

*The*  
WORLD  
BEAUTI-  
FUL IN  
BOOKS

*by*  
*Lilian*  
*Whiting*



THE WORLD BEAUTIFUL IN BOOKS

### Lilian Whiting's Works

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THE SPIRITUAL SIGNIFICANCE

KATE FIELD: A RECORD

THE WORLD BEAUTIFUL IN BOOKS

THE  
WORLD BEAUTIFUL  
IN BOOKS

BY

LILIAN WHITING

Author of "The World Beautiful," in three volumes, First, Second,  
and Third Series; "After Her Death," "From Dreamland  
Sent," "Kate Field, a Record," "Study of  
Elizabeth Barrett Browning," etc.

If the crowns of the world were laid at my feet in exchange for my  
love of reading, I would spurn them all. — FÉNELON

BOSTON  
LITTLE, BROWN, AND COMPANY

1901

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TO

*One whose eye may fall upon these pages; whose presence in the world of thought and achievement enriches life; whose genius and greatness of spirit inspire my every day with renewed energy and faith,— this quest for “The World Beautiful” in literature is inscribed by*

LILIAN WHITING.

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*“The consecration and the poet’s dream.”*





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## TO THE READER.

“ Great the Master  
And sweet the Magic

. . . .

Moving to melody  
Floated the Gleam.”



O the writer whose work has been enriched by selection and quotation from “the best that is known and thought in the world,” it is a special pleasure to return the grateful acknowledgments due to the publishers of the choice literature over whose Elysian fields he has ranged. “The noble and profound application of ideas to life is the most essential part of poetic greatness,” says Matthew Arnold; and he who constantly refreshes and renews his spiritual energy from the great poets realizes the deep significance of these words. To Mr. John Lane of London and New York, the publisher of the work of Stephen Phillips;

to the Macmillan Company of London and New York, who issue the works of Matthew Arnold, Walter Pater, William Watson, and other authors, from whose writings selections are presented in these pages; to Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Co. of Boston, the publishers for that wonderful New England galaxy including Emerson, Lowell, Longfellow, Whittier, and Whipple, from whom extracts are made, — to these eminent houses and others, from whose publications some line or passage has been culled, it is a privilege to offer here the grateful appreciation of their generous courtesy as well as of their fine and critical taste that has thus given to the world matter which exalts life as well as literature.

L. W.

THE BRUNSWICK,  
BOSTON, October, 1901.

BOOK I.  
AS FOOD FOR LIFE.

God be thanked for books ! They make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages. They give to all who will faithfully use them the spiritual presence of the best and greatest of our race. No matter how poor I am ; no matter though the prosperous of my own time will not enter my obscure dwelling, — if the sacred virtues will enter and take up their abode under my roof ; if Milton will sing of Paradise ; and Shakespeare open to me the worlds of imagination and the workings of the human heart ; if Franklin will enrich me with his practical wisdom, — I shall not pine for want of intellectual companionship, and I may become a cultivated man, though excluded from what is called the best society in the place where I live. — WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.


# THE WORLD BEAUTIFUL IN BOOKS.



## AS FOOD FOR LIFE.

The world of books is still the world.

AURORA LEIGH.

ITERATURE and life are so absolutely interpenetrated that they can only be regarded in the light of a series of cause and effect, each reacting upon the other in determining influence. By the magic of some spiritual alchemy, reading is transmuted into the qualities that build up character, and these qualities, in turn, determine the further choice of books, so that selection and result perpetuate themselves, forming an unceasing contribution to social influence. If a man's life is but the sum of the expression of his thought, the very power and the degree of this thought depend largely on his range of reading. Books are thus intimately

associated with the very springs of character, and a man's biography is recorded in a library that has grown with his thought and is the expression of his intellectual evolution. The book that he has lived with and associated with certain phases of growth becomes a part of his essential life.

“None of us yet know, for none of us have yet been taught in early youth, what fairy palaces we may build of beautiful thought — proof against all adversity,” says Ruskin; “bright fancies, satisfied memories, noble histories, faithful sayings, treasure-houses of precious and restful thoughts, which no one can disturb, nor pain make gloomy, nor poverty take away from us — houses built without hands for our souls to live in.” These houses for the soul, built in thought, will be transubstantiated into outer form.

“I will make me a highway of gliding and wide-wayed  
ease,

With room in your streets for the soul,”

sings Stephen Phillips. We are on the threshold of the beautiful life. Humanity needs the capacity to enjoy and appreciate culture as well



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as the opportunity to acquire it; the love of literature must precede and prepare the way to enjoy the opportunities of great libraries. The appreciation of music is quite as important in the way of enjoying grand opera as is the money that permits the purchase of an opera box.

There has always been a nebulous — and a most pernicious — tradition that good books are inevitably somewhat formidable, and that devotion to the best literature is something of a test of mental endurance for which the recompense, if not the antidote, must be sought in periods of indulgence in the frivolous and the sensational. Never was there a greater error. It is the inconsequential, the crude, the obtuse, that are dull, in literature as well as in life; and stupidity in books might well be relegated to rank among the seven deadly sins of Dante. Of course, it is conceivable that the dulness might not impossibly lie in the reader rather than in the book, and that the appreciative enjoyment of good literature is a capacity to be infinitely developed along advancing lines. The swift recognition of the beautiful in literature is an achievement as well as a gift. A reader who has

found entertainment in the flimsiest and cheapest order of sensational fiction can, in three months, by the exercise of a little enlightened will, grow into even a far higher and more intense enjoyment of the novels of Thackeray, George Eliot, Tolstoi, Sienkiewicz, Turgéniéff, Henry James, and Daudet, and into the simple pleasure as well as the intellectual gain of Balzac, to say nothing of a host of minor novelists and story writers whose fiction is pure and bright and interesting.

The world of literature is as wide as the world of humanity, and the object of this little tour is to turn the searchlight on a limited selection of that more vital range of expression that appeals to the spiritual life; that arouses aspiration and conviction and that liberates energy,—rather than to dally with admiring contemplation or critical analysis of literary beauty. There are authors whose works are a living force in every age, and from whom we may well select matter that infuses new ardor and purpose into life. In this especial quest restriction is perhaps more to the purpose than expansion. Able books and able essays have catalogued literary excellences and invited their readers to fare forth in earnest quest

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of Thueydides, Plato, Homer, Calderon, Dante, Shakespeare, Goethe, — but this little volume aims to concern itself chiefly with that range of reading which has a direct application to the qualities of life.

A book may be a perpetual companion. Friends come and go, but the book may beguile all experiences and enchant all hours.

Aside, however, from consolation, encouragement, or entertainment, there is in good reading, a certain transubstantiation of energy that thus enters into life, exalting and refining its quality, and which enables a man to press on to still higher and nobler achievements, and to more intelligently control the problems of destiny.

There is much in even the greatest literature that the child in the nursery may easily learn to appreciate and love. Familiarity with noble thought and beautiful expression influences the sub-conscious nature to a degree of unguessed potency, and irresistibly leads the spirit thus finely touched onward to all fine issues. Numberless are the passages in Shakespeare, — as the description of Cleopatra's barge, the scene of the witches' heath in "Macbeth," the forum in "Julius

Cæsar," — which will enthrall the imagination of the child and enlist a far deeper interest than does the silly and meaningless rhyme too often thrust upon juvenile readers. There are cantos of Homer; there are passages in Virgil, as that, for instance, descriptive of the Cave of the Winds; there are beautiful lyrics of Longfellow, and Lowell, and Holmes, and Tennyson; of Louise Chandler Moulton, Aldrich, and Whittier; and even Emerson has many a stanza that the childish mind would appreciate, especially if given to him under the beautiful interpretation made by Charles Malloy. Take the stanza, —

“ My garden is a forest ledge  
Which older forests bound;  
The banks slope down to the blue lake-edge,  
Then plunge to depths profound.”

There is a photograph illustrating this vivid picture which can be obtained. Take the lines, —

“ Around the man who seeks a noble end  
Not angels, but divinities attend,”

and recording such thought in the opening mind is to give the child a secret and unfailing current

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of strength for future days. Or make clear to his comprehension the apt lines, —

“Unless to Thought is added Will,  
Apollo is an imbecile,”

and a certain steadfastness of purpose is unconsciously implanted in the young life. The heroic ballads of literature, as of Scott, Macaulay, Holmes, Whittier, and many another — among which should always be included the immortal “Battle Hymn” of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, and the stately and impressive “Recessional” of Rudyard Kipling — will leave their influence on the youthful mind in a way of incalculable spiritual inflorescence. Robert Browning, profound and often obscure as he is, has stanzas that may well be selected for the child; and Mrs. Browning’s poem, “King Victor Emmanuel Entering Florence, 1860,” is one that may easily appeal to the juvenile imagination. Richard Henry Stoddard’s noble lyric on Abraham Lincoln should be universally familiar to every boy and girl; as might well be Louise Imogen Guiney’s sonnet, “On Entering Westminster Abbey,” and the opening lines of her “Sanctuary,” which are good to enshrine in memory, —

“High above Hate I dwell,  
O storms, farewell!”

The descriptions of nature's moods as found in Wordsworth, Bryant, Scott, Byron, and numberless other poets, — such lines as these of Whittier's, —

“We rose, and slowly homeward turned  
While down the West the sunset burned,  
And in its light hill, wood, and tide  
And human forms seemed glorified.

“The village homes transfigured stood,  
And purple bluffs, whose belting wood  
Across the waters leaned, to hold  
The yellow leaves like lamps of gold.”

Or these, which offer one of the most vivid of literary silhouettes, —

“Who stands on that cliff, like a figure of stone,  
Unmoving and tall in the light of the sky,  
Where the spray of the cataract sparkles on high?”

Or this picturing, —

“Then the warm sun stooped to make  
Double sunset in the lake,  
While above I saw with it,  
Range on range, the mountains lit.”

Or these lines, —

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“The moon above the Eastern wood  
Shone at its full ; the hill-range stood  
Transfigured in the silver flood.”

And the rich color and pictorial impressiveness of the lyric, —

“The splendor falls on castle-walls  
And snowy summits old in story.  
The long light shakes across the lakes,  
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.”

The exquisite music in that line, —

“The horns of Elf-land faintly blowing ;” —

the color and the power felt in the words, —

“Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying :  
Blow, bugle ; answer echoes, dying, dying, dying.”

Such picturing as Tennyson gives in these wonderful lines offers the finest suggestion and stimulus to the mind of the child.

One of the most perfect and exquisite poetic works for children is “The Hidden Servants,” by Francesca Alexander, of which the author herself wrote, —

“When I was a young girl many old and curious books fell into my hands and became my favorite

reading (next to the Bible, and, perhaps, the "*Divina Commedia*"), as I found in them the strong faith and simple modes of thought which were what I liked and wanted. Afterwards, in my constant intercourse with the country people, and especially with old people whom I always loved, I heard a great many legends and traditions often beautiful, often instructive, and which, as far as I knew, had never been written down. . . . I never had time to write them as long as my eyes permitted me to work at my drawing, and afterwards, when I wanted to begin them, I found myself unable to write at all for more than a few minutes at once. Finally I thought of turning the stories into rhyme and learning them all by heart, so that I could write them down little by little. I thought children would not be very particular, if I could just make the dear old stories vivid and comprehensible, which I tried to do. If, as you kindly hope, they may be good for older people as well, then it must be that when the Lord took from me one faculty He gave me another; which is in no way impossible. And I think of the beautiful Italian proverb: 'When God shuts a door he opens a window.'

Among the poems of Mr. Aldrich, "Friar Jerome's Beautiful Book" appeals peculiarly to



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the sensitive perception of childhood. Need one dwell at length on stirring passages from Scott, and even Milton; lines from Keats and Shelley and Wordsworth, and many from William Blake, as, for instance, that haunting lyric which he wrote as a lad of fourteen,—

“How sweet I roamed from field to field  
And tasted all the summer’s pride,  
Till I the Prince of Love beheld  
Who in the sunny beams did glide.

“He showed me lilies for my hair  
And blushing roses for my brow,  
He led me through his gardens fair  
Where all his golden pleasures grow.”

Kipling’s “Jungle Tales,” and a great deal of Scott, both from his poems and his romance, peculiarly appeal to the child. “Marmion” and many portions of “The Lay of the Last Minstrel,” as well as “Ivanhoe,” can best be read in early youth. This is the fortunate time, indeed, to familiarize the mind with a large proportion of that literature of the past for which the crowded years of later life have little leisure. The assimilative power of the child’s mind for much of the best in all literature is usually underestimated.

The stories of the lives of great men are recognized as a part of the mental culture of youth, and to these can be added those of the impressive figures of art and literature, as well as the heroes of action. The lives of Bruno, Savonarola, St. Francis of Assisi; of many of the early Italian painters and poets, as Cimabue, Giotto, and Michael Angelo, as Dante and Petrarcha, — will appeal to children with the vividness of fiction, and would easily replace a vast amount of that utterly worthless reading which is too often allotted to the young. Any teacher or mother may easily prove the truth of this theory by actual experiment. In latter-day juvenile literature there is much of permanent value, as in the stories of Miss Alcott, Rudyard Kipling, J. T. Trowbridge, Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, and Susan Coolidge; but there is no very definite line between the literature for earlier or later years. It is all a question of adaptation and the elective affinities of intellectual development. Danske Dandridge captures an ethereal essence of the spring and gives it form and music in the lines, —

“ On shell-pink blossoms at ease I'd lie  
While the young buds croon me a lullaby;

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There a rich accord is the voice of all,  
And even the dew hath a silver fall.  
There delicate beings of heavenly birth,  
Too fair and fragile to live on earth,  
Flit and flutter in airy play,  
And laugh wild music the livelong day."

An imaginative child will be led into the enchanted spell of "The Ancient Mariner," and revel in portions of the translation of "Wallenstein;" he will lose himself in Scott, in Dickens, in Abbott's vivid life of Napoleon, in classic history and romance, and in the best of the world's great biographies to a degree far beyond that usually imagined as a limit to juvenile comprehension. He will feed on Shakespeare, — skipping in part, uncomprehending in part, and still acquiring an exquisite and unconscious sympathy with noble thought and expression, that will transmute itself into character. Greek history is aglow with fascination for the mind of the child. The Bible, of all books, when tenderly interpreted to the young mind, becomes a source of infinite culture and joy. The mother of Phillips Brooks always told Bible stories to her boys after they were in bed, and who may compute the influences communicated in this manner

to the great preacher who was destined to become so potent a factor in the world of thought? Dr. Edward Everett Hale's "Ten Times One is Ten" has fairly become a classic in American literature and is one of the indispensable books for childhood, youth, and for later years.

The poetry of Longfellow and of Lowell is full of beautiful passages that need only be presented to be loved by the child. Not only in "The Children's Hour" and the many lyrics of Longfellow which have long been household words and are familiar to generation after generation; but lines from "The Golden Legend," from "The Wayside Inn" (as that keen description of the great musician, Ole Bull), and countless selections, lend themselves to fostering the beauty and uplifting the child's life. These lines from "The Golden Legend" might well be recorded in his memory:—

“There are two angels that attend unseen  
Each one of us, and in great books record  
Our good and evil deeds. He who writes down  
The good ones, after every action closes  
His volume, and ascends with it to God;  
The other keeps his dreadful day book open

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Till sunset, that we may repent ; which doing  
The record of the action fades away  
And leaves a line of white across the page."

The child who has taken into his heart and mind "The Legend Beautiful," from the "Tales of a Wayside Inn," has a legacy incorruptible of the holiest influence. The monk, preparing to go forth on his errands of mercy, beholds the heavenly vision in his cell, —

" Rapt in silent ecstasy  
Of divinest self-surrender,  
Saw the Vision and the Splendor.

. . . . .

" Should he go, or should he stay?  
Should he leave the poor to wait  
Hungry at the convent gate,  
Till the Vision passed away?  
Should he slight his radiant guest,  
Slight this visitant celestial,  
For a crowd of ragged, bestial  
Beggars at the convent gate?  
Would the Vision there remain?  
Would the Vision come again?  
Then a voice within his breast  
Whispered, audible and clear,  
As if to the outward ear ;  
' Do thy duty ; that is best ;  
Leave unto thy Lord the rest ! ' "

The joyous charm in these lines from Lowell's "Vision of Sir Launfal" cannot but appeal to the child: —

"We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing  
 That skies are clear and grass is growing !  
 The breeze comes whispering in our ear  
 That dandelions are blossoming near,  
 That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,  
 That the river is bluer than the sky,  
 That the robin is plastering his house hard by !

· · · · ·  
 "Everything is happy now,  
 Everything is upward striving."

The story itself of Sir Launfal's quest of the Holy Grail is one easily appealing to the childish mind, and its life lesson, —

"The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,  
 In whatso we share with another's need;  
 Not what we give, but what we share,  
 For the gift without the giver is bare,"

can be taken into life forever.

There are poems by Nora Perry, — particularly the musical lyric, "O Did You See Him Riding Down?" — from Mrs. Mary E. Blake, and from many another of the minor poets, wherein are passages that are good for the child to take

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into life. Here is this dainty stanza from Mrs. Blake's "The Dawning of the Year": —

"There the primrose breath is sweet, and the yellow  
gorse is set

A crown of shining gold on the headlands brown and  
wet;

Not a nook of all the land but the daisies make to glow,  
And the happy violets pray in their hidden cells below."

Nor is the finest prose less rich in resources than poetry in offering selections adapted to children. There are portions of Hawthorne's "Marble Faun" which charm the juvenile reader and afford as much interest at the age of ten as at twenty; and there are few of the standard authors in history, biography, essays, or prose romance, in which are not found valuable matter for juvenile reading. Hawthorne's "Wonder-Book" tales, "The Gentle Boy," and his biographies, especially adapted for young readers, suggest themselves; but the larger proportion of the best reading for children is that which has not been written for that purpose. Many of the monographs on great men by Edwin Percy Whipple; passages in the "Autocrat" and the "Poet" at the Breakfast Table, where the keen,

racy brilliancy of Dr. Holmes appeals to both old and young ; much of Thoreau ; and the biographies of Lincoln, especially that by Nicolay and Hay ; those of Longfellow, of Tennyson, and of Phillips Brooks, — are, in portions, peculiarly adapted to be skilfully presented to childish sympathy. If comprehensive knowledge of that which is best in the world of books united with judicious selection and unfaltering attention can but lead a child onward into literature, any girl or boy should, by the age of sixteen, be well grounded in all the various branches of literary activity. Yet it is by no means uncommon to find high school and college graduates — young people well equipped with all the technique of scholarship — who are yet strangely unfamiliar with literature. It is not going too far to say that if this familiarity is not a growing possession, from the nursery up, it can never be absolutely acquired. For literature must be assimilated into life and contribute to that reservoir of the unconscious knowledge before it can be accounted an absolute possession. “One ought every day, at least,” says Goethe, “to hear a little song, read a good poem, see a



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few pictures, and speak a few reasonable words.”

The potent persistence of the influence, coloring and determining all after-life, that results from the home atmosphere of personal refinement and of scholarly association, however adverse are outer circumstances, is revealed in this bit of autobiographical data by one of the noblest and most gifted of living men who, in an unpublished reminiscence, says, —

“ . . . Poverty came after comfort. The great panic of — sent us all to —, a sickly, heathenish region, black in treason and ignorance, no schools, no music, nothing that *makes* one, except nature’s great melancholy forests. And then suddenly, as if in a day, from my father’s store in —, from my Virgil which I was trying to commit and understand, I was dropped into this wilderness, and for ten years or more I went to school but six months, — three at a district school, three at — . . . O that life of fevers, of dreams, of disappointments, with piles of books which I read at the end of a patch of plowing in the fields!”

These graphic words tell what it is to be a lover of books; how they may transform and

illuminate the loneliest and the darkest hours ; stimulate every latent and lofty energy and inspire and nurture noble aims. "These hoards of wealth you can unlock at will," says Wordsworth. Literature is, indeed, the most portable, so to speak, of any form of art. Great pictures, music, and sculpture are, almost inevitably, limited to large social centres ; but books may penetrate into the humblest and the most isolated household, bringing their intimate companionship with their choice thought and beautiful imagery.

“ And plant a poet’s word, even, deep enough  
In any man’s breast, looking presently  
For offshoots, you have done more for the man  
Than if you dressed him in a broad-cloth coat  
And warmed his Sunday pottage at your fire.”

Reading is not, indeed, a mere passive entertainment, but a creative activity as well. A good book sets the entire mental mechanism in motion. It acts as a motor applied to the mind. To give one’s self to reading is not simply to be borne through the realms of thought in a golden chariot, but is, rather, the conquering of a region into which one perpetually advances ; and the finer and more perfect is the assimi-

lation of the author by the reader, the more complete is his triumphant quest over this special territory. The book may be assimilated into life and the need, then, for the book is over. One presses on to the next. "Permanence is but a word of degrees," says Emerson. "The key to every man is his thought. Sturdy and defying though he look, he has a helm which he obeys, which is, the idea after which his facts are classified. He can only be reformed by showing him a new idea which commands his own.

. . . . .

"But if the soul is quick and strong, it bursts over that boundary on all sides, and expands another orbit on the great deep, which also runs up into a high wave, with attempt again to stop and to bind. But the heart refuses to be imprisoned; in its first and narrowest pulses it already tends outward with a vast force, and to immense and innumerable expansions.

. . . . .

"Step by step we scale this mysterious ladder; the steps are actions; the new prospect is power."

Emerson proceeds to say that "a man's

growth is seen in the successive choice of his friends. For every friend whom he loses for truth he gains a better." The same words apply to his books. Still, some books, like some friends, are practically infinite in their stores for us, and are never exhausted.

The world of books must, indeed, be considered as the food of life. It contributes to the fibre of which thought is made, and of which the other component elements from which it draws are social influences, circumstances, and events, and beyond all and above all the directive force of the divine power in proportion to one's receptivity to this energy. But it is always an open question as to whether the more vital food of literature is not gained, first of all and supremely of all, from the poets,—

"the only truth-tellers now left to God,"

as Mrs. Browning designates them. From the poets, first of all; next from the great writers of prose romance; and after these from history, biography, science, art, and ethics. This is to say, do not the poets, and next to these the great creators of romance, like Balzac and George Eliot,

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give us in essence all that is noblest and most impressive and inspiring through all the other branches of literary activity? The poet has received a divine commission; else, indeed, he would not, because he could not, be a poet. "All the argument, and all the wisdom, is not in the encyclopedia, or the treatise on metaphysics, or the Body of Divinity, but in the sonnet or the play," says Emerson. "In my daily work I incline to repeat my old steps, and do not believe in remedial force, in the power of change and reform. But some Petrarch or Ariosto, filled with the new wine of his imagination, writes me an ode, or a brisk romance, full of daring thought and action. He smites and arouses me with his shrill tones, breaks up my whole chain of habits, and I open my eye on my own possibilities. He claps wings to the sides of all the solid old lumber of the world, and I am capable once more of choosing a straight path in theory and practice."

To endow us with wings, to arouse and intensify the energizing spirit, is the work of the poets and the result of poetic study. The influence of Homer, Æschylus, Euripides, Pindar, Dante,

Calderon, Shakespeare, Goethe, Milton, on life is an incalculable force as a call to higher destiny. "More and more mankind will discover that we have to turn to poetry to interpret life for us, to console us, to sustain us," says Matthew Arnold; "without poetry all sciences will appear incomplete; and most of what now passes with us for religion and philosophy will be replaced by poetry." In this Mr. Arnold apparently agrees with Wordsworth, who defines poetry as "the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge." Lamennais observed that he marvelled to recognize the degree in which a man's opinions depend on the time in which he lived, the society into which he was born; and to these influences the keen French critic might well have added that of the authors habitually read. One cannot familiarize himself with Chaucer in the old "Canterbury Tales" without unconsciously acquiring a new sense of the music possible to verse; and the entire literary Renaissance period of England is rich in its power to influence the imagination and exalt the power and purposes of life. The Elizabethan drama is a repository of the manners and customs of the day, which are therein

reflected as in a mirror; but its quality, aside from Shakespeare, may be compared with a vast bin of chaff in which there is a sufficient quantity of wheat to be worth the sifting.

The Elizabethan age was, however, the great age of poetic expression. Its prose ranks only as second to its poetry, and it remains the un-failing fountain from which the waters of refreshment flow into modern life. What in ethics can be finer than such a passage as this from Beaumont and Fletcher? —

“Man is his own star; and the soul that can  
Render an honest and a perfect man  
Commands all light, all influence, all fate  
Nothing to him falls early or too late.  
Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,  
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.”

Emerson declares that the poet is the only teller of news; that he “announces that which no man foretold.” With no poet is this more true than with Emerson himself, for there is not a discovery in modern sciences which is not shadowed forth in some line or stanza of the poems of Emerson. From Homer to Stephen Phillips the reader of the poets finds revealed that thought which is the key to nobler life.

Of critics and commentators on the early English dramatists there are legion, but no single volume, perhaps, offers so much of condensed information and thought regarding them as is found in a little work of Lowell's, which is a collection of his course of six lectures on "The Old English Dramatists," delivered in 1887 before the Lowell Institute in Boston. They discuss Marlowe, Webster, Chapman, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Massinger and Ford; and while the criticism of Lamb, Hazlitt, Coleridge, and Saintsbury is all valuable, that of Lowell is certainly equal in its vigor and insight to Coleridge, and has a comprehensiveness exceeding that of any previous commentary on this period. Lowell regards the modern drama in France, Spain, and Italy, as well as in England, as an evolutionary result of the old Mysteries and Moralities and Interludes. "The English Miracle Plays are dull beyond what is permitted even by the most hardened charity, and there is nothing dramatic in them except that they are in the form of dialogue," says Mr. Lowell, and adds:

"The Interludes are perhaps further saddened in the reading by reminding us how much easier



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it was to be amused three hundred years ago than now, but their wit is the wit of the Eocene period, unhappily as long as it is broad, and their humor is horse-play. We inherited a vast accumulation of barbarism from our Teutonic ancestors. It was only on those terms, perhaps, that we could have their vigor too. The Interludes have some small value as illustrating manners and forms of speech, but the man must be born expressly for the purpose — as for some of the adventures of mediæval knight-errantry — who can read them.”

Mr. Lowell points out that a poet is not miraculously transformed into a dramatist merely because he writes for the theatre, and he questions as to what it is that we call dramatic. He finds it to be thought or emotion in action or on its way to become action. “Goethe, for example,” he says, “had little dramatic power; though if taking thought could have earned it, he would have had enough, for he studied the actual stage all his life.”

But the signal thing that prevents Goethe's dialogue from being dramatic is that each and all of his characters express Goethe's thought rather than their own. It is in this respect that Landor,

in his "Imaginary Conversations," is more truly dramatic than is Goethe, for whether it be Pericles or Aspasia, Shakespeare, Boccaccio, Petrarcha or Anne Boleyn, each character is an individuality whose expression is determined from inner springs. Laudor does not pull the wires. But to return to Mr. Lowell, who has this fine thing to say regarding Goethe's work: —

"There is an admirably dramatic scene in Faust which illustrates what I have been saying. I mean Margaret in the cathedral, suggested to Goethe by the temptation of Justina in Calderon's '*Magico Prodigioso*,' but full of horror as that of seductiveness. We see and hear as we read. Her own bad conscience projected in the fiend who mutters despair into her ear, and the awful peals of the *Dies Iræ*, that most terribly resonant of Latin hymns, as if blown from the very trump of doom itself, coming in at intervals to remind her that the

'Tuba mirum spargens sonum  
Per sepulchra regionum  
Coget omnes ante thronum,'

herself among the rest, — all of this would be weaker in narration. This is real, and needs realization by the senses to be fuller felt. Compare it with Dimmesdale mounting the pillory at night, in 'The

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Scarlet Letter,' to my thinking the deepest thrust of what may be called the metaphysical imagination since Shakespeare. There we need only a statement of the facts — pictorial statement, of course, as Hawthorne's could not fail to be — and the effect is complete. Thoroughly to understand a good play and enjoy it, even in the reading, the imagination must body forth its personages, and see them doing or suffering in the visionary theatre of the brain. There, indeed, they are best seen, and Hamlet or Lear loses that ideal quality which makes him typical and universal if he be once compressed within the limits, or associated with the lineaments, of any, even the best, actor."

Hardly less than Chaucer, Spenser and Sidney are distinguished among the Elizabethan poets for a rare sweetness of spirit. The "Faerie Qucene" holds its place in the world-poems for what Sir Philip Sidney well called its "divine delightfulness;" and not less is this quality revealed in a sonnet of his own that runs thus: —

"Come, Sleep: O Sleep! the certain knot of peace,  
The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe,  
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,  
The indifferent judge between the high and low ;

With shield of proof, shield me from out the press  
Of those fierce darts Despair at me doth throw ;  
O make in me those civil wars to cease :  
I will good tribute pay if thou do so.  
Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed,  
A chamber deaf to noise and blind to light,  
A rosy garland, and a weary head:  
And if these things, as being thine of right,  
Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me,  
Livelier than elsewhere, Stella's image see."

The contemporary popularity of Pope must find its reason in his perfect adaptation to his day, with the result, indeed, that his work is an anachronism to all future days. His famous "Essay on Man" holds the interest of a literary epoch rather than the interest of vital thought applicable to any and every age. Nor are Dryden and Addison hardly more related to contemporary life by any power of permanent influence, albeit not to have read "The Spectator" is to be signally ignorant of one important, even if obsolete, phase of literary expression. In Chaucer, Spenser, and Bacon there are unfailing fountains of intellectual stimulus. In Sir Walter Raleigh the reader finds almost the typical representation of that period which, while not limited to the actual reign of Elizabeth, is

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usually known as the Elizabethan in literature. Chronologically, this era lies between 1580, about the middle of Elizabeth's reign, and the middle of the seventeenth century. The time witnessed the appearance of a glorious literary constellation whose marvellous light, like those far stars that come in sight once only in a century, continues to shine in the literary firmament. It was the result of a period of intense intellectual activity, manifesting itself in various forms, — the invention of printing, the discovery of America, the rise and progress of the Reformation. Milton and Bunyan were the evident products of the Puritan influence, but their relation to the Elizabethan literature was, as Edwin Percy Whipple points out, "strictly antagonistic. The spirit of that literature in its poetry, its drama, its philosophy, its divinity," continues Mr. Whipple, "was a spirit which they disliked in some of its forms and abhorred in others," and he believes that the energies of Milton and Bunyan, however forcible, "are to be deducted from the mass of energies" by which the Elizabethan literature was produced.

No better introduction and guide to this

period can the reader find than Mr. Whipple's volume called "The Literature of the Age of Elizabeth." Reading about an author is never to be recommended as a substitute for reading the author himself, but it is not infrequently an admirable preliminary, and few critics introduce the reader into a new field with such sympathetic grace and clairvoyance of interpretation as Edwin Percy Whipple, whose high place in both literature and life will only be more adequately recognized in the true perspective of time.

Mr. Whipple regards the most marked characteristic of the Elizabethan period to be its intense humanity. "Human nature in its appetites, passions, imperfections, vices, virtues; in its thoughts, aspirations, imaginations; in all the concrete forms of character in which it finds expression; in all the heights of ecstasy to which it soars; in all the depths of depravity to which it sinks, — this is what the Elizabethan literature represents or idealizes," says Mr. Whipple, "and the total effect of this exhibition of human life and exposition of human capacities, whether it be in the romance of

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Sidney, the poetry of Spenser, the drama of Shakespeare, the philosophy of Bacon, or the divinity of Hooker, is the wholesome and inspiring effect of beauty and cheer. This belief in human nature, and tacit assumption of its right to expression, could only have arisen in an age which stimulated human energies by affording fresh fields for their development, and in an age whose activity was impelled by a romantic and heroic, rather than a theological spirit."

Another characteristic of this age of literature Mr. Whipple finds in its breadth and preponderance of view, which, in the men of letters, did not prevent a certain loftiness of thought, but connected it with life. "The Elizabethan thinkers instinctively recognized the truth that real thinking implies the action of the whole nature and not of a single isolated faculty." This epoch must be sought by the reader as a great reservoir of power; as characterized by currents of dignity, sweetness, and strength, and by noble views as that expressed in Sir Philip Sidney's definition of a gentleman,—  
"high-erected thoughts seated in a heart of

courtesy." This literature is principally the expression of some one of three forms: the drama, theology, and the court. The drama found its highest expression, of course, in Shakespeare, that marvellous, potent, comprehensive and inspiring force, that impersonation of the most varied and intense spiritual energy.

"Shakespeare is not our poet, but the world's,  
Therefore on him no speech"

wrote Walter Savage Landor, and one is fain to avail himself of such implied immunity from the comment he is so unable to make on any allusion to the immortal poet, "whose appearance," as Mr. Whipple well says, "is simply a fact in the world's intellectual history which can be connected with no preceding fact, nor with the spirit of his age." One of the most striking expressions regarding Shakespeare is that of Mr. Whipple's, that in the poet's magical transformation "everything is raised from the actual world into a Shakespearean world. He alters, enlarges, expands, enriches, enlivens, informs, *re-creates* everything," continues Mr. Whipple, "lifting sentiment, passion, human thought, action, to the level of his own nature.



. . . This drama made self-existent in the free heaven of art, . . . measurably fulfils Kant's concise definition of an organic creation, 'that thing in which all the parts are mutually ends and means.'

Regarding Shakespeare, what shall one read? First of all, and above all, Shakespeare himself. All the books on Astronomy cannot convey to the student so vivid an idea of the stars as one hour passed gazing at the midsummer skies. Read Shakespeare in private as well as study him on the stage in public, if fortunate opportunity permit. Read "Henry VIII" and "King Lear," "The Tempest," "Macbeth," and "Hamlet;" read "Antony and Cleopatra," — that play written "in the mood of ecstasy," and also that "Dream" of imaginative rapture, regarding which Emerson questioned, —

"Can any biography shed light on the localities into which the 'Midsummer Night's Dream' admits me? Did Shakespeare confide to any notary or parish recorder, sacristan or surrogate, in Stratford, the genesis of that delicate creation? The forest of Arden, the nimble air of Scone Castle, the moonlight of Portia's villa, 'the antres vast and

desarts idle' of Othello's captivity, — where is the third cousin or grand-nephew, the chancellor's file of accounts or private letter, that has kept one word of those transcendent secrets? In fine, in this drama, as in all great works of art, — in the Cyclopean architecture of Egypt and India, in the Phidian sculpture, the Gothic minsters, the Italian painting, the Ballads of Spain and Scotland, — the Genius draws up the ladder after him, when the creative age goes up to heaven, and gives way to a new, who see the works, and ask in vain for a history."

Read "Romeo and Juliet," "Cymbeline," the "Merchant of Venice," and "The Tempest;" study the characters of Shakespeare's women, — Portia, Juliet, Imogene, Miranda, Desdemona, Ophelia, Isabella, Rosalind, Viola, Cordelia, Hermione, and Perdita, — and with these read Mrs. Jameson's volume of Shakespeare's Heroines. The criticism of Dr. Furness is that good wine which needs no bush. Nor is there a single play nor a single line of the poems and sonnets that the lover of literature can afford to miss. What prophetic grasp of telepathy is expressed in this sonnet of the great poet, —

"If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,  
Injurious distance should not stop my way;

For, then, despite of space, I would be brought  
From limits far remote where thou dost stay.  
No matter then, although my foot did stand  
Upon the farthest earth removed from thee;  
For nimble thought can jump both sea and land  
As soon as think the place where he would be.  
But ah! thought kills me, that I am not thought,  
To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone,  
But that, so much of earth and water wrought,  
I must attend time's leisure with my moan;  
    Receiving nought by elements so slow  
    But heavy tears, badges of either's woe."

What exquisite tenderness of feeling and beauty  
of thought in the following sonnet: —

"When to the sessions of sweet silent thought  
I summon up remembrance of things past,  
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,  
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:  
Then, can I drown an eye, unus'd to flow,  
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,  
And weep afresh love's long since cancell'd woe,  
And moan th' expense of many a vanish'd sight.  
Then, can I grieve, at grievances fore-gone,  
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er  
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,  
Which I new pay, as if not paid before:  
    But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,  
    All losses are restor'd and sorrows end."

Emerson regards Shakespeare as the inspirer  
of German literature, and says, —

“It was not possible to write the history of Shakespeare till now ; for he is the father of German literature : it was with the introduction of Shakespeare into German by Lessing, and the translation of his works by Wieland and Schlegel, that the rapid burst of German literature was most intimately connected. It was not until the nineteenth century, whose speculative genius is a sort of living Hamlet, that the tragedy of ‘Hamlet’ could find such wondering readers. Now, literature, philosophy, and thought, are Shakespearized. His mind is the horizon beyond which, at present, we do not see. Our ears are educated to music by his rhythm. Coleridge and Goethe are the only critics who have expressed our convictions with any adequate fidelity : but there is in all cultivated minds a silent appreciation of his superlative power and beauty, which, like Christianity, qualifies the period.”

“The *Tempest*” stands somewhat apart from all the other plays in that it was almost, if not quite, his latest work, and it is not only invested with magic color, but is rich in ethical purpose and dramatic portrayal of the action of seen and unseen powers. It is a parable of destiny.

After Shakespeare, Spenser is easily the most important poet of the Elizabethan period, and

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the enchantment of the "Faerie Queene" is perennial.

Rich in imaginative qualities, it is hardly less notable for its romantic incidents and its fidelity to spiritual truths. The knight sets forth to wage the conflict of right against wrong, and his

"lovely ladie rode him faire beside,"

Una, the spirit of Truth.

In force of intellectual greatness Bacon stands near the rank of Shakespeare. His versatility and wonderful power may well have suggested ground for that long and apparently endless controversy expressed in the question, "Was Shakespeare Bacon?" and his "Novum Organum," world-famed for wit and wisdom, still remains a monumental work, however clearly one recognizes the moral pauperism of the author.

The early literature of England, from the Norman Conquest to Chaucer — including Caedmon, the epic poet, the "Travels" of Sir John Mandeville, Langford's "Piers, the Ploughman," Wycliffe's Bible, and the poems of Gower, — marks a time of which knowledge is a matter of information rather than of inspiration; but

Chaucer, "who was made for an early poet," says Mrs. Browning, and who drank in the spirit of the Golden Age in Italy, who met there, we may well believe, Petrarcha and Boccaccio, and Malory, who wrote the "Morte D'Arthur," will repay close study. Malory wrought the Arthurian legends into form, and they have proved a marvellous reservoir for poet and painter. Tennyson has immortalized them in song, and Edwin A. Abbey in mural art, in his splendid scheme of decoration in the Public Library of Boston. Matthew Arnold regards Chaucer as a poet who has "largeness, freedom, and benignity," but who lacks "high seriousness," and he denies Chaucer a place among the great Classics. Yet is he one of the authors who contribute something essential as food for thought, and he must be included among the world-writers. There are certain writers and works that stand out in the literary panorama as indispensable to any adequate knowledge of general literature. The "Iliad" and the "Odyssey," the "Nibelungenlied," the "Chronicle of the Cid," the "Sagas," the "Chansons de Gestes," and "Romans et Fabliaux," the "Morte D'Arthur," the works of Virgil,

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Horace, Boccaccio, Dante, Shakespeare, Calderon, Cervantes, Rabelais, Molière, Goethe, — these are landmarks and mountain peaks in literary retrospect. The Greek poets offer thought invaluable, and one of the sources of potent influence is found in the tragedies of Euripides. If one does not read the original text, there is an admirable translation by Arthur S. Way, in which an intuitive power to interpret the very thought of the Greek poet is as conspicuous as the fine scholarship of the work. Schlegel, in his voluminous criticism, holds that Homer, Pindar, Æschylus, and Sophocles are the chief sources of inspiration in the Greek literature; and Goethe says of the tragedies of Sophocles, that “his characters all possess the gift of eloquence, and know how to explain the actions so cunningly that the hearer is almost always on the side of the last speaker.” Euripides, however, was pre-eminently the seer.

“Searcher of human hearts, to thee was given  
To unseal the fountain of the soul; that well  
Pity, love, — in sympathy to dwell  
With all that in life’s agonies have striven.”

The “Studies of Greek Poets,” by John Addington Symonds, is one of the very important

works in the "World Beautiful" of literature. Mr. Symonds is one of the finest and the most illuminating critics and interpreters, with a glow and an enthusiasm that invest his criticism with the fascination of romance. His commentary on "The Prometheus of Æschylus," is perhaps the most clearly discriminating in its spiritual analogy that has ever been made of this marvellous tragedy. Where Prometheus says, —

"See you how I, a god, suffer at the hands of God, and for what crime? For having given fire to mortal man."

Mr. Symonds thus comments, —

"We are probably meant to look upon Prometheus as having erred, though nobly, through self-will, because he would not obey the rules of the world for the time being, nor abide the working out of the law of fate in patience, but tried to take that law into his own hands and to anticipate the evolution of events."

Of love we find Æschylus saying, —

"Whoso pretends that love is no great god  
The lord and master of all deities,  
Is either dull of soul or dead to beauty,  
Knows not the greatest god that governs men."



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Milton stands as one of the grandest figures in the seventeenth century, and except for Dante, few lives of poets have held more of tragedy. In Lowell's essay on Milton we find him saying, —

“It is a high inspiration to be the neighbor of great events; to have been a partaker in them and to have seen noble purposes by their own self-confidence become the very means of ignoble ends, if it do not wholly depress, may kindle a passion of regret deepening the song which dares not tell the reason of its sorrow. The grand loneliness of Milton in his latter years, while it makes him the most impressive figure in our literary history, is reflected also in his maturer poems by a sublime independence of human sympathy, like that with which mountains fascinate and rebuff us. But it is idle to talk of the loneliness of one the habitual companions of whose mind were the Past and Future.”

The poems of Milton embody the great spiritual realities of the clear recognition of the divine power and of faith, truth, and justice. He entered into the spirit of the sublime words, “In Thy light we shall see light,” and he recognized the immediateness of the relation between God and man. How exquisite in their conception of this spiritual relation are the lines, —

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“ And chiefly Thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer,  
 Before all temples, the upright heart and pure,  
 Instruct me for Thou know’st; Thou from the first  
 Wast present . . .  
 . . . what in me is dark  
 Illumine ; what is low, raise and support.”

The “Comus” of Milton is a work that richly repays study. The little masque is of the slightest possible construction, in which figure the magic wand and enchanted cup of the day; but in it is woven the lofty truth which, in some form or other, must be taken into every life, — that intellectual force and greatness is absolutely conditioned by moral purity and reverent love. It is well to read Doctor Channing’s fine critique on Milton as well as Lowell’s. Dante, as well, is the subject of a fine criticism by Mr. Lowell which may as well be noted here, in which he compares the author of the “*Divina Commedia*” and Shakespeare, with the fine discrimination that while Shakespeare is the most comprehensive intellect, Dante is the highest spiritual nature that has ever expressed itself in rhythmical form.

