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ESSAYS
AND MISCELLANIES

BY
JOSEPH S. AUERBACH

IN TWO VOLUMES
VOL. I.

SECOND EDITION



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TO
MY CHILDREN

1911

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FOREWORD

I FEEL greatly complimented in being asked to say a few words by way of introduction to these volumes of interesting and practical essays and reviews by Mr. Auerbach, many of them heretofore published and others which now see the light for the first time.

It is but seldom that a prominent and busy lawyer, constantly engaged in responsible affairs, can find time, strength, or inclination for constant literary work, which calls for so much study and labor as these volumes indicate. I regard it as most timely that they should be given to the public in book form in the present stage of intellectual life in America.

Mr. Auerbach has already acquired an enviable reputation, which these volumes will do much to enhance. He has treated of many subjects, widely diverse in character, but some of them bearing closely upon our own politi-

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cal life and prospects. It is manifest that his acquaintance with English literature is very broad and deep, and that he has made his own the gems of thought and feeling which are scattered through the great authors, whom he must have read with earnest attention and a most retentive memory. Even the greatest authors have many dull and uninteresting passages; but each has jewels of thought which are of precious value to any reader who can acquire and retain them as his own possession.

Mr. Auerbach's idea, which is especially set forth in his essay on "Literature and the Practical World," is of very great value. He thinks and demonstrates that it is entirely feasible to bring together again the practical business man of affairs with the great and splendid authors, whose works are the classics of English literature. He regards it as every cultivated man must regard it, as a great evil, that the practical man of affairs, though he may have had a university training or its equivalent, should become so absorbed in the pressing demands of every-day life as to forget much with which he was once absolutely familiar, and to have lost by burial in the gray matter of his brain the

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great thoughts of great authors which were once his own. The scheme for bringing the literary spirit and the business life, not only into harmony, but into close acquaintance and actual contact, which he sketches in the essay last referred to, is a most interesting and, as I believe, an entirely practicable one. But no one man can possibly be equal to the task.

His essay on the Bible as the great column which supports the whole fabric of English literature will be highly appreciated by all who love the Bible, or the literature which has grown up in its light.

His essay on Matthew Arnold, to whom he looks so earnestly for light and leading, shows a deep and intimate knowledge of that great author's wonderful works, of which he must have been a constant reader and lover; and that on "A Club" shows how refreshing and suggestive a lay sermon can be preached from the text of sentiment.

The lawyer's life is a highly intellectual one, and I think there must be many men in that profession who make reading their chief recreation, who could give the world from time to time essays of a worthy character and perma-

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ment value; but, much as we may regret it, it is only now and then that one can have the courage and the tenacity of purpose which are necessary for doing it.

I bespeak for the books a great multitude of readers, and am sure that they will be accepted as a valuable contribution to American literature, not only for their substance, but for a finished style, which seems so rare an accomplishment in these modern days. Especially to the man of practical affairs, to whom Mr. Auerbach so justly refers as needing such refreshment, they will be welcome.

JOSEPH H. CHOATE.

NEW YORK, *December, 1913.*

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

As Mr. Choate in his gracious Foreword very truly says, among the qualities required of the lawyer who would undertake literary work, are tenacity of purpose and courage.

The tenacity is indispensable, for the obligations of an exacting profession often make such effort seem all but hopeless.

Moreover, the courage called for is of no mean order, and ought, in my opinion, to be spelled with letters from the printer's black font. For the lawyer that is guilty of any departure from the customary methodical walk of professional life, invites excommunication from many of his brethren. If he would keep in the good graces of such, he must not even leave the highways for the byways of life, much less attempt any venturesome literary flight with pen for pinion. A lawyer of prominence almost invariably betrays his solicitude

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about my health by the inquiry, "Well, how is the poet to-day?" And inasmuch as this has happened, merely because I have offended with the magazine article, it is difficult to conjecture what the pretentious book may call forth. With similar side-splitting humor, a brother lawyer or two make it a practice to salute a friend of mine, who is a distinguished advocate, as the "Emersonian lawyer," ever since he was so indiscreet as to deliver an appreciative address on Emerson.

Nor is there anything very surprising in all this. For to many that have never attempted it, writing on a subject foreign to their calling, may naturally enough seem to them as free from difficulty as it is lacking in dignity. Their disparaging notion is, after a fashion, not unlike that of the novice, who was invited to make trial of the easily-played-upon, frivolous flute.

Then, too, courage is needed because of the prejudices of the "closed shop," ungrudgingly entertained for all non-union men, by some members of the writing guild—busily engaged in uttering their genuine or counterfeit specimens of workmanship, as the case may be.

Accordingly, there is no cheering word to be

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looked for from the one group, and no welcome from the other; and, as I wrote Mr. Choate on the receipt of his Foreword, I should never have ventured forth from my seclusion but for the protection of his reassuring shield.

As indicated in the footnotes, several of the articles (substantially as now published, except that in a few instances omissions have been made and in one or two places material from the original manuscript has been added) have heretofore appeared in *The North American Review*, to whose proprietor my thanks are given for permission to reprint them.

“Literature and the Practical World” has a special interest for me—the substance of it having been prepared, as an introduction to a proposed series of reviews to be published, first in periodicals and later somewhat enlarged as books, under the title of “Distinguishing Traits of Great Authors.” They were to be written by scholars, but with the co-operation and advice of a board of associate editors—composed of men of affairs, but of scholarly tastes and distinction in their several walks of life—and with myself as editor to care for the burdensome part of the work. It was to be a carefully

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worked-out plan, seeking to bridge over the break which unquestionably exists between the practical world and the world of letters; but unfortunately lack of leisure prevented my going forward with it to my satisfaction. Something of my regret over its abandonment can be readily understood, when I add that in addition to Mr. Choate,—Mr. Nicholas Murray Butler, Dr. E. R. L. Gould, the Rev. Percy S. Grant, Mr. A. Barton Hepburn, Mr. Adrian H. Joline (who, unfortunately for his clients, will never practise law again; and for his friends, will be with them no more; and for the reading public, will write no more), Mr. John G. Milburn, and Mr. George W. Wickersham had consented to act as associate editors. May the view of Mr. Choate that the plan is one quite feasible to carry out produce the volunteer, with the good fortune to be able to get together a group of associates, approaching them in unique qualification for such an undertaking.

The article on "President Roosevelt and the Trusts" is reprinted, because it deals with some misconceptions of the Constitution of the United States and of the functions of our Government, still under discussion, though they

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should have been set at rest long ago; and also because it is among the first suggestions as to a Federal Act for corporations carrying on an interstate commerce business.

“The Protest of the Democratic Party” is included in the volumes, because the facts as to our stewardship in the matter of the acquisition of the Panama Canal route, should keep the blush of shame in our cheeks, until reparation is made for the great wrong done by us to Colombia—the one wrong of which the American Republic has ever been guilty. Until this has been righted, our country cannot hold high her head among her sister Republics on this continent, or among the nations of the world.

Surely it has not come to such a pass with us, that the words of the Apocrypha do not apply to a people as to an individual: Leave not a stain in thine honor.

On a re-reading of two or three of the articles written at long intervals apart, I notice that, at times, they follow a similar line of presentation. Inasmuch, however, as the phraseology is not often identical, I have not attempted, except in a few instances, to correct what some readers may regard as the defect of repetition.

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In this, I have the comfort and satisfaction of good authority—the sustaining meat and drink for the lawyer—from *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*:

You don't suppose that my remarks made at this table are like so many postage stamps, do you—each to be only once uttered? If you do, you are mistaken. He must be a poor creature that does not often repeat himself. Imagine the author of the excellent piece of advice, "Know thyself," never alluding to that sentiment again during the course of a protracted existence! Why, the truths a man carries about with him are his tools; and do you think a carpenter is bound to use the same plane but once to smooth a knotty board with, or to hang up his hammer after it has driven its first nail? I shall never repeat a conversation, but an idea often. I shall use the same types when I like, but not commonly the same stereotypes. A thought is often original, though you have uttered it a hundred times. It has come to you over a new route, by a new and express train of associations.

I had intended to include in the present volumes an essay on *The Value of Precedent*, but its length would have made them somewhat unwieldy, and my purpose is to publish it later as a separate work.

JOSEPH S. AUERBACH.

March, 1914.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE
TO THE
SECOND EDITION

THIS Second Edition (issued with substantially the original text) enables me to acknowledge with gratitude the reception of these volumes by the more important critics, which, in my judgment, has been favorable, largely because the contents reflect the practical experience that so often serves to interpret literature to life.

It gives me the further opportunity of emphasizing the regret expressed by Mr. Choate in his Foreword, that members of the legal profession in this country are neglecting to devote an adequate part of their leisure to the production of literary work "of a worthy character and permanent value." Moreover it is fair that our capable, intellectual men of affairs, as well as members of the other professions, accept their share of responsibility for a similar neglect. And however it has been at other times, words of regret such as those of Mr.

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Choate should be, to all but the wilfully thoughtless, like words of warning, now that men stand aghast at the present hideous spectacle of murderous warfare.

For not a few of the causes of this madness are to be found in the world's long and reckless flouting of the finer teachings of culture, and in the consequent fictitious value at which it has appraised a glut of prosperity and the arrogant supremacy of force and arms.

It all seems an evil dream; and yet mankind knew beforehand that the headlong journey of inexperience over "a dim and perilous way," without safeguard of either light or guide, would surely invite a dread ending.

Nevertheless, after the brutal carnage is past and there has been the day of a fearful reckoning, we may expect to witness once more among men the humanizing influence of cooperation and unselfishness and charity and nobility of spirit, which through the ages have struggled on, stumbling and discomfited often and at times betrayed, but never wholly put to rout. Then—when, in the words of Isaiah, there is the binding up of the breach of the people and the healing of the stroke of their wound—we of this land must, by word as well as deed, do our part in seeing to it

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that the new order is so fostered and directed as not again to falter, nor even to rest except to gain fresh courage for the further advance, in which the standard-bearers shall never faint and the high places, where the chief glory of the nations is, shall be reached at last.

Such a victory will not be too dearly bought, bloody as has been the price.

Doubtless many a man of the world, and perhaps many a man of letters, will not accept the view that the wisdom and inspiration proceeding from literature can have any real share in so great a cause. Yet if we fail to find the quickening word striving, in rivalry with the ministering deed, to make ready the way for the coming of this new order, shall we not have reason to doubt that it will come at all in our day, and to fear that many of the outposts of civilization have been utterly swept away?

These are the momentous times when it will profit us to realize how often we too have failed to hold fast to that which was best, and have come short of the hopes of the world and our own ideals. Even though we may comfort ourselves with the thought that, in the main, the things of which we stand charged call for admonition and not a presentment, they still remain the portent of lurking danger. Let us

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above all not be boastful or even wise in our conceit, because amid this rancor and horror of war we have been vouchsafed a gracious peace. Let us rather rejoice that thereby, through good fortune, we are in a favored position to turn our backs upon petty practices and—thrilled by high purpose and with faces toward the light—to undertake such a beneficent trust as reconciliation among the embittered nations.

Nor ought this to be more for their good than for the good of ourselves. For practical ethics teaches us that the occasions are many when, with a people as with an individual, the discipline of devotion to a great trust can be as elevating as the discipline of a great adversity.

May we not therefore have abiding confidence that, at the coming of the hour for our wise men of affairs and of the professions, in common with our worthy scholars, to speak, they will be ready with the reassuring message? And it should be the message of a solemn awakening; for its silent but eloquent advocate will be the grim, forbidding spectre of multitudes of the living that suffer and of the dead that died, because they had consented to be taught and to believe in, foolish and wicked things.

JOSEPH S. AUERBACH.

September, 1914.

ESSAYS AND MISCELLANIES

ESSAYS AND MISCELLANIES

THE BIBLE AND MODERN LIFE

Parcus deorum cultor et infrequens,
Insanientis dum sapientie
 Consultus erro, nunc retrorsum
 Vela dare, atque iterare cursus
Cogor relictos.

HORACE.

Niggardly in offerings unto the gods,
And disregardful of the rites of worship
Whilst drifting with mad philosophy for chart;
I now perforce must turn my sails, and once more
Traverse the abandoned ways.

IF it were true that appreciation of the noble achievements of the world in painting and sculpture and architecture had come to an end, or that we were content to leave unopened the great books of literature, all thoughtful men would view such a condition with deep concern. For the Parthenon stands to-day for something more than the memory of a Greek temple of exquisite harmony of proportions and adorn-

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ment; the Nike of Samothrace and the Venus of Milo are not merely masterpieces of the sculptor; Velasquez and Titian and Raphael did more than paint marvelous canvases on which we feast the eye; Shakespeare and Carlyle left to the world a legacy, greater than enduring works of genius for our gratification.

It would need no argument to persuade us, that a disregard for what these creations are in themselves and for what they symbolize, would mean the vanishing out of modern life not only of intellectual standards, but of ideals and prospects and visions; that there would be a great darkness where there is now a great light, and that the loss would be irreparable.

Yet, if quite frank with ourselves, we must admit that the English-speaking world is threatened with another loss, irreparable too, if it permits the Bible which, with the changes in men's religious beliefs, is to-day a neglected book, to become a forgotten book.

We should not, however, fall into error as to the reasons for the permanent value of the Bible. If from to-day it were the forgotten book there would not necessarily come to be, as some pulpit utterances so frequently insist,

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a lower order of moral excellence in the world; for men no longer need to carry about with them the decalogue for their right guidance. Whether this is true because our greatest religious literature has become the warp and woof of the social fabric is not of moment, though it is unquestionably so in part; and in this respect and to this degree, the Bible has served its usefulness and fulfilled its mission. In fact, at no time was the Old Testament—without the interpreter to separate its right from its wrong conceptions—even a sure guide for conduct; so much does it contain of confusing contradiction and undoubted error as to doctrine, as to the duty of man to man, and man to God, and, as well, of God to man. Even the New Testament needs interpretation. And if there had been a prompter recognition of all this, fewer martyrs would have died at the stake, blood would have flowed less freely in priestly controversy, and the day of religious freedom would have dawned earlier in the life of the world.

The Bible, rightly understood, is the story of the fashioning of men from feeble beginnings to great issues; the toughening of the fiber of character, and the emancipation, through suffering

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and humiliation and defeat and captivity and exile, from the bondage of idolatry and littleness to moral triumph and spiritual excellence. To those who know the Bible it is a storehouse of priceless possessions, without which men would be poor indeed. In it is bound up not only the richest treasure of our Anglo-Saxon speech, but the highest religion of the world—the story of the struggle of man to understand his destiny and to ally himself with what is unseen and eternal. Its precepts, its injunctions, its nobility of thought, its matchless eloquence of expression are the source of much that is greatest in English literature. Within the province where it is supreme, other books often seem by comparison colorless and trivial; and within that province its poetry surpasses even that of Shakespeare, as much as the poetry of Shakespeare surpasses that of all other of our dramatists; and beside its grandeur many of our greatest prose writers are at times but pygmies. Only men devoid of sense and reason, can afford to turn a deaf ear to those voices of wisdom and everlasting truths, which proceeded from the prophets and the poets and the wise men of the Scriptures. To the devout and intellectual man

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the Bible should be the great devotional Epic of life.

Modern science, with its marvelous unfolding of the origin of the world, has banished many a myth of creation; it has searched deep into the mysteries of the universe; it has reconstructed the old thought as to the earth we inhabit; it has reached out into the limitless depths of space, and has been obliged to coin new phrases with which to express the infinite distances; it has demonstrated the universal reign of law. As, against opposition and cruelties, it was proving unfounded the legends of the birth of worlds, its unconscious mission was to re-create for men the religion of that reign of law; and of this religion the Bible, rightly understood, is still in part the true interpretation.

The present-day attitude toward the Bible does not manifest itself by controversy which, by arraying on one side the defenders of the faith, serves to keep the old spirit of worship a living thing in the world. Now and then a book, or oftener the magazine article or sermon, raises the voice of protest against the neglect into which Bible-study seems to be steadily

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sinking; but rarely is there, as of old, the impassioned outburst from the pulpit concerning the value of the Scriptures. Nor, on the other hand, is there anyone of distinction in letters or science, making it a part of the business of his life to assail accepted Bible truth. No Huxley or Tyndall to-day is stirring Christendom to a defense of religion; and no Ingersoll, one is fortunately able to say, is haranguing irreverent audiences in unconvincing, flippant stump speeches against venerated faith. On the contrary, there is rather a listless indifference toward the momentous question, whether in the end the Bible will be assigned a place among the things which men are to esteem as of vital import.

It is difficult at best, and in large part impossible, to understand this lack of interest, though we cannot fail to recognize its existence. Perhaps the orthodox defenders of the Bible may have exhausted the patience of their audience, as well as their own ingenuity in a foolish insistence that many views now recognized as erroneous, or at least of negligible importance, were essential to Christian belief. George Eliot in one of her essays rather merci-

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lessly exposed the extravagances of the sermons of Dr. Cumming; but there were many such before, and there have been many such since his time. What would more naturally follow, than that a large part of the public should accept the conclusions of the defenders themselves, who made no distinction in importance or verity, between those parts of the Scriptures which are admittedly insignificant, when contrasted with what in them must always be imperishable? At times the Church became the enemy of science and progress, and the Bible was appealed to as final authority in controversies, where its word could properly have no influential, much less controlling weight. Need we be surprised that protest had its day and in a measure abused its privilege?

The Church reasoned, but it was with the logic of emotion and traditional belief, and when it had recourse to violence of word or deed against the critics of the Bible, it overlooked some of the wisdom of the Bible itself.

If this counsel or this work be of man it will be overthrown, but if it be of God, ye will not be able to overthrow them lest haply ye be found even to be fighting against God.

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Was not the Church fighting against God, when it clung so tenaciously to positions which it had no reasonable expectation of maintaining to the satisfaction of intelligent men? And would it not have been the part of prudence for it to join with the reverent critic, in seeking to disentangle fact from legend, and truth from error, and thus advance the real interests of religion?

The inevitable process went on in spite of the attitude of the Church, with this result: Few of prominence among the clergy can be found, who are not in accord with the more important conclusions of the textual and the higher criticism; while many a former communicant is no longer in his pew, because he accepted at its face value the statement of those in authority, that if any of the orthodox views of the Bible were discredited, the foundations of religion would be undermined.

Clearly Bacon in the lines

What is truth? said jesting Pilate; and would not stay for an answer,
gave a typical illustration of the groping, stumbling, obstructed progress of truth in the world.

Equally unfortunate have been other de-

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fenders of the Bible, who wrongly contended that it contained a comprehensive code for the ordering of men's conduct, rather than great organic principles, to be adapted to new occasions and emergencies, as progress was made in more enlightened conceptions of existence. The struggle was for the letter and not the spirit of the book.

Nevertheless, along with the conditions which have made the Bible a neglected book, there is not wanting the reasonable hope that it may be assigned to a revered place, above all other books which are concerned with the higher life of aspiration and the emotions. For it is now possible for us to read the Bible, without necessarily accepting much that heretofore has been insisted on by persecutions, excommunications, and anathemas as essential religious truth. The Church is no longer in a position to be dogmatic as to what is orthodoxy in faith or creed, or as to the true interpretation of the Bible; the heresy of yesterday is the doctrine of to-day. It is quite evident that an offender like Mr. Crapsey could not now be tried and convicted, and that another Bishop Colenso or a Robertson Smith or a Professor Briggs runs

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no risk of the humiliation to which they were subjected.

It is the day of religious toleration. Mr. Cheyne, Canon Driver, and a long list of others of the distinguished English scholars of the day, carrying forward the researches of German scholars, have, in the opinion even of many devoutly religious people, changed utterly old conceptions of Bible truth. On the other hand, Mr. Sayce, an eminent authority in Assyriology, and other critics are maintaining that much of the higher criticism is neither authoritative nor trustworthy. In contrast to some of the clergy who are still preaching a rather crude, old-fashioned orthodoxy, we have the declarations of such divines as the Rev. Mr. Gordon, of Boston, and the Rev. Mr. Thompson, of Oxford, that belief in none of the miraculous incidents of the Bible need be demanded of the religious worshiper.

For the moment, therefore, we may justifiably refer all such controversies to disputants in the Church itself, as we turn to the Bible not as the book of the priest or preacher alone, but as the possession also of the devout scholar and man of the world.

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In days gone by cultured men, distinguished orators, poets and prose writers, resorted to the Bible primarily as a religious book, and found there its literary treasures. Their utterances were interspersed with the apt quotation and illustration from it; and even after doubts may have entered their minds as to its infallibility, there still remained with them the pervading spirit of the old faith.

Where in the work of the writer of to-day may we look for such a passage as this:

In every truth, for every noble work the possibilities will lie diffused through immensity undiscoverable except to faith. Like Gideon thou shalt spread out thy fleece at the door of thy tent. See whether under the wide arch of Heaven there be any bounteous moisture or none. Thy heart and life purpose shall be as miraculous as Gideon's fleece spread out in silent appeal to Heaven; and from the kind immensities, what from the poor unkind localities and town and country parishes there never could, blessed dew moisture to suffice thee shall have fallen.

If it be said that this is not altogether a convincing reference, seeing that Carlyle of all modern writers, except perhaps Walt Whitman when at his best, approached nearest to the genius of devotional expression of the men of Scripture, we may still ask, where in the litera-

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ture of to-day is there indication of an adequate recognition of the worth of the Bible?

Moreover, a generation has grown up without the benefit of Bible reading in the public or private schools, or in the home circle, and without the training of the Sunday-school. As a consequence, there is among such men, little or no intimate acquaintance with the legends and truths and inspiration of the Bible, and few of them would have any understanding of the beauty of imagery of this passage of Carlyle.

Mr. Choate, in his eloquent, discriminating tribute to Rufus Choate—one of the great advocates of any time—says:

And his nurture to manhood was worthy of the child. It was "the nurture and admonition of the Lord." From that rough pine cradle, which is still preserved in the room where he was born, to his premature grave at the age of fifty-nine, it was one long cause of training and discipline of mind and character, without pause or rest. It began with that well-thumbed and dog's-eared Bible from Hog Island, its leaves actually worn away by the pious hands that had turned them, read daily in the family from January to December, in at Genesis and out at Revelations every two years; and when a new child was born in the household the only celebration, the only festivity, was to turn back to the first chapter and read once more how "in the beginning God created the heaven and the earth," and all

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that in them is. This Book, so early absorbed and never forgotten, saturated his mind and spirit more than any other, more than all other books combined. It was at his tongue's end, at his fingers' ends—always close at hand until those last languid hours at Halifax, when it solaced his dying meditations. You can hardly find speech, argument, or lecture of his, from first to last, that is not sprinkled and studded with biblical ideas and pictures, and biblical words and phrases. To him the Book of Job was a sublime poem. He knew the Psalms by heart, and dearly loved the prophets, and above all Isaiah, upon whose gorgeous imagery he made copious drafts. He pondered every word, read with most subtle keenness, and applied with happiest effect. One day coming into the Crawford House, cold and shivering—and you remember how he could shiver—he caught sight of the blaze in the great fireplace, and was instantly warm before the rays could reach him, exclaiming, "Do you remember that verse in Isaiah, 'Aha! I am warm. I have *seen* the fire?'" and so his daily conversation was marked.

How many men of intelligence there are, that would not consider the hours thus spent as all but wasted! How many such would have any understanding of this reference to Isaiah, as with eloquent sarcasm he is laying bare the folly of idolatry, or have any appreciation that Isaiah is one of the commanding figures of history; how many of them know even of the inspired utterances of Isaiah, except as they have listened to selections of them read—and

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probably very imperfectly at that—from the chancel of a church?

Yet how few of such men would not feel quite competent, without any appreciation of the humor of the situation, to discourse learnedly upon the lowering of intellectual and some old-fashioned moral standards in this country? We are called upon at times, even to listen to the declamation of such men, that indications are not lacking that we may in the end outgrow our Constitution, and consent to a fundamental change in our form of government. But the gross improbability of this is too obvious to those having to do with the practical work of life, to permit them to waste much time in such idle conjectures. No country is likely to exchange a republican form of government for a rule, even of "temperate kings." We may be sure, however, that there is a real menace to the future well-being of our country, in our growing disregard of the higher things of life; and not the least among these is a knowledge of the best that has been written in the literature of the world and in the Bible.

Perhaps we shall have to reverse the old process, and persuade men to go back to the

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Bible for its literary treasures, in order to become familiar with its inspiring religious message.

How often too, on the rare occasions when we hear even the man of culture refer to the Bible, do we recognize the misquoted or misunderstood passage? We hear the words of Job, as to the book he would have his adversary write, alluded to, as if his purpose was to gloat over its imperfections, whereas he is longing for the indictment, so that he may bind it to himself as proof of his conscious innocence. Even one of the first scholars of America, in a notable contribution to permanent literature, falls into this error.

Many instances of like errors could be cited, though such ignorance should not occasion less humiliation, than similar ignorance of the text or context of quotations from other great English literature. For men ought not to be willing to hold in such slight regard a book from which that literature draws so much of its inspiration.

It is possible to go a step further and urge Bible reading upon the attention of one, that merely wishes to acquire proficiency in forceful

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speech and writing. As a first step to the gratification of this ambition, of course he must be possessed of a resourceful vocabulary, and there is no substitute for that of the Bible. Without the adequate vocabulary he will be as helpless as a mechanic without tools. And as the mechanic must be taught familiarity with his tools, the student must be taught the use of his vocabulary. Frequent writing, such as is so often recommended by the books on rhetoric, will not necessarily accomplish this result. On the contrary, it may only confirm the student in habits of error that are fatal to correct expression. And though correct expression is composed of many elements, one of the most indispensable of them is a judicious repetition or emphasis of the thought or idea to be conveyed, so as to avoid the danger pointed out by Archbishop Whately—of either objectionable conciseness or prolixity.

Nowhere is this feature more eloquently exemplified than in the Bible diction. Much of its prose, and nearly all its poetry, is constructed upon the basis of parallelisms, in which the thought of one line is elaborated and reinforced by the succeeding line of similar import or of

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contrast—the synonymous or antithetical parallelism, as Bishop Lowth has termed it.

This too should be borne in mind. The Revised and Authorized Versions often fail to reproduce some of the subtle, poetic shades of meaning of the original. But a new beauty is added to the English Bible by the combined use of the vigorous, precise words of Anglo-Saxon derivation, and the stately and processional words of Latin derivation. There is thus given to the parallelism a rhythmic beat and cadence, which are the secret of the melody and charm of so many poetic lines of the Bible.

In one of the most delightful books that has come from the Press in many a day, *Early Memories* by Henry Cabot Lodge, Mr. Lodge, among the pleasant reminiscences of John Lothrop Motley, says:

I remember one occasion, when we happened to be speaking of style in prose and verse, his calling my attention to the beautiful effects which Shakespeare produced by his arrangement of words of Saxon origin in contrast to, and in juxtaposition with, those of Latin derivation. He quoted as perhaps the best example the lines from "Macbeth":

No, this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine;
Making the green one red.

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As soon as he repeated the familiar lines I saw at once that the effect which they make, and which at once arrests the attention and delights the ear, arose from the long, rich, full-sounding Latin words being sharply followed by the short Saxon words coming like the sharp beats of a drum after the organ notes of the preceding line. I never forgot either the lines or what Mr. Motley said, and it helped me to appreciate beauties in verse and high artistic skill in placing words when I had felt, but had never understood before, the reason for either.

Yet such a quotation does not adequately illustrate the striking result, possible from this employment of words of Anglo-Saxon and Latin origin—seen to advantage in the Bible, as nowhere else in literature.

As the wings of a dove covered with silver,
And her pinions with yellow gold.

The highway of the upright is to depart from evil:
He that keepeth his way preserveth his soul.
Pride goeth before destruction,
And a haughty spirit before a fall.

Let my prayer be set forth as incense before thee;
The lifting up of my hands as the evening sacrifice.
Set a watch, O Jehovah, before my mouth;
Keep the door of my lips.
Incline not my heart to any evil thing,
To practise deeds of wickedness with men that work
iniquity.

Knowest thou the ordinances of the heavens?
Canst thou establish the dominion thereof in the
earth?

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Canst thou lift up thy voice to the clouds,
That abundance of waters may cover thee?

Remember thy congregation, which thou hast gotten
of old.

Which thou hast redeemed to be the tribe of thine
inheritance;

And Mount Zion, wherein thou hast dwelt.

Lift up thy feet unto the perpetual desolations.

On every page of the poetical and prophetical
books, are to be found further like illustrations.

We see too in the Bible the potent effect of
judicious repetition of the word, as well as the
idea.

And God said, This is the token of the covenant
which I make between me and you and every living
creature that is with you, for perpetual generations:
I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a
token of a covenant between me and the earth.
And it shall come to pass, when I bring a cloud over
the earth, that the bow shall be seen in the cloud,
and I will remember my covenant, which is between
me and you and every living creature of all flesh;
and waters shall no more become a flood to destroy
all flesh. And the bow shall be in the cloud; and
I will look upon it, that I may remember the ever-
lasting covenant between God and every living
creature of all flesh that is upon the earth. And
God said unto Noah, This is the token of the cove-
nant which I have established between me and all
flesh that is upon the earth.

And Joshua commanded the people, saying, Ye
shall not shout, nor let your voice be heard, neither

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shall any word proceed out of your mouth, until the day I bid you shout; then shall ye shout. So he caused the ark of Jehovah to compass the city, going about it once: and they came into the camp, and lodged in the camp.

And Joshua rose early in the morning, and the priests took up the ark of Jehovah. And the seven priests bearing the seven trumpets of rams' horns before the ark of Jehovah went on continuously, and blew the trumpets: and the armed men went before them; and the rearward came after the ark of Jehovah, the priests blowing the trumpets as they went. And the second day they compassed the city once, and returned into the camp: so they did six days.

And it came to pass on the seventh day, that they rose early at the dawning of the day, and compassed the city after the same manner seven times: only on that day they compassed the city seven times. And it came to pass at the seventh time, when the priests blew the trumpets, Joshua said unto the people, Shout; for Jehovah hath given you the city.

So the people shouted, and the priests blew the trumpets: and it came to pass, when the people shouted with a great shout, and the wall fell down flat, so that the people heard the sound of the trumpet, that the people went up into the city, every man straight before him, and they took the city.

Doubtless to St. Paul, more than to any other of the early men of the Church, is due the spread of the Christian religion; for he wrote not only with the enthusiasm of the convert, but with the consummate power of one of the greatest dialecticians the world has known. Yet if we

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turn to any of his Epistles, we shall see that no small part of the secret of that power lies in his mastery of the art of repetition of word and idea, as brought to perfection by the prophets and poets of the Old Testament. Even the teachings of Christ owe much of their wondrous, miraculous influence to this.

Jesus saith unto her, Thy brother shall rise again. Martha saith unto him, I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day. Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.

And again He says:

Jesus answered and said unto her, If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give me to drink; thou wouldest have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water. The woman saith unto him, Sir, thou hast nothing to draw with and the well is deep: from whence then hast thou that living water? Art thou greater than our father Jacob, who gave us the well, and drank thereof himself, and his sons, and his cattle? Jesus answered and said unto her, Every one that drinketh of this water shall thirst again: But whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.

