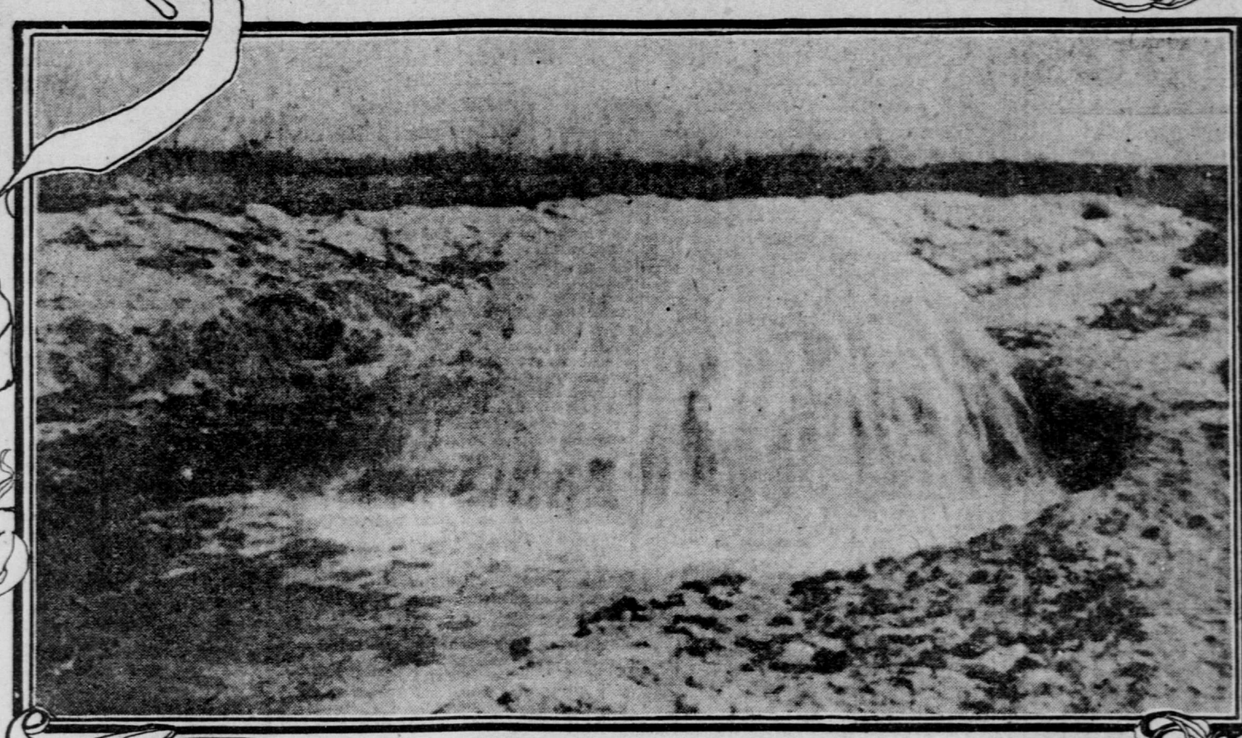
About the finality of Christianity AND SOME OTHER BOOKS

GEORGE B FOSTER
AUTHOR OF "THE FINALITY OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION"



A FINE EXAMPLE OF FLOWING WELLS, RIVERSIDE, CALIFORNIA
FROM NEW EDITION OF "THE CONQUEST OF ARID AMERICA"

Portrait of Author of Elaborate Work of Criticism of Christianity and Picture From "Conquest of Arid America."