Mr. Lowell alludes to one point that has seemed illogical to many readers of Dante, —

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the disagreement between his statements of the soul's incapacity to receive the vision of God, and the triumphant conclusion of the poem. "But here, as elsewhere," adds Mr. Lowell, "Dante must be completed and explained by himself," and he quotes Dante's assertion regarding that perfection which is the universal personal ideal. "And since it is most natural to wish to be in God, the human soul naturally wills it with all longing. And since its being depends on God and is preserved thereby, it naturally desires and wills to be united with God, in order to justify its being."

This most perfect interpretation of love follows, —

"And since in the goodnesses of human nature is shown some reason for those of the divine, it follows that the human soul unites itself in a spiritual way with those so much the more strongly and quickly as they appear more perfect, and this appearance happens according as the knowledge of the soul is clear or impeded. And this union is what we call Love, whereby may be known what is within the soul, seeing those it outwardly loves."

In discussing the discrepancy between the Lady of the poems of the "*Vita Nuova*" and of the "*Convito*," Mr. Lowell points out that the prose part of the latter was written after the "*Canzoni*" and is a comment on them. Dante had then already written a large part of the "*Divina Commedia*" in which, as Mr. Lowell notes, "Beatrice was to go through her final and most ethereal transformation in his mind and memory." Then follows this subtle insight of Mr. Lowell's, —

"We say in his memory, for such idealizations have a very subtle retrospective action, and the new condition of feeling or thought is uneasy till it has half unconsciously brought into harmony whatever is inconsistent with it in the past. The inward life unwillingly admits any break in its continuity, and nothing is more common than to hear a man, in venting an opinion taken up a week ago, say with perfect sincerity, 'I have always thought so and so.' Whatever belief occupies the whole mind soon produces the impression on us of having long had possession of it, and one mode of consciousness blends so insensibly with another that it is impossible to mark by an exact line where

one begins and the other ends. Dante in his exposition of the '*Canzoni*' must have been subject to this subtlest and most deceitful of influences. He would try to reconcile, so far as he conscientiously could, his present with his past. This he could do by means of the allegorical interpretation.

. . . . .

“At the time when Dante was writing the '*Canzoni*' on which the '*Convito*' was a comment, he believed science to be the 'ultimate perfection itself, and not the way to it,' but before the '*Convito*' was composed he had become aware of a higher and purer light, an inward light, in that Beatrice, already clarified well-nigh to a mere image of the mind, 'who lives in heaven with the angels, and on earth with my soul.'”

This essay of Mr. Lowell's is one of the few richest and most important commentaries on the "*Divina Commedia*" that exist in all literature. The four most eminent American translators and critics of Dante are Longfellow, Lowell, Doctor Parsons, and Charles Eliot Norton. Mr. Longfellow made a complete rhythmic translation of the poem, including the "*Inferno*," the "*Purgatorio*" and the "*Paradiso*;" Professor Norton has made

a complete translation in prose, to which he has also added an entire prose translation of the "*Vita Nuova*;" and Doctor Parsons made a metrical translation of the "*Inferno*," in part of the "*Purgatorio*," and of a fragment only of the "*Paradiso*." To the volume containing these, Professor Norton contributes an Introduction, in which he says that a half century previous—which must have been about 1840—a pamphlet containing a translation of the first ten cantos of the "*Inferno*" was brought out anonymously in Boston, the translation preceded by a poem entitled "On a Bust of Dante." This poem—which has since become the most generally familiar of any written by Doctor Parsons—had for its subject a statuette of Dante which was a gift to Edwin Percy Whipple from Charles Sumner, and is still to be seen in the library of the home of Mrs. Whipple. Its first and last stanzas run:—

“ See, from this counterfeit of him  
Whom Arno shall remember long,  
How stern of lineament, how grim  
The father was of Tuscan song.

. . . . .

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“ Faithful if this wan image be  
No dream his life was, but a fight,  
Could any Beatrice see  
A lover in that anchorite? ”

Professor Norton notes that the translation of Doctor Parsons does not attempt to be a literal one. “The substance is Dante’s, but the expression is often changed from his.” Miss Guiney describes it as “the divine persuasion, the solemn solace, the moral enthusiasm” of fifty-five years of the life of Doctor Parsons. “He learned the ‘*Paradiso*’ by heart, walking the streets of Florence and Ravenna,” writes Miss Guiney; “he began, even in the sojourns of his enchanted youth, to transpose it into his own tongue with infinite humbleness and anxiety of spirit, and with an ever-gathering sweetness and power.”

The story of Mr. Longfellow’s work in translating the “*Divina Commedia*,” is a poetic idyl. A “Dante Club,” whose membership was restricted to a triumvirate consisting of the poet himself, Mr. Lowell, and Professor Norton, was organized on October 25, 1865, holding its first meeting that night, of which Mr. Longfellow records in his journal, —

“Lowell, Norton, and myself had the first meeting of our Dante Club. We read the . . . ‘*Purgatorio*,’ and then had a little supper. We are to meet every Wednesday evening at my house.”

Later Professor Norton gave this interesting account of these meetings in the first report of the Dante Society, —

“In 1863, when Mr. Longfellow was experiencing a deeper need than at any other period of his life of occupation that should be of a nature congenial with his mood, and which should at least give him tranquil and regular employment, he was led, partly by his own impulse, partly by friendly urgency, to resume the work long laid aside, and to engage in the restorative labor of translating the whole of the ‘*Divine Comedy*.’ The work was steadily pursued, and with increasing interest. In the course of the year the greater part of the ‘*Inferno*’ was finished. The sixth centenary of Dante’s birth was approaching. Florence was about to celebrate the anniversary with unusual observances. She invited the lovers of her poet, wherever they might be, to unite with her in doing honor to his memory. Mr. Longfellow determined to send his translation to her, as a tribute from America. But, master as he was of his



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own language and that of Dante, and thorough as was his knowledge of the substance and significance of the poem, he was too modest to rely wholly upon his own judgment and genius in the performance of his work, and he called upon two of his friends to sit with him in the final revision of it.

“ In 1863, the manuscript was put in the printers’ hands, and every Wednesday evening Mr. Lowell and I met in Mr. Longfellow’s study to listen while he read a canto of his translation from the proof-sheet. We paused over every doubtful passage, discussed the various readings, considered the true meaning of obscure words and phrases, sought for the most exact equivalent of Dante’s expression, objected, criticised, praised, with a freedom that was made perfect by Mr. Longfellow’s absolute sweetness, simplicity, and modesty, and by the entire confidence that existed between us. . . . They were delightful evenings ; the spirits of poetry, of learning, of friendship, were with us. Almost always one or two guests would come at ten o’clock, when the work ended, and sit down with us to a supper, with which the evening closed. Mr. Longfellow had a special charm as a host, the charm of social grace and humor, by which his guests were brought into congenial disposition.”

This exquisite picture of a literary interlude that has vanished from all save memory is one to treasure.

No lover of Dantean thought will miss Witte's criticism and text, nor Dante Gabriel Rossetti's exquisite translation of "*La Vita Nuova*," nor his fascinating work called "Dante and His Circle," which could never be omitted from that world of books belonging to the "World Beautiful."

Professor Norton's literal translation, in prose, has its special place in any adequate interpretation of Dante. There are three volumes of this translation of the "*Divina Commedia*," and one of the "*Vita Nuova*." The work is dedicated to James Russell Lowell, to whom Professor Norton refers as his friend and master from youth. "In order truly to understand and rightly appreciate the poem the reader must follow its course with a double intelligence," observes Professor Norton. "Dante declares in his letter to Can Grande that his subject is 'the state of the soul after death, simply considered. But, allegorically taken, its subject is man, according as by his good or ill deserts he renders himself liable to

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the reward or punishment of justice.' It is the allegory of human life," continues Professor Norton, "and not of human life as an abstraction, but of the individual life, and herein, as Mr. Lowell has said, 'lie its profound meaning and its permanent force.' And herein, too, lies its perennial freshness of interest, and the actuality which makes it contemporaneous with every successive generation. The increase of knowledge, the loss of belief in doctrines that were fundamental in Dante's creed, the changes in the order of society, the new thoughts of the world, have not lessened the moral import of the poem any more than they have lessened its excellence as a work of art. Its real substance is as independent as its artistic beauty, of science, of creed, and of institutions. Human nature has not changed; the motives of action are the same, though their relative force and the desires and ideals by which they are inspired vary from generation to generation. And thus it is that the moral judgments of life framed by a great poet whose imagination penetrates to the core of things . . . never lose interest. . . . They deal with the permanent and unalterable elements of the soul of man. The scene of the

poem is the spiritual world of which we are members even while still denizens in the world of time. In the spiritual world the results of sin, or perverted love, and of virtue, or right love, in this life of probation, are manifest. The life to come is but the fulfilment of the life that now is. This is the truth that Dante sought to enforce."

Who but the poets shall best inspire the spiritual energies with their food for life?

Dante, first and greatest; Shakespeare and Goethe and Browning hardly less; and akin to Shakespeare in transcendent greatness and in the most intimately spiritual relation to every individual life, stands Emerson. Like Dante, he sees the soul always drawn toward perfection, and his poetry is even greater than his prose.

"The fiend that man harries  
Is love of the Best.

. . . . .

"The Lethe of Nature  
Can't trance him again  
Whose soul sees the perfect  
Which his eyes seek in vain.

"To vision profounder  
Man's spirit must dive.

. . . . .

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“The heavens that now draw him  
With sweetness untold  
Once found — for new heavens  
He spurneth the old.”

Alluding to the inter-relations of life, Emerson says : —

“Nor knowest thou what argument  
Thy life to thy neighbor’s creed hath lent.”

In “The Problem” he reveals to us how the entire material world is the product of the infinite force of Thought : —

“Earth proudly wears the Parthenon,  
As the best gem upon her zone,  
And Morning opes with haste her lids  
To gaze upon the Pyramids ;  
O’er England’s abbeyes bends the sky,  
As on its friends with kindred eye ;  
*For out of Thought’s interior sphere  
These wonders rose to upper air ;*  
And Nature gladly gave them place,  
Adopted them into her race,  
And granted them an equal date  
With Andes and the Ararat.

“These temples grew as grows the grass ;  
Art might obey, but not surpass.  
The passive Master lent his hand  
To the vast soul that o’er him planned ;

And the same power that reared the shrine  
 Bestrode the tribes that knelt within.  
 Ever the fiery Pentecost  
 Girds with one flame the countless host,  
 Trances the heart through chanting choirs,  
 And through the priest the mind inspires.  
 The word unto the prophet spoken  
 Was writ on tables yet unbroken;  
 The word by seers or sibyls told,  
 In groves of oak, or fanes of gold,  
 Still floats upon the morning wind,  
 Still whispers to the willing mind.  
 One accent of the Holy Ghost  
 The heedless world hath never lost."

What more keen commentary on social life  
 could there be than the question,

"Askest 'How long shalt thou stay?'  
 Devastator of the day."

That all-perfect poem, "Destiny," is so poetically organic that no extract can represent its power. Allusion to it would be idle unless it be presented in its completeness.

"That you are fair or wise is vain,  
 Or strong, or rich, or generous;  
 You must add the untaught strain  
 That sheds beauty on the rose.  
 There's a melody born of melody,  
 Which melts the world into a sea.

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Toil could never compass it ;  
Art its height could never hit ;  
It came never out of wit ;  
But a music music-born  
Well may Jove and Juno scorn.  
Thy beauty if it lack the fire  
Which drives me mad with sweet desire,  
What boots it? What the soldier's mail,  
Unless he conquer and prevail ?  
What all the goods thy pride which lift,  
If thou pine for another's gift ?  
Alas! that one is born in blight,  
Victim of perpetual slight :  
When thou lookest on his face,  
Thy heart saith, ' Brother, go thy ways !'  
None shall ask thee what thou doest,  
Or care a rush for what thou knowest,  
Or listen when thou repliest,  
Or remember where thou liest,  
Or how thy supper is sodden ;  
And another is born  
To make the sun forgotten.  
Surely he carries a talisman  
Under his tongue ;  
Broad his shoulders are and strong ;  
And his eye is scornful,  
Threatening and young.  
I hold it of little matter  
Whether your jewel be of pure water,  
A rose diamond or a white,  
But whether it dazzle me with light.  
I care not how you are dressed,

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In coarsest weeds or in the best;  
Nor whether your name is base or brave:  
Nor for the fashion of your behavior;  
But whether you charm me,  
Bid my bread feed and my fire warm me,  
And dress up Nature in your favor.  
One thing is forever good;  
That one thing is Success, —  
Dear to the Eumenides,  
And to all the heavenly brood.  
Who bides at home, nor looks abroad,  
Carries the eagles, and masters the sword.

All who wish to know Emerson will read the "Good-Bye," "Woodnotes," "Monadnoc," "Forerunners," "Merlin," "Sursum Corda," "Solution," and that wonderful creation entitled "Initial, Dæmonic, and Celestial Love." Nor will he fail to note the epigrammatic expressions in which Emerson's verse is so rich.

"Things are in the saddle  
And ride mankind."

"When half gods go  
Whole gods arrive."

"As garment draws the garment's hem  
Men their fortunes bring with them."

"He that feeds men serveth few,  
He serves all who dares be true."



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“ ’T is not within the force of fate  
The fate-conjoined to separate.”

“ Saying, what is excellent,  
As God lives is permanent.”

And what vividness is in the stanza, —

“ Song breathed from all the forest,  
The total air was fame ;  
It seemed the world was all torches  
That suddenly caught the flame.”

There are few who will not appreciate the  
couplet, —

“ Of all wit’s uses the main one  
Is to live well with who has none.”

How noble are these lines : —

“ You shall not love me for what daily spends ;  
You shall not know me in the noisy street,  
Where I, as others, follow petty ends ;  
Nor when in fair saloons we chance to meet ;  
Nor when I’m jaded, sick, anxious, or mean.  
But love me then, and only, when you know  
Me for the channel of the rivers of God  
From deep ideal fontal heavens that flow.”

And the divinity of which the very universe is  
made is indicated in the question, —

“ But what need I of book or priest ?  
Or sibyl from the mummied East ?  
When every star is Bethlehem star ! ”

Emerson is pre-eminently the poet to inspire spiritual heroism, as in such lines as these : —

“ Brother, sweeter is the Law  
Than all the grace Love ever saw ;  
We are its suppliants. By it, we  
Draw the breath of Eternity ;  
Serve thou it not for daily bread, —  
Serve it for pain and fear and need.  
Love it, though it hide its light ;  
By love behold the sun at night.  
If the Law should thee forget,  
More enamored serve it yet ;  
Though it hate thee, suffer long ;  
Put the Spirit in the wrong.”

The entire literature of the world might be searched for embodied inspiration comparable to these matchless lines : —

“ Be of good cheer, brave spirit ; steadfastly  
Serve that low whisper thou hast served ; for know,  
God hath a select family of sons  
Now scattered wide thro' earth, and each alone,  
Who are thy spiritual kindred, and each one  
By constant service to that inward law,  
Is weaving the sublime proportions  
Of a true monarch's soul. Beauty and strength,  
The riches of a spotless memory,  
The eloquence of truth, the wisdom got  
By searching of a clear and loving eye  
That seeth as God seeth. These are their gifts,

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And Time, who keeps God's word, brings on the day,  
To seal the marriage of these minds with thine,  
Thine everlasting lovers. Ye shall be  
The salt of all the elements, world of the world."

The poem called "The Celestial Love" is one of marvellous spiritual divination.

"But God said  
I will have a purer gift;  
There is smoke in the flame.  
. . . . .  
"Ye shall climb on the heavenly stair.  
And selfish preference forbear."

Not less does this sublime spirit breathe through the poem, "Give all to Love."

"Give all to love ;  
Obey thy heart ;  
Friends, kindred, days,  
Estate, good fame,  
Plans, credit, and the Muse, —  
Nothing refuse.

"'T is a brave master ;  
Let it have scope ;  
Follow it utterly,  
Hope beyond hope :  
High and more high  
It dives into noon,  
With wing unspent,  
Untold intent ;

But it is a god,  
Knows its own path  
And the outlets of the sky.

“It was never for the mean;  
It requireth courage stout.  
Souls above doubt,  
Valor unbending,  
It will reward, —  
They shall return  
More than they were,  
And ever ascending.”

The famous poem called “The Test,” in which the Muse speaks could never be forgotten.

“I hung my verses in the wind,  
Time and tide their faults my find.  
All were winnowed through and through,  
Five lines lasted sound and true;  
Five were smelted in a pot  
Than the South more fierce and hot;  
These the siroc could not melt,  
Fire their fiercer flaming felt,  
And the meaning was more white  
Than July’s meridian light.  
Sunshine cannot bleach the snow,  
Nor time unmake what poets know.  
Have you eyes to find the five  
Which five hundred did survive?”

And of true courage in life, of personal dignity and due self-respect, what finer expression was ever made than that in these lines : —

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“ Seek not the spirit, if it hide  
Inexorable to thy zeal :  
Trembler, do not whine and chide :  
Art thou not also real ?  
Stoop not then to poor excuse ;  
Turn on the accuser roundly ; say,  
‘ Here am I, here will I abide  
Forever to myself soothfast ;  
Go thou, sweet Heaven, or at thy pleasure stay ! ’  
Already Heaven with thee its lot has cast,  
For only it can absolutely deal.”

Such poems as these touch every chord of life and inspire one to that highest degree of energy which constitutes the power for achievement. And in this one gift of the spiritual necromancy, to arouse the higher nature of man with electric swiftness and irresistible force, it is no exaggeration to say that Emerson excels every other poet. His vision, too, was so vast that modern life is only now overtaking the reality of what, in essence, his soul perceived. Before Darwin he announced Evolution. In science he discerned the manifestations of divine law. What a marvellous truth he embodied in the stanza, —

“ Ever the Rock of Ages melts  
    Into the mineral air,  
To be the quarry whence to build  
    Thought and its mansions fair.”

The Rock of Ages, the eternal truth of God, which may be manifested in "the mineral air" and from which thought may be quarried, — the substance out of which the "mansions," which are the conditions of life, may be built, — in this one quatrain Emerson has condensed and embodied the significance of that divine vision vouchsafed to Saint John on the Isle of Patmos.

BOOK II.

OPENING GOLDEN DOORS.


*Yet are we so made that each man will think of some authors as if they had served him better than others, the truth being that these are the authors with whom he is most in sympathy : they are the chosen friends of his soul. — PROF. WILLIAM T. HARRIS.*



## OPENING GOLDEN DOORS.

The idea that human happiness is dependent on the cultivation of the mind and on the discovery of truth is, next to the conviction of our immortality, the idea most full of consolation to man, for the cultivation of the mind has no limit, and truth is the only thing that is eternal.

BEACONSFIELD.

“O me” writes Ralph Meeker, in a little spontaneous commentary on fiction, “come inexpressible beauty and heavenly rest from the atmosphere of William Black’s stories. No other writer, unless it be Jean Paul, has this effect on me. The inspiration of Black sends me to the skies. I mean his haunting twilight scenes, in Scotland especially. He whispers the soul into a Beethoven tranquillity of rest, a veritable sanctuary of joy in heaven. . . . This thrilling uplift of the higher nature is a power that comes like sanctification from some writers. Black has the spiritual touch and he carries souls into the higher realm,—into that

heavenly peace of purity and holiness that is above and beyond the things of time,—above all things earthly and base. I am sure that his memory rests in the hearts of more good people than that of almost any other writer of fiction. In movement and dramatic power he has no particular strength: but O, that flight from earth to the angels that comes with his holy scenes at sunset! or by sea and mountain, when love speaks and fills the world with music and light, when God's own presence sanctifies the soul! The moment one begins to argue, to analyze, it all vanishes. To hint, is to feel that it is comprehended. In his inspiring scenes I have been lifted to the Mount of Transfiguration. Black did it. I can only say, God bless him and keep him! May the angels guard him and canopy him with glory. No writer ever did more good with his pen in fiction.

“He may have been rough in speech, brusque in manner, with nothing adorable in his worldly ways, but in his soul was the God-like spark, the flame, the illumination of Heaven. . . . One momentary view of life from celestial heights will enable one to walk aright for years from the

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paths below, to the serene mountain-tops above the storms. Once or twice in a century some human pen has the power to exalt us. It is most like the power of Omnipotence. And with it one can dwell near to God."

To inspire such exquisite appreciation as that expressed by Mr. Meeker is, like poetry, "its own exceeding great reward." Only a poet's mind could so receive and transmit the beauty of the impressions made by the transcendent pictorial effects of William Black. What a glory of color is in this passage:—

"By the time they reached the shore an extraordinarily beautiful sunset was shining over the sea and land. The Atlantic was a broad expanse of the palest and most brilliant green, with the pathway of the sun a flashing line of gold, coming right across until it met the rocks, and these were a jet-black against the glow. Then the distant islands of Colonsay, and Staffa, and Lunga, and Fladda lying on this shining green sea, appeared to be of a perfectly transparent brown; while nearer at hand the long ranges of cliffs were becoming a pale rose-red under the darkening blue-gray sky. It was a blaze of color."

Who but Black could actually paint the air and the changing clouds? And again, —

“Before them lay the Atlantic — a pale line of blue, still, silent, and remote. Overhead, the sky was a clear, pale gold, with heavy masses of violet cloud stretched across from north to south, and thickening as they got near the horizon. Down at their feet, near the shore, a dusky line of houses was scarcely visible; and over these lay a pale blue film of peat smoke that did not move in the still air. Then they saw the bay into which the white water runs, and they could trace the yellow glimmer of the river stretching into the island through a level valley of bog and morass. Far away toward the east lay the bulk of the island — dark green undulations of moorland and pasture; and there, in the darkness, the gable of one white house had caught the clear light of the sky, and was gleaming westward like a star. But all this was as nothing to the glory that began to shine in the southeast, where the sky was of a pale violet over the peaks of Mealasabhal and Swainabhal. There, into the beautiful dome, rose the golden crescent of the moon, warm in color, as though it still retained the last rays of the sunset. A line of quivering gold fell across Loch Roag.”

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Mr. Black is a conjurer with words. How he paints scenes with an intensity of coloring that rivals Monet!

“The crimson masses of heather on the gray rocks seemed to have grown richer and deeper in color, and the Barvas hills had become large and weird in the gloom. . . . And then the sky above them broke into great billows of cloud—tempestuous and rounded masses of golden vapor that burned with the wild glare of the sunset. The clear spaces in the sky widened and from time to time the wind sent ragged bits of yellow cloud across the shining blue. . . . Whither had gone the storm? . . . In the green of the evening sky the banks of clouds had their distant grays and purples faintly tinged with rose.”

For but one more of these wonderful color effects in words must space be claimed.

“The sun had just gone down. The western sky became glorified, and in this vast breadth of shining clear green lay one long island of cloud, a pure scarlet. Then the sky overhead and the sea far below them were both of a soft roseate purple; and Fladda and Staffa and Lunga, out at the horizon, were almost black against that flood of green light.”

Few, even of the devotees of Emerson, have ever thought of him as an artist in pictorial effect, but there are not infrequent reflections of nature's moods in his pages, as this : —

“I see the spectacle of morning from the hill-top over against my house, from daybreak to sunrise, with emotions which an angel might share. The long slender bars of cloud float like fishes in the sea of crimson light. . . . Not less excellent was the charm of a January sunset. The western clouds divided themselves into pink flakes undulated with tints of unspeakable softness ; and the air had so much life and sweetness that it was a pain to come indoors. Was there no meaning in the live repose of the valley behind the mill, and which Homer or Shakespeare could not re-form for one in words? The leafless trees became spires of flame in the sunset, with the blue east for their background, and the stars of the dead calices of flowers, and every withered stem and stubble rimed with frost, contribute to the mute music.”

With Emerson the landscape is always subordinate to “that spiritual element which is essential to its perfection.” Scenery is but the setting for action. “Stars, moonlight, shadows

in still water, if too eagerly hunted," he says, "become shams merely, and mock us with their unreality." He continues, —

"In private places, among sordid objects, an act of truth or heroism seems at once to draw to itself the sky as its temple, the sun as its candle. Nature stretcheth out her arms to embrace man, only let his thoughts be of equal greatness. Willingly does she follow his steps with the rose and the violet, and bend her lines of grandeur and grace to the decoration of her darling child. Only let his thoughts be of equal scope, and the frame will suit the picture. A virtuous man is in unison with her works, and makes the central figure of the visible sphere. Homer, Pindar, Socrates, Phocion, associate themselves fitly in our memory with the geography and climate of Greece. The visible heavens and earth sympathize with Jesus."

In all the literature of poetry there is no more wonderful color-painting in words than in Emily Dickinson's, "The Sea of Sunset," —

"This is the land the sunset washes ;  
These are the banks of the Yellow Sea ;  
Where it rose or whither it rushes,  
These are the western mystery !

“Night after night her purple traffic  
Strews the landing with opal bales:  
Merchantmen poise upon horizons,  
Dip, and vanish with fairy sails.”

Enchanting in its vividness of pictorial effect and shimmering color, — gleaming, fading, changing like the elusive tints of the opal, is this landscape as painted by Ralph Meeker in a series of magazine papers entitled “Through the Caucasus,” in which Mr. Meeker thus transcribes a sublime scene : —

“Suddenly, as we emerged from a depression in the plain a vast sea of landscape burst upon us, and from its sunlit waves towered the mighty domes of the Caucasus. On either hand they stretched away, their white summits extending eight hundred miles from the sea of Azof down to the peninsula of Apsheron. Kazbek, where Prometheus was chained, stood with the snow of centuries on its brow. To the right is Elbruz from whose summit on a clear day can be seen Mount Ararat and the snowy peaks that feed the Tigris and the Euphrates. Colchis, where Jason sought the golden fleece for his Medea, ancient Albania, Mesopotamia, Armenia, and the Euxine Sea are also visible, while almost at the feet of Elbruz are Circassia, Georgia, Daghestan, and other historic places, famous for religion, wars, and women.



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Strabo, Herodotus, Virgil, and all the other great writers of antiquity have immortalized the region around this mountain. Xenophon saw its snowy peak when he returned from the Persian wars. . . . On that clear summer day its beauty was like a vision. Soaring far above the loftiest Alps, there it stood overlooking Europe and Asia, majestic, imperishable, and without stain, its holy whiteness caught glory from the sun and shone, like Sinai above the clouds."

Mr. Meeker is one of the writers whose pen is dipped in poetic fire and whose symphonic beauty of phrasing is music and magic. Reading him, one is reminded of what Mr. Kenyon said of Browning — that he "deserved to be a poet, being one in his heart and life."

Dante Gabriel Rossetti gives one of the most perfect of poem-pictures in "The Blessed Damozel."

"The blessed damozel leaned out  
From the gold bar of heaven;  
Her eyes were deeper than the depth  
Of waters stilled at even;  
She had three lilies in her hand  
And the stars in her hair were seven."

Ruskin's description of the sunset painted by Turner for his "Old Téméraire" has this wonderful coloring: —

“The whole sky from the zenith to the horizon becomes one molten mantling sea of color and fire; every black bar turns into massy gold, every ripple and wave into unsullied shadowless crimson and purple and scarlet and colors for which there are no words in the language and no ideas in the mind.”

What music and vision are in these lines of Poe: —

“Thou wast that all to me, love,  
 For which my soul did pine —  
 A green isle in the sea, love,  
 A fountain and a shrine,  
 All wreathed with fairy fruits and flowers,  
 And all the flowers were mine.

“Ah, dream too bright to last!  
 Ah, starry Hope! that didst arise  
 But to be overcast!  
 A voice from out the Future cries,  
 ‘On! on!’ but o’er the Past  
 (Dim gulf!) my spirit hovering lies  
 Mute, motionless, aghast!

“And all my days are trances,  
 And all my nightly dreams  
 Are where thy dark eye glances,  
 And where thy footstep gleams —  
 In what ethereal dances!  
 By what eternal streams!”

Wordsworth, Shelley, Byron, Tennyson, Whittier and Longfellow, among modern poets, abound in exquisite picturings of nature. Shakespeare offers noble and vivid lines, though seldom removed from close relation with action. How full of color is this stanza from "In Memoriam": —

“From belt to belt of crimson seas,  
On leagues of odour streaming far  
To where in yonder orient star  
A hundred spirits whispered ‘Peace.’”

And in this: —

“Who, rowing hard against the stream  
Saw distant gates of Eden gleam  
And did not dream it was a dream.”

And again: —

“With one black shadow at its feet,  
The house thro’ all the level shines,  
Close-latticed to the brooding heat,  
And silent in its dusty vines:  
A faint-blue ridge upon the right,  
An empty river-bed before,  
And shallows on a distant shore,  
In glaring sand and inlets bright.”

Standing on Westminster Bridge, Wordsworth sees this picture: —

“Earth has not anything to show more fair:  
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by

A sight so touching in its majesty :  
 This City now doth, like a garment, wear  
 The beauty of the morning ; silent, bare,  
 Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie  
 Open unto the fields, and to the sky ;  
 All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.  
 Never did sun more beautifully steep  
 In his first splendor, valley, rock, or hill ;  
 Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !  
 The river glideth at his own sweet will."

In the "Dew of Parnassus" we find Edith Thomas revealing the dawn in these lines :—

"Look, how the diamond is caught in the fringe of the  
 meadow unshorn !  
 Look, how the rose has its rubies, the lily its pearls  
 from the morn !"

One of the most perfect translations of a scene too fair for earth is in that exquisite poem by T. Buchanan Read, opening with the lines, —

"My soul to-day  
 Is far away  
 Sailing the Vesuvian Bay  
 . . . . .  
 "With dreamy eyes  
 My spirit lies  
 Within the walls of Paradise."

A lyric almost perfectly painting the landscape is this of Clinton Scollard's :—

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“ As I came down from Lebanon,  
Came winding, wandering slowly down  
Through mountain passes bleak and brown,  
The cloudless day was well-nigh done.  
The city, like an opal set  
In emerald, showed each minaret  
Afire with radiant beams of sun,  
And glistened orange, fig and lime,  
Where song-birds made melodious chime,  
As I came down from Lebanon.

“ As I came down from Lebanon,  
Like lava in the dying glow,  
Through olive orchards far below  
I saw the murmuring river run ;  
And 'neath the wall upon the sand  
Swart sheiks from distant Samarcand,  
With precious spices they had won,  
Lay long and languidly in wait  
Till they might pass the guarded gate,  
As I came down from Lebanon.

“ As I came down from Lebanon,  
I saw strange men from lands afar,  
In mosque and square and gay bazar,  
The Magi that the Moslem shun,  
And grave Effendi from Stamboul,  
Who sherbet sipped in corners cool ;  
And, from the balconies o'errun  
With roses gleamed the eyes of those  
Who dwell in still seraglios,  
As I came down from Lebanon.

“ As I came down from Lebanon  
 The flaming flower of daytime died,  
 And Night, arrayed as is a bride  
 Of some great king, in garments spun  
 Of purple and the finest gold,  
 Outbloomed in glories manifold ;  
 Until the moon, above the dun  
 And darkening desert void of shade,  
 Shone like a keen Damascus blade,  
 As I came down from Lebanon.”

How impressive the picture in the opening lines of this beautiful lyric by the Right Reverend Dr. Phillips Brooks : —

“ O little town of Bethlehem,  
 How still we see thee lie !  
 Above thy deep and dreamless sleep  
 The silent stars go by.

“ Yet in thy dark streets shineth  
 The everlasting Light ;  
 The hopes and fears of all the years,  
 Are met in thee to-night.”

The song of Heine's pine and palm is another wonderful example of a picture-poem.

“ A pine tree stood alone on  
 A bare, bleak, Northern height,  
 The ice and snow they swathe it  
 As it sleeps there all in white.

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“’T is dreaming of a palm tree  
In a far-off Eastern land,  
That mourns, alone and silent,  
On a ledge of burning sand.”

In Edgar Fawcett’s “Weeds,” a pictorial chapter of history is embodied.

“I lean across the sagging gate,  
In rough neglect the garden lies,  
Disfeatured and disconsolate  
Below these haleyon skies.

“O’er pleasant ways once trimly kept  
And blossoming fair at either verge,  
Weeds in rank opulence have swept  
Their green annulling surge !

“Order’s pure wisdom they have crushed  
With reckless feet, in rude disdain ;  
Like some gross rabble they have rushed  
On beauty’s bright domain !

“But over them, as though in soft  
Memory of bloom that no more blows,  
A rosebush rears one bough aloft,  
Starred with one stainless rose !

“Above these weeds, whose ruffian power  
So coarsely envies what is fair,  
She bends her lightsome dainty flower  
With such patrician air,

“ That while I watch this chaste young rose,  
 Some pale scared queen she seems to be,  
 Across whose palace court-yard flows  
 The dark mob, like a sea ! ”

And how music and spring time leap up in these stanzas from the “ Louise de la Vallière ” of Katherine Tynan, —

“ And it may be my feet will go in dreams  
 Down by Touraine’s fair fields and pleasant streams,  
 Where my white girlhood’s full fleet days were spent,  
 There the breeze freshens and a great sun gleams.

“ Sleeps the old château through the roseate hours,  
 Drifts the white odorous bloom in almond bowers ;  
 And the long grasses, hot and indolent,  
 Murmur of April and her wine-rich showers.

“ Cherries are ripe and red-lipped in the nets,  
 And the old pear tree that its youth forgets,  
 Hoary with lichen, stands with aged feet  
 Deep in a purple mist of violets.”

Another of Miss Tynan’s color and tone pictures is this lyric, called “ Homesick ” :—

“ Over the seas and far away,  
 O, swallow, do you remember at all,  
 The nest in the lichened garden wall,  
 Where you were born one day in spring,  
 Where the sun looked in through an ivy screen,  
 And the leaves of lilac were large and green ?



- “Here’s many a mosque with its ring of towers,  
And pillared temple and stately town,  
And the Holy River goes swiftly down,  
The sun is seeking his saffron bowers,  
But my heart flies far to an abbey gray  
Where the dead sleep sweet and the living pray.
- “Here’s yellow champak that Buddha loves,  
And lotus shedding her odorous breath,  
But the orange evening is lonely as death,  
With no sound save the croon of the mourning doves;  
In lovely Ireland this hour I know  
How merrily homeward the mowers go;
- “The daisied grass with the dew is pearled,  
And the cattle stand where the shades are long,  
The cuckoo’s calling his summer song,  
The angelus rings o’er a hawthorn world;  
And eyes I know where the lovelights be,  
Are growing misty with thoughts of me.
- “O swallow, swallow, that land is far,  
And a human body’s a prisoned thing!  
But you will fly away in the spring.  
To our home where riseth the evening star.  
The blackbird’s singing in some green brake,  
And my heart is breaking for that song’s sake.”

The Poems of William Ernest Henley are among the remarkable illustrations of the representative power of words. What images are revealed in these lines: —

“ One with the ruined sunset,  
The strange forsaken sands,  
What is it waits and wanders  
And signs with desperate hands ?

“ What is it calls in the twilight  
Calls as its chance were vain ?  
The cry of a gull sent seaward,  
Or the voice of an ancient pain ?

“ The red ghost of the sunset,  
It walks there as its own,  
These dreary and desolate reaches.  
But O, that it walked alone ! ”

How this lilting lyric of Mr. Henley's sings  
itself : —

“ O gather me the rose, the rose,  
While yet in flower we find it,  
For summer smiles, but summer goes,  
And winter waits behind it !

“ The myrtle and the rose, the rose,  
The sunshine and the swallow,  
The dream that comes, the wish that goes,  
The memories that follow ! ”

A poem that is all color and light is the  
“ Sunrise in the Hills of Satsuma,” by Mary  
McNeil Fenollosa, of which the first stanza  
runs, —

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“The day unfolds like a lotos-bloom,  
Pink at the tip and gold at the core,  
Rising up swiftly through waters of gloom  
That lave night’s shore.”

In the poems of William Wetmore Story, is this dainty little chanson that sings itself like remembered music : —

“I stand in the cold, gray weather,  
In the white and silvery rain ;  
The great trees huddle together,  
And sway with the windy strain.  
I dream of the purple glory  
Of the roseate mountain-height,  
And the sweet-to-remember story  
Of a distant and dear delight.”

In all song and story there is no lyric that more perfectly paints the atmosphere than Tennyson’s “*Crossing the Bar*,” —

“Sunset and evening star,  
And one clear call for me !  
And may there be no moaning of the bar,  
When I put out to sea,

“But such a tide as moving seems asleep,  
Too full for sound and foam,  
When that which drew from out the boundless deep  
Turns again home.

“Twilight and evening bell,  
And after that the dark!  
And may there be no sadness of farewell,  
When I embark;

“For tho’ from out our bourne of Time and Place  
The flood may bear me far,  
I hope to see my Pilot face to face  
When I have crost the bar.”

There are poets whose voices call to us from the starry spaces and who give to us the clue to the meaning of life; who re-inspire us with courage and hope; with patience and persistence which should always be united, and with that faith which is the substance of things not seen. By that definition the apostle intimates to us how very real a thing faith is — a substance, a thing on which we may lay hold; and as, in another place, we are told that the things which are seen are temporal, and that those which are not seen are eternal, we are reassured as to the enduring nature of this quality of faith, which is the substance, the very reality of the things not seen. Poets who hold over us this high dominion inspire the conditions on which Maeterlinck insists, when he says,—

“We should live as though we were always on the eve of the great revelation, and we should be ready

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with welcome, with warmest and keenest and fullest, most heartfelt and intimate welcome. And whatever the form it shall take on the day that it comes to us, the best way of all to prepare for its fitting reception is to crave for it now, to desire it as lofty, as perfect, as vast, as ennobling as the soul can conceive. It must needs be more beautiful, glorious, and ample than the best of our hopes. For when it differs therefrom or even frustrates them it must of necessity bring something nobler, loftier, nearer to the nature of man, for it will bring us truth. To man, though all that he value go under, the intimate truth of the universe must be wholly, pre-eminently admirable. And though on the day it unveils our meekest desires turn to ashes and float on the wind, still there shall linger within us all we have prepared; and the admirable will enter into our soul, the volume of its waters being as the depth of the channel that our expectation has fashioned."

Of the poets who speak to the spirit, — Dante, Milton, Goethe, Shelley, Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Browning, — no one has given more impassioned expression to that ideal which beckons on beyond sun and star than has Shelley in his "Prometheus Unbound." It is a poem so great in its mysterious, incalculable force, that it comes

to be, not alone an imaginative creation, but a human document, mirroring the deepest experiences of life, —

“And others came . . . Desires and Adorations;  
Winged Persuasions and veiled Destinies;  
Splendors and Glooms and glimmering Incantations  
Of hopes and fears and twilight fantasies.”

In the “Adonais” of Shelley is found the same universality of significance, as in the stanza quoted above. In the “Hymn to Intellectual Beauty” is voiced the nebulous aspiration of humanity. He portrays himself in that exquisite stanza in the “Skylark,” —

“Like a poet hidden  
In the light of thought,  
Singing hymns unbidden,  
Till the world is wrought  
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not.”

And what music, what elfin melody is in these lines, —

“Sounds of vernal showers  
On the twinkling grass,  
Rain-awakened flowers,  
All that ever was  
Joyous, and clear and fresh, thy music doth surpass,”

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Shelley's tragedy of "The Cenci" is the most searching portrayal and interpretation of that story which still haunts every pilgrim to the Eternal City, and which must forever be recalled by those who visit the gigantic castle of San Angelo, and stand in that low and narrow cell where the fair head of Beatrice Cenci lay on its rude stone pillow. The genius of Harriet Hosmer has immortalized in marble the tragic-stricken form of Beatrice, even as Guido Reni has on canvas. The statue, life-size (which is in the Mercantile Library of St. Louis, a gift from that eminent citizen and noble man, Hon. Wayman Crow), represents Beatrice the night before her execution. It is a recumbent figure, the face resting on one little hand, slightly turned to the side, the countenance illuminated with peace, and yet bearing all the record of its intense suffering.

Poe speaks of Shelley in that charming critique of his on "The Poetic Principle" in which he quotes the "Serenade," —

"I arise from dreams of thee  
In the first sweet sleep of night,  
When the winds are breathing low,  
And the stars are shining bright:

I arise from dreams of thee,  
And a spirit in my feet  
Has led me — who knows how !  
To thy chamber-window, Sweet !

“The wandering airs they faint  
On the dark, the silent stream —  
And the Champak's odours fail  
Like sweet thoughts in a dream ;  
The nightingale's complaint,  
It dies upon her heart ; —  
As I must die on thine,  
O ! belovèd as thou art !

“O, lift me from the grass !  
I die ! I faint ! I fail !  
Let thy love in kisses rain  
On my lips and eyelids pale.  
My cheek is cold and white, alas !  
My heart beats loud and fast ; —  
Oh ! press it close to thine again,  
Where it will break at last.”

“The warm yet delicate and ethereal imagination of these lines will be appreciated by all,” says Poe, “but by none so thoroughly as by him who has himself arisen from sweet dreams of one beloved, to bathe in the aromatic air of a southern midsummer night.”

In the beautiful cypress-shaded English cemetery in Rome, where Keats lies buried, the pilgrim



to this poetic shrine still hears in the air those words of Shelley, —

“Peace, peace he is not dead, he doth not sleep;  
He hath awakened from the dream of life;  
'T is we who, lost in stormy visions, keep  
With phantoms an unprofitable strife.”

No reading of Shelley can be complete without reading in connection with his own work William Watson's noble poem, “Shelley's Centenary,” in which occur such stanzas as these: —

“Shelley, the cloud-begot, who grew  
Nourished on air and sun and dew,  
Into that Essence whence he drew  
His life and lyre  
Was fittingly resolved anew  
Through wave and fire.

“Impatient of the world's fixed way  
He ne'er could suffer God's delay  
But all the future in a day  
Would build divine,  
And the whole past in ruins lay,  
An emptied shrine.

“A creature of impetuous breath,  
Our torpor deadlier than death  
He knew not; whatso'er he saith  
Flashes with life,  
He spurreth men, he quickeneth  
To splendid strife.”

Shelley's insight into love as the highest potency of the universe found this expression in the "Epipsychidion": —

“ . . . True love never yet  
Was thus constrained; it overleaps all fence  
Like lightning, with invisible violence  
Piercing its continents; like Heaven's free breath  
Which he who grasps can hold not; liker Death  
Who rides upon a thought, and makes his way  
Through temple, tower, and palace and the array  
Of arms! more strength has Love than he, or they;  
For it can burst his charnel and make free  
The limbs in chains, the heart in agony,  
The soul in dust and chaos.”

Shelley's prophetic nature anticipated many of the later developments of science, as is indicated in that wonderful line where death is represented as riding on a thought. There is in this expression something akin to the great modern poem by Stephen Phillips, — "Midnight, 1900" — from which extracts appear elsewhere in this work.

Coleridge is another of the authors who sweep one away into starry spaces, and his "Wallenstein," although an adaptation from the German, is rich with original thought and emotional power. Thekla, who has had all of life there is, for has she not "lived and loved"? is vividly

portrayed, and the panorama of the battlefield has a grandeur like that of the pictures of Verestchagin. "The Ancient Mariner" and "Christabel" are familiar as household words.