Moreover, the Bible is a very human book. There are stories and anecdotes and historical

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incidents of absorbing interest; there are the picturesque, vivid parables and allegories in both the Old and New Testaments; the irony and sarcasm of Isaiah and Elijah over idolatry, and Job says in rather up-to-date speech:

No doubt but ye are the people,
And wisdom shall die with you,
But I have understanding as well as you.

There are chapters of intrigue and war and summary vengeance, and the touching love story of a primitive age.

There are heroes of heroic mold: Abraham, and Moses, and Joshua, and Gideon, and Samuel, and Samson, and Saul, and David, and Joab, and Solomon in procession—some real, some mythical, through whom the supremacy and dominion of God are to be manifest. There were "giants in the earth in those days."

Throughout it is a book of remarkable dramatic power.

Recently, when a play founded on a Bible story was about to be produced in England, the *London Times* said words which illustrate one right attitude toward the Bible; and the spirit of that editorial may well be pondered over by us all.

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We announced the other day that Sir Herbert Beerholm Tree's autumn production at His Majesty's Theatre would be a drama written by Mr. Louis N. Parker on the subject of Joseph and his brethren. The Lord Chamberlain has given his consent to the public production of a play on a Biblical theme; and it may be concluded that his action marks the return to a healthier state of things, unknown in England for some four centuries. . . . But in the Middle Ages, as in the Athens of Æschylus and Sophocles, both religion and drama were of the stuff of human life. Faith was sincere enough and robust enough to welcome laughter—to see Noah's wife a fool and a shrew, to have the angelic vision of the shepherds ushered in by a roaring farce about sheep-stealing. Truth was truth and needed no protection from reverence or decency. And the drama, being an expression of the profoundest movements of men's minds, could turn easily from the heartiest laughter to the loftiest worship without strain and without offense.

The subsequent story is well known. The English religious drama was lost in the sands of the Moralities and other pedantries. The new English drama of the Renaissance was gradually transformed under James and Charles into a mere entertainment, and at the Restoration found itself all but divorced from daily life. That the fault was not entirely on the side of the drama might be guessed from one fact alone—that the great Elizabethans, the voice of a new and universal life, leave religion almost out of count. The age of faith had passed. Religion had changed from the heart of daily life into a matter of forms and ceremonies, an excuse for dispute and enmity. The drama may be forgiven for leaving it on one side, and for slipping further and further from its old religious character. Then came

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reverence and propriety, like notice-boards warning people off the grass upon which they were meant to play happily; and, when both religion and the drama had lost their intimacy, their place in men's business and bosom, the drama was forbidden to touch upon sacred subjects—was forbidden, at one absurd moment, even to use the word "angelic."

We are living now in an age more religious than any of its predecessors for several centuries. Forms of religion change. To-day, one man finds his religion in the love of one, or of two or three, of his kind; another in sociology or philanthropy; a third will draw his spiritual sustenance from the East; a fourth from science. And the drama of to-day has begun once more—in ways often queer, often dismal, and often undramatic—to reflect and to express the religion of living men. Hitherto the only form of religion that has been denied a voice in the theatre has been the Christian religion. It appears that the Christian religion is in future to be allowed an equal chance with other forms of faith to use the most impressive of the arts for telling its great stories and exhibiting its meaning and its ideals. There can be little doubt that good use will be made of the liberty. Those who control the theatre will be wise to move warily at first; but both the Christian religion and the drama are likely to gain from the new avowal that the drama is not common and unclean, nor religion confined to church and chapel.

More and more as the Bible is understood, are men of intelligence and imagination thrilled with its great dramatic power, of which the story of Joseph and his brethren is but one illustration; for the evidences of that power

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are on many of its pages. Where may we find an event of more gripping interest than the siege of Jerusalem by Sennacherib?

Other cities of Judah had been swept before the Assyrian, and Jerusalem itself had all but capitulated. Yet upon the issue whether or not it would survive the siege, as will be pointed out in a moment, was to depend the direction which the future civilization of the world was to take. It was easily one of the decisive, turning-points of history.

King Hezekiah had already given over to the Assyrian "all the silver that was found in the house of Jehovah and in the treasury of the King's house"; he even "cut off the gold from the doors of the temple of Jehovah and from the pillars which Hezekiah, King of Judah, had overlaid, and gave it to the King of Assyria." Yet the maw of the King of Assyria was not filled. And there follows under the very walls of Jerusalem, between the officers of the Assyrian king and the messengers of Hezekiah, the parley—in which the consuming, revolting famine to result from further resistance, is cunningly contrasted with the enough-and-to-spare at the feeding-table of captivity.

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Then said Eliakim the son of Hilkiah, and Sheb-nah, and Joah, unto Rabshakeh, Speak, I pray thee, to thy servants in the Syrian language; for we understand it: and speak not with us in the Jews' language, in the ears of the people that are on the wall. But Rabshakeh said unto them, Hath my master sent me to thy master, and to thee, to speak these words? hath he not sent me to the men that sit on the wall, to eat their own dung, and to drink their own water with you? Then Rabshakeh stood, and cried with a loud voice in the Jews' language, and spake, saying, Hear ye the word of the great king, the king of Assyria. Thus saith the king, Let not Hezekiah deceive you; for he will not be able to deliver you out of his hand: neither let Hezekiah make you trust in Jehovah, saying, Jehovah will surely deliver us, and this city shall not be given into the hand of the king of Assyria. Hearken not to Hezekiah: for thus saith the king of Assyria, Make your peace with me, and come out to me; and eat ye every one of his vine, and every one of his fig-tree, and drink ye every one the waters of his own cistern; until I come and take you away to a land like your own land, a land of grain and new wine, a land of bread and vineyards, a land of olive-trees and of honey, that ye may live and not die: and hearken not unto Hezekiah, when he persuadeth you, saying, Jehovah will deliver us. Hath any of the gods of the nations ever delivered his land out of the hand of the king of Assyria? Where are the gods of Hamath and of Arpad? where are the gods of Sepharvaim, of Hena, and Ivvah? have they delivered Samaria out of my hand? Who are they among all the gods of the countries, that have delivered their country out of my hand, that Jehovah should deliver Jerusalem out of my hand?

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“And it came to pass, when King Hezekiah heard it, that he rent his clothes, and covered himself with sackcloth, and went into the house of Jehovah,” and sent his messengers to Isaiah for guidance.

Then alone, amid conditions which seemed to compel an abject surrender, with every ray of hope gone, Isaiah—the companion of kings and of the people, in all his heroic proportions of soul and courage, and with Jehovah’s message of defiance to the enemy and assurance of succor to Jerusalem—stands forth to save the state.

And to the messengers of the king, Isaiah sends back this answer, in that “day of trouble and of rebuke and of contumely.”

And Isaiah said unto them, Thus shall ye say to your master. Thus saith Jehovah, Be not afraid of the words that thou hast heard, wherewith the servants of the king of Assyria have blasphemed me. Behold, I will put a spirit in him, and he shall hear tidings, and shall return to his own land; and I will cause him to fall by the sword in his own hand.

But I know thy sitting down, and thy going out, and thy coming in, and thy raging against me. Because of thy raging against me, and because thine arrogancy is come up into mine ears, therefore will I put my hook in thy nose and my bridle in thy lips, and I will turn thee back by the way by which thou camest.

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Therefore thus saith Jehovah concerning the king of Assyria, He shall not come unto this city, nor shoot an arrow there, neither shall he come before it with shield, nor cast up a mound against it. By the way that he came, by the same shall he return, and he shall not come unto this city, saith Jehovah. For I will defend this city to save it, for mine own sake, and for my servant David's sake.

Was it strange that such a messenger should be the forerunner of the annihilation of the Assyrian host?

And it came to pass that night, that the angel of Jehovah went forth, and smote in the camp of the Assyrians a hundred fourscore and five thousand: and when men arose early in the morning, behold, these were all dead bodies. So Sennacherib king of Assyria departed, and went and returned, and dwelt at Nineveh. And it came to pass, as he was worshipping in the house of Nisroch his god, that Adram-elech and Sharezer smote him with the sword: and they escaped into the land of Ararat. And Esarhaddon his son reigned in his stead.

What an impression, never to be effaced, does such an event make upon the mind and the imagination; and what a marvelous, reverent, religious drama could be constructed out of such scenes so eloquent of the sovereignty of God. The man that has no interest in such an absorbing, dramatic, historical incident, surely can long for no great moments in life.

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In this essay—which is not the word of the scholar to the scholar, but merely a plea for Bible study from one familiar with the Bible to those unfamiliar with it—this literary value and these dramatic features are dwelt upon in text and quotation, for the purpose of urging them upon the attention of the general reader and the man of affairs. It is hoped that such a plea will not offend the sensibilities of the most devout; for any suggestion is to be welcomed, which will persuade men to turn the leaves of the Bible, whatever be the purpose. Let one have recourse to the Scriptures for his material profit or a passing interest, if that be the only inducement to consult them, and unconsciously vast prospects have opened up before him; he will find what he is seeking, but the treasures of the world are there too for his possession.

He may be merely in search of a shortened route to the world he knows of; but like Columbus he will discover a new world.

We are told often by those who advocate a study of the Bible, that it must be read reverently, and no one should dissent from this advice. Nevertheless, a reverent approach to

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the Bible, is not all that is requisite for an appreciative understanding of it. We must search out its higher meaning, and aim at understanding context as well as text, or it will not be the book it has been once and can be again to the English-speaking world. We must, in addition to reverence, have some fairly accurate information of the people that produced this oriental literature, for such the Bible is; and of the conclusions reached by the textual as well as the higher criticism, as to the dates, the authenticity, the authorship and the value of its several books.

The books of Kings and Chronicles are not works of the times they treat of. The book of Daniel was not written in the days of Nebuchadnezzar, but well on toward the Christian era. Much of Isaiah as we now have it, is of the period immediately preceding the destruction of Jerusalem, but many of its chapters are of the exile and some of the restoration.

We cannot appreciate at its full value, even the charm of the narrative books, unless we understand their composite character and the source from which they are derived; and this requires that we know what the more important

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researches in Syrian, Assyrian, Chaldean, and Babylonian history tell us. Few of the books of the Bible are without additions and interpolations made long after they were first written, and scarcely any of the traditions concerning their authenticity or date of composition stand unimpeached by criticism. Yet the mere fact that the Bible is such a work of many men, and that it finally took form centuries after the events it describes, does not detract from, but adds to its value. Here were reverent, chastened men, re-assembling the religious utterances of the people, interpreting them and in a sense rewriting them, in the light of subsequent experiences, as they recorded the story of God's providence.

The Bible remains in all its essential particulars a greater possession than when it was regarded as an infallible book. Matthew Arnold, in his *Literature and Dogma*, and in *God and the Bible*, told of the inevitable changes which modern criticism was bound to bring about in men's belief. Critics had done this before and have done it since, and from Astruc to Driver the list is long indeed; but by far the greater number have written with the desire, not to dis-

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credit the Bible but to preserve it as a book for the regard of men.

The fact that we do not find in the Bible the intellectual treasures of the ancient classics, and that the point of view of the two often lies far apart, in no wise lessens its value to us. The abstract, subtle processes of reasoning of the one had their counterpart in the religious meditation and aspiration of the other, expressed by simple, concrete words, rich in poetic beauty—its very letters being the suggested idea and the printed picture. Its lines written from right to left, merely serve to emphasize the unique character and structure of this oriental language.

The more we study the Bible story through the interpretation of recent scholarly books, the more we shall appreciate that no version begins to reproduce the marvelous beauty of the original. Words, we are told by Emerson, are fossil poetry, but here are words which are living, moving poetry. The men of the Bible thought in terms of metaphor; life to them was an allegory and a parable, and God was seen through the magic lens of a certain, simple faith; nature was incarnate God.

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We are to remember the wide distinction often pointed out, between the ideals of "Hellenism" and "Hebraism"; and while mythology, when rightly understood as it often is not, is a wonderful manifestation of the imagination of the Greek people, it nevertheless appears fantastic beside the conception of the Yahweh of the Old Testament. The supernatural gods of Olympus became in time but fanciful myths to the Grecian philosopher and poet, for whom the chief articles of religious faith were the beautiful on earth and the redemption and salvation of man by man. The untiring search of the writers of the Scriptures was for the supremacy of the Lord, and the triumph of righteousness through divine guidance and interposition. Of one environment the man of religion was the product, and of the other the cultured man of the world.

Each nation was sufficient unto itself in its own creative field; and the Barbarian to the Greek was the Gentile or the heathen or the Philistine to the Jew. What came out of Jerusalem and Athens was original with the genius of its creators, and without either the culture and intellectual resourcefulness of the one, or the religious consecration of the other,

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the world of ideas and the world of the emotions would be but waste places. Neither nation was imbued with the spirit of the missionary or the colonist, but their respective ideals have made their way to the ends of the earth.

Even though from old-time association we prefer the Authorized Version, it is essential that we at least read, as a commentary on it, the Revised Version—where devout scholars have, so far as possible, preserved the old text but indicated the more approved rendering marginally. The American Standard Revision, however, is to be preferred to the English Revision. The popular impression that the revisers made many unwarrantable changes in phraseology is wholly incorrect. On the contrary, the new rendering is often as superior to the old in beauty of diction as it is admitted to be in accuracy. As an illustration of the truth of this, it may be said that the Revised Version of the Psalms surpasses that of the Authorized Edition, as this does the Coverdale translation to be found in the Common Prayer Book.

The new form in which the poetic books are printed, alone makes the Revised Version in-

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dispensable; while much of Isaiah and Ezekiel, and of the other prophets, is more impressively rendered by it. Without its scholarly translation and marginal commentary, we cannot adequately understand either the letter or the spirit of many passages.

A mere glance at the two versions will serve to convince us of this truth.

THE AUTHORIZED VERSION

Man being in honor
abideth not: he is like
the beasts that perish.

The hoary head is a
crown of glory, if it be
found in the way of
righteousness.

Thou hast multiplied
the nation, and not in-
creased the joy.

The just shall live by
faith.

Served the creature
more than the Creator.

Faith is the substance
of things hoped for, the
evidence of things not
seen.

THE REVISED VER- SION

Man abideth in hon-
or: he is like the beasts
that perish.

The hoary head is a
crown of glory, it shall
be found in the way of
righteousness.

Thou hast multiplied
the nation, thou hast
increased their joy.

The righteous shall live
by faith.

Served the creature
rather than the Creator.

Faith is the assurance
of things hoped for, the
proving of things not
seen.

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A man that hath friends must show himself friendly.

It is impossible but that offenses will come; but woe unto him, through whom they come!

It were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he cast into the sea, than he should offend one of these little ones.

He that maketh many friends doeth it to his own destruction.

It is impossible but that occasions of stumbling should come: but woe unto him through whom they come! It were well for him if a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he were thrown into the sea, rather than that he should cause one of these little ones to stumble.

It would have been mere idolatry for the old rendering, not to make such essential changes. There are numberless like instances of errors corrected; and not infrequently later books concerning the Bible point out many an error even in the Revision.

At times more serious questions than mere verbal accuracy—having to do with the deeper things of religion—are involved in such corrections. There is in the Old Testament more than one passage which, rightly rendered, has no Messianic significance, but which is still given that interpretation by the Church; and while such claims are persisted in, the Church is answerable at least to the charge of unwisdom.

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So long as the Bible was regarded as written under immediate divine inspiration and perhaps dictation, it was, in a sense, considered sacrilege to resort to the commentary to explain its true meaning, much less to point out its contradictions and inconsistencies. Yet its text requires explanation and scholarly annotation quite as much, if not more, than that of the ancient classics, or the standard books of English literature. Some of the more important French classics are being published under the title *Les Grand Ecrivains*, with the most elaborate footnotes intended for use by the French reader, one volume being expanded into several volumes; and what our own scholars have similarly done to interpret Shakespeare might well be done for many another English author.

Fortunately, we have such an aid in the Century Bible, which represents as great an advance over the Cambridge Bible as this in turn was over the Speaker's Commentary; and no reader desiring to really know the Bible can afford to be ignorant of its discriminating scholarship. Its form, with the commentary as footnotes, as well as its substance, is to be

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commended. For often explanations of the meaning of a text when added as an appendix, are in a sense not more serviceable than marks of punctuation would be at the end of an unpunctuated book, with general directions for their distribution.

Nor must we forget that, even since the revision of the Bible, distinguished scholars have in many instances, made improvements upon the rendering of the Revision, and with these also we must be reasonably familiar. In addition to the Revision and such luminous commentaries as those of the Century Bible, we need to read, among other books, the *Early Religious Poetry of the Hebrews*, by Mr. King, of Cambridge; *The Romance of the Hebrew Language*, by Mr. Saulez; *The Bible as English Literature*, by Professor Gardiner, which every Bible student should possess, and which has never received the recognition to which its style and scholarship entitle it; the *Critical Introduction to the Old Testament*, by Mr. Gray, and to the *New Testament*, by Mr. Peake; the more recent works of Professor Cheyne and Canon Driver, and if possible, all the books of these two scholars, which open up for us vistas

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and visions, where before only a pathway had been blazed. The student should have at hand a comprehensive work such as Hastings's *Dictionary of the Bible*, and he should know something of the geography and topography of Palestine. And he should remember too that bounding Palestine, was the great desert, with its vast horizons and silences, which invited men to introspection, to worship, and to a marvelous religious utterance.

Unless, too, we have a fairly accurate knowledge of the Jewish people, we shall have little appreciation of the gradual evolution of their religious life, or read the Bible other than as disconnected paragraphs or quotations, or as a concordance. In its deeper, finer meaning, it will be to us but a closed book. For the history of the people, from whom came this wondrous literature, is in epitome the history of the Bible; and, though our knowledge of that history need not be profound, it must not be superficial; for of all commentaries it is the most instructive.

The Jewish people, coming from their Babylonian home, and taking with them the statutes of Hammurabi, though doubtless with little

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conception of the tribal God of the Pentateuch—much less of the God of the prophets and the poets and the wise men—were permitted to enter the land of Egypt where they became slaves, and all but beasts of burden. Departing under the leadership of Moses, as a handful—and not as a host as the Bible chronicle has it—from Egyptian bondage, they became again, as they had been once before, nomadic tribes; until by conquests and the partition of the land, they entered upon a peasant, pastoral life in Palestine, to be in touch with the outer world by the caravan routes of peace, connecting Egypt with the Eastern countries, but which were also to be the routes of war. As the people grew in numbers and strength, came the period of the Judges, with their determining influence upon the development of national and religious life. Step by step this growth continued until the days of the Kings, when through the religious zeal and administrative genius of David, much of Palestine came to be one nation, which he transmitted to his son—who, though he enlarged it in outward form, weakened it within by the oriental splendor and luxury of his reign.

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The Kingdom, thus united, small though it was—being barely two hundred miles in length and fifty miles in breadth, only a few thousand square miles—was, on the death of Solomon, divided by rebellion. Out of it was carved the Northern Kingdom, which—after an existence of nearly two centuries, while it was often at war with the outside world, and not always at peace or in sympathy with Judah—was overthrown and its population carried into exile by Assyria. The downfall of the Northern Kingdom was traceable to the luxury and licentiousness against which Amos, a man of the people, but from Judah, uttered his solemn warning, often in the harsh and uncompromising words of the stranger; and over which Hosea, of the Northern Kingdom, mourned with affectionate despair as he saw its imminent fate.

We shall see in the survival of the Southern Kingdom, for more than a century after the destruction of the Northern Kingdom—even though during much of the time it was the vassal of other nations—one of the great epochs of the world; since to no other event in history is so much of the development of civilization traceable.

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For if Judah had been swept away along with Israel, Bible literature by comparison with what we have would be meager indeed. Even much of the narrative books would be wanting, for they were not reduced to their present form, until probably well on toward the Christian Era. The words of Amos and Hosea might have come down to us; but little or nothing of the other prophetic writings or the great poetry of the Bible, and probably only a suggestion of its wisdom books—certainly not Job, or Isaiah, or Nahum, Jeremiah, Ezekiel or the minor prophets of the post-exilic period, and none perhaps of the Apocrypha.

Nor is it irreverent to add that, without this preservation of the Southern Kingdom, there might not have arisen the conditions which made the Christian religion possible. For out of the long travail of impending destruction came the sublime message of the first Isaiah and Micah and Nahum; while from the exile and the return to Jerusalem we have the second and the third Isaiah and the minor prophets of the restoration and the apocalyptic visions, the coming of the Messiah and the promise of immortal life.

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As we study this history through the prophetic writings, we shall see how, when evil days threatened the Northern Kingdom—and there was little likelihood that the tribal God of the Pentateuch would intervene to save it from its enemies—there was evolved the grander conception of an overruling Providence, who was no longer to favor the people by material prosperity, but was to bring them, by grievous chastisement and the humiliation of defeat and captivity, to a sense of righteousness. We see how Isaiah, writing in the shadow of the destruction of the Northern Kingdom, and with the foreboding that a like fate was threatening Jerusalem, sees as never before had been seen this greater God, as he prophesies that there would survive the remnant to save the people. This became his religion as he walked with kings, and the very name he gave to his son testifies to his certain faith in this remnant.

Nor must we overlook the supreme importance—upon the preservation of the faith of the people during exile and the restoration, and even after their final dispersion—of the finding, within the Temple before the downfall of Jerusalem, of the noble, eloquent book of

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Deuteronomy. For it operated to cause the people to hold fast, in form as well as in substance, to the covenant made between Yahweh and His people.

We must, too, have information enough to know that when Cyrus, who in turn had overcome Babylon as Babylon had destroyed the Southern Kingdom, authorized the return of the exiles to Jerusalem, only a remnant—less in numbers and in influence than had been the hope of the first or second Isaiah—embraced the generous or strategic offer of the Persian conqueror. For during the period which had gone by since the people of the Southern Kingdom, and the still longer period since the people of the Northern Kingdom, had been in captivity, many had doubtless found their material interests too strong an attachment to be relinquished for a pilgrimage to, much less for a new existence in, the city of their fathers.

There succeeded the reign of Darius and the period of the prophets Haggai and Zachariah, and later Malachi, and the writings of Ezra and Nehemiah. There was the conquest by Alexander, following a new domination of Egypt; then the supremacy of Syria constructed out of

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his Empire at his death; the struggle between Syria and Egypt over this ready prey of nations; the revolt by Matathias and his successors the Maccabees; the Roman rule which was to end in the annihilation of Jerusalem, and at last the final dispersion of her people to the ends of the earth.

Such, in briefest outline only, is the story of the people, to whom we owe the imperishable legacy of the Bible. As the outline is filled in with a sympathetic knowledge of details which tells of the groping, through the darkness of unbelief and idolatry and worship of the tribal God, to the conception of the overruling God of the Universe, the student of the Bible will find nothing in the devotional literature of the world, that does not seem feeble and structureless, in comparison with its letter and its spirit.

If we are without this information, we shall have no appreciation of the grandeur of the utterance of the first Isaiah when, preaching righteousness and courage as Jerusalem was hemmed in by her foes, he predicted her suffering and their final discomfiture.

Shall the axe boast itself against him that heweth therewith? Shall the saw magnify itself against him

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that wieldeth it? as if a rod should wield them that lift it up, or as if a staff should lift up him that is not wood. Therefore will the Lord, Jehovah of hosts, send among his fat ones leanness; and under his glory there shall be kindled a burning like the burning of fire. And the light of Israel will be for a fire, and his Holy One for a flame; and it will burn and devour his thorns and his briers in one day. And he will consume the glory of his forest, and of his fruitful field, both soul and body; and it shall be as when a standard-bearer fainteth. And the remnant of the trees of his forest shall be few, so that a child may write them.

And it shall come to pass in that day, that the remnant of Israel, and they that are escaped of the house of Jacob, shall no more again lean upon him that smote them, but shall lean upon Jehovah, the Holy One of Israel, in truth. A remnant shall return, even the remnant of Jacob, unto the mighty God. For though thy people, Israel, be as the sand of the sea, only a remnant of them shall return: a destruction is determined, overflowing with righteousness. For a full end, and that determined, will the Lord, Jehovah of hosts, make in the midst of all the earth.

But the enemies of Jerusalem are not to go unpunished.

Behold, the Lord, Jehovah of hosts, will lop the boughs with terror: and the high of stature shall be hewn down, and the lofty shall be brought low. And he will cut down the thickets of the forest with iron, and Lebanon shall fall by a mighty one.

Set ye up an ensign upon the bare mountain, lift up the voice unto them, wave the hand, that they

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may go into the gates of the nobles. I have commanded my consecrated ones, yea, I have called my mighty men for mine anger, even my proudly exulting ones. The noise of a great multitude in the mountains, as of a great people! the noise of a tumult of the kingdoms of the nations gathered together! Jehovah of hosts is mustering the hosts for the battle. They come from a far country, from the uttermost part of heaven, even Jehovah and the weapons of his indignation, to destroy the whole land.

Wail ye; for the day of Jehovah is at hand; as destruction from the Almighty shall it come. Therefore shall all hands be feeble, and every heart of man shall melt; and they shall be dismayed; pangs and sorrows shall take hold of them; they shall be in pain as a woman in travail: they shall look in amazement one at another; their faces shall be faces of flame. Behold the day of Jehovah cometh, cruel, with wrath and fierce anger; to make the land a desolation, and to destroy the sinners thereof out of it. For the stars of heaven and the constellations thereof shall not give their light; the sun shall be darkened in its going forth, and the moon shall not cause its light to shine. And I will punish the world for their evil, and the wicked for their iniquity; and I will cause the arrogancy of the proud to cease, and will lay low the haughtiness of the terrible.

How art thou fallen from heaven, O day-star, son of the morning! how art thou cut down to the ground, that didst lay low the nations! And thou saidst in thy heart, I will ascend into heaven, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God; and I will sit upon the mount of congregation, in the uttermost parts of the north; I will ascend above the heights of the clouds; I will make myself like the

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Most High. Yet thou shalt be brought down to Sheol, to the uttermost parts of the pit. They that see thee shall gaze at thee, they shall consider thee, saying, Is this the man that made the earth to tremble, that did shake kingdoms; that made the world as a wilderness, and overthrew the cities thereof; that let not loose his prisoners to their home? All the kings of the nations, all of them, sleep in glory, every one in his own house. But thou art cast forth away from the sepulcher like an abominable branch, clothed with the slain, that are thrust through with the sword, that go down to the stones of the pit; as a dead body trodden under foot. Thou shalt not be joined with them in burial, because thou hast destroyed thy land, thou hast slain thy people; the seed of evil-doers shall not be named forever.

Prepare ye slaughter for his children for the iniquity of their fathers, that they rise not up, and possess the earth, and fill the face of the world with cities. And I will rise up against them, saith Jehovah of hosts, and cut off from Babylon name and remnant, and son and son's son, saith Jehovah. I will also make it a possession for the porcupine, and pools of water: and I will sweep it with the besom of destruction, saith Jehovah of hosts.

Nor can we, without such information, understand the rhapsody of the second Isaiah as he sees the approaching restoration, or the somber colors whereby the still later Isaiah portrays the disillusionment which followed.

We cannot understand Jeremiah as other than a prolix prophet of evil unless we see him,

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too, within the shadow of the coming gloom in Jerusalem, when, with the repetition and insistence of despair, he mourns as one without comfort and without hope.

We shall understand the impassioned eloquence of the opening words of Nahum, only if we are able to see him watching with a great joy, as the Babylonian power is poising for its spring upon Nineveh and Assyria, which had destroyed the Northern Kingdom, brought desolation to the cities of Judah, and all but sacked Jerusalem itself:

The Lord is a jealous God and avengeth; the Lord avengeth and is full of wrath; . . . Bashan languisheth, and Carmel, and the flower of Lebanon languisheth. The mountains quake at him, and the hills melt; and the earth is upheaved at his presence, yea, the world, and all that dwell therein. Who can stand before his indignation? and who can abide in the fierceness of his anger? his fury is poured out like fire, and the rocks are broken asunder by him. . . .

And now will I break his yoke from off thee, and will burst thy bonds in sunder. And the Lord hath given commandment concerning thee, that no more of thy name be sown: out of the house of thy gods will I cut off the graven image and the molten image; I will make thy grave; for thou art vile. Behold, upon the mountains the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace! Keep thy feasts, O Judah, perform thy vows: for the

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wicked one shall no more pass through thee; he is utterly cut off.

The same may be said of those vivid second and third chapters opening with his taunts to Nineveh, as he tells of the coming carnage:

He that dasheth in pieces is come up before thy face: keep the munition, watch the way, make thy loins strong, fortify thy power mightily. For the Lord bringeth again the excellency of Jacob, as the excellency of Israel; for the emptiers have emptied them out, and marred their vine branches. The shield of his mighty men is made red, the valiant men are in scarlet: the chariots flash with steel in the day of his preparation, and the spears are shaken terribly. The chariots rage in the streets, they jostle one against another in the broad ways: the appearance of them is like torches, they run like the lightnings. He remembereth his worthies: they stumble in their march; they make haste to the wall thereof, and the mantelet is prepared. The gates of the rivers are opened, and the palace is dissolved. And Huzzab is uncovered, she is carried away, and her handmaids mourn as with the voice of doves, tabering upon their breasts. But Nineveh hath been from the old like a pool of water, yet they flee away;

Behold, I am against thee, saith Jehovah of hosts, and I will burn her chariots in the smoke, and the sword shall devour thy young lions; and I will cut off thy prey from the earth, and the voice of thy messengers shall no more be heard.

Woe to the bloody city! it is all full of lies and rapine; the prey departeth not. The noise of the

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whip, and the noise of the rattling of wheels, and prancing horses, and bounding chariots, the horseman mounting, and the flashing sword, and the glittering spear, and a multitude of slain, and a great heap of corpses;

Then follow his matchless closing words, as he depicts ruin and the sleep of death to follow in the train of the conqueror:

Thy shepherds slumber, O king of Assyria: thy worthies are at rest: thy people are scattered upon the mountains, and there is none to gather them. There is no assuaging of thy hurt; thy wound is grievous: all that hear the bruit of thee clap the hands over thee: for upon whom hath not thy wickedness passed continually?

If we suppose the following lines to be from the first Isaiah in the reign of Hezekiah, when Jerusalem seemed about to fall into the hands of her enemies, they seem merely rhetorical efforts for effect; but if we recognize them as the words of the Isaiah of the Exile we shall see in them the eloquence of an overflowing joy, as the prophet writes under the ecstasy of the vision of the restoration.

Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people saith your God. Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem; and cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned, that she hath received of Jehovah's hand double for all her sins.

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The voice of one that crieth, Prepare ye in the wilderness the way of Jehovah; make level in the desert a highway for our God. Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low; and the uneven shall be made level, and the rough places plain: and the glory of Jehovah shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together; for the mouth of Jehovah hath spoken it.

He giveth power to the faint; and to him that hath no might, He increaseth strength. Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men utterly fall: but they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; they shall walk and not faint.

Lo, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.

For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts. For as the rain cometh down and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, and giveth seed to the sower and bread to the eater; so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth; it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it. For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace; the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing; and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands. Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree; and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle-tree; and it shall be to

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Jehovah for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off.