"THIS CAPTION FRANKLY ACCENTUATES THE ISSUE" is the way George B. Foster, professor of the philosophy of religion at the University of Chicago, explains the selection of the title, "The Finality of the Christian Religion," carefully given by him to his elaborately studious new book of scientific criticism of Christianity from the viewpoint of a modern scholar. That is a clear-cut statement of the relation of the name to the matter of his big volume, and the next thing to make clear is what he exactly means by the use of the word "finality" in this connection. He uses it something in the sense of "absolute," but, not being completely satisfied with that word for this purpose, he chooses "finality," not so much as akin to the Latin "finis" as to the Greek "telos," i. e., final not as last, but as the perfect, the consummate, or, last, because perfect. "Will historical science sustain our traditional assurances that Christianity is not ONE religion among many, but, as Harnack maintains, THE religion, ultimate and incomparable?"

All is easy as to explanations so far, but when it comes to the third classification, the definition of what Christianity really is—the true essence of this form of religion—the "finality" of which the book calls upon the enlightened people of the modern world to consider and decide, why, then we are up against a five-hundred page proposition. This point, if the volume makes the stir of interest in the philosophical and religious world that is expected of it, will be the bone over which the supernaturalism of dogma, the practical science of naturalism, the warm, poetic faith of mysticism, will contend. Christianity, as this professor of the philosophy of religion believes in it—Christ as this critic conceives him to be, are not the faith and the person which orthodoxy for 1900 years has taught men to trust in.

And thereby hangs a tale. A very little tale, it is true, but nevertheless furnishing a little bit of interesting gossip about the book just as it emerges new born from the press. The attempt has not been made to kill the book because it is heterodox, but the official head of the author has been threatened with decapitation by the orthodox ax of a resolution requesting the professor to resign from his position of instructor in the University of Chicago. The incident occurred at the weekly conference of the Baptist clergymen of Chicago. That brings the peril pretty close home to the professor, but what brings it closer and to him perhaps more bitterly, or perchance amusingly home, is that the unorthodox author nominally belongs to the Baptist denomination. The resolution, which was introduced by the pastor of the Second Baptist Church, declared that the professor's book on the "finality" was "an insult to all clergymen." As the reading of the resolution was followed by applause, it seems evident that Foster is in disfavor with many of the brethren. The professor says his Baptist critics are too hasty. "If they had read my chapter on immortality they would have seen that my aim is not to destroy a belief in Christian tenets, but to find means of support for them."

The fight, if it is to continue, will have to be waged for the killing of the book, for the professor's head is safe. The University of Chicago will take no action in regard to dismissing him from the faculty. The attempt will here be made to tell some truths about the book as unsectarian and impartial as if they came from a merely Martian observer of earthly faiths and other affairs.

First, as to the professor's soft answer to turn away the wrath of his critics—that his "aim is not to destroy a belief in Christian tenets," the force of that fence all depends upon what Christian tenets really are; and that, as I remarked before, is a matter of 500 pages of exposition, even condensedly as the professor puts them. If by Christian tenets is meant the holdings of orthodoxy about Christ and his teachings, then the author's aim certainly is to destroy a belief in them. On that score it is destructive criticism as strong as a philosophically temperate writer could well make it. The whole first part of the book, and that is nearly half of it, deals directly with what the author terms "authority-religion (supernaturalism)," and it is done with deadly aim to strike that down and sweep it from his path before he proceeds with the part of the volume devoted to constructive criticism; and that, while it shows a reverent spirit toward Christianity as he conceives it to be intelligible and believable by modern scholarship, is most distinctly not constructive on the foundations of orthodox Christian tenets. It is no doubt because of this that the clergymen registered their objection, and their right to express disfavor with the work is unquestioned; but that this criticism of Christianity should be characterized as "an insult to all clergymen" must surely have been due to a hasty judgment or to an extreme oversensitiveness. The whole tenor of the volume is of profound respect for religion, especially the Christian religion, and of reverence for Jesus Christ, its founder.

Cold and hair-halting reverence it must, of course, be held by those who ardently adore the Christ as a divine being, even to the extent of believing him to be mystically one with the Deity and himself a God and the Son of God in a sense not ever attainable by any other son of man. One of the most strikingly odd evidences of the author's disbelief in the divinity of Christ is that he takes pains to explain to his readers why Jesus was celibate. Now, to the true believers in the divinity of Jesus such a query would seem like the inquisitiveness of a child, and the answer to it simply: Christ was celibate because he was the Son of God. To pursue the subject beyond that would sound like a crazy absurdity.