Of Goethe it is almost as hopeless to try to speak within restricted limits as it would be of Shakespeare. Goethe, in poetry and romance must not only be read, but lived with in perpetual companionship of thought. Only years of study will enable the reader to really enter into the profound philosophy of Wilhelm Meister; only a life of mingled aspirations and experience admits one to the deep significance of Faust. To many a one in need of heavenly leading have recurred the lines, —

“ ‘Mortal,’ they softly say,  
‘Peace to thy heart!  
We, too, yes, mortal,  
Have been as thou art,  
Hope-lifted, doubt-depressed,  
Seeing in part,  
Tried, troubled, tempted,  
Sustained as thou art.’ ”

Or these: —

“ Who ne'er his bread in sorrow ate,  
Who ne'er the mournful midnight hours,  
Weeping upon his bed has sate,  
He knows ye not, ye Heavenly Powers.”

Shakespeare has always high counsel to give, —

“ We must not stint  
Our necessary actions, in the fear  
To cope malicious censurers ; which ever,  
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow  
That is new trimm'd, but benefit no further  
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,  
By sick interpreters, once weak ones, is  
Not ours or not allow'd ; what worst, as oft,  
Hitting a grosser quality, 's cried up  
For our best act. If we shall stand still,  
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,  
We should take root here where we sit, or sit  
State-statues only.”

A very interesting movement, whose aim was to open golden doors was the Pre-Raphaelite idea which took form about 1849–56, under the leadership of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Holman Hunt, John Everett Millais, Frederick George Stephens, and William Michael Rossetti. Ruskin was not one of the initiators of this movement, as has been erroneously stated, although at an early date in this “brotherhood” he championed their cause with characteristic energy. This movement had its first dawning in the awakening spirit in the days of Byron and Coleridge, of Keats and Shelley, and of Wordsworth, and it was only a motive

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that had lain latent and smouldering when it flamed forth again under the impulse of Ruskin's clarion call in "Modern Painters," and of the deep religious impulse in the Oxford movement. A new earnestness seemed to pervade the air, which made itself felt in ardent endeavor, and Ruskin fanned the flame in protesting enthusiasm for "vitality against mortality, spirit against letter, and truth against tradition." In his interpretation of Giotto, Ruskin had said, —

"It was not by greater learning, not by the discoveries of new theories of art, not by greater taste, not by the ideal principles of selection, that he became the head of the progressive school of Italy. It was simply by being interested in what was going on around him, by substituting the gestures of living men for conventional attitudes, and portraits of living men for conventional faces, and incidents of every-day life for conventional circumstances, that he became great and the master of the great."

This zeal for the genuine, for the eternal verities, communicated itself; it was in the air, and it precipitated itself into form and name through this little group who styled them-

selves Pre-Raphaelites. It was a revolt against theological assertions and dogmas as well as against unreality in art; and they turned to literature as another means by which to prove the faith that was in them, and accordingly a magazine, called "The Germ," was inaugurated, the decision to found such a periodical being made in Rossetti's studio one evening in the autumn of 1849. Only two numbers, however, were published under that name, which was changed to the title, "Art and Poetry." The initial number appeared in January 1850, with a sonnet by William Rossetti; an etching by Holman Hunt; a sonnet by Ford Madox Brown; an essay on "The Subject in Art" by Mr. J. L. Tupper; a poem called "The Seasons" by Coventry Patmore; a drawing, "My Sister's Sleep," by Dante Gabriel Rossetti; and a lyric by Christina Rossetti, entitled "An End." The second number of "The Germ" opened with an etching by James Collison, illustrating a stanza in a poem of his, called "Five Sorrowful Mysteries," and contained a poem called "A Pause of Thought," by Christina Rossetti; a paper on "The Purpose and Ten-

dency of Early Italian Art," by Frederick Stephens ; some dialogue verses, entitled " Stars and Moon," by Coventry Patmore ; a poem by William Bell Scott, called " Morning Sleep ;" and other pictures and poems by the apostles of simplicity in art and life.

It is an interesting fact that " The Blessed Damozel " first appeared in this magazine, and the fact that it attracted no attention is its own commentary on the time. One striking article that appeared in " The Germ " was a study of the character of Macbeth by Coventry Patmore, who elaborated his conviction that Macbeth, from the very first, had the nebulous design to usurp the crown of Scotland and murder the king, and that the influence of Lady Macbeth, by the weird counsel of the witches, only precipitated and crystallized this purpose, already existing in his mind. Altogether " The Germ," although comparatively little known and unnoticed in the press, initiated an epoch in literature. The Rossettis, — Dante Gabriel, William, and Christina, — contributed, among them, thirty-six poems, tales, and reviews to the four numbers, and when their youth is

taken into consideration, — Dante Gabriel being but twenty-one, William nineteen, and Christina seventeen, — the remarkable quality and prolific creation of the gifted trio is realized. If “*The Germ*” could point to no other achievement, it was notable in being almost the first publication to recognize and call attention to the poetry of Robert Browning. “*Christmas Eve and Easter Day*” was published about the time that the closing number of “*The Germ*” was issued, and this contained a review of the poems which initiated a new method in criticism, and opened golden doors to painter and poet. For this critique was based on a recognition that each creative artist has his own form; and that Browning was not to be required to set his lyre to the keynote of Milton, or Pope, or Dryden, or Wordsworth, — Keats or Shelley; but to give his song in his own way; and the judgment was to be based solely on the degree to which he had fulfilled his own ideal. “*What is the author’s intention?*” argued William Michael Rossetti, who wrote this critique, “*and has that intention, whatever be its limits, resulted in successful achievement?*”



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History is full of occasions when unimportant and apparently trivial means have served to accomplish great ends. The little band of heroes that held the Pass at Thermopylæ, is typical of the heroic phases in life. Faith and insight always discern the better way, and the growth of the mustard-seed is an illustration that is more than a merely figurative one. This short-lived publication, "The Germ," may be considered as a mustard-seed in literature. As the official organ of the little band that protested against the old negations, that kindled thought and proclaimed the progress of a larger truth, its brief tenure of existence was an important event in letters.

Ruskin's work and influence is closely allied with this period. Like Brahma, who is both the doubter and the doubt, Ruskin was both the prophet and the prophesied. He had written the "Seven Lamps of Architecture" and the "Stones of Venice" previous to the inauguration of "The Germ;" the several volumes of "Modern Painters" appeared in the years between 1847 and 1860. Later appeared "Political Economy in Art," "Sesame and Lilies," "Ethics of the

Dust," "Crown of Wild Olive" and the series of letters under the title of "Fors Clavigera," which discuss almost every theme important to thought and higher culture. He fairly led the reaction against conventional cant and shallow pretence both in literature and in art. "Pre-Raphaelitism has but one principle," he says, "that of absolute, uncompromising truth in all that it does. Every Pre-Raphaelite landscape background is painted, to the last touch, in the open air. Every Pre-Raphaelite figure, however studied in expression, is a true portrait of some living person." Of course the pendulum could easily swing to an extreme in this line, and it is not to be denied that it did. Facts are not necessarily truth; the painter's composition of a landscape may be a far more perfect interpretation of it than the photographs of the camera. The Actual is not the Ideal, nor is it as real as is the Ideal. But to an age of no little trick and superficial pretence in art the strong, clear daylight that Ruskin insisted upon was a wholesome atmosphere and ministered to a nobler view and to a service of higher beauty.

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“The noble person looks the facts of the world in the face, deals with them with intelligence and strength, and becomes, with his human intellect and will, no unconscious nor insignificant agent in communicating their good and restraining their evil,” says Mr. Ruskin. “Homer sang what he saw; Phidias carved what he saw; Raphael painted the men and women in their own caps and mantles, and every man who has risen to eminence in modern times has done so by working in this way and doing the things that he has seen.” In Mr. Ruskin’s beautiful words calling attention to the sky, he introduces every reader to a new and distinct phase of enjoyment in life. “There is not a moment in any day of our lives,” he writes, “when nature is not producing scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty that it is quite certain it is all done for us and intended for our perpetual pleasure. And every man, wherever placed, has this doing for him constantly. The noblest scenes on earth are seen and known but by few . . . but the sky is for all.”

Mr. Ruskin's counsel is perhaps to be taken with the traditional salt when he advises that all German books shall be avoided "and all Germanists, except Carlyle. But read George Herbert," he continues, "and Spencer, Wordsworth, and Homer, all constantly."

The degree to which one is enabled to dominate his own life in the sense of controlling and selecting and grouping its outer events is precisely in proportion to the spiritual power he has achieved, and this power depends largely on his choice and range of reading. It has little conceivable relation to what is currently known as occultism, or a thing to be attained by any series of prescribed outer actions. There has sprung up of late, a species of literature (if, indeed, it can be included under this name), with explicit directions for "concentration" and "meditation" and one knows not what, — directions to spend certain hours of the day gazing upon a tenpenny nail or something quite as inconsequential, and a more totally demoralizing and negative series of performances can hardly be imagined. But all this is not even worth denunciation. The only real spiritual power is that of the union of the soul with the divine.

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“Lift up your hearts  
We lift them up unto God.”

In these lines lie the secret of all that makes for that mental and moral energy whose union is spiritual power. The question of what happens to one daily and constantly, as weeks and months go on, is the one most practical question of life. In it is involved all one's personal happiness as well as his powers for usefulness. To feel that this ever-flowing current of events is something entirely outside one's own choice or volition is to stand helpless — if not hopeless — before the spectacle of life. It is out of this aimless and chaotic state that resort is had to the seeking of all kinds of divination, omens, prophecies, and foreshadowings, with the result of more and more completely separating the individual from his legitimate activities and endeavor, and leading him to substitute for spiritual realities a mere false and mirage-like outlook, — and instead of that rational activity and high endeavor that creates events and increasingly controls their conditions, there is merely an impatient and restless expectation of something or other that may suddenly occur to transform the entire panorama.

The unforeseen events do occur, and they are the crowning gift and grace and sweetness of life. But they are the product, the result, the fine inflorescence of intense spiritual activity, not of stagnation and idleness. "It might almost be said that there happens to one only that which he desires," says Maeterlinck; "it is true that on certain external events our influence is of the feeblest, but we have all-powerful action on that which these events shall become in ourselves — in other words on their spiritual part, on what is radiant, undying within them. . . . There are those with whom the immortal part absorbs all; these are like islands that have sprung up in the ocean; for they have found immovable anchorage whence they issue commands that their destiny must needs obey. . . . Whatever may happen is lit up by their inward life. When you love, it is not your love that forms part of your destiny, but the knowledge of self that you will have found, deep down in your love — this it is that will help you to fashion your life. If you have been deceived, it is not the deception that matters, but the forgiveness whereto it leads, and the loftiness, wisdom, completeness of this

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forgiveness — by these shall your life be steered to destiny's haven and bright peace; by these shall your eyes see more clearly. . . . Let us always remember that nothing befalls us that is not of the nature of ourselves. There comes no adventure but means to our soul the shape of our everyday thoughts. . . . And none but yourself shall you meet on the highway of fate. . . . Events seem as the watch for the signal we hoist from within."

The inner life that is lived, — the life of reading, thought, purpose, aspiration, and prayer, dominates and determines the outer life. It creates it. And when one feels helplessly drifting, at the mercy of events, his only safety lies in a more positive and abounding energy; in deeper purpose and a firmer grasp on his intellectual life, a higher and diviner trend to his thought, and a closer clinging to the divine promises.

Nor is this result hardly less indebted to the literature of *belles lettres* than to that of ethics; for spirituality, that highest degree of energy, is the product of both intellectual and moral culture of taste and refinement blended with aspiration and high purpose.

Somewhat akin to Maeterlinck is Victor Charbonnel, who, in a book entitled "The Victory of the Will" (*Volonté de Vivre*), sounds a clarion call to the more significant life. Like another Merlin, M. Charbonnel followed "The Glean," and he has made in this book a brilliant and wonderful plea for living the life of one's own soul; a plea for the development of the highest expression of personality by means of its own inner power and its free will to live.

Milton's "Areopagitica" is another of the keys that open the golden portals, as does, too, the "Hymn to the Nativity," and that immortal sonnet on his blindness in which occurs the familiar line, —

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

"The Canterbury Tales" of Chaucer; "The Arcadia" of Sir Philip Sidney; Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel" and "Marmion;" Wordsworth's "Ode to Immortality;" De Quincey's strange, impressive essay, "On the Knocking at the Gate in Macbeth;" Shelley's poems in their completeness; Keats, with constant lingering on the ode, "On a Grecian Urn,"



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“Endymion,” and “The Eve of Saint Agnes;” Byron’s “Manfred,” with its transcendent imagery; Samuel Taylor Coleridge in both prose and poetry, — the “Morning Hymn to Mont Blanc,” the inimitable “Table Talk,” as well as “The Rime of the Ancient Mariner,” “Christabel,” and his grand adaptation of “Wallenstein,” as already noted; Carlyle, with special attention to his “Frederick The Great” and his “Sartor Resartus,” — all these are among the keys that open golden doors.

In literature, as in life, “it is the fine souls who serve us, and not what is called fine society;” and that culture which is the open sesame to enjoyment is revealed in a sparkling range of imaginary discussion by Mr. Mallock in his inimitable book, “The New Republic.” Matthew Arnold alludes to it in a letter to his wife, written on its first appearance in 1877, when this book was the topic of the hour, and says: “It seems generally thought that my verses are well parodied, but I myself and my conversation are not well hit off. But then the writer did not know me personally, even by sight; and Ruskin, Jowett, Pater, etc., he knew.”

This delightful satire on a group of the most pronounced individualities of the day is so rich in keen thought that it remains, not unlike the mercies of heaven, as a volume new every morning and fresh every evening. Mr. Ruskin appears under the name of Mr. Saunders, and is made to give one of his most characteristic expressions, as this : —

“ I hold it to be one of the great triumphs of our day, that it has so subordinated all the vaguer and more lawless sentiments to the solid guidance of sober economical considerations. And not only do I consider a cotton-mill, but I consider even a good sewer, to be a far nobler and a far holier thing — for holy in reality does but mean healthy — than the most admired Madonna ever painted.”

Matthew Arnold appears under the guise of Mr. Luke, and is represented as reciting his own poetry, which is inimitably parodied in this wise : —

“ Softly the evening descends,  
Violet and soft. The sea  
Adds to the silence, below  
Pleasant and cool on the beach  
Breaking ; yes, and a breeze

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Calm as the twilight itself  
Furtively sighs through the dusk,  
Listlessly lifting my hair,  
Fanning my thought-wearied brow.

Thus I stand in the gloom  
Watching the moon-track begin  
Quivering to die like a dream  
Over the far sea-line  
To the unknown region beyond."

The general theme of the conversation is life, — a mental search for "the more subtle and gorgeous dyes that life is capable of taking — how fair a thing it may be, how rich in harmonious freedom, and beauty of form, and love, and passionate friendship."

This paragraph is worth remembering : —

"A person is really cultivated when he can taste not only the broad flavors of life — gulping its joys and sorrows down, either with a vulgar grimace of disgust or an equally vulgar hearty voracity ; but when with a delicate self-possession he appreciates all the subtler taste of things, when he discriminates between joy and joy, between sorrow and sorrow, between love and love, between career and career, discerning in all incidents and emotions their beauty, their pathos, their absurdity, or their tragedy, as the case may be."

One may search through all the world of literature for a true idea of culture and find nothing so fine as the following:—

“ A woman, for instance, may have had all kinds of experience — society, sorrow, love, travel, remorse, distraction — and yet she may not be cultivated. She may have gone through everything only half-consciously. She may never have recognized what her life has been. What is needed to teach her — to turn this raw material into culture? Here, Lady Ambrose, we come to our friends the books again — not, however, to such books as histories, but to books of art, to poetry, and books akin to poetry. The former do but enlarge our own common experience. The latter are an experience in themselves, and an experience that interprets all former experiences. The mind, if I may borrow an illustration from photography, is a sensitized plate, always ready to receive the images made by experience on it. Poetry is the developing solution, which first makes these images visible. Or, to put it in another way, of some books are the telescopes with which we look at distant facts, poetry — I use the word in its widest sense — is a magic mirror which shows us the facts about us reflected in it as no telescope or microscope could show them to us. Let a person of

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experience look into this, and experience then becomes culture. For in that magic mirror we see our life surrounded with issues viewless to the common eye. We see it compassed about with chariots of fire and with horses of fire. Then we know the real aspect of our joys and sorrows. We see the lineaments, we look into the eyes of thoughts, and desires, and associations, which had been before unseen and scarcely suspected presences — dim swarms clustering around our every action. Then how all kinds of objects and of feelings begin to cling together in our minds! A single sense or a single memory is touched, and a thrill runs through countless others. The smell of autumn woods, the color of dying fern, may turn by a subtle transubstantiation into pleasures and faces that will never come again — a red sunset and a windy sea-shore into a last farewell, and the regret of a lifetime. . . . Whatever its relation to books may be, culture is by no means a bookish thing, or a thing that ought to be less in place at Hurlingham than at the South Kensington Museum. Nor is it in any sense a hobby, or a special taste, to be gratified at the expense of anything else. Instead of that, it is the education of all our tastes, of all our powers of enjoying life; and, so far from its bring a thing for recluses, and a substitute for society, it is only when naturalized in the

best society that it can at all do itself justice in expressing itself outwardly, or even exist in any completeness inwardly.

. . . . .

“And so now I think we see what culture is, and the reason why it is essential to good society. We see that much as it depends on books, life is really the great thing it has to do with. It is the passions, the interests, the relations, the absurdities of life that it fits us to see into, to taste, to discriminate. And I think we see, too, that not only is culture essential to good society, but good society also is essential to culture, and that there was therefore very good reason for the exclusiveness we began with.”

Mr Mallock, in the person of one of his characters, goes on to argue that it is with the life about us that our chief concern lies, and that “Culture’s double end is to make us appreciate that life and to make that life worth appreciating,” and that by a man of culture he means, “one on whom none of the finer flavors of life are lost — who can appreciate, sympathize with, criticise, all the scenes, situations, sayings, or actions around him — a

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sad or happy love affair, a charm of manner and conversation, a beautiful sunset, or a social absurdity.”

Another of the characters in this unique sketch makes this admirable comment : —

“ I don't call a woman cultivated who bothers me at dinner first with discussing this book and then that — whose one perpetual question is, Have you read So-and-So? But I call a woman cultivated who responds and who knows what I mean as we pass naturally from subject to subject — who by a flash or a softness in her eyes, by a slight gesture of the hand, by a sigh, by a flush in the cheek, makes me feel as I talk of some lovely scene that she too could love it — as I speak of love or sorrow, makes me feel that she herself has known them ; as I speak of ambition, or ennui, or hope, or remorse, makes me feel that all these are not mere names to her, but things.”

Emerson says the final word on this topic in these lines, which condense in themselves the entire art, ethic, and philosophy of culture, —

“ Can rules or tutors educate  
The semigod whom we await?  
He must be musical,

Tremulous, impressional,  
Alive to gentle influence  
Of landscape and of sky,  
And tender to the spirit-touch  
Of man's or maiden's eye :  
But, to his native centre fast,  
Shall into Future fuse the Past,  
And the world's flowing fates in his own mould recast."

To be "tender to the spirit-touch," — in that is condensed all that swift susceptibility to thought and feeling, the capacity to receive impressions and transmute them into organic creation, which constitutes the highest purpose of culture.

Mr. Lowell has characterized his fellow countrymen as being "the most common-schooled, and the least cultivated people in the world," and M. Renan declared that the United States had "created a considerable popular instruction without any serious higher instruction." Is this true? It is not, at all events, a truth of the future, for the popular form of instruction is now introducing literature and art into the curriculum, and the last state will, therefore, be many degrees better than the first.

In Walter Pater's "Studies of the Renais-



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sance" there are essays including such themes as "The Painting of Michael Angelo," "Leonardo da Vinci," "Luca Della Robbia," and "Winckelmann," which are a very Röntgen ray of literature in aiding one to penetrate into the secret of beauty in art and poetry. In æsthetic criticism Pater divides with Symonds the honor of being the most authoritative commentator; one who regards poetry, painting, and music as influences on life, and discusses them as so many added forms of spiritual force. "The picture, the landscape, the engaging personality in life or in a book, La Gioconda, the hills of Carrara, Pico of Mirandula, are valuable for their virtues," says Walter Pater, "as we say, in speaking of a herb, a wine, a gun, for the property each has of affecting one with a special unique impression of pleasure. Education grows in proportion as one's susceptibility to these impressions increases in depth and variety."

This volume of studies in the Renaissance is one of the most important in all the world of books. Pater's creed of culture is, that it is not protest and rebellion, but its end is a profound moral peace. He passes in review the impas-

sioned ages aglow with the serious pursuit of art. In the paper on "Pico della Mirandula," Mr. Pater relates the story of Pico's arrival in Florence, —

"It was the very day — some day probably in the year 1482 — on which Ficino had finished his famous translation of Plato into Latin, the work to which he had been dedicated from childhood by Cosmo de Medici, in furtherance of his desire to resuscitate the knowledge of Plato among his fellow-citizens. Florence indeed, as M. Renan has pointed out, had always an affinity for the mystic and dreamy philosophy of Plato, while the colder and more practical philosophy of Aristotle had flourished in Padua, and other cities of the north; and the Florentines, though they knew perhaps very little about him, had had the name of the great idealist often on their lips. To increase this knowledge, Cosmo had founded the Platonic academy, with periodical discussions at the villa of Careggi. The fall of Constantinople in 1453, had brought to Florence many a needy Greek scholar. And now the work was completed, the door of the mystical temple lay open to all who could construe Latin, and the scholar rested from his labor, when there was introduced into his study, where a lamp burned continually before the

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bust of Plato, as other men burned lamps before their favorite saints, a young man fresh from a journey. . . . Ficino ever afterwards believed that it was within the co-operation of the stars that the stranger had arrived on that day. For it happened that they fell into a conversation deeper and more intimate than men usually fall into at first sight. During that conversation Ficino formed the design of devoting his remaining years to the translation of Plotinus, that new Plato, in whom the mystical element in the Platonic philosophy had been worked out to the utmost limit of vision and ecstasy, and it is in dedicating this translation to Lorenzo de' Medici that Ficino has recorded these incidents."

The descriptions of this Pico suggest that he may be the original of George Eliot's Tito in "Romola." It was of Pico that Camilla Rucellai, one of the prophetesses of the Savonarola period in Florence, prophesied that he would depart in the time of the lilies.

Of Michael Angelo Mr. Pater says, —

"And it is in this penetrative suggestion of life that the secret of that sweetness of his is to be found. He gives us no lovely natural objects like Leonardo, but only blank ranges of rock, and dim vegetable

forms as blank as they; no lovely draperies and comely gestures of life, but only the austere truths of human nature; ‘simple persons — as he replied in his rough way to the querulous criticism of Julius the Second that there was no gold on the figures of the Sistine Chapel — ‘simple persons, who wore no gold on their garments.’ But he penetrates us with a sense of that power which we associate with all the warmth and fulness of the world, and the sense of which brings into one’s thoughts a swarm of birds and flowers and insects. The brooding spirit of life itself is there; and the summer may burst out in a moment.”

Of the heads drawn by Leonardo Mr. Pater has these beautiful words to say:—

“They are the clairvoyants, through whom, as through delicate instruments, one becomes aware of the subtler forces of nature, and the modes of their action, all that is magnetic in it, all those finer conditions wherein material things rise to that subtlety of operation which constitutes them spiritual, where only the finer nerve and the keener touch can follow; it is as if in certain revealing instances we actually saw them at their work on human flesh. Nervous, electric, faint always with some inexplicable faint-

ness, they seem to be subject to exceptional conditions, to feel powers at work in the common air unfelt by others, to become, as it were, receptacles of them, and pass them on to us in a chain of secret influences."

Mr. Pater regards "La Gioconda," as Leonardo's masterpiece in the sense of its revealing more of his method and thought than any other of his works. "Beside, this picture is a portrait," says Mr. Pater. "From childhood we see this image defining itself as the fabric of his dreams; and but for historical testimony we might fancy that this was but his ideal lady, embodied and beheld at last. What was the relationship of a living Florentine to this creature of his thought? By what strange affinities had she and the dream grown thus apart, yet so closely together?"

Of this rich texture is Mr. Pater's study of the Renaissance, — a book ever suggesting that,

"The tapestries of Paradise  
All notelessly are made,"

for few volumes in all the World Beautiful of books furnish the mind with fairer imagery.

Mr. Pater quotes Novalis as saying: "*Philoso-*

*phiren ist dephlegmatisiren, vivificiren.*" Its service, as well as that of religion and culture, is "to startle the human spirit into a sharp and larger observation." He regards experience as the end, — not as a means, — of life. "A counted number of pulses only is given to us of a variegated, dramatic life," he adds; "how may we see in them all that is to be seen by the finest senses? How can we pass most swiftly from point to point and be present always at the focus where the greatest number of vital forces unite in their purest energy? To burn always with this hard, gem-like flame, to maintain this ecstasy, is success in life."

John Addington Symonds is another writer who introduces us to this world of the "variegated, dramatic life" of intellectual problems and artistic coloring. His "Renaissance in Italy," is a work of profound learning and brilliancy; and within his chosen field of Greek and Italian poetry, art, and scenery, his wealth of resources in history, legend, and thought is one of the important contributions to the literature of *belles lettres*. His works include two series on "The Greek Poets," ranging over all the

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thirteen centuries that lie between the "Iliad" and "Hero and Leander;" two volumes of "Studies and Sketches" in Greece and in Italy; and two volumes of "Essays: Speculative and Suggestive;" beside numerous poems and an autobiography. His tomb is very near that of Shelley, in that beautiful little English cemetery in Rome, — one of the most poetic places on earth, — and on his headstone are two lines in his own translation from Cleanthes, —

"Lead Thou me God, Law, Reason, Motion, Life!  
All names alike for Thee are vain and hollow."

Perhaps no one has written of the Greek poets with greater power and beauty than Mr. Symonds. What a magnificent interpretation it is of Pindar, when Mr. Symonds speaks of the manner in which this sweetest of Greek poets "combines the strong flight of the eagle, the irresistible force of the torrent, the richness of Greek wine, the majestic pageantry of Nature in one of her sublimer moods." And again, here is one of his interpretations from Pindar:—

"He who has watched a sunset attended by the passing of a thunder storm in the outskirts of the

Alps ; who has seen the distant ranges of the mountains alternately obscured by cloud and blazing with the concentrated brightness of the sinking sun, while drifting scuds of hail and rain, tawny with sunlight, glistening with broken rainbows, clothe peak and precipice and forest in the golden veil of flame-irradiated vapor, — who has heard the thunder billow in the thwarting folds of hills, and watched the lightning, like a snake's tongue, flicker at intervals amid gloom and glory, — knows in Nature's language what Pindar teaches with the voice of art."

Of the "Trilogy" of Æschylus, Mr. Symonds speaks in this divining way : —

"There is, in the 'Agamemnon,' an oppressive sense of multitudinous crimes, of sins gathering and swelling to produce a tempest. The air we breathe is loaded with them. No escape is possible."

In his Italian studies Mr. Symonds makes Petrarcha, Boccaccio, Ariosto, Tasso, Leonardo, Cellini, Michael Angelo, and Leopardi fairly live and speak again. He is an author whose magic wand opens the golden doors to Truth and Beauty.



BOOK III.

THE ROSE OF MORNING.

*Love that asketh love again,  
Finds the barter naught but pain ;  
Love that giveth in full store,  
Aye receives as much and more.*

*Love, exacting nothing back,  
Never knoweth any lack ;  
Love, compelling love to pay,  
Sees him bankrupt every day.*


*Mortal, if thou art beloved,  
Life's offences are removed ;  
And the fateful things that checkt thee,  
Hearten, hallow, and protect thee.  
Grow'st thou mellow ! What is age ?  
Tinct on life's illumined page,  
Where the purple letters glow  
Deeper, painted long ago.  
What is sorrow ? Comfort's prime,  
Love's choice Indian Summer clime.  
Sickness ! — thou wilt pray it worse  
For so blessed, balmy nurse.  
And for death ! — when thou art dying  
'T will be Love beside thee lying.  
Death is lonesome ? Oh, how brave  
Shows the foot-frequented grave !  
Heaven itself is but the casket  
For Love's treasure, ere he ask it, —  
Ere with burning heart he follow  
Piercing through corruption's hollow,  
If thou art beloved, oh then  
Fear no grief of mortal men.*

MICHAEL FIELD.

## THE ROSE OF MORNING.

In the East the rose of morning seems as if 't would  
blossom soon;  
But it never, never blossoms in this picture, and the  
moon  
Never ceases to be crescent, and the June is always  
June.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

HE immortal rose of literature finds its inflorescence in romance, both in dramatic poetry and in the novel which, ideally considered, is hardly second in importance. To contemporary life the novel is what the Miracle Play was to the thirteenth century, — at once the embodiment of the Mysteries and of the Moralities. It holds, or should hold, the mirror up to nature, as the stage was supposed to do in the time of Shakespeare and his contemporaries, and it is a question, too, whether the novel does not exert a more perceptible influence on life than life exerts on the novel. The incalculable power of

an unheralded apparition of genius, such as Scott, George Sand, Balzac, or George Eliot, may be more vividly traced in life than even in literature. Horace has recorded that the heroes who perished before Agamemnon died for want of a poet to celebrate them; but it could hardly be predicated of latter-day life that any type of character has failed to find itself embalmed, after some fashion, in the fiction of the hour; although we must keep in mind that all stories no more exemplify the novel, than all buildings illustrate the art of architecture. Fiction has become as all-pervading as the daily newspaper, and still the great novelists of the world can be counted without unduly taxing the fingers of both hands.

“Le sentiment de la vie ideale, qui n'est autre que la vie normale telle que nous sommes appelés a la connaître,” is George Sand's expression of the determining motive of her fiction. The ideal life, which is the only normal life. Herein is condensed a truth of ethics as well as of literary art. It is only fair to claim true realism in fiction as the term expressive of the spiritual side of life rather than in its ordinary acceptance, as expressive of that which is evanescent. Thought,

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motive, aspiration, and belief are true realities, and their portrayal in romance is true realism; while the minute and graphic description of a woman's costume or the upholstery of a room is materialism. Where is reality if it be not found in Homer, Shakespeare, Milton, Chaucer, Dante? Actuality, too, when exalted to the sphere of the intellect, produces reality. Is Achilles less real to us than Bonaparte or Lord Roberts?

The twentieth century is characterized by its search for spiritual truth. With a persistence of energy unexampled in literary history it demands of its novelists to give a tongue to the day, as we know it in our common experience. It asks that life be portrayed with dramatic dignity and completeness. The stress of social and spiritual revolution is upon us. Great movements affecting the economic and industrial, no less than the moral interests of the day, have compelled the profound attention of all thoughtful minds. Social abuses the prototypes of which appealed to Charles Kingsley, to Dickens, and which inspired Thackeray's keen pen to satire, abound in contemporary life. Political corruption, that finds in Russia an implacable foe in Tolstoi, is not

unknown in our own land; problems of present life and future destiny enlist the serious attention of a large body of thinkers; the charities, the labor question, temperance, the race question, suffrage, education, — all these are vital problems of the day that intimately concern the life of all. To what extent do these profound and complex themes affect the writers of contemporary fiction?

Can any work be claimed as a masterpiece of art that bears no message to humanity? Is that author to be adjudged great who can only photograph the passing hour, who portrays our neighbors over the way, and is oblivious to the great crowd of witnesses that compass us about? Questions like these suggest themselves as the mills of the gods grind out — not slowly — the annual grist of novels. What have they to say for themselves — or their writers?

First of all, the reader has a right to demand that the novelist shall interest him. After that he may instruct him, exalt him, enlarge his stock of knowledge or his sympathies as may be, do him good and not evil — but only on the primary condition that he can — that he shall —

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first of all, enlist his interest. To this end it is fortunate, indeed (for the novelist), that the taste of the reading public is as varied as are the novels on which it is supposed to subsist, and that it is by no means invariably exacting. In the way of literary problems supply and demand have a way of equalizing themselves; and denouncing the one or extolling the other is alike idle.

The crudest sensational fiction which has no claim to be considered within the limits of literature, will continue to attract its preponderance of readers, but this is not a fact over which the critic need be altogether in despair. The enjoyment of a story as mere narrative, unfolding phase after phase of situation and incident, is not incompatible with literary taste and judgment. Many a student or worker, engaged all day with serious books or purposes, requires the relaxation of this order of reading and finds in his Dumas, Gaboriau, Wilkie Collins, or even some authors of far less claim to attention in this order of fiction, needed rest and refreshment. That a novel may be intensely enthralling in plot and development and also fine in literary quality, is attested by Charlotte Brontë and by George

Sand. But an ingenious and thrilling plot, well worked out, holding the reader breathlessly to mere incident and consequence, is not to be communicated from literature. There are times when we read for amusement alone, and prefer "She" to Shakespeare, and "Called Back" to Calderon, in a for-to-night-only way, like the traditional last appearance of a famous *prima donna*. There are a multitude of novels of which the best, perhaps, that could be predicated is that they are harmless and afford light amusement to beguile a journey or a tired day, which could still be illy spared from the world of books. Below these there is still another stratum, or a series of lower strata, that are as devoid of interest as they are of intelligence, that have absolutely no claim to exist at all, that are simply stupid and vapid and vitiating, and should only be handled with tongs and find their destiny in the furnace fire. But there is an almost unlimited field in reading of the novels whose perusal is suited to an idle hour, and that are at worst harmless and at best often restful. The voluminous fiction of Mrs. Oliphant may be instanced, — stories that are



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distinctly pleasant reading and that are pervaded by an atmosphere of refinement and reveal certain unconscious standards of honor and morality that make them of value in the influence they exert. With less of this distinction of refinement, but not falling, either, to the opposite extreme, are the stories — one could hardly call them novels — of W. E. Norris, of which Doctor Holmes, for one, was very fond, as giving him just that mental relaxation that the serious worker in literature really craves more than any one else. Mrs. Browning has confessed herself an absolute devourer of light fiction, — three novels under her pillow at night being a not unusual supply.

The authoritative records of Allibone show that in the latter years of the century that has just vanished there were two thousand two hundred and fifty-seven writers of fiction. Naturally, all these — and the number is constantly increasing — are not engaged in the production of masterpieces. The writing of novels bids fair to rank as an industry as well as an inspiration. Literature has no concern at all with a great mass of these productions which

extend their circulation to figures that are impressive if not oppressive. They include fiction of all orders and degrees, much of which is never heard of after its first season.

Of the earlier English novelists, Defoe, Richardson, Smollett, Fielding, Goldsmith, and Miss Burney stand out clearly, and not to have read "Robinson Crusoe," the "Vicar of Wakefield," and "Evelina," at least, is to argue one's self unknown, as these notable works descend from generation to generation, and, in the way of revealing the type of the fiction of the past and tracing its evolutionary processes, are of interest and importance. The sociologist might well classify the novel as the missing link between society and literature, for in its pages are reflected the social changes of successive periods and the corresponding variations of taste and thought. The fiction that reproduces these most literally, however, is less true to life in its completeness than is that where the complex activities are realized in their larger relations. A photograph may be more literal than a portrait by Sargent, but it will not be so true as an interpretation of the wholeness of character. Jane Austen is the

novelist of photographic accuracy, — one had almost said of phonographic literalness of report, — but she hands down to us no such permanently true pictures of life as does Charlotte Brontë in that great work of creative imagination, “*Jane Eyre*.” Miss Edgeworth, who was even more phenomenally literal than Jane Austen and lacked Miss Austen’s saving grace of a sense of humor, has left little that is worth recalling in her embodiment of the placid tenor of life. Emerson’s theory that the imagination exists by sharing the ethereal currents is one applicable to the novelist. Only as the writer of fiction is sensitive to these does his work rise into the creative from the dead level of the mere phonographic report of life. The great creative novelists are as few as the great epic poets. They form no class, but stand out individually. The phonographic novelists vary after the fashion in which one star differeth from another in glory. They include all of the best fiction of the second rank — that is, all the best with the exception of that of the great creative novelists, and of the essential romancists, — as Scott, George Sand, and Hawthorne, — whose works, with a few others of

pure romance, form a class apart. The phonographic novelists — whose minds are sensitized plates on which falls the conversation of their time, which they serve up in a more or less dramatic form, — this class in its completeness may include Dickens, Mrs. Gaskell, Anthony Trollope, Alphonse Daudet, Charles Reade, Mrs. Oliphant, George MacDonald, Justin McCarthy, Charles Kingsley, Disraeli, Cherbuliez, Blackmore, Mrs. Burnett, Howells, Edgar Fawcett, Sarah Orne Jewett, and Mrs. Humphry Ward. A little aside from these novels, which are derived from actual and contemporary life, are the novels of Cooper, which are a sort of literary landmark in history; of Mrs. Stowe, whose “Uncle Tom’s Cabin” is the masterpiece of the type of novels with a purpose, as George Eliot’s “Romola” is the masterpiece in the type of historical fiction; Thackeray, with his searching art in the creation of social types; the novels of Thomas Hardy, which are of startling force and intensity in the delineation of character; of Wilkie Collins, which are marvellous in situation and dramatic plot; of William Black, which are a dream of poetic enchant-

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ment; and of Henry James, who may be considered the originator as well as the finest exponent of the modern analytical school. He would be a fine critic who could do for Mr. James what that novelist (who is a critic as well) has done so perfectly for other writers in his "Partial Portraits" and "French Poets and Novelists." There can hardly be a question that Henry James is the greatest *living* novelist, Balzac and George Eliot not being among the living. His work is very voluminous; it covers the whole range of this most complex modern life, which he seems to take in with the gift of instantaneous divination. The son and the brother of the two most celebrated psychologists (Henry James, *père*, the famous metaphysician and philosopher, and Professor William James), Mr. James has a natural right to his unerring grasp of mental phenomena. He sees all that lies under the surface. His lyre is an instrument of many chords and his melody is as varied as are the combinations in life. Whether it is Daisy Miller, or Mrs. Nancy Beck engaged in her "Siege of London," or the refined and beautiful Isabel, in the "Portrait of a Lady;" whether he is seeing the comedy of life, or that

curious borderland where seen and unseen meet and react upon each other ; whether it is the life of art or of society, or the mere ordinary existence, — his plastic pen brings the entire drama, visible and invisible, outer and spiritual, before the reader. Mr. James is richly dowered with the talent for representative creation. “A novel is in its broadest definition a personal, a direct impression of life,” he says, regarding his theory of fiction, and few novelists have so signally illustrated a high theory as has Henry James.

The novel of sentiment in a style of peculiar delicacy, tenderness, and beauty of insight, may claim as its high-priestess and ablest exponent Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, whose wide and varied work in romance and poetry has made itself an individual feature of American literature.

There are scores of writers who have produced some one or two pleasant and readable stories, not infrequently of an order to merit some special attention, and this rank is one which is receiving new recruits almost every day in the year. All these writers must take counsel with Emerson’s muse, and “hang their verses in the wind” and abide the result.

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Among the greater novelists of those who draw their material from contemporary life, there are infinite degrees. Dickens was not far from being a creator as well as a wonderful reporter of the existing social order; Thackeray produced fiction with which familiarity is essential; Anthony Trollope might almost be considered a novelist by virtue of colossal industry; Charles Reade was largely a novelist of purpose, as was Sir Walter Besant; Charles Kingsley stands out as an individual creator in his "Hypatia;" Mr. Howells has contributed to the literature of his own country some work among his voluminous novels that is distinctive, — that of his earlier transcriptions of Boston society, as inimitably pictured in "The Rise of Silas Lapham," "The Minister's Charge," and "A Woman's Reason." Edgar Fawcett is, *par excellence*, the historian of social New York in his novels, which embody the various strata of metropolitan society in a remarkable way. Mrs. Burnett touched her best work, perchance, in "That Lass o' Lowrie's." Miss Jewett's refined and delicate transcripts of New England rural life are always sympathetic. Mrs. Humphry Ward is a signal example of the

novelist not born but made. Her novels reflect her exceptional scholarship and culture, her wide social experience, her intelligent but not spiritually sympathetic study of social problems, her power of literary art; but her novels fail in the one first essential of fiction, — spontaneity. Her fiction is all made, but it is made extremely well. The Arnold culture and taste pervade it like a perfume. “Robert Elsmere,” which created no little interest, not to say sensation, at the time of its appearance, is a clever dramatization of the religious views of Matthew Arnold and his school of thinkers, whose voluminous arguments as to “the historic Christ” yet leave no very permanent impress upon thought. Mrs. Ward’s pictures of Oxford life in this novel are perhaps the most valuable of anything it can offer, and they fairly enshrine the classic quadrangles and the cloistered life of the college don. In “Marcella” Mrs. Ward considers certain phases of social reform, which also run through “Sir George Tressady,” but all this writing, that the thinkers call “magazine socialism,” cannot be regarded as exercising any conclusive influence. It requires different treatment



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from that possible to the refined, but somewhat inconsequential pen of Mrs. Ward to bring influence to bear upon life. George Eliot's immortal power lies in her force of conviction, her sincere, intense, delicate, and penetrating sympathy with all the phases of the problems of humanity. The novel that is written from the force of a deep conviction is that which largely creates and determines the ideals of the hour. The wit who said, "Let me make the songs of a people, and I care not who makes their laws," should have substituted novels for songs. Life follows art to a greater degree, on the whole, than art follows life, but only when the art is genuine because based on spiritual laws. The story of Lincoln's reception of Mrs. Stowe, greeting her with the words, "And is this the little woman who made the great war?" indicates, not too strongly, the vital and creative power of romance; that the great novelist holds an influence that potentially combines that of the poet, the preacher, the philosopher, and the teacher. The drama and the novel are sources of the most potent and incalculable influence upon human life, and while that of the drama is con-

temporary, the influence of the great novel is without any recognized limit of chronology. A novel is a human document, and while its more obvious purpose is to entertain and amuse, it is capable of exercising a magical power for the very transformation of conditions. Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backward," a dream of a poet's Utopia, has yet exercised an influence wholly incalculable upon the social evolution of American life. That this power to influence is usually in inverse ratio to the author's intention may be a paradox, but it is true that the too obvious purpose to regenerate the universe fails and falls by its own dead weight. A novel is not a treatise on temperance, or the single-tax, or socialism, although it may be the most effective and irresistible engine of power regarding any one of these, or any other phase of reform and progress. No one will deny the extraordinary effect of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," nor the aid that Charles Reade rendered for a better prison system in England by his "Cloister and the Hearth;" nor the illumination that Wilkie Collins turned on to reveal iniquitous marriage laws in his "No Name;" nor the wonderful commentary

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on human life brought to bear in the "Comédie Humaine." The true novel is at once the interpretation and the criticism of life. It is the form in which are preserved, as in amber, the customs, sentiments, and ideas of an epoch. It is the magic mirror that reflects them and projects them upon the camera of the future. Of the novel we find George Sand saying, —

"A novel should be a work of poetry as much as of analysis. It must have true situations and true characters, even real ones, grouped around a type which is to present and sum up the principal sentiment or idea of the book. This type usually represents the passion of love, because nearly all novels are histories of love. According to my theory (and here is where it begins) this type, this love we must idealize, not fearing to give it all the powers to which we consciously aspire ourselves, and all the sufferings which we have seen or of which we felt the tortures. But, in any case, that type, that love, must not be degraded by the hazard of events; it must either die or triumph; and we must not fear to give it an exceptional importance in life, powers above the ordinary, charms or sufferings which go far beyond the usual limit of human things, and even

beyond the probable as judged by the majority of minds. To sum up this theory briefly, it is: the idealization of the sentiment which makes the subject, leaving to the art of the novelist the duty of placing that subject in conditions and in a frame of reality suitable to bring it vividly into relief.