We cannot understand the full significance of the Book of Job, unless we know that the drama was written well along in the period of the restoration, when a great messenger was needed to make it clear, that righteousness was no longer to be the guarantee of the material well-being of Judah, but was at times to be the hand-maiden of misfortune and misery.

The book of Daniel is largely purposeless, if we regard it as written in the time of Nebuchadnezzar. Its apocalyptic visions have a mighty meaning, if we understand them to have come to him when the hopes of a material prosperity were ebbing fast in the Southern Kingdom, and the last stubborn stand for freedom was made by the Maccabees; and when the recompense promised by the prophet to an afflicted people, was to be approval by Yahweh on earth, and the promise — at least to the deserving — of immortal life.

With what unequalled power and grace and sublimity of expression the Bible is written, only those that enter into its spirit and understanding will begin to comprehend. Whenever

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even the great men of literature undertake to portray the glories of the natural world, or to interpret some of the mysteries of existence and eternity, into which we are all still peering, the contrast between their words and those of the Bible is startling.

From time immemorial, men have gazed with increasing wonder at the imposing spectacle of the heavens, and the pages of general literature and of the Bible abound in passages, which tell of their splendor. Though in the portrayal the men of literature rise to great heights of imagery, they are nevertheless everywhere surrounded by inaccessible mountain peaks, on which stand the poets and the prophets of the Scriptures.

Shelley says:

Heaven's ebon vault,
Studded with stars unutterably bright,
Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,
Seems like a canopy which love has spread
To curtain her sleeping world.

Milton's familiar lines in "Paradise Lost" are:

Now glow'd the firmament
With living sapphires; Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, 'till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen unveil'd her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silent mantle threw.

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And again, his words are:

A broad and ample road, whose dust is gold
And pavement stars,—as stars to thee appear
Seen in the galaxy, that milky way
Which nightly as a circling sun thou seest
Powder'd with stars.

“The Merchant of Venice” has lines which Lord Russell, the late Chief Justice of England, pronounced the most beautiful of all the poetry of Shakespeare:

Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim.
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

We are in a different world when we turn from even such inspired descriptions to the words of the Bible. For Shakespeare and Shelley and Milton are describing what to them are merely impressive scenes of natural beauty, while to the men of the Scriptures the heavens are the abiding-place of Jehovah, and the signs and wonders there but the manifestations of his majesty and dominion. The stars are living lights shut up in the heavens, and it is God

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‘that bringeth out their host by number’; ‘he calleth them by name’; his face is ‘as the appearance of the lightning’; and his voice ‘the thunderings of his pavilions.’ Everywhere we find this:

In the Psalms:

The heavens are the heavens of Jehovah; but the earth hath he given to the children of men.

When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained; what is man, that thou art mindful of him? And the son of man, that thou visitest him? For thou hast made him but little lower than God, and crownest him with glory and honor. Thou makest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet:

In the vision of Ezekiel:

And over the head of the living creature there was the likeness of a firmament, like the terrible crystal to look upon, stretched forth over their heads above. And under the firmament were their wings straight, the one toward the other: every one had two which covered on this side, and every one had two which covered on that side, their bodies. And when they went, I heard the noise of their wings like the noise of great waters, like the voice of the Almighty, a noise of tumult like the noise of a host: when they stood, they let down their wings. And there was a voice above the firmament that was over their heads: when they stood, they let down their wings.

And above the firmament that was over their

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heads was the likeness of a throne, as the appearance of a sapphire stone; and upon the likeness of the throne was a likeness as the appearance of a man upon it above. And I saw as it were glowing metal, as the appearance of fire within it round about, from the appearance of his loins and upward; and from the appearance of his loins and downward I saw as it were the appearance of fire, and there was brightness round about him. As the appearance of the bow that is in the cloud in the day of rain, so was the appearance of the brightness round about. This was the appearance of the likeness of the glory of Jehovah. And when I saw it, I fell upon my face, and I heard a voice of one that spake.

In Isaiah:

Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with the span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance?

To whom then will ye liken God? Or what likeness will ye compare unto him? . . . Have ye not known? Have ye not heard? Hath it not been told you from the beginning? Have ye not understood from the foundations of the earth? It is he that sitteth above the circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers; that stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain, and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in.

In the vision of Daniel:

And many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some

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to shame and everlasting contempt. And they that are wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever.

He hath made the earth by his power, he hath established the world by his wisdom, and by his understanding hath he stretched out the heavens. When he uttereth his voice there is a tumult of waters in the heavens, and he causeth the vapors to ascend from the end of the earth; he maketh lightnings for the rain, and bringeth forth the wind out of his treasures.

In Samuel:

Then the earth shook and trembled,
The foundations of heaven quaked
And were shaken, because he was wroth.
There went up a smoke out of his nostrils,
And fire out of his mouth devoured:
Coals were kindled by it.
He bowed the heavens also, and came down;
And thick darkness was under his feet.
And he rode upon a cherub, and did fly;
Yea, he was seen upon the wings of the wind.
And he made darkness pavilions round about him,
Gathering of waters, thick clouds of the skies.
At the brightness before him
Coals of fire were kindled.
Jehovah thundered from heaven,
And the Most High uttered his voice.
And he sent out arrows, and scattered them;
Lightning, and discomfited them.
Then the channels of the sea appeared,
The foundations of the world were laid bare,
By the rebuke of Jehovah,
At the blast of the breath of his nostrils.

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In Job:

Is not God in the height of heaven?
And behold the height of the stars, how high they are!
And thou sayest, What does God know?
Can he judge through the thick darkness?
Thick clouds are a covering to him, so that he seeth
not;
And he walketh on the vault of heaven.

And again in the familiar words still more
glorious in the splendid setting of their con-
text:

Canst thou bind the cluster of the Pleiades,
Or loose the bands of Orion?
Canst thou lead forth the Mazzaroth in their season?
Or canst thou guide the Bear with her train?
Knowest thou the ordinances of the heavens?
Canst thou establish the dominion thereof in the
earth?

See, too, how the man of literature and of the
Scriptures, respectively views the problem of
pain and suffering. Where one has doubts and
misgivings, the other regards them as the path
of service, whereby men are brought into a
higher communion with everlasting truth and
the divine covenant.

Throughout the works of the prophets and
the poets, this thought is dominant. The peo-
ple regarding themselves as chosen of God,

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yet suffering at the hands of their enemies, vassalage, persecution, and defeat—step by step are persuaded that recompense is not to be of this world.

Browning in “Mihrab Shah” asks:

Wherefore should any evil hap to man—
From ache of flesh to agony of soul—
Since God’s All-mercy mates All-potency?
Nay why permits he evil to himself—
Man’s sin accounted such? Suppose a world
Purged of all pain which fit inhabitant—
Man pure of evil in thought, word, and deed—
Were it not well? Then why not otherwise?

The answer is:

In the eye of God
Pain may have purpose and be justified
Man’s sense avails to only see, in pain
A hateful chance no man but would avert.

See to what a height we have ascended, if we turn to the Bible for the question and answer.

We find them in the Psalms, in Proverbs, in Ezekiel, in Jeremiah, in the minor prophets, and in those transcendently beautiful servant passages of the Isaiah of the Exile.

He that planted the ear, shall he not hear?
He that formed the eye, shall he not see?
He that chastiseth the nations, shall he not correct,
Even he that teacheth man knowledge?

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Jehovah knoweth the thoughts of man,
That they are vanity.
Blessed is the man whom thou chastenest, O Jehovah,
And teachest out of thy law;
That thou mayest give him rest from the days of
adversity
Until the pit he digged for the wicked.

The drama of Job is one long, inspired question and answer concerning the problem. Oppressed with affliction and misery and pain, he cries out in agony and anguish of spirit:

For there is a hope of a tree,
If it be cut down, that it will sprout again,
And that the tender branch thereof will not cease,
Though the root thereof wax old in the earth,
And the stock thereof die in the ground;
Yet through the scent of water it will bud,
And put forth boughs like a plant.
But man dieth, and is laid low:
Yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?
As the waters fail from the sea?
And the river wasteth and drieth up;
So man lieth down and riseth not:
Till the heavens be no more, they shall not awake,
Nor be roused out of their sleep.

I was at ease, and he brake me asunder;
Yea, he hath taken me by the neck, and dashed me
to pieces;
He hath also set me up for his mark.
His archers compass me round about;
He cleaveth my reins asunder, and doth not spare;
He poureth out my gall upon the ground.

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He breaketh me with breach upon breach;
He runneth upon me like a giant.
I have sewed sackcloth upon my skin,
And have laid my horn in the dust.
My face is red with weeping,
And on my eyelids is the shadow of death;
Although there is no violence in my hands,
And my prayer is pure.
O earth, cover not thou my blood,
And let my cry have no resting-place.

As for me, is my complaint to man?
And why should I not be impatient?
Mark me, and be astonished,
And lay your hand upon your mouth.
Even when I remember I am troubled,
And horror taketh hold on my flesh.
Wherefore do the wicked live,
Become old, yea, wax mighty in power?
Their seed is established with them in their sight,
And their offspring before their eyes.
Their houses are safe from fear,
Neither is the rod of God upon them.

And again:

Let the day perish wherein I was born
And the night which said, There is a man child
conceived,
Let that day be darkness;
Let not God regard it from above,
Neither let the light shine upon it.
Let darkness and the shadow of death claim it for
their own:
Let a cloud dwell upon it:
Let all that maketh black the day terrify it,
As for the night, let thick darkness seize upon it:

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Let it not rejoice among the days of the year;
Let it not come into the number of the months,
Lo, let that night be barren:
Let no joyful voice come therein.
Let them curse it that curse the day,
Who are ready to rouse up Leviathan.
Let the stars of the twilight thereof be dark:
Let it look for light but have none:
Neither let it behold the eyelids of the morning.

He pleads his cause with his friends; he recalls his own righteousness, but humility and awe overcome his presumption:

But he knoweth the way that I take;
When he hath tried me, I shall come forth as
gold.
My foot hath held fast to his steps;
His ways have I kept, and turned not aside.
I have not gone back from the commandment of
his lips;
I have treasured up the words of his mouth more
than my necessary food.
But he is in one mind, and who can turn him?
And what his soul desireth, even that he doeth.

Far be it from me that I should justify you:
Till I die I will not put away mine integrity from me.
My righteousness I hold fast, and will not let it go:
My heart shall not reproach me so long as I live.
Let mine enemy be as the wicked,
And let him that riseth up against me be as the
unrighteous.
For what is the hope of the godless, though he get
him gain,
When God taketh away his soul?

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The picture is complete when God himself, in utterance indeed like that of a God, answers Job out of the whirlwind:

Who is this that darkeneth counsel
By words without knowledge?
Gird up now thy loins like a man;
For I will demand of thee, and declare thou unto me,
Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the
earth?
Declare, if thou hast understanding,
Who determined the measures thereof, if thou
knowest?
Or who stretched the line upon it?
Whereupon were the foundations thereof fastened?
Or who laid the corner-stone thereof,
When the morning stars sang together,
And all the sons of God shouted for joy?
Or who shut up the sea with doors,
When it brake forth, as if it had issued out of the
womb;
When I made clouds the garment thereof,
And thick darkness a swaddling band for it,
And marked out for it my bound,
And set bars and doors,
And said, Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further,
And here shall thy proud waves be stayed?

Little wonder, that the distance between Browning and the author of Job is conceded to be immeasurable, and that Carlyle says of this great drama:

A Noble Book! All men's book! It is our first, oldest statement of the never-ending problem—

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man's destiny, and God's ways with him here in this earth. And all in such free flowing outlines; grand in its simplicity; in its epic melody and repose of reconciliation. There is the seeing eye; the mildly understanding heart. So true in every way; true eyesight and vision for all things; material things no less than spiritual; the Horse "hast thou clothed his neck with *thunder*?—he *laughs* at the shaking of the spear"; such living likenesses were never drawn. Sublime sorrow, sublime reconciliation; oldest choral melody as of the heart of mankind;—so soft and great; as the summer midnight, as the world with its seas and stars! There is nothing written, I think, in the Bible or out of it, of equal literary merit.

And it is true, as Froude predicted, that when the book of Job is allowed to stand on its own merits, it will perhaps one day be seen towering above all the poetry of the world.

In the religious books of the East, in the poems and dramas of the Greeks, in our own classic literature, we may read inspired prayers and songs of praise, which still stir the emotions and the adoration of men. Stevenson has written a book of prayers, full of the charm we so often find in his work; yet the finest of them scarce bear comparison with the least of the prayers of the Scriptures.

The Bible is filled to overflowing with great invocations. In joy and sorrow, in sickness

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and health, in triumph and defeat, in prosperity and in adversity it is the same. The Psalms are like one offering of thanksgiving; Isaiah and Job, and Hosea and Amos, and Ezekiel and Samuel, and even the Pentateuch are books of prayer. There are great pæans of rejoicing such as the song of Moses and of Deborah; there are the outbursts of praise; there is the soul's plea for peace and succor.

Everywhere we come upon their wondrous, melodious utterances.

In the prayer of Hannah:

And Hannah prayed, and said:
My heart exulteth in Jehovah;
My horn is exalted in Jehovah;
My mouth is enlarged over mine enemies;
Because I rejoice in thy salvation.
There is none holy as Jehovah;
For there is none besides thee,
Neither is there any rock like our God.
Talk no more so exceeding proudly;
Let not arrogancy come out of your mouth;
For Jehovah is a God of knowledge,
And by him actions are weighed.
The bows of the mighty men are broken;
And they that stumbled are girded with strength.
They that were full have hired out themselves for
bread;
And they that were hungry have ceased to hunger:
Yea, the barren hath borne seven;
And she that hath many children languisheth.

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Jehovah killeth, and maketh alive:
He bringeth down to Sheol, and bringeth up.
Jehovah maketh poor, and maketh rich:
He bringeth low, he also lifteth up.
He raiseth up the poor out of the dust,
He lifteth up the needy from the dunghill,
To make them sit with princes,
And inherit the throne of glory:
For the pillars of the earth are Jehovah's,
And he hath set the world upon them.
He will keep the feet of his holy ones;
But the wicked shall be put to silence in darkness;
For by strength shall no man prevail.
They that strive with Jehovah shall be broken to
pieces;
Against them will he thunder in heaven:
Jehovah will judge the ends of the earth;
And he will give strength unto his king,
And exalt the horn of his anointed.

In the lament of David:

Thy glory, O Israel, is slain upon thy high places!
How are the mighty fallen!
Tell it not in Gath,
Publish it not in the streets of Askelon;
Lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice,
Lest the uncircumcised triumph.
Ye mountains of Gilboa
Let there be no dew nor rain upon you, neither fields
of offerings:
For there the shield of the mighty was vilely cast
away.
The shield of Saul, not anointed with oil.
From the blood of the slain, from the fat of the
mighty,
The bow of Jonathan turned not back,

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And the sword of Saul returned not empty.
Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their
lives,
And in their death they were not divided:
They were swifter than eagles,
They were stronger than lions.
Ye daughters of Israel, weep over Saul,
Who clothed you in scarlet delicately,
Who put ornaments of gold upon your apparel.
How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle!
Jonathan is slain upon thy high places.
I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan;
Very pleasant hast thou been unto me:
Thy love to me was wonderful,
Passing the love of women.
How are the mighty fallen,
And the weapons of war perished!

In the last words of David:

Now these are the last words of David.
David the son of Jesse saith,
And the man who was raised on high saith,
The anointed of the God of Jacob,
And the sweet psalmist of Israel:
The spirit of Jehovah spake by me,
And his word was upon my tongue.
The God of Israel said,
The Rock of Israel spake to me:
One that ruleth over men righteously,
That ruleth in the fear of God,
He shall be as the light of the morning, when the
sun riseth,
A morning without clouds,
When the tender grass springeth out of the earth,
Through clear shining after rain.
Verily my house is not so with God;

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Yet he hath made with me an everlasting covenant,
Ordered in all things, and sure:
For it is all my salvation, and all my desire,
Although he maketh it not to grow.
But the ungodly shall be all of them as thorns to be
thrust away,
Because they cannot be taken with the hand;
But the man that toucheth them
Must be armed with iron and the staff of a spear:
And they shall be utterly burned with fire in their
place.

In the Psalms, over the return from captivity:

When Jehovah brought back those that returned to
Zion,
We were like unto them that dream,
Then was our mouth filled with laughter,
And our tongue with singing:
Then said they among the nations,
Jehovah hath done great things for them.
Jehovah hath done great things for us,
Whereof we are glad.
Turn again our captivity, O Jehovah,
As the streams in the South.
They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.
He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing seed for
sowing,
Shall doubtless come again with joy, bringing his
sheaves with him.

In Deuteronomy:

Give ear, ye heavens, and I will speak;
And let the earth hear the words of my mouth.
My doctrine shall drop as the rain;
My speech shall distill as the dew,

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As the small rain upon the tender grass,
And as the showers upon the herb.
For I will proclaim the name of Jehovah:
Ascribe ye greatness unto our God.

Again in Deuteronomy:

And of Joseph he said, Blessed of Jehovah be his land, for the precious things of heaven, for the few, and for the deep that coucheth beneath, and for the precious things of the fruits of the sun, and for the precious things of the growth of the moons, and for the chief things of the ancient mountains, and for the precious things of the everlasting hills.

In the august prayer of Solomon, at the consecration of the Temple:

But will God in very deed dwell on the earth? behold, heaven and the heaven of heavens cannot contain thee; how much less this house that I have builded! Yet have thou respect unto the prayer of thy servant, and to his supplication, O Jehovah my God, to hearken unto the cry and to the prayer which thy servant prayeth before thee this day; that thine eyes may be open toward this house night and day, even toward the place whereof thou hast said, My name shall be there; to hearken unto the prayer which thy servant shall pray toward this place. And hearken thou to the supplication of thy servant, and of thy people Israel, when they shall pray toward this place: yea, hear thou in heaven thy dwelling-place; and when thou hearest, forgive.

If a man sin against his neighbor, and an oath be laid upon him to cause him to swear, and he come and swear before thine altar in this house; then hear

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thou in heaven, and do, and judge thy servants, condemning the wicked, to bring his way upon his own head, and justifying the righteous, to give him according to his righteousness.

When thy people Israel are smitten down before the enemy, because they have sinned against thee; if they turn again to thee, and confess thy name, and pray and make supplication unto thee in this house: then hear thou in heaven, and forgive the sin of thy people Israel, and bring them again unto the land which thou gavest unto their fathers.

When heaven is shut up, and there is no rain, because they have sinned against thee; if they pray toward this place, and confess thy name, and turn from their sin, when thou dost afflict them: then hear thou in heaven, and forgive the sin of thy servants, and of thy people Israel, when thou teachest them the good way wherein they should walk; and send rain upon thy land, which thou hast given to thy people for an inheritance.

If there be in the land famine, if there be pestilence, if there be blasting or mildew, locust or caterpillar; if their enemy besiege them in the land of their cities; whatsoever plague, whatsoever sickness there be; what prayer and supplication soever be made by any man, or by all the people Israel, who shall know every man the plague of his own heart, and spread forth his hands toward this house: then hear thou in heaven thy dwelling-place, and forgive, and do, and render unto every man according to all his ways, whose heart thou knowest; (for thou, even thou only, knowest the hearts of all the children of men); that they may fear thee all the days that they live in the land which thou gavest unto our fathers.

Moreover concerning the foreigner, that is not of thy people Israel, when he shall come out of a far country for thy name's sake (for they shall hear of

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thy great name, and of thy mighty hand and of thine outstretched arm); when he shall come and pray toward this house; hear thou in heaven thy dwelling-place, and do all that the foreigner calleth to thee for; that all the peoples of the earth may know thy name, to fear thee, as doth thy people Israel, and that they may know that this house which I have built is called by thy name.

If the people go out to battle against their enemy, by whatsoever way thou shalt send them, and they pray unto Jehovah toward the city which thou hast chosen, and toward the house which I have built for thy name; then hear thou in heaven their prayer and their supplication, and maintain their cause.

If they sin against thee (for there is no man that sinneth not) and thou be angry with them, and deliver them to the enemy, so that they carry them away captive unto the land of the enemy, far off or near; yet if they shall bethink themselves in the land whither they are carried captive, and turn again, and make supplication unto thee in the land of them that carried them captive, saying, "We have sinned and done perversely, we have dealt wickedly"; if they return unto thee with all their heart and with all their soul in the land of their enemies, who carried them captive, and pray unto thee toward their land, which thou gavest unto their fathers, the city which thou hast chosen, and the house which I have built for thy name, then hear thou their prayer and their supplication in heaven thy dwelling-place, and maintain their cause.

In Habakuk:

O Jehovah, I have heard the report of thee and am afraid.

O Jehovah, revive thy work in the midst of the years.

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In the midst of the years make it known;
In wrath remember mercy.

Before him went the pestilence,
And fiery bolts went forth at his feet,
He stood and measured the earth;
He beheld, and drove asunder the nations;
And the eternal mountains were scattered;
The everlasting hills did bow.

Was Jehovah displeased with the rivers?
Was thine anger against the rivers,
Or thy wrath against the sea,
That thou didst ride upon thy horses
Upon thy chariots of salvation?
Thy bow was made quite bare;
The oaths to the tribes were a sure word.
Thou didst cleave the earth with rivers.
The mountains saw thee, and were afraid;
The tempest of waters passed by:
The deep uttered its voice,
And lifted up its hands on high.
The sun and moon stood still in their habitation:
At the light of thine arrows as they went,
At the shining of thy glittering spear.

I heard, and my body trembled,
My lips quivered at the voice;
Rottenness entereth into my bones, and I tremble
in my place,
Because I must wait quietly for the day of trouble,
For the coming up of the people that invadeth us.
For though the fig-tree shall not flourish,
Neither shall fruit be in the vines;
The labor of the olive shall fail,
And the fields shall yield no food;
The flock shall be cut off from the fold,

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And there shall be no herd in the stalls:
Yet I will rejoice in Jehovah,
I will joy in the God of my salvation.
Jehovah, the Lord, is my strength;
And he maketh my feet like hinds' feet,
And will make me to walk upon my high places.

In the Prayer of Manasses of the Apocrypha:

O Lord Almighty, that art in heaven, thou God of our fathers, of Abraham and Isaac, and Jacob, and of their righteous seed; who hast made heaven and earth, with all the ornament thereof; who hast bound the sea by the word of thy commandment; who hast shut up the deep, and sealed it by thy terrible and glorious name; whom all things fear, yea, tremble before thy power; for the majesty of thy glory cannot be borne, and the anger of thy threatening toward sinners is importable: thy merciful promise is unmeasurable and unsearchable; for thou art the Lord Most High, of great compassion, long suffering, and abundant in mercy, and repentest of bringing evils upon men.

My transgressions are multiplied, O Lord: my transgressions are multiplied, and I am not worthy to behold and see the height of heaven for the multitude of mine iniquities. I am bowed down with many iron bands, that I cannot lift up mine head by reason of my sins, neither have I any respite: for I have provoked thy wrath, and done that which is evil before thee: I did not thy will, neither kept I thy commandments: I have set up abominations, and have multiplied detestable things. Now therefore I bow the knee of mine heart, beseeching thee of grace. I have sinned, O Lord, I have sinned, and I acknowledge mine iniquities: but, I humbly beseech thee, forgive me, O Lord, forgive me, and de-

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stroy me not with mine iniquities. Be not angry with me for ever, by reserving evil for me; neither condemn me into the lower parts of the earth. For thou, O Lord, art the God of them that repent; and in me thou wilt shew all thy goodness: for thou wilt save me, that am unworthy, according to thy great mercy. And I will praise thee for ever all the days of my life: for all the host of heaven doth sing thy praise, and thine is the glory for ever and ever.

It is a book of benediction and of answer to prayer.

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee:
The Lord make his face to shine upon
thee, and be gracious unto thee:
The Lord lift up his countenance upon
thee and give thee peace.

The Bible is a wondrous book—for which there is no substitute—of an all-embracing restorative peace and silence for the mind's composure—frittered away by necessary contact and friction with the petty things of the world. And with that peace and silence there is a benediction and a blessing, "Unto the utmost bound of the everlasting hills." "The Eternal God is thy dwelling place and underneath are the Everlasting Arms."

The Spirit of the Lord Jehovah is upon me; because Jehovah hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; he hath sent me to bind up

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the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound; to proclaim the year of Jehovah's favor, and the day of vengeance of our God; to comfort all that mourn; to appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give unto them a garland for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness; that they may be called trees of righteousness, the planting of Jehovah, that he may be glorified.

Behold, a king shall reign in righteousness, and princes shall rule in justice. And a man shall be as a hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest, as streams of water in a dry place, as the shade of a great rock in a weary land.

Look upon Zion, the city of our solemnities: thine eyes shall see Jerusalem a quiet habitation, a tent that shall not be removed, the stakes whereof shall never be plucked up, neither shall any of the cords thereof be broken. But there the Lord will be with us in majesty, a place of broad rivers and streams; wherein shall go no galley with oars, neither shall gallant ship pass thereby.

Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee. For, behold, darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the peoples: but the Lord shall arise upon thee, and his glory shall be seen upon thee. And nations shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising.

It is a book of righteousness which everywhere in its pages is exalted.

In the Psalms:

Thy loving kindness, O Jehovah, is in the heavens.
Thy faithfulness reacheth unto the skies.

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Thy righteousness is like the mountains of God;
Thy judgments are a great deep:
O Jehovah, thou preservest man and beast.
How precious is thy loving kindness, O God!
And the children of men take refuge under the
shadow of thy wings.

Again in the Psalms:

Mercy and truth are met together:
Righteousness and peace have kissed each other.
Truth springeth out of the earth;
And righteousness hath looked down from heaven.

In Isaiah:

Distill, ye heavens, from above, and let the skies
pour down righteousness: let the earth open, that
it may bring forth salvation, and let it cause right-
eousness to spring up together. I, Jehovah, have
created it.

And again:

And righteousness shall be the girdle of his waist,
and faithfulness the girdle of his loins.

In Amos:

Seek Jehovah, and ye shall live; lest he break out
like fire in the house of Joseph, and it devour, and
there be none to quench it in Beth-el. Ye who turn
justice to wormwood, and cast down righteousness
to the earth, seek him that maketh the Pleiades and
Orion, and turneth the shadow of death into the
morning, and maketh the day dark with night; that
calleth for the waters of the sea, and poureth them
out upon the face of the earth.

Let justice roll down as waters and righteousness
as a mighty stream.

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In Hosea:

Sow to yourselves in righteousness, reap according to kindness; break up your fallow ground; for it is time to seek Jehovah, till he come and rain righteousness upon you.

In Proverbs:

Better is a little, with righteousness,
Than great revenues with injustice.
A man's heart deviseth his way:
But Jehovah directeth his steps.

In Malachi:

But unto you that fear my name shall the sun of righteousness arise with healing in its wings.

In Daniel:

And they that are wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever.

It is a book of adoration.

Bless Jehovah, O my soul,
O Jehovah my God, thou art very great;
Thou art clothed with honor and majesty:
Who coverest thyself with light as with a garment;
Who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain;
Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters;
Who maketh the clouds his chariot;
Who walketh upon the wings of the wind;
Who maketh winds his messengers;
Flames of fire his ministers;
Who laid the foundations of the earth,
That it should not be moved for ever.
'Thou coveredst it with the deep as with a vesture;

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The waters stood above the mountains.
At thy rebuke they fled;
At the voice of thy thunder they hasted away
(The mountains rose, the valleys sank down)
Unto the place which thou hadst founded for them.
Thou hast set a bound that they may not pass over;
That they turn not again to cover the earth.
He sendeth forth springs into the valleys;
They run among the mountains;
They give drink to every beast of the field;
The wild asses quench their thirst.
By them the birds of the heavens have their habitation;
They sing among the branches.
He watereth the mountains from his chambers:
The earth is filled with the fruit of thy works.

What visions there are from Genesis to the last words of the Bible! The dream of John Paul Richter takes us to the uttermost parts of a limitless universe, without beginning and without end, but the visions of the writer of Revelation seem among the very realities of religious fervor.

And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth are passed away; and the sea is no more. And I saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God, made ready as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard a great voice out of the throne saying, Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and he shall dwell with them, and they shall be his peoples, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God: and he shall wipe away every tear from their

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eyes; and earth shall be no more; neither shall there be mourning, nor crying, nor pain, any more: the first things are passed away. And he that sitteth on the throne said, Behold I make all things new. And he saith, Write: for these words are faithful and true. And he said unto me, They are come to pass. I am the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end. I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely. He that overcometh shall inherit these things; and I will be his God, and he shall be my son.

And I saw no temple therein: for the Lord God the Almighty, and the Lamb, are the temple thereof. And the city hath no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine upon it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the lamp thereof is the Lamb. And the nations shall walk amidst the light thereof: and the kings of the earth bring their glory into it. And the gates thereof shall in no wise be shut by day (for there shall be no night there): and they shall bring the glory and the honor of the nations into it: and there shall in no wise enter into it anything unclean, or he that maketh an abomination and a lie: but only they that are written in the Lamb's book of life. And he showed me a river of water of life, bright as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb, in the midst of the street thereof. And on this side of the river and on that was the tree of life, bearing twelve manner of fruits, yielding its fruit every month: and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations. And there shall be no curse any more: and the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be therein: and his servants shall serve him; and they shall see his face; and his name shall be on their foreheads. And there shall be no night no more; and they need no light of lamp, neither light

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of sun; for the Lord God shall give them light: and they shall reign for ever and ever.

Before Greek civilization had reached its height, before Rome had become mistress even of Italy, and while the world was still groping its way toward ethical expression and conduct, the great devotional literature of the Bible had already been written; and little has been added since to its beauty and imagery.

Where have we with all our progress, devised a higher standard of uprightness and character, than in those words of the psalmist, as rendered with such melody in the version of the Common Prayer Book?

Lord, who shall dwell in thy tabernacle: or who shall rest upon thy holy hill?

Even he that leadeth an uncorrupt life: and doeth the thing which is right, and speaketh the truth from his heart.

He that hath used no deceit in his tongue, nor done evil to his neighbor: and hath not slandered his neighbor.

He that setteth not by himself, but is lowly in his own eyes: and maketh much of them that fear the Lord.

He that sweareth unto his neighbor, and disappointeth him not: though it were to his own hindrance.

He that hath not given his money upon usury: nor taken reward against the innocent.

Whoso doeth these things: shall never fall.

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Even in Ecclesiastes the book of the philosopher, at times the book of the fatalist, we have such noble passages as these:

Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days. Give a portion to seven, yea, even unto eight; for thou knowest not what evil shall be upon the earth. If the clouds be full of rain, they empty themselves upon the earth; and if a tree fall toward the south, or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth, there shall it be. He that observeth the wind shall not sow; and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap. As thou knowest not what is the way of the wind, nor how the bones do grow in the womb of her that is with child; even so thou knowest not the work of God who doeth all. In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand; for thou knowest not which shall prosper, whether this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good. Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun. Yea, if a man live many years, let him rejoice in them all; but let him remember the days of darkness, for they shall be many. All that cometh is vanity.

