyes. The cellar doors, slanting up from the ground, overlook it and are the favorite sunning place for cats. And there lay Taffy Topaz, the big yellow Persian. He noticed that hopping bundle of feathers. His eyes got wide and bright and dangerous. His tail switched nervously from side to side. He crouched so that his shoulder blades humped up, and watched intently. Then he began to crawl silently across the lawn. Suddenly it seemed as though the garden was very still. In all that quietness of yellow sunshine there was only Pudgy Robin, blundering bravely into a strange big world, and the creeping enemy behind him.

Then in the treetops the bird policemen began to scream. Little happens on the ground that the bird policemen don't see, though they can't do much about it. "Look out, look out!" they called wildly. But Pudgy was too young, too excited, too ignorant, even to know what they were saying. Not far away was a blue croquet ball that had caught his eye. It would be a fine thing to hop on and look round. He fluttered and tumbled along.

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The birds were all screaming in panic, but no one seemed to know what to do. The noise brought out Lawyer Blackbird, who came to the door of his log cabin. One look of his shrewd eyes showed him what was happening. He wasted no time in screaming. Straight as an arrow, on his long wings, he launched himself. He flew, like a flash, right past Taffy's nose. Taffy, whose attention had been all on the helpless robin, was startled and frightened. He glared round in wonder. Blackbird wheeled, flew back again, and hovered in air just above the cat. Taffy sprang for him, forgetting all about the robin. Fluttering in pretended distress, always just beyond the reach of those sharp claws, Blackbird led Taffy away toward the other side of the house. Two big robins, now the danger was past, came squawking and hustled Pudgy to his home tree. When Taffy Topaz saw how he had been tricked he crept back to the croquet ground, but it was empty. Lawyer Blackbird flew to the log cabin and went on with his study.

There is no heroism birds respect so much as the courage that outwits a cat. That day there was no whistling to bother Blackbird at his work. But there was a great deal of conversation in the big oak tree which is the birds' clubhouse. They knew now that Blackbird, though his ways might be queer, was worthy of his log cabin.

They made their plans secretly, so the next day the lawyer was completely surprised. He heard a whirr of wings outside the cabin, and thinking it might be a quarrel of some sort for him to settle, he came outside. There were all the robin policemen, saluting him, and a magnificent air parade. It had all been carefully thought out. First came a squadron of tanagers, all scarlet. Then Mr. Hopkins's white pigeons. Then the blue jays. Red, white, and blue, they flew brilliantly in formation, and wheeled and hovered in front of the tiny log cabin to do it honor. And then Mrs. Robin herself, with tears in her eyes, brought three feathers, one red, one white, one blue, and placed them, like a banner, on the birdhouse of Lincoln logs.

That was in the summer, but the birds do not forget. When the autumn came, the birds in the Election Day parade carried a big sign which said:

FOR JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
VOTE FOR ABE BLACKBIRD

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Books of Special Interest

History of Christianity

AN OUTLINE OF CHRISTIANITY. The Story of Our Civilization. In five volumes. New York: Bethlehem Publishers, Inc. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) 1926-7. \$5 per volume.

Volume I. *The Birth of Christianity.*

IN an age of "outlines," an outline of Christianity was perhaps inevitable. Indeed, no field of human life needs more the fourth dimension which genetic study gives to facts than does religion. To declare what Christianity is must be a difficult task just because Christianity is not an isolated event or person or creed, but a great continuous development. Neither Christians nor non-Christians should overlook the intellectual richness and variety of this tradition. For this reason the idea of an outline of Christianity commends itself. The question is, How well in this case has it been done?

The enterprise has been planned on a catholic and sumptuous scale. By a skilful and painstaking editorial director an effort was made to give unity to the independent contributions. The contributors were chosen with care,—nearly a hundred persons, mostly American scholars of known achievement in the fields discussed. The result is five volumes, each complete in itself, richly illustrated and clearly printed.