“Is this theory a true one? I think it is; but it is not and ought not to be absolute.”

Théophile Gautier said of Balzac, —

“His novels are doubly precious because they throw light on one side of Balzac’s life which is very little known, and reveal in him the consciousness of that powerful faculty of intuition which he possessed in so high a degree, and without which the realization of his great work would have been impossible. Balzac, like Vishnu, the Hindu god, possessed the gift of *avatar*, — namely, that of incarnating himself in different bodies, and of living in them at his pleasure; with this difference, that the number of Vishnu’s avatars is limited to ten, while those of Balzac are innumerable; and what is more, he could evoke them at will. Strange as it may seem to say so in this nineteenth century, Balzac was a Seer. His power as an observer, his discernment as a physiologist, his genius as a writer, do not suffi-

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ciently account for the infinite variety of the two or three thousand types which play a rôle, more or less important, in his human comedy. He did not copy them; he lived them ideally. He wore their clothes, contracted their habits, moved in their surroundings, *was themselves* during the necessary time. Through this faculty came those sustained and logical characters, which never contradict and never duplicate one another; personalities endowed with a deep and inmost reality, who, to use one of his own expressions, compete for their civil rights. Red blood flows in their veins in place of the ink which ordinary writers infuse into their creations."

This picture not only portrays the artistic method of Balzac, but images the scope of the great novel as a thing of life and reality. In "Louis Lambert" Balzac introduces this passage, which embodies a theory reflected and dramatized through his entire work:—

"There exist three worlds—the Natural World, the Spiritual World, and the Divine World. Humanity moves hither and thither in the Natural World, which is fixed neither in its essence nor in its properties. The Divine World is fixed in its properties and in its essence. Consequently . . . there are manifested

Action, Word and Prayer or (to express it otherwise) Deed, Understanding, Love. The Instinctive desire deeds; the Abstractive turn to ideas; the Specialist sees the End, he aspires to God, whom he inwardly perceives or contemplates."

From these motives of deed, understanding, and love, Balzac builds up his great and incomparable work in prose romance.

Balzac's novels are a world, a universe, in themselves. They flash a search-light upon every motive and impulse that stirs in the "Comédie Humaine." Sainte-Beuve says of Balzac's art, —

"Balzac was a painter of the manners of this age, and he was the most original, the most individual and penetrating of them all. From the first he regarded the nineteenth century as his subject and material, he eagerly threw himself into it, and never left it."

Balzac was the seer as well as the observer, and it is as the seer that Rodin's famous statue depicted him, with a marvellous significance of intellectual divination that found no response from the multitude. Balzac was an omnivorous reader, and he gave himself to the higher order

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of philosophic study, which reflected its power and lasting impressiveness in his novels. "Out of his mystical studies he formed for himself a theory of angels," writes his sister, Madame Surville. There are, he believed, within us two distinct beings,—an inner and an outer being. The individual in whom the inner being has triumphed over the outward being is an angel. If a man desires to obey his true calling he must nourish the angelic nature within him. If, failing to possess this vision of his destiny, he lets the lower tendencies predominate, his natural powers pass into the service of his material being, and the angel within him slowly perishes. On the other hand, if he nourish the inward angel with the essences that accord with it, the soul rises above matter, endeavors to get free from it, and when death comes, the angel alone survives and true life begins. Although created beings are apparently all of one nature here below, they are, in fact, divided, according to the perfection of their inward body, into separate spheres whose sayings and ethics are alien to one another. "He loved to plunge into that world of mystery, invisible to the

senses, and exercise his mind on the toil of thought. To him pure love was the coming together of two angelic natures."

It is this theory as the very foundation of the phenomena of human life, that enters into all Balzac's novels. He saw the proud, the selfish, the corrupt as differentiated, in whatever degree, from the angelic ideal, and in this variation he saw the key to all human misery and all human happiness throughout its modification and minglings and that mutual action and reaction that makes the drama of life.

The influence of such a novelist as George Eliot defies computation. For it is she, notwithstanding perceptible failure in spontaneity, to whom must be conceded the first place after Balzac in the rank of the novelists whose effect is the most potent on life. It is she who translates the spiritual drama into creative action. In comparison with her intimate touch, Balzac is sometimes remote, and despite his marvellous insight into mystic forces, as portrayed in his trilogy of "The Magic Skin," "Louis Lambert," and "Seraphita," — an insight into the phenomena of the absolute power of the Spirit,



in which he is unapproachable, — it is George Eliot who relates her dramatization so closely to actual life that she furnishes typical experiences which are universal in their nature. Take, for instance, these passages from the conversation of Dorothea with Lydgate in “*Middlemarch*” : —

“‘Oh, it is hard!’ said Dorothea. ‘I understand the difficulty there is in your vindicating yourself. And that all this should have come to you who had meant to lead a higher life than the common, and to find out better ways. . . . There is no sorrow I have thought more about than that — to love what is great, and try to reach it, and yet to fail.’”

In all that vast and vivid dramatization of life so impressively presented in the novels of George Eliot there is no passage that makes itself more deeply felt than these words which Dorothea Casaubon speaks to Doctor Lydgate. Every reader of fiction will recall the situation. Doctor Lydgate was a young physician of learning, talent, and honorable ambitions. He was a constant student of the more scientific side of medicine, and looked to make new discoveries in his work. By no fault of his, except in the fatal

mistake of his marriage to Rosamond Vincy, he became involved in a network of circumstantial evidence that seemed to his neighbors to conclusively prove that he had been guilty of accepting a bribe from Bulstrode for tacit condonation of the death of Raffles, which apparently was caused by his own inadvertence as the attending physician. The belief in his guilt spread like wildfire among the community. It was one of those occurrences which, by their very nature, forever remain not proved and consequently not disproved. Mrs. Casaubon had moral divination and independence of judgment. She did not believe in the appearances against Lydgate.

“‘I beseech you tell me how everything was,’ said Dorothea, fearlessly. ‘I am sure that the truth would clear you.’”

Describing the scene, George Eliot says, —

“The presence of a noble nature, generous in its wishes, ardent in its charity, changes the lights for us: we begin to see things again in their larger, quieter masses, and to believe that we too can be seen and judged in the wholeness of our character.”

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The people "who slip below their own intention" are very numerous and make up, perhaps, the great majority of humanity. For, at best, few of us are so invincible in our will and high purpose as not to miss their full realization, except at some rare intervals; and few of us are so feeble in morality as to prefer the evil to the good. The intention is largely of the best, and largely, too, do we slip below it from a variety of causes, chiefest of which is probably that of failing to sufficiently ally the will with that of the divine and to live in the perpetual consciousness of the Holy Spirit. For all these George Eliot has a message. She sees clearly determining acts in life that are not ideally beautiful. She finds them to be "the mixed result of young and noble impulse struggling amidst the conditions of an imperfect social state, in which great feelings will often take the aspect of error, and great faith the aspect of illusion." "For there is no creature," she adds, "whose inward being is so strong that it is not greatly determined by what lies outside it."

Nor is the spell of impassioned romance by any means absent from the pages of George

Eliot. In her the moralist does not, as has sometimes been stated, outweigh the romanticist. In "The Mill on the Floss," what a passionate outpouring of feeling is that between Stephen and Maggie as they leave the boat after that fatal day on the river! To Stephen's insistence that the circumstances now justify them in being united, Maggie replies, —

" 'Remember what you felt weeks ago,' she began, with beseeching earnestness; 'remember what we both felt, — that we owed ourselves to others, and must conquer every inclination which could make us false to that debt. We have failed to keep our resolutions; but the wrong remains the same.'

" 'No, it does *not* remain the same,' said Stephen. 'We have proved that it was impossible to keep our resolutions. We have proved that the feeling which draws us toward each other is too strong to be overcome. That natural law surmounts every other; we can't help what it clashes with.'

" 'It is not so, Stephen; I'm quite sure that is wrong. I have tried to think it again and again; but I see, if we judged in that way, there would be a warrant for all treachery and cruelty; we should justify breaking the most sacred ties that can ever be formed on earth. If the past is not to bind us,

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where can duty lie? We should have no law but the inclination of the moment.'

“‘But there are ties that can't be kept by mere resolution,' said Stephen, starting up and walking about again. 'What is outward faithfulness? Would they have thanked us for anything so hollow as constancy without love?'

“Maggie did not answer immediately. She was undergoing an inward as well as an outward contest. At last she said, with a passionate assertion of her conviction, as much against herself as against him, —

“‘That seems right — at first; but when I look further, I'm sure it is *not* right. Faithfulness and constancy mean something else besides doing what is easiest and pleasantest to ourselves. They mean renouncing whatever is opposed to the reliance others have in us, — whatever would cause misery to those whom the course of our lives has made dependent on us. If we — if I had been better, nobler, those claims would have been so strongly present with me, — I should have felt them pressing on my heart so continually, just as they do now in the moments when my conscience is awake, — that the opposite feeling would never have grown in me, as it has done; it would have been quenched at once, I should have prayed for help so earnestly, I should have rushed away as we rush from hideous danger.

I feel no excuse for myself, none. I should never have failed toward Lucy and Philip as I have done, if I had not been weak, selfish, and hard, — able to think of their pain without a pain to myself that would have destroyed all temptation. Oh, what is Lucy feeling now? She believed in me — she loved me — she was so good to me. Think of her —'

"Maggie's voice was getting choked as she uttered these last words.

"'I can't think of her,' said Stephen, stamping as if with pain. 'I can think of nothing but you, Maggie. You demand of a man what is impossible. I felt that once; but I can't go back to it now. And where is the use of *your* thinking of it, except to torture me? You can't save them from pain now; you can only tear yourself from me, and make my life worthless to me. And even if we could go back, and both fulfil our engagements, — if that were possible now, — it would be hateful, horrible, to think of your ever being Philip's wife, — of your ever being the wife of a man you did n't love. We have both been rescued from a mistake.'

"A deep flush came over Maggie's face, and she could n't speak. Stephen saw this. He sat down again, taking her hand in his, and looking at her with passionate entreaty.

"'Maggie! Dearest! If you love me, you are

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mine. Who can have so great a claim on you as I have? My life is bound up in your love. There is nothing in the past that can annul our right to each other; it is the first time we have either of us loved with our whole heart and soul.’”

Maggie replies, —

“‘No, not with my whole heart and soul, Stephen. . . . I have never consented to it with my whole mind. . . . I could n’t live in peace if I put the shadow of a wilful sin between myself and God. . . . We can’t choose happiness either for ourselves or for another; we can’t tell where that will lie. We can only choose whether we will indulge ourselves in the present moment, or whether we will renounce that, for the sake of obeying the divine voice within us, — for the sake of being true to all the motives that sanctify our lives.’”

Nothing in the pages of romance can be found more intense in feeling than this; and if it seem that George Eliot in these passages depicts love as of the senses rather than of the spirit, that objection finds its refutation in “*Romola*,” where the fascination and the love of *Romola* for *Tito* vanish when his true nature becomes revealed

to her. "Daniel Deronda" is the novel that reveals the highest intellectual brilliancy of George Eliot's work. The book is full of that same wonderful underlying philosophy of life that pervades "Middlemarch," portrayed with lighter, swifter touch.

"Then tell me what better I can do," says Gwendolen to Deronda. "Look on other lives besides your own," he replies. "Try to care about something in this vast world besides the gratification of small selfish desires. Try to care for what is best in thought and action — something that is good apart from the accidents of your own lot."

What a keen criticism on life is that passage in "Middlemarch," when George Eliot writes, —

"But any one watching keenly the stealthy convergence of human lots, sees a slow preparation of effects from one life on another, which tells like a calculated irony on the indifference or the frozen stare with which we look at our unIntroduced neighbor. Destiny stands by sarcastic with our *dramatis personae* folded in her hand."

George Eliot has the imagination which is largely insight and which makes her fiction the



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mirror of humanity. More than that of Balzac, more than that of Thackeray, — artist that he is, — and infinitely beyond that of Dickens who is hardly an artist at all, but a speculative photographer with unlimited humor, tenderness, and keenness of vision.

Victor Hugo is a great master in the art of fiction. His superb genius is lyric, is inspirational, it sweeps one on breathlessly; and there are passages in "Les Misérables" which lead the reader to the heavenly heights from which the drama of life assumes a new aspect. John Morley applies to Victor Hugo the words of Cardinal Newman regarding another, — "Such work is always open to criticism and always above it." George Eliot never strives for effect, — they result directly and inevitably from the situation. Victor Hugo is the supreme creator of effects, worked up, *con intentione*, as a painter would compose his scene for representation. The French genius is scenic first of all. It is a national trait. In his "Ninety-Three" are passages of the most terrible imagery, of the most delicate tenderness and beauty.

What fiction, indeed, shall hold its in-

alienable right in the World Beautiful of books? George Eliot, Balzac, and Victor Hugo. Those great novels that may almost be called Shakespearian, — “*Middlemarch*” and “*Daniel Deronda*,” with “*Adam Bede*,” “*The Mill on the Floss*,” and “*Romola* ;” the immortal works comprised in the “*Comédie Humaine* ;” the deeply touching, poetic, and eloquent novels of Victor Hugo ; Hawthorne’s great romances ; Thackeray for his keen wit, especially as revealed in “*Vanity Fair*” and “*Henry Esmond* ;” and Dickens for his humanity, as especially portrayed in “*David Copperfield*” and “*Bleak House* ;” of George Meredith, his “*Ordeal of Richard Feverel*” and “*Diana of the Cross Ways* ;” of Charles Reade, the “*Cloister and the Hearth* ;” of William Black, the “*Princess of Thule*” and “*Macleod of Dare* ;” of Blackmore, “*Lorna Doone* ;” of Wilkie Collins, “*The Woman in White*” and “*The New Magdalen*.” No reader will fail to include in this realm the “*Jane Eyre*” of Charlotte Brontë and her “*Villette*” for its vivid picturing of Belgian life. Mrs. Oliphant’s prolific work in fiction is singularly even in excellence, and one may choose almost at random. Of latter-day

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French novelists, Alphonse Daudet has, in the opinion of Henry James, the most "lightness, grace and brilliancy of execution." In impassioned power no writer can excel, nor perhaps equal, Paul Bourget, whose "Cosmopolis" stands unique in all the literature of fiction. Of Zola a single work may suffice, and that is his novel called "Rome," which is wholly free from the objectionable elements characteristic of this author, and is a story of great breadth of vision as well as of startling fidelity to existing types and currents in the life of the Eternal City. Tolstoi may be read in his great works, "War and Peace" and "Anna Karénina;" Turguénieff has voiced the reactionary impulse in Russia in a way to appeal to every heart, and "he received," said M. Renan of the great Russian, "by the mysterious decree which marks out human vocations, the gift which is noble beyond all others; he was born essentially impersonal." M. Renan adds, —

"Before he was born he had lived for thousands of years; infinite successions of reveries had amassed themselves in the depths of his heart. No man has been so much as he the incarnation of a whole race;

generations of ancestors, lost in the sleep of centuries, speechless, came through him to life and utterance."

Nor can any one understand the trend of undercurrents in Russian and Polish life who has not read the "Dead Souls" of Gogol and the stories of Dostoyevski.

The novels of Sir Bulwer Lytton may fairly be regarded as a distinctive and important feature of the literature of fiction. By some necromancy of his own he has made the dead days of Pompeii live again; in his "Zanoni" and "A Strange Story" he anticipated much of the more recent psychological researches of Frederic W. H. Myers and Professor William James, and there is a current of perpetual power sweeping through his pages. The novels of Lord Beaconsfield (Disraeli) are voluminous, and are rather amusing than interesting in their curious artificiality. Yet they are not without suggestions of contemporary life and manners, and in "Endymion" we may read between the lines some of autobiographical revelation.

There are always the transient novels that come and go, — the novel of the moment, worth

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reading once, but which does not bear the test of permanent importance. George Eliot and Balzac are immortal. Like the great poets, their works are the literary inheritance of every age.

Ibsen's dramatic dialogue has the interest of the novel, and some of his plays, notably, "The Pillars of Society," are more interesting in the literary than the dramatic sense. In "The Pillars of Society" there is embalmed, as in amber, the tragedy that falsehood and expediency create in life. How impressive is the lesson suggested in the conversation between Lona and Bernick in this play. They — formerly betrothed lovers — meet years after, when Bernick has married Lona's half-sister, Betty, and he explains to her that he was obliged to do so for the sake of money. He says, —

“ ‘Perhaps you think I acted from selfish motives? If I had stood alone then, I would have begun the world again bravely and cheerfully. But you don't understand how the head of a great house becomes a living part of the business he inherits, with its enormous responsibility.’ ”

Lona replies: —

“ ‘Is it for the sake of the community, then, that for these fifteen years you have stood upon a lie?’ ”

In this unrelenting illumination is revealed the foundation on which “the pillars of society” stand.

When Savonarola took his last leave of his brethren in San Marco before being conveyed to his imprisonment in the Palazzo Vecchio, he exclaimed: “Pray for me, for God has withdrawn from me the spirit of prophecy.”

When the spirit of prophecy is withdrawn from romancist or poet, his magic is gone. It was not withdrawn from George Sand when she wrote “Consuelo” — of which Madame Viardot is the heroine. In this eternal amber may well be preserved Madame Sand’s philosophy of love, —

“What constitutes the immense superiority of this sentiment over all others, *what proves its divine essence*, is that it is not born of man himself, and that man cannot dispose of it; that he neither gives nor withholds it by an act of the will; that the human heart receives it from above, doubtless that

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it may be directed toward the creature chosen among all others by the designs of heaven; and, when a strong soul has received it, it were in vain that all human considerations should combine to destroy it; it subsists alone, and of its proper strength. All the aids that love receives, or rather draws to itself, — friendship, confidence, sympathy, even esteem, — are but subaltern allies; it has created them, it commands them, it survives them.”

The novels of Henry James have recognized claim to literary immortality. They deal with the great realities of life — the true realism of thought, intellectual grasp, spiritual prescience. In “The Private Life,” Mr. James has produced the most brilliant short story of the age, and one which touches a deep problem of life. In “The American,” he has embalmed the social conditions of the *ancien régime* in the Faubourg St. Germain.

The “Ramona” of Helen Hunt will retain its recognized place as a novel of purpose; and “The Master-Knot of Human Fate,” by Ellis Meredith, is one of the most brilliant works in intellectual quality in modern fiction.

The historical novel that attained its highest

degree of excellence in "Romola" certainly reached its greatest popular success in "Quo Vadis" by Henryk Sienkiewicz — a story that fairly touches into life and light again the time of Nero, and it is the work which has the distinction of leading, in general estimation, all the novels of this order; closely followed, indeed, by "Richard Yea and Nay," and by the "Richard Carvel" and "The Crisis" of Winston Churchill.

Marion Crawford is more than a novelist of the phonographic school; as an inventor of intensely interesting plots, — of tragedy, indeed, in his "Saracinesca," — he has hardly an equal among living novelists; and in his Italian trilogy, — "Saracinesca," "Sant' Ilario," and "Don Orsino," — he has not only produced novels of exceeding interest and charm, but in them he gives faithful reflections of Italian life, both in the past and the present. He creates the entire atmosphere in which his characters live and move naturally, the incidents and experiences of their lives being the inevitable result of the combinations of event and the action and reaction of influence.



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The books of Louisa Alcott have long since passed into standard literature, and the young people of each generation feel anew the unique and unparalleled charm of "Little Women" and "Little Men," of "Rose in Bloom" and her other delightful tales which reproduce that pure and simple and uplifting atmosphere of the Alcott home.

Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney's books for girls have been one of the best contributions to the finer culture of life in sympathy, generous aims, and high breeding; and her "Leslie Goldthwaite," "Faith Gartney's Girlhood," and "Hitherto" must always find their niche in the World Beautiful of literature.

German literature is rich in fiction even aside from the immortal prose romance of Goethe; and Auerbach's "On the Heights" is one of the novels whose place in letters time can never alter.

The fiction of Constance Fenimore Woolson has perhaps never received its just recognition. She had a very fine touch in literary art, and in her novel entitled "Anne" she revealed a wonderful tragic power; but in no previous

work has she wrought with such consummate skill, blending an artistic purpose and a high moral idea, as in "East Angels." This novel is less a story than an impressive drama of human life. From the quiet opening to the close the reader is held in absorbing interest by this spiritual tragedy which, scene by scene, passes before his eyes. Yet there are no startling outward events. Its impressiveness is in its truth and its reality. It is the history of such a tragedy as may every day be going on before our eyes—and we see it not. The characters in "East Angels," the poor, precise, prim, pathetic little figure of Mrs. Thorne, the brilliant beauty of the girl Garda, the spiritual loveliness of Margaret Harold, the curiously natural Evert Winthrop, and the exacting Aunt Katrina, are drawn with matchless skill. They are modelled, so to speak, and have a real existence for us, The story proceeds as life itself proceeds, with changes that are not, at the time, recognized as crises by their chief actors, and whose full significance only later events reveal. And so, though the progress is gradual to that intense scene when Margaret and Evert for the first and

last time confess their love, it comes upon the reader with sudden and surprising force. In this interview Evert Winthrop says to her, —

“‘It is true that I have always talked against separations — preached against them. But that was before my own feelings were brought in, and it makes a wonderful difference. When a woman you care for is made utterly wretched you take a different view. . . . The life will kill you just as surely as though he should give you slow poison. You have an excessively sensitive disposition — you pretend you have not, but you have.’”

The intense tragedy of the situation is shown in Margaret’s reply, —

“‘I do not love you, you say? I adore you. From almost the first day I saw you, yes, even from then. It is the one love of my life, and, remember, I am not a girl; it is a woman who tells you this — to her misery. . . . I suffer every moment, it has been so for years. I am so miserable away from you, so desperate and lonely! And when I am with you that is harder. Whichever way I turn there is nothing but pain; it is so torturing that I wonder how I can have lived!’”

Margaret Harold is more than a figure in fiction; she is a character whom to know is to take into life a true ideal of a noble woman who may be misunderstood, misinterpreted, but who clings faithfully and unchangingly to ideal integrity. The story of Margaret Harold, — for so realistic is the art that it seems more like a biography than a novel, — the story of Margaret Harold teaches that there are things in this world that are better than happiness; that truth, and sacrifice, and fidelity to invisible laws are the real forces of life, and there is no actual wreck or failure even in mistakes and misery, when the spiritual ideal is never lost. There can be no question that "East Angels" is worthy to take a permanent place in artistic fiction.

The great defect of the average fiction of the day is that the writer does not think for himself. One of the most popular of contemporary stories is built upon a situation which may be thus briefly outlined. A man becomes aware that he is not an object of indifference to a girl for whom he has no more than a mere friendly interest. Out of a mistaken chivalry he asks

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her to marry him ; she consents and they are endlessly unhappy. Now, if marriage were a matter of gain or loss in the outward world of affairs, this might be set down as a fine bit of self-sacrifice and delicate generosity. But marriage is a sacrament, or it is nothing ; and it is only a sacrament when mutual love, that asks nothing that this world could either give or take away, consecrates it and makes it holy. As a mere legal contract it is no more sacred than any other legal contract, and the marriage devoid of that mutual trust and tenderness and spiritual response that would enable the two to take up their life together on a barren island in mid-ocean and call it all joy ; that is wholly independent of the things of this world because it is of the divine realm and exists in another atmosphere than that of trade or traffic or society — the marriage not based on this feeling is not a sacrament, nor can Church or State make it so.

There is, too, on the part of the woman a great, while perhaps unconscious, selfishness. She has married, in part, at least, for a home, a position, for support, for a thousand reasons with which the one and only reason at all has nothing

to do. She is thinking of what she gets rather than of what she might give — what she might give of sympathy, of aid ; of the atmosphere of harmony and beauty that she might create in which a man should be able to work out his best ideas and develop his noblest gifts. She is thinking of the spectacular world, and not of the beauty and joy and divine sweetness of the home, which may exist just as truly in an unfashionable street as in a palace on the most desirable avenue. It is not in the least a question of money, but of things so priceless that no money could buy them. Now, it is just the absence of the recognition of any of this deeper truth in this story that makes it deplorable that the author's beautiful Art should not convey higher truth.

If the novels of the period could only contain the ingredient of the force of conviction ; if it could only now and then, by way of variety, image a character who holds unfalteringly to noble ideals, whether conventionally popular or not, it would be a consummation devoutly to be wished. Ideals exist in life ; why not in literature ? Then there is the one great question

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of death — and afterward. Love and Death, — after all, these two motives are the supreme ones in human life. But in most of our romance and poetry death is imaged as a disaster, a fearful, tragic thing ; at its worst as extinction and nothingness, and at its best as a gateway of mystery leading to some incomprehensible state, which the writer at least *hopes* may exist. What kind of teaching is that to put before the great public? Even as a matter of religious faith alone — of the alleged belief of Christianity — it is a failure. Jesus taught the reality of life beyond death with intense and unchanging emphasis. It is a vital part of the truth that we need daily, now and here, to live by quite as much — and more — than to die by. We need to realize the great unity of life, here and hereafter, and that the mere change of form we call death does not in any sense break this continuity. The life to come is related to that which now is, as is youth to infancy, or manhood to youth, in a continual process of evolution.

A novel that held somewhat of conviction rather than the mere reportorial *résumé* of more or less inane conversation, could be made in-

finitely more intense in its interest, even, than as if it were ground out from a phonograph.

A recent novel, entitled "Voysey," by R. O. Prowse is a notable example of the novel of character analysis, and one passage over which the thoughtful reader will pause is the following, embodying the reflections of the hero as to whether he owes a permanent duty to an immoral episode in his life:—

"Life had been a gift for him also; a gift opportunity had made exceptionally rich; and if he had little enough to show in the way of definite achievement, of visible success, he ventured to believe there had still been something of purpose in his days, something of generous aspiration. Something worth saving from the wreck, something even of promise for the future. In any case, there were the opportunities themselves; not merely the obvious things that freedom and leisure and London and money could give, but the finer, more intimate, more delicate things—the quickened consciousness and the shared curiosity, the harvest of a keen intelligence. Whatever life might be worth for him it was these things that gave it worth; and the one point evidently clear was that they were things he could



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never give nor share with her. He might give her his money, his house, his name, his time ; — he could never give her his life. He could never give her his life in its essential quality ; the things of his opportunities, in her possession, would be no more than material advantages. And it is a poor thing to give one's life if in the giving of it one spoils just the best it contains.

“Moreover, life is to be taken as a whole ; it is not an affair of one claim but of many claims, many experiences, many relations, —and to see it only under the aspect of one claim is nearly always to distort it. To distort it, to cheapen it, immensely to narrow it ; for the more boldly, largely, generously a life is lived, the more will innumerable claims press upon it. It may always be — for to this point he continually came back — that, upon occasion, the best we can do with the gift is, after all, to give it away ; it may always be that to save our life we must lose it ; but whatever the obligation we recognize as supreme, it is to be remembered, it seemed to him, that it can never be the claim of our mistakes, our errors, our sins that make the first claim or the best claim, and that the atonement that means the surrender of one's life just to the worst thing one has done in it, is an atonement of a morbid and questionable inspiration.”

The conclusion of this novel excited controversy in contemporary criticism, but if the author expressed his own convictions in the character of his hero he revealed a moral courage and a true discrimination, for it is indeed "a poor thing to give one's life if the giving spoils the best it contains."

The rose of morning glows from the pages of poetic creation. Richard Henry and Elizabeth Stoddard, the married poets, whose work has that quality that insures literary immortality, are both singularly rich in the magic of lyric art and in that subtlety that reveals the rose glow of life. Mr. Stoddard's poem, "The Flight of Youth," familiar as it is to the reading world, is too perfect an example not to be presented entire.

"There are gains for all our losses,  
There are balms for all our pain :  
But when youth, the dream, departs,  
It takes something from our hearts,  
And it never comes again.

"We are stronger, and are better,  
Under manhood's sterner reign :  
Still we feel that something sweet  
Followed youth, with flying feet,  
And will never come again.

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“Something beautiful is vanished,  
And we sigh for it in vain :  
We behold it everywhere,  
On the earth, and in the air,  
But it never comes again.”

In Thomas Bailey Aldrich there are wonderful examples of the subtle suggestion of delicate thought like the tints of dawn. In his “Pre-science” and in these exquisite lines called “Memory,” —

“My mind lets go a thousand things,  
Like dates of wars and deaths of kings,  
And yet recalls the very hour —  
'T was noon by yonder village tower,  
And on the last blue noon in May —  
The wind came briskly up this way,  
Crisping the brook beside the road ;  
Then, pausing here, set down its load  
Of pine scents, and shook listlessly  
Two petals from that wild-rose tree.”

How this touch, which vanishes at a breath, is seen in Emily Dickinson's “Almost” !

“ Within my reach !  
I could have touched !  
I might have chanced that way !  
Soft sauntered through the village,  
Sauntered as soft away !

So unsuspected violets  
 Within the fields lie low,  
 Too late for striving fingers  
 That passed, an hour ago."

Lilla Cabot Perry thus voices a significance that is as elusive as a perfume, —

"The rose that blossoms not  
 Lives in our hearts forever ;  
 And hands ne'er clasped in life  
 Death has no power to sever."

In this latter-day life of swift and wide and easy communication, it constantly occurs that two people may come into a friendship, and even into an almost spiritual intimacy, before they have ever personally met, and the personal meeting may be the crucial test. This moment Mrs. Perry dramatizes in the lines, —

"Unchanged am I: Did you despise  
 My love as small? It fills my heart.  
 You come; a stranger from your eyes  
 Looks out, — and, meeting, — first, we part."

Edith Thomas in "The Barrier" wonderfully suggests a curious subtlety of significance.

"The gate stood wide and wide the door  
 As on a thousand nights before.  
 . . . . .



“ I wish I could say, ‘ Dear friend,  
 Tell me, what have I done ?  
 Forgive me ; let it be now at an end.’  
 But ah ! we scarcely own  
 That aught has happened — a something so slight  
 ’T is ghostlike, it will not bear the light, —  
 ’T is only a change of tone.”

Sylvester Baxter delicately intimates an undercurrent of feeling in his “ October Days.”

“ The maples in the forest glow  
 And on the lawns the fall flowers blaze,  
 The mild air has a purple haze,  
 My heart is filled with warmth and glow.

“ Like living coals the red leaves burn ;  
 They fall, then turns the red to rust ;  
 They crumble, like the coals, to dust —  
 Warm heart, must thou to ashes burn ? ”

In the “ Omens ” by Edith Thomas and the “ Fate ” by Bret Harte this vein of subtlety finds expression. The last stanza of “ Omens ” is as follows : —

“ I know not why ( I said that summer night )  
 The heart in me should be so wondrous light,  
 So sweet each moment's breath :  
 Assurance kind greets me from every star ;  
 The all-gathering breeze, that hastens from afar, —  
 How glad a thing it saith !

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That was the night my friend beyond the seas,  
Within a tent beneath the olive trees,  
Turned his blue eyes on death."

While Bret Harte thus expresses this mood: —

"The sky is clouded, the rocks are bare,  
The spray of the tempest is white in air ;  
The winds are out with the waves at play,  
And I shall not tempt the sea to-day.

"The trail is narrow, the wood is dim,  
The panther clings to the arching limb ;  
And the lion's whelps are abroad at play,  
And I shall not join in the chase to-day.

"But the ship sailed safely over the sea,  
And the hunters came from the chase in glee ;  
And the town that was builded upon a rock  
Was swallowed up in the earthquake shock."

In Thucydides this veiled significance occurs: —

"A shipwrecked sailor buried on this coast,  
Bids you set sail :  
Full many a gallant ship when we were lost  
Weathered the gale."

Emily Dickinson is a very magician in delicate suggestion, as instanced in these lines: —

"I held a jewel in my fingers,  
And went to sleep.  
The day was warm and winds were prosy ;  
I said : 'T will keep.'

“I woke, and chid my honest fingers —  
 The gem was gone;  
 And now an amethyst remembrance  
 Is all I own.”

How exquisite the art in these lines by  
 Richard Henry Stoddard:—

“Across the tense chords  
 Thought runs before words,  
 Brighter than dew,  
 And keener than swords.  
 Whence it cometh,  
 And whither it goes,  
 All may conjecture,  
 But no man knows,  
 It ebbs and flows  
 In the dance of the leaves.  
 The set of Summer eyes,  
 The scent of the violets, the odor of the rose.”

In the lyrics of Elizabeth Stoddard one finds  
 such intense, impassioned art as this haunting  
 little chanson:—

“Swift as the tide of the river  
 The blood flows through my heart;  
 At the curious little fancy  
 That to-morrow we must part.

“It seems to me all over;  
 The last word has been said,  
 And I have the curious fancy  
 To-morrow will find me dead.”



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In another vein of rich and intense expression is Mrs. Stoddard's "A Summer Night."

"I feel the breath of the summer night,  
Aromatic fire :  
The trees, the vines, the flowers are astir  
With tender desire.

"The white moths flutter about the lamp,  
Enamoured with light;  
And a thousand creatures softly sing  
A song to the night !

"But I am alone, and how can I sing  
Praises to thee ?  
Come, Night ! unveil the beautiful soul  
That waiteth for me."

William Watson has this art of witchery, as in the music and magic of these lines : —

"Thy voice from inmost dreamland calls ;  
The wastes of sleep thou makest fair ;  
Bright o'er the ridge of darkness falls  
The cataract of thy hair.

"The morn renews its golden birth ;  
Thou with the vanquished night dost fade ;  
And leav'st the ponderable earth  
Less real than thy shade."

These haunting lines from Aldrich must be recognized as in the magical atmosphere : —

"Pillared arch and sculptured tower  
Of Ilium have had their hour ;

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The dust of many a king is blown  
 On the winds from zone to zone.  
 Many a warrior sleeps unknown.  
 Time and Death hold each in thrall,  
 Yet is Love the lord of all ;  
 Still does Helen's beauty stir,  
 Because a poet sang of her ! ”

A delicate sarcasm of life is embodied in Sir Bulwer Lytton's poem called “ Possession.”

“ A Poet loved a Star,  
 And to it whispered nightly,  
 ‘ Being so fair, why art thou, love, so far ?  
 Or why so coldly shine, who shin'st so brightly ?  
 O Beauty wooed and unpossessed !  
 O, might I to this beating breast  
 But clasp thee once, and then die blest ! ’

“ That Star her Poet's love,  
 So wildly warm, made human ;  
 And leaving, for his sake, her heaven above,  
 His Star stooped earthward and became a Woman.  
 ‘ Thou, who hast wooed and hast possesst,  
 My lover, answer : Which was best,  
 The Star's beam or the Woman's breast ? ’  
 ‘ I miss from heaven,’ the man replied,  
 ‘ A light that drew my spirit to it.’  
 And to the man the woman sighed,  
 ‘ I miss from earth a poet ! ’ ”

In another vein, one of delicate tenderness, is Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton's sonnet, entitled “ Were but my Spirit Loosed upon the Air.”

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“ Were but my spirit loosed upon the air, —  
By some High Power who could Life’s chains unbind,  
Set free to seek what most it longs to find, —  
To no proud Court of Kings would I repair :  
I would but climb, once more, a narrow stair,  
When day was wearing late, and dusk was kind ;  
And one should greet me to my failings blind,  
Content so I but shared his twilight there.  
Nay! well I know he waits not as of old, —  
I could not find him in the old-time place, —  
I must pursue him, made by sorrow bold,  
Through worlds unknown, in strange celestial race,  
Whose mystic round no traveller has told,  
From star to star, until I see his face.”

Mrs. Moulton’s poems have much of that haunting pathos so simply expressed in that little lyric of Wordsworth, “*She Dwelt among the Untrodden Ways*,” of which the closing stanzas are, —

“ A violet by a mossy stone  
Half hidden from the eye !  
— Fair as a star, when only one  
Is shining in the sky.

“ She lived unknown, and few could know  
When Lucy ceased to be ;  
But she is in her grave, and, oh,  
The difference to me ! ”

Another of Mrs. Moulton's beautiful lyrics is the following : —

“ Roses that briefly live,  
Joy is your dower ;  
Blest be the Fates that give  
One perfect hour.

“ And, though too soon you die,  
In your dust glows  
Something the passer-by  
Knows was a rose.”

The most delicate and subtle pathos is touched in the lyric “ Gray Rocks and Grayer Sea,” by Charles G. D. Roberts, —

“ Gray rocks, and grayer sea,  
And surf along the shore —  
And in my heart a name  
My lips shall speak no more.

“ The high and lonely hills  
Endure the darkening year —  
And in my heart endure  
A memory and a tear.

“ Across the tide a sail  
That tosses and is gone —  
And in my heart the kiss  
That longing dreams upon.

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“ Gray rocks, and grayer sea,  
And surf along the shore —  
And in my heart the face  
That I shall see no more.”

In two stanzas by Anne Whitney this subtle significance is touched, —

“ Seem I beyond thy reach of eye  
Or lip, mailed in the arrogance  
Of life? O Friend, withhold no glance  
Of love, or word of courtesy.

“ Ponder with carefulness, and own  
All win as thou — are as thou art —  
Think of the beggar in the heart —  
Think what the silent stars have known.”

Edgar Allan Poe is read, — at least as to his poetry, — by all who lay any claim to the love of literature. His prose tales, voluminous and already a little antiquated as to literary touch, alluringly brought out, as they are, in the complete edition of his works so ably edited by Edmund Clarence Stedman and Professor George A. Woodbury, are not yet in any sense popularized. Yet we find Mr. Stedman saying that in Poe's "Tales" is found "the fullest expression of his genius." Tennyson estimated Poe as the

most remarkable of American poets. Mr. Stedman's judgment is that Poe will long hold a niche in the world's Valhalla,— “not for a many sided inspiration, . . . but as one who gazed so intently at a single point that he became self-hypnotized, and rehearsed most musically the visions of his trance; not through human sympathy, or dramatic scope and truth, but through his individuality tempered by the artistic nature which seizes upon one's own grief or exultation for creative use; most of all, perhaps, as one whose prophetic invention anticipated the future, and throve before its time and in a country foreign to its needs—as if a passion-flower should come to growth in some northern forest and at a season when blight is in the air.”

The opening lines of Poe's poem “To Helen” breathe, indeed, the fragrance of this passion-flower.

“ I saw thee once — once only — years ago :  
I must not say *how* many — but *not* many.  
It was a July midnight ; and from out  
A full-orbed moon, that like thine own soul, soaring,  
Sought a precipitate pathway up through heaven,  
There fell a silvery-silken veil of light,  
With quietude, and sultriness and slumber,

---

Upon the upturn'd faces of a thousand  
Roses that grew in an enchanted garden,  
Where no wind dared to stir, unless on tiptoe —  
Fell on the upturn'd faces of these roses  
That gave out, in return for the love-light,  
Their odorous souls in an ecstatic death —  
Fell on the upturned faces of these roses  
That smiled and died in this parterre enchanted  
By thee, and by the poetry of thy presence."

In "Israfel," "Ulalume," "The City in the Sea," "The Haunted Palace," are revealed a lyrical quality and imaginative power that are a very glory of romance. These stanzas from "Israfel" merit Mr. Stedman's praise, as being "transcendent, — a lyric phrasing of minstrelsy throughout : —

"The ecstasies above  
With thy burning measures suit :  
Thy grief, thy joy, thy hate, thy love,  
With the fervor of thy lute :  
Well may the stars be mute !

"Yes, Heaven is thine ; but this  
Is a world of sweets and sour ;  
Our flowers are merely — flowers,  
And the shadow of thy perfect bliss  
Is the sunshine of ours."

Of all the poems of Poe, the most unique and imaginative, despite the world-wide popu-

larity of "The Raven," is his "Ulalume." It cannot be quoted unless given entire, which its length forbids. Never was there a more perfectly organic poem, in which no stanza, or line, or word could be detached or changed. That lyric of flawless beauty, "To One in Paradise," is elsewhere presented in these pages.

No citation from the poets could fail to include Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson's beautiful sonnet to the memory of Helen Hunt, —

"O soul of fire within a woman's clay !  
 Lifting with slender hands a race's wrong,  
 Whose mute appeal hushed all thine early song,  
 And taught thy passionate heart the loftier way, —  
 What shall thy place be in the realm of day ?  
 What disembodied world can hold thee long,  
 Binding thy turbulent pulse with spell more strong ?  
 Dwell'st thou with wit and jest where poets may,  
 Or with ethereal women (born of air  
 And poets' dreams), dost live in ecstasy,  
 Teach new love-thoughts to Shakespeare's Juliet fair,  
 New moods to Cleopatra ? Then set free,  
 The woes of Shelley's Helen thou dost share,  
 Or weep with poor Rossetti's Rose Mary."

In Wordsworth's "Laodamia" are these faultless stanzas : —



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“He spake of love, such love as Spirits feel  
In worlds whose course is equable and pure ;  
No fears to beat away — no strife to heal —  
The past unsighed for, and the future sure ;  
Spake of heroic arts in graver mood  
Revived, with finer harmony pursued ;

“Of all that is most beauteous — imaged there  
In happier beauty ; more pellucid streams,  
An ampler ether, a diviner air,  
And fields invested with purpureal gleams ;  
Climes which the sun, who sheds the brightest day  
Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey.”

In “The Blessed Damozel,” of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, is a splendor of picturing elsewhere noted in these pages, and in his “Sudden Light” what a subtle touch !

“I have been here before,  
But when or how I cannot tell :  
I know the grass beyond the door,  
The sweet keen smell,  
The sighing sound, the lights around the shore.

“You have been mine before, —  
How long ago I may not know :  
But just when at that swallow’s soar  
Your neck turned so,  
Some veil did fall, — I knew it all of yore.

“Has this been thus before ?

And shall not thus time's eddying flight

Still with our lives our loves restore

In death's despite,

And day and night yield one delight once more ?”