On how many pages are there tributes to wisdom and understanding!

In Job:

But where shall wisdom be found?
And where is the place of understanding?
Man knoweth not the price thereof;
Neither is it found in the land of the living,

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The deep saith, It is not in me;
And the sea saith, It is not with me.
It cannot be gotten for gold,
Neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof.
It cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir,
With the precious onyx, or the sapphire.
Gold and glass cannot equal it,
Neither shall it be exchanged for jewels of fine
gold.

No mention shall be made of coral or of crystal:
Yea, the price of wisdom is above rubies.
The topaz of Ethiopia shall not equal it,
Neither shall it be valued with pure gold.
Whence then cometh wisdom?
And where is the place of understanding?
Seeing it is hid from the eyes of all living,
And kept close from the birds of the heavens.
Destruction and Death say,
We have heard a rumor thereof with our ears.
God understandeth the way thereof,
And he knoweth the place thereof.
For he looketh to the ends of the earth,
And seeth under the whole heaven;
To make a weight for the wind:
Yea, he meteth out the waters by measure.
When he made a decree for the rain,
And a way for the lightning of the thunder;
Then did he see it, and declare it;
He established it, yea, and searched it out.
And unto man he said,
Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom;
And to depart from evil is understanding.

In Proverbs:

Doth not wisdom cry,
And understanding put forth her voice?

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On the top of high places by the way,
Where the paths meet she standeth;
Beside the gates, at the entry of the city,
At the coming in at the doors, she crieth aloud:
Unto you, O men, I call;
And my voice is to the sons of men.
O ye simple, understand prudence;
And, ye fools, be of an understanding heart.
Hear, for I will speak excellent things.

I wisdom have made prudence my dwelling,
And find out knowledge and discretion.
The fear of the Lord is to hate evil:
Pride, and arrogancy, and the evil way,
And the perverse mouth, do I hate.
Counsel is mine, and sound knowledge:
I am understanding; I have might.
By me kings reign,
And princes decree justice.
By me princes rule,
And nobles, even all the judges of the earth.
I love them that love me;
And those that seek me diligently shall find me.
Riches and honor are with me;
Yea, durable wealth and righteousness.
My fruit is better than gold, yea, than fine gold;
And my revenue than choice silver.
I walk in the way of righteousness,
In the midst of the paths of justice;
That I may cause those that love me to inherit
substance,
And that I may fill their treasuries.

Nowhere else is the greatness of Bible truth
and wisdom more manifest than in its parables;
and it would be difficult to over-estimate the

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enduring effect of the teachings of Christ through them, upon the spread and the continuing influence of the Christian religion.

The parables of the Old Testament too are full of peculiar strength and beauty.

We find this in Judges, where 'the trees went forth to anoint a King over them.'

In Isaiah, where he tells of the labor of the husbandman come to naught:

Let me sing for my well-beloved a song of my beloved touching his vineyard. My well-beloved had a vineyard in a very fruitful hill: and he digged it and gathered out the stones thereof, and planted it with the choicest vine, and built a tower in the midst of it, and also hewed out a wine-press therein: and he looked that it should bring forth grapes, and it brought forth wild grapes.

And now, O inhabitants of Jerusalem and men of Judah, judge, I pray you, betwixt me and my vineyard. What could have been done more to my vineyard, that I have not done in it? wherefore, when I looked that it should bring forth grapes, brought it forth wild grapes? And now I will tell you what I will do to my vineyard: I will take away the hedge thereof, and it shall be trodden down: and I will lay it waste; it shall not be pruned nor hoed; but there shall come up briars and thorns: I will also command the clouds that they rain no rain upon it. For the vineyard of Jehovah of hosts is the house of Israel, and the men of Judah his pleasant plant; and he looked for justice, but, behold, oppression; for righteousness, but, behold, a cry.

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In Samuel, when Nathan upbraids David for adultery with Uriah's wife.

And Jehovah sent Nathan unto David. And he came unto him, and said to him, There were two men in one City: the one rich, and the other poor. The rich man had exceeding many flocks and herds; but the poor man had nothing, save one little ewe lamb, which he had bought and nourished up: and it grew up together with him, and with his children; it did eat of his own morsel, and drank of his own cup, and lay in his bosom, and was unto him as a daughter. And there came a traveler unto the rich man, and he spared to take of his own flock and of his own herd, to dress for the wayfaring man that was come unto him, but took the poor man's lamb, and dressed it for the man that was come to him. And David's anger was greatly kindled against the man; and he said to Nathan, As Jehovah liveth, the man that hath done this is worthy to die: and he shall restore the lamb fourfold, because he did this thing and because he had no pity.

And Nathan said to David, Thou art the man.

In Ezekiel, as he pictures the consequences of the treachery of Judah.

A great eagle with great wings and long pinions, full of feathers, which had divers colors, came unto Lebanon, and took the top of the cedar: he cropped off the topmost of the young twigs thereof, and carried it unto a land of traffic; he set it in a city of merchants. He took also of the seed of the land, and planted it in a fruitful soil; he placed it beside many waters; he set it as a willow-tree. And it grew, and became a spreading vine of low stature.

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whose branches turned toward him, and the roots thereof were under him: so it became a vine, and brought forth branches, and shot forth sprigs.

There was also another great eagle with great wings and many feathers: and, behold, this vine did bend its roots toward him, from the beds of its plantation, that he might water it. It was planted in a good soil by many waters, that it might bring forth branches, and that it might bear fruit, that it might be a goodly vine. Say thou, Thus saith the Lord Jehovah: Shall it prosper? shall he not pull up the roots thereof, and cut off the fruit thereof, that it may wither; that all its fresh springing leaves may wither? and not by a strong arm or much people can it be raised from the roots thereof. Yea, behold, being planted, shall it prosper? shall it not utterly wither, when the east wind toucheth it? it shall wither in the beds where it grew.

And again, as he describes the greatness and the fall of the Assyrian power.

Behold, the Assyrian was a cedar in Lebanon with fair branches, and with a forest-like shade, and of high stature; and its top was among the thick boughs. The waters nourished it, the deep made it grow: the rivers thereof ran round about its plantation; and it sent out its channels unto all the trees of the field. Therefore its stature was exalted above all the trees of the field; and its boughs were multiplied, and its branches became long by reason of many waters, when it shot them forth. All the birds of the heavens made their nests in its boughs; and under its branches did all the beasts of the field bring forth their young; and under its shadow dwelt all great nations. Thus was it fair in its greatness, in the length of its branches; for its root was by

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many waters. The cedars in the garden of God could not hide it; the fir-trees were not like its boughs, and the plane-trees were not as its branches; nor was any tree in the garden of God like unto it in its beauty. I made it fair by the multitude of its branches, so that all the trees of Eden, that were in the garden of God, envied it.

Therefore thus saith the Lord Jehovah: Because thou art exalted in stature, and he hath set his top among the thick boughs, and his heart is lifted up in his height: I will even deliver him into the hand of the mighty one of the nations; he shall surely deal with him; I have driven him out for his wickedness. And strangers, the terrible of the nations, have cut him off, and have left him: upon the mountains and in all the valleys his branches are fallen, and his boughs are broken by all the watercourses of the land; and all the peoples of the earth are gone down from his shadow, and have left him. Upon his ruin all the birds of the heavens shall dwell, and all the beasts of the field shall be upon his branches; to the end that none of all the trees by the waters exalt themselves in their stature, neither set their top among the thick boughs, nor that their mighty ones stand up in their height, *even* all that drink water: for they are all delivered unto death, to the nether parts of the earth, in the midst of the children of men, with them that go down to the pit.

How filled is the Bible throughout, with the wholesome truth, the wise thought, the devout impulse, the stimulating suggestion, the prophetic warning, the reassuring word!

And what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and walk humbly before thy God?

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He that toucheth pitch shall be defiled therewith, and he hath fellowship with a proud man shall be like unto him.

What fellowship shall the earthen pot have with the kettle?

If the iron be blunt, and one do not whet the edge, then must he put to more strength: but wisdom is profitable to direct.

Keep thy heart above all that thou guardest.
For out of it are the issues of life.

Laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come.

Drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags.

The fathers have eaten some grapes and the children's teeth are on edge.

These are they who are hidden rocks in your love feasts when they feast with you, shepherds that without fear, feed themselves; clouds without water carried along by winds; autumn trees without fruit, twice dead, plucked up by the roots; wild waves of the sea foaming out their own shame; wandering stars for whom the blackness of darkness hath been reserved forever.

Your old men shall dream dreams and your young men shall see visions.

Therefore shall a strong people glorify thee; a city of terrible nations shall fear thee. For thou hast been a stronghold to the poor, a stronghold to the needy in his distress, a refuge from the storm, a shade

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from the heat, when the blast of the terrible ones is as a storm against the wall.

As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country.

Length of days is in her right hand, in her left hand are riches and honor.

The race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet fame to men of skill, but time and chance happeneth to them all.

He that maketh haste to be rich shall not be unpunished.

If thou faint in the day of adversity, thy strength is small.

Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces.

He that observeth the wind shall not sow, and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap.

The night cometh when no man can work.

And Kings shall come out of thy loins.

By their fruits ye shall know them.

Fear God, honor the King.

Shall he that cavileth contend with the Almighty?

Thou shalt not delay to offer of thy harvest and of the outflow of thy presses.

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All those things are passed away like a shadow, and as a post that hasteth by; and as a ship that passeth over the waves of the water, which when it is gone by, the trace thereof cannot be found, neither the pathway of the keel in the waves; or as when a bird hath flown through the air, there is no token of her way to be found, but the light air being beaten with the stroke of her wings, and parted with the violent noise and motion of them, is passed through, and therein afterwards no sign where she went is to be found; or like as when an arrow is shot at a mark, it parteth the air, which immediately cometh together again, so that a man cannot know where it went through.

Remove not the ancient landmark, and enter not into the fields of the fatherless.

And it shall be as when a hungry man dreameth, and, behold, he eateth; but he awaketh, and his soul is empty: or as when a thirsty man dreameth, and, behold, he drinketh; but he awaketh, and, behold, he is faint and his soul hath appetite: so shall the multitude of all the nations be, that fight against Mount Zion.

None shall weary or stumble among them; none shall slumber nor sleep; neither shall the girdle of their loins be loosed, nor the latchet of their shoes be broken.

When thou reapest thy harvest in the field, and hast forgot a sheaf in the field, thou shalt not go again to fetch it: it shall be for the sojourner, for the fatherless, and for the widow; that Jehovah thy God may bless thee in all the work of thy hands. When thou beatest thine olive-tree, thou shalt not

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go over the boughs again: it shall be for the sojourner, for the fatherless, and for the widow. When thou gatherest the grapes of thy vineyard, thou shalt not glean it after thee: it shall be for the sojourner, for the fatherless, and for the widow. And thou shalt remember that thou wast a bondman in the land of Egypt: therefore I command thee to do this thing.

Moreover the light of the moon shall be as the light of the sun, and the light of the sun shall be sevenfold, as the light of seven days, in the day that Jehovah bindeth up the hurt of his people, and healeth the stroke of their wound.

The Bible is precious, too, because it is a marvelous rendering of the poetic spirit of the original Hebrew, the subtle beauty of the Septuagint, and the stateliness of diction of the Vulgate. Men have exhausted the vocabulary of admiration, as they have told of the genius of Tyndale in the translation of the New Testament and of the Pentateuch, that for all time has been the model for other worthy versions.

To his work there was added the consecration of the long line of reverent scholars, until there was reproduced in graphic, vivid translation the spirit of a great original, as had never been done before and has been done with no other book in the world. How much there has been lacking in a like rendering into Eng-

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lish of the ancient classics is apparent now, as we see the beginnings of such an accomplishment, in the poetic version of the plays of the great Grecian dramatists by Prof. Gilbert Murray, of Oxford.

The Bible is as truly English literature as is Shakespeare, and its words and phrases form the magic web of the poet, and give distinction to the prose of the historian, the essayist, the novelist. To take away its glories from our language, would indeed be like stripping the flesh from the body, leaving but the bones and skeleton of what was a living thing. Or, to change the figure of speech, such a loss would make our language, in comparison with what it now is, in many respects, as it were, a kind of sign language.

Not many of us in this hurrying, bustling age stop long enough, to consider the potency and magic of the exact, the fitting word; for the sentence, the phrase, almost the word has turned the current of events, shaped the destiny of nations, and exerted a determining influence upon the thoughts and lives of the individual. Few can lay claim to intellectual powers above their fellow-men, and the su-

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periority lies more often than we realize, in the possession of the varied vocabulary of picturesque, rugged words. The gifted men of our literature, that have thought with as much acumen as Shakespeare are many, but he stands alone, as an over-towering, heroic figure because of his veritable genius for expression.

Particularly is this true of the men of the Scriptures. Their processes of reasoning were often far below those of the authors of the classics of the world. Their pre-eminence was rather the pre-eminence which came from the illuminating word and phrase, of such power that they have passed not only into the books of our literature, but become part of the daily speech of men.

It will profit us all to recall some of the hosts of such words and phrases, of strength and beauty not only of themselves, but by reason of their context and association—their detonation and connotation, to use the rather forbidding terminology of the text-books. In an appendix to this essay, are examples of these words and phrases selected almost at random in Bible reading; and though some of them appear but once or twice in the Bible, yet a

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degree of distinction has been conferred upon them.

There is a pageantry and processional beauty in some of these words and phrases; an exhilaration in others; some have an indefinable joy, and others a great anguish of soul; some seem to be born of a perfect peace, and others are the offspring of the whirlwind and of desolation; some have an incense and a pervading fragrance, others are like the withered flower; some are the synonym of a vast gloom, others shine with radiance and luster; some present to us the recesses of the universe; some a bottomless pit, and still others, as it were, the portals of a paradise.

One who has them at his ready command, has an enviable advantage in ordinary conversation and in formal speech, but one who knows them in their Bible setting has his reward in the vivid pictures they present to the imagination and to the emotions. Through them what is dark is made light, what is feeble and structureless, strong and imposing; waste places are filled with warmth and life. We scarcely need illustrations of this rather evident truth.

The oration of Lincoln on the battle-field of

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Gettysburg, for all time, will be among the memorable utterances of men; and every other similar oration—even that of Pericles over the Athenian Dead—suffers eclipse by comparison with it. Yet in large measure it is thus great, because through it there vibrate the deep organ notes of Bible words.

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall

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have a new birth of freedom and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

Take away the words of Bible memory and the phrases born of Bible reading and Bible inspiration—"fourscore," "conceived," "brought forth," "dedicated," "consecrated," "gave their lives that that nation might live," "hallow," "resting-place," "increased devotion," "last full measure," "unfinished work," "long endure," "resolve," "new birth," "perish from the earth"—and much of the solemn music has died out forever from this inspiring Battle Hymn of consecration to the Republic.

The imposing diction of the Scriptures in its appeal to the emotions is—if we exclude Shakespeare from the comparison—often as far above the plays even of our great dramatists, as they in turn are above the poorest of their contemporaries. What they wrote was for the mimic stage while the momentous scenes of the Scriptures were enacted upon the stage of life. Often the words of the dramatists betray the corner of phrases and the dip-candles of the footlights; the play-goers, too, are there. But the words of the others are addressed to the congregation

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of the people, and those who speak from the high places are a God and his messengers.

The New Testament is the sequel of the Old Testament. Quotations and adaptations from the text of the Old Testament fill pages of the New Testament; and the inspired words of Micah and Isaiah, and Jeremiah and Malachi, and of the Psalms and Proverbs are the glory of the New Testament. Even Christ's divine teachings were often but a new interpretation of the sayings of the prophets and poets; and the model for the parables whereby He taught was already in the books of the Bible. It is made of many books, but it is one book, with the Apocrypha for appendix.

To permit the Bible to pass away from the admiration and regard of men would be to extinguish a great light and leave in its stead a great darkness, in which men might easily lose their way in progress and humanity and a sure religion. Yet to bring back the world to a realization of all this, so unmistakably clear to one having a true understanding of the Bible, we must substitute for much of the old oracular book of discarded creeds and ideas and scientific

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pretensions, a new book of inspiration, a book of great literature, a book of religion. Only when the leaders of religious thought in the churches understand and preach this gospel of reasonableness, will the deserted ranks of religion be filled to overflowing with volunteers from the intellectual and the devout. The hour has come and with it should come the man. Once let the Bible come to be an honored book of men that love the finer, nobler things of literature, and it will be again as mighty a source of religious inspiration as it ever was.

The Bible is not the dead book of an ancient people but the living book of the modern world. About it hallowed associations have gathered as about no other book in the world.

Macaulay, in one of his overwrought rhetorical passages in his review of Mitford's *History of Greece*, says:

All the triumphs of truth and genius over prejudice and power, in every country and in every age, have been the triumph of Athens. Wherever a few great minds have made a stand against violence and fraud in the cause of liberty and reason, there has been her spirit in the midst of them; inspiring, encouraging, consoling; by the lonely lamp of

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Erasmus; by the restless bed of Pascal; in the tribune of Mirabeau; in the cell of Galileo; on the scaffold of Sidney. But who shall estimate her influence on private happiness? Who shall say how many thousands have been made wiser, happier, and better by those pursuits in which she has taught mankind to engage; to how many the studies which took their rise from her have been wealth in poverty—liberty in bondage—health in sickness—society in solitude? Her power is indeed manifested at the bar, in the senate, in the field of battle, in the schools of philosophy. But these are not her glory. Wherever literature consoles sorrow or assuages pain—wherever it brings gladness to eyes which fail with wakefulness and tears, and ache for the dark house and the long sleep—there is exhibited in its noblest form the immortal influence of Athens.

This is not the truth; it is scarcely the half truth; for it is the Bible much more than the literature of Athens that has endowed men with power and strength under grievous trial, and given light to such as sit in darkness and in the shadow of death.

The lowly as well as the powerful have drawn their inspiration from its pages. Says Charles Reade, in the opening words of *The Cloister and the Hearth*, which many regard as the greatest work of fiction in the language:

Not a day passes over the earth but men and women of no note do great deeds, speak great words, and suffer noble sorrows. Of these obscure heroes,

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philosophers and martyrs, the greater part will never be known till that hour when many that are great shall be small and the small great, but of others the world's knowledge may be said to sleep; their lives and characters lie hidden from nations in the annals that record them.

Again it is the Bible influence which has led such men and such women to do these great deeds and to speak these great words. More than this is true, for the Bible has told of the sure way over which humanity must go in its mission, and has given to it for the journey, enduring courage, unconquerable hope, and never-failing light.

We need not look again for a literature such as that of the Bible, so unique and sublime in spiritual expression. We need not look again even for such devoted men as in the early centuries of the Christian era spread abroad its teachings, any more than we need look for religious paintings like those of Raphael and Correggio and Titian and Paul Veronese and Michael Angelo; for in different ways they wrought under the spell of a religion, which was to fit mankind for the imminent end of the world and the life to come.

There can, however, be a substitute for what

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has been, and some day a series of books—greater than have yet appeared will be written of the Bible—suited to modern-day views and to the humanitarian spirit abroad in the world. It is an inviting field for labor and harvest; and so much the better if the laborers be of authority in the Church, or if the work to be done have the sanction of the Church. The men who write these books must be devout and reverent but courageous as well, and to them religion must be among the realities of life as are patriotism and hope and the emotions—yes, as are food and raiment. Their information must be abreast of modern scholarship. They must seek not so much to restore the old authority of the Bible as the book of the Church, as to make it the great religious book of the world. Its imperishable literary glories must be uncovered; men must be taught that for its sublimity of expression, and for its resignation and unquenchable hope amid affliction and misery, there is no substitute.

It will indeed be a solemn charge committed to these writers, but they will not be equal to it unless they realize at the outset, and always, that in those imperishable literary glories the

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closest union is to be found between man and eternal truth. Such has been the story, rightly interpreted, of inspired words since the beginning of the world; and no one can rightly understand their mighty power without being religious, and no deeply religious man can fail to be profoundly affected and influenced by and through them.

The writers will not merely gather together, as the attempt has sometimes been made, passages from the Bible as specimens of its beauty and strength, but they will treat of the Bible as a great dramatic spiritual book, with quotations from it as the illustration and justification of the author's word. They will proceed with each book and tell of its value, its history and its importance, not alone standing by itself but as a great part of a greater whole. They, however, must be the interpreters, not the work itself. When they present the simple melody of the poetic story, their word must be the illuminating, not the deafening, egotistic accompaniment; and in the great dramatic passages, their voice must serve but to intensify and make more glorious the orchestral harmony.

What a wealth of illustrations, too, they will

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have at their command, from the simple story of the birth of the world to the incomparable visions of Revelation!

In the first words of Genesis they will make us realize that we are in the very dawn of the world. For every other description of that beginning in the prose or poetry of modern or ancient classics pales before it. It was the priest or preacher, who sought to make of that inspiring outlook upon the face of the earth and the face of the waters, a treatise on geology, concerning the truth of which men were to wrangle and shed blood. About that story of folk-lore, borrowed from other lands but transformed by the poetic touch of the Hebrew poet, there is the added beauty of centuries of worship rich with visions. There is no more conflict between science and religion in this description of the creation of the world, than there is contradiction between the lines:

Morn
Wak'd by the circling hours, with rosy hand
Unbarr'd the gates of light,

and the statement that we see the recurring morning light of the sun, by reason of the rotation of the earth on its axis.

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On that primeval stage, where the curtain is thus rung up, the drama of religion and spiritual life is to be enacted, primitive at times and often crude, but unfailling always in its illusions and beauty. Here we are to read the story of man and his degradation by transgression, and the world overwhelmed with the destroying waters, but re-peopled again by the instrumentality of the first of the mythical heroes—the new father of the race to come, with whom the covenant is made by the Almighty, that never again shall there be the floods of destruction.

These writers will give a right estimate of the value of the several books of the Bible and will frankly concede that there are some portions of them in which men of to-day have as little interest as a lawyer in a volume of statutes repealed by subsequent legislation, or a surgeon in a book of surgery of a past generation. They will tell how in the successive ages these books received additions, emendations, and corrections by the priestly and other documents, and their assertions will be supported by the testimony of archaeologists and historians. If they are convinced that the old notions of

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prophecy are worthy of credence, they must nevertheless put alongside of those views the conclusions of scholars that assert the contrary to be true. In this regard they must err on the side of candor.

They should contrast the ideals of the Bible with the ideals of the religious books of other people, and thereby be enabled to point out its incomparable superiority.

And at last in Revelation these writers will point out how the imagination is swept from height to height on the wings of visions, until we seem to be in the very presence of the dazzling, overpowering light of things unseen and eternal.

While these writers must not dogmatize concerning the miraculous incidents of the Bible, they need not necessarily reject them. Their attitude may well be patterned after that of the Rev. Mr. Robbins, of the Church of the Incarnation of the City of New York, who in a luminous sermon on the Bible made it abundantly clear how the thoughtful scholar and reverent preacher can point out the way of reasonableness in its interpretation.

Here let me pause a moment before closing, to encounter a possible objection. I grant, says the

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agnostic, that the Bible is all of this, a piece of historic writing, covering the national life of an extraordinary people, full of religious aspiration, written in a grand style, and adapted to form the mind of a child along the worthiest moral lines. But what am I to do with the supernatural parts of it? I don't believe in miracles: what am I to do when my boy asks me whether such and such a thing really happened? If I am candid with him, will it not discredit in his mind the authority of the book in which he has read it? That is a fair question, and many parents who are Christian believers have echoed it at times. The answer one can make to them is this: Do not anticipate a child's doubts of the supernatural, but when they come take him fully into your confidence. If he doubts whether Elisha made an iron ax-head swim, say to him: There never yet was a great man who did not have wonderful stories circulated about him after his death. The fact that those stories are not all true does not prove that he was not true; it only proves that he was so great that men thought him capable of even more greatness, and so they invented things about him and added them to the things which were true. Now let us go back to the Bible and study these stories of Elijah and Elisha, and try to decide which of the things we read here they really did and which were invented about them afterward. And let us try to decide, both from the things that happened and the things that were invented, what kind of men they were, and what kind of things they did, and why they were so great. I do believe that if you meet a child in that honest and interested fashion you will stimulate him to fresh interest in his study, and you will bring out, as in perhaps no other way, his own powers of reflection and discrimination and judgment. . . . Take the Bible as it stands, regard it

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as a human book, use it as a text-book for religious education, show the heroes of the Old Testament in their faith and in their valor, show the Lord Jesus as the Gospels picture Him, merciful, powerful, glorious, without fear and without reproach, the King of Saints, the Lord of loyal men, and in the providence of God that picture printed upon a child's mind before it is hardened by sin will do there God's own work.

These writers must recognize that the Bible is a wondrous book of inspiration and ideals, and not a code of rules and conduct; that it does not undertake to point out the particular way over which the world shall go on its journey, but gives the understanding whereby the right way may be chosen when men are at the cross-roads of life.

They must recognize, too, that not only has the Church, by its unwise action, permitted the world to be fed too long on the husks of doctrine, but that it has been guilty of more than folly. For in days gone by, it took away the liberty and even the lives of men for following the dictates of conscience; and almost within a generation men of learning and character have, by the warrants of the Church, been dragged forth from the Sanctuary where no hand should have dared to molest them, and

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humiliated by cruel and indefensible judgments, though in the court of reason and forbearance these men were, in the words of St. Paul, sincere and void of offense.

The writers must work like Wycliffe and Tynsdale and their followers, like the scholars of the Authorized and of the Revised Version, consecrated to a great cause. They must be concerned not alone with the attributes of the God that created men, but with the attributes of the God whom man has created, as the embodiment of the ideals of religion and conscience and aspiration. That God must not be a God outside the universe, but a God that is the universe; not a God that is in heaven or somewhere, but a God that is everywhere; not a God that dispenses justice and rewards for righteousness, but a God that is justice and righteousness; not a God that orders the world by law, but a God that is law. And so much has the majesty of God grown during the ages, that to the minds of these men He must at times be as superior to the Yahweh of the prophets and poets, as Yahweh was to the tribal God of the people, and as was the tribal God to the Baal of the heathen. It must be

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a Supreme Being toward whom all right-minded men, whatever their religious creed, may turn with reverence and veneration.

In another essay in these volumes the following is said of Arnold:

Aside from those included in the class of gifted religious teachers there is no one that taught so wisely as he the essential truth of religion, while among pure scholars no one has understood it so well.

To him it must have seemed that the exterior of the temple of religion had been defaced by additions and by attempts at restoration, while in the interior idols and images had been set up. It must have seemed to him, too, that the glory of its walls had been concealed, though not destroyed, by successive layers of creed and dogma and legend; just as of old a wealth of inspired mural paintings has for a time disappeared under the whitewash of the ascetic. And in all reverence he sought to strip away this false ornamentation, to uncover this beauty, and to cast out the idols and the images, so that with its exquisite harmony of proportion without, and its splendor and its altars within, this temple would become a sanctuary wherein all men might worship.

The men who write these books can surely do as much as Arnold. They ought to be able to do infinitely more, since he often wrote with the zeal of the doughty antagonist, while an eagerness should await the new interpretation of this Book of Books.

Inasmuch as the miraculous incidents of the

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Bible have become less and less acceptable to many men of to-day, these writers will do well to emphasize that overshadowing miracle—compared with which other miracles are of minor importance—resting, too, not on conjecture or questionable tradition but upon the sure foundation of historic truth.

A Semitic tribe few in number comes out from its Eastern home, carrying with it the moral statutes of the great lawgiver and king of the first Babylonian dynasty, to wander across the desert toward the sea. For years they are held in bondage in Egypt. Dramatically they escape from that bondage, and after years of wanderings among the mountains they gain at first a feeble foothold in Palestine, and in the end make conquest of it; and when the great leader Moses lies dead on the plains of Moab they enter into the Promised Land to become a peasant people. Under the administration of the Judges they grow in power until the time is ripe for the Kingdom, the very foundation of which is traceable to the herdsman who, searching for strayed asses, finds his mission in a consecration to the sacred national cause. After the short reign of the Kings, there

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follows the dismemberment of even that petty Kingdom—always the plaything and the spoil of the warring nations of the East and Egypt—and Israel and Judah appear among the nations. Idolatry more and more gives place to the worship of an always greater Yahweh, who grows to majestic proportions as there is dropped from him as a discarded garment, the attributes of the strange gods whom he so often resembled. Seers and diviners and soothsayers become the prophets and leaders of the people, and out of triumph and defeat, out of independence and vassalage and captivity, there is awakened a marvelous genius for spiritual utterance such as the world has never known. There come the ebb and flow of religious worship and devotion, the time of visions and the time when “the word of the Lord God was rare in those days, and visions were seldom seen.” But ever present in misery and in joy, in peace and in war, is the Ark of the Covenant, the symbol of religious faith and the consecration of worship, the sacred receptacle which it was believed neither Philistine nor heathen might desecrate with impunity, but which like a palladium would insure the safety of the people and the

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preservation of the Temple. As Syria threatens the security and even existence of the two kingdoms, there looms on the horizon the new power of Assyria to stay her destructive hand. The armies of Assyria take Samaria and carry Israel into captivity. But when turned against Judah they meet a crushing disaster just as victory seems in sight and Jerusalem within their grasp—a disaster well-nigh miraculous, whether we accept the explanation of the Assyrian that it was due to dread disease, or that of Herodotus that field-mice gnawed away the strings of the bows of the warriors, or that of Isaiah and the writer of Kings, in the stirring lines of Byron:

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;

* * * * *

And the might of the Gentile unsmote by the sword
Has melted like snow in the hands of the Lord.

There follows for generations the long vigil of Jerusalem amid the mountains; but at last she, too, succumbs to the enemy and her people are carried away into a long captivity; her victors become in turn the vanquished; the

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captives change masters, and then the prophecy of the restoration is fulfilled.

Centuries elapse, and the prophet's voice is heard again in the land; the Temple is rebuilt, some of the noble books of the Bible are written and some of the older books are reduced to their present form; subjugation follows subjugation; there is an unavailing uprising for freedom and for religion, and the flickering flame of the guttered candle of hope dies out amid a vast darkness. "But the end is not yet."

For then comes, not the mighty Deliverer expected but the great High Priest of religion, the Messiah, who—steeped in the inspiration of the Scriptures, and with so many of the divine attributes of God and man as to be the Son of God and the Son of man—was to make spiritual conquest of the world and, in the words of Froude, remodel the conscience of humanity.

Why have controversy over the question whether Balaam's ass spoke or a whale swallowed Jonah, when the whole Bible story is the greatest of miracles?

Yet when all this has been said something more should be added. We stand before a great mystery across the threshold of which

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we may not pass. While some men of learning and piety, of calm judgment or enthusiasm are mentally so constituted that the observation of ordered events forbids the acceptance of miracles as possible, others for generations and centuries have had implicit faith in their reasonableness and probability. Some insist that the miracle is the corner-stone of the edifice of religion, others that it is no part either of its stability or its beauty. Nor are we to forget that distinguished representatives of the two classes are of the Church as well as of the world.