It would appear that orthodox Christians believe that Christianity stands or falls with the belief in Christ as the God-man of miraculous birth and performance, but the author does not believe it falls with the dogma of deity. It is with this restriction, or definition, that he gives affirmative answer to the great query of his book, indicated by the title, is Christianity a finality? In thus accepting Christianity as the absolute, the supreme religion, however, he makes us clearly understand that he separates it from the supernaturalism of authority-religion; for he considers such belief is a bar to progress, and the principle of evolution he holds applies to religion notwithstanding the great epoch made in it by the coming of Christ. Here is the way he seeks to express the golden mean: "Supernaturalism excludes development—the element of truth in naturalism; naturalism excludes eternal values—the element of truth in supernaturalism; science requires the former, religion the latter."

Right after this he asks: "Does the idea of development, the golden mean between supernaturalism, which absolutizes a given form of Christianity, and naturalism, which denies absolute values in principle, constitute an a priori impossibility to the definitive significance of Jesus in history, and to Wienel's striking phrase, 'After Jesus it is his religion or none.' But, then, who was Jesus and what was his religion? It is to this question we must next turn."

Now as we follow the author into those fine final chapters on "The Essence of Christianity: Jesus," we discover what, to the mind of this modern professor of the philosophy of religion, is that enduring "Christianity" referred to in his book's title—whose "finality" is the sense of the absolute, the supreme, the "consummate, the last because perfect," he accepts after years of study of this form of faith and the writing of an elaborate work based on scientific criticism. On page 137, speaking of "the dissolution of authority-religion," he says: "The acknowledgment of a single historical fact is a thing of knowledge, not of faith. Faith—let this not be forgoten—is directed only to that which is of a timeless character, which can disclose itself as immediately present to any one anywhere."

One page 392, speaking of the sources of the life of Jesus, he says: "The main thing is how Jesus viewed God, the world and man, and how he answered the cardinal question: What is the main thing in the sight of God? What is religion?" And further along he adds: "In the words of Jesus, the main thing is confidence in God, purity of heart, mercifulness, humility, placability, yearning—this and nothing else besides. This is God's will as set forth in the sermon on the mount. Who does it is Jesus' mother and sister and brother."

On page 405 Foster pays this fine tribute to the Master who founded Christianity. Note that it is a reason given for a belief in the "finality" of that religion by one who does not accept Christ as a God: "Thus, too, it is the human Jesus as expression of the personal life of God that faith craves and criticism allows. It is the personality of Jesus for which faith cares—cares, however, because in Jesus we find a nowhere else existing revelation of the divine will, and a nowhere else postulated aim of human life. The Christian is one who knows God in the man Jesus, one for whom Jesus is the personality which determines his relation to God."

An interesting item in the book is this modern scholar's view of progress which has taken place as to the great theory of evolution—making it much more than a blind force: "The new evolution is more biological than mechanical, emphasizes the dignity and mystery of inner as against outer cause, and positively faces the idea of teleology."

The volume is one of the "Decennial publications" which are issued to commemorate the completion of the first ten years of the University of Chicago's existence. The author promises another volume to continue the progress of his constructive criticism.

What he says in justification of criticism, even of religions held unassailably sacred, is an item worth culling: "For, as we have often said, the assumption of the inspiration of the text has been shattered, definitely and irretrievably shattered. Out in the wilderness we must now blaze out a path amid the thorns by means of criticisms."

If the work were reviewed wholly from the standpoint of that complete naturalism of the coldly critical scientific mind which the author deprecates almost as much as he does what he considers exaggerated supernaturalism it would probably be to say: Though it is claimed the author finds affirmative answer to the great query indicated by the title of his book, yet that affirmative answer seems incompatible with a doubt as to Christ's deity; for if he is no more than the unique and superlative religious genius of the world's history it would always be possible, and even probable, that the process of evolution would produce a greater.