In both Dante Gabriel and Christina Rossetti is found this elusive subtlety; and in Heine; occasionally in Jean Ingelow, as in “A Dead Year,” and Stephen Phillips abounds in subtlety and may almost be said to be the master of this art of delicate suggestion. How exquisite an example of it are these lines from Lowell: —

“Sometimes a breath floats by me,

An odor from Dreamland sent,

That makes the ghost seem nigh me

Of a splendor that came and went,

Of a life lived somewhere, I know not

In what diviner sphere,

Of memories that stay not and go not,

Like music heard once by an ear

That cannot forget or reclaim it,

A something so shy, it would shame it

To make it a show,

A something too vague, could I name it

For others to know,

As if I had lived it or dreamed it,

As if I had acted or schemed it,

Long ago !”

In William Watson it is found both in his "Lachrymaë Musarum," and in the poem entitled "In Laleham Churchyard," in which occurs the stanza : —

“ With those Elect he shall survive  
Who seem not to compete or strive,  
Yet with the foremost still arrive,  
Prevailing still ;  
Spirits, with whom the stars connive  
To work their will.”

A sonnet whose only claim is that it was written to Kate Field for her first Christmas in the Unseen World (included in a collection of verse called "From Dreamland Sent") is entitled "Anchorage."

“ When life is dark, and love and light seem gone ;  
When the resounding storms around me rage, —  
There falls upon me, fair as rose of dawn,  
Thy heaven-won peace, lent for mine anchorage.  
Ah Love ! if thou the rose and I the thorn may wear ;  
If thou the gladness, I the sorrow share, —  
Then e'en the bitterness were sweet to taste ;  
Then e'en the Wilderness of want and waste  
I fain would tread ; content to bear my part  
Of the world's burdens ; since for thee, Sweetheart,  
The Christ's sweet peace ; in which thou shalt abide  
While I, without thee, keep this Christmas-tide.  
Nor shall I faint or fall for lack of wage ;  
Thy joy, Belovèd, is mine anchorage.”

A haunting example of pathetic tenderness breathes through these stanzas from Katherine Tynan Hinckman's "Louise de la Vallière": —

"Take my bruised heart in those fair hands of Thine;  
In the white city where Thy love doth shine,  
It will find healing through the centuries;  
Hasten the hour for which I faint and pine,

"When I shall lie with broken failing breath,  
Hearing the steps of one who hasteneth, —  
Flame-shod, but garmented with gray, is he,  
Thy messenger, Thy fair strong angel, Death.

"I am but this, a broken reed that He  
Hath bound with His strong fingers tenderly.  
Lord! where Thy Father's many mansions shine  
Wilt Thou not keep a last least place for me?"

Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford dons her singing robes gracefully and among her poems there is one which is unique in all the literature of poetry, entitled, simply, "Brontë." It is one that lingers in memory and the first stanza is as follows: —

"There are two ghosts upon the stair!  
One is so slender and so fair —  
The grave-light faints upon her hair,  
And falls and follows as she stirs  
With the old grace that once was hers,

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Stirs on that chill and furtive breath  
Blown from the frozen halls of death.  
A dream, a film, along the air —  
There are two ghosts upon the stair.”

The graceful beauty of the poems of Richard Watson Gilder is reflected in his “Songs,” and in “I Count my Time by Times that I Meet Thee.”

“ I count my time by times that I meet thee ;  
These are my yesterdays, my morrows, noons,  
And nights ; these my old moons and my new moons.  
Slow fly the hours, or fast the hours do flee,  
If thou art far from or art near to me :  
If thou art far, the bird tunes are no tunes ;  
If thou art near, the wintry days are Junes, —  
Darkness is light, and sorrow cannot be.  
Thou art my dream come true, and thou my dream ;  
The air I breathe, the world wherein I dwell ;  
My journey’s end thou art, and thou the way ;  
Thou art what I would be, yet only seem ;  
Thou art my heaven and thou art my hell ;  
Thou art my ever-living judgment-day.”

In the “Songs” we find : —

“ Not from the whole wide world I chose thee,  
Sweetheart, light of the land and the sea !  
The wide, wide world could not inclose thee,  
For thou art the whole wide world to me.”

“ Years have flown since I knew thee first,  
And I know thee as water is known of thirst ;  
Yet I knew thee of old at the first sweet sight,  
And thou art strange to me, Love, to-night.”

For one more of those haunting lyrics of Mr. Gilder's must space be claimed, — the lines entitled "After-Song."

"Through love to light! Oh wonderful the way  
That leads from darkness to the perfect day!  
From darkness and from sorrow of the night  
To morning that comes singing o'er the sea.  
Through love to light! Through light, O God, to thee,  
Who art the love of love, the eternal light of light!"

One of the deepest truths in life is embodied in a lyric entitled "Then," by Rose Terry Cooke.

"I give thee treasures, hour by hour,  
That old-time princes asked in vain,  
And pined for in their useless power  
Or died of passion's eager pain.

"I give thee love as God gives light,  
Aside from merit or from prayer;  
Rejoicing in its own delight,  
And freer than the lavish air.

"I give thee prayers like jewels strung  
On golden beads of hope and fear,  
And tenderer thoughts than ever hung  
In a sad angel's pitying tear.

"As earth pours freely to the sea  
Its thousand streams of wealth untold,  
So flows my silent life to thee —  
Glad that its very sands are gold.

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“What care I for thy carelessness?  
I give from depths that overflow;  
Regardless that their power to bless  
Thy spirit cannot sound or know.

“Far lingering on a distant dawn  
My triumph shines more sweet than late;  
When, from these mortal mists withdrawn,  
Thine heart shall know me — I can wait.”

There are lyrics of Arthur O'Shaughnessy that might well be included in any poetic *résumé*; and of Swinburne in his wonderful “Hymn to Proserpine,” the “Mater Triumphalis,” “A Match,” “Rococo,” “Itylus,” and “The Triumph of Time,” with such lines as, —

“Life sweet as perfume and pure as a prayer,”

and again, —

“As a rose is fulfilled to the rose-leaf tips  
With splendid summer and perfume and pride.”

The closing stanzas of “The Triumph of Time” are as follows: —

“I shall go my ways, tread out my measure!  
Fill the days of my daily breath  
With fugitive things not good to treasure,  
Do as the world doth, say as it saith;  
But if we had loved each other — O sweet,  
Had you felt, lying under the palms of your feet,  
The heart of my heart, beating harder with pleasure  
To feel you tread it to dust and death —

“Ah, had I not taken my life up and given  
 All that life gives and the years let go,  
 The wine and honey, the balm and leaven,  
 The dreams reared high and the hopes brought low?  
 Come life, come death, not a word be said;  
 Should I lose you living, and vex you dead?  
 I never shall tell you on earth; and in heaven,  
 If I cry to you then, will you hear or know?”

Swinburne's lyric “In Memory of Walter Savage Landor” is one of the most exquisite in all literature. It opens with these stanzas:—

“Back to the flower-town, side by side,  
 The bright months bring,  
 New-born, the bridegroom and the bride,  
 Freedom and spring.

“The sweet land laughs from sea to sea,  
 Filled full of sun;  
 All things come back to her, being free;  
 All things but one.

“I came as one whose thoughts half linger,  
 Half run before;  
 The youngest to the oldest singer  
 That England bore.

“Not with disdain of days that were  
 Look earthward now;  
 Let dreams revive the reverend hair,  
 The imperial brow;



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“Come back in sleep, for in the life  
Where thou art not  
We find none like thee. Time and strife  
And the world's lot

“Move thee no more ; but love at least  
And reverent heart  
May move thee, royal and released,  
Soul, as thou art.

“And thou, his Florence, to thy trust  
Receive and keep,  
Keep safe his dedicated dust,  
His sacred sleep.

“So shall thy lovers, come from far,  
Mix with thy name  
As morning-star with evening-star  
His faultless fame.”

A lyric of Robert Louis Stevenson's that clings to the memory is complete in these two stanzas : —

“Under the wide and starry sky,  
Dig my grave and let me die ;  
Glad did I live and gladly die,  
And I laid me down with a will.

“This be the verse you grave for me ;  
Here he lies where he longed to be ;  
Home is the sailor, home from sea,  
And the hunter home from the hill.”

In another vein is Mr. H. C. Bunner's charming “Arcady.”

“ There was a time when life was new —  
 But far away, and half forgot —  
 I only know her eyes were blue ;  
 But Love — I fear I knew it not.  
 We did not wed, for lack of gold,  
 And she is dead, and I am old.  
 All things have come since then to me,  
 Save Love, ah, Love! and Arcady.”

Christina Rossetti has written poems that are poetry for the poets, as this exquisite sonnet, entitled “ Remember ” : —

“ Remember me when I am gone away,  
 Gone far away into the silent land ;  
 When you can no more hold me by the hand,  
 Nor I half turn to go yet turning stay.  
 Remember me when no more, day by day,  
 You tell me of our future that you planned :  
 Only remember me ; you understand  
 It will be late to counsel then or pray.  
 Yet if you should forget me for a while  
 And afterwards remember, do not grieve :  
 For if the darkness and corruption leave  
 A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,  
 Better by far you should forget and smile  
 Than that you should remember and be sad.”

One of the most exquisite stanzas in lyric literature is this, from the ode “ On a Grecian Urn ” of Keats : —

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“ Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard  
Are sweeter ; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on ;  
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear’d,  
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone.  
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave  
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare.  
Bold lover, never, never canst thou kiss,  
Though winning near the goal, — yet do not grieve :  
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss ;  
Forever wilt thou love, and she be fair ! ”

A lovely lyric by Doctor Holmes, “ After a Lecture on Keats,” will always be remembered in connection with him, of which some lines are, —

“ The wreath that star-crowned Shelley gave  
Is lying on thy Roman grave,  
Yet on its turf young April sets  
Her store of slender violets ;  
Though all the Gods their garlands shower,  
I too may bring one purple flower.

“ Meek child of earth ! thou wilt not shame  
The sweet, dead poet’s holy name ;  
The God of music gave thee birth,  
Called from the crimson-spotted earth,  
Where, sobbing his young life away,  
His own fair Hyacinthus lay.  
The hyacinth my garden gave  
Shall lie upon that Roman grave ! ”

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A poem entitled "Theocritus" by Annie Fields has these beautiful lines : —

“ And unto thee, Theocritus,  
    To thee,  
    The immortal childhood of the world,  
    The laughing waters of an inland sea,  
    And beckoning signal of a sail unfurled ! ”

Robert Underwood Johnson gives this picture of Browning's "Venice" in the stanzas, —

“ This is the loggia Browning loved,  
    High on the flank of the friendly town;  
These are the hills that his keen eye roved,  
    The green like a cataract leaping down  
    To the plain that his pen gave new renown.

“ There to the West what a range of blue ! —  
The very background Titian drew  
    To his peerless Loves ! O tranquil scene !  
Who than thy poet fondlier knew  
    The peaks and the shore and the lore between !

“ See ! yonder 's his Venice — the valiant Spire,  
    Highest one of the perfect three,  
Guarding the others : the Palace choir  
The Temple flashing with opal fire —  
    Bubble and foam of the sunlit sea.”

The songs of Uhland, Freiligrath, Eichendorff, Wilhelm Müller, and Heine, representing the German romantic poetry, are singularly rich in

beauty and melody but, like the lyrics of the French and Italian, can only be adequately appreciated in their own tongue. One little song of Heine's,

“Mein Liebchen, wir sassen zusammen,”

is thus translated :—

“My darling, we sat together,  
We two, in our frail boat;  
The night was calm o'er the wide sea  
Whereon we were afloat.

“The Spectre-Island, the lovely,  
Lay dim in the moon's mild glance;  
There sounded sweetest music,  
There waved the shadowy dance.

“It sounded sweeter and sweeter,  
It waved there to and fro;  
But we slid past forlornly  
Upon the great sea-flow.”

The lyrical translations of Mr. Longfellow from the German poets offer the most perfect approach to their spirit that can possibly be given through another language, for in Mr. Longfellow the choicest scholarly acquirement of the foreign tongue and the most sympathetic and exquisite interpretation of the poet's art were united.

Only a poet can translate poetry. Mr. Longfellow transforms almost rather than translates, simply retaining the most delicate perfection of the thought, re-embodied in a new form.

A lesson of life, sometimes learned too late, is suggested in John Boyle O'Reilly's poem, entitled "A Lost Friend."

"My friend he was ; my friend from all the rest ;  
With childlike faith he oped to me his breast ;  
No door was locked on altar, grave, or grief ;  
No weakness veiled, concealed no disbelief ;  
The hope, the sorrow and the wrong were bare,  
And ah, the shadow only showed the fair.

"I gave him love for love ; but, deep within,  
I magnified each frailty into sin ;  
Each hill-topped foible in the sunset glowed,  
Obscuring vales where rivered virtues flowed.  
Reproof became reproach, till common grew  
The captious word at every fault I knew.  
He smiled upon the censorship, and bore  
With patient love the touch that wounded sore ;  
Until at length, so had my blindness grown,  
He knew I judged him by his faults alone.

"Alone, of all men, I who knew him best,  
Refused the gold, to take the dross for test.  
Cold strangers honored for the worth they saw,  
His friend forgot the diamond in the flaw.

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“ At last it came — the day he stood apart,  
When from my eyes he proudly veiled his heart ;  
When carping judgment and uncertain word  
A stern resentment in his bosom stirred ;  
When in his face I read what I had been,  
And with his vision saw what he had seen.

“ Too late! too late! Oh, could he then have known,  
When his love died that mine had perfect grown ;  
That when the veil was drawn, abased, chastised  
The censor stood, the lost one truly prized.  
Too late we learn — a man must hold his friend  
Unjudged, accepted, trusted to the end.”

Friendship, in the sense of that perfect sympathetic response that asks nothing of speech, or sign, or outward token ; that forgets itself in pure and unfaltering devotion to all that makes for the well-being and the happiness of its object, is a thing so rare that even one expression of it makes life rich, and no one can afford to “ forget the diamond in the flaw ” of this high quality of regard. Mr. O'Reilly's poems are full of this noble sincerity, and in their greatness of soul are akin to the poetry of Lowell, of which “ A Glance Behind the Curtain,” “ Columbus,” and the “ Commemoration Ode,” contain much of the poet's best philosophy. The “ Columbus,” is one of the noblest poems in all literature, and it

was a just tribute, indeed, that Charlotte Cushman gave to it in asking that it be read aloud, again, in her closing hours on earth. It abounds in felicitous lines, —

“At once a new thought’s king and prisoner.”

How that expression embodies the thrill and the thralldom of a new idea. Of the hero of destiny, Mr. Lowell says, —

“A hand is stretched to him from out the dark,  
Which grasping without question, he is led  
Where there is work that he must do for God.”

How impressive are these lines : —

“Endurance is the crowning quality,  
And patience all the passion of great hearts.”

“One faith against a whole earth’s unbelief.”

“For me, I have no choice ;  
I might turn back to other destinies,  
For one sincere key opes all Fortunes doors ;  
But whoso answers not God’s earliest call  
Forfeits or dulls that faculty supreme  
Of lying open to his genius  
Which makes the wise heart certain of its ends.”

“. . . One day, with life and heart,  
Is more than time enough to find a world.”



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In "A Glance Behind the Curtain," are these lines, that embody a deep truth of daily experience : —

" We see but half the causes of our deeds,  
Seeking them wholly in the outer life,  
And heedless of the encircling spirit-world,  
Which, though unseen, is felt, and sows in us,  
All germs of pure and world-wide purposes.  
From one stage of our being to the next  
We pass unconscious o'er a slender bridge,  
The momentary work of unseen hands,  
Which crumbles down behind us ; looking back,  
We see the other shore, the gulf between,  
And, marvelling how we won to where we stand,  
Content ourselves to call the builder Chance."

" An Incident in a Railroad Car " is one of the finest and yet the least-known, generally, of all Lowell's poems. Some one spoke of Burns, and —

    ". . . men rude and rough  
    Pressed round to hear the praise of one  
Whose heart was made of manly, simple stuff,  
    As homespun as their own.

    ". . . . .  
" Never did Poesy appear  
    So full of heaven to me, as when  
I saw how it would pierce through pride and fear  
    To the lives of coarsest men.

“ It may be glorious to write  
Thoughts that shall glad the two or three  
High souls, like those far stars that come in sight  
Once in a century, —

“ But better far it is to speak  
One simple word, which now and then  
Shall waken their free nature in the weak  
And friendless sons of men ! ”

The æsthetic poets, — the symbolist, the mystic, the skilled writer of rondel and triolet, of rondeau and ballade and sonnet, have their place in poetic art ; but as literature exists for life and not life for the production of literature, the simple verse, embodying generous and exalted sentiment, must never be undervalued in any commentary on poetry.

In the way of exquisite art, however, how perfect is the lyric by F. W. Bourdillon, —

“ The night has a thousand eyes,  
And the day but one ;  
Yet the light of the bright world dies  
With the dying sun.

“ The mind has a thousand eyes,  
And the heart but one ;  
Yet the light of a whole life dies  
When love is done ! ”

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The poems of Matthew Arnold contain beauty that makes itself appreciated, the defect lying in the doubting notes, — in his absence of immortal trust and glad assurance. “The poet gives us the eminent experiences only,” says Emerson, and the assertion indicates a standard by which one may well judge poetic rank. The poems “Dover Beach,” “Empedocles on Etna,” “Thyrsis,” and “Calais Sands,” embody Mr. Arnold’s finest work with which familiarity is desirable more as a matter of literary information rather than for any stimulus to nobler life that they have power to impart. And it is this power which is the test by which literary merit will more and more fully be judged in the intellectual development of the future.

“ Give me truths  
For I am weary of the surfaces  
And die of inanition ”

will be a demand of the Twentieth Century.

Edward Dowden’s “Sonnets” are among those to be included in the reading of poetry, and the poems of Frederic W. H. Myers are instinct with the heroic and lofty note of his noble life. One of the most impressive of the poems of Mr.

Myers is that entitled "Honour," in which these lines occur : —

" A man and woman together, a man and woman apart,  
 In the stress of the soul's worst weather, the anchor-  
 less ebb of the heart,  
 They can say to each other no longer as lovers were  
 wont to say,  
 'Death is strong, but Love is stronger; there is night  
 and then there is day! '  
 Their souls can whisper no more, 'There is better  
 than sleep in the sod,  
 We await the ineffable shore and between us two  
 there is God.'  
 Nay, now, without hope or dream, must true friend  
 sever from friend,  
 With the long years worse than they seem, and nothing-  
 ness black at the end,  
 And the darkness of death is upon her, the light of his  
 eyes is dim,  
 But Honour has spoken, Honour, enough for her and  
 for him."

In a poem by Mr. Myers on Shelley occurs this stanza : —

"But oft in vain shall love be given  
 When mighty spirits mourn alone ;  
 Too rarely, rarely falls from heaven  
 A woman-heart to match their own;  
 He saw his Vision smile in sleep  
 And close she seemed and floated far.  
 Life long across life's darkling deep  
 He chased that image of a Star."

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An intense and passionate spiritual cry is expressed by Frederic Myers in a lyric of eight lines entitled "A Last Appeal."

"O somewhere, somewhere, God, unknown  
Exist and be!  
I am dying; I am all alone;  
I must have Thee!

"God! God! my sense, my soul, my all  
Dies in the cry:—  
Saw'st Thou the faint star flame and fall?  
Ah! it was I."

As a writer of prose Mr. Myers holds enduring rank. Two volumes of "Essays," one on classical themes, the other a collection of critical papers on Mazzini, George Sand, Victor Hugo, Dean Stanley, Renan, George Eliot, and others, remain. But his great work entitled "Human Personality" was left unpublished at his death (which occurred suddenly in February of 1901), and will appear enriched by the editorship of Dr. Richard Hodgson. In his essay on Mazzini we find Mr. Myers saying,—

"What can we ask of the sum of things but an eternity of love, an eternity of virtue,—to mount upwards to the utmost limits of the conceivable, and

still be at the beginning of our hope? High thoughts bring a deep serenity. . . .”

One of the deepest expressions of pathos in poetry is in “The Last Leaf” of Doctor Holmes. Lincoln was a great lover of this poem, and he remarked that the stanza —

“The mossy marbles rest  
On the lips that he has pressed  
    In their bloom ;  
And the names he loved to hear  
Have been carved for many a year  
    On the tomb”

was to him the purest example of pathos in all literature. This poem, written by Doctor Holmes in his early, joyous youth, proved to be curiously prophetic of his own life.

There is an endless and ever-increasing mass of the false pathos in poetry; the merely sentimental which must not be mistaken for the poetry of sentiment. Mere regret and depression of spirits and lamentations in general over the endless iniquities of an ungrateful world are in nowise pathos in its true sense. That which truly touches the heart must stir deeper emotion than weak repining or regret. For, with any real

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trial, whatever the loss or the disaster, Hope and Faith stand as attendant angels. There is something in the spirit of man that rises superior to every real trial and tragedy.

“Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with smile or frown;  
With that wild whirl we go not up or down,  
For man is man and master of his fate.”

The human will, when allied to the Divine will, is invincible.

A beautiful illustration of true pathos is in this little lyric of Edwin Arnold's, “Above a Dreamless Sleep,” —

“Sweet, on the daisies of your English grave  
I lay this little wreath of Indian flowers,  
Fragrant for me because the scent they have  
Breathes of the memory of our wedded hours.

“For others scentless; and for you, in heaven,  
Too pale and faded, dear, dead wife! to wear,  
Save that they mean — what makes all fault forgiven —  
That he who brings them lays his heart, too, there.”

A scene forever to be remembered was that of Tennyson's death when, “the full moon flooded the great landscape outside with light” and the poet lay on his bed, “a figure of breathing marble” and, clasping his Shake-

speare, opened the page in "Cymbeline" at the stanzas —

"Fear no more the heat o' th' sun,  
Nor the furious winter's rages;  
Thou thy worldly task hast done,  
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages.  
Golden lads and girls all must,  
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

"Fear no more the frown o' th' great;  
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;  
Care no more to clothe, and eat;  
To thee the reed is as the oak:  
The sceptre, learning, physic, must  
All follow this, and come to dust.

"Fear no more the lightning-flash,  
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;  
Fear not slander, censure rash;  
Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:  
All lovers young, all lovers must  
Consign to thee and come to dust.

"No exorciser harm thee!  
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!  
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!  
Nothing ill come near thee!  
Quiet consummation have;  
And renowned be thy grave!"

With these lines on his lips the poet passed to that unseen realm of whose nature he had said,



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“Spirit seems to me the reality of the world,”  
and when the seal of everlasting silence was  
placed upon his lips his son bent over him, re-  
peating his own prayer, —

“God accept him!  
Christ receive him!”



BOOK IV.  
THE CHARIOT OF THE SOUL.

*There is no frigate like a book  
To take us lands away,  
Nor any courser like a page  
Of prancing poetry.  
This traverse may the poorest take  
Without oppress of toil ;  
How frugal is the chariot  
That bears the human soul !*

EMILY DICKINSON.

*Our birth is but a sleep and forgetting ;  
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,  
Hath had elsewhere its setting  
And cometh from afar.  
Not in entire forgetfulness,  
And not in utter nakedness,  
But trailing clouds of glory do we come  
From God, who is our home.*


WORDSWORTH.

## THE CHARIOT OF THE SOUL.

The soul selects her own society  
Then shuts the door,  
On her divine majority  
Obtrude no more.

Unmoved, she notes the chariot's pausing  
At her low gate.  
Unmoved, an emperor is kneeling  
Upon her mat.

EMILY DICKINSON.

“HE soul selects her own society,” and in the poetry of Stephen Phillips she may discover royalty which she would not leave “kneeling upon her mat.” For he is the poet who has thrown open most widely the portals of the Twentieth Century, and his realistic conception of scientific and of spiritual possibilities are the prophecy of progress. It is no longer a matter of discussion as to whether Mr. Phillips is the coming poet. He has arrived. The answer comes with incredible swiftness and force in one

of the most impressive poems ever written by any poet in any age ; a poem that is the handwriting on the wall of this new century. It is entitled "Midnight, 1900." It is a marvelous creation in its impressive power, its stately, solemn measure. Its opening lines are, —

"Lo! now on the midnight the soul of the century passing.

And on midnight the voice of the Lord !

"I will lead out of hissing and venomous travail and vapor

To a city spacious and clear,

And I will abolish utterly smoke and confusion,

On roaring will set my feet."

And here is a vision of the life to be in this new century, —

"I will make me a city of gliding and wide-wayed silence,

With a highway of glass and of gold,

With life of a colored peace and a lucid leisure

Of smooth, electrical ease,

Of sweet excursion of noiseless and brilliant travel,

With room in your streets for the soul."

The forces that shall make for all commercial and industrial progress are thus suggested, —

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“And the stored strength of the tides ye shall use for  
your labor,  
And bind it to tasks and to toil ;  
Yet forget not the beauty of night in her coming and  
going.  
Forget not the sprinkled vault.  
Nor eve, with her floating bird and her lonely star,  
Nor the reddening clouds of the eve.  
Forget not the morn of the poet, nor stars of the  
dreamer,  
Though ye live like to spirits in ease.”

For the motive, the inner power that shall  
thus express itself in the outer world —

“Let them look to the inward things, to the searching of  
spirit ”

says the poet. And again is this vivid presenta-  
tion of the reality of all the theories and partial  
inventions that are now in the air, —

“For a man shall set his hand to a handle, and wither  
Invisible armies and fleets,  
And a lonely man with a breath shall exterminate  
armies,  
With a whisper annihilate fleets.  
And soul shall speak unto soul ; I weary of tongues ;  
I weary of battle and strife.  
Lo! I am the bonder and knitter together of spirits ;  
I dispense with nations and shores.”

Still further into the unseen the poet penetrates, —

“In the years that shall be ye shall harness the Powers  
of the ether,  
And drive them with reins as a steed.  
Ye shall ride as a Power of the air, on a Force that  
is bridled,  
On a saddled Element leap.  
And rays shall be as your coursers and heat as a  
carriage,  
And waves of the ether your wheels,  
And the thunder shall be as a servant — a slave that  
is ready,  
And the lightning as he that waits.  
Ye shall send on your business the blast, and the tem-  
pest on errands ;  
Ye shall use for your need, eclipse.”

The extension of sight and hearing shall compass what we now regard as the half supernatural powers of clairvoyance and clairaudience.

“In that day shall a man out of uttermost India whisper,  
And in England his friend shall hear,  
And a maiden in English sunshine have sight of her  
lover,  
And he behold her from Cathay.  
And the dead whom ye loved ye shall walk with, and  
speak with the lost.  
The delusion of Death shall pass,



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The delusion of mounded earth, the apparent withdrawal;  
Ye shall shed your bodies, and upward flutter to freedom."

In Stephen Phillips is a poet of that *vita nuova* on which we entered when the gates swung wide open on the mystic midnight of 1900-01 between the two centuries. Here, touched into vividness and intensity, is the vision of that which is to come. The true poet is the seer and beholds, as in vision, the dim Shapes and Veiled Destinies of the future.

A new poem is an event to be reckoned with, as is an eclipse of the sun, or an international war; and when "Herod," a work that is invested with much of the impassioned power of a Greek tragedy, appeared, it was the interest of the hour. "Can modern England produce a great tragedy?" is the question asked by one of the ablest London critics, and of the poetic quality of Mr. Phillips he added, —

"Critics have praised him for his sweetness and elegance; it is the presence of power and passion — power and passion attuned, it is true, to beauty — that has most impressed me."

Beauty, subtlety, and power have always impressed the readers of Stephen Phillips, but the strongest impression that comes to one on reading his "Herod" is the way in which the poet freighted the tragedy with personal emotion and personal experience, disguised under the emotion and experience of Herod and Mariamme. It is similar to the way in which Elizabeth Barrett Browning has told her own sacred and exquisite love story in her "Sonnets from the Portuguese." The poet can — perhaps he must — tell his story to the world, although he would shrink from making even the faintest allusion to his most intimate friend. Any intense personal experience makes itself a keynote to a new range of symphonic expression.

A lyric by Stephen Phillips, in his first published volume, that forever haunts its reader opens thus, —

“I in the greyness rose ;  
I could not sleep for thinking of one dead.  
Then to the chest I went,  
Where lie the things of my beloved spread.”

Then he took up, one by one, a little glove, a torn sheet of music, “paintings, ill done, perhaps,” her letters —

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“But these things moved me not;  
Not when she spoke of being parted quite,  
Or being misunderstood,  
Or growing weary of the world’s great fight.”

And even when she wrote of their dead child —  
that, too, he could bear.

“Not even when she wrote  
Of our dead child, and the hand-writing swerved;  
Not even then I shook:  
Not even by such words was I unnerved.

“I thought, she is at peace;  
Whither the child is gone, she too has passed.  
And a much needed rest  
Is fallen upon her, she is still at last.”

The one thing he could not bear was when he  
came to a little pleasantry. “Her saddest words  
I had read calmly o’er,” he writes, and then  
follows this subtle, wonderful stanza: —

“A hurried happy line!  
A little jest, too slight for one so dead:  
This did I not endure:  
Then with a shuddering heart no more I read.”

In “Marpessa,” Mr. Phillips has touched a  
note unsurpassed in all the literature of poetry.  
Its motif is found in the legend that Zeus gave

Marpessa her choice between the god Apollo and Idas, a mortal, whereon she chose Idas. With the god her life would be translated to some enchanted region remote from all the mingled experiences of humanity; with Idas, she would share the common lot of destiny with its prismatic blending of failure and success, of purpose and achievement, of hope and defeat, of love and sorrow. She would live as woman, not as goddess. The poem opens on a summer night, when Idas —

“ . . . tossed upon his couch, and cried  
‘Marpessa, O Marpessa!’ From the dark  
The floating smell of flowers invisible,  
The mystic yearning of the garden wet,  
The moonless-passing night — into his brain  
Wandered, until he rose and outward leaned  
In the dim summer: ’t was the moment deep  
When we are conscious of the secret dawn,  
Amid the darkness that we feel is green.”

In the morning when —

“The summer day, was at her blue deep hour  
Of lilies musical with busy bliss,  
When very light trembled as with excess,  
And heat was frail, and every bush and flower  
Was drooping in the glory overcome”

---

Idas, Apollo, and Marpessa met. The god told her how he lived —

“For ever in a deep deliberate bliss,  
A spirit sliding through tranquillity”

and he saw Marpessa's life had been —

“The history of a flower in the air,  
Liable but to breezes and to time,  
As rich and purposeless as is the rose :  
Thee God created but to grow, not strive,  
And not to suffer, merely to be sweet.”

Apollo promised that if she chose life with him she should dwell —

“In mere felicity above the world.”

Then Idas pleaded that he loved her, not only for her beauty, —

“That jar of violet wine set in the air,  
That palest rose sweet in the night of life ;” —

but also —

“Because Infinity upon thee broods.”

Then Marpessa made her choice. She might forego all sorrow, —

“Yet would I not forego the doom, the place,  
Whither my poets and my heroes went  
Before me ; warriors that with deeds forlorn  
Saddened my youth, yet made it great to live ;

Lonely antagonists of Destiny,  
 That went down scornful before many spears,  
 Who soon as we are born, are straight our friends;  
 And live in simple music, country songs,  
 And mournful ballads by the winter fire.

. . . . .  
 " . . . Then, thou speak'st of joy,  
 Of immortality without one sigh,  
 Existence without tears for evermore.  
 Thou would'st preserve me from the anguish, lest  
 This holy face into the dark return.  
 Yet I being human, human sorrow miss.

. . . . .  
 "But if I live with Idas, then we two  
 On the low earth shall prosper hand in hand  
 In odours of the open field, and live  
 In peaceful noises of the farm, and watch  
 The pastoral fields burned by the setting sun.  
 And he shall give me passionate children, not  
 Some radiant god that will despise me quite,  
 But clambering limbs and little hearts that err.  
 And I shall sleep beside him in the night,  
 And fearful from some dream shall touch his hand  
 Secure; or at some festival we two  
 Will wander through the lighted city streets;  
 And in the crowd I'll take his arm and feel  
 Him closer for the press. So shall we live.

. . . . .  
 "Beautiful friendship tried by sun and wind,  
 Durable from the daily dust of life.  
 And though with sadder, still with kinder eyes,  
 We shall behold all frailties, we shall haste to pardon.

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“Then though we must grow old, we shall grow old  
Together, and he shall not greatly miss  
My bloom faded, and waning light of eyes,  
Too deeply gazed in ever to seem dim ;  
Nor shall we murmur at, nor much regret  
The years that gently bend us to the ground,  
And gradually incline our face ; that we  
Leisurely stooping, and with each slow step,  
May curiously inspect our lasting home.  
But we shall sit with luminous holy smiles,  
Endeared by many griefs, by many a jest,  
And custom sweet of living side by side ;  
And full of memories not unkindly glance  
Upon each other.”

Life and love grow finer and more beautiful  
by such thought expressed in lyric art.

The poetry of Walt Whitman is justly held to  
be among that of the poets who are prophets.  
One of the finest of his expressions is “When  
Lilacs last in the Door-yard Bloomed.”

“When lilacs last in the door-yard bloom’d,  
And the great star early droop’d in the western sky in  
the night,  
I mourn’d — and yet shall mourn with ever-returning  
spring.”

Of death we find Mr. Whitman saying, —

“ Come lovely and soothing death,  
Undulate round the world, serenely arriving, arriving,  
In the day, in the night, to all, to each,  
Sooner or later, delicate death.

“ Prais'd be the fathomless universe,  
For life and joy, and for objects and knowledge  
curious,  
And for love, sweet love — but praise! praise! praise!  
For the sure-enwinding arms of cool-enfolding death. ”

Although Carlyle declares that man lives, works, and has his being, consciously or unconsciously, through symbols, yet symbolism in literature must be regarded as something of an arbitrary and artificial movement rather than as one of the deep and eternal currents. Its earliest manifestation can be traced to Gérard de Nerval, if indeed, it have one and not many sources, and the group of symbolist poets may easily include Villiers De L'Isle Adam, Arthur Rimbaud, Paul Verlaine, Jules Laforgue, Stéphane Mallarmé, and Jovis Karl Huysmans.

Gérard de Nerval demanded of life, first of all, that it should be dramatic and that he should be cast for the star rôle. “ I like to arrange my life as if it were a novel,” he said, “ I do not ask of God that He should change events, but



that He should change me in regard to things, so that I might have the power to create my own universe about me, to govern my dreams instead of enduring them." It would seem that his craving for the dramatic was gratified to the degree that suggests the man who sent the broom-stick for water and, forgetting the incantation to stop the supply, was drowned. Monsieur de Nerval had his romantic adventures and to spare, and as he finally died a suicide, the moral of his life may be that there is something to be said for taking life as it is and quietly doing one's duty. Of his work there is little that is entitled to live, but the "*Le Rêve et la Vie*" and "*Les Illuminés*" are worth the reading.

In the Paris Exposition of 1900 there was a portrait of Paul Verlaine that attracted by its very repulsion. It was a face, not as Wordsworth sings, —

"A countenance in which did meet  
Sweet records, promises as sweet,"

but rather terrible records and wonderful promises. A face of strange and totally incongruous possibilities it was, yet the face of the most musical singer of France.

Mallarmé is simple and sincere, but as a poet he gave disproportionate time to the carving of cherry-stones. He did so exquisitely much that was hardly worth the doing, and leaves, as the contribution of a life, a small volume of poems choice in artistic finish but not great in thought.

Professor Charles Eliot Norton has spoken of the great importance of the daily reading of imaginative literature. The most significant truth in life lies just beyond the most subtle or delicate forms of human expression; it is not vague, — on the contrary, it is most clearly defined and full of vividness and color; but it lies within the mysterious realm of silences, and is to be divined by intuition and imagination. Pascal expresses this sense of the unrevealed mystery of the humanity when he says: “Ce qui m'étonne le plus est de voir que tout le monde n'est pas étonné de sa faiblesse;” and this sense of ignorance and mystery closely allies itself with the most unfaltering trust in unseen aid and guidance.

“My bark is wafted o'er the sea  
By aid divine;  
For on the prow there rests a Hand  
Other than mine.”

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The basis of all imaginative and poetic beauty in literature is, in the last analysis, absolute trust in the divine. Maeterlinck, speaking of all this mystic region of life, says, —

“We possess a self more profound and more boundless than the self of passions or of pure reason. There comes a moment when the phenomenon of our customary consciousness is often interesting in its way, and that it is often necessary to know it thoroughly. But it is a surface plant and its roots fear the great central fire of our being. I may commit a crime without the least breath stirring the tiniest flame of this fire ; and on the other hand, the crossing of a single glance, a thought which never comes into being, a minute which passes without the utterance of a word, may rouse it into terrible agitations in the depths of its retreat, and cause it to overflow upon my life. Our soul does not judge as we judge ; it is a capricious and hidden thing. It can be reached by a breath and be unconscious of a tempest. Let us find out what reaches it ; everything is there, for it is there that we ourselves are.”

It is all this inner hidden life, — “the soul’s country,” in which alone we truly meet and know each other, that is touched and stirred and fed

and developed by imaginative literature. It is the *Art Poétique* that invests life with significance as well as with charm. And it is by charm, by enchantment, that we must, after all, chiefly live; that is to say, enchantment is the magic which is really the working force, the sustaining energy of all effort and endeavors.

Frederic Harrison observes that, of all men, the book-lover needs to be reminded that man's business is to know for the sake of living, and not live for the sake of knowing, and to the end of living well the philosophers contribute incalculable aid. Locke's great work on the "Understanding;" Bacon; Fichte, whose philosophic thought is an invaluable aid to the harmonious development of all the faculties; the writings of Descartes, Pascal, Le Sage and Montesquieu; of Humboldt, Spinoza, and Schopenhauer, who, albeit a pessimist, has much to say that is worth knowing. Of the enjoyment of thought Schopenhauer says, —

“In the realm of reality, however fair, happy, and pleasant it may prove to be, we always move controlled by the law of gravity, which we must be unceasingly overcoming. While in the realm of

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thought we are disembodied spirits, uncontrolled by the law of gravity and free from penury.

“This is why there is no happiness on earth like that which at the propitious moment a fine and fruitful mind finds in itself.”

And of reading, —

“There is nothing that so greatly recreates the mind as the works of the old classic writers. Directly one has been taken up, even if it is only for half an hour, one feels as quickly refreshed, relieved, purified, elevated, and strengthened as if one had refreshed one self at a mountain stream. Is this due to the perfections of the old languages, or to the greatness of the minds whose works have remained unharmed and untouched for centuries? Perhaps to both combined.”

The greatest of philosophical thinkers are Kant and Hegel, and Kant's “*Critique on Pure Reason*,” and Hegel's “*Metaphysics*” and “*Lectures on the Philosophy of History*,” are among the immortal works. Dr. William T. Harris finds Hegel's greatest merit to be as the interpreter of the deepest thought of all nations. His “*Lectures on the Philosophy of History*” is

a work to be studied rather than merely read. Doctor Harris himself confesses that he has read it nine times and that at each new reading valuable thought that had heretofore escaped him appeared. Of the "Critique" Doctor Harris observes that the year he "broke through its shell" he felt he had made an intellectual step as great as the entire step from birth up to the time that he began to study Kant. "The relation of time and space to reason seemed to me to assure the immortality of man and the personality of God," he adds; and of Hegel's logic he says, "I felt myself ushered into a high court of reason. The defects of such ideas as quality, quantity, cause, identity, force, as world-principles, are exhibited in a manner that reminds one of Spinoza, '*Sub specie aeternitatis.*' All the conditions of petty details of terrestrial affairs seem to fall away."

Herbert Spencer's "Data of Ethics" and "Synthetic Philosophy" are indispensable works, as may also be classed John Stuart Mill's "On Liberty," and John Morley's "Compromise," "Voltaire," and "Rousseau." John Stuart Mill, albeit an influence that is swept some-

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what down the current of time and change, contributes too much of valuable thought to philosophy, social, moral, and political theories, to be neglected. Mr. Morley, writing of Mr. Mill a quarter of a century ago, places him as a leading intellectual authority, in some respects greater than Hume, Carlyle, or Spencer. Dr. John Fiske estimated Spencer as the master in modern philosophy, and the consensus of critical judgment supports Doctor Fiske's conviction.

Gibbon's history which has been one of the sign-posts of every prescribed "course of reading," is to be supplemented by his "Autobiography and Letters," which illuminate his historical work; and the great histories of Mommsen, von Ranke, Macaulay, Bancroft, Guizot's "History of Civilization," and Draper's "Intellectual Development of Europe," are works that cannot be neglected.

Life is a very comprehensive thing, and it is fed from the entire field of human ideas, sympathies, and activities. "Reading is the key that admits us to the whole world of thought, fancy, and imagination," says Lowell. The great field of history, too, as written by Mommsen, Gibbon, von Ranke, Macaulay, touches life

directly, with its revelation of the springs of human conduct.

Economics, too, in both its political and social aspects, is a branch of knowledge indispensable to latter-day literature ; and Smith's "Wealth of Nations," the "Wealth and the Commonwealth" and "Newest England" of Henry Demarest Lloyd, are important books in this line of thought. The contribution of philosophy and economics is not less essential to the soul-development than is that of pure ethics ; and familiarity with Plato, Spinoza, Goethe, Marcus Aurelius, Butler, Comte, and Herbert Spencer, is as essential to any genuine culture as is familiarity with the romancists, poets, and prophets.

Frederic Harrison estimates very highly the influence of Ruskin, as comprising "all that is healthy, noble, or promising in any school, or any gospel of art to-day. All this," he goes on to say, "comes out of the impulse that was given to it more than fifty years ago, when 'Modern Painters' burst upon our people." Mr. Harrison continues, —

"It is very likely that Carlyle was the inspiration of that book, as Carlyle was the master of Ruskin



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through life. But Carlyle could no more have done the poetic and artistic work of Ruskin himself than Samson could have composed the Psalms of David. No doubt, the 'Oxford graduate' had other teachers — Byron, Scott, Coleridge, Tennyson, Newman, — to say nothing of Dante, the Alps and the Bible. But he stands alone as the original founder of a new effort toward the beautiful in this century — a task which no one but he could have attempted or conceived. . . . I am not going to defend all Ruskin's verdicts upon pictures. . . . But that is a detail. Every man who has stepped out from the crowd to teach a new gospel, and still more if he sets rolling a real revolution in thought, or in taste, will certainly commit himself to many a fantastic paradox. The poets, the prophets, the reformers would be nothing without their extravagances, but nobody but a critic remembers them all. What wild stuff Carlyle flung out at times, or Shelley, or Coleridge, Victor Hugo, or Goethe!"

Although this brilliant pronunciamento occurs in the form of a conversation between an English professor and a French painter, it can hardly be an injustice to Mr. Harrison to assume, that in the character of the professor his own convictions are expressed.

William Morris is a poet who might have said of himself, —

“My life is the poem that I would have writ,  
But I could not both live and utter it.”

Not among the greatest poets of the Victorian age, Morris has yet left work that holds in solution inspiration and guidance, and the “*Earthly Paradise*,” and his “*Defence of Guenevere*, and other Poems,” offer beauty of thought and lofty ideals. The poetic and romantic aspects of mediæval ages were never more vividly set forth than by Mr. Morris in his “*Guenevere*.” The life of Morris in his lectures and immediate personal contact with affairs, contributes a new impulse to humanity, and is even greater than the poet’s art.