The mystery of existence remains a mystery still, and for either the agnostic or the believer to dogmatize about its solution is, to say the least, a kind of intellectual arrogance. The wisest have never been guilty of this, and none of them all has pictured the ever-recurring problems of doubt and belief more reverently than Goethe in those words beginning:

Misshoer mich nicht, du holdes Angesicht.

And how effectively Walt Whitman in his stately lines silences the petty cavilings of irreverence!

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Swiftly I shrivel at the thought of God,
At Nature and its wonders, Time and Space and
Death,
But that I, turning, call to thee O soul, thou actual
Me,
And lo, thou gently masterest the orbs,
Thou matest Time, smilest content at Death,
And fillest, swellest full the vastnesses of Space

In the one we see the homage of a great intellect and in the other the homage of a great soul to an Infinite Being.

The astronomer, with equipment of mathematical formula and telescope and camera and spectroscope, invades the very recesses of the universe until its jealously guarded secrets seem all surrendered. The geologist reads the story of the structure and of the making of the earth. The scientist knows of the evolution of the higher out of the lower organic forms and resolves atoms into electrons; philosophers philosophize. But concerning the why and the wherefore of it all, the whence and the whither, they give back no answer. Over the beginning and the end of life—the “two Eternities”—there is still the impenetrable veil.

It will be the privilege of the writers of these new Bible books to furnish for all men a common meeting-ground, in a tolerant attitude toward

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these much debated and never-to-be-decided problems of existence. They must not, however, accept for this common meeting-ground any of the cheerless, forbidding places suggested by some modern-day founders of new religions;

“And never know how with the soul it fares.”

Doubtless the views which these writers entertain, or those which they will candidly present, but with which they themselves may not be in accord, will not resolve the doubts of some or disturb the beliefs of others. But the far-reaching good to result is not to be lightly estimated; for they can fairly insist—and few thoughtful readers will differ from them—that the mere word of the Bible is so deeply religious as to verge upon the miraculous. Many will be prepared to agree with them, that in the beginning perhaps men saw with a keener vision than ever since into the inscrutable ways of Providence; and that in all essentials the Bible cannot be other than the work of those having an inspiration beyond all that has been or will ever again be vouchsafed to mankind, for the cause of spiritual excellence and righteousness and true religion.

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And when the Church shall exhibit a broad and an increasing charity for the divergent religious views of men; when this Book of Books is read understandingly in schools and universities and in the home circle as marvelous, inspired literature; and when the clergy in the pulpit shall consent to prefer substance to form and the spirit to the letter as they preach the gospel of reasonableness, we may be sure that veneration for the Bible and for religion will be born again.

BIBLE WORDS AND PHRASES

As stated in "The Bible and Modern Life," the following words and phrases have been merely marginally noted in Bible reading, and then, so far as was feasible, those of kindred meaning assembled together. As an indication of the wealth of the Bible vocabulary, it may be said that many a similar selection can be made, and that the quotations in the essay furnish the material for no insignificant one. Not a few of these words and phrases occur but once or twice in the Bible or the Apocrypha; and from the Oxford Historical Dictionary, we may learn that some of them appear for the first time and often, in the books of general literature. Nevertheless, as a rule, they have what may be called the Scriptural impress.

Even out of their context and presenting only the suggestion of the completed thought, they are picturesque, rugged, unique; while to the lover of the Bible, the allusion is quite sufficient to recall in many instances, the sentence, the incident, and the page of wondrous power and imagery and inspiration.

MAJESTY and dominion and glory, sitting at the right hand of power and coming with the clouds of heaven, the glorious majesty of his kingdom, sovereignty from the Highest, his holy memorial name, an everlasting sign, ascribe greatness, glorify the house of my glory, lift up an ensign, oracle of God, his dominion shall be from sea to sea and from the river to the ends

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of the earth, the four corners of the earth, the isles afar off, armor of light, marvelous wondrous works, breast-plate of judgment, buckler, golden girdle, go forth in might, salvation for walls and bulwarks, sun and shield, golden splendor, pre-eminence, put down princes from their thrones and exalt them of low degree, longer than the earth and broader than the sea, exalted above the hills, founded it upon the seas and established it upon the floods, the nations for their inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for their possession, strengthen the weak hands and confirm the feeble knees, watch tower and rock and refuge, keep the fortress, make thy loins strong, fortify thy power, mighty men of valor, goodly heritage, heritage of the nations, chosen for an inheritance, ordained of God, as one having authority, the bricks are fallen down but we will build with hewn stone, deliverer, the fire had power in the water forgetting his own virtue and the water forgot his own quenching value, what God hath wrought, principalities and powers, a tumultuous noise of the kingdoms of the nations gathered together, muster the hosts of the battle, clouds are the dust of his feet, light rise in dark-

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ness and obscurity be as the noonday, as the stars of heaven for multitude, stand in awe, commandment, diadem, the earth his footstool, he made darkness pavilions round about him, establish in the very heavens, the measures of the firmament, the brightness of the firmament, an ordinance for ever, steadfast unmovable, cast forth his roots as Lebanon, throughout the generations, upon a thousand hills, king of eternity, forever and ever, righteous judge, minister judgment, the judgment seat, mighty unto perfection, scepter of equity, an invincible shield.

Labor of love, shower blessings, clear shining after rain, a parched land a plentiful rain, plenteousness is made ready, seed-time, white with harvest, send forth laborers into the harvest, gather wheat into the garner, sow unto yourselves in righteousness reap in mercy break up your fallow ground, spring up among the grass as willows by the watercourses, gathered as the sheaves, like a cloud of dew in the heat of harvest, the angels are the reapers. In green pastures and beside still waters, pastures of the wilderness, yield increase, a fruitful hill and the choicest vine, even from the flower till the grape was ripe, a tree planted by the streams, replen-

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ish the earth with the rivers of God, flourish like grass of the earth, open rivers on the bare heights and fountains in the midst of the valleys, land of the living, the plowman shall overtake the reaper, instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle-tree, a land flowing with milk and honey. The day is at hand, the eyelids of the morning, until the day dawn and the day-star arise, joy cometh in the morning, prisoners of hope, loose the sackcloth from off thy loins, of good courage of good cheer, abode, stretch forth the curtains of thine habitations, dwelling-place, a lodge in the branches, of his own household, not build and another inhabit not plant and another eat, repairer of the breach the restorer of the paths to dwell in. The day is far spent, shadows of the evening, eventide, heavy with sleep, at rest and quiet, slept with his fathers, he giveth his beloved sleep.

Mindful of the covenant, abound, obeisance, watch the way, bow the knee of the heart, integrity of heart and innocency of hands, forswear, moved with compassion, bowels of compassion, vouchsafe, offering, given to hospitality, the stranger within thy gates, entertained

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angels unawares, the wayfaring man, betray not the fugitive, the sojourner. Not suffer the soul of the righteous to famish, a table in the wilderness, as the shade of a great rock in a weary land, turn the curse into a blessing, the dew of youth, rich in good works, abide, blood on the lintel, calling and election sure, heal diseases of the soul, commune with your own heart, pay thy vows, testimony of conscience, born of the spirit, cloud of witnesses, proclaim peace, fulfil the Scriptures, not impute sin. Great is truth and mighty above all things, a word spoken in due season, a word fitly spoken like apples of gold in network of silver, the tongue of the stammering shall speak plainly, keep the door of thy lips, bridle the tongue, held his peace, not forswear thyself, words of truth and soberness, keep thy soul diligent, mighty in word and deed, meditation, mete out, appease, assuage, respect unto the lowly, not grudgingly or of necessity, faithful unto death, walk in integrity, for a testimony, take counsel together, congregation, the faithful and wise steward, good and faithful servant, incorruptible and undefiled, overflowing courage, gracious assurance, under the shadow of

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thy wings, according to the cleanness of the hands, well pleasing, a delight to the eyes.

The end is not yet, path of the upright, whose leaf shall not wither, consecration, sacrament, broken the yoke and burst the bonds, withhold not thy hand, withstand or gainsay, the tree of life, regeneration, not anxious for the morrow, extol, exult, quicken, account of thy stewardship, clothed and girded with strength, loins girt about with truth, in majesty ride on prosperously, her warfare is accomplished, overshadowing, strivings, come on pinions, voice of a great multitude, seasonable, measurably, adjure, abundant in treasure, not return void, establish the footsteps, blossom as the rose, edify, sanctify, strength to them that turn back the battle at the gate, give thee favor and accomplish thine enterprises, prevail against, lighten darkness, the light of thy countenance, tabernacle, temple, thy hallowed house, altar of incense, sanctuary, paradise, build up the old wastes and raise up the former desolations, unto the desired haven, pilgrimage, the land of promise, with loins girded shoes on the feet and a staff in the hand, save a staff and shod with sandals.

The way of the wind, the four winds of hea-

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ven, a sound as the rushing of a mighty wind, sweep by as a wind, the wings of the wind, hiding-place from the wind and a covert from the tempest, bring forth the wind out of his treasuries, water out of the wells of salvation, Jacob's well, resting-place, mercy-seat, holy place, burnt-offering, manna. A great calm, isles of the sea, the heart of the seas, the face of the waters, the river of God is full of water, rushing of mighty waters, the pride of the sea, the paths of the sea, they that go down to the sea in ships, all the rivers run to the sea but the sea is not full, waters cover the sea, rebuke the sea, voice of many waters, haven of the sea, the fountains of the sea, breadth of the waters, like the sound of many waters, layeth up the deep in storehouses, the balancing of the clouds.

A lamp unto the feet a light unto the path, enlightening the eyes, according to your faith, a crown of life, nourished in the words of faith, boldness in faith, not weary in well doing, heap coals of fire on his head, unsearchable riches, the headstone of the corner, joy unspeakable, consolation, redemption, anoint, appease, exhort, a man after his own heart, a sweet savor, yearning, contrite, things invisible, mindful of

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spiritual strength, fulfilment, as the apple of his eye, worship, pacify wrath, slow to wrath, let not the sun go down upon thy wrath, a brand plucked from the burning, compass with favor as with a shield, an acceptable man tried in the furnace of adversity, lines fallen in pleasant places, righteousness, justice the line and righteousness the plummet, a righteous token, garland, fashioned as clay, renounce the hidden things of dishonesty, peace offering, repentance, remission, searching of hearts, lay down his life for his friend, reveal, bestow, buy the truth and sell it not, not dismayed or abased, a song as in the night when a holy solemnity is kept, with joyful acclamations, of the king's retinue, as thy days so shall thy strength be, zealous, not in word neither in tongue but in deed and in truth, a good foundation against the time to come, a city set on a hill, commend the spirit, atonement, a book of remembrance, seemly, in wise dealing.

The whole desire, an even balance, establish equity, restore the pledge, recompense according to their deeds and the work of their hands, make restitution, fret not thyself, requite, a goodly portion, the good part.

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Increase in wisdom and in stature, sow not upon the furrows of the unrighteous, be swift to hear and let thy life be sincere, incline the ear, mighty in the Scriptures, the accepted time, hearken diligently, walk circumspectly, take heed to, search out, to him that over-cometh, bring the body into subjection, quit yourselves like men, never faint in their watches, a living dog is better than a dead lion, leaven the whole loaf, grace seasoned with salt, prove all things, God forbid.

Excellency of knowledge, who can number the sand of the sea and the drops of rain and the days of eternity, wisdom and understanding, wisdom justified of her children, a heart of wisdom, perfection of wisdom, devour wisdom, the spring of understanding the fountain of wisdom and the stream of knowledge, the branches of wisdom are long life, the light that cometh from her never goeth out, to be allied with wisdom is immortality, the well-spring of life,—whoso seeketh wisdom early shall find her sitting at the doors, she is the brightness of the everlasting light the unspotted mirror of the power of God.

Constrain, the law of kindness, not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn, evil report and good report, unto the perfect day, the

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signs of the times, ministers of God, in the twinkling of an eye, the right hands of fellowship, bear no malice, depart in peace, the peace of God which passeth understanding, assurance of things hoped for the conviction of things not seen, not done in a corner, dispensation, walk while you have the light, swifter than eagles stronger than lions, the people arose as one man, if the trumpet give an uncertain sound who shall prepare himself for the battle, the voice of the trumpet, not afraid for the terror by night or the arrow that flieth by day, dwell in hope, not slothful in business fervent in spirit. Leave not a stain in thine honor, without blemish, an unspotted life, all things work together for good, the letter killeth but the spirit maketh alive, a brand plucked from the burning, exceeding and eternal weight of glory, weak but strong having glory but dishonor, a spectacle unto the world, there is no discharge in battle, beat their swords into plowshares and their shears into pruning-hooks, eternal purpose, in their death they were not divided, a good fight, the house of prayer, passing the love of women, many called few chosen, by their fruits ye shall know them, work manifest, a wheel within a

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wheel, let the dead bury the dead, a new cloth unto an old garment new wine into old bottles, force not the course of the river. Testimony of conscience, the truth shall make you free, no evil befall thee, purged of iniquity, not live by bread alone, the laborer worthy of his hire, render to all their dues, tribute to whom tribute is due, content with your wages, fought a good fight, a good treasure against the day of necessity, a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, let your communication be yea yea nay nay, the breath of life, full of youth, in a good old age, honorable age not that which standeth in length of time not that measured by number of years, labor of love, in holy array, the crooked be made straight and the rough places plain, quench not the spirit, by prayer and fasting, greatly desiring, the shield of faith, helmet of salvation, bear witness, disciple, apostle, expound, able to withstand the evil day, well with him, in season out of season, cleave unto, seeking justice and swift to do righteousness, the commandment is a lamp and the law is light, render to, lay hold on, ordered aright, walk and not faint, the nations are as a drop of a bucket and are counted as the

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small dust of the balance, the victory of battle standeth not in the multitude of an host.

Whited sepulchers, righteous in his own eyes, righteous overmuch, scribes and Pharisees, build the tombs of the prophets and garnish the sepulchers of the righteous, vain oblations, publicans and sinners, the hypocrites in the synagogues and in the streets, counted our life a pastime and our time here a market for gain, getting and gaining, ask bread and be given a stone, withheld the poor from their desire. A great gulf fixed, the raging of the sea, the wilderness of the sea, the troubled sea, the tempestuous sea, in perils in the sea, the empty cry, envy the rottenness of the bones, deceit and oppression, gall of bitterness and bond of iniquity. Fallen from grace, of little faith, church of the Laodiceans, lukewarm and neither cold nor hot, like a wave of the sea driven with the wind and tossed, forsaken the fountains of living water, dreamer of dreams, gone astray, to the unknown God, ignorantly in unbelief, floods of ungodliness, served the creature rather than the Creator, the cock crew, a convenient season, Ephraim joined to idols, in his temple of idols,

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heresy, great is Diana of the Ephesians, false gods, graven image, every wind of doctrine, set at nought. Pass away as the trace of a cloud. dispersed as a mist that is driven away with the beams of the sun and overcome with the heat thereof, nor take deep rooting from bastard slips, no fellowship with wisdom, not having a wedding garment, for a good journey asketh of that which cannot set a foot forward, of the earth earthy, carnally minded, ill favored and lean-fleshed, bring gray hairs with sorrow to the grave, a proverb and a byword, stumbling-blocks and a snare. Then had thy peace been as a river and righteousness as the waves of the sea, wide the gate and broad the way, empty swept and garnished, dissolutely and unrighteously, the last state worse than the first, breathing out threatenings and slaughter, hard to kick against the pricks, pearls before swine, the hope of the unthankful shall melt away as the winter's hoar frost and shall run away as unprofitable water, evil desire, multiply sorrow, for naught and vanity, not gather figs of thistles, years of dearth, unprofitable servants, the sluggard, the slack hand, the unjust steward, faith without works, thorn in the flesh the

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house of bondage, grievous servitude, rule with rod of iron, urgent taskmasters, the tale of bricks. The covetous, they that trust in riches, love of money is the root of all evil, filthy lucre, where the treasure is there will the heart be also, heap up riches and know not who shall gather them, riches make themselves wings, deceitfulness of riches, fared sumptuously every day, God and mammon, the ransom of a man's life. To the moles and the bats, desolation shall be in the threshold, woe unto them, the house of mirth, smitten and withered and afflicted, a house divided against itself, fear hath torment, like as the king so suffered the common person, innumerable dead with one kind of death, the king of terrors, drew his bow at a venture, the stars in their courses fought against Sisera, the harvest is passed the summer is ended, endure for a while, sow the wind and reap the whirlwind, the way of the fool, came up in a night and perished in a night.

Company of the godless, in the tents of wickedness, like the remembrance of a guest that tarrieth but a day, despise dominion and speak evil of dignities. Exalt my throne above the stars of God, pomp is brought down to the

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grave, vain glory, wise in your own counsels, arrogance of the proud, haughtiness of heart. Seed of falsehood, walked with falsehood, iniquity with words of falsehood, tale-bearer, vain knowledge, a parable in the mouth of fools, cunningly devised fables, unprofitable talk, tattlers and busybodies, contentious, words without knowledge, empty words, unclean lips, strife of tongues, darken counsel, feigned lips, muttered perverseness, a prating fool, the evil way the froward mouth, the wayward mouth, an angry countenance a backbiting tongue, tongue like a serpent, the slanderous tongue, the stroke of the tongue breaketh the bones, the mouth that belbeth slayeth a soul, a fool in his folly, prophesy falsely, a lying spirit, multiply words, vain repetitions, profane babblings, a railing accusation, murmured against, entice, soothsayers, diviners. The last that are first the first that are last, sin croucheth at the door, the sluggard, a den of thieves, the tempter, back-sliding, sow discord, in sheep's clothing, as a thief in the night, profaned thy dwelling-place, a reprobate mind, fierce anger, avenger for wrath, boast not of to-morrow, craftiness, rebuke, admonition, to weaken

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strength, deal treacherously, in slippery places, righteousness temperance and judgment to come, streets waste and battlements desolate, refuge of lies, sackcloth and ashes, as an oak whose leaf fadeth, the mirth of all the land is gone. Sinful, wantonness, void of understanding, beguile, at their wits' end, would fain have filled his belly with the husks, wasted his substance in riotous living, exiled from the eternal providence, bread of adversity and the water of affliction, whose trust shall be a spider's web, the veil of the temple was rent, defile the temple, unquenchable fire, vanity of vanities, wrongfully exacted, devise mischief and wickedness, blaspheme, anathema maranatha, chambers of death, in deep mire where there is no standing, wallowing in the mire, as a dog to his vomit, a perpetual reproach, the line of confusion and the plummet of emptiness.

Leprous, corruption, loathsome, lasciviousness, shameless uncleanness, worldly lusts, filth of the flesh, lewdness, a stubborn and rebellious generation, whose end is perdition, pit of corruption, deadly pestilence, bloodthirsty and deceitful, in exchange for his soul, plague, pollute, leprosy, crawling things of the dust, the

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beasts that perish, weeping and gnashing of teeth, a bottomless pit, the treacherous shall eat violence, clothed with shame and dishonor, a devouring fire an overflowing scourge, snare of the fowler, in the day of the great slaughter when towers fall.

Charming never so wisely, turn and rend you, count the cost, presumptuous sins, a reproach of men and despised of the people, lurking in secret places, the moon confounded and the sun ashamed, reproof, barren night, an habitation of dragons and a court for owls, defile, tribulation, disquieted in vain, the spoil of the poor is in your houses, grind the faces of the poor, conceive chaff and bring forth stubble, stumble at noonday as in the twilight, grope for the wall like the blind, revile, froward generation, generation of vipers, the fool and the brutish, the wrath to come, thy shepherds slumber, scatter as stubble, as the tongue of fire devoureth the stubble, his remembrance shall perish from the earth, the strong shall be as tow, built with blood and established by iniquity, as the pangs of a woman in travail, howling wilderness, blood guiltiness, transgression, rolled together as a scroll, wars and rumors of wars, Philistines, the

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slain in the streets, hot displeasure, his sling in his hand, her gates shall lament and mourn, their root shall be as rottenness and their blossom go up as dust, until the time of threshing come, a corrupt tree, degenerate branches, the stone shall cry out of the wall.

The sword hath drunk its fill, the hurtful sword, sharp as a two-edged sword, the oppressing sword, destined to the sword, a flaming sword, the sword without and terror within, no pity on the fruit of the womb, the field of blood, the land soaked with blood, the blast of fire the flaming breath and the great tempest, the mighty fallen in the midst of battle, as when a standard-bearer fainteth, the drawn sword, the bent bow the grievousness of war.

Strength your shame and refuge your confusion, a covenant with death and with hell at agreement, the earth mourned the world languished, utterly laid waste, abomination of desolation, dismayed and confounded, as a drunken man staggereth to his vomit, weighed in the balance and found wanting, crooked ways, desperate sorrow, utterly consumed with terrors, filthy rags, filled with violence, the wages of sin, dogs shall lick thy blood, lick the dust, the dust

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of death, sweep with the besom of destruction, as refuse in the midst of the streets, as straw is trodden down in the water of a dunghill, as a man sweepeth away dung till it be all gone.

The rebuke of thy countenance, drunk at the hand of the Lord the cup of his fury, he stretched out his hand over the sea he shook the kingdoms, poured out mine indignation upon them, my glittering sword, mine arrows drunk with blood, sound an alarm in my holy mountain, it is the day of the Lord's vengeance.

Fatherless, the cry of the poor, long suffering, borne the heat and burden of the day, trodden the wine-press alone, way of all the earth, stricken in years, brought low, heavy tidings, chastened, broken in spirit, weary and heavy laden, seeking rest and finding none, days swifter than a weaver's shuttle, weariness of the flesh, heaviness, bowed down, a broken vessel, the gloom of anguish, loins filled with anguish, the couch of languishing, in time of need, the dogs came and licked his sores, in the sweat of thy face, sore bruised, a reed shaken with the wind, tossed with tempest and not comforted, bewail, bereft, befallen. Gaunt

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with want and famine, that which the locust hath left hath the cankerworm eaten, pestilence that walketh in darkness, the vintage shall fail and the ingathering not come, weep bitterly, a dry and weary land, the waters shall fail from the sea, the poor and the sorrowful, the temporal and the eternal, suffer hardship violence shipwreck persecution, uttermost farthing, the gates of the shadow of death, multitudes in the valley of decision, the issues of life, the way of life and the way of death, how long halt ye between two opinions? Beset, the whole head sick and the whole heart faint, labor in vain, wax old as a garment, put to shame, laughed to scorn, held in derision, bemoan, hireling, the whirling dust, bitter as wormwood, my name is Legion, barrenness, penury, sore pressed, worldly care, lamentation, cast out and abhorred, cast out and trodden down under foot of men, as a shadow that passeth away, fleeth as a shadow, thrust down, bereave, beseech, tribulation, disquieted, discomfited, as a dream of a night vision, in the day of visitation of perplexity of trouble and of treading down, until the indignation be overpast, grievously vexed, a grievous vision, darkness that may be felt,

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the blackness of darkness, terrors of thick darkness, outer darkness, stars of the twilight dark, more grievous than the darkness, put to shame, all the foundations of the deep broken up and the windows of heaven opened, travail of soul, instruments of death, the sanctuary laid waste, the altar broken down, the temple destroyed, whose antiquity is of ancient days, to stain the pride of all glory and to bring into contempt all the honorable of the earth.

Not leave comfortless, clothed and in his right mind, persecuted but not forsaken, not forsake us utterly, entreaty, intercession, forbearance, jealous for his land, go out into the streets and lanes and into the highways and hedges, his hand is stretched out still, reconciliation, the lilies of the field, shall not a woman have compassion on the son of her womb, mediator, propitiation, bind up the broken-hearted, prosper thy way, justice to the destitute, a refuge from the avenger of blood, at the right hand of the needy, he shall doubtless come again with joy bringing his sheaves with him, then judgment shall dwell in the wilderness and righteousness remain in the fertile field, the lake of torment the place of rest, the

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furnace of hell, the paradise of delight, thy exceeding great reward, dew upon the fleece only, captivity captive, the remnant shall return.

Taught many things in parables—wheat and tares, treasure hid in a field, laborers in the vineyard, pearl of great price, the wise virgins, the house upon the rock, a certain Samaritan, not light a candle and put it under a bushel, behold a sower went forth to sow, a grain of mustard-seed, the lost sheep—the summer is nigh, having nothing yet possessing all things, the poor in spirit, they that mourn, the meek, they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, the merciful, the pure in heart, the peace-makers, a burning and a shining light, good tidings of great joy, the gospel, preach ye upon the housetops.

I am with you always even unto the end, the light of the world, Alpha and Omega the beginning and the end, the comforter, the bread of life, the water of life, the word of life, the way the truth and the life, not to be ministered unto but to minister and to give his life a ransom for many, betrayed to be crucified, the blessed and only Potentate, the King of kings and Lord of lords, the resurrection and the life, the treasure of immortality.

FUTURE IN AMERICA¹

Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci,
Lectorem delectando pariterque monendo.
Hic meret aera liber Sosis; hic et mare transit
Et longum noto scriptori prorogat ævum.

HORACE.

MR. WELLS has done important literary work, appreciation of which must increase as time goes on; but he has written nothing which so clearly entitles him to a prominent place among distinguished men of letters, as his *Future in America*, issued from the press of Harper & Brothers. Whether we consider its substance or its form, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to name another author equally well equipped to produce such a book. His stay in this country was short, but the two chapters written before he reached America—one in his study in England, and one on the ocean—indicate how complete was his prepara-

¹*Future in America*. By H. G. Wells. Published in *The North American Review* of February, 1907.

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tion for a correct interpretation of our problems and so-called progress—with which he had become intimately conversant, in their intellectual and economic and spiritual import. Accordingly, we have a work of rare merit and absorbing interest, though the charm and effect of a graceful, vigorous style are distinctly marred by the “isn’ts” and “don’ts” and “haven’ts,” and other similarly irritating colloquialisms appearing so persistently on many pages.

To turn from the discussion by the demagogue of the problems that are confronting us, to this book, is like coming from a foul tunnel into the exhilarating atmosphere of a bracing day.

Its views may not minister to our vanity, but they ought to have a wide influence with us as a people. There would be no doubt as to this, if we did not so much exaggerate the importance of the views of some so-called practical men — whose judgment is rarely based on contemplation, but is often warped by interest or excessive activity—that we are disposed to neglect counsel of the worthy men of letters. For the world of ideas and the world of activities lie close together, and, sooner or later, there will be some just

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appraisement of our legacy from great authors—not alone from the point of view of mere literary excellence, but of the immediate relation of their writings to a correct disposition of the ills of the body politic. Then we shall appreciate infinitely more than we do to-day, that while many others have been seeking like economic quacks to deal with the symptoms of a disease, it is they who have given wise, but often rejected counsel, for its complete eradication. Men like Emerson, and Matthew Arnold, and Mr. Wells—for this book entitles him to an intellectual kinship with them in the expression of great truths about us—have more knowledge of our true condition than we are inclined even to conjecture.

Fortunately, the *Future in America* has appeared at the period of our disillusionment, when what Mr. Wells terms our egotistical interest in our own past is at an end. Now, if ever, we should be prepared to receive such a book without irritation but with a distinct welcome.

The *Spectator*, in a comment full of crudities and contradictions, has reviewed the book somewhat unfavorably; but apparently the *Spec-*

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tator has volunteered to see to it that nothing from an English source critical of American institutions shall pass unrebuked. It mistakes, however, the present temper of the American mind, which is no longer solicitous for adulation, but is seeking and insisting upon true enlightenment and guidance, as it gropes its way through its labyrinth of doubts and difficulties. And to apply the term "caricature," as does the *Spectator*, to the splendid picture Mr. Wells presents,—with its extended horizons and true perspective, its fine spiritual coloring, and with only such detail as serves to emphasize its proportions,—evinces for us a lack of that frankness which is the true test of friendship. And from the intellectual point of view the characterization is a close approach to unpardonable nonsense. Yet the *Spectator*, with an inconsistency of which it seems quite unconscious, admits that Mr. Wells has produced a "remarkable book," and that "no bird's-eye view of a nation that we know has a keener imaginative insight." Fortunately full justice is done to Mr. Wells in England by Mr. Sydney Brooks's scholarly and appreciative review of the book.

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Aside from a startling clairvoyance, so to speak, which enables Mr. Wells to see our problems in their relative importance and to point out the peculiarities of our existing and threatening difficulties, one of the chief attractions of his book is the absence of anything like an attempt to dogmatize about us. He often doubts the accuracy of his own impressions—leaving us to answer many of the questions he has asked, though the answer is often but too obvious. His playful fancy, characteristic of so much of his other writings, does not desert him, nor is there wanting a certain grim humor centering largely about our “spike-crowned” Statue of Liberty, that, “dwarfed” by the sky-scraping commercial structures forming its background, suggests to him something of the slight regard in which hitherto in our national life we have held liberty in comparison with trade and commerce.

What he believes to be our failure to live close to high ideals in business, does not escape his notice; but then he considers this a condition in no way peculiar to us, for he is of the opinion that business for the most part is without high ideals. And his views generally as to the

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natural effect of excessive devotion to the pursuit of trade will not weary the reader with platitudes. Even for Mr. Rockefeller, who, in so much of the newspaper discussion of the day, is put down as the incarnation of much that is evil and unprincipled in business methods, he confesses to a "sneaking liking," recognizing in him almost an unconscious product of a glut of opportunity. And the point is made that if the product had not been Mr. Rockefeller, it would have been some one else suspiciously like him. From his point of view, Mr. Rockefeller is not the criminal; but the thing criminal is the economic and industrial cut-throat game, which—with the little children of the factory and the sweat-shop among its pitiable victims—he considers we have in part made our national pastime and occupation.

He regards as of comparatively trivial and negligible importance in our national life, things like the Chicago scandals, the insurance scandals, and all the manifest crudities of the American spectacle. He knows well enough that as a matter of self-preservation, men cannot permit such things to have any abiding-place in a community. Long ago Fisher Ames uttered this truth:

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If there could be a resurrection at the foot of the gallows; if the victims of public justice could live again, unite and form themselves into a society, they would find themselves constrained, however loath, to adopt the very principles of that justice by which they suffered, as the fundamental law of their state.

The insistence upon honesty in such cases is not a virtue, it is merely a policy. Penal Codes do not furnish the foundation on which a great nation's life can be reared.

This, too, should be added, that much in our method of announcing these scandals is itself scandalous. Some wrongdoing there unquestionably has been; yet, as Mr. Wells says, graft is no American specialty. It appears everywhere in the world in spots and places, but the moral sense of the men of this country who are making its true and enduring history is sound and wholesome. And in default of the whipping-post, there should be the appropriate social or business or political outlawry for those who, in high or low places, are to our lasting shame blazoning forth to the world the untruthful and repulsive assertion that a great body of American citizens are afflicted with a loathsome disease—the contagious itch for other people's property.