On the other hand, if examined as from the viewpoint of a believer in Christianity as founded on the deity of the son, the book would look like lifelessly cold criticism; for the Johannine representation of Jesus is of one who, using the splendid symbolism of a fountain of living water, promised to quench the thirst of the soul that panteth after God as the hart panteth for the water brooks, with all the miraculous power and authority of a supernatural being, and when he promised to the true worshipers the well of water within them springing up into eternal life he announced almost in the same breath that he was the Christ—the Savior of the world. As to scientific criticism of the value of the evidence the mystics would simply reply that they believe Jesus spoke with supernatural authority when he said to Peter: "Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-jona, for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven."

(University of Chicago Press, Chicago; $4 net; $4 22 postpaid.)

CONQUEST OF THE ARID SECTIONS OF AMERICA

A new, enlarged and well illustrated edition of that very deserving book, "The Conquest of Arid America," by William E. Smythe of San Diego, Cal., is one of the products of California authorship of which the State may well be proud. The original work is so well known that this revised edition does not need extended mention. This revision brings the history of Western irrigation, the story of arid America, down to date. There is an appendix in which is a history of the "Newlands bill" and the act of June 17, 1902. The story of the Newlands bill is a remarkable bit of history, almost worth the writing a book just for itself. Mr. Smythe says of his revision: "I hope the book will be of value to several different kinds of people—to the investor, the tourist, the economist, the legislator, the reader of history and travel and to those interested in American resources and institutions generally—but most of all I hope it will be of some practical use to the men and women who are seeking homes under the blue sky of the West."

In part fourth, called "The Triumph of the Movement," there is a chapter on "preparing homes for the people," which describes many of the immense projects the Government has undertaken to make homes by irrigating arid lands. The book is very valuable and interesting as a history of irrigation, but it is much more than only such a history—it is a remarkable study in sociology and a most unusually practical one. It takes for its specific theme the power of co-operation in social development—showing how union of effort for the accomplishment of big purposes not only works out material marvels of prosperity, but develops a more civilized type of man by the sheer necessity of the harmony which the work imposes upon all the community.

The volume closes with a beautiful little essay called "Man's Partnership With God." It is worth while reading the whole book if for no other purpose than to prepare yourself fully to appreciate the force of that four-page essay. The author is one who seeks for hidden "good in everything," and he certainly has found a sermon in stones, and books in the running brooks. A striking sentence in that essay is that "above all other sections arid America is the God-remembered land." Now to the man who did not seek good in everything and sermons in water the waste desert of America seemed the "land that God forgot." Smythe sees the matter differently, and eloquently speaks forth his faith. He says in reverent interpretation of God's intention in leaving a portion of the earth arid:

"Some one has said that God never made a world. He started several, including the one on which we dwell, but that he depends on man, working in partnership with him and in harmony with the laws of the universe, to bring the world to completion." "There are conditions in arid America which make men peculiarly conscious of their partnership with God or Universal Purpose. They seem, indeed, to begin where God left off and to go forward with the actual material creation of the world."

Of the stimulus in the work of conquest of aridity, he tells us there are countless instances of men who came from stagnant communities and settled in such places as Riverside, Cal., and "developed into scientists of the most practical sort." Consider this culling: "Irrigation, for example, is a religious rite. Such a prayer for rain is intelligent, scientific, worthy of man's divinity. And it is answered."

Fitly illustrating these beautiful ideas there is a picture of an artesian well, a splendid fountain springing up to quench the thirst of an otherwise arid region in Southern California. In the distance are seen the snow topped mountains which furnish the supply of water to irrigate the orchard lands. The conducting canals and the wells are the work that proves man's partnership with God. It is a sermon in water.

(Macmillan Company, New York. $1 50.)