In literature that is in any degree the chariot of the soul, Max Müller has high place, and in his “*Science of Language*” will be found, presented in a better and more accessible form than by any other author, the grand results of comparative philology.

In one of his greater moments, Saint Paul declares to his disciples: “For I long to see you that I may impart unto you some spiritual gift

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to the end ye may be established." It is this "spiritual gift" which is the one essential possession as the working energy of life, to be applied to every form of endeavor and achievement, to serve as the electric motor, so to speak, applicable and adaptable to every human effort. This "spiritual gift" is the key to every door, the clue to every labyrinth, and the higher nature of man finds its nurture and development in art, in poetry, in great imaginative literature. Religious thought and literature should by no means be restricted to the writers of sermons or treatises. Dante, Milton, Shakespeare, Goethe, Emerson, Tennyson, and Browning are next in importance to the New Testament, in the liberation and the enlightenment of the spiritual consciousness. Toward this end contribute all the greater imaginative writers, — Wordsworth and Coleridge, Ruskin, Balzac, and George Eliot, Matthew Arnold, Lowell, — all writers who give the finer criticism on life. The spirituality of life includes that which was formerly defined as the religious life, and extends its power, its relations, its applicability to every practical problem. The most ordinary mechanical labor, the veriest

drudgery, can be performed with infinitely more ease and power by one who has this larger atmosphere of imaginative life for refuge and solace. In proportion, too, as it is achieved and made one's own by assimilation, do the mechanism and the drudgery of daily detail merge into other and finer aspects. Art is the liberation of spiritual energy, and we may well, in the words of Doctor Channing, "thank God for books." Literature is the only form of art that can be made universal. Pictures, music, and sculpture are inevitably restricted to place and occasion; but books may be everywhere at one and the same time. Dante and Milton may "sing of Paradise" and Shakespeare and Goethe "open the worlds of imagination and the workings of the human heart" to every eye that will lose itself in their rich pages, and all the spiritual treasure of all the ages shall enrich life.

The two volumes of the "Letters" of Elizabeth Barrett Browning and the two in which are collected the "Letters of Robert and Elizabeth Browning," are essential works in the "World Beautiful of Books." The letters written by Mrs. Browning to various per-

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sonal friends begin in 1828 (when she was about twenty-two years of age) and continue until the June of 1861 — within two weeks of her death. They reveal a woman of noble and beautiful character, full of tenderness, playful humor, and fireside felicity, as well as the scholar and the great poet. Mrs. Browning's incidental literary criticisms running through these letters are often of value and always of interest. She speaks of Landor "in whose hands the ashes of antiquity burn again." For Wordsworth she has a high admiration, and she notes that he took the initiative in a great poetic movement, and is to be praised for what he helped his age to do. "As for the rest," she adds, "Byron has more passion and intensity, Shelley more fancy and music, and Coleridge could see further into the Unseen."

Many who regard Wordsworth as a great religious teacher would dissent from Mrs. Browning's opinion. But a deeper reading of Coleridge — whose mind was unfathomable as the sea, whose spirituality was of a noble order, and who was more comprehensive than Wordsworth — might modify the dissent. With all his beautiful reverence and pure faith, Wordsworth

occasionally fails in philosophy, and even in the immortal "Ode," he asks, —

"Whither is fled the visionary gleam?  
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?"

And while he sees that the youth —

". . . by the vision splendid  
Is on his way attended:"

he adds, —

"At length the Man perceives it die away,  
And fade into the light of common day."

This is false and pernicious teaching. The glory and the freshness of the dream increases in splendor and ever-renewing exaltation to him who lives aright. The "vision splendid" need never —

". . . die away  
And fade into the light of common day."

So far from leaving behind in childhood and early youth all the charm of life, experience lends new enchantment if one but live the life of the spirit, which is joy and peace and immortal energy. To live, should be to find a still larger and more conscious recognition of the spiritual world, which is now and here and in which we

dwelt; to find increasing recognition of the divine laws; and so, living in this purer and more inspiring atmosphere, find more and more in every day "the glory and the freshness of a dream."

In the "Letters" of Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning the interest is sustained as it seldom is in a collection of purely private and personal interchange. But this is interchange of thought, of wit, of repartee, of criticism, and of interpretation of life in its manifold aspects, and the pages scintillate with brilliancy. Alluding to Miss Barrett's poetry Robert Browning writes, —

"I can give a reason for my faith in one and another excellence, the fresh, strange music, the affluent language, the exquisite pathos, and true, new, brave thought."

And she replies, —

"Sympathy is dear, very dear to me; but the sympathy of a poet and of such a poet, is the quintessence of sympathy to me. Will you take back my gratitude for it? agreeing, too, that of all the commerce done in the world, from Tyre to Carthage, the exchange of sympathy for gratitude is the most princely thing."

And again she writes : —

“Is it true, that I know so little of you? And is it true that the productions of an artist do not partake of his real nature? It is not true to my mind, and therefore it is not true that I know little of you except in the sense that your greatest works are to come.”

In this conviction Miss Barrett proved herself a true prophet.

“I had rather *hear* from you than *see* any one else,” she adds; and, alluding to the high-handed way in which the critics dispose of the poets, she says, —

“The most curious thing in the world is not the stupidity, but the upper-handism of the stupidity. The geese are in the Capitol and the Romans in the farmyard, and it seems all quite natural that it should be so, both to geese and Romans!”

“Tell me,” she writes, “if Æschylus is not the divinest of all the divine Greek souls?” And of life she says, —

“What we call life is a condition of the soul, and the soul must improve in happiness and wisdom except by its own fault.”



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Robert Browning, in one of those letters, touches on the dramatists and novelists, and writes, —

“What easy work these novelists have of it! A dramatic poet has to *make* you love and admire his men and women — they must do and say all that you are to see and hear — really do it in your face, say it in your ears, and it is wholly for you, in your power, to name, characterize, and so blame what is so said and done. If you don't perceive of yourself, there is no standing by, for the author, and telling you. But with these novelists, a scrape of the pen — outblurring of a phrase — and the miracle is achieved.”

Surely love, in its highest sense of pure and passionate spiritual exaltation; — of that mutual trust and tenderness of one man and one woman in each other, includes all the intellectual and the imaginative range of life as well, and it is this larger and rarer quality which was imaged in the love of Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning. It was a love that took its lofty place in the spiritual order; that sought each other's highest development; that made itself the mysterious, incalculable force in their mutual spiritual in-

tegrity ; and of which the woman — whose nature was one of flawless reverence for the Divine Being, could yet say, —

“ And I who looked for only God, found *thee!* ”

Such beauty of devotion is as rare as are the natures that can radiate it, yet nothing less than this intense and exalted feeling, in its ideal refinement and immortal tenderness, deserves the holy name of love.

“ Very whitely still

The lilies of our lives may reassure

Their blossoms from their roots, accessible

Alone to heavenly dews that drop not fewer ;

Growing straight out of man's reach, on the hill.

God only, who made us rich, can make us poor.”

Rev. William Brunton addresses this beautiful sonnet to Robert and Elizabeth Browning on the publication of these “ Letters,” which record their meeting “ in the soul's country ” before they met personally in the visible world, —

“ Oh ! dear departed saints of highest song,

Behind the screen of time your love lay hid,

Its fair unfoldment was in life forbid —

As doing such divine affection wrong,

But now we read with interest deep and strong,

And lift from off the magic jar the lid,

And lo ! your spirit stands the clouds amid,

And speaks to us in some superior tongue !

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Devotion such as yours is heavenly-wise,  
And yet the possible of earth ye show ;  
Ye dwellers in the blue of summer skies,  
Through you a finer love of love we know ;  
It is as if the angels moved with men,  
And key of paradise were found again !”

Life, as well as literature, would have been the poorer, had not these “ Letters ” of Robert and Elizabeth Browning been given to the world. They communicate their exaltation to every appreciative reader. An anonymous poet thus expresses a feeling that must be universal : —

“ Forgive, sweet Lovers of this book,  
The sad, who scan your story ;  
Forgive their wistful eyes that look . . .  
Forgive, sweet Lovers of this book,  
Their knowledge where your fingers shook ;  
Their watching of your glory ;  
Forgive, sweet Lovers of this book,  
The sad, who scan your story.

“ Accept, true Lovers, here enshrined,  
The few, who share your gladness  
In touch of heart, and soul, and mind ;  
Accept, true Lovers, here enshrined,  
Their seeing of themselves defined,  
Their growth to joy, from sadness . . .  
Accept, true Lovers, here enshrined,  
The few, who share your gladness.

“Condone, great Lovers — being dead,  
The printing of these pages;  
Nor shrink that we — we, too, have read;  
Condone, great Lovers — being dead,  
Our vision of the Gold you shed  
For hearts in coming ages . . .  
Condone, great Lovers — being dead,  
The printing of these pages.”

The “Letters” of Matthew Arnold will always find room among the volumes of the booklover, and they contain many allusions that flash light on various passages in his Essays, which are so indispensable to every collection of books. Especially valuable out of his complete works are the two volumes entitled “Essays in Criticism,” the “Discourses in America,” and “Civilization in the United States.” Mr. Arnold’s works consistently illustrate his own definition of criticism — as a “disinterested endeavor to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world.”

A clear view of the social conditions of the past century is gained in a number of notable biographies and collections of letters; as those of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu; the biography of Madame Mohl; Professor Dowden’s “Life

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of Shelley ;” the “ Letters and Journals of George Eliot,” edited by Mr. Cross ; the “ Life and Letters ” of Dean Stanley ; the “ Life of Cardinal Manning ;” the “ Letters of John Henry, Cardinal Newman ;” the “ Letters of Lowell,” edited by Charles Eliot Norton ; the “ Letters ” of Carlyle and of Mrs. Carlyle ; and the “ Correspondence of Carlyle and Emerson,” which repeats the interest of Goethe’s conversations with Eckermann. “ The Autobiography of Harriet Martineau ” and the delightful reminiscences of Mrs. Anne Thackeray Ritchie, which give such vividness to persons and scenes and events gone from all save memory, are among the delightful companions in books.

The keen though unintentional criticism of Carlyle that is revealed in every page of Jane Carlyle’s letters, touched Oscar Fay Adams, the well-known poet and critic, to this subtle expression in a poem called “ At the Grave of Jane Carlyle ” —

“ Here on your grave as evening falls,  
Sunk mid the turf and daisies,  
Within these roofless abbey walls,  
I read a husband’s praises

“ Of you to whom in life he showed  
So little love and kindness,  
But on your gravestone overflowed  
In vain remorse for blindness,

“ Not for his pain my eyes are wet,  
But for your lot so bitter,  
What is to me his weak regret?  
His silence had been fitter.”

The “ Letters ” of Lydia Maria Child, range over the period from 1817 to 1880, and discuss almost all the important movements, and topics, and people of that period. In one of these letters she writes, —

“ Very little of the preaching is adapted to the wants of any class of minds. When people hear true living words spoken concerning the things they are doing and the thoughts they are thinking, they hear the words gladly. The magnetic power of Theodore Parker and Henry Ward Beecher, I think, is largely to be attributed to the fact that they meet the popular mind on its own plane instead of addressing it from a height. I do not want to see preaching abolished, but I do want to see its sphere enlarged.”

This volume is less known than its merits entitle it to be, with its biographical introduction

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by Mr. Whittier, and an appendix by Wendell Phillips, consisting of his remarks made at her funeral, in October of 1880, in the course of which Mr. Phillips said:—

“Mrs. Child was the kind of woman one would choose to represent woman’s entrance into broader life. Modest, womanly, simple, sincere, solid, real, loyal; to be trusted; equal to affairs and yet above them; mother-wit ripened by careful training, and enriched with the lore of ages; a companion with the password of every science and all literatures; a hand ready for fireside help and a mystic loving to wander on the edge of the actual, reaching out and up into the infinite and the unfathomable; so that life was lifted to romance, to heroism, and the loftiest faith. May we also have a faith that is almost sight. How joyful to remember, dear friend, your last counsel, the words you thought spirit hands had traced for your epitaph: ‘You think us dead. We are not dead; we are the living.’”

The autobiography of Prof. Max Müller is a work of universal value, and the works of Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale in their complete edition are prime factors in any literature belong-

ing to the World Beautiful, with their wealth of genial humor, uplifting spirit, and spontaneous expression.

Thoreau's works contain a message, as may be seen in this typical paragraph:—

“All the world complain nowadays of a press of trivial duties and engagements, which prevents their employing themselves on some higher ground they know of; but, undoubtedly, if they were made of the right stuff to work on that higher ground, provided they were released from all those engagements, they would now at once fulfil the superior engagement and neglect all the rest, as naturally as they breathe. They would never be caught saying that they had no time for this, when the dullest man knows that this is all that he has time for. No man who acts from a sense of duty ever puts the lesser duty above the greater.”

The complete edition of the *Essays*, both critical and biographical, by Edwin Percy Whipple, are among the most enduring work in American letters. Mr. Whipple was not only a critic of remarkable subtlety and brilliant accomplishment, but he was also the friend,—the



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appreciative and discriminating student of literary excellencies, to whom all this noted group, Hawthorne, Whittier, Emerson, Lowell, and Holmes, looked for that judgment on their work which includes the most generous and ardent recognition of excellence, tempered with the high tests of critical standards of literary art. This "golden age" of American literature includes Hawthorne's "Blithedale Romance," that throws a half-fanciful, half-realistic light on Brook Farm, the delightful "Mosses From An Old Manse" and "The House of Seven Gables," as well as the more famous "Marble Faun" and the immortal "Scarlet Letter." In connection with the great romancist should be read George Parsons Lathrop's "Study of Hawthorne," Julian Hawthorne's biography of Nathaniel and Sophia Hawthorne, and Rose Hawthorne Lathrop's "Memories of Hawthorne." The "Life and Letters" of Professor George Ticknor; the "Life and Letters" of Motley; the life of Emerson, written by James Elliott Cabot; of William Lloyd Garrison, written by his son, — all contribute illumination to this interesting literary period, and the volume of Mr. Longfellow's

Letters and Diaries as selected by his brother Rev. Samuel Longfellow, while fragmentary, are yet very pleasant reading.

The force and racy vitality of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," and the subsequent series under the title of "The Poet at the Breakfast Table," captivated the reading public of their day and hold no less fascination for the twentieth century reader. In "Elsie Venner" Doctor Holmes has produced the greatest psychological romance yet written, with the single exception of "The Scarlet Letter," which must always hold its pre-eminence; and in "The Guardian Angel" is a story of unique interest in its hints and suggestions of the determining power of heredity.

No two men were ever more unlike in temperament than Holmes and Emerson, yet it is a question if any transcendentalist of the day, — and Doctor Holmes had no affiliation with this school — could have given so vivid and so well-proportioned a portrait of the Concord seer as has Doctor Holmes in his biography of Emerson in the "American Men of Letters" series. The biography of Margaret Fuller, to which more

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extended allusion is elsewhere made; Colonel Higginson's "Cheerful Yesterdays," with its alluring *résumé* of a half century of literary life; Edward Everett Hale's brilliant and charming biography of James Russell Lowell; the "Reminiscences" of Julia Ward Howe; the biography of that eccentric but high-souled and ill-fated woman, Delia Bacon, that throws illumination on the times in which she lived; the biography of Bronson Alcott, written by Frank B. Sanborn and Doctor William T. Harris, with its permanent record of the transcendental period; "Transcendentalism in New England" by Doctor Hedge; and the delightful "Literary Recollections" of Mr. Howells, are among the group of books that form a literary phonograph in which are crystallized the voices and visions that made that dawning golden period of literature in America, and which will reproduce the vision, if not the voice, to all who turn their pages.

Professor Herman Grimm's "Life of Michael Angelo" translated by Sarah Holland Adams; the "Life of Lord Nelson" by Captain Mahan; Frank B. Sanborn's "John Bram;" Vasari's "Italian Painters;" Boswell's Johnson, as

traditionally important as Pepys' Diary and Plutarch's Lives; and the Lives of Cervantes, of Voltaire, Goethe, and Schiller; of Schopenhauer and of Heine; of Renan and of Victor Hugo, — are all among the important sources of literary culture. The autobiography of Thomas Ball, the sculptor, a man who has not only written his poem in marble, but in life as well, is a book to be read for its Homeric simplicity and sincerity. The three volumes of Thomas Adolphus Trollope's, called "What I Remember," which are, incidentally an autobiography, in their completeness offer almost a history of the Florence of the Brownings and of Walter Savage Landor.

The biography of Kate Field contains transcriptions from this period of Florentine life, and also many letters written to her by Landor, the Brownings, and others, that are of unique interest.

Edmund Clarence Stedman, the distinguished poet and critic, has enriched American literature with his volumes of "Victorian Poets," the "Poets of America," his "Lectures on Poetry," and his own poems. A characteristic lyric of

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Mr. Stedman's is entitled — "The World Well Lost."

"That year? Yes, doubtless I remember still, —  
    Though why take count of every wind that blows  
'T was plain, men said, that Fortune used me ill  
    That year, — the self-same year I met with Rose.

"Crops failed; wealth took a flight; house, treasure,  
    land,  
    Slipped from my hold — thus plenty comes and goes.  
One friend I had, but he too loosed his hand  
    (Or was it I?) the year I met with Rose.

"There was a war, I think; some rumor, too,  
    Of famine, pestilence, fire, deluge, snows;  
Things went awry. My rivals, straight in view,  
    Throve, spite of all; but I, — I met with Rose.

    .     .     .     .     .     .  
"Was there no more? Yes, that year life began:  
    All life before a dream, false joys, light woes, —  
All after-life compressed within the span  
    Of that one year, — the year I met with Rose!"

The lectures delivered by Professor Benjamin Peirce of Harvard University before the Lowell Institute in 1879, are collected in a volume entitled "Ideality in the Physical Sciences," and should find a place among the few well-chosen and best-beloved books. That Kant, Spinoza, Hegel, Fichte, and Leibnitz should be read;

that Huxley, Darwin, Tyndall, and Herbert Spencer should become familiar companions; that the French philosophers, Voltaire, Diderot and Rousseau, — especially the “*Nouvelle Héloïse*” of Rousseau — should be included in any adequate range of reading, goes without saying.

Walter Savage Landor is one of the immortals. His “Imaginary Conversations” are among the noblest creations in English prose. “Shall Landor be branded with intense egoism for claiming immortality?” questions Kate Field, and she continues: —

“Can it be denied that he will be read with admiration as long as printing and the English language endure? Egoism is the belief of narrow minds in the supreme significance of a mortal self; conscious power is the belief in certain immortal attributes emanating from, and productive of, Truth and Beauty,”

and she adds: —

“In ‘Pericles and Aspasia,’ Cleone has written with Landor’s pen that study is the bane of boyhood, the ailment of youth, the indulgence of manhood, and the restorative of old age. Of this theory there could be no better example than Landor’s self.

“ Esteemed so highly in Landor’s heart, Southey occupies the place of honor in the ‘ Imaginary Conversations,’ taking part in four dialogues, two with Porson and two with Landor, on subjects of universal literary interest, Milton and Wordsworth. These Conversations are among the most valuable of the series, being models of criticism. Landor delighted to record every meeting with Southey, where it was compatible with the subject-matter.

. . . . .

“ That life which outlasted all the friends of its zenith was made enduring by a constant devotion to the greatest works of the greatest men. Milton and Shakespeare were his constant companions, by night as well as by day. ‘ I never tire of them,’ he would say ; ‘ they are always a revelation. And how grand is Milton’s prose ! quite as fine as his poetry !’ He was very fond of repeating the following celebrated lines that have the true ring to a tuneful ear as well as to an appreciative intellect :—

‘ But when God commands to take the trumpet,  
And blow a dolorous or thrilling blast,  
It rests not with man’s will what he shall say  
Or what he shall conceal.’

‘ Was anything more harmonious ever written ?’  
Landor would ask.

. . . . .

“Dante was not one of Landor’s favorites, although he was quite ready to allow the greatness of *il gran poeta*. He had no sympathy with what he said was very properly called a comedy. He would declare that about one sixth only of Dante was intelligible or pleasurable. Turning to Landor’s writings, I find that in his younger days he was even less favorable to Dante. In the ‘*Pentameron*’ (the author spelling it so) he, in the garb of Petrarch, asserts that at least sixteen parts in twenty of the ‘*Inferno*’ and ‘*Purgatorio*’ are detestable both in poetry and principle; the higher parts are excellent, indeed. Dante’s powers of language, he allows, ‘are prodigious; and, in the solitary places where he exerts his force rightly, the stroke is irresistible. But how greatly to be pitied must he be who can find nothing in Paradise better than sterile theology! and what an object of sadness and consternation he who rises up from hell like a giant refreshed!’ While allowing his wonderful originality, Landor goes so far as to call him ‘the great master of the disgusting!’ Dante is not sympathetic.

“Yet he wrote the glorious episode of Francesca da Rimini, of which Landor’s Boccaccio says: ‘Such a depth of intuitive judgment, such a delicacy of perception, exists not in any other work of human genius; and from an author who, on almost all oc-



casions, in this part of the work, betrays a deplorable want of it.'

“Landor used often to say what Cleone has written to Aspasia, — ‘I do not believe the best writers of love-poetry ever loved. How could they write if they did? Where could they collect the thoughts, the words, the courage?’ This very discouraging belief admits of argument, for there is much proof to the contrary. Shelley and Keats could not write what they had not felt; and Mrs. Browning’s Sonnets from the Portuguese, the most exquisite love-poems in the English language, came direct from the heart. It were hardly possible to make poetry while living it; but when the white heat of passion has passed, and hangs as a beautiful picture on memory’s walls, the artist may write his poem. If the best writers of love-poetry have never loved, at least they have been capable of loving, or they could not make the reader feel. Appreciation is necessary to production. But Petrarcha was such a poet as Cleone refers to. He was happy to be theoretically miserable, that he might indite sonnets to an unrequited passion; and who is not sensible of their insincerity? One is inclined to include Dante in the same category, though far higher in degree. Landor, however, has conceived the existence of a truly ardent affection between Dante and Beatrice, and it was my good

fortune to hear him read this beautiful imaginary conversation. To witness the aged poet throwing the pathos of his voice into the pathos of his intellect, his eyes flooded with tears, was a scene of uncommon interest. 'Ah!' said he, while closing the book, 'I never wrote anything half as good as that, and I never can read it that the tears do not come.' Landor's voice must have been exceedingly rich and harmonious, as it then (1861) possessed much fullness. This was the first and only time I ever heard him read aloud one of his own Conversations.

"Petrarcha and Boccaccio were highly esteemed by Landor, who did not sympathize with Lord Chesterfield in his opinion that the former deserved his *Laura* better than his *lauro*. The best evidence of this predilection is Landor's great work, 'The Pentameron,' second only to his greatest, 'Pericles and Aspasia.' Its *couleur locale* is marvelous. On every page there is a glimpse of cloudless blue sky, a breath of warm sunny air, a sketch of Italian manner. The masterly *gusto* with which the author enters into the spirit of Italy would make us believe him to be 'the noblest Roman of them all,' had he not proved himself a better Grecian. Margaret Fuller realized this when, after comparing the 'Pentameron' with Petrarcha, she wrote: 'I find the prose of the Englishman worthy of the verse of the Italian. It is a

happiness to see such noble beauty in the halls of a contemporary.'

"I gave evidence of great surprise one day upon hearing Landor express himself warmly in favor of Alfieri, as I had naturally concluded, from a note appended to the Conversation between Galileo, Milton, and a Dominican, that he entertained a sorry opinion of this poet. Reading the note referred to, Landor seemed to be greatly annoyed, and replied: 'This is a mistake. It was never my intention to condemn Alfieri so sweepingly.' A few days later I received the following correction: 'Keats, in whom the spirit of poetry was stronger than in any contemporary, at home or abroad, delighted in Hellenic imagery and mythology, displaying them admirably; but no poet came nearer than Alfieri to the heroic, since Virgil. Disliking, as I do, prefaces and annotations, excrescences which hang loose like the deciduous bark on a plane-tree, I will here notice an omission of mine on Alfieri, in the "Imaginary Conversations." The words, "*There is not a glimpse of poetry in his Tragedies,*" should be, as written, "*There is not an extraneous glimpse, etc.*"'"

One quatrain of Landor, unparalleled in its profound and melancholy beauty, must be given here, —

“I strove with none ; for none was worth my strife,  
Nature I loved, and next to Nature, Art ;  
I warmed both hands before the fire of life,  
It sinks and I am ready to depart.”

The lines written in memory of Rose Aylmer must always linger in the memory.

“ Ah what avails the sceptered race,  
Ah what the form divine !  
What every virtue, every grace !  
Rose Aylmer, all were thine.  
Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes  
May weep, but never see,  
A night of memories and of sighs  
I consecrate to thee.”

Kate Field adds :—

“ Since then Landor has addressed these lines to Alfieri :—

‘ Thou art present in my sight,  
Though far removed from us, for thou alone  
Hast touched the inmost fibres of the breast,  
Since Tasso’s tears made damper the damp floor  
Whereon one only light came through the bars,’ etc. ;

thus redeeming the unintentioned slur of many years’ publicity.

“ Landor pronounced (as must every one else) Niccolini to be the best of the recent Italian poets. Of Redi, whose verses taste of the rich juice of the grape in those good old days when Tuscan vines had

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not become demoralized, and wine was cheaper than water, Landor spoke fondly."

In one of Landor's "Imaginary Conversations" (between Barrow and Newton) occurs this passage, —

"*Newton.* Is it not a difficult and a painful thing to repulse, or to receive ungraciously, the advances of friendship ?

"*Barrow.* It withers the heart, if indeed his heart were ever sound who doth it. Love, serve, run into danger, venture life, for him who would cherish you : give him every thing but your time and your glory. Morning recreations, convivial meals, evening walks, thoughts, questions, wishes, wants, partake with him. Yes, Isaac ! there are men born for friendship ; men to whom the cultivation of it is nature, is necessity as the making of honey is to bees. Do not let them suffer for the sweets they would gather ; but do not think to live upon those sweets. Our corrupted state requires robuster food, or must grow more and more unsound."

There is hardly a conceivable topic of life of thought on which the "Imaginary Conversations" do not touch. Landor's work is as supreme in the realm of poetry and criticism as is Balzac's in romance.

The call of immortal voices to life, not as a vague dream of some remote and unknown future, but as investing the present with that "holy earnestness" which makes time eternity,—in whose pages is this call ever sounding with such impressiveness as in those of both Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning?

"No work begun shall ever pause for death," says Mr. Browning. In "Pompilia" occur these lines, —

"Love will be helpful to me more and more  
I' the coming course, the new path I must tread —  
My weak hand in thy strong hand, strong for that!  
. . . . .  
He is ordained to call and I to come!

"Marriage on earth seems such a counterfeit,  
Mere imitation of the inimitable:  
In heaven we have the real and true and sure.  
'Tis there they neither marry nor are given  
In marriage but are as the angels: right,  
Oh how right that is, how like Jesus Christ  
To say that! Marriage-making for the earth,  
With gold so much, — birth, power, repute so much,  
Or beauty, youth so much, in lack of these!  
Be as the angels rather, who, apart,  
Know themselves into one, are found at length

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Married, but marry never, no, nor give  
In marriage ; they are man and wife at once  
When the true time is : here we have to wait  
Not so long neither ! Could we by a wish  
Have what we will and get the future now,  
Would we wish aught done undone in the past ?  
So, let him wait God's instant men call years ;  
Meantime hold hard by truth and his great soul,  
Do out the duty ! Through such souls alone  
God stooping shows sufficient of his light  
For us i' the dark to rise by. And I rise."

There are few poems of Robert Browning's that do not abound in thought connecting the life that now is with that which is to come ; relating the outlook on earth to that beyond the sunrise. In " Pauline " he questions, —

" How should this earth's life prove my only sphere ?  
Can I so narrow sense but that in life  
Soul still exceeds it ? "

These wonderful lines in " Abt Vogler " thrill life with new meaning : —

" There shall never be one lost good ! What was, shall  
live as before ;  
The evil is null, is naught, is silence implying sound ;  
What was good shall be good, with, for evil, so much  
good more ;  
On the earth the broken arcs ; in the heaven a perfect  
round.

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“All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall exist;  
 Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor good  
 nor power  
 Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the  
 melodist  
 When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.”

Not less does the magic and music as well as the eternal underlying laws of life breathe through the poetry of Robert Browning. What intensity of feeling is condensed in these lines : —

“Out of your whole life give but a moment !  
 All of your life that has gone before,  
 All to come after it, — so you ignore,  
 So you make perfect the present, — condense,  
 In a rapture of rage, for perfection’s endowment,  
 Thought and feeling and soul and sense —  
 Merged in a moment which gives me at last  
 You around me for once, you beneath me, above me,  
 Me — sure that despite of time future, time past, —  
 This tick of our life-time’s one moment you love me !  
 How long such suspension may linger ? Ah Sweet —  
 The moment eternal — just that and no more —  
 When ecstasy’s utmost we clutch at the core  
 While cheeks burn, arms open, eyes shut and lips  
 meet !”

Nor is this depth of sentiment less impressively touched by Elizabeth Browning in many



lyrics and in such passages as these from "Aurora Leigh," —

"What he said,

I fain would write. But if an angel spoke  
In thunder, should we haply know much more  
Than that it thundered? If a cloud came down  
And wrapped us wholly, could we draw its shape,  
As if on the outside and not overcome?  
And so he spake. His breath against my face  
Confused his words, yet made them more intense  
(As when the sudden finger of the wind  
Will wipe a row of single city-lamps  
To a pure white line of flame, more luminous  
Because of obliteration), more intense,  
The intimate presence carrying in itself  
Complete communication, as with souls  
Who, having put the body off, perceive  
Through simply being. Thus, 't was granted me  
To know he loved me to the depth and height  
Of such large natures, ever competent,  
With grand horizons by the sea or land,  
To love's grandsunrise. Small spheres hold smallfires,  
But he loved largely, as a man can love  
Who, baffled in his love, dares live his life,  
Accept the ends which God loves, for his own,  
And lift a constant aspect,

But oh, the night! oh, bitter sweet! oh, sweet!  
O dark, O moon and stars, O ecstasy  
Of darkness! O great mystery of love,  
In which absorbed, loss, anguish, treason's self  
Enlarges rapture, — as a pebble dropped  
In some full wine-cup overbrims the wine!

While we two sat together, leaned that night  
 So close my very garments crept and thrilled  
 With strange electric life :

I do but stand and think,  
 Across the waters of a troubled life  
 This Flower of Heaven so vainly overhangs,  
 What perfect counterpart would be in sight  
 If tanks were clearer. . . .

. . . O poet, O my love,  
 Since *I* was too ambitious in my deed  
 And thought to distance all men in success.  
 (Till God came on me, marked the place, and said  
 ‘Ill-doer, henceforth keep within this line,  
 Attempting less than others,’ — and I stand  
 And work among Christ’s little ones, content),  
 Come thou, my compensation, my dear sight,  
 My morning-star, my morning, — rise and shine,  
 And touch my hills with radiance not their own.  
 Shine out for two, Aurora, and fulfil  
 My falling-short that must be! work for two,  
 As I, though thus restrained, for two, shall love!

. . . . . The world waits  
 For help. Beloved, let us love so well,  
 Our work shall still be better for our love,  
 And still our love be sweeter for our work,  
 And both commended, for the sake of each,  
 By all true workers and true lovers born.”

In “Catarina to Camoens” this perfect love  
 finds its sweetest expression in the lines, —

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“I will look out to his future ;  
I will bless it till it shine.  
Should he ever be a suitor  
Unto sweeter eyes than mine,  
Sunshine gild them,  
Angels shield them,  
Whatsoever eyes terrene  
*Be the sweetest HIS have seen !”*

The impassioned intensity of Mrs. Browning's nature again reveals itself in her “Loved Once.”

“Thy cross and curse may rend,  
But having loved thou lovest to the end.  
. . . . .  
Say never ye loved ONCE :  
God is too near above, the grave beneath,  
And all our moments breathe  
Too quick in mysteries of life and death,  
For such a word. The eternities avenge  
Affections light of range.  
There comes no change to justify that change,  
Whatever comes — Loved ONCE !”

Of the deepest pathos in lyric art where can there be found such an example as in Mrs. Browning's “Cowper's Grave” ?

“It is a place where poets crowned may feel the heart's  
decaying ;  
It is a place where happy saints may weep amid their  
praying.  
. . . . .

“O Christians, at your cross of hope a hopeless hand  
was elinging!

O men, this man in brotherhood your weary paths  
beguiling,

Groaned inly while he taught you peace, and died  
while ye were smiling!

“And now what time ye all may read through dimming  
tears his story,

How discord on the music fell and darkness on the  
glory.”

. . . . .

The opening lines of “Confessions” are very  
dramatic:—

“Face to face in my chamber, my silent chamber, I saw  
her:

God and she and I only, there I sat down to draw her  
Soul through the clefts of confession: ‘Speak, I am  
holding thee fast,

As the angel of resurrection shall do at the last!’”

Of the “Sonnets from the Portuguese,” which  
Robert Browning felicitously called the finest  
sonnets written since Shakespeare’s, — of these  
celestial expressions, where are words fitting to  
speak? Where was ever the power of Love to  
transfigure life so expressed as in these lines:—

“The face of all the world is changed, I think,  
Since first I heard the footsteps of thy soul  
Move still, oh, still, . . . beside me. . . .

. . . . .

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“ And therefore if to love can be desert,  
I am not all unworthy . . .

. . . O Belovèd, it is plain  
I am not of thy worth nor for thy place!  
And yet, because I love thee, I obtain  
From that same love this vindicating grace.

“ Belovèd, my Belovèd, when I think  
That thou wast in the world a year ago,

. . . Wonderful,  
Never to feel thee thrill the day or night  
With personal act or speech, . . .

“ How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.  
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height  
My soul can reach. . . .

. . . I love thee with the breath,  
Smiles, tears, of all my life! — and, if God choose,  
I shall but love thee better after death.”

For the pure enchantment of high purpose,  
where shall it be found more embodied than in  
Tennyson’s “Merlin and the Gleam”?

“ I am Merlin  
Who follow the Gleam.

. . .  
“ Not of the sunlight,  
Not of the moonlight,

Not of the starlight !  
 O young Mariner,  
 Down to the haven,  
 Call your companions,  
 Launch your vessel,  
 And crowd your canvas,  
 And, ere it vanishes  
 Over the margin,  
 After it, follow it,  
 Follow the Gleam."

Tennyson's "In Memoriam" is another of the great and impressive poems of the immortal voices.

"Eternal process moving on,  
 From state to state the spirit walks.  
 . . . . .

"Yet less of sorrow lives in me  
 For days of happy commune dead ;  
 Less yearning for the friendship fled,  
 Than some strong bond which is to be.  
 . . . . .

"Known and unknown ; human, divine ;  
 Sweet human hand and lips and eye ;  
 Dear heavenly friend that canst not die,  
 Mine, mine, for ever, ever mine."

The spiritual growth by means of sorrow is imaged in the stanza, —

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“Regret is dead, but love is more  
Than in the summers that are flown,  
For I myself with these have grown  
To something greater than before.”

Cardinal Newman's —

“Lead, kindly light, amid the eneircling gloom,  
Lead thou me on ”

is a beacon point shining out of the darkness,  
always illuminating life.

These sublime lines of Coleridge, in his great  
creative translation from Schiller of “The Death  
of Wallenstein,” should always hold a place in  
memory : —

“He the more fortunate ! yea, he hath finished !  
For him there is no longer any future —  
His life is bright — bright without spot it *was*,  
And cannot cease to be. No ominous hour  
Knocks at his door with tidings of mishap.  
Far off is he. Above desire and fear :  
No more submitted to the change and chance  
Of the unsteady planets. O, 't is well  
With *him* ! but who knows what the coming hour,  
Veiled in thick darkness, brings for *us* ! ”

Yet one thing must we demand of the im-  
mortal voices, — that they not only cheer us  
through the Wilderness, but that they should aid

us to transform the Wilderness into the Promised Land. Here must we listen to the voice of Goethe who bids us take along with us the holy earnestness that alone makes life eternity. "Wilhelm Meister" is one of the choicest and most intimately sacred books in the library of the "World Beautiful;" it is a book to keep by one daily, to continually search for its depths of hidden treasure. Voices that haunt the memory indeed are those of Landor, the Brownings, Emerson, Tennyson, Goethe, and Stephen Phillips. Nor must that one ever-perfect stanza of Doctor Holmes be absent from memory, —

“ Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,  
As the swift seasons roll !  
Leave thy low-vaulted past !  
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,  
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,  
Till thou at length art free,  
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea ! ”



BOOK V.

THE WITNESS OF THE DAWN.

*All we have willed or dreamed, or hoped of good shall exist,  
Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor good, nor power  
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist  
When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.*

. . . . .

*And what is our failure here but a triumph's evidence  
For the fulness of the days? Have we withered or agonized?  
Why else was the pause prolonged, but that singing might issue  
hence?  
Why rushed the discords in but that harmony should be  
prized?*

ROBERT BROWNING.

*Blindfolded and alone I stand  
With unknown thresholds on each hand;  
The darkness deepens as I grope,  
Afraid to fear, afraid to hope:  
Yet this one thing I learn to know  
Each day more surely as I go,  
That doors are opened, ways are made,  
Burdens are lifted or are laid,  
By some great law unseen and still,  
Unfathomed purpose to fulfil,  
"Not as I will."*

HELEN HUNT.

## THE WITNESS OF THE DAWN.

It is well to believe that there needs but a little more thought, a little more courage, more love, more devotion to life, a little more eagerness, one day to fling open wide the portals of joy and truth.

MAURICE MAETERLINCK.

Folded within my being,  
A wonder to me is taught,  
Too deep for curious seeing,  
Or fathom of sounding thought.

Of all sweet mysteries holiest,  
Faded are rose and sun!  
The Highest dwells in the lowliest,  
My Father and I are one!

REV. CHARLES GORDON AMES, D. D.



THE highest use of literature is as a fountain of spiritual refreshment; as the reinforcement of intellectual power and the nurture of beautiful ideals. Kant proclaimed the truth of the infinite potency of thought, and the twentieth century will be marked as the period in which is realized the practical applica-

tion of the truth that thought is productive of marvellous results, and opens as unlimited possibilities as the discovery and the increasing application of the power of electricity. The force of thought — the most intense potency in the universe — has always existed, as has that of electricity. It only awaited recognition. Telepathy is as unerringly the manifestation of a law as is gravitation; and gravitation existed long before it was recognized. The whole question of the conduct of life is included in the true development and right use of thought. In it lies the entire problem of accomplishment and of success. The supreme end of religious teaching is the culture of right thought. It is the power that determines all social relations, all opportunities for usefulness, and all personal achievement. The right thought opens the right door. There is absolutely no limit to its power, and each individual may increase and strengthen his grasp and develop it to an indefinite and unforeseen degree. One actual method of the use of thought is to use it creatively, for the immediate future. The time that is just before one is plastic to any impress. It has not yet taken form in events or circum-

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stances and it can, therefore, be controlled and determined. One may sit quietly and alone for a little time at night, calling up all his thought force, and by means of its power largely create the immediate future. The events and circumstances will follow the impression made by the thought. One can thus will himself, so to speak, into the successful currents. He can create his atmosphere and environment, and can open wide the portals of his life to beauty and happiness.

Among the most valuable interpretations of modern philosophy founded on the Darwinian theory is that which is offered by John Fiske in his "Cosmic Philosophy," "The Idea of God," "The Destiny of Man," "Through Nature to God," and "The Unseen World,"—where he presents his translation of the spiritual riddle of the universe. Doctor Fiske was one who stood pre-eminently for truth. No ethical philosopher of the day was more absolutely sincere in argument, more unfaltering in allegiance to conviction, nor more open to the prismatic rays of various and constantly enlarging views. His life made its three-fold contribution to social progress in his distinguished work as historian,

lecturer, and ethical philosopher. His work, as the ablest interpreter of the Darwinian theory, is yet not one involving any original insight or philosophy. It is in no sense epoch-making ; yet, in a constantly widening and pervading influence, Doctor Fiske's interpretations will long continue to exert a determining aspect in the world of thought. For his specific task was this :—

To take the Darwinian theory and carry it on to a higher plane ; to stamp the evolutionary philosophy with the impress of more spiritual thought, and with a larger and truer recognition of psychic science than was given to it by Darwin or by Huxley and Tyndall. He discerned a higher and finer significance in the Darwinian theory than Darwin himself dreamed, and he popularized this and gave it to the world. We find him saying, —

“When the Copernican astronomy was finally established through the discoveries of Kepler and Newton, it might well have been pronounced the greatest scientific achievement of the human mind ; but it was still more than that. It was the greatest revo-

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lution that had ever been effected in man's views of his relations to the universe in which he lives, and of which he is — at least during the present life — a part. During the nineteenth century, however, a still greater revolution has been effected. . . . And there is no more reason for supposing that Mr. Darwin's "Origin of Species" will ever be gainsaid than for supposing that the Copernican astronomy will some time be overthrown, and the concentric spheres of Dante's heaven re-instated in the minds of men. . . . Mr. Darwin's theory is fast bringing about a still greater revolution in thought than that which was heralded by Copernicus."

Outlining the theory and postulating the inevitability of its acceptance, he proceeds to say, —

"As with the Copernican astronomy, so with the Darwinian biology, we rise to a higher view of the workings of God and of the nature of Man than was ever attainable before. So far from degrading humanity or putting it on a level with the animal world in general, the Darwinian theory shows us distinctly for the first time how the creation and the perfecting of Man is the goal toward which Nature's work has all the while been tending. It enlarges ten-fold

the significance of human life, places it upon even a loftier eminence than poets or prophets have imagined, and makes it seem more than ever the chief object of that creative activity which is manifested in the physical universe."

Doctor Fiske sees human progress as the increasing and final extinction of the animal inheritance and the development of the sympathetic side of human nature. "The materialistic assumption that the life of the soul ends with the life of the body is perhaps the most colossal instance of baseless assumption," he says, "that is known to the history of philosophy. . . . Now, the more thoroughly we comprehend that process of evolution by which things have come to be what they are, the more we are likely to feel that to deny the everlasting persistence of the spiritual element in man is to rob the whole process of its meaning."

We find him definitely asserting, —

"For my own part I believe in the immortality of the soul, not in the sense in which I accept the demonstrable truths, of science, but as a supreme act of faith in the reasonableness of God's work. . . .



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I feel the omnipresence of mystery in such wise as to make it far easier for me to adopt the view of Euripides, that what we call death may be but the dawning of true knowledge and of true life. The greatest philosopher of modern times, the master and teacher of all who shall study the process of evolution for many a day to come, holds that the conscious soul is not the product of a collocation of material particles, but is in the deepest sense a divine effluence. According to Mr. Spencer, the divine energy which is manifested throughout the knowable universe is the same energy which wells up in us as consciousness."