The first volume covers only the first century. Considering the importance of beginnings and the normative regard given primitive Christianity and its records, this amount of space is not excessive. The first Outline of Christianity ever undertaken, that addressed by Luke to Theophilus, had even a shorter field to cover. In this volume we have sketched the background of Christianity, the work of Jesus and of Paul, and the inferences from our scanty records of the development of both Jewish and Gentile Christianity. The narratives of Jesus and of Paul are a paraphrase of our New Testament records, written respectively by Professors E. F. Scott, of Union Theological Seminary, New York, and Frederick C. Grant, of Berkeley Divinity School. The former enters reverently and imaginatively into the reconstruction of the life of Jesus. The latter gives an excellent impression of the rapidity and power of Paul's career. Professor Burton S. Easton, of General Theological Seminary, New York, who with Professor E. F. Scott is joint editor of the volume, has contributed several miscellaneous useful chapters. The remaining contributions are shorter and of uneven merit. It is perhaps not invidious to select as one of the most satisfactory parts of the work Professor Bosworth's seminary of Paul's thought.



To different readers the volume will bring quite different impressions. The subject is conceived as of high importance and is treated with eloquence. There is a tone of appreciation rather than of apology for Christianity, and a welcome lack of dogmatism and of ecclesiastical bias. The volume is both a collaboration and a cross section of different Protestant churches, at least in their liberal wings. The so-called liberal portrait of Jesus is what Professor Scott gives us. The influence of the mystery religions is estimated quite properly as very slight. The reasons for Christianity's success are summarized more than once. In the disputed field of literary criticism of the New Testament the consensus of competent opinion is quite fairly represented.



This volume deals with the most familiar period of Christianity, with the figure of Jesus, which is the most obscure, and with the records of the New Testament, which are subjects both of familiarity and of controversy. Yet the general reader will get here as reliable an account of the whole movement as can be found in English in so compact and readable a form. The method of composite authorship has resulted in some characteristic faults. Even typographical errors have slipped through that the authors could easily have caught in proof. A number of mistakes in detail appear especially in the first part of the book. There are some repetitions. But these are more than offset by strikingly sober and skilful presentations of familiar theses in fresh light and by the silent correction of long established prejudices.

HENRY J. CADBURY.

Volume II. *The Builders of the Church.*

"AN Outline of Christianity" is no one-man work light-heartedly tossed off by an H. G. Wells, Hendrik Van Loon, or Will Durant. It is not a work at all, it is an institution. It has its National Council, its Advisory Council, its Editorial Council, its Executive Editorial Board, its Board of Editorial Management, and its Directing Editors. Its organization includes thirteen college presidents, five deans, two bishops, and clergymen without number. Yet it may fairly be doubted whether a single Wells, Van Loon, or Durant might not have done a more satisfactory job than this whole learned corporation, which has turned out its standardized product in accordance with the latest modern methods of industrial specialization.

There is no fault to be found with the editors on the score of either erudition or candor. One's natural suspicion of an undertaking which combines history and apologetic is here quite unjustified. The latest results of scholarship are embodied in it. Historical facts are stated as historical facts, traditions as traditions. There is no disposition to deny either the crimes of Constantine or the virtues of Julian the Apostate, to defend the theological hatreds of the fourth century or the Albigensian crusade of the thirteenth. Peter the Hermit is dismissed into the limbo of mythology. Pagans and heretics get their meed of praise. In fact, the trouble with this "Outline of Christianity," as will be seen, is not that there is too much Christianity in it but too little.



A fatal initial confusion is already apparent in the subtitle. The story of Christianity is not identical with "the story of our civilization." Our civilization depends in large part upon commercial, industrial, political, and scientific developments with which Christianity has been only indirectly concerned. The effort to tell the story of all these has led the editors far from their true subject. In the endeavor to do too much, they have done too little. Instead of delineating and defining the spirit of Christianity in the first century and then tracing its biography as a living thing, with all its loves and hatreds, high hopes and low fears, fits of cruelty and deeds of mercy, its periods of languor and its bursts of zeal, its lapses into superstition and its yearning for knowledge,—instead of writing this spiritual biography, the most thrilling in human history, the editors have devoted their energy to constructing what ought to have been called merely "A History of the Christian Church in Its Political and Social Relations."