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Quite apart from such things he sees our real dangers. He looks for disastrous consequences from the unwisdom of inviting to our shores, without any attempt at discrimination, an immigration which does not impress him as an influx of energetic people, of economically independent settlers, but in the main as an importation of laborers increasingly alien to the native tradition. And he adds some valuable suggestions for the avoidance of this menace. Dr. Darlington, the Health Officer of New York City, in a most thoughtful article in a late issue of *The North American Review*, says something quite similar as to the quality and character of our present immigration. Nor can we ask for any more impressive comment upon our perfunctory insistence that the suffrage will elevate these people, than Mr. Wells's words: "The immigrants are being given votes, I know; but that does not free them, it only enslaves the country. The negroes were given votes."

Then, with keen insight, he points out how in association with the momentous consequences of this immigration, we are summoned to deal with the pathetic and ominous problem—pre-

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sented by our great and increasing colored population—which he terms the “Tragedy of Color.” He cannot be said to have any specific remedy for this ill, but he does not think there is much admixture of the true American spirit in our treatment of it. He excuses himself, but many will think he needs no excuse, for idealizing the dark, submissive figure of the negro, who seems to him to “sit waiting—and waiting with a marvelous and simple-minded patience—for finer understandings and a nobler time.” And if the negro problem does not appeal to our sense of justice, it ought at least to teach us the prudence of not adding to it the further menace of fresh and unrestricted importations of an inferior population, which he is confident cannot be assimilated into our citizenship. Our hurry and disposition to “step lively” furnish him with evidence of our disregard of much that must be a part of a nation’s creed and practice, if it would realize its ideals. As typical of our contradictory extremes, he found Chicago squalid and joined to its idols of acquisition—“smoky, vast, and undisciplined.” But in even such an environment, there were not wanting evidences of the awakening of that new public

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spirit which in so many communities of the world is groping its way upward. Boston, with all its intellectual virtues, impressed him as "cultured, but uneventful," and without leadership or even an appropriate interest in the struggle to solve the great problems of to-day. At such a time as the present he has no tolerance for the "immense effect of finality" of Boston; and he was distinctly disappointed in not finding what he looked for in Washington—a "clearing-house of thought."

In the world at large he recognizes some national conditions not radically different from ours. And—though he sees our difficulties magnified here because our activities are so impressive in their vastness—he points out, as Matthew Arnold has pointed out, how this very vastness may bring to us the sense of a solemn responsibility to ourselves and to the world. But he is of the view that our political degradation, the lack of a "curb upon our lust of acquisition," and what he terms our "State blindness," are among the faults peculiar to ourselves. And if he had continued his investigation further, he would not have failed to see startling evidences of our proneness to

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condone political transgression — the beneficiaries and even the perpetrators of which so often escape unrebuked.

By State blindness he does not mean a lack of patriotism in feeling or expression, but a disposition to look upon our activities and conduct as absolute things affecting only ourselves or our immediate surroundings, when, in fact, they must be looked at in their relation to the common good. It will profit us to read without irritation, but with deep thoughtfulness, this startling statement which a candid but friendly critic feels justified in making:

Patriotism has become a mere national self-assertion, a sentimentality of flag-cheering with no constructive duties. Law, social justice, the pride and preservation of the State as a whole, are taken as provided for before the game began, and one devotes one's self to business. At business all men are held to be equal, and none is his brother's keeper.

To the catalogue of our dangers he adds our tolerance of, if not our sympathy with, the injustice of mere public clamor, a certain "flash of harshness" and an "accompanying contempt for abstract justice." He wishes, however, to regard this as an "accident of the commercial phase that presses men beyond dignity, patience,

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and magnanimity," and is "loath to believe it to be something fundamentally American." Yet, when he cites to our shame the instances of McQueen and Gorky, though he refrains from much injurious comment, he offers no excuse for our conduct.

He sees in the greedy acquisition of vast wealth and its vulgar display, and in the centralization and concentration of that wealth and of our organized industry within an increasingly few hands, more than the beginnings of the collapse of our much-vaunted individual competition and the equal opportunity for all. It is apparent to him that our economic process has begun to grind living men as well as inanimate matter. And he notes the ominous mutterings of a disapproval that will not be mute, even though it must speak with the economic jargon of the demagogue. It is no longer a case of our avoiding or stifling the debate, but of the substitution of wise counsels for intemperate utterance and for possibly intemperate acts. And by wise counsels is meant the introduction into our conceptions of our national life, of many considerations which up to the present time we have ignored.

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All of us frequently hear expressions of surprise at the appearance of this disapproval, at a time when the evidences of material prosperity confront us everywhere. Yet we must not forget that, fortunately, the American people think as well as eat; and it is a hopeful sign for the future that their consciences and intellects cannot be drugged with the "full dinner-pail."

By this it is not meant to suggest that all or even the larger part of this disapproval is justified. On the contrary, much of it is superficial or manufactured by men with evil or interested motives; much of it is full of crudities. Yet, when all this is said, it remains true that at the present time there is flowing through this and other lands a great stream of influence to which—according as men variously view the contributions it has received from many sources—they have applied the several names of "discontent," "unrest," "socialism," "humanitarianism," and a "great spiritual awakening." Whatever be its proper characterization, only our folly can persuade us that this influence in the world will disappear, or that it is wise for us to wish it to disappear. On the contrary, if indications count for anything, it gains in

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depth and volume as it sweeps on, and threatens to undermine the foundations of many things whose security we have until now regarded as beyond menace. Nor, as some think, can its current be dammed; for through or over any obstruction placed in its way, it would be likely one day to rush with even more disastrous consequences. Nevertheless, what appears to many of us merely as a meaningless or destructive agency, can be utilized for good. For just as men by directing the course of mighty rivers into countless channels have turned deserts into fertile lands, so we, with this influence, can perhaps restore to usefulness the places in our national life—laid waste by selfishness, neglect, and the lack of regard for those things which concern the general welfare.

Mr. Wells does not write in despair of our future; and, despite our shortcomings—and despite his patriotic views concerning his own country, and his belief in the pre-eminence in certain directions of Germany—he inclines to the conviction that “the leadership of progress must remain with us”; and that if we fail, ours will not be an isolated failure but a failure of the realization of great ideals of all the world.

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The doubts that existed in his mind, when he came to America, were largely resolved in our favor while he was in the midst of our excitement and rush and a part of our "step-lively" brigade. But back again in his study by the sea—where he writes the last, as he wrote the first portion of his book—his doubts recur, reinforced somewhat by later reflections.

He believes, nevertheless, that true friendship is shown to the American people not by concealing but by indicating our dangers, which are many and conspicuous to the observer, who, by reflection and contemplation, sees them in their true perspective and proportions. We have not, as he points out, the problem confronting Great Britain of holding together a vast and extended empire, and, to use his language, we are not as are the other countries of Europe weighed down with the armor of war.

He sees our dangers in divers directions: in our legal entanglements, which perhaps he may emphasize too much—but in the other things he refers to that cannot be too much emphasized; in our persistent and reckless affirmation by word and deed that individual-

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ism is a thing to be worshiped; in our excessive devotion or yielding to the exacting demands of a material progress that precludes the continuous exercise of our highest intelligence and best thought; in the absence among us of a social environment that enjoins a discipline of respect for a governing class or for some appropriate substitute; and in our vast and irresponsible new immigration and in our colored population—in all these things he finds conditions requiring that the loins even of a great people like ours be girded up for a struggle, in whose issue not only we but all the world have a momentous interest.

Perhaps, on the whole, it may be said that, with his passionate belief in an intelligence which insures the irresistible progress of mankind, his conclusions concerning us are not essentially different from those of Emerson, who—though referring in plain speech to

our great sensualism, our headlong devotion to trade, our extravagant confidence in our talent and activity, which becomes, whilst successful, a scornful materialism, but with the fault, of course, that it has no depth, no reserve force to fall back upon when a reverse comes,

nevertheless believes, that with us

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there is even an inspiration, God knows whence; a sudden undated perception of eternal right coming into and correcting things that were wrong, a perception that passes through thousands as readily as through one.

Nor are his conclusions essentially different from those of Arnold that in the world at large:

in spite of all that is said about the absorbing and brutalizing influence of passionate material progress, it seems to me that this progress is likely, though not certain, to lead in the end to an apparition of intellectual life.

Fortunately for our present safety and for our future creative work in the world, we are as Mr. Wells views us, feverish with desire for trustworthy information as to our whereabouts and true destination. Though he believes that we have drifted far from our true course, he realizes that our voyage has been over unknown seas, without the possession of the delicate instruments of tradition and contemplation for the taking of observations, and without beacons on the shore to warn us of dangers. And he realizes, therefore, that we have been obliged to cover great distances in our national life by mere dead-reckoning. He does not, however, wish to conclude that we have yet made, or

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shall make, shipwreck of our own hopes and of the hopes of mankind.

Carlyle says of our harsh, cruel judgment of men who err:

Granted, the ship comes into harbor with shrouds and tackle damaged; the pilot is blameworthy; he has not been all-wise and all-powerful; but to know *how* blameworthy, tell us first whether his voyage has been round the globe or only to Ramsgate and the Isle of Dogs.

And Burns, on whose behalf he pleads, has said in verse that is immortal:

What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted.

Let us therefore not doubt that here in America, in the fullness of time, there will be reared that new State—with its realization of something akin to a perfected citizenship, and with its creed of intelligence and with altars raised to the worship of great truths and of righteousness; a State where, for offenses against the standards of right conduct, there shall be as swift a condemnation in the Court of Conscience as there is punishment for violations of criminal statutes in the courts of law; and where to the imagination of man there shall rise in

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the midst of these harmonious surroundings not a "dwarfed statue," but a noble and commanding monument to liberty, from whose lofty summit there shall for us and all the world shine forth with increasing splendor the light of a true civilization—that ideal State for which mankind has watched and prayed, and of the certain coming of which Mr. Wells and other great authors in their creative writings have given prophetic utterance.

It will be difficult indeed for the American people to discharge the great debt of gratitude they owe to Mr. Wells.

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“Well do they play the careful critic’s part,
Instructing doubly by their matchless art;
Rules for good verse they first with pains indite,
Then show us what are bad, by what they write.”

IT is idle to ignore the deep, far-reaching significance of the fact, that to-day even many well-educated persons indicate by their speech and writing an increasing indifference to anything approaching a due regard for English style. Such indifference is by no means a trivial matter; for, as a rule, a feeble, faulty style is associated not only with platitude but frequently with intellectual error, as well as with a disregard if not contempt for true culture. Perhaps, after all, Mr. Benson is correct when he says:

Very few people are on the lookout for style nowadays. The ordinary reader is quite indifferent to it, and the ordinary critic is quite unaware of what it is. The public are on the lookout for amusement; they want a thrill of some kind, an emotional thrill

¹ Published in *The North American Review* of June, 1907.

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by preference; and the critic who has been reared mostly on fiction, and who has very little acquaintance with classical literature, is really on the lookout for effectiveness. . . . The mistake is to think that there is much intellectual or artistic feeling abroad. There have been nations by whom, and periods when these things were valued; there have even been periods in our own national history, but this is not one. Indeed, the appreciation of intellectual and artistic excellence has distinctly decreased in the last fifty years; and probably the reason why there is a lack of great writers is that we do not at present want them. We want a sparkling heady beverage, not an old fragrant mellow vintage. It is an age of cigarettes, champagne, golf, motors—brisk, active, lively, brief things—not an age of reflection or repose.

In speaking of our intolerance of any supervisory body like the French Academy, Matthew Arnold says:

We like to be suffered to lie comfortably in the old straw of our habits, particularly of intellectual habits, even though the straw may not be very clean and fine.

If mindful of our duty and even of our interest, we must not be content until we have done what lies in our power to correct such deplorable conditions; and especially in America are we charged with this responsibility. We have many magazines which provide entertainment, along with their pages of advertisements of

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wares and nostrums, but we give inadequate support to only one or two publications of a high order of literary excellence; and articles of distinct merit even in these are not by any means the rule. We can measure the extent of such a loss when we consider that volumes and volumes on our library shelves, constituting a priceless part of our literature, represent merely contributions to the magazines of the authors' day. It is a long catalogue of splendid names, among which are to be numbered those of Carlyle, Macaulay, Addison, Arnold, Stevens and Johnson.

It is at best doubtful whether our universities are doing their share of the work of correction. From the curriculums of some, the ancient classics—with all their qualifications for intellectual training and for the inculcation of an understanding and love of what is true style—have to a great extent been omitted. Our universities are teaching many things; but just how much of what they are teaching can be fairly regarded as a substitute, even if there be any substitute for that which has thus been omitted, is quite another question.

Apparently, a special department for the

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teaching of English will not suffice. President Thwing of the Western Reserve University says, in a late number of *The North American Review*:

Oxford has no special chair devoted to the training of students in the art of English composition. For thirty years and more, the American College has been emphasizing this department and form of instruction. The Oxford system presupposes that the writing of English is an art and a science in which it is a duty of every instructor to give tuition. The department is not a department. It does not represent segregations. It must be confessed that the results of the two systems seem to favor the Oxford interpretation and method. One comprehensive deficiency of the American system is found in the lack of a sense of style which most of the writing done by American students shows.

So keen an observer as Mr. Howells, in one of his recent books, contrasts the "slovenliness" of speech of the best type of the American undergraduate with "the beauty of utterance" of the Oxford student.

It is doubtless true that to our over-devotion to the exacting demands of trade and commerce, and to neglect in the home circle and in the preparatory school, is to be traced much of our indifference to English style, and therefore to culture. Yet, in the opinion of those qualified

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to speak authoritatively on the subject, some of our great educational institutions are blameworthy and must accept their share of the responsibility. It is not presumptuous, therefore, for one—with only such information on the subject as is possessed by persons of ordinary education—to call attention to existing methods, which neither meet with the approval of the observant scholar nor accomplish the desired results.

Moreover, not only does the Oxford student speak the English language better than the American student, but the graduate of our prominent universities not a score of years ago spoke it with a grace and precision, compared with which the conversation of many a graduate of the present day is a close approach to a kind of jargon. There has been of late years a distinct decadence in literary expression. With our undue striving after “practical” things and results, we have established in some of our universities the form of a drill or routine instruction for the writing of correct English, but apparently we are content with the form. And it is at best doubtful whether appropriate prominence has been given to the development of a love for English literature.

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It is not meant by this statement to suggest that text-books on rhetoric can be dispensed with; quite the contrary. The text-books, however, should be those which, both by precept and example, teach correct principles and which do not consist merely of a series of ungraceful, though correct directions, strung together as rigid rules. They must be books that are the product of the scholars' effort, calculated to persuade the student to turn to the page of literature where he may find not only the model for expression but much of the joy of living. The standard works on rhetoric accomplish this result and are not lightly to be cast aside; and if any new treatise is to be written, it must supplement these works and not attempt to supplant them.

The whole subject receives a fresh interest by reason of the issue from the publication office of one of our foremost Universities, of a pamphlet containing, among other things, illustrations of errors in the writings of English by students applying for admission to its academic department. Many of the examples given, it is true, are sorry exhibitions, though some of them do not deserve the censure they receive. But,

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while it is made abundantly clear that there are students incapable of writing anything approaching graceful, forceful English, a cursory examination of the pamphlet discloses the fact that more than one sentence of its authors cannot be said to be above reproach.

The chief significance of the pamphlet, however, lies in the fact that it goes out of its way to commend a work on *English Composition* by the Professor of English Literature in this University—considered sufficiently meritorious to justify its recent re-publication by a well-known publishing-house, and its use there as a text-book.

It is of deep import, therefore, not only to the instructor and the student, but also to the general reader, to know whether this book by a Professor of English Literature in this representative University—who is himself sufficiently prominent to have been selected to deliver a course of lectures on literary subjects at Oxford and Paris—is entitled to be regarded as an authority on English composition. If it ought not to be so regarded, then we should endeavor to arrive at a correct estimate of the merits of such a book—uninfluenced in our

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judgment, by its authorship, its commendation, or the use to which it is devoted.

For, as has been said by Mr. Moon in his masterpiece of criticism, *The Dean's English* :

By influential example it is that languages are molded into whatever form they take; therefore, according as example is for good or for evil, so will a language gain in strength, sweetness, precision, and elegance, or will become weak, harsh, unmeaning, and barbarous.

And Macaulay says, in defense of his rather merciless review of Robert Montgomery's poems, that

The opinion of the great body of the reading public is very materially influenced even by the unsupported assertions of those who assume the right to criticize.

Inasmuch as its author has shown by some of his literary work that he is not without the ability to present a subject attractively, it would be reasonable to expect that this work on *English Composition* would be a worthy publication, and compare favorably with the standard books of rhetoric, and even with treatises on style by distinguished men of letters. Yet it can be confidently stated that one is wholly disappointed in this reasonable expectation; that neither for its precept nor

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for its example is the book justly entitled to be commended, and that in it are found emphasized many objectionable methods of imparting instruction in English composition. The most indifferent writing seems to be good enough for this book.

A number of new definitions are attempted, but these are neither particularly happy nor comprehensive. Along with some rather solemn insistence upon principles, the correctness of which is generally conceded, we find a certain finality in statements concerning things about which men have agreed there may be a justifiable difference of opinion; while many obvious facts are described in detail, as if the author were announcing to the world an important intellectual discovery. We find crudities, inaccuracies, mistakes of grammar and exhibitions of at least questionable scholarship. There are also some enigmatical observations as to the art of writing; but, as Mr. John Morley has said, "a platitude is not turned into a profundity by being dressed up as a conundrum."

There is little in the book indicating an abounding charity or even a fair consideration for the views of others; and men and

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things displeasing to the author are treated with scant courtesy. He says that particularly journalists, along "with most of us, generally speak or write hastily, without leisure to consider details of style." There are, however, in the city of New York several newspapers, in which no editorial—so loosely and so inartistically put together as is the greater part of this book—will ever be found. Legal language is referred to as associated with "bewildering, slovenly masses of words." Yet the brief of many a trained advocate at the Bar of New York is written with more idiomatic, graceful, forceful English than is characteristic of this book.

Wendell Phillips, whose name is found high on the roll of great orators, is called "the cleverest of our oratorical tricksters." Of Emerson the author says, "Emerson's indubitable obscurity to ordinary readers I take to be a matter of actual thought." The following sentence, quoted by the author in support of this assertion—which it may be said in passing is itself by no means free from ambiguity—he "fails to understand at all":

The simplest person who in his integrity worships God becomes God; yet forever and ever the influx

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of this better and universal self is new and unsearchable.

As we read on in *English Composition* we shall have cause to wonder what would have been the result if the author had undertaken to re-state the great spiritual truth expressed by Emerson in such simple, impressive words.

There are long rambling references to things which are at least trivial. On pages 35, 36, and 37, in the discussion of the sentences "Nero killed Agrippina" and "*Nero interfecit Agrippinam*"—with the commentary, among other things, that it is the convenient final "m" which "does Agrippina's business"—as in the discussion on pages 107, 108, and 109 of the sentence—"I started up and a scream was heard," with its variations "I started up and screamed" and "I started up with a scream,"—it is made clear *ad nauseam* that the most obvious conclusions are defensible.

Fought all his battles o'er again
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And thrice he slew the slain.

Much of the treatment of the subject cannot be said to be on a very elevated plane. We

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are told about "our present business," "our next business," "the chief part of our business"; "the matter in hand," "the chief matter in hand," and "the real matter in hand." Things "at bottom" are of this or that character; the writer's art is a "trade with tricks"; we have "pieces of style" as well as "pieces of writing" and "pieces of literature"; "clauses are thrown into grammatical form"; words are "pitched upon," and ideas are referred to as "packed," not only within prose sentences, but into exquisite lines of verse.

Even in quotations by the author we find inaccuracy.

On page 295 we read, "No man is great to his body-servant, you remember." No one remembers this. What we do remember is that "No man is a hero to his valet," a fairly accurate translation of a French line. In speaking of Emerson, the author says on page 208: "Consistency, if I remember aright, he somewhere declares to be the chief vice of little minds." The author did not remember aright. What Emerson wrote was that "A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds."

The following statement is fairly typical of

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some of the attempts to deal in a scholarly method with the subject of English composition (pages 56 and 58):

Etymology, in short, is a most interesting study or pastime; and the history of this *potpourri* of an English of ours make the fit words for simple ideas—ideas of fighting, for example, or of spontaneous aspiration—chiefly Saxon in their origin; but the same history makes the fit words for more contemplative ideas—ideas of literary criticism, for example, or of deliberate mediation—chiefly Latin. . . . Big words are apt to be Latin, and little to be Saxon; *acknowledge* and *damn* to the contrary notwithstanding.

To condemn any such statement, we do not need to contrast it with the language of the scholar, as found in books like *Words and Their Ways in English Speech*, by Professors Greenough and Kittredge of Harvard. In comparison with even the common knowledge possessed by all persons reasonably well informed as to the genesis of English speech, the statement quoted lacks seriousness.

On pages 282 and 283 there is a discussion as to the choice of the word "Elegance" for the title of one of the chapters of the book. The use of this obvious word needed no defense, and as matter of fact, the author admits he adopted

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the three divisions of his subject, "Clearness, Force, and Elegance," from Professor Adams S. Hill's book. The author, however, insists on justifying his choice of the word Elegance by a reference to what is termed its derivation from "*ex*" and "*lego*," which he says "mean literally to pick out, to choose from among some great mass of things the one thing that shall best serve our purpose, etc." The author by such a method could have justified for the title of his chapter the use of "Election," which with propriety can be said to be derived from "*ex*" and "*lego*." The fact is that our word "elegance" is probably traceable directly or indirectly to the Latin "*elegans*," to which was already attached its figurative meaning, before it was adopted into our language. And "*elegans*" was not derived from the verb "*lego*" of Latin literature, but from an obsolete verb of the first conjugation. The whole discussion, absolutely and relatively, is misleading.

Such resort to etymology, though often essential, is at times of little aid in determining the precise meaning which usage attaches to words. Mr. Marsh in his *Lectures on the English Language*, and Mr. Greenough and Mr. Kit-

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tredge, in their book before referred to, have an emphatic condemnation of "such false linguistic doctrine."

On page 46 there is this sentence:

And I know that there are few more unidiomatic absurdities than those of the gentlemen who insist on spelling Alfred Aelfred, and Virgil with an *e*, and otherwise on impairing that irrational spontaneous variety which people who love English know to be one of its most subtle charms.

That such a peculiarity in spelling has anything to do with an "idiomatic absurdity" will be news to most persons; and, in the thoughts of some unamiable reader, the author's rather flippant assumption of superiority to such scholars as insist that "Vergil" is a correct spelling, may well seem to border on a kind of arrogance.

The expression "it is me" is defended as idiomatic, and "it is I" announced to be pedantic. The distinction in the use of the auxiliary verbs *shall* and *will* is by no means forcibly or fully stated.

While it is true that some accepted rules of writing are correctly set forth, they are found as well, if not better, expressed by other authors; and perhaps it may not be unfair to

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say as to this part of the book, what Webster said of the principles of the Free-Soil party:

I have read their platform, and though I think there are some unsound places in it, I can stand upon it pretty well; but I see nothing in it both new and valuable: what is valuable is not new, and what is new is not valuable.

When, however, we consider the style of the book, it is exceptional to find sentences that are not censurable for their feeble or ungraceful structure; and the quotations which follow—reproduced as printed, except that words are italicized in order to emphasize errors—are selected from among similar sentences almost at random.

The methods which, after a reflection of ten years, the author adopts and recommends for intellectual production are, to say the least, novel; some persons might pronounce them not serious.

On separate bits of paper—cards, if they be at hand—I write down the separate headings that occur to me, in what seems to me the natural order. Then, when my little pack of cards is complete—in other words, when I have a card for every heading which I think of—I study them and sort them almost as deliberately as I should sort a hand at whist; and it has very rarely been my experience to find

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that a shift of arrangement will not decidedly improve the original order. . . . A few minutes' shuffling of these little cards has often revealed to me more than I should have learned by hours of unaided pondering.

There are, however, other methods, for on page 211 we read:

My method of clearing my ideas is by no means the only one. I have known people who could do it best by talking; by putting somebody in [*sic*] a comfortable chair and making him listen to their efforts to discover what they really think.

Certainly the listener undergoing such an ordeal is entitled to a comfortable chair; for the people intent on clarifying their ideas might all talk at once.

Much of the presentation of the subject is loose and disjointed. A slothful method, or bearing in mind the pack of cards used by the author, one is tempted to say a shuffling method, is characteristic of much of the writing.

On page 120 we have an example of what is considered good English:

A *sentence* which on analysis proves *sensible* is generally *good English*. By the same token, a *paragraph sensibly* composed is beyond cavil a *good paragraph*.

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To it should be added this sentence from page 35:

A style that sticks together is coherent; a style whose parts hang loose is not;

and also the following intellectual nugget from page 193:

In the first place, any *piece* of style appeals to the *understanding*; we *understand* it, or we do not *understand* it, or we are doubtful whether we *understand* it or not; in other words, it has an intellectual quality.

Sentence after sentence will be found ending with "what not" and "and so on," long before the expression of the thought has approached completion. For instance, on page 112 we read:

As I utter these words in combination, the pronoun calls up certain individualities of face and form and manner and dress, *and what not*.

On page 167 we read:

There may be living occasional individuals who have resisted the impulse to skip the endless lucubrations of Dyrasdust *and what not*; but I do not remember having met one.

On page 89 we read:

I have said enough, I hope, to show that the *fundamental difference* between periodic sentences and loose is about the same as the *fundamental dif-*

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ferences we discussed between *different* kinds of words,—Latin and Saxon, big and little, *and so on*; it is a *difference* of effect.

On pages 76, 125, 128, and 190 we have more of these “and so ons.”

Clearly, the reader is entitled to know the author’s meaning, and not be foreclosed of information by these meaningless “what nots” and “and so ons.” There is about as much propriety in this kind of writing, as there was in the announcement of the country minister who—after reading from Genesis of the genealogy of the patriarchs, how Adam begat Seth and Seth begat sons and daughters—summed up the remainder of the chapter, by the rather novel and yet comprehensive assertion: “And so they kept on begetting to the end of the chapter.”

Here are illustrations of favorite but quite indefensible expressions distributed throughout the book:

Are not short sentences preferable to long? What long sentences are, and short, I leave to your common sense; what anybody can perceive needs no definition (page 89).

From this, two or three conclusions follow, sometimes laid down as distinct rules. Obviously a short sentence is less apt to stray out of unity than a long; a periodic than a loose (page 98).

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If our object be to ramble, then not to ramble were to blunder; but in general our object is to produce a definite effect and not a nebulous (page 162).

Perhaps the simplest way to show the superiority of carefully planned work to carelessly, is to compare, etc. (page 181).

Repetition of the same words is persisted in, as in one of the sentences just quoted, when its avoidance is required by euphony and the rules of graceful writing. We read:

And the *more* you analyze **your** impressions of style the *more* you will find, unless your experience differs surprisingly from *most*, that, etc. (page 8).

In a book on rhetoric I lately read is a long *quotation* from some respectable *man of letters* concerning what the career of a *man of letters* ought to be; and at the end of the *quotation* he who *quotes* writes thus (page 205).

The following quotation is from the chapter on "Elegance":

And whoever should say that passionate writing cannot have the trait before us now—the *quality* that pleases the taste—as well as the intellectual *quality* clearness, and the emotional *quality* force, would obviously say something that would make his *notion* of the *quality* very different from the *notion* I am trying to lay before you.

Perhaps a frivolous and provincial person might say by way of paradox that this sentence lacks "quality."

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On page 71, there is this paragraph:

It is not what it seemed at first—simply to *pitch* upon a word by which good use has agreed with reasonable approximation to *name* the idea he wishes to *arouse*. *It is equally, if not more, to make sure that the word he chooses shall not only name the idea distinctly enough to identify it, but also name it by a name—if such a name is to be found—which shall arouse, etc.*

We can all recall from the great books of literature the impressive and often electric effect of judicious repetition, but it is of a different quality from that so lavishly displayed in *English Composition*.

Throughout the book the relative pronoun “that” is over and over again used to excess, where the employment of “which” is demanded by good usage or euphony. Evidently the author has determined to deny “The humble petition of WHO and WHICH,” against being supplanted by the “jack-sprat THAT,” so engagingly urged by Steele in *The Spectator*.

There are attempts like the following to contribute to the sum of our knowledge. On page 32 is this sentence:

What distinguishes *written words* from *spoken*, literature from the colloquial language that precedes

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it, is that *written words* address themselves to the eye and *spoken words* to the ear. Though this fundamental physical fact has been neglected by the makers of text-books, I know *few* more important.

While not overlooking the unhappy form of the statement, it may be said that the fact referred to has not been neglected by the makers of text-books, if by the "makers of text-books" we are warranted in guessing that the author meant to describe the writers of books on Rhetoric and Composition. And having in mind the well-known lines of *Ars Poetica*, one may add that the oft-pointed-out distinction is as old as Horace and the hills.

On page 209 we have the following:

To be clear in narrative, or in exposition, or in argument, or in any kind of discourse whatever, we must evidently *proceed* from what is known to what is unknown; and if at any point in this *process* we permit our style to become vague or ambiguous or obscure — in other words, *so to express ourselves* either that our meaning may *rationaly* be mistaken or that we may *rationaly* be supposed to have no meaning at all — we may resign ourselves, etc.

Aside from its exhibition of the characteristic faults of the author, the paragraph is censurable in construction, for the "so to express ourselves" is inadmissible. The context makes it

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necessary to say "if we so express ourselves," etc.

There are many sentences containing an ingenious variety of infelicities in the choice and use of words, fatal to a correct and pleasing style; but lack of space forbids more than a passing reference to them.

On page 47 we read:

Touching this subject in some lectures at college I *took up* a package of undergraduate themes.

Not a very artistic "touch" certainly!

On page 69 we read:

Just such misunderstanding as any of us can see would *arise* here, *underlies* by far the greater part of what disputes come to my knowledge.

On page 163 is this sentence:

Or should he take us to Washington, and tell us how the troops *marched out* and how all manner of rumors began to *come in*.

Then, too, an indefensible order of words produces at times an effect almost grotesque.

On page 94 we read:

Of course, these few examples indicate the development of style in a very rough way.

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On page 23, the italics being the author's, we read:

I noticed a dirty *gamin*, writes a student; and another, using a word now confined at Harvard College to a street urchin, describes the same small boy as a *mucker*.

Perhaps one may suggest that the confinement has not been very rigorous; for clearly the word has broken jail and is enjoying its liberty in street-talk and sometimes elsewhere.

On page 181 are these sentences:

They are not *rules* like *rules* of grammar, the violation of which is positive error, and the observance of which must be *rigid*; they are general principles of conduct, the disregard of which may very probably lead us astray. To state them to ourselves too *rigidly* is to make masters of what should be our servants, and to produce work whose effect is fatally *frigid*.

On pages 185 and 186 the following:

Even the *best* literary artists cannot see their way to the *best* form in which their *work* may be *cast* without a good deal of *preliminary* experiment. In the act of composition this *preliminary* placing and the *preliminary* failures it involves are perhaps the longest and most tedious part of the *work*.

A person would not be over-fastidious or hypercritical if, in addition to his censure of the

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tautology of the last quotation, he should comment unfavorably on the use of language, which shows a disposition to transform authors into printers.