In his latest mental aspects Doctor Fiske was closely approaching a recognition of the truth that the immortality of the soul is, in itself, one of the "demonstrable truths of science": that the late revelations of mental phenomena, — in attesting the complex nature of the spiritual organism, establish the truth that the spiritual being, temporarily and incidentally incarnated in a physical organism, is essentially an inhabitant of the spiritual universe in which man lives, even while on earth, his more real and more significant life. To this recognition Doctor Fiske

was closely approaching, not through the swift intuition of spiritual clairvoyance that characterizes such men as Doctor William James, Frederic W. H. Myers, Sir William Crookes, and Doctor Alfred Russel Wallace, but through the logical processes of his clear and finely trained and well-poised intellect.

“The future is lighted for us with the radiant colors of hope,” wrote Doetor Fiske. “Strife and sorrow shall disappear. Peace and love shall reign supreme. The dream of poets, the lesson of priest and prophet, the inspiration of the great musician is confirmed in the light of modern knowledge; and as we gird ourselves up for the work of life we may look forward to the time when in the truest sense the kingdom of this world shall become the kingdom of Christ, and He shall reign forever and ever, King of kings, and Lord of lords!”

The progress of religion from the letter that killeth to the spirit that giveth life, from ceremonial observances to the conduct of daily affairs, is not less registered in the sudden and strong illumination of the twentieth century than is the progress of science. The nineteenth century has

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seen the lightning express trains take the place of the stage coach ; it has seen the invention of the telegraph, the ocean cable, of the wonderful force of liquid air, and of wireless telegraphy ; but all these visible and easily catalogued advancements are not more impressive than the expansion of religion, finding its highest expression in the aspiration to be a co-worker with God ; its highest realization of religious life in this experience. The conception of religion has enlarged to the degree that enables the twentieth century to see that great scientists, great economists, great explorers, great leaders of thought are as truly co-workers with God as are those within the special consecration of the priesthood ; and this larger, truer, more enlightened conception includes the recognition that the humblest and most obscure life may also be a factor in this co-operation of the human with the divine. Religion, in its true sense, depends far less upon what one does within the line of formal observances than what he does outside these observances. "The field is the world." The test is in the quality of life. Recent experiments with electric undulations show that an electric cur-

rent sent through wire produces a magnetic field, or stored energy laid up for future action. This illustration in science may be translated into spiritual truth. The terms are almost interchangeable. Let the divine currents of spiritual electricity be sent through the soul and there is produced a magnetic field of tremendous power of stored energy. It is an infinite and incalculable force that may be drawn upon in any instant of human need. The condition of possessing this force constantly lies in being in perpetual receptivity to the divine currents; in so living that the life of God is pulsating through our own life, imparting this flow of electric energy which manifests itself in the swift recognition of any human need and of that response and sympathy which this need suggests. If each individual would meet the occasion that appeals, personally, to himself, every need of humanity would be met, every wrong righted, so far as the possibility lay within human power. Within human power? But that power is not alone, nor isolated, from the infinite potency of the heavenly life. Legions of angels answer the call of any sincere prayer. Garrison, without money,

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friends, or any visible aid, set out alone, obscure, and unaided, to conquer the "sum of all villainies." He succeeded. He initiated a mighty movement that gathered strength as it swept on; that enlisted the noble and heroic of earth; that was led by the angelic hosts in the Unseen. Lucy Stone, entirely without any external aid or prestige, dowered only with the spiritual riches of high purpose, set forth to make the world a better place for women, and within half a century the professions, the higher education, the whole panorama of life swung open, and fifty years did more than the past five hundred had done for the true development and advancement of women. Mary A. Livermore, not only untrained in public life, but shrinking from it, yet gave herself in absolute consecration to the aid of the soldiers, to the great executive planning and directing of the Sanitary Commission in the Civil War; receiving these currents of divine power, had the "stored-up energy" that communicated itself to a legion of workers and accomplished a purpose whose divine greatness can never be read aright save in the pages of the Recording Angel. From the data of eternal

truth has come the proverb, "One with God is a majority." No one need fear his task if his purpose be noble. The angel of the Lord encampeth round about him. The pillar of fire by night, the cloud by day, shall lead him on.

Great and lasting work for humanity communicates itself through the work for the individual. One need never be afraid to respond to the call that appeals to him.

"Wilt thou not ope thy heart to know  
 What rainbows teach, and sunsets show?  
 Verdict which accumulates  
 From lengthening scroll of human fates.

"Built of tears and sacred flames,  
 And virtue reaching to its aims;  
 Built of furtherance and pursuing,  
 Not of spent deeds, but of doing."

It is the supreme anomaly in life that the social relations which are designed to offer the profoundest joy, the most perfect consolation for disaster or sorrow, and to communicate the happy currents of electrical energy, are yet those which not infrequently make themselves the channel of the most intense suffering. There is something wrong in this. The friendships of

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life, in all forms and phases and degrees through which regard and friendship reveal themselves, are the one divinest, perhaps it may be said are the only part of life on earth that is absolutely divine, and the divine element should communicate perpetual joy. This is the ideal view of the entire panorama of social interchange and social relations, and being the purest ideal, it is also the most intensely and absolutely real. For nothing is real, in the last analysis, save that which is ideal, and nothing is ideal that is not a spiritual reality. Then the question recurs,—How is it possible, how can it be accounted for that the one phase of suffering which is past even trying to endure, often comes through the sources which should radiate only joy and blessedness?

The old proverb, "Save me from my friends," is founded on a certain basis of fact. "Twenty enemies cannot do me the mischief of one friend," rather cynically, but perhaps not wholly untruly, says some one. For it certainly is not the avowed enemy, or the person to whom one is indifferent, who has the power to greatly harm or pain him. So far as injury goes, Emer-

son is probably right when he says "No one can work me injury but myself." Misrepresentation, misinterpretation, there may be, — but in the long run truth is mighty, and will, and does, prevail. One need not greatly concern himself about misinterpretations, but, rather, only with striving to live the life of truth and righteousness.

Perhaps one cause of much of the unhappiness and suffering that not infrequently invests relations that should only be those of joy and peace and mutual inspiration, is an over and undue emphasis on material things. Now, when viewed in the light of the higher truth, material things are of absolutely no consequence at all. They do not belong to the category of realities. Money, possessions, — the mere goods and chattels of life, — are, even at their best appraisal, simply a temporary convenience. As a convenience they fill a place and are all very well. As anything beyond that they have no place at all in one's consciousness. Whatever luxury they can offer is simply in using them to the best advantage, and human nature is so constituted that this best advantage is usually more closely con-



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nected with those who are dear to one than it is with himself. For himself alone, what does he want that money, mere money, can buy? He wants and needs the average conditions of life, in the "food, clothing, and shelter" line; he needs and requires certain conditions of beauty, of harmony, of gratification of tastes and enlargement of opportunities, — all these are legitimate needs, and are part of the working conditions of life; of the right development and progress which one is in duty bound to make, both for his own personal progress and as the vantage ground of his efforts for usefulness. Beyond that, the luxury of life is in doing what the heart prompts. The one heavenly joy is in the enlargement of social sympathies; is in the offering of whatever appreciation and devotion it is possible to offer to those whose noble and beautiful lives inspire this devotion. To have this accepted, — not because it is of intrinsic value, not because it is of any particular importance *per se*, but because it is the visible representation of the spiritual gift of reverence, appreciation and devotion, — is the purest happiness one may experience, and that which inspires him

anew to all endeavor and achievement. To have it refused or denied is to have the golden portals close before one and shut him out in the darkness. Why, the heavenly privilege, the infinite obligation is on the part of him who is permitted to offer his tribute of love and devotion, expressed, if it so chances, in any material way, — and he misses his sweetest joy if this privilege be denied him. There are gifts that are priceless, but they are not of the visible and tangible world. They are the gifts of sympathy, of intuitive comprehension, of helpful regard, and curiously, these — the priceless and precious, are never regarded as too valuable for acceptance, while regarding the material and temporal, which, at best, are the merest transient convenience, there will be hesitation and pain. And yet this very hesitation arises from the most beautiful and delicately exquisite qualities, but all the same it results in pain that is

“ . . . the little rift within the lute  
That by and by will make the music mute.”

There is in life a proportion of pain and jarring that is inevitable, probably, to the imperfect

mortal conditions with which the experience on earth is temporarily invested ; but all the range of friendship should be held apart as divine, as of the realities and the sanctities ; and any interchange of material gifts should not receive an undue emphasis, but be regarded as the mere incidental trifle of momentary convenience, while all the regard and devotion that may lie behind should give its mutual joy as free and as pure as the fragrance of a rose. Of all that a friend may be Emerson so truly says, —

“ I fancied he was fled, —  
And, after many a year,  
Glowed unexhausted kindness  
Like daily sunrise there.  
My careful heart was free again,  
O friend, my bosom said,  
Through thee alone the sky is arched,  
Through thee the rose is red ;  
All things through thee take nobler form.”

That alone is what all the loves and friendships of life are for, — that through their ministry life may take on nobler form.

“ I fancied he was fled.”

But a friendship that is true cannot flee ; it is, by its very quality and nature, abiding. It may

be silent forever ; it may be invisible, inaudible, immaterial, impersonal ; but once forged it is of the heavenly life, the heavenly language, and the Word of the Lord abideth forever !

Each life has, indeed, its own magnetic radiation and within that radiation lie its duties which are, still more, its privileges. Increasingly is it true that we have very little to do with material barriers. A man hesitates to relieve some necessity, to meet some very real need of another — not because he cannot spare the means at the moment, but because he reasons that if he were to be ill, or if this or that happen, he would himself require all his store. But nothing has happened as yet, and has he no practical faith in the divine leading and aid ? Does he not realize that the Power which has sustained him will continue to care for him in the future ? And with increasing aid, as he learns to recognize and trust in a larger way, and to follow unfalteringly the spiritual ideal revealed to him.

“ And I remember still  
The words, and from whom they came,  
Not he that repeateth the name  
But he that doeth the will !

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And Him evermore I behold  
Walking in Galilee  
Through the cornfield's waving gold,  
In hamlet, in wood, and in wold,  
By the shores of the Beautiful Sea."

That literature which makes itself the pledge and prophecy of all fairer life — a veritable witness of the dawn — is to be sought from the individual author and not in any specific class or production, whether of ethics, philosophy, or poetry. The thought with its magnetic touch may clothe itself in any form, but somewhat in its influence shall reveal that it proceeds from the world of diviner significances.

Margaret Fuller, Contessa d'Ossoli, is pre-eminently one of the writers and thinkers who unflinchingly sought the ideal: to whom it was increasingly revealed, with years, and followed with a fidelity of spirit that made her life one to leave a deep impress on the literature of thought. Of specific literary work she left surprisingly little. Her greatest achievement in letters, — a "History of Italy," into which she had thrown all her wealth of learning, her profundity of insight, her brilliancy and power of expression — perished with her in that tragic ending of her

life in the shipwreck off Fire Island, when both the author and the manuscript went down under the waves together. There is a depth and a vitality, however, in her scattered papers collected in volumes bearing the titles, "Life Without and Within," "At Home and Abroad," "Art, Literature, and the Drama," and "Woman in the Nineteenth Century," that make them valuable. It is insight in which Margaret Fuller was greatest. Such passages as these, —

“. . . But I have lived to know that the secret of all things is pain, and that nature travaileth most painfully with her noblest product. I was not without hours of deep spiritual insight, and consciousness of the inheritance of vast powers. I touched the secret of the universe and by that touch was invested with talismanic power which has never left me, though it sometimes lies dormant for a long time. . . . I saw how idle were griefs; that I had acquired the thought of each object which had been taken from me; that more extended personal relations would have dimmed my sense of the spiritual meaning of all that has passed. I felt how true it was that nothing in any being which is for us can be kept from us.”

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Of social relations she says, —

“The most important rule is in all relations never to forget that if they are imperfect persons, they are immortal souls, and treat them as you would wish to be treated by the light of that thought.”

Yet, as James Freeman Clarke has so well expressed, it was the character, the personality of Margaret Fuller rather than any literary expression of it, that left its indelible influence. The life of this unique and remarkable woman was written in the hearts of her intimate circle of friends. Emerson, William Henry Channing, and James Freeman Clarke kept the record unconsciously, it may be, at the time, and on her death they embalmed their remembrances of her in the volume entitled “Memoirs of Margaret Fuller d’Ossoli,” a book which is one of those few indispensable ones to life. Making liberal use as it does of Margaret’s letters and journal records, it leads the reader into the very *intime* of an intense life with as sincere a frankness of avowal as characterizes the “Confessions” of Rousseau. And it is an inner life worth knowing. The first authors who influenced her were

Shakespeare, Cervantes, and Molière, and of them she says, —

“Three great authors it was my fortune to meet at this important period, — all, though of unequal, yet congenial powers, — all of rich and wide, rather than aspiring genius, — all free to the extent of the horizon their eye took in, — all fresh with impulse, racy with experience; never to be lost sight of, or superseded, but always to be apprehended more and more.”

In Cervantes she found “a far less powerful genius but the same wide wisdom” as in Shakespeare; and in Molière one “lower in range and depth” than Shakespeare and Cervantes, but of the same order.

One of the finest things that Margaret has left on record is in an analysis of social relations.

“We meet — at least those who are true to their instincts meet — a succession of persons through our lives, all of whom have some peculiar errand to us. There is an outer circle, whose existence we perceive, but with whom we stand in no real relation. They tell us the news, they act on us in the offices of society, they show us kindness and aversion; but



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their influence does not penetrate ; we are nothing to them, nor they to us, except as a part of the world's furniture. Another circle, within this, are dear and near to us.

“ But yet a nearer group there are, beings born under the same star, and bound with us in a common destiny. These are not mere acquaintances, mere friends, but, when we meet, are sharers of our very existence. There is no separation ; the same thought is given at the same moment to both,—indeed, it is born of the meeting, and would not otherwise have been called into existence at all. These not only know themselves more, but *are* more for having met, and regions of their being, which would else have laid sealed in cold obstruction, burst into leaf and bloom and song.”

James Freeman Clarke says of Margaret that to describe friendship with her was like making an intimate confession of one's most interior self, as she “ entered into the depth of every soul with which she stood in any real relation.”

“ And what she thus was to me, she was to many others. Inexhaustible in power of insight, and with a good-will ‘ broad as ether,’ she could enter into

the needs, and sympathize with the various excellences, of the greatest variety of characters. One thing only she demanded of all her friends, — that they should have some ‘extraordinary generous seeking,’ that they should not be satisfied with the common routine of life, — that they should aspire to something higher, better, holier, than they had now attained. Where this element of aspiration existed, she demanded no originality of intellect, no greatness of soul. If these were found, well; but she could love tenderly and truly where they were not. . . . She possessed the power of so magnetizing others that they would lay open to her all the secrets of their nature.”

This remarkable woman exercised the spell that aroused all that was highest in quality, and persons who were not noble became so in her presence. “Magnificent, prophetic, — this new Corinne,” Emerson says of her; “she never confounded relations; but kept a hundred fine threads in her hand, without crossing or entangling any. An entire intimacy, which seemed to make both sharers of the whole horizon of each other’s and of all truth, did not yet make her false to any other friend; gave no title to

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the history that an equal trust of another friend had put in her keeping."

This wonderful life of Margaret Fuller, with its tragic ending, gives to literature a story unique and unparalleled.

As does the life of Laurence Oliphant, written by his kinswoman, Mrs. M. O. W. Oliphant, a biography which, like that of Margaret Fuller, reveals the curious transubstantiation of a persistent trend of thought into outer and plastic circumstance. Laurence Oliphant has left only one book, "Scientific Religion," which is of any permanent value; but his life, as told by Mrs. Oliphant, is a human document which claims a place in the world of books. His marriage with Alice Le Strange, who was gifted "with that inexplicable fascination which is more than beauty;" their exiled life in Haifa, full of strange imaginings and high thought and mistaken purpose; the dramatic death and burial of his wife; the picture of the funeral procession down the mountain, which seems imaged in Clinton Scollard's lovely poem, "As I Came Down from Lebanon," — all this story is a fascinating chapter in the literature of biography. Of Mr. Oliphant

his biographer says that he was in many ways an embodiment of his time in eager movement, enthusiasm, and an impatience with social conditions; "filled with that disgust of the imperfections and falsehoods of society" to which the idealist is prone. "He was an extraordinary blending of the bold satirist, cynic philosopher, devoted enthusiast, gay and daring adventurer, and absolute and visionary religious teacher," and the biography of this strange individual is one that suggests new views, and his very delusions and errors and mistakes are a contribution to the spiritual history of human life.

Mr. Oliphant's "Scientific Religion" is the record of an absorbing experience in a close study and devoted investigation of psychological problems. He studies the nature of forces latent in the human organism, and the data of Theosophy, occultism, and mysticism. Like all intelligent students of the unseen universe, he comes into some knowledge of permanent truth. This work was written in 1889, and in its opening chapter we find him saying, —

"The great problems of life are assuming a new form as the theological landmarks are gradually

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fading away beneath the flood of light which has been let into them by theological research, antiquarian discovery, scientific investigation, and psychical phenomena; and men are peering earnestly into the new region which is being thus illuminated, for a new order which they may substitute for the old; some vital principle which shall conduce to a purer and nobler social life. For the religious instinct is more quickened than ever, and in proportion as men under its influence emancipate themselves from what they now perceive to be the ignorance, prejudice or superstition of a dark age, do their aspirations strain after something higher and better, while their belief in the possible realization of ideals, hitherto deemed unattainable, grows stronger."

Mr. Oliphant finds "the processes of divine quickening moving steadily forward," and he addresses himself seriously to the task of examining them. Regarding the latent forces in human nature, as revealed by scientific investigation in hypnotism, and the various experiments conducted by Doctor Charcot in Paris, by Professor Bernheim at Nancy, and many others, — and the phenomena of telepathy, which may now be accepted as a demonstrated truth, — regarding all these phenomena Mr. Oliphant says: —

“It may be thought that it is begging the question to say that these forces originate outside of ourselves, or, in other words, that we are not our own source of life, and that outside of us there is an unseen world. There is no way of proving that this is so to those who reject, and in many instances reasonably reject, the ordinary phenomena of spiritualism, unless such persons are prepared to train the will and subject the whole nature, physical, moral, and intellectual, to the severe and painful discipline by which their subsurface consciousness may be opened, and their interior faculties developed. But those — and they are the majority — who have no difficulty in assenting to the proposition that the life-principle which sustains and animates the visible world, is derived from a source outside of it, which we call God, and that this life-principle animates other worlds beside ours, both visible and invisible, will have no difficulty in further perceiving the possibility which has been assumed in the most ancient religions of the world, and is a fundamental doctrine of Christianity. This invisible world, whether it be called heaven and hell, or goes by some other name, is peopled with intelligences, hosts of whom have formerly inhabited this one, and whose influence may still be felt here. This is a fact of my own personal experience, as palpable to me as my own

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existence and that of the human beings by whom I am surrounded in the flesh, and it is confirmed by thousands of others; still, by the majority it is as yet only believed in theoretically, if believed in at all."

The interesting work of Professor Clark, entitled "Can Matter Think? A Problem in Psychics," attracted Mr. Oliphant's attention, and he alludes to it in these words, —

"Professor Clark thus enunciates his conception of the state of motion in which are the molecules of the most solid matter:— 'Visible bodies, apparently at rest, are made of parts, each of which is moving with the velocity of a cannon-ball, and yet never departing to a visible extent from its mean place.'

"In a recent paper on atoms, molecules, and ether waves, Professor Tyndall makes the following statement:— 'When water is converted into steam, the distances between the molecules are greatly augmented, but the molecules themselves continue intact. We must not, however, picture the constituent atoms of any molecules as held so rigidly as to render intestine motion impossible. The interlocked atoms have still liberty of vibration. The constitu-

ent atoms of molecules can vibrate to and fro millions of millions of times in a second. The atoms of different molecules are held together with varying degrees of tightness, they are tuned as it were to notes of a different pitch. The vibrations of the constituent atoms of a molecule may under certain circumstances become so intense as to shake the molecules asunder; most molecules, probably all, are wrecked by internal heat, or, in other words, by intense vibratory motions.'

"Electricity, for instance, will tear these molecules to pieces. This is not the case, however, with atoms, which science so far asserts to be indestructible. Upon them electricity has no effect; and Sir Henry Roscoe tells us that 'a hydrogen atom can endure unscathed the inconceivably fierce temperature of stars presumably many times more fervent than our sun — as Sirius and Vega.'"

Pursuing scientific revelations further, Mr. Oliphant says, —

"The advance of science during the last fifty years has at all events proved to us that our previous conception of matter was entirely erroneous, and must undergo a complete change; and that the further it attempts to follow up matter into the new region



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thus opened, the greater the difficulty becomes. Professor Helmholtz tells us 'that the electricity which permeates all matter, and is like an envelope to all its atoms, is itself apparently composed of atoms, only infinitely finer than any others ;' and Professor Maxwell talks of particles of electricity, and says that an electric current consists 'of files of particles,' — one theory being that the passage of a current of electricity is a vibration or revolution of particles, each particle being a group of particles revolving upon themselves.

“There are many elements in nature which are called imponderable, simply because at present hydrogen is the lightest thing we can weigh—in other words, they are not really imponderable, but only imponderable as far as we have got. This is admitted, and is illustrated by Mr. Crookes in what he calls 'the fourth state of matter,' a form and condition vastly more rarefied than the lightest substance known—so we pass from the solids, which were formerly called matter, to liquids, from liquids to gases, from gases to electricity and magnetism, from these to aeriform or radiant matter; for we learn from Ganot's 'Elements of Physics' that 'that subtle, imponderable, and eminently elastic fluid called the ether, distributed through the entire universe, pervading the mass of all bodies, the

densest and most opaque, as well as the lightest and most transparent, is composed of atoms, and not merely do the atoms of bodies communicate motion to the atoms of the ether, but the latter can impart it to the former. Thus the atoms of bodies are at once the sources and the recipients of motion. All physical phenomena referred thus to a single cause are but transformations of motion. . . .

“‘In the present state of science we cannot say whether the forces in nature are properties inherent in matter, or whether they result from movements impressed on the mass of subtle and imponderable forms of matter through the universe. The latter hypothesis is, however, generally admitted.’

“This and many other like points can never be settled until we realize that our external senses are not tests upon which we can rely for anything—being mere organs for the transmission of sensations which are conditioned not upon what things really are, but upon what they appear to us to be.

“Science, to be *true*, must not be human but divine, and those who would search into the secrets of nature, must begin by searching into the mysteries of God, from whom it emanated. ‘Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all other things shall be added to you;’ and this kingdom, we are told, is ‘within us.’ Men have begun

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at the wrong end to work up to the unknowable through the external manifestations of its power by the aid of their own limited faculties of reason and observation, while they have failed to enlist in the quest the most powerful faculty of all, an instinct directed by love for God and humanity."

The divine truth and guidance for man embodied in the Holy Scriptures is more and more explained and illuminated by science and by a larger knowledge of the latent powers of man. Matthew Arnold, in his famous lecture on "Literature and Science" contained in the volume called "Discourses in America," observes that the term literature is a large word, and that "all knowledge which reaches us through books is literature, — Euclid's 'Elements' and Newton's 'Principia,' being thus construed as literature." Certainly any *résumé* of books that did not recognize modern scientific writings as among the most valuable and indispensable literature, would fall very far short of any completeness. Huxley, Tyndall, and Darwin are sources of thought as well as of mere information. Professor Huxley has been called "a materialist," but what kind of "materialism" is expressed in such words

as these from an address that he delivered before the University of Cambridge, when he said, —

“It is an indisputable truth that what we call the material world is only known to us under the forms of the ideal world ; and, as Descartes tells us, our knowledge of the soul is more intimate and certain than our knowledge of the body. If there is one thing clear about the progress of modern science,” he continues, “it is the tendency to reduce all scientific problems, except those which are purely mathematical, to questions of molecular physics, — that is to say, to attractions, repulsions, motions, and co-ordination of the ultimate particles of matter.”

Professor Tyndall's works are among the richest that can engage the mind. He, too, sees the reality of the unseen universe, even as Saint Paul did when he exclaimed that the things that are seen are temporal, but the things that are not seen are eternal.

Of the phenomena of matter and force, Professor Tyndall says it lies within an intellectual range, and, “so far as they reach, we will at all hazards, push on inquiries ; but behind and above and around all, the vast mystery of this

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universe lies unsolved and, so far as we are concerned is incapable of solution. . . . Believing as I do in the continuity of nature, I cannot stop abruptly where our microscope ceases to be of use. Here the vision of the mind supplements authoritatively the vision of the eye. By an intellectual necessity I cross the boundary of the experimental evidence and discover in matter the promise of potency of all terrestrial life."

This was written several years ago and now — such is the advance of science — that in an address before the British Association in 1898 Sir William Crookes, referring to these words of Professor Tyndall's, reversed them and said, "In life I discover the promise and potency of all kinds of matter."

There has been of late years a general expression of deep interest in all books dealing with the nature of life and its future conditions. A wave of inquiry has arisen from readers afar from the larger social centres, as to what books would best afford illumination in this line of speculative thought. The answer may be that science offers far more of value than the so-called "occult" books, — a large proportion of which

are in no sense literature, nor entitled to any intelligent attention. Science offers "The Unseen Universe" by Professors Balfour, Stewart, and Tait; Fechner's "Life After Death," whose author formerly held the chair of Physics at the University of Leipsic; the works of Sir William Crookes and the writings of Lord Kelvin; the German Zöllner's fascinating researches; "Human Freedom," and other psychological works by Professor William James, of the Department of Psychology at Harvard University; "Matter, Ether, and Motion," by Professor A. E. Dolbear, which offers the latest data on the problems of the nature of the ether and of energy,<sup>1</sup> and this book is one of the most important volumes in all modern letters, to be read and to be studied, as offering fairly a key to the mysteries of nature and as almost finding the link between matter and spirit. The latest results of physical science reveal, indeed, — and nowhere more wonderfully shown than by Professor Dolbear, — that matter and spirit are one, and are "simply differ-

<sup>1</sup> This problem is discussed at some length from the data furnished by Professor Dolbear, in a volume entitled "The Spiritual Significance" published by Little, Brown, & Co., in 1900.

ent degrees of manifestation of the same ethereal breath." Matthew Arnold wisely counsels us to acquire those powers that go to the building up of human life, — "the power of conduct, the power of intellect and knowledge, the power of beauty, and the power of social life and manners." These powers can hardly be attained, however, without some grasp of the vast storehouse of knowledge revealed in the writings of Faraday, Helmholtz, Huxley, Darwin, Tyndall, Dr. Oliver Lodge, Sir William Crookes, Professor Benjamin Peirce, Professor N. S. Shaler, and other scientists, many of whom contribute to periodical literature from time to time the latest results of research in astronomy, chemistry, and electricity. Science is no more restricted to the specialty of the physicist. Nor is it necessary, in order to appreciate science, to concur with Mr. Darwin when he declared his inability to understand why mankind should concern itself with religion and poetry, as, to his mind, science and the domestic affections were enough to fill life.

Coleridge gave to the world of thought his mystic oracles and Channing his divine beati-

tudes ; but Emerson, who united both, also preceded Darwin as the great evolutionist. The influence of Emerson is undoubtedly the most potent one in all literature to-day. This is saying a great deal, but not more than a close study of literary conditions will justify and support. For Emerson is pre-eminently the author that speaks to the soul.

John Morley truly says that "men may now be left to find their way to the Emerson doctrine without the critic's prompting." His teaching has never encumbered itself with philosophic system or theory. It is the pure white light, — as simple as that of the Sermon on the Mount, as exalted as the divinest message. He never spent himself on problems ; he had to do with life. He is the discerner of spiritual states. His task is the divination of ideals. He holds that life shall be constant growth. "Men should be intelligent and earnest. They must also make us feel that they have a controlling happy future opening before them, whose waning twilights already kindle in the passing hour. The hero is misconceived and misreported ; he cannot, therefore, wait to unravel any man's blunders ;



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he is again on his road adding new powers and honors to his domain, and new claims on your heart, which will bankrupt you, if you have loitered about the old things, and have not kept your relation to him, by adding to your wealth." Emerson teaches men to measure character by other standards than the obvious. "We know who is benevolent by quite other means than the amount of subscription to soup-societies."

Ten minutes given to reading Emerson in the morning sets the day to a new key. He lifts one into the realm of right relations. "The definition of spiritual would be that which is its own evidence," he tells us; "Life is not dialectics. . . . Do not craze yourself with thinking, but go about your business anywhere. . . . The universe is the externalization of the soul. The soul that ascends to worship the great God is plain and true; has no rose-color, no fine friends, no chivalry, no adventures; does not want admiration; dwells in the hour that now is, in the earnest experiences of the common day." •

Emerson's teaching is that each shall gain for himself the right obedience to the powers of the

soul, or, rather, to teach man so to live that the spiritual self shall take command. "We live day by day," he says, "under the illusion that it is the fact or event which imports, whilst really it is not that which signifies, but the use we put it to, or what we think of it." As for good days, — "that day is good in which we have had most perceptions." The book is good "which puts us in a working mood," and "the deep book, no matter how remote the subject, is the one that most helps us." And again, —

"We have not learned the law of the mind, — cannot control and domesticate at will the high states of contemplation and continuous thought. 'Neither by sea nor by land,' said Pindar, 'canst thou find the way to the Hyperboreans; neither by idle wishing, nor by rule of three or rule of thumb.' Yet I find a mitigation or solace by providing always a good book for my journeys, as Horace or Martial or Goethe, — some book which lifts me quite out of prosaic surroundings, and from which I draw some lasting knowledge. A Greek epigram out of the anthology, a verse of Herrick or Lovelace, are in harmony both with sense and spirit.

"You shall not read newspapers, nor politics, nor

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novels, nor Montaigne, nor the newest French book. You may read Plutarch, Plato, Plotinus, Hindoo mythology, and ethics. You may read Chaucer, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Milton, — and Milton's prose as his verse; read Collins and Gray; read Hafiz and the Trouveurs; nay, Welsh and British mythology of Arthur, and (in your ear) Ossian; fact-books, which all geniuses prize as raw material, and as antidote to verbiage and false poetry. Fact-books, if the facts be well and thoroughly told, are much more nearly allied to poetry than many books are that are written in rhyme. Only our newest knowledge works as a source of inspiration and thought, as only the outmost layer of *liber* on the tree. Books of natural science, especially those written by the ancients, — geography, botany, agriculture, explorations of the sea, of meteors, of astronomy, — all the better if written without literary aim or ambition."

In a word Emerson, lays little stress on specific information, or details, or circumstances, but his entire emphasis is on the self-activity and power of self-direction of the soul.

"I hold it of little matter  
Whether your jewel be of pure water,  
A rose diamond, or a white;  
*But whether it dazzle me with light.*"

There is the test,—whether the book, the event, or the friend is able to “dazzle us with light.” By that unerring test must everything stand or fall. The other great lesson of Emerson is courage. “I judge of a man’s heart by his hope.” He speaks of “the flowing conditions of life,” and then, as already quoted above, that the universe is but the externalization of the soul, and thus he comes to the counsel “Build, therefore, your own world.”

To read Emerson is to have the key to an infinite reservoir of spiritual energy and a perpetual restoration of the soul. Of all the world-authors, it is he who most universally stands for the Witness of the Dawn.

How serene is the trust he inculcates in these words :—

“A little consideration of what takes place around us every day, would show us that a higher law than that of our will regulates events; that our painful labors are very unnecessary, and altogether fruitless; that only in our easy, simple, spontaneous action are we strong, and by contenting ourselves with obedience we become divine. Belief and love, — a believing love will relieve us of a vast load of care.”

And again, —

“There is guidance for each of us, and by lowly listening we shall hear the right word. Why need you choose so painfully your place, and occupation, and associates, and modes of action, and of entertainment? Certainly there is a possible right for you that precludes the need of balance and wilful election. For you there is a reality, a fit place and congenial duties. Place yourself in the middle of the stream of power and wisdom which flows into you as life, place yourself in the full centre of that flood, then you are without effort impelled to truth, to right, and a perfect contentment. Then you put all gainsayers in the wrong.”

. . . . .

“Over all things that are agreeable to his nature and genius, the man has the highest right. Everywhere he may take what belongs to his spiritual estate, nor can he take anything else, though all doors were open, nor can all the force of men hinder him from taking so much. It is vain to attempt to keep a secret from one who has a right to know it. It will tell itself. That mood into which a friend can bring us, is his dominion over us. To the thoughts of that state of mind, he has a right. All the secrets of that state of mind, he can compel. This is a law which statesmen use in practice.”

Emerson constantly appeals to the standard of flawless excellence in conduct, as in the lines, —

“’Tis man’s perdition to be safe  
When for the truth he ought to die.”

Within the past twenty years a new trend in literature has sprung up, initiated largely by Oriental scholars and translators of the Eastern books, — Max Müller, Sir Edwin Arnold, and others, — one whose interest has been constantly heightened by the increasing intercourse between the East and the West. Co-existent with this movement and with little visible relation, there has also arisen a wave of literature of the order of “The Perfect Way” and “Clothed With the Sun” by Doctor Anna Kingsford.

Hindoo literature has taken an important place in the higher range of reading, and the translations of Sir William Jones of the “Sacartula,” the “Hitopadesa,” and the “Vishnu Purana” are valuable.

Wholly apart from this mystic line of thought, and still in a way, not without a certain har-

mony of relation to it, are the able and helpful books of Doctor Drummond, — “Natural Law in the Spiritual World,” “The Greatest Thing in the World,” and the purely scientific work, “The Ascent of Man.” This class of literature at its best is full of spiritual illumination. It is not in and of itself the key to the secret of life, but it contributes toward an enlargement of view. The specific literature of Theosophy is a contribution to human knowledge. The works translated from the Sanskrit, — the Bhagabad-Gita, and selections from the Mahabharata, are very rich in literary as well as ethical significance, and a familiarity with them is an essential part of culture. In the “Light of Asia,” which has made its way into almost every household in the civilized world, Sir Edwin Arnold has embodied in poetic form Gautama Buddha’s teachings of Mahâbhinishkramana (the great renunciation), and to thousands of readers this poem conveyed their first definite knowledge of Buddhism. Four hundred and seventy millions of people are of this faith, and yet it is within the past half century that the English-speaking world has had any clear conception of the religion of Asia. In

India where Brahmanism prevails, the stamp of Buddha's teaching remains ineffaceably upon the belief. Of Buddha, Sir Edwin Arnold himself says, —

“Discordant in frequent particulars, and sorely overlaid by corruptions, inventions, and misconception, the Buddhistical books yet agree in the one point of recording nothing — no single act or word — which mars the perfect purity and tenderness of this Indian teacher, who united the truest princely qualities with the intellect of a sage and the passionate devotion of a martyr. Even M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire, totally misjudging, as he does, many points of Buddhism, is well cited by Professor Max Müller as saying of Prince Siddârtha, ‘*Sa vie n’a point de tache. Son constant héroïsme égale sa conviction ; et si la théorie qu’il préconise est fausse, les exemples personnels qu’il donne sont irréprochables. Il est le modèle achevé de toutes les vertus qu’il prêche ; son abnégation, sa charité, son inaltérable douceur ne se démentent point un seul instant.*’ ”

Buddha is supposed to have antedated Jesus, by some 600 years, and between their teachings of personal religion there are many points of



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similarity. But the general trend of Buddhism, and Christianity differ widely. The chief tenets of the former are known as Karma, Dharma, and Nirvana; Karma being the term signifying cause and effect, the results of actions constantly reappearing in life in the guise of conditions and circumstances; Dharma, being the intermediate state after death, and Nirvana, the Buddhist idea of heaven, as being finally absorbed into the Absolute. Theosophy bears to Buddhism a strong resemblance, and in some features is almost identical with it. Its special tenets are the belief in karma, in reincarnation, in a condition entered by death, called karma-loca; in Devachan as the succeeding higher state; but the modern theosophical teaching of reincarnation differs essentially from the ancient doctrine of "transmigration of souls," the latter presupposing that the system of rewards and punishments at death condemned the soul of the evildoer to enter into the body of an animal, while the theosophical theory is that the spiritual man wears out, so to speak, a great number of physical bodies, in perfecting his earth experience. Theosophy conceives man as composed of seven

principles, — the body, vitality, astral body, animal soul, human soul, spiritual soul, and spirit. It also conceives a planetary chain of seven spheres, through each of which the spiritual man must pass on his way to achieve union with the Divine Spirit. In Devachan, it conceives of a purely spiritual state of life that may last for varying periods, from a few to a thousand or more years, before the soul chooses to again incarnate itself in the world of matter. Theosophy also teaches that by intelligent knowledge of the laws, and by moral obedience, the number of incarnations can be reduced, as a youth may, by diligence, condense his four years' work at college into three with the same results. The clearest idea of Theosophy within easy reading limits is obtained by a work called Sinnett's "Esoteric Buddhism." With this, though it is less essential, may not unprofitably be read "The Occult World" by the same author. That remarkable book, "The Perfect Way," by Anna Kingsford, will be held as a daily companion by all who become familiar with its exquisite and exalted thought. It is more a book of spiritual symbolism than one conveying any specific

theory ; it is, indeed, encumbered with symbols to the detriment of its clearness ; but its profound and prophetic thought repays study, and to the thoughtful reader, inclined to the literature of spirituality, it becomes an inseparable companion. The book called "Clothed With the Sun," by the same author, is not without value, but is less indispensable than is "The Perfect Way." The biography of Doctor Kingsford, written by her co-worker, Edward Maitland, is a work to be read by all interested in this trend of thought.

The Theosophical manuals by Annie Besant, "The Self and Its Sheaths," "Emotion, Intellect, and Spirituality," "Theosophy and Christianity," "The Masters as Facts and Ideals," are all singularly clear, concise, and able expositions of various forms of this faith. Of religions Mrs. Besant says, —

"On the other hand all religions agree in their enunciation of some great moral verities, and in their founding themselves on a spiritual, as against a material, conception of the universe and of man. All alike proclaim the duties of purity, integrity, ve-

racity, kindness, forgiveness of injuries, self-denial, service to man. These moral keynotes are struck again and again, and no higher note in ethics has been sounded at the end of the nineteenth century after Christ than was struck in the nineteenth century before him. So also with the conception of the spiritual nature of man and of the universe ; all alike proclaim One Eternal Self-Existence, the manifestation in time of an emanation therefrom, the Root and Fount of all existence, Life, Will, Ideal, in their highest, most transcendental condition, Ormazd, Brahmâ, the Logos, the Word. This Self of the universe is the innermost Self of man, the spiritual Root of the Cosmos and the spiritual Root of Humanity. Under whatever phrases, under whatever names, this idea lies at the foundation of every religion, and the methods of each are directed, however inadequately and however clumsily, to making men realize this hidden spiritual life and evolve it into active manifestation."

Sir Edwin Arnold has embodied these views in a marvellous poem, entitled "After Death in Arabia," which is worthy of permanent preservation in literature.

"He who died at Azan sends  
This to comfort all his friends :

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“ Faithful friends! It lies, I know,  
Pale and white and cold as snow ;  
And ye say, ‘ Abdallah ’s dead ! ’  
Weeping at the feet and head,  
I can see your falling tears,  
I can hear your sighs and prayers ;  
Yet I smile and whisper this, —  
‘ I am not that thing you kiss ;  
Cease your tears, and let it lie ;  
It *was* mine, it is not I.’

“ Sweet friends ! what the women lave  
For its last bed of the grave,  
Is a tent which I am quitting,  
Is a garment no more fitting,  
Is a cage from which, at last,  
Like a hawk my soul hath passed.  
Love the inmate, not the room, —  
The wearer, not the garb, — the plume  
Of the falcon, not the bars  
Which kept him from these splendid stars.

“ Loving friends ! be wise and dry  
Straightway every weeping eye, —  
What ye lift upon the bier  
Is not worth a wistful tear.  
’Tis an empty sea-shell, — one  
Out of which the pearl is gone ;  
The shell is broken, it lies there ;  
The pearl, the all, the soul, is here.  
’Tis an earthen jar, whose lid  
Allah sealed, the while it hid  
That treasure of his treasury,

A mind that loved him; let it lie !  
Let the shard be earth's once more,  
Since the gold shines in his store !

“ Allah glorious ! Allah good !  
Now thy world is understood ;  
Now the long, long wonder ends,  
Yet ye weep, my erring friends,  
While the man whom ye call ‘ dead ’  
In unspoken bliss instead  
Lives, and loves you ; lost, 't is true  
By such light as shines for you ;  
But in light ye cannot see  
Of unfulfilled felicity,  
In enlarging Paradise,  
Lives a life that never dies.

“ Farewell, friends ! Yet not farewell ;  
Where I am, ye, too, shall dwell.  
I am gone before your face,  
A moment's time, a little pace.  
When ye come where I have stepped,  
Ye will wonder why ye wept ;  
Ye will know, by wise love taught,  
That here is all, and there is naught.  
Weep awhile, if ye are fain,  
Sunshine still must follow rain !  
Only not at death, for death —  
Now I know — is that first breath  
Which our souls draw when we enter  
Life, which is of all life centre.

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“ Be ye certain all seems love,  
Viewed from Allah’s Throne above :  
Be ye stout of heart, and come  
Bravely onward to your home !  
*La Allah illa Allah !* Yea,  
Thou love divine ! Thou love always !

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“ *He that died at Azan gave  
This to those who made his grave.*”

Much of the teaching of Esoteric philosophy seems calculated to supplement rather than antagonize the teaching of the Christian faith and if it bring to light any hitherto uncomprehended spiritual truth it need be in nowise inconsistent for the follower of Christ to recognize it. There need be no antagonism between the two faiths, for all that is true and of the divine order shall endure, and all error and misconception shall fall off and decay, for in truth alone is there eternal life.

Another of the indispensable books is Doctor Drummond’s “Natural Law in the Spiritual World.” In it one finds such passages as this :—

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“Why should not the musician’s life be an Eternal Life? Because, for one thing, the musical world, the environment with which he corresponds, is not eternal. Even if his correspondence in itself could last eternally, the environing material things with which he corresponds must pass away. His soul might last for ever — but not his violin. So the man of the world might last for ever — but not the world. His environment is not eternal; nor are even his correspondences — the world passeth away *and the lust thereof.*”

“We find then that man, or the spiritual man, is equipped with two sets of correspondences. One set possesses the quality of everlastingness, the other is temporal. But unless these are separated by some means the temporal will continue to impair and hinder the eternal. The final preparation, therefore, for the inheriting of Eternal Life must consist in the abandonment of the non-eternal elements. These must be unloosed and dissociated from the higher elements. And this is effected by a closing catastrophe — Death.”