Christianity as a philosophy of life is not even considered. In this second volume on "The Builders of the Church" which runs to 437 pages of text, the ideas of St. Augustine are summed up in exactly 120 words; Dionysius the Areopagite, whose influence permeated medieval thought, is not even mentioned; the significance of Gothic architecture is expounded in a single paragraph; Dante is distantly referred to half a dozen times. The editors are simply not interested in ideas. A work that ought to be bristling with stimulating thoughts and challenging problems has no sign of either. Many of the articles are hardly above the intellectual level of the recent "Why I Am a This-or-That" series.

Special exception, however, should be made in favor of A. E. J. Rawlinson's discussion of Arianism and other heresies, Alexander Nairne's spirited defense of the ascetic life, Henry Preserved Smith's account of Mohammed, A. V. W. Jackson's brief history of Manichaeism, and Father Clifford's exposition of Scholasticism. These five articles justify the existence of the volume. And it ought finally in fairness to be added that if the National Council, the Advisory Council, the Editorial Council, the Executive Editorial Board, the Board of Editorial Management, and the Directing Editors will only adopt the suggestion as to change of title, many of the objections urged in this review will be no longer pertinent.

ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES.

Florence during the time of Savonarola is portrayed in "A Florentine Diary from 1450 to 1516," by Luca Landucci, now translated for the first time into English and announced for publication this month.

Volumes III and V. *The Rise of the Modern Churches and Christianity Today and Tomorrow*

BEGINNING with the Reformation the fourth volume carries the story of Christianity down to our very moment. With the same ponderous thoroughness which characterizes any comprehensive study of an age-long and intricate subject the march of assembled fact and tempered interpretation goes forward through these pages.

Dr. Shailer Matthews is godfather for this book. He has written seventeen of its forty articles. With fairness and poise, he shows Lutheranism, Calvinism, Anglicanism, Roman and Greek Catholicism as an outsider sees them. Probably if our own faith were to have an estimating diagnostician most to our trusting, Dr. Matthews would be the selection of most of us. Each of the modern faiths has its own spokesman or apologist, then the Directing Editor makes his urbane estimate of contributions from that source. The spokesmen have been chosen wisely. They are truly representative men,—such right choices as Dr. Percy Dearmer for Anglicanism, Professor Wentz for Lutheranism, "Ralph Connor" for Presbyterianism in Canada, President Ozora Davis for Congregationalism, Canon Robinson for the four chapters on Christian Missions.



Quite naturally everyone "plays safe." There are no scintillating individualisms nor audacious brilliancies. It would not be team play if such were attempted. The beauty of this collection of affirmations is that it manifests a spirit which if carried out in the actual project of church unity would be a dream already come true. This volume is a Lausanne Conference in itself. The material of the book is of the best; it is the most authoritative and sane body of facts we have had in a mine-strewn area of history. But, better than the compilation of the data, here is a demonstration of the essential unity of Christianity, despite all its appearance of diversity. A Doxology for that demonstration!

Yet this is no mere platitudinous and sugary sentimentalism. The give and take of recognized confessions is healthily evident. The men who had the writing of these chapters live in no fools' paradise. The refreshing thing is that such criticisms as are included are constructive, never picaresque, and they are always uttered by the spokesman of the group that made the error, never by another.



The whole history of denominationalism as here given comforts one with the evidence that the breaking up of Christianity into its many groups has not been so completely regrettable as we sometimes claim. Now that the old time emphases have been recognized as complementary, and that every denomination is to be thanked for the affirmation of a phase of Truth which might have been obliterated without its stand therefor, we can evidently feel that the period of dissociation is closed and the period of synthesis is well begun. "The rise of denominations and that of religious liberty are aspects of the same historical process. Religious liberty came by the rise of denominations. . . . They mark the transition from state churches to the separation of Church and State. . . . Religious liberty has not yet been fully gained in all parts of the world, but its future is assured." This is a noble thesis to maintain. It is the thesis, well demonstrated as true, which this volume carries through.