SAN FRANCISCO WOMAN IN TRANSLATOR'S ROLE

"Those stars which most palpitate are thought the most beautiful of all."

That sentence culled from eloquently beautiful page 125 of the Italian book, "Anima Sola," which under the English title of "The Soul of an Artist" has been authorizedly translated by Miss Elizabeth L. Murison of San Francisco, makes up just the dozen words which most adequately estimate the peculiar quality of the book's beauty. The soul of a true artist is nothing if not sensitive, and this book, which is an effort to portray one, shows forth in thoughts writ down somewhat journalwise the sympathetic feeling of a human heart for the all-vibrant life of the universe, finding, as no doubt the Creator does, that the throbs of pain as well as the thrills of pleasure all work for the development of that sensitiveness without which there is no soul worthy of the name.

Let us continue the quotation which began with the illustration about the beauty of the palpitating stars: "If the greater part of men suffer it is because they do not feel enough. They feel pain, which is a low grade of sensibility, and do not feel beauty, which is its coronation."

"'The world is hateful,' says the skeptic of the arid heart, 'because I have suffered.' No, the world is beautiful because all sorrows lend themselves to a plan infinitely ideal."

Could we select from anywhere in so few sentences such a full explanation of the puzzle, and so satisfying an answer to the seeming cruelty of the Scripture which represents God as the maker of all things—both of gladness and of sadness. "Behold, I have created evil," saith the Lord.

The author of this book, who goes under the nom de plume of "Neera," is in private life Anna Zuccari, wife of Signor Radius. She is a "Florentine by birth, a Milanese by choice," and a novelist of much note in Italy. Though fiction, it is intended to show forth the truth of what would be the frank confessions of the thoughts and feelings of a genius of the Italian stage. Eleonora Duse, the great Italian actress, is presumed to be the prototype, though the author does not say so. The translation, which is done into smoothly flowing, beautiful English, is the work of a San Francisco woman. So it has the appeal of close-homeness, which is always potent when it comes in combination with merit. After reading the book it is easy to understand and appreciate these words from the translator's preface: "The labor was undertaken in a dark hour to lay the ghost of a haunting sorrow; for 'Anima Sola' is the outpouring of a lonely soul, and had in its very name a promise of sympathy, and perhaps of comfort."

A passage which tells of the girl's resolve to become an actress expresses a high ideal of the histrionic art:

"Suddenly I decided upon the theater. Was not that my way to console, to do good? Ought every one to work out his righteous impulses in one way, or not rather each one according to his own means? To give a piece of bread is perhaps more meritorious or more profitable than to give a ray of light, a livelier pulsation, a smile? * * * When I broke the divine bread of my art to a hungry public who went away happier and better, nobler and purer, was my work wholly different from hers who reaches to the poor clothes wrought by her own hands? * * * I have but a soul, ardent, vibrant, and I open this up to those who are cold in their inmost being. I give love, faith, interest, which solaces, exalts and re-creates."

A small division of the journal, called "An Idyl"—a story of first love, is very pretty, and on page 85 there is a scene which an artist of the brush might well translate from a word picture into a beautiful painting upon canvas—of a youth and maid just beginning to learn the soul of the reason why those stars which most palpitate are thought the most beautiful of all. In that scene Neera says:

"I asked him to let me read the whole poem. He handed me the book, holding the candle-end before me, with his eyes following the lines as I read, which I did neither rapidly nor easily, but from which there came to me such an ecstacy of pleasure that it was like a revelation."

"Several phrases particularly struck me:

* * * Celestial interchange
Of amorous sentiments.

And this, too:

To shelter me beneath the mighty wings
Of God's forgiveness.

(Paul Elder & Co., publishers, San Francisco. $1 50 net.)

WASHINGTON GLADDEN'S NEW BOOK OF ESSAYS

The title of Washington Gladden's new book, "The New Idolatry," means, as might be easily guessed, the worship of money:

Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell from heaven.