On page 104 there is this paragraph:

I believe, however, that coherence of sentence is dependent on one of three pretty simple *general* devices; that all the rules I have found to guide us toward it will fall under one of the broadly *general* ones. By stating these and briefly discussing each in turn, I can certainly *treat* the subject with more decision (*sic*) than otherwise.

It is not hypercritical to insist that one may not treat a subject but must treat *of* a subject. It is apparent too that the author did not intend to state that by the method adopted he could discuss his subject "with more decision than otherwise," but merely to state that he could thus discuss it with more decision than would otherwise be possible. Moreover, it is reasonably clear from the context that the author failed to express his real thought by the use of the word "decision."

Here is a sentence of infinite variety on page 136:

The *moment* when it is perfectly easy to disentangle from the riotous thicket of *thought* and *emotion* we

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all know within ourselves the exact *thoughts* and *emotions* whose mutual relations as well as whose independent selves shall serve our purpose of imparting to readers what we have in mind, is a *moment* that to most of us never comes.

There are readers who will doubtless insist that they can guess what this sentence means, and who can assent in part to its accuracy; though it will be news to some of them that the personified thicket of thought is convivial even to the extent of disorder.

On page 33 we are edified with this rather surprising statement:

Or again, remark a fact that is becoming in my literary studies comically general: familiar quotations from celebrated books are almost always to be found at the beginning or the end. "Music hath charms" are the opening words of Congreve's *Mourning Bride*. Don Quixote fights with the windmill very early in the first volume; he dies with the remark that there are no birds in *last* year's nests near the end of the *last*.

The advice to the shoemaker to "stick to his last" does not work well when applied literally in authorship.

On page 183 we are regaled with the following, which is on a parallel with the rather startling statement of Mr. Isaac D'Israeli that "The

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beaux of that day used the abominable art of painting their faces, as well as the women."

Perhaps the cleverest variation of all is that by which such treason to a friend as *makes* Proteus odious is *made*, simply by attributing it to Helena, a woman, a very venial matter.

Mr. Choate, with inimitable humor, dismissed woman's claim of equality to man, by his altogether convincing remark, that woman at best was originally merely a "side issue." It was reserved for the author of *English Composition* to suggest that woman continues to be "a very venial matter."

The author, on page 247, after having spoken at some length on figures of speech, adds:

The first trait in them to which I would call your attention is that, far from being artificial *creatures* of a finished civilization, they lie *at the root* of all language in its primitive form.

Then, after some not very illuminating writing, this follows:

These few examples are typical of such use of figures among educated people as has led so many good teachers to advise pupils to use no figures at all.

While it is true that "figure" may mean figure of speech, the context must make it

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abundantly clear that the word is not used in its literal sense. Failure to do this is rather ridiculously apparent in the following quotation:

I might go on endlessly, from Dante, from Shakespeare, and from thousands of the lesser masters, showing figures such as every lover of letters must be glad to have.

And just as figures of speech become with the author merely "figures," so the elements of style become merely "the elements," and we are vouchsafed this information—a little more applicable, one would think, to the world of physics than to the world of letters:

Force, then, just as surely as clearness, must be sought and sought only in the elements.

With the following sentences, which embody much that is typical of the author's style, and which are themselves a fitting commentary on *English Composition*, the limit of quotations for a magazine article will have been reached.

All the carelessness of habitual speech and *writing* rarely suffices to make a *note* of *something* recent by any means as indistinct as a *note* of the same *thing* after an interval. While sometimes a mere *matter* of style, vagueness is oftener an actual *matter* of thought. In a *general* way, a vague *writer* does not

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know what he wants to say, and so *generally says something* that may mean a great many different things.

The author, properly enough as one will see who inspects it, has acknowledged his obligations to the text-book of Professor Hill, in which are printed side by side many examples of incorrect and correct sentences. To this text-book could be added no inconsiderable supplement, devoted entirely to the reconstruction of faulty sentences from *English Composition*. For such use the author may properly claim that he has written an acceptable work, entitled to an extended circulation:

*Ergo fungar vice cotis, acutum
Reddere quae ferrum valet exors ipsa secandi.*

It can be said without exaggeration, that the foregoing sentences are fairly illustrative of the unfortunate methods employed in this book. In the true sense it cannot be said to have any style at all. Errors in scores of its sentences are apparent even to the most inexperienced writer, and it is the exception to find thoughts expressed with either grace or vigor. Even in the quality of clearness, the book is full of transgressions, while to the precision and

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niceties and beauty of the English language it seems quite oblivious. Yet at this University, which prides itself upon its method of instruction in the study of our language, *English Composition* is commended by its faculty and used as a text-book. In one of our great institutions of learning, therefore, the judgment of Addison that no critical writer "has ever pleased or been looked upon as authentic, who did not show by his practice that he was master of the theory" seems obsolete. And the pity of it all is, the author has made it clear by his other publications that he could doubtless have written a worthy book on English composition.

Sed quis custodiet ipsos custodes?

Assuredly the time has come for the educated people of the community, to express in no uncertain voice their disapproval of the conditions which make such a publication possible. In the possession of what Emerson terms our great metropolitan English speech and of our English literature, we are the trustees of an invaluable possession. It is our duty and our privilege to transmit it at least undisfigured and unimpaired to succeeding generations; while the few that are fitted for the task are bound

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to do what lies in their power, to increase that possession in volume and in charm.

It is to be feared, however, that we are unable to render a very creditable account of our stewardship, and that our indifference to literature and to culture is but a symptom of much that is of evil import. As we have been directing our restless energy toward commercial supremacy, made possible by laws perhaps too prodigal in their stimulus to industry, we have cast out of our life much of its composure and its true rewards. We have failed often to discern the relative importance of things, or to appraise them at their real value; we have even fallen short of many duties we owe to our neighbor and to the State. As we have grown fat with material prosperity, we have starved ourselves intellectually and spiritually; and it will profit us much to exchange some present-day aims and results for a few old-fashioned standards of ideals and of conduct.

Then, too, if it be not yet taught from the pulpit, it is beginning to be believed by some thoughtful persons, that in the divine order of the world there never has been and never will be a place for the intervention of miracle or

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accident. And it is reasonably certain that new beliefs and readjustments will enter into our religious faith, and that we must seek out some compensation for the consequent loss. More and more as these thoughts are brought home to us, the great books of literature, of which the Bible is supreme—whether we regard their never-failing springs of intellectual joy, their tireless search for truth and beauty, their deep insight into the perplexing problems of the world, or their conception of righteousness—should come to occupy a revered place and assert a controlling influence in our lives.

Nor ought we to consider our higher education complete until a just appreciation of what is best in the ancient classic authors has become part of it. As Mr. Woodrow Wilson said in his inaugural address as President of Princeton University:

The classical literature gives us, in tones and with an authentic accent we can nowhere else hear, the thoughts of an age we cannot visit. They contain airs of a time not our own, unlike our own, and yet its foster parent. To these things was the modern thinking world first bred. In them speaks a time naïve, pagan, an early morning day when men looked upon the earth while it was fresh, untrodden by crowding thought, an age when the mind moved as

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it were without prepossessions and with an unsophisticated, childlike curiosity, a season apart during which those seats upon the Mediterranean seem the first seats of thoughtful men. We shall not anywhere else get a substitute for it. The modern mind has been built upon that culture and there is no authentic equivalent.

We must promote these tendencies unless we are prepared to witness consequences that are for the benefit neither of ourselves nor of the Republic; and to promote them we must be intolerant of such books as *English Composition*, which with their confusion of expression persuade no one to a love and a reverence for letters.

For that which distinguishes great authors above their contemporaries is the style of their work. That which gives even to Shakespeare his "surpassing excellence" is not only that intellectually he was more perfectly equipped than all the goodly company of which he was a part, but also that he wrote with a nobility and splendor of expression which made him "not of an age, but for all time."

Great thoughts and great emotions find their true interpretation, and are made manifest in the infinite variety of the style of illustrious,

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creative minds, as the several strings of a musical instrument are waked to harmony by the touch of the master. Style is not something separate and apart from the written word, any more than in the conception of the devout worshiper, is God Himself a being outside of and aloof from the throbbing life of His universe; style is not mere ornamentation and adornment of the uttered thought, but its very soul. And it finds eloquent and persuasive voice, only when, as though within a great temple, men consecrate themselves to the spirit of culture.

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THE assertion so frequently made that we have a too sensational Press is, in a measure, doubtless correct. Yet so long as we continue to have sensations to record, it is perhaps idle to expect, and it may be unwise for us to desire, any marked change in the character of news published. Though all of us when abroad enjoy the great London dailies—with their attractive appearance and admirable presentation of matters of general interest to the whole English-speaking world—we may not always consider, why it is that the columns of a London and a New York newspaper of equal prominence, so often exhibit such striking if not startling contrasts.

If quite frank with ourselves, we must recognize that there is much less occasion there than here for the publication of sensational news. Embarrassing as may be the admission, it is

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nevertheless true that we have not, to the same extent as have the English, an underlying regard for law and order in relation to what we are pleased to term petty offenses, with which the sensational item so frequently deals. And we do not, therefore, as is done in England, see to it that they are disposed of as matters of primary importance.

An incident at an important conference recently held at the country home of a distinguished Englishman, many miles from London, may serve as an extreme illustration of this distinction. A member of the nobility, and also well known "in the City," who was among those taking part in the conference, made it quite clear to all present, except an American, that his absence from one of the discussions was imperative—because he was obliged to appear to press a complaint at Scotland Yard against a cab-driver that had overcharged him. What in such a case is the rule in England, would be the exception in this country.

By this it is not intended to suggest that vast problems are not being solved by us for the advancement of the world, for the contrary is true. One must be indeed blind who does

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not see that this country, in humanitarian acts—which elsewhere seem meager and grudging by comparison—and in high purpose and achievement, is justifying the hope of mankind in the experiment of a democracy. But, as we move forward to our great accomplishment, we in a sense disregard and frequently do not even unfavorably comment upon these many minor transgressions—apparently content that for the time being they should be merely elbowed out of the way by the larger and more urgent affairs of our life. Nevertheless, we shall be unwise if we close our eyes to the possible consequences of permitting even them to go too long uncorrected, lest by and by they grow into accepted precedents for much wrongdoing.

That we shall in the end deal summarily with petty as well as with grave offenses, and make graft and greed synonymous in the public estimation with criminal acts, all who read aright our history are entitled to expect. Meanwhile until these reforms are brought about, there should be no precipitate conclusion that the Press is too censurable for its vigorous methods of presenting some rather

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seamy sides of our progress. We can often be more profitably employed in considering whether, in the mirror thus held up, there may not be presented a more or less accurate, though it be a discouraging, reflection of men and things as they are to-day.

It is not meant by this statement to applaud the unnecessary prominence often given to unwholesome news, and to the theatric comings and goings of many persons, whose whereabouts and performances, one would think, were of little or no moment in the world. Such a practice does more than make a newspaper page uninviting, for it may even give rise to much misconception concerning the community which tolerates it. The City of New York, in the opinion of many another section of this country, is a hot-bed of things of at least frivolous growth, instead of standing for what it really is, a creditable monument to the character and culture and worthy deeds of the great body of its citizens. And this impression is due, more than to anything else, to the inference capable of being drawn from many newspaper accounts that the casual, contemptible outcropping of misconduct is largely typical of the ways of life here. And

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if the reader be too inert or perhaps indisposed to draw this inference, the editor often gladly volunteers to do it for him. But of all this the present article presents no extended discussion.

Another phase of journalism, however, to be deeply regretted by all thoughtful persons, is the harsh and undeserved criticism to which men of character and distinction are often subjected in the news item as well as in the editorial column. Whether the injustice be deliberate or merely the result of a kind of flippancy or indifference, injury is done to the individual by subjecting him to humiliation, and to the community by destroying or at least chilling his ardor for further effort. Moreover, such a course if persisted in cannot fail to lessen the influence of the Press in an emergency calling for legitimate reproof or denunciation. There are times when there is some excuse for the exaggerated statement that scarcely anyone prominent in public or private life seems safe from this kind of reproach. Even a President of the United States encounters it; a member of Congress, with much to his credit as a legislator, if he be, so to speak, too aggressively progres-

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sive, may find himself classed among demagogues; and the upright man of affairs, that does not hesitate to give liberally of his time and resources for the public welfare, may, on slight provocation, come to be *persona non grata* to the newspaper.

Even those representative newspapers, which exhibit in their editorial columns a vigor and charm of style, the very reverse of the slovenly writing appearing in many a magazine article and not a few books of the day—and which maintain an attitude toward better civic conditions, in refreshing contrast with what we at times are called upon to witness elsewhere—are now and then guilty of the rough rebuke of men deserving at most only temperate criticism. Or if it be not rough rebuke, it is an inconsiderate ridicule quite as damaging, if not more so. It is not easy, even if it be possible, to account for this tendency, but the habit acquired in the rather lurid presentation of the sensations of the day has undoubtedly a good deal to do with it. Still, the newspaper proprietor is a merchant, giving to the people what they demand or are willing to put up with; and if he forgets this, his memory is promptly

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jogged from the counting-room or the circulation department. So it may well be that we as readers have our distinct share of responsibility in the matter. For having indulged ourselves so long on the highly-seasoned mental food provided by the newspaper—together with a goodly admixture of the cleverly told salacious story and the questionable but well-presented play—perhaps we are no longer satisfied with simple, old-fashioned nourishment. If the *tu quoque* retort be made, that many of us in private conversation are prone to express unamiable and unfair judgments about our fellow-men, we may concede the point to be well taken. But we can at least reply that the harm thus done within a limited circle is relatively negligible, compared with what results when the editor of a great metropolitan journal errs in his appeal to the vast audience which he addresses and so unmistakably influences. With the momentous privilege of his high calling he has correspondingly momentous obligations; and a frame inclosing a card on which *Noblesse Oblige* was conspicuously printed would not be an inappropriate addition to the rules and regulations of more than one editorial sanctum.

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It could properly enough be a substitute for a list of the excommunicated, provided the wall-space be already fully occupied.

If it be not feasible to have the list dispensed with altogether, at least there would be a likelihood of some erasures from it, if the editor could be induced to have a referendum of the matter (which would be much more defensive than the political referendum some of us are shouting so loudly for just now) to the books of literature that can give us chart and compass and the sure and steady light, whereby we may find the true course for just criticism. They are not, however, books written by the cynic but by authors that come to have a kindly and yet practical understanding of the "rule of reason" which should govern us in our judgments and conduct, quite as much as it does in the interpretation of statutes. There is no need of quoting from such authors, or even to call the long roll of their illustrious names. The reassuring voice of Horace still speaks for them all, during these days of illogical extremes, in that inimitable Satire which pleads for discrimination in censure, with many a delightful variation of the theme:

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Adsit,
Regula, peccatis quæ pœnas irroget æquas
Ne scutica dignum horribili sectere flagello.

In the event that this suggestion of a search for the judicial frame of mind be rejected by the editor, it might, after a fashion, serve the purpose if, before starting with the ominous scratch of his pen, he consent to surrender himself to the spirit of such rollicking but subtle lines as those of Gilbert in "The Mikado"—outlining some methods by which punishment may be made to fit the crime. Or if neither alternative be acceptable, certainly recourse to the homely injunction of Jefferson—when angry count ten; if very angry a hundred—should be of some avail in allaying any exuberant editorial wrath.

Sometimes this very pronounced displeasure of the newspaper seems to be merely a form of survival of the obsolete stump oratory, which was usually regarded as a failure when the adversary was not well pommeled. At other times it has only the excuse, that the person criticized may have been guilty of a venial mistake or shortcoming. The Autocrat of the Editorial Council, high up above the earth, is

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apparently unwilling on occasions to admit—as we who toil in the streets are not infrequently called upon to do—that the man of distinction in public and private life, as well as the man of business, has a balance-sheet with its debits as well as credits. When the balance is struck, condemnation should not follow merely because entries are found on the debit side, but the test should be whether the balance is on the wrong or on the right side. If on the right side the man is honored, and if on the wrong side, he is classed with the unworthy. And it may appropriately be added that much of existence becomes intolerable, unless we are sufficiently rational to recognize that there is the saving grace of time and conduct—whereby we may interpret not only the former deeds of men, but their motives which are so often elusive.

The impressive chapter and verse are not wanting with which to fortify the foregoing statements.

We have just passed through a very acrimonious controversy over the election of a United States Senator from New York. Without entering into any discussion as to the relative fitness of the two candidates, Mr.

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Sheehan and Mr. Shepard, it is quite safe to say that the incident presented a painful object-lesson of the newspaper criticism referred to. Each candidate was respected by his acquaintances. And any question as to the personal character of either ought in large measure to have been set at rest by the number and the character of the friendships he was permitted to enjoy, and the general regard in which he was held by the community. It was the good fortune of Mr. Shepard not only to escape criticism, but to be eulogized, though as we shall be reminded in a moment, he had a wholly different experience a few years before.

The respective qualifications of the two men were fairly presented by some of our newspapers; but in others, the reiterated insistence upon the unfitness of Mr. Sheehan for the office to which he was legitimately seeking election, came as a shock to his many friends and to all who knew him. There seemed to be little or no end of the hard usage to which he was subjected, though after the noise and excitement of the controversy subsided, few could be found who were not of the opinion that it was unjust and indefensible. Naturally enough this was

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so, for "the very head and front of his offending" was that, in his early political career he had perhaps been over-zealous, not in his personal interest be it remembered, but in the service of his party, for which his attachment has always been an unselfish, passionate, untiring devotion. And that devotion on more than one occasion, even against the remonstrance of his intimate associates, has gone so far as to make inroads upon his strength and health.

We have a more forcible illustration of the tendency referred to, in Mr. Shepard's candidacy for the Mayoralty of the city of New York in 1901, that incurred the even greater hostility of the Press. For the newspapers themselves in this instance, if not in so many words yet by a complete change of front have made acknowledgment of their error. There can be little or no serious claim that the treatment of Mr. Shepard was justified, since the same newspapers said one thing of him then and quite another when he was a candidate for the Senatorship, and at the time of his death,—though admittedly he was in point of character and reputation in 1901 what he was in 1911. He had not meanwhile done anything, and had not

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been required to do anything, to bring about this reversal of opinion.

Nor was the tribute the newspapers have just paid to his intellectual attainments and worth as a citizen, traceable to any extravagance of statement, or to the charity which in our judgment of men we so generously display at their death. For it was the counterpart of the eulogies printed during the Senatorial contest, and was as merited as it was spontaneous. Nevertheless, in this discriminating estimate of his life, there is but slight if any disapproval of his course in 1901. Yet then, by reason of that course he was not only charged, among other offenses, with unpardonable inconsistency and with equivocation and even insincerity, but was characterized as one quite willing to barter repute and principle for political office. The language of vituperation appeared at times to be almost exhausted as the lash was applied, and it seems incredible that the words quoted below, when read in conjunction with the newspaper columns during the past few months, were ever published. And it all came about because the acceptance of the nomination and his method of discussion of the issues were

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frowned upon. As a consequence, Mr. Low, his opponent, was elected, and Mr. Shepard came out of the campaign overwhelmed by denunciation and discredited by defeat.

The question was fairly debatable whether it was judicious for Mr. Shepard to accept a nomination from Tammany Hall, which only a few years before he had bitterly denounced as a "foul and disgraceful blot" upon our municipal history and government. That he may have attempted also to deal in a too tactful way with some of the issues of that campaign, we may at least for the sake of argument, be prepared to concede. All that is now urged is that his course, if it was a mistake, called for criticism not abuse. Though unquestionably he had meanwhile experienced no change of heart as to that organization, it is certain that with all his professional honors, he was not so intent on being Mayor of the city of New York as to be willing to forfeit his self-respect for the greed of public office. And no right-minded person can permit himself for a moment to believe that Mr. Shepard's administration if he had been elected, would not have conformed to his superior standards of principle and conduct.

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Mr. Tilden was the scourge of Tammany Hall, but he did not spurn its aid in securing a nomination or an election to a high office nor did he as a candidate devote his time to a discussion of its shortcomings. The same is true of Mr. Cleveland and of other distinguished men whom we all have in mind. Mr. Shepard was willing to pass over in silence some of the issues of the campaign, believing undoubtedly that his election would place him in a position where he could, once and for all, put an end to those party abuses which must have been quite as apparent and repugnant to him as to any newspaper critic. It may be that this was the controlling consideration which induced him to be a candidate. Editors know, as do the rest of us in the world, that the man of distinguished ability and strong character is often in a position where he is unable, in season and out of season, to express his convictions from the house-tops without running the risk that, at times, his utterances may be ill advised. This does not presuppose hypocrisy; on the contrary, it presupposes every-day prudence and is to be commended.

Let us, nevertheless, for a moment consent to

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go so far as to be in accord with the implacable, Rhadamantine judges—and there are more than three of them in this world—who insist that Mr. Shepard, under the then existing conditions, did commit a mistake in seeking or receiving a nomination from Tammany Hall. Let us go still further, and journey all the way from modern-day New York to Utopia, and while temporarily there agree with Plato, that a city will be best administered by men with such appreciation of the responsibilities of government as to be averse to accepting office. Life, however, is not wholly made up of uncompromising, uncharitable conclusions or of philosophers' abstractions. The time will surely come when the saving common sense of which Tennyson speaks will persuade us to leave these judges to the enjoyment of their judgments, and to make our way back from Utopia—for we cannot always live there—to this earth, which, despite the poet's view, does bear a balsam for mistakes. Nor can we better commemorate our home-coming with readjusted perception, than by reading in the company of the humane and genial spirit of Horace, out of the Satire quoted from, the further comforting

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and sane suggestion—that reason should establish one guilt for the trespasser who in another's garden breaks a cabbage-stalk, and quite a different sort for him who in the night makes off with the sacred vessels of the gods.

It is not possible, in the space of a magazine article, to refer to all the editorials published in October and November, 1901, tending to establish the injustice to Mr. Shepard. But, almost at random, selections are made from four of the representative newspapers of this city, together with their recent expressions concerning the fine example of his life. Even those newspapers which it may, perhaps, with some reason be claimed did not go beyond the province of legitimate criticism, nevertheless used words in which there was a good deal of the crack and cut of the lash; but ingenuity would soon exhaust itself in any attempt to justify the following editorials.

One newspaper, under the heading, "The Unartful Dodger," printed the following:

What a clumsy dodger the man is, and how utterly destitute of shame!

Again it stated:

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. . . What a shameless Shepard he is! Just how shameless was not revealed till Mr. Philbin spoke for the first time in this campaign and showed us what he had been fighting, and what he had had to contend with.

And what, pray, are you, Mr. Shepard? Are you an honor to us in the eyes of the civilized world? What are you drawing your "flaming sword" in defense of? What are you dodging and trimming and falsifying and sneering in the hope of accomplishing? You know. You cannot deceive yourself, no matter how much you may deceive others.

In the same newspaper there was an editorial, attempted to be so worded as to justify its title, "A Political Rake's Progress."

On still another occasion it said:

Shepard might have succeeded better in his rôle of screen for Crokerism had not Justice Jerome appeared in the field. That made the contrast between a man who was "not afraid" and a man who was, between a fearless man and a dodger, so clear that all men saw it. The braver and franker Jerome has been, the more despicable have Shepard's daily wriggling and dodging and hair-splitting appeared. It is no new revelation that the American people like courage in a public man. Neither is it a new revelation that all mankind detests a sneak. . . .

The following quotation from the same source has a bearing upon the subject-matter of this article, not alone for its treatment of Mr. Shepard, but for its reference to Mr. Dayton,

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who at that time was a lawyer of position in the community, and who later became a worthy judge:

. . . Every man who respects manliness and honor in his fellow-men rejoices to-day over the defeat of Charles W. Dayton for this Bench. Next to Shepard he is the most odious figure in the campaign. . . . Like Shepard, he sold himself for a price, and the price is found to be worse than worthless. . . .

At the time of Mr. Shepard's death the newspaper had this to say:

New York has lost a good citizen by the untimely death of Edward M. Shepard at the comparatively early age of sixty-one, and the local Democracy is minus a member it could ill afford to spare. Mr. Shepard was one of the few Democrats left in this region whose opinions received, and deserved, respectful attention, irrespective of party or politics. His political career was governed by personal convictions rather than blind party fealty. He was of too high a type to be popular with the local party leaders. If fate had cast his part on some other and less frankly commercial Democratic stage he would probably have attained high political distinction.

Another newspaper asserted:

Low speeches in this campaign are straight and strong. Shepard speeches are sly and slinking.

A further editorial is entitled, "A Shifty Shepard."

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Still another editorial in the same newspaper, "The Shepard of Shalott," has this:

. . . Was ever man so fated to trip himself on his own moral standards and condemn himself out of his own mouth? . . . Since he grew "half sick of shadows" in political exile, and looked away from wearing the fabric of reform to long for the pleasure and power of the Tammany world, he seems bewitched. The evil influence of Crokerism overwhelms him. His own handiwork flies from its place to vex him. He is tangled in the threads of his own spinning. The web of his own political declarations enmeshes him. The rope of his own logic ties him down. The glass in which he once saw moral issues clearly lies shattered. The old Shepard is no more.

Out flew the web and floated wide,
The mirror cracked from side to side.
The curse is come upon me, cried
The Lady of Shalott.

Again in the same newspaper there is an editorial not inaply entitled, "Plain Words."

. . . Is the mantle of charity broad enough to cover even such a monstrous departure from the truth as Mr. Shepard has made in this instance? We are still anxious to think so. But we must tell Mr. Shepard plainly that no man who honestly believes what he urged all to believe four years ago considers it in the slightest degree unfair or indecorous to declare an utter contempt for his present course. . . . We have his own authority for declaring that his candidacy is a personal degradation and a public affront.

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Yet this newspaper has just printed this:

Mr. Shepard would have served the public better in the field of politics if he had been able to look at things more simply and directly. Yet he was of service, for his ideals were high and generous and he was ever ready to contribute according to his power to the promotion of good causes and to the alleviation of the evils of our economic and social order. As a good citizen, he will be remembered, and missed.

Another newspaper said: "Because he does not do this" (pledge himself to put Murphy and Devery out of office), "and will not under any compulsion, Mr. Shepard's sincerity is questioned day by day. Yet he insists that he is talking to the people with perfect frankness." His attitude on this Devery question was said, in an earlier part of the same editorial, to be "juggling, and not at all skilful juggling."

This newspaper, in an editorial characterized by uncompromising indignation and biting satire, expressed the view that if Hercules had been the like of Mr. Shepard, the Augean stables would have remained foul and unclean and a stench in the nostrils of the ancients. Again it spoke of the "delusive pretenses" of the Shepard campaign, and added: "The politi-

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cal ruin of its leader, whatever the result of the election, seems clear.”

The same newspaper, in the course of a long editorial full of a keen appreciation of his life, said:

Apart from the difficulties his high standard made for him in political life, it may be that Mr. Shepard's intensity of conviction and habitual rigidity of conscience led him to hold secondary and compromisable opinions too firmly for success in dealing with the general run of political workers, even those in sympathy with his ends. But there was no limit to the confidence he inspired in his fidelity and unselfishness, in his courage and enlightened patriotism, national and municipal. He was one of the most trusted and active workers and leaders in civil-service reform. . . . The personality of Mr. Shepard was exceedingly winning. His tastes were refined, his culture was broad and fine. . . . His death is a most serious loss to his city and his country, and a very mournful one to those whose privilege it was to know his noble nature in the intimacy of personal friendship.

Still another newspaper offered Mr. Shepard the alternative of having the public disbelieve his intellectuality or “his desire for righteousness,” and evinced a strong disposition to cast its vote for his intellectuality.

All doubts on the subject, however, were promptly resolved, for the same newspaper declared:

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If you were a man who lived on the price of a woman's shame you would have no doubt as to how to vote next Tuesday, or as to whether you would vote at all. You would vote, and vote for Edward Morse Shepard.

If you were one who kept a misnamed hotel into which Stanton Street "cadets" tempted to their ruin the daughters of poor men and women who had but little in their homes of anything but dreariness and drudgery, you would have no doubt as to how you would vote. It would never occur to you to do anything for pleasure or for profit on election day before you had cast your vote for Edward Morse Shepard.

If you kept a "fence" you would see to it that every bookkeeper and clerk in your employ voted early on election day, and that he voted for Edward Morse Shepard.

If you made your living by running crooked roulette-wheels or fixed faro-boxes, or by manufacturing those precious articles of commerce, you would feel yourself remiss in your best interests if you did not vote for Edward Morse Shepard.

And again it said:

One of the happy results of yesterday's election is the enforced retirement from politics of Mr. Edward M. Shepard, of Brooklyn. He can never again pose as a character of lofty "ideals," deserving of confidence because of his superior moral elevation, and the period of his usefulness to Tammany or for any political purpose is brought to an end.

After having advertised himself for years as a peculiarly exalted type of "reformer" whose specialty was horror of the iniquity of Tammany government, Shepard sold out to Tammany the mo-

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ment it offered him his price in a nomination as the head of its ticket in a campaign where honest popular sentiment was struggling for its overthrow. That was the time chosen by Shepard to desert from the opposition to Tammany and enter into the service of the enemy he had pretended so long to hate and loathe.

A very miserable, a very contemptible character Edward M. Shepard has proved himself to be, and he will not be missed in the field of politics from which popular revulsion has now retired him. Not even Tammany is a mourner at his political grave. It sheds no tears as it sees its worthless tool buried out of sight and out of memory.

The following from the same newspaper which published the last two editorials would seem to be a suggestive end to these quotations:

In Edward M. Shepard this city loses a man who through many years had served it in a variety of ways, with a distinction that was constant and a loyalty that was invariable.

In the public life of the city and the state, in the political activities of the party of which he was a distinguished member, in that profession in which he attained conspicuous eminence, Mr. Shepard was high-minded, honorable, and unselfish.

To those rare abilities which showed themselves in a wide range of contemporary and active endeavor, Mr. Shepard joined the attainments and the spirit of the scholar, and wrote with authority of the political history of the state and the nation.

The measure of Mr. Shepard's services and reputation is far wider than this city, but within its limits his loyal and unselfish efforts earned for him the

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gratitude, the respect, and the admiration of his fellow-citizens.

Mr. Shepard never attained, or claimed to have attained, to perfection; but, as these later editorials so eloquently bear witness, his life rose to a high level of accomplishment and sterling quality. He did his duty as a man and a citizen; he was generous in the giving of his ability for the best interests of the community in which he lived, and was so justly honored. He held in the main true to the highest ideals, and from any reasonable point of view no one act of his, though it might have been regarded as a mistake, should have furnished the occasion for these utterances. Nor ought we to be able to read them without the sincere hope that such arraignments of men of unimpeachable character—which would be inconceivable on the part of the Press of London—may not, for want of a protest, ever come to be regarded here as having the authority of accepted approval.

We need not dwell overmuch on any attempted defense of the course pursued, for at best it would be only some kind of explanation which might perhaps be pleaded in mitigation, but

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certainly not in justification, of what was done. That the words used must have cut like a knife and stunned like a bludgeon is only too apparent. Fortunately it was vouchsafed to Mr. Shepard with his sensitive nature, to live long enough to see, during the Senatorial contest and at other times, a wholly different attitude of the Press toward him, and to have the satisfaction of knowing that, in the end, the esteem of all self-respecting men is the sure reward of a pure life and an honorable career. But the cruel and ugly wounds that had been made must have left scars for him to carry to the grave.