With the fifth volume of the now well-known series we pass the scratch and with the running start of the historic centuries we are swept forward. Has the running start of Christianity been too long and too exhausting, so that Christianity is spent when it reaches the line? Or is Christianity still only beginning to get ready to commence to start? The thesis indicated for this book is "an estimate of our present achievement, and a challenge to our further advance, in all relations of life—the family, the community, the nations, the races, the churches, and the whole field of civilization at large." This is no small task. Yet the attainments of this book are satisfying and not inadequate. This is high praise indeed.

THE REV. PHILLIPS E. OGDON.

Volume IV. *Christianity and Modern Thought*

A CYNICAL reader after finishing the perusal of "Christianity and Modern Thought" might exclaim "The Play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out." It would not be fair to let the matter rest there for Bishop Francis J. McConnell, the editor of this volume and the distinguished scholars who have contributed to it, have written brochures literally saturated with a quality which has come from the spirit and the teachings of Jesus. It remains true, however, that there is no attempt to set forth in organized and coherent fashion the contents of the Christianity which has been relating itself to modern thought. Nearly everything except theology is considered, but the attempts of modern men to relate their thinking as Christians to the rest of their thought world and set forth the result in organic fashion are simply passed by.

Some odd omissions result from this method. It is rather diverting for instance to think of a volume dealing with "Christianity and Modern Thought" in which Albrecht Ritschl is never mentioned! The studies which make up the volume are written with adequate knowledge and in the happiest spirit. To be sure, Professor Erskine's discussions of Christianity and Art deal with a movement culminating in the Middle Ages rather than in the modern period and might perhaps have been assigned wisely to another volume in the series. The important matter, however, is that here a group of men of unquestioned authority give an entirely wise and understanding discussion of physical science, psychology, philosophy, sociology, archeology, criticism, and comparative religion in their relations to the thinking of contemporary men who bear the name Christian in full intellectual freedom and candor.

LYNN HAROLD HOUGH.

Printing History

THE FIRST PRINTERS OF CHICAGO.

By DOUGLAS C. MCMURTRIE. Chicago: Pascal Coyi. 1927. \$5.

Reviewed by ROBERT BALLOU

In 1827, just a hundred years ago, Gurdon Hubbard dashed on horseback from a spot within a stone's throw of the present *Tribune Tower* in order to raise an army of defense against a threatened massacre by the Winnebago Indians. All who were at Chicago to be massacred lived in a fort and maybe a dozen houses. Yet it was only a few years later that an enthusiastic real estate man predicted a population of 50,000 for Chicago within a century and stuck to his prediction even though he was nearly hooted out of the village!

These were the exciting conditions into which printing thrust its ubiquitous self in 1833. Like all accessories to the growth of a boom town many of the details of its early history are as shrouded in mystery as is the exact location of Fort Dearborn, the nucleus of Chicago, standing less than a century ago—no one knows exactly where!

Mr. McMurtrie has gathered many of the loose ends of Chicago's printing history through careful search in the archives of the Chicago Historical Society and elsewhere, and has incorporated them in a bibliography of very early Chicago books and pamphlets, the whole making a slim volume of forty-two pages. I have no idea how nearly complete it is. The author himself is uncertain. To the lay eye it seems thorough and adequate. His bibliography is introduced by a historical sketch of the earliest printers.

Perhaps it is too much to expect a research man to write interestingly. If only a book like this, short as the textual material is, could have a little of the color of a seething frontier town! If some of the shouts of fox hunters along the marshy shore of Lake Michigan, the barking of their dogs, the chatter of friendly bargaining Indians, or the splash of canoe paddles crossing the river where the great, double-decked, boulevard link bridge now stands, could rise out of its pages, the history of printing in Chicago would be a fascinating subject.

These things were connected with that history along with the wild onions and skunks from which came the name Chicago, that is, "bad smell." The hand-pumped fire engine which Gurdon Hubbard gave to the growing city has something to do with that history for it resulted in the printing of a pamphlet and the pamphlet is listed in a scholarly manner in the bibliography, yet in the historical sketch there is little intimation that anything of human interest happened in Chicago in its frontier days or that printing then was any more difficult than it is now.