It is a collection of papers upon such subjects as "The Church and the Nation," "Religion and Democracy," "The Ethics of Luxurious Expenditure," "Standard Oil and Foreign Missions," and, as everybody might have expected, "Tainted Money." The term "tainted money" is one which makes you think of Washington Gladden right away, and it is not improbable that an exposition of the Congregational minister's views on that subject is the motive of the work. It will be remembered that he was the maintainer of the minority view in the Congregational church on the subject of tainted money, he holding that such money should not be accepted by the church, and the Prudential Committee of the American Board of Foreign Missions, which is a Congregational mission, overruled his protest, as they thought it right to accept any money from a man that was legally his without inquiring into the ethics of how he got it.

That subject was pretty well threshed over last fall in the daily papers and the magazines, and opinion was strongly divided. A good brief statement of Gladden's side of the question may be had from these words in his new book: "Is it not plain that an institution which accepts subsidies from notoriously iniquitous sources, by this act virtually resigns the privilege of bearing testimony against such iniquities? When we enter into partnership with extortionists and corruptionists in the business of education, we must in common decency refrain from turning round and abusing our partners.

"* * * For much of this money, under all sound ethical standards, must be considered as stolen money. And do our churches and colleges need to be told that the partaker is as bad as the thief?"

In his chapter on "Religion and Democracy" he explains that the reason why it is reasonable to dread a union of the church and state. It is that there is no ecclesiasticism on earth to-day that is not a mere fragment—a sect. "And it is evident that the state can have nothing to do with these contending sects. They make for division rather than unity; the state cannot recognize any of these." "What might be true if the church were one I cannot tell."

(McClure, Phillips & Co., New York; $1 20 net.)

BRIEF GLIMPSES INTO THE REALM OF LETTERS

The February number of the Craftsman has a study of Jack London by Henry Meade Bland of San Jose. It views that picturesque character and writer in his three roles of "traveler, novelist and social reformer," and has the advantage of being done by a man who can get at the individuality of his subject from the "viewpoint of a personal friend." It is an interesting estimate of this vigorous California writer who has done some strikingly good work at story-telling which is probably but a promise of still finer work to come.

First Bland gives us an outline of the early adventurous career in which Jack London stored his mind with the incidents that make his realistic descriptions come easy to his pen—his training on the San Francisco Bay as a pirate chaser, as a sailor on the ocean north of Japan, as an investigator of tramp life by actual experience of accompanying the brake-beam riders, as a stoker on an ocean liner, as a seeker of gold in the Klondike, as the victim of an unjust jailment, and generally as a thorough tester of the rough and tumble struggle for existence. Mixed with the training he thus got to make his physique fit, there was the mental exercise of culling what his nature craved from the Oakland Public Library, speaking in the Henry Clay Debating Society and writing short stories for the Aegis. Bland says that some of the fire of London's style came from his early love of Carlyle, and some of its lyric quality from the perusal of Poe.

That peculiar feature of London's writing which applies the theories of Darwin as a true philosophy of life on which to base realistic creative fiction is perhaps the most interesting thing the article calls attention to. "The struggles of primitive life came to be symbolic to the young writer of the struggles of the modern social world. He read the same meaning into the modern struggle that he saw in the ancient." "It was thus he drifted into his inheritance."

This sympathetic estimate is given of London's famous study of the northland, "The Call of the Wild":

"It is the greatest of the stories dealing with the primitive, and is the most popular of his books. It stands as the most sympathetic treatment of dog life to be found in literature. In it the most vigorous qualities of London's style stand out clearly—rapidity of movement, suggestiveness, a powerful use of words, great humanizing power, music."

An interesting item in this connection is that we are told that London will write a new story, in which he describes the wild dog's regeneration into the dog of civilization.