Of the determining influence of environment, Doctor Drummond says, —

“If I want to know about Man, I go to his part of the environment. And he tells me about him-



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self, not as the plant or the mineral, for he is neither, but in his own way. And if I want to know about God, I go to His part of the environment. And He tells me about Himself, not as a man, for He is not man, but in His own way. And just as naturally as the flower and the mineral and the man, each in their own way, tell me about themselves, He tells me about Himself. He very strangely condescends indeed in making things plain to me, actually assuming for a time the form of a man that I at my poor level may better see Him. This is my opportunity to know Him. This incarnation is God making Himself accessible to human thought — God opening to man the possibility of correspondence through Jesus Christ. And this correspondence and this environment are those I seek. He himself assures me, ‘This is Life Eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent.’ Do I not now discern the deeper meaning in ‘*Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent?*’ Do I not better understand with what vision and rapture the profoundest of the disciples exclaims, ‘The Son of God is come, and hath given us an understanding that we might know Him that is True?’

“Having opened correspondence with the Eternal Environment, the subsequent stages are in the line

of all other normal development. We have but to continue, to deepen, to extend, and to enrich the correspondence that has been begun. And we shall soon find to our surprise that this is accompanied by another and parallel process. The action is not all upon our side. The environment also will be found to correspond. The influence of environment is one of the greatest and most substantial of modern biological doctrines. Of the power of environment to form or transform organisms, of its ability to develop or suppress function, of its potency in determining growth, and generally of its immense influence in evolution, there is no need now to speak. But environment is now acknowledged to be one of the most potent factors in the evolution of life. The influence of environment, too, seems to increase rather than diminish as we approach the higher forms of being."

Of Doctor Drummond's sympathetic and beautiful interpretation of the life of the spirit in that perfect little brochure, "The Greatest Thing in the World," it is hardly necessary to speak. It is universally known. It has penetrated to every hearthstone; it is the daily mentor to almost every life. "The Greatest Thing

in the World" is—love. "It is the rule for fulfilling all rules," says Doctor Drummond; "the new commandment for keeping all the old commandments, Christ's own secret of the Christian life."

Love is power—it is the universal potency, it shall come to be universally recognized.

The noble ideals of literature are increasingly informed with significance and with an all pervading force that recreates the conduct of life. That our resolutions which more or less embody our ideals of living, are not entirely fulfilled—well for us if even they are partially fulfilled—goes without saying; that we even approach them only imperfectly and partially is true; but the one saving grace in any resolution, desire, aspiration or ideal, is never to relinquish it.

"Delayed it may be for more lives yet;  
Through worlds I shall traverse, not a few;"

An entire round of experiences may lie before one, ere the ideal he holds shall be possible of attainment; but he who is steadfast shall achieve it at last. It is the law and the prophets.

There is, however, constantly recurring in life, another phase of attempts which represent desire (which is transient) rather than aspiration (which is permanent), and which vanish not infrequently to the annoyance and regret of the person concerned. They are the little losses and crosses and minor troubles of life. They are wholly within the material range and their value is temporary and not permanent. Even the loss of money, which represents almost anything, from the power to carry out noble and generous purposes that contribute to the progress of humanity and make themselves co-operative with the divine work, — to merely sordid and selfish desires, — even the loss of money must be relegated to the material and temporal rather than to the more permanent range of loss and trial. There is a more or less constant experience, at all events, of the fluctuations of fortune in the immediate and the temporal, and there are two ways of meeting these experiences. One is to invest them with the perpetual remembrance of regret; the constantly recurring allusions to everything within this line, from the accidental loss of a lace handkerchief to that

of one's entire fortune, and to thus perpetuate the incidental occurrence into an atmosphere that envelops and attends one's entire life. The other way is to accept the matter as an incident in the progress of life: a thing to be regretted, if one please; to be recognized as an actual loss, a hindrance, for the time being; yet to be met in the spirit of the words, "forgetting the things that are behind, press onward to those before."

To live in the atmosphere of perpetual regret and lamentation is to invite misfortune. The depression of spirit attracts depression and gloom. Brooding over one loss, another will follow. One may thus drift into a zone of losses and annoyances, and attract them in overwhelming degree. He may fill his days with despondency and continually deepen and enlarge its volume and intensify its quality until his life shall be steeped in irritation and bitterness. Or—he may close the door on it all. It rests wholly with himself. The immortal poet never gave wiser counsel than when he said,—

" Things without remedy  
Should be without regard."

Something has vanished. But the world is full of everything. Something has failed. But the world waits for new endeavor and success. "Believe," said Emerson, "that there is a power in To-day to re-create the beautiful Yesterday." Nothing that has in it the germ of permanence has vanished even when it has passed. The outer form passes, the inner truth remains. No matter, indeed, how severe the loss, how inconvenient the deprivation, how insurmountable the gulf that opens between one and the opportunity he seemed to see within his grasp, yet, whatever is without remedy should, indeed, be without regard.

No real good is ever lost. It cannot be. It is of the realm of spirit and springs up again in new forms and with renewed vitality. One must let go regret and adjust himself to the new conditions. They will develop to nobler possibilities and bloom in more perfect flowering. One's hand is left empty at times, that it may be ready to hold richer treasure. The quality must be refined.

"But God said,  
'I will have a purer gift.  
There is smoke in the flame.'"

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Life is a perpetual process of selection, of modification, of transformation. It is a spiritual laboratory, and to gain the full meaning and the completer beauty of every day is to constantly hold the daily panorama as a part of eternity — seeing it in its relative rather than in its absolute aspect.

“There shall never be one lost good.”

Ignoring the false and the trivial, treasuring the true and the significant, one carries across the mystic threshold of the days that power of which Fichte speaks, when he says, “In our earth life we have it in our power to seize our future destination.” One may send his soul through the Invisible, — not alone to spell the letter of the afterlife, but to decipher the hieroglyphic of the present life, and it will return to him with the same answer that it brought to Omar Khayyám. He who would dwell in Paradise must make heaven and keep heaven in his own thought. It is impossible that one’s life — in all its fulness of aspiration, its richness of purpose, its infinite possibilities of achievement — should allow itself to be at the mercy of circumstances over which it has no control; that its

power to be something, or nothing, should depend on the actions, the attitude, or the thought of other people. For life is an individual responsibility, and is, in its deepest significance, wholly between one's self and God. Its course should not be deflected by these varied and incongruous influences. All these are cobwebs to be brushed away. If the spirit hide,

“Inexorable to thy zeal,”

cease to seek it; life is full of interests, full of duties, full of happiness, of enchantment.

“Art thou not also real?”

Are not one's own purposes, one's own objects, worth attention? “The soul looketh steadily forward, creating a world before her, leaving worlds behind her. She has no dates, nor rites, nor persons, nor specialties, nor men. The web of events is the flowing robe in which she is clothed.”

Emerson speaks with great significance of “the transcendent simplicity and energy of the Higher Law,” and elsewhere he affirms that “within man is the soul of the whole, — the wise



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silence, the universal beauty, to which every part and particle is equally related." Nor are these affirmations of vague abstraction, but, rather, the enunciation of laws that are of the most practical application to our daily life. They offer the solution of at least one of its most vital and perplexing problems, and one that occurs with almost overwhelming force to the more sensitive and sympathetic natures. And this problem is that of the entanglement of one life with another through all shades and degrees of social relations, — of affection, of responsiveness, of magnetism. Friendships are made and broken. Social ties of all conceivable degrees and aspects change, because they are a part of life, and the very essence of life is movement and transition. Only mechanical things are at rest. Feeling, emotion, perception, sympathy, response, — all these are in a perpetual state of action and reaction.

That the individual life should be at the mercy of all this maelstrom of human emotion and tremulous susceptibility is totally at variance with any hope of its possessing the power of true and worthy achievement. And yet, more

even than this, — the very social relations, the loves and friendships and companionships if depended upon too much, are thereby lessened and lost by this dependence. No one is prepared to live out his best life *with* another until he can live his best life *without* that other. It is the law and the prophets. He only is worthy of his friend who can live without his friend.

Yet to a greater or a less degree a vast amount of time and of energy is lost by retrospect and regret, and the baffled effort to open

“The Door to which I found no key,”

and in endeavor to lift

“The Veil through which I could not see.”

But why? The Door refuses to open. Has not life something better to be done than to stand idly before a closed portal? The Veil effectually shuts out all that is behind it. No X-ray pierces the mystery. Then it may safely be left, and in the meantime one may possess his own powers in the integrity of their energy and proceed on his onward and upward way.

In Gail Hamilton's essay, “A Complaint of

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Friends" — the one best thing she ever wrote, — is a beautiful passage concerning regrets and griefs, which runs, —

"So bury your griefs out of sight, deep, where the eye of the world cannot see, and over them sow with a bountiful hand the seeds of Christian virtues; and from the ashes of your dead hopes shall spring up a living growth of faith and charity and love, beneath whose waving shadow your soul shall dwell in peace forevermore."

All we have willed and dreamed of noble endeavor shall realize itself in outward circumstance and condition if one but keep faith with his dream. It is the law and the prophets. Literature abounds in the affirmation of this truth, and nowhere is there a more impressive presentation of it than is given by Colonel Henry Watterson in his great oration on Abraham Lincoln, in which occurs this passage: —

"Born as lowly as the Son of God, in a hovel; reared in penury, squalor, with no gleam of light or fair surrounding; without graces, actual or acquired; without name or fame or official training; it was reserved for this strange being, late in life, to be snatched from obscurity, raised to supreme com-

mand at a supreme moment, and intrusted with the destiny of a nation.

“The great leaders of his party, the most experienced and accomplished public men of the day, were made to stand aside ; were sent to the rear, whilst this fantastic figure was led by unseen hands to the front and given the reins of power. It is immaterial whether we were for him or against him ; wholly immaterial. That, during four years, carrying with them such a weight of responsibility as the world never witnessed before, he filled the vast space allotted him in the eyes and actions of mankind, is to say that he was inspired by God, for nowhere else could he have acquired the wisdom and the virtue.

“Where did Shakespeare get his genius? Where did Mozart get his music? Whose hand smote the lyre of the Scottish plowman, and stayed the life of the German priest? God, God, and God alone ; and as surely as these were raised up by God, inspired by God, was Abraham Lincoln ; and a thousand years hence no drama, no tragedy, no epic poem will be filled with greater wonder or be followed by mankind with deeper feeling than that which tells the story of his life and death.”

In these wonderful words that, to use Ralph Meeker's poetic expression, “flame and sing ;”

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in expressions that glow in their luminous impressiveness and make themselves the handwriting on the wall of the twentieth century; in these eloquent picturings that invest the very atmosphere with the glory of the Lord and make us see as in a vision a multitude of the heavenly hosts praising God, does Colonel Watterson present in one supreme moment the entire life and character of Abraham Lincoln. It is music, it is power, it is inspiration. It is a classic for all future ages. Since the oration of Lincoln at Gettysburg — that solemn, exalted and impressive oration — the literature of America has held nothing equal to these words of Colonel Watterson. They thrill the heart too profoundly for much comment. The true appreciation of such noble uplifting can only record itself in life — by keeping perpetual faith with noble standards, by consecrating life to the aid of all who are in need, by contributing every possible force to all that makes for the advancement of humanity.

The continuity of life — unbroken by death — is a knowledge revealed to man in proportion as he lives the life of the spirit in its sense of peace,

love and joy, and as, with increasing intelligence, he grasps the laws that govern the transitional and evolutionary processes of development. The apostle defines for us eternal life. It is to know God, and we can only know him by the direct perception of the life akin to His. It is he who doeth the will that shall know of the doctrine. The larger knowledge of the laws that govern the change we call death, by means of which we pass into the ethereal world ; the knowledge of the laws that prevail in that world must come far more as the result of doing the divine will, of co-operating with God in such measure as is possible in helpfulness and love to humanity, than from any study or investigation of psychic phenomena, though this, too, may have its own place. The culture of the higher nature gives the key to the higher life. "To be carnally minded is death, but to be spiritually minded is life and peace." To be spiritually minded is to be open to the perception of the spiritual environment ; and to study the revelations of modern science and psychology is to gain a rational idea of the conditions that prevail in the state of life just beyond this, — in that unseen universe which encompasses

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us, and is interpenetrated with our own. The phenomena of the X-ray, which enables one to see through a solid substance; or of wireless telegraphy, when without visible means intelligence is conveyed through the air, indicate the nature of the laws that govern the ethereal universe. Already, while here in the physical world, man has developed his higher nature to a degree that enables him to begin to lay hold of these laws and conditions. Professor John B. Quackenbos of Columbia University speaks of the most important advance made by psychology during the past century to be "its assumption of a practical character which has brought certainty out of chaos," and he adds: "Hypno-science is destined to demonstrate immortality on scientific principles, to determine the laws that govern telepathic intercourse, and possibly to extend its investigations into the realm of the dead, establishing communication with spiritual intelligence. We are as yet only on the threshold of psychological discovery."

When so distinguished a scholar and thinker as the Emeritus Professor of Psychology at Columbia contemplates the possibility of ex-

tending the investigation of the laws "that govern telepathic intercourse into the realm of the dead, establishing communication with spiritual intelligence," this research cannot be relegated to the plane of mere fanaticism. The question must also include the inquiry as to what relation the latter-day revelations of the ethereal world, and the next state of being, bear to the teachings of Jesus. The truth that will more and more grow upon any student of this theme is that in psychic science are found the theories with which all forms of theology, and the evangelical faiths of all systems of philosophy, harmonize. Religion and science meet, — as mutually complementary to each other. The spiritual philosophy, as it may be called, rests, not upon the mere phenomena of communication with those in the Unseen, but on its entire consistency with the highest knowledge yet attained in psychology, in philosophy and also with the doctrines of immortal life as taught by Jesus.

The modern world is on the threshold of great changes in the attitude of man toward the future upon which he enters by death. "He



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hath brought life and immortality to light" is said of Jesus. More and more are life and immortality being brought to light, as higher spiritual development enables man to know the divine world by a more direct perception. This is not a mere phrase, but an exact statement of truth. The atmosphere is filled with intelligence, with ideas that relate themselves to the mind that is in harmony with them. Tesla says that all the nutrition needed by the physical body is in the air, and can be breathed in, and that future generations may see the body sustained from the air alone. The same theory may be more deeply true regarding the mind. Let any one try the experiment of willing to himself information on any subject, and he will immediately begin to receive it. The knowledge he asks by mental questioning and mental determination will flow freely to him. His power of will has touched the magnetic current. The irresistible force of purpose is known to all. It is a force that cuts its own channel and compels all things to be its servitors. Achieving this degree of mental power the inevitable result is that the oneness of life—its absolute continuity across the change

of form involved in death—is realized. Then man regards death as Stephen Phillips expresses the process, in the line that we shall “shed the body and upward flutter to freedom.” Telepathic communication between those in this life indicates the easy possibility of this spirit-to-spirit intercourse between those here and those who have passed into the larger, freer ethereal world, where the finer and more subtle agencies prevail. The nature of that life is individual and depends on the man himself, as does the nature of life here, which is one thing to the moral and the intelligent and quite another to the immoral and the ignorant. Intelligence, aspiration, sympathy, and love open the portals of the larger and the higher life.

The sermons of the Right Reverend Doctor Phillips Brooks, collected in six volumes, hold the deepest interest, even in a literary sense, for the reader. Constantly does Bishop Brooks press upon all the beautiful possibilities of the present moment. “Is the fulfilment of the vision of Saint John to wait for any man until that man is dead?” he questions.

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“Can only the dead stand before God? Think for a moment what we found to be the blessings of that standing before God, and then consider that those privileges, however they may be capable of being given more richly to the soul of man in the eternal world, are privileges upon whose enjoyment any man’s soul may enter here. Consider this, and the question at once is answered. Already, now, you and I may live by the standards of the eternal righteousness, and we may claim our brotherhood with the least and the greatest of our fellow men, and we may so lay hold on God that we shall realize our mortality. The soul that has done all that is now standing before God. It does not need to push aside the curtain, and to enter into the unknown world which lies behind. While the man is living here, walking these common streets, living in closest intercourse with other men, he is already in the everlasting presence, and his heaven has begun.”

Among these sermons, all great, there are some that stand out freighted with exceptional significance, as those entitled “The Sea of Glass Mingled with Fire,” in some respects the greatest sermon he ever preached in its ardor and its sublime imagery; “In the Light of God;” “The Beautiful Gate of the Temple,”

which has a special message regarding the religious training of the children; "The Pattern in the Mount," "The Gift and its Return," "The Willing Surrender," "New Experiences," "The Wings of the Seraphims," "The Seriousness of Life," and the two companion sermons, "How to Abound" and "How to be Abased." In "New Experiences" we find Dr. Brooks saying, —

"Oh, my dear friends, when any of the changes of life draw near to you, whenever God is leading you into new experiences, clasp with new fervor and strength the old hand which you have been holding, but prepare to feel it send new meanings to you as it clasps your hand with a larger hold. And since you are always entering into some new life, whether it mark itself by notable outward change or not, always hold the hand of God in grateful memory of past guidance and eager readiness for new, — that is, in love and in faith."

Reverend Doctor Charles Gordon Ames has collected the series of remarkable and most spiritually uplifting sermons which he has delivered in the Church of the Disciples, in Boston,

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within the new century which opened with the New Year of 1901 ; and this volume, so appropriately entitled "Sermons of the Sunrise," must hold high rank in the "World Beautiful" of books. The sermons of Doctor Ames are characterized by a breadth of view, — a philosophic comprehensiveness of the great problems of life ; by the unerring insight of tender sympathy ; by choice literary quality ; and more than all, and beyond all, by their simple, sincere faith in the possibilities of increasing spiritual union between God and man. Among these beautiful and helpful discourses in "Sermons of Sunrise" are "All Things New," "The Power of An Endless Life," "Phillips Brooks as a Religious Teacher," "The New Civilization," and "The New Life." Alluding to Lowell's line, —

"New occasions bring new duties,"

Doctor Ames questions, —

"Is it not high time to consider that new occasions bring also new privileges, new opportunities, new resources, new spiritual unfoldings, and therefore new life?"

This volume is all-pervaded by a "sweet reasonableness" and by potent aid to truer completeness of thought and vision.

Maurice Maeterlinck's "Wisdom and Destiny" is another book of a high spiritual order, in which the reader will find such passages as this, —

"Let us always remember that nothing befalls us that is not of the nature of ourselves. There comes no adventure but wears to our soul the shape of our every-day thoughts; and deeds of heroism are but offered to those who, for many long years, have been heroes in obscurity and silence. . . .

"No great inner event befalls those who summon it not; and yet is there germ of great inner event in the smallest occurrence of life. But events such as these are apportioned by justice, and to each man is given of the spoil in accord with his merits. We become that which we discover in the sorrows and joys that befall us; and the least expected caprices of fate soon mould themselves on our thoughts. It is in our past that destiny finds all her weapons, her vestments, her jewels. Were the only son of Ther-sites and Socrates to die the same day, Socrates' grief would in no way resemble the grief of Ther-sites. Misfortune or happiness, it seems, must be

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chastened ere it knock at the door of the sage ; but only by stooping low can it enter the commonplace soul.

“ As we become wiser we escape some of our instinctive destinies. There is in us all sufficient desire for wisdom to transform into consciousness most of the hazards of life. And all that has thus been transformed can belong no more to the hostile powers. A sorrow your soul has changed into sweetness shall never return without spiritual ornament ; and a fault or defect you have looked in the face can harm you no more, or even be harmful to others.”

Maeterlinck gives high counsel in these words, regarding the development of the spiritual man, —

“ There are thousands within whom this spiritual part that is craving for birth in every misfortune, or love, or chance meeting, has known not one moment of life, — these men pass away like a straw on the stream. And others there are within whom this immortal part absorbs all ; they have found immovable anchorage, whence they issue commands that their destiny needs must obey. The life of most men will be saddened or lightened by the thing that may chance to befall them — in the men whom I speak

of, whatever may happen is lit up by their inward life. When you love, it is not your love that forms part of your destiny ; but the knowledge of self that you will have found, deep down in your love — this it is that will help to fashion your life. If you have been deceived, it is not the deception that matters, but the forgiveness whereto it gave birth in your soul, and the loftiness, wisdom, completeness of this forgiveness — by these shall your life be steered to destiny's haven of brightness and peace ; by these shall your eyes see more clearly than if all men had ever been faithful. . . .

“To do our true duty in life, it must ever be done with the aid of all that is highest in our soul, highest in the truth that is ours.

“. . . Love is the form most divine of the infinite, and also, because most divine, the form most profoundly human. Why should we not say that wisdom is the triumph of reason divine over reason of man ?”

Victor Hugo ascends into a realm of thought which is the atmosphere of the World Beautiful of literature. As revealed these lines from “*Les Contemplations*,” —

“ You say ‘ Where goest thou ? ’ I cannot tell,  
And still go on. If but the way be straight,



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It cannot be amiss : before me lies  
Dawn and the day ; the night behind me ; that  
Suffices me ; I break the bounds ; I *see*,  
And nothing more ; *believe*, and nothing less ;  
My future is not one of my concerns."

In his poetic work from "*Les Chants du Crépuscule*" to "*Les Rayons et les Ombres*" the note of affirmation rises in direct crescendo. Like Shelley, Victor Hugo believed in the ultimate triumph of spiritual force.

"What though the bough beneath thee break?  
Remember, thou hast wings,"

he says.

The biography of the Right Reverend Doctor Phillips Brooks, written by Reverend Doctor Alexander V. G. Allen, is another of the rich contributions to intellectual purpose and moral inspiration. The story of this great life is told with unerring insight into the springs of character and the action of undercurrents of influence. Phillips Brooks was a great though not an omnivorous reader. He read with an extraordinary speed, Doctor Allen tells us, and was endowed with a marvellous gift for rapidly taking in a printed page. While an under-

graduate in Harvard he drew particularly on the eighteenth century writers. Carlyle, Emerson, and Tennyson were then in the glow of their powers; George Eliot was beginning her career; Ruskin had come to his mission; Thackeray's great novels were appearing year by year; and Dickens was fascinating the world. Yet, continues Doctor Allen, Phillips Brooks seems not to have heard of them or to be ready for them. But he took up Boswell's Johnson and Johnson himself, Goldsmith, Dryden, Swift, Leigh Hunt, Hume, Shakespeare, Lamb, and Southey, but did not then seem attracted by Wordsworth, Milton, or Coleridge. He studied the French Revolution through Thiers, and at last fell upon Carlyle's "Life of Cromwell," which delighted him. Doctor Allen also says that it was Phillips Brooks's own ambition to write a biography of Cromwell and that he had collected the material. Carlyle's "Heroes and Hero-Worship" and the "French Revolution" were among his favorite books, but he regarded the "Sartor Resartus" with contempt, as "a hollow and superficial cry." Tennyson was the writer who exerted over him the strongest influ-

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ence, and the "In Memoriam" the poem of all others that he most prized. Montaigne he read, but Emerson — whom in after life he came to deeply appreciate — had then no word to say to him. Doctor Allen speaks of the profound reserve that characterized Phillips Brooks in these words: —

"It was the symbol, at least, of a great personality, capable of standing alone and facing the world when the time should come, in independence and freedom. The sense of the sacredness of the inner life, to be known only to God in its fulness, is here apparent as the motive of his being. Again he identified himself with his thought and his conviction to such an extent that he did not exist apart from them. He was really giving himself when others least suspected it, for it was done in impersonal ways which did not suggest that he was imparting the inner mystery of his being. There are some men, and notably Shakespeare as the type, of whom but little or nothing is known, because they have given themselves in their work. That constitutes their biography, and therein lies the personality, which we lose if we try to catch glimpses of another type of character, when the man appears apart from the purpose of his existence."

Another very choice example of the creative power introduced into biographical literature, and also revealing how all that is willed and dreamed lives and manifests itself increasingly in life, is found in Matthew Arnold's essay on Emerson, in which he reverts at some length to both Newman and Carlyle. Is there anything in literary art more exquisite than this passage? —

“Forty years ago, when I was an undergraduate at Oxford, voices were in the air which haunt my memory still. Happy the man who in the susceptible season of youth hears such voices! they are a possession to him forever. No such voices as those we heard in our youth at Oxford are sounding there now. Oxford has more criticism now, more knowledge, more light; but such voices as those of our youth it has no longer. The name of Cardinal Newman is a great name to the imagination still; his genius and his style are still things of power . . . Who could resist the charm of that spiritual apparition gliding in the dim afternoon light through the aisles of St. Mary's, rising into the pulpit, and then, in the most entrancing of voices, breaking the silence with words and thoughts which were a religious

music, — subtle, sweet, mournful? I seem to hear him still saying: ‘After the fever of life . . . at length the white throne of God, the beatific vision. . .’ But there were other voices sounding in our ear beside Newman’s. There was the voice of Carlyle; so sorely strained, over-used, and mis-used since, but then fresh, comparatively sound, and reaching our hearts with true, pathetic eloquence. . . . And beside those voices there came to us in that old Oxford time a voice clear and pure, which for my ear at any rate, brought a strain as new, and moving, and unforgettable, as the strain of Newman, or Carlyle, or Goethe. Mr. Lowell has well described the apparition of Emerson to your young generation in America at that distant time of which I am speaking, and of his workings upon them. He was your Newman, your man of soul and genius visible to you in the flesh, speaking to your bodily ears, a present object for your heart and imagination. That is surely the most potent of all influences! nothing can come up to it. To us at Oxford Emerson was but a voice speaking from three thousand miles away; . . . but from that time Boston and Concord were names invested to my ear with a sentiment akin to that which invests for me the names of Oxford and Weimar. . . . I regard myself as communing with Time and Nature concerning

the production of this beautiful and rare spirit. . . . I have given up to envious Time as much of Emerson as Time can fairly expect ever to obtain. We have not in Emerson a great poet, a great philosophy-maker. His relation to us is, I think, of even superior importance."

Then follows that beautiful and exalted characterization of Emerson which may well be engraven in every heart, "Emerson is the friend and the aider of all who would live in the spirit."

A very significant parable, written by Kate Field, merits place in any attempted collection of the beautiful in literature.

"Secluded among the groves a child wandered whithersoever he would. He believed himself alone, and wist not that one watched him from the thicket, and that the eye of his parent was on him continually ; neither did he mark whose hand had opened a way for him thus far. All things that he saw were new to him, therefore he feared nothing.

"He cast himself down in the long grass, and as he lay he sang until his voice of joy rang through the woods.

“When he nestled among the flowers a serpent rose from the midst of them, and when the child saw how its burnished coat glittered in the sun, like the rainbow, he stretched forth his hand to take it to his bosom.

“Then the voice of his parent cried from the thicket, ‘Beware!’

“And the child sprang up and gazed above and around to know whence the voice came; but when he saw not he presently remembered it no more.

“He watched how a butterfly burst from its shell and flitted faster than he could pursue, and soon rose far above his reach.

“When he gazed, and could trace its flight no more, his father put forth his hand and pointed where the butterfly ascended, even into the clouds.

“But the child saw not the sign.

“A fountain gushed forth amidst the shadows of the trees, and its waters flowed into a deep and quiet pool.

“The child knelt on the brink, and, looking in, saw his own bright face. It smiled upon him.

“As he stooped yet nearer to meet it, a voice once more said, ‘Beware!’

“The child started back; but he saw that a gust of wind ruffled the waters, and he said to himself, ‘It was but the voice of the breeze.’

“And when the broken sunbeams glanced on the moving waves he laughed, and dipped his foot that the waters might again be ruffled, and the coolness was pleasant to him.

“The voice was now louder, but he regarded it not, as the winds bore it away.

“At length he saw something glittering in the depths of the pool, and he plunged in to reach it.

“As he sank he cried aloud for help.

“Ere the waters had closed over him his father’s hand was stretched out to save him.

“And while he yet shivered with chillness and fear, his parent said unto him, —

“‘Mine eye was upon thee, and thou didst not heed; neither hast thou beheld my sign nor hearkened to my voice. If thou hadst thought on me, I had not been hidden.’

“Then the child cast himself on his father’s bosom and said, —

“‘Be nigh unto me still and mine eyes shall wait on thee, and mine ears shall be open unto thy voice for evermore.’”

Thought, reading, aspiration, — these are the factors that make up the fulness of the days, and the books we read must have their value appraised only by their power of adding to



knowledge and stimulating thought and the nobler aspirations. One need not necessarily be identified with the religious belief of Cardinal Newman, Doctor Martineau, or Frederick Denison Maurice to find in their works the most permanent value. The flawless beauty of the style of Cardinal Newman is a distinctive feature in English literature. His "Apologia" is a human document.

Ruskin is to be read for ethics as well as for art. Take, for instance, that chapter on "The Lamp of Truth" in the "Seven Lamps of Architecture," and one realizes what moral purity it inculcates.

"We are too much in the habit of looking at falsehood in its darkest associations, and through the color of its worst purposes. That indignation which we profess to feel at deceit absolute, is indeed only at deceit malicious. We resent calumny, hypocrisy, and treachery, because they harm us, not because they are untrue. Take the detraction and the mischief from the untruth, and we are little offended by it; turn it into praise, and we may be pleased with it. And yet it is not calumny nor treachery that do the largest sum of mischief in the world; they are continually crushed, and are felt only in being con-

quered. But it is the glistening and softly spoken lie, the amiable fallacy, the patriotic lie of the historian, the provident lie of the politician, the zealous lie of the partisan, the merciful lie of the friend, and the careless lie of each man to himself, that cast that black mystery over humanity, through which we thank any man who pierces, as we would thank one who dug a well in a desert; happy that the thirst for truth still remains with us, even when we have wilfully left the fountains of it."

It is this achievement of spiritual purity which is the end as well as the aim of thought, reading, and aspiration. There is no room to question the absolute literalness of the command of Jesus, "Be ye therefore perfect even as your Father in heaven is perfect." These words embody the unchanging and uncompromising ideal for every human being. No matter how remote, — how hopelessly remote — we seem from even a possibility of their relation to actual experience, — here is the true and unvarying ideal. And is there not a great joy, and a marvellous upspringing of latent energy in ourselves, in the contemplation of these words as imaging a pattern after which to fashion the daily life? It

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is not discouraging to look at a perfect model. It is not in despair that we study the noblest art, the greatest literature, the loftiest thought, or the purest ideals of conduct; and if noble standards are encouraging in these, all the more must the one supreme and divine standard inspire one, not only to renewed effort and earnest endeavor, but uplift him, as by magic, to a higher plane altogether, on which old temptations to indolence, or irritation, or the inertia of discouragement hold no power. There is often a great wisdom in simply rising above annoyances and difficulties rather than combating them. It is a matter of temperament. Up to a certain degree of initiation in the divine life difficulties and obstacles must be a matter of conflict and conquering. On this plane the hero is he who does combat difficulty and evil rather than be subject to them. Yet a larger grasp of knowledge, and a more vital faith, will enable one to rise above the plane of combat and conflict into the pure upper air of serene harmony and positive power.

“And for solace the perspective of your own infinite life.” In that wonderful Phi Beta

Kappa address of Emerson's, delivered in 1837, he presents the thought which is the vital truth of the present hour. Doctor Edward Everett Hale has told us that at the time the eminent body of scholars and cultivated men who listened to it thought Emerson was crazy, so much in advance of his time was the great poet and seer. In the entire writings of Emerson there is no more significant phrase than that for solace man has the perspective of his own infinite life. Not only for solace, but for inspiration, — for the re-enforcement of all energy. The practical realization of personal immortality, the realization that the change called death makes no break in the continuity of purpose, is the mainspring of energy, as well as of serenity and joy.

. . . "The soul  
Shall have society of its own rank.  
Be great, be true, and all the Scipios,  
The Catos, the wise patriots of Rome,  
Shall flock to you and tarry by your side,  
And comfort you with their high company."

Every circumstance and every fact in life is as plastic to the individual concerned as is clay in the hands of the potter, and to recognize this truth and to discover how to remould circum-

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stance and fact, and thus create conditions, is the true secret of success and joy in life. But the key to this success is found in no "occultism." It is found in no outward performances or attitudes. It is not to be taught in classes or in schools; it is not to be discovered in the practising of any external rites or the repetition of jargon. "Spiritual things are spiritually discerned." There is one divine teacher — Jesus, the Christ — and one Book of His direct teachings — the New Testament. In its pages are the completeness of guidance for all human life. As Emerson has said, the universe is fluid and volatile. Permanence is only a word of degrees, no state in life — fortunate or unfortunate — is fixed. All is flowing, changing, and because of this law of perpetual change there must be perpetual growth and advancement, unless there is retrogression. No one can stand still. He must go forward or backward. He can only go forward, in the true sense, when he brings his life into perfect harmony with spiritual laws. The followers of organized religion have not infrequently made the mistake of regarding devotion to form and ritual as iden-

tical with devotion to religion. The unfailing attendance on all prescribed ceremonial religious occasions has too often been held as synonymous with spirituality of life. The two may coincide and each give added strength and refreshment to the other, but they do not necessarily and inevitably do so. Certainly the participation in the Holy Communion, and in devotional gatherings, may be the greatest help in the renewal and the development of spirituality, but only when these offices are regarded as a means, never as an end. There are often immediate duties that take precedence over ceremonial observances of religion. The life that holds itself in the constant obligation of service; that does not fail in response to every opportunity of making itself useful in love and helpfulness, is the life which is advancing in spirituality.

The force of thought held pure in its aspiration and unselfish in purpose, is irresistible in its power over event and circumstance. It can alter, it can adjust, it can transform. All fact is fluid to this infinite force. And this power of thought is to be achieved by scholarship, by intellectual study, by culture in knowl-

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edge, as well as in goodness; not by any fantastic practice of external phenomena. "The day is always his who works in it with sincerity and with great aims."

A valuable book is "The Evolution of Immortality," by Reverend Doctor S. D. McConnell, which discusses the question asked by Huxley;—

"Is there any means of knowing whether the series of states of consciousness which has been casually associated for threescore and ten years with the arrangement and movements of innumerable millions of material molecules, can be continued in like association with some substance which has not the properties of matter and force?"

To this question Doctor McConnell replies by tracing the two corresponding arguments of proof, of biology, and of psychic science. "We have interrogated nature," says Doctor McConnell, "to find a place where the individual man may, if he achieve so much, cross over from the life that now is to another. . . . We have found reasonable ground to believe that conscious human personality may, and does, in some way, hold converse with other personalities, through chan-

nels which are no doubt material, but composed of matter different from that with which the laws of physics generally deal.”

The latest researches of science support this conviction. Professor Leavenworth, of the State University Observatory of Minnesota, has photographed the new asteroid Eros at a distance estimated to be some thirty-six millions of miles,—a distance that renders it impossible to discern this planet even through the strongest telescope. Exact mathematical calculation had worked out the problem of the location of Eros, and the sensitive photographic plate caught it, even though it is beyond the power of scientific vision.

This fact illustrates perfectly the way in which an unseen universe may lie about us, registering its existence on the sensitive plate of spiritual perception. Science has long since established the truth of the different rates of vibration that characterize different things. The reason that the psychic (or spiritual) body of those who have passed from the physical to the ethereal world is unseen, is simply that the ethereal body is in a state of vibration too high for



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the eye to follow. Stephen Phillips expresses a deep scientific truth when he says, —

“ I tell you we are fooled by the eye, the ear ;  
These organs muffle us from that real world  
That lies about us.”

Yet in every human being there lies latent the inner sight and the inner hearing which can be increasingly developed by psycho-physical culture ; by such habits of life as make the physical body more flexible, more subtle ; which thus raise its degree of vibration to a far higher degree, and enable the organs of sight and hearing to be less “ muffled ” than they usually are in those who live more in the life of the senses. This unseen world that lies about us may be explored ; the unseen friends who encompass us may be recognized by those who will so live as to develop the psychic perception and allow the psychic body to take greater control of its physical instrument. This unseen world is simply the natural continuation in the scale of evolution of the physical universe. Science is every day penetrating its space, and the horizon line of mystery constantly recedes. What is wireless telegraphy but one of those marvels which a

decade past we should have considered as quite beyond the limits of our experimental knowledge, and as belonging to the unrevealed mysteries of the spiritual universe? The ordinary trolley car of to-day — moving without visible means — would have been regarded as a miracle a century ago. There is no hard and fast line between the physical and the ethereal worlds. They melt into one another and are determined only by degrees. Any element may exist as a solid, a liquid, a gas, or in the etheric condition and one state is no less real than another. The trend of progress is leading humanity constantly into the realm of finer forces; of more subtle forms of expression. The trend of progress is constantly discarding the more ponderous and clumsy for the subtle, the swift, and the more ethereal form of mechanism. Instead of the stage coach, with two, four, or six horses, we have the automobile. Instead of the sailing ship the twin-screw propeller. Instead of stoves or fireplaces, with fuel to be carried in and refuse to be carried out, we have the hot-water radiator, and are on the eve of having heat, as we already have light, from electricity.

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Yet when science provides the explanation of this ethereal universe, surrounding and interpenetrating that in which we live ; when psychic science begins to explore and formulate its means and methods, there are persons who object on the ground of its "materializing heaven." If one were to inquire as to what this idea of heaven is he would probably receive no more definite reply than that it was supposed to be a condition of playing on golden harps and waving palm branches. The figurative pictures of the New Testament have largely been accepted as literal ones, but it may be an open question as to which condition would be the more "material," that of walking golden streets and waving branches of palms, or that that prefigures itself as a development and expansion of our present intellectual, artistic, and spiritual life.

The study of Oriental literature is one offering a luxuriance of thought and imagery and deep ethical significance. The Sanskrit in its fulness is an almost unfathomable mine, but there are single books that convey a clear and comprehensive general idea of the field. Chief among these is the "Indian Wisdom" by Sir Monier

Monier-Williams, K. C. B., who outlines, and offers full and suggestive comment on the two great epics, — the Râmâyana and the Mahâbhârata. Professor Max Müller's "History of Sanskrit Literature" is one of the most important contributions that has ever been made to Oriental scholarship. The German Orientalists have made extensive translations from the Sanskrit and a good proportion of those in English have been made through the German rather than directly from Sanskrit. Bodenstedt has been one of the most assiduous of these German scholars, and he has worked in the Persian literature with rich results. Bodenstedt's translation of the "Songs of Mirza Schaffy" is delightful. Bayard Taylor was attracted to the Oriental field, but his "Songs from the Orient" were probably derived through German sources. The Bhagavad-gita has found more than one translator. The Oriental philosophy offers a wonderful system for the training of the soul by means of a complicated system of gradations by initiations into succeeding phases of experiences, the supreme aim and end of which is the union of the spirit of man with the divine spirit. Its distinctive feature is in find-

ing this culture largely inside the general tenor of life rather than in its natural relations with persons and events. The "Six Systems of Indian Philosophy," by Max Müller, is another luminous work in this line of literature. The Oriental poetry is rich in epigram, as seen in such translations as these :

"Who doth the raven for a guide invite  
Must marvel not on carcasses to light."

Or this, —

"Will sparkling diamonds in the sunshine raised  
Grow dark, and moulder if they are not praised?"

Again, —

"A wooden rosary he never needs  
Who tells in love and thought the spirit's beads."

A keen insight is thus embodied, —

"A stone makes not great rivers turbid grow :  
When saints are vexed their shallowness they show."

Yet always with man is the one question of life forever with us all : —

"Lord, who shall sojourn in Thy tabernacle ?  
Who shall dwell in Thy holy hill ?"

The reply is eternally unchangeable, —

"He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness,  
And speaketh truth in his heart.

He that slandereth not with his tongue,  
Nor doeth evil to his friend,  
Nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor."

No poet has given more of spiritual assurance than has Whittier in those immortal poems "Our Master," "The Eternal Goodness," and in the uplifting which breathes through all his verse. What solemn significance is in these stanzas:—

"All which is real now remaineth,  
And fadeth never;  
The hand which upholds it now, sustaineth  
The soul forever.

"Know well, my soul, God's hand controls  
Whate'er thou fearest;  
Round Him in calmest music rolls  
Whate'er thou hearest.

"What to thee is shadow, to Him is day,  
And the end He knoweth,  
And not on a blind and aimless way  
The spirit goeth."

In Tennyson, and perhaps above all in his "In Memoriam," do we find the highest poetic affirmation of the reality of God and the immortality of man. The conviction that comes,—

"In moments when he feels he cannot die,  
And knows himself no vision to himself  
Nor the high God a vision."

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It is immortality here and now for which Tennyson pleads.

“’T is life, whereof our nerves are scant,  
Oh life, not death, for which we pant ;  
More life, and fuller, that I want.”

The “*In Memoriam*” is not only the dramatization of different moods and various questions, but it is the repository of philosophic reasoning and of a final conviction that, as the poet himself says, “fear, doubts, and suffering will find answer and relief only through Faith, in a God of Love.”

The perfect beauty of Tennyson; the golden melody; the exquisite art of phrasing; the transcendent loveliness of his vision, render his poems the richest resource for all the moods and needs of life. Who has not felt the enchantment of the lines, —

“Moreover, something is or seems,  
That touches me with mystic gleams,  
Like glimpses of forgotten dreams —

“Of something felt, like something here ;  
Of something done, I know not where ;  
Such as no language may declare.”

A book that is pre-eminently one to make itself a Witness of the Dawn is "The Spiritual Sense of the Divina Commedia" by William T. Harris, in which we find Dr. Harris saying of Dante's immortal work:—

"But of all the great world-poems, unquestionably Dante's Divina Commedia may be justly claimed to have a spiritual sense, for it possesses a philosophic system and admits of allegorical interpretation. It is *par excellence* the religious poem of the world. And religion, like philosophy, deals directly with a first principle of the universe, while, like poetry, it clothes its universal ideas in the garb of special events and situations, making them types, and hence symbols, of the kind which may become allegories."

The critique of Dr. Harris is one of the most searching moral analysis; of remarkable insight and reasoning and is full of the wisdom and beauty that forever invest the teachings of this philosophic writer, whose work has been one of the most potent and far-reaching influences for national culture in spiritual understanding.

The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám, in both the scholarly translation of Edward Fitzgerald and



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the singularly musical and beautiful one by Richard Le Gallienne, has long since enrolled itself as one of the permanent works in great literature, and to the solemn and stately significance of the poet is added the dream and vision of the artist, in those marvellous pictorial interpretations by Elihu Vedder. An edition of the *Rubáiyát*, with a very fine critical Introduction by Jessie B. Rittenhouse who also edits the book, is a notable one. In this one volume Miss Rittenhouse has collected the several translations that have been made, and her Introductory Essay is among the finest commentaries on the Persian poet.

“The world of books is still the world,” and in this world one Book stands out with supreme claim; one with whose companionship life is rich, and is led to increasing joy, peace, and adjustment in harmony with the Eternal Purpose. In a complete and convincing response to the demand of the soul for the Witness of the Dawn, where, in the message of poet or prophet, can we discern words so magnetic to impart that holy earnestness as these of the Beloved Disciple, —

“Beloved, if God so loved us, we also ought

to love one another. No man hath beheld God at any time: if we love one another, God abideth in us, and His love is perfected in us: hereby know we that we abide in Him, and He in us because He hath given us of His Spirit.”

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