A somewhat strange feature in Jack London's personality, which it might be interesting to philosophize over, is that he, of all men, should be a socialist. We are told that he has in him the feeling of natural fitness for life's contest and love of it in the primordial sense of the tooth and claw struggle. Having so much of that inborn quality to hold his own in the rough-and-tumble of catch who can, it seems to make his advocacy of socialism a fine example of altruism—for it is usually a thought—by those who prefer the individualistic struggle for existence, that it is the weak who want the reign of socialism to come—those who feel themselves unfit for the stern struggle for the survival of the fittest. It apparently indicates a generous nature which would give an advantage to others which he, individually, has no need of

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The following description of a maiden is taken from choice Gaelic literature. How much of its original beauty it has lost in the process of translation into English only those who thoroughly know both languages can measure. Certainly the thought as conveyed in the translation suggests that in its native suiting of sound to sense it is a beautiful word picture of a very fair maid. It is from the poetic remains of Egan O'Rahilly, "a poet," says its editor, Rev. Patrick S. Dinneen, "genuinely Irish." And this: "nor are there many poets gifted with a more subduing pathos or a more enchanting melody:

GILE NA GILE.

The Brightness of brightness I saw in a lonely path,
Melody of melody, her speech not morose with age,
Crystal of crystal, her blue-eye tinged with green,
The white and ruddy struggled in her glowing cheeks.

Plaiting of plaiting in every hair of her yellow locks,
That robbed the earth of its dew by their full sweeping,
An ornament brighter than glass on her swelling breast,
Which was fashioned at her creation in the world above.

Oh, folly of follies for me to go close to her!
By the captive I was bound fast a captive.

* * *

From the press of Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago—New York, we are in receipt of a new, large, engraved, up-to-date township and railroad map of the State of California, size 33x39 inches, scale eighteen miles to the inch. Printed on the same sheet are large-scale inset maps of "San Francisco and vicinity," "Los Angeles and vicinity," and "San Diego and vicinity." All cities, towns, villages and postoffices are properly located on the map and the relative importance of places is shown by the size of the type. Counties are printed in colors. Mountains, rivers, lakes, islands, reservations, deserts and valleys are distinctly shown and named. The official Government survey base and meridian lines and township and range numbers are given. A list of all the railroads in the State is printed on the face of the map, and each road is designated by a number, so that it can easily be traced throughout its entire length.

Persons interested in California in any way will find this map very complete and useful. The maps are large and clear, printed on the finest map paper, folded to convenient pocket size. Price 25 cents.

* * *

Within the last few days there has been visiting our city a young man from the mountains of the Middle West, Mr. Clarence E. Eddy of Roosevelt, Idaho. He is a mountaineer in more senses than one, for in addition to being a successful prospector for gold in the rugged hills, he dearly loves the peaks of Parnassus. He came here partly to investigate the work that our literary people are doing. He is especially interested in our poets. He has written poems himself in an amateur way, and so he feels a kindred with them of such gifts as Joaquin Miller and other of our experts in verse. As he is very ardent and still quite a young man, who knows to what extent his emulation may lead him up the heights?

He has published a little book of his poems. He is a correspondent of the Salt Lake Tribune, and he is owner and editor of the Thunder Mountain News. The two California writers he seemed most interested in are George Sterling and Louis A. Robertson. He is an enthusiastic admirer of George Sterling's long poem, "The Testimony of the Suns." He is a man intensely interested in the mysteries of life, and his one regret about the "Testimony of the Suns" is that it does not convey to his mind and heart some more definite answer to his longings to read the riddle of the universe. Under the spell of that desire he quite earnestly and eloquently addresses the California poet.

I here give you the words of his appeal, not only because it has local interest, but because the young mountaineer expresses in it a universal heart cry; we are all of us always beseeching the poets to unveil for us more of the great mystery of life and lift our spirits closer to the truth:

TO THE SINGER OF THE SUNS.

Oh, mighty singer, hail to thee,
But canst thou see beyond the bars?
Or speak that Nameless Mystery
That reigns beyond our utmost stars?
Oh canst thou find an end of space
Or say what awful dream is this,
Or would we see God face to face
If mind should cross the vast abyss?
We know His suns and systems flame
Beyond all methods to compute
Till mystery without a name
Looms on our minds and we are mute.
There lie the secrets none shall see
While yet they breathe this mortal breath
To know that Nameless Mystery
Were dread Insanity or Death.
There may it be that weary souls
Will find at last a resting-place,
Where God's Infinity enfolds
Infinity of time and space.

No clarion note so clear and strong
As is this mighty voice of thine,
And ne'er before has mortal song
Ascended nearer the divine.
Beyond unnumbered suns it sings,
But sobs at last by gulfs of night
In weariness it folds its wings
This side the Illimitable Light.

Oh, beckon on sweet rays of dawn;
Oh, Muse arise and sing again.
We crave from Thee the mystery,
The music of the grand Amen.

* * *

Readers of literary gossip may have forgotten, though it was made known at the time of the great success of "Quo Vadis," that Henryk Sienkiewicz spent some time in this country. He was one of a little band of Polish patriots, among whom were Mme. Modjeska and her husband, Count Bozenta, who bought a ranch in California and started what might be called a Polish Brook Farm. It was a co-operative society, but as all its members were geniuses, it suffered for want of practical management. Sienkiewicz did not stay very long in this country, but went back to Poland, where he published a few short stories with America as their background. "On the Field of Glory," just published, is, however, his first complete novel for six years, and the fact that a second large printing was required before the date of publication indicates that he has not lost his hold on the American reading public.

* * *

The following poem is one from the many in a book of 300 pages made up of the collected writings of Eliza A. Otis (Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis), which have been assembled, grouped and edited by her husband.

In regard to this work, the Los Angeles Herald says:

"With all the love and wealth of affection which her husband, General Harrison Gray Otis, lavished on her, he has taken in hand this delightful duty, and with infinite tenderness and care he has garnered the sheaves of flowers of his dead wife's intellect, and has grouped and arranged them. No human being could have done this so well as he has; together, he and she worked on the same newspaper, in the same office, surrounded by the same atmosphere of thought and feeling. He knew what her hopes and desires and aspirations were, and he penetrated the depths of her heart and was cognizant of her wishes."

BLUEBELLS (1884).

Bluebells, bluebells, bluebells, blow!
Ring your bells and ring them low;
From your hearts let music leap—
From your chambers where asleep
All the dainty fairies hide,
And their thoughts to music glide;
Where the winds with fragrance sweet
Make a cover for their feet;
Where glad bird-song on the ear
Falls in notes most sweet and clear.

Bluebells, bluebells, bluebells, ring!
While your perfumed tongues you swing,
Pour your music low and sweet
Round about our passing feet.
Ring! and let the summer lean
With her dainty ear between
Bud and blossom as they sway,
When the light winds pass their way—
Lean and listen while shall ring
Voice of praise from everything.

* * *

Although the publishers of E. Phillips Oppenheim's new novel, "A Maker of History," printed a first edition of the book as large as the combined editions of any one of his previous novels, heavy reorders from booksellers necessitated a second printing almost immediately. In "A Maker of History," this favorite English novelist has scored his greatest success and many of the critics agree that it is his best story thus far.

* * *

Upon the Shore.

I said to the wave:
Why with such passionate kisses meet the rock?
Canst thou not see it is insensible?
Thy wooing warm,
The gentle words thou'rt ever murmuring
Are lost upon the shore's rude masonry.
Kisses for roses!
Seek them, for they know the answers fit.
Soft are they, and their petals richly sweet.
To me the wave said:
A great power I know not teaches me
To give, to give and never to receive:
Human impurity
To touch and still to make me pure again;
Prodigal, noble, simple, all unprized,
I pass, forgetful,
Leaving this precept unto humankind:
"Nothing to ask; to love for love alone."

(From "The Soul of an Artist," from the Italian, translated by Miss Elizabeth L. Murison of San Francisco.)