More than this may have been true, for we read in the Apocrypha:

The stroke of the whip maketh marks in the flesh; but the stroke of the tongue breaketh the bones.

Then, too, the whole subject has a far-reaching significance quite apart from its relation to the individual primarily affected, for it is such episodes as these that lend weight to the otherwise frivolous views we often hear expressed, as to the unfairness and injustice of the newspaper of to-day. And it would be something little short of a calamity if any such opinion were generally entertained by thoughtful people.

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For the Press of this country, on the whole, is neither unjust nor unfair, but is the most potent single agency we have for good—directing its vast and ever-widening influence in the interest of a better observance of law and order, and for the promotion of a higher citizenship. It has escaped from the clutches of the political creed and party, and is in the best sense independent; it has a staunch courage and is entitled to the outpost of responsibility it occupies, as the incorruptible sentinel to warn us of threatening peril; it takes vice by the throat with a rough hand and gives no quarter to wrongdoing; it is intolerant of sham, and does yeoman's service in exposing hypocrisy in the stocks to the contemptuous gaze; it is subservient to no interest and wears the yoke of no master; it seeks to hold open the door of industrial opportunity through which the deserving may pass. And more important than all, it is doing as much as is the pulpit to lift men up above the sordid things of life so that, on the extended horizon, there may be seen the vision, without which, in the language of the proverb of Scripture, the people perish.

And for the very reason that the Press holds

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steadfast to these articles of faith and is doing these great deeds, the judicious, even though they have no other recourse, may at least grieve, when it fails to be true to the highest standard of impartiality and temperance in its judgment of men and of events.

RESPONSIBILITY OF THE COMMUNITY TO THE HOSPITAL¹

BEFORE speaking of the responsibility of the community to the hospital, let me for myself and others of your guests, offer to the physicians and surgeons associated with this hospital, congratulations upon the completion of your new building—wherein you are now enabled to carry on with fresh impetus and usefulness the great work to which you are giving your best days and energies. It is a building erected by your efforts. Some friends of yours have given generously toward it, but the greater number of us have given in smaller measure, meagerly and insufficiently. But whatever be the character of the gifts, they are traceable to your presentation of the needs of the institution, to your urgency, and to what

¹Response to a toast at the annual dinner of the Manhattan Eye, Ear, and Throat Hospital, on the completion of its new building, February 18, 1907.

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some of us in our thoughtlessness may have been inclined to regard as your importunity.

Nor have you been satisfied with anything but the best, undoubtedly believing that a “pretty good” hospital—along with many other pretty good things—is like a pretty good egg, not of much consequence in the world. And if I were inclined to be facetious, and at the same time forget that the quotation habit is often as dangerous a practice to indulge in as the drug habit, I might in commemoration of what you have done, reproduce the words of the tablet in St. Paul’s Cathedral, testifying to the great achievement of Sir Christopher Wren:

Si requiris monumentum circumspice.

I dismiss any such temptation, for I recall that Horace Smith, of *Rejected Addresses* fame, pronounced the inscription equally appropriate for the tombstone of a physician buried in a churchyard.

Let me say at the outset that in my opinion the responsibility of the community to the hospital is not discharged merely by adequate provision for its pressing financial needs,—though we have often fallen short even of this

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obligation. I recollect that during my University days I heard Tyndall, in one of his lectures in America, express his deep regret that we were requiring of our distinguished scientific men mere routine duties of teaching, to the exclusion of appropriate opportunity for original research. He referred, in illustration of this error, to the great names of Joseph Henry and John William Draper. These words made a lasting impression upon me. For in those days I sat under the teaching of Professor Draper, the eminent scientist and scholar, and I am clear that much was lost to science and to letters, by the service he so ungrudgingly gave to the most elemental instruction.

Nor is this the whole case. For the men of your profession have too often not only been denied the leisure essential for original research, but have been obliged to assume financial burdens and perform irksome tasks not rightfully belonging to you and for which others were far better fitted. There has not been a fair division of labor between the community and yourselves. With tireless devotion you stand at the bedside of suffering where you

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alone can bring relief; with your unerring knife you perform operations ensuring to the afflicted the preservation of those senses which make life livable. Then, figuratively and almost literally, you have been obliged to go from the sick-room and the operating-room, out upon the highways to solicit funds to defray the expenses incident to your work—including everything except your own services, which have been contributed freely and with a generosity we altogether failed to appreciate and respond to. There was no more appropriateness in our permitting this, than there would be in assigning to a minister of the Gospel the duty of going down from the pulpit after his sermon, and, hat in hand, taking up a collection for the support of the Church and of himself. You were entitled to look to others for an adequate financial maintenance of the work you are contributing so much to carry on; and we in turn cannot afford to have the charge successfully laid at our door that we are failing to do our share in relieving suffering and lessening human ills. The streams of support for such institutions must ever be renewed by us—who in this way are enabled, or I might rather

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say are permitted, to supplement the work of the men of your profession—or injurious consequences will be the result.

We seem to have in mind that in some way or other a hospital is to be carried on by the practical methods brought to such perfection in Squeers's school:

"This is the first class in English spelling and philosophy, Nickleby," said Squeers, beckoning Nickleby to stand beside him. "We'll get up a Latin one, and hand that over to you. Now, then, where's the first boy?"

"Please, sir, he's cleaning the back-parlor window," said the temporary head of the philosophical class.

"So he is, to be sure," rejoined Squeers. "We go upon the practical mode of teaching, Nickleby; the regular educational system. C-l-e-a-n, clean, verb active, to make bright, to scour. W-i-n, win, d-e-r, der, winder, a casement. When the boy knows this out of book, he goes and does it. It's just the same principle as the use of the globes. Where's the second boy?"

"Please, sir, he's weeding the garden," replied a small voice.

"To be sure," said Squeers, by no means disconcerted. "So he is. B-o-t, bot, t-i-n, tin, bottin, n-c-y, ney, bottinney, noun substantive, a knowledge of plants. When he has learned that bottinney means a knowledge of plants he goes and knows 'em. That's our system, Nickleby; what do you think of it?"

"It's a very useful one, at any rate," answered Nicholas.

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"I believe you," rejoined Squeers, not remarking the emphasis of his usher. "Third boy, what's a horse?"

"A beast, sir," replied the boy.

"So it is," said Squeers. "Ain't it, Nickleby?"

"I believe there is no doubt of that, sir," answered Nicholas.

"Of course there isn't," said Squeers. "A horse is a quadruped, and quadruped's Latin for beast, as everybody that's gone through the grammar knows, or else where's the use of having grammars at all?"

"Where indeed," said Nicholas, abstractedly.

"As you're perfect in that," resumed Squeers, turning to the boy, "go and look after *my* horse, and rub him down well, or I'll rub you down. The rest of the class go and draw water up, till somebody tells you to leave off, for it's washing-day to-morrow, and they want the coppers filled."

In all seriousness, it is a just complaint that the part we have taken in the direction—where our services can be most effective for so deserving an institution as this hospital—has been, in comparison with what it really should have been, almost trivial. And if I were not fearful of the well-deserved, well-aimed missile from some of the tables before me, I would add that the complaint is not made by you, since you limit yourselves to curing complaints, and do not make them. But of course one must now and then have some thought of self-preservation.

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With our increasing population, the carrying on of the work of a great hospital cannot be regarded otherwise than as a serious business. There is the great outgo, and unless there be correspondingly suitable income, the usefulness and energies of the institution must lessen, even though they be not permanently impaired. What would these so-called Captains of Industry—who in times gone by loved to tell almost with the megaphone of their activities, but who are now content to refer to them in subdued whispers, as if fearful that the information be overheard in the city of Washington—what, I say, would these Captains of Industry think of a method of conducting their affairs, such as by their indifference and neglect they seem to assume suffices for our hospitals? How soon would the wheels of their ceaseless machinery come to rest? In the hospital there has been little appropriate provision for the much-boasted division of labor so essential in great manufacturing and industrial establishments, where success depends on each man doing his part, and only his part, fully and completely—without the obligation or even the permission to do several things ineffectively and insuffi-

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ciently, by a diversion or misdirection of his energies.

Yet a large hospital must, for its satisfactory administration, adopt or at least adapt, the methods which business men the world over have shown are essential for the successful outcome of industry. Those of us who have failed to take this very obvious consideration into account, if we have not had blindness, at least have had the most complete kind of astigmatism.

Then, too, in our efforts to afford you proper assistance there must be an unflagging optimism, similar in degree to that illustrated by an incident in my professional experience.

Some years since in the course of the reorganization of a railway system, my clients were very desirous that a citizen of prominence in another community should reconsider his refusal to become a member of the Committee of Reorganization. I renewed the request that he serve; but in response to my suggestion that the plan to which he was asked to lend his aid would succeed, he told me that though he was not pessimistic, he had not the kind of optimism which led him to share my views. In sup-

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port of my attempt to get his consent, I told him the story, then current in New York, concerning a man of such optimistic views, that as a rule he said concerning any mishap: "It was all for the best." At times when the springs of his optimism ran low his comment would be: "It might have been worse"; but below this state of mind he never fell. In order to test this optimism, it was reported to him one day that a man, painting a church steeple hundreds of feet in the air, had missed his footing and been crushed to death by the fall. His comment to the surprise of every one was "Well it might have been worse"; and when asked for an explanation, he said: "Why the poor fellow might have fallen upon somebody." The story won the day.

Moreover, we must do the work ourselves, and not be satisfied with an enthusiasm which has any similarity to the patriotism of Artemus Ward, who, on the outbreak of the War of the Rebellion, expressed himself as quite prepared to send all his wife's relatives to the front at once.

Yet despite the cynical views of some and the misgivings and forebodings of others—that

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the present outlook in this land is not of a character to make any of us feel over-hopeful of the future—indications are not wanting, to entitle us to be of good cheer and to be sure that in the support of an institution like this, and in other humanitarian directions, men of affairs are likely to give a good account of their stewardship. It is true that recent disclosures have shown that among a few in some walks of life, there have been faithlessness to trust, an indifference to many an old-fashioned precedent for right conduct, and a lack of nice discrimination in the choice of methods for accomplishing results. Many of us have accordingly rushed to the conclusion voiced often in the Press and in current conversation, that things are hopelessly out of joint in the land. But clearly this is a superficial view. What wrongdoing there is among us must be and will be stamped out effectually as a mere matter of self-protection as well as of principle, and then we shall go forward with our work in the world, not only without discouragement but with renewed courage.

In the review of an illuminating book by Mr. Wells, the *Future in America*, I had occasion to

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say concerning the loose and unsupported charge that to any substantial extent American institutions and the American people are unsound:

Some wrongdoing there has been in the past. This, however, appears everywhere in the world in spots and places, but the moral sense of the men of this country who are making its true and enduring history is sound and wholesome. And in default of the whipping-post, there should be the appropriate social or business or political outlawry for those who, in high or low places, are to our lasting shame blazoning forth to the world the untruthful and repulsive assertion that a great number of American citizens are afflicted with a loathsome disease—the contagious itch for other people's property.

If I read the signs of the times aright, we are so changing and readjusting our conceptions of what are our duties in the world, that the thought of our material progress and pre-eminence is no longer a controlling factor with us. Everywhere there appears evidence of this change in the realization by men that their acts have a relation to others as well as to themselves. It is no longer true, if the statement ever was true, that men here are wilfully regardless of the interests of others. Indifference is the most that can be charged against the people of this city and the people of this country,

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as to those things which are due from them to the society in which they live. Nor has this indifference ever been with us a deep-seated disease, but rather a temporary symptom that we were too much given over to an exacting material progress, and were unconsciously drifting with the set of a tide selfish in its tendency. Yet if appearances count for anything, a new dawn of unselfishness has come into the world.

Let us, however, not forget that we shall be the enemies of our own interests, and the enemies of good citizenship, if we do, or permit to be done, anything that may operate to retard the extension of this newly awakened spirit. We must promote not discourage generosity. When it transpired a few days since, that a princely gift had been made by a rich man for a worthy educational and benevolent purpose, was it not just and seemly that we should with one accord say that the princely gift had come from a princely giver? Was it not a cheap cynicism which intimated, if it did not state, that such an act represented merely a restoration of what had been improperly exacted from the public by unjust and in-

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defensible methods of business. Rather let us consider such a gift as a manifestation that vast fortunes are now regarded by their owners not merely as personal possessions, but in part as trusts to be administered for the benefit of the community. Any other attitude is likely to be an injustice to the giver and a discouragement to many others willing, according to the measure of their ability, to do their share, but unwilling that their conduct should rest under any unjust imputation or misconstruction. For the mighty stream of giving must be supplemented by countless smaller contributions, or in the end it will dry up and disappear.

Let us all believe the time will come, and will come soon, when the services of the surgeons and physicians here will begin with a devotion to the interior needs of this hospital, and end with the leisure for independent original research. And let us believe too, that men of affairs, affected by the contagion of your example, and with a quickened sense of their responsibility, will realize that in providing for the generous maintenance and business-like administration of this institution and of all

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similar institutions, they are discharging an obligation—on which they and not those of your profession are primarily liable—and are also ministering to their self-respect and pride and gratification.

THE SEARCH OF BELISARIUS¹

A BYZANTINE LEGEND

By Percy Stickney Grant

Sœpius ventis agitatur ingens
Pinus et celsæ graviore casu
Decidunt turres.

JUST now when it is apparent that there is a distinct decadence in literary, and particularly in poetical production, there has been written by Percy Stickney Grant, Rector of Ascension Church in the city of New York, a noble poem. And it is such a poem whether we consider it from the point of view of Arnold, that true poetry is but a criticism of life and the highest expression of the best literature, or from the other extreme of Poe, that poetry is merely "the rhythmical creation of Beauty."

¹ *The Search of Belisarius: A Byzantine Legend.* By Percy Stickney Grant. New York: Brentano's. From *The North American Review* of February, 1908.

THE SEARCH OF BELISARIUS

The legend of Belisarius, oddly enough, with all its fascination and pathos, has not been a favorite with the poets. Longfellow has written a short poem called "Belisarius," but neither in conception nor in expression does it present the proportions of the theme.

The story as given by Mr. Grant tells how Belisarius—having won back for the Roman Empire something of its old renown in the world, and having made for himself a place among the foremost generals of all time—is summoned at the opening of the poem before his two sovereigns, Justinian and Theodora, to answer to the charge of treason.

The Forum of the great City; the swaying, feverish crowd with its protest against royal injustice, and its assertion of confidence in Belisarius; the ceremony of the Court; the baseless charge of guilt from the throne, and the simplicity of the defense of the old general, blinded now as a penalty for his greatness—all go to make up a scene alive with movement and color.

His banishment follows; and when he asks, in his grief and blindness, for his child, he hears from the reluctant King that it has been stolen

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from him. Then, after his wife has sought to atone by suicide for her share in his degradation, Belisarius sets forth in the search for his son.

He is met everywhere with tributes to his name and exploits. To young children, with his hand among their curls, he tells of the strange lands he has visited, but he learns of them nothing to guide him in his search.

As, wandering on, he kneels in prayer before the entrance of a basilica, maidens "white-robed like lilies in the isles far west" come to him with their ministering devotion. In words of peculiar beauty he tells them of his gratitude:

Daughters of love, your words are like the night
That weaves its dream-web 'twixt two days of
 pain;
I feel the soothing of your presence bright
 Like woods at dusk adrip with silver rain.
Your words are like the slumbering night's low
 strain
Which murmurs to the stars from dark till day;
 A song of myriad life in hushed refrain,
The song of life that sings to us always
Amid our tears, our doubts, disease, and Death's
 decay.

Loyal veterans of his wars urge upon him that he lead a victorious army against the cruel power which had stripped him of his honors, and

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taken from him the light of his eyes and the child of his heart. For a moment the thought of vengeance possesses him, but in the end he turns from it, not merely because

Arms cannot strive against eternal laws,
And whom God hath dethroned man cannot crown,
Enscattered by vain might,

but also for the reason that contemplation has taught him another lesson :

My ears can hear the undertone of life,
The joy, the woe, the wonder and the prayer
I could not hear amid the din of strife.

As, strengthened in his purpose, he sets forth once more upon his search, a holy man greets him:

I welcome thee to a rich solitude,
Rest for thy body and thy soul is here.

Belisarius, however, has had a glimpse of the Divine, other than that which has been vouchsafed to the holy man. And conqueror as he has been of men and of worlds, he must be active in the conquest of his own self. His interpretation of the call of God to man—little as he may understand the mystery of existence as manifested in his own misery—is not to

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Find heaven in hungry weakness' passive mood.
Poor soldiers they against the power of Hell
Who hide in cave or desert when the brood
Assailing Heaven scorn walls;

but it is to strive on even though that be to suffer, and to find victory in high endeavor and achievement which the search for his son symbolizes.

The chant of the monks with its closing lines—

Earth is behind us,
Heaven before us.
Steep is the pathway,
Deep is thy face.

Yet we behold thee,
Far in the heavens,
Mother of Jesus,
Mother of God—

is heard in the distance as the holy man leads him down the mountain-side, to take up his weary march again.

He journeys on until among a group of boys, to whom he recounts the story of a great deed out of his life, the wanderer after all his tireless effort finds his son. But, as he carries the child in his arms, it dies of the sting of an asp, and Belisarius bears his boy but to the grave.

The picture which the story presents—somber

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enough with its unmerited suffering and unrebuked guilt—is redeemed from gloom by the great calm of its atmosphere and the noble proportions of its heroic central figure.

Peculiarly fitting for the title-page of the volume are the lines put by Lowell into the speech of Columbus as he sails on his seemingly hopeless search for a new world:

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

The poem is written in the Spenserian stanza which has been the despair of many a gifted poet other than Byron, Keats, and Shelley. It was a wise selection for a narrative poem, and Mr. Grant has made effective use of its strength and grace. It may serve to emphasize this statement, if it be added that the preceding quotations are selected merely as illustrative of the method employed in treating the legend, and not because of their superiority to the other stanzas, which frequently are of even greater merit.

If the poem be read aloud it must be regarded as one of the fine poems of recent years. But, as Mr. Corson in his admirable treatise on

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English Verse says, poetry must be read aloud. There can be little doubt as to the correctness of this view. To read poetry in silence, particularly poetry written in the Spenserian stanza or in blank verse, is more or less like attempting to appreciate a great musician's creation by a mere inspection and study of the score. The composer may find satisfaction in such a method, but to others the mute score is largely meaningless, and is only waked to life and beauty by the musical instrument, as are the lines of poetry by the human voice.

The appreciative reader will have keen enjoyment in this work of a man of rare intellectual attainments and spiritual insight, and on laying down the volume will find it no easy task to call to mind another living author, equally capable of writing such a poem.

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UNFORTUNATELY the statement needs little or no argument to support it, that an increasing number of practical men—from indifference or absorption in their several callings, or even from a conclusion that culture is rather a hindrance than an aid to the highest success in life—have no longer any adequate interest in the great books of literature. Many a library shelf has its ornament of fine editions; but often the volumes are dust-covered and, what is more to be regretted, some of the pages are uncut. The world of affairs and the world of letters, which should touch each other, often lie far apart.

Clearly this condition, however it is to be accounted for, is undesirable if not ominous. For despite the protest of scholars, the practical man who is often the highly trained university graduate and prominent in the professions as

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well as in business, will, in the end, largely be the representative of his age and reflect its opinion. But unless a knowledge and love of literature shall appreciably affect the formation and expression of that opinion, the consequences cannot be otherwise than injurious to the individual and to the community. On the other hand, the scholar that unduly disparages the activities of the world in its material progress, tends to make letters and culture visionary aims and to bring them into a kind of discredit.

The chief vice of strenuous, exacting, modern-day business is not any resulting monopoly of trade and commerce, but rather a monopoly of much of the time which could find profitable employment in understanding the true purpose and the intellectual joy of life—without thereby lessening what some choose to regard as its more substantial rewards. While it is undoubtedly true that the practical man may have become contemptuous of scholars,—as men who in his opinion have only looked out upon life from the college window,—it is equally true that they, not lacking in a certain kind of reciprocity, entertain no very flattering opinion of him or of his calling. There can be the arrogance and

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condescension of accumulated learning as well as of much worldly experience or the big bank-account; and as between the practical man and the scholar in the matter of this exchange of courtesies, the controversy may, in homely phrase, be termed a draw.

Yet, that there ought to be a common meeting-ground for these practical men and scholars, somewhere between the extremes of their respective opinions, seems altogether reasonable. Accordingly, the purpose in what follows is to suggest seeking for it through the agency of a series of new reviews of the great books of literature, to be the result of conferences between the scholars selected to write, and an advisory Board of Editors, made up of men from the world of affairs, of scholarly tastes and distinction in their several walks of life, who are to decide as to the most advisable methods of presentation. Thus at the outset, the plea for literature would be indorsed by practical men to practical men; and though it be found, as is almost certain to be the case, that the plan has not wholly accomplished the result hoped for, we are entitled to expect that a tendency in the right direction will have been established.

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If the explanation as to how this is at all probable seem to some persons unnecessarily extended, it must be remembered that without it, many others, not to be classed among the thoughtless, might regard any such undertaking as a waste of time for writers and editors and readers. For not only are we living in a period considered to be essentially industrial and commercial, but we already possess—in separate books and essays of such merit as to be entitled to a permanent place in literature—almost numberless estimates of great authors. Particularly does the “English Men of Letters” publication—at least in the early and more important volumes issued under the editorship of Mr. John Morley—represent a scholarship which it cannot now be reasonably expected to excel or perhaps equal. Nevertheless the permanent value of nearly all of these volumes would have been distinctly increased by preparation under conditions similar to those here suggested.

The proposed undertaking should have no rivalry with such publications, but rather serve to emphasize their importance without losing sight of its own primary purpose.

Some writers seem at times of the notion that

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literary production if made popular and persuasive is cheapened, and for a good many persons in the world, Tyndall and Huxley lived in vain. As a rule, the distinguished scholar continues to write for the scholar, just as does the professional man for those of his own profession; or if that be not the intention it is the result. There is little evidence that scholars generally give much heed to the advisability of enlisting the attention of the engrossed man of the world in the vital subject of culture. Authors of plays, composers of music, and even preachers, do not hesitate to strive for persuasive methods of presentation; and the scholars that reject the lesson of these examples, forget that it is much less embarrassing for the disheartened reader to close a book than for one to leave a theatre, a concert-hall, or a church. Dullness and monotony are not a necessary part of catalogue or index; and when they attach themselves to creative or even critical literary work, they are frequently linked up with error as well as mediocrity.

At times the view of the scholar is not put forth as merely his individual conclusion, but as the representative of some secret guild, for

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membership in which a special qualification is assumed; and then to the uninitiated the tone adopted often seems of the *ex cathedra*, dictatorial order. Again we have the reverse of this in the happy-go-lucky, chatty, languid method which seems to take it for granted that at best nothing in the world is of much concern. Just so among advocates at the Bar, we find not only those who undertake to make it rather offensively clear to the court, that dissent from their views would be indefensible error, but others who adopt the conversational, slipshod, casual, unconvincing kind of argument. The result is generally not any more acceptable in the one case to the client than it is in the other to the public. Sometimes we find the two faults combined, and as a consequence doubly emphasized.

It is startling too at times to note the lack of uniform merit in the same writer—one book being aglow with light and color and action, with a style that is forcible and graceful and another featureless and depressing. By degrees, even with an author that has gained deserved success, routine and monotony and indifference often sap the vitality of effort, and

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he becomes more and more merely the form of what he once was and is still capable of being. If the reader no longer understands or cares about superior literary work, the writer cannot be expected to over-exert himself to produce it; if the hall-mark is no longer looked for, why not manufacture the thing below the hall-mark standard?

A well-known English essayist dismisses Matthew Arnold's sonnet to Shakespeare with the remark that "at best it is fine writing, but of fine writing about Shakespeare we have had enough." On the contrary, what the public is still looking for *is* fine writing about Shakespeare and other great authors, and not a slovenly, repellent, nerveless style which, it is safe to say, so often relegates the critic to his present limited audience. Have we any doubt that the following from a standard English magazine is, at least in a measure, a fair statement of present-day conditions?

What one misses in twentieth-century English is a certain racy smack of the joy of living which comes from life in the open air. Our speech has no taste of Flora and the country green—there is about it no smell of Mother Earth. The age seems to affect all its children in the same way. Optimist and pessi-

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mist write and speak alike. Mr. Chesterton's English is certainly more poetical than Mr. Bernard Shaw's, but they both alike write a language learned from books, and not derived from direct contact with things. This language is not very robust. It is not the tongue of Shakespeare. With all Mr. Chesterton's sympathy, for instance, with mellow Burgundy and old October, and his subtle insight into their magical effects, you will hardly find him describing one of his characters as "pot-valiant." Mr. Belloc might, perhaps, do so. The vocabulary of the English spoken in polite circles becomes ever more and more restricted. Everything is "nice"—we have nice books, nice curates, nice cakes.

No such slothfulness on the part of a capable writer is likely to survive the enlightening, stimulating conferences between him and these distinguished practical men of the world, with whom he would be in association under the plan suggested.

In order to emphasize the importance of the plan—for emphasis of it cannot be too much insisted on—the reviews might appear first as magazine articles both here and in England, and then somewhat enlarged as books. The completion of the work with monthly publication would doubtless extend over a period of two or three years, during which time there would be issued more than a score of these reviews. The mere announcement of such a

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plan must cause widespread popular discussion which, together with the critical comment in daily newspapers and literary magazines should be no small factor in contributing to the hoped-for success.

There would be no loss of dignity to the scholar in thus consenting to write from the point of view arrived at in such conferences. On the contrary, he should welcome such an opportunity for increasing the size of his audience and thus the influence of his work. We do not have to make an extended search, to find in projects concerned with educational publications, that are in the true sense literary publications, precedents for such cooperation. The making of an encyclopedia of general information, for instance, would not be possible except by some such concert of action and conference between editors and writers. Of the topics to be discussed, many have endless branches and ramifications of great academic interest. The editors necessarily must determine from the commercial point of view, those to be touched upon or merely outlined or even ignored, and those to be featured and exhaustively presented.

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Under most favorable auspices the new reviews would aim at being, so to speak, a labor-saving, time-saving device to the engrossed man of the world. In the interest of brevity, they should contain only so much of the biography of the author as is essential for the interpretation of his work. But at times the views of the practical editors, as to what part of the life of the author reviewed did really have a determining influence upon that work, would come as a revelation to the writers. The reviews should represent an interchange of opinions between the writer and the editors, not unlike that whereby the judges of our appellate courts or directors of institutions and corporations, having important questions to dispose of, reach their conclusions. While seeking to avoid mere caprice, they should aim at independence in judgment, with the conviction that intellectual candor can now and then safely run the risk of being impeached for literary heresy; they should be in the nature of appreciations rather than criticisms, since it is of more importance for men of to-day to know what the author accomplished than to be cynically told what he failed to accomplish. They should never-

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theless not reject or disregard the accepted principles of criticism. For, appreciation has to criticism a relation not unlike that of faith to reason; and the thought so frequently expressed, that faith begins where reason ends is not complete, unless we are to regard faith as prolonged upon the lines established by reason. The evidences of literary distinction should be pointed out, and reinforced by homely illustrations—which are not to be regarded as unfit for service in criticism—and by appropriate and generous quotations, more or less as in the courts, where judges expect the assertions of counsel to be supported by the authority of decisions. The estimate of the merit of one author should be arrived at in part by a painstaking comparison and contrast with that of another. There should be a presentation in the true sense popular, with some admixture of an old-fashioned enthusiasm for letters, and not a mere analytical though scholarly definition of literary excellence; and the style of the treatises should be worthy of a great subject.

One of the distinguishing features of the reviews should be the attempt to persuade the new readers that the dividing line between the

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world of ideas and of activity is partly imaginary; and that the books of literature, though chiefly valuable as an intellectual asset, contain much of immediate interest to us all, and often a very shrewd knowledge of the intimate connection between conduct and true success in life.

Such a stanza as that of Burns—

To catch dame Fortune's golden smile,
Assiduous wait upon her;
And gather gear by ev'ry wile
That's justify'd by honor;
Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Not for a train attendant;
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent—

or such a phrase as that of Franklin, "It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright," has a vital significance which is more and more apparent when pondered over, and is a contribution not alone to literature but to our practical and ethical information.

All the medical authorities of the world have not stated the relation of life out of doors to mental vigor with any more accuracy than has Lowell, in lines having the added merit of peculiar beauty:

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The brain

That forages all climes to line its cells,
Ranging both worlds on highest wings of wish,
Will not distill the juices it has sucked,
To the sweet substance of pellucid thought,
Except for him who hath the secret learned,
To mix his blood with sunshine and to take
The winds into his pulses.

Superficially viewed, such a reason for devotion to literature may seem comparatively narrow, even though the appeal be only to the practical man; yet it is *a* reason, and having regard to the special purpose of the suggested publication it is by no means trivial.

Those who are to be responsible for these reviews must, however, not permit themselves to entertain this superficial view, but be on their guard as to the correct interpretation of what we are accustomed to hear termed practical results. For the phrase has a meaning, varying with the persons who employ it, frequently importing from men of affairs commendation, and from men of letters a kind of reproach. If the right perspective be secured there is little difficulty in understanding that what is at times interpreted to be nearly visionary is quite the reverse. Often only time has made the distinction apparent. Ruskin wrote

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of the elements of perspective and the laws of architecture; but he also wrote much that, in his day, was looked upon as the incoherent utterances of one who had gone far beyond the French philosopher with his "Social Contract." Yet as the years have gone by, no insignificant portions of his *Munera Pulveris*, *Unto this Last*, and of kindred writings stand out as milestones marking the economic progress of the modern world, while a goodly portion of his so-called practical work is bound up in unconsulted volumes.

The charge that as a people we are altogether too prone to look for material results in life, and have thus become hopelessly commercialized, has grown old in the service of criticism of men's aims in many a day past. Yet, conceding it to be peculiarly true of our time, this practical tendency probably cannot be arrested, even if it were desirable to make the attempt. The words of the Apocrypha "force not the course of the river" is a very sane contribution to the gospel of common sense.

The effort should rather be, while in a measure accommodating ourselves to this tendency, so to direct it as to secure from it all possible

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benefit. There are the accompanying disadvantages of a practical tendency, but then too there are the manifest advantages. For earthy as the thought may at first appear, a community composed wholly of scholars would doubtless be a community of stagnation; and stagnation in life as in nature is to be shunned. Men must be permitted to see sights as well as visions.

A reasonable pragmatism will no longer appeal to us as a mere cult but as a sane philosophy, if we have the good sense to realize that, while it is the offspring of a somewhat crude utilitarianism, it has many traits which are not ancestral. For rightly interpreted, it proposes a practical test that is often infallible for the ascertainment of truth; and it points the way to an eminence where we may view the things of this world in their relative and not alone in their absolute place. The training which fits men for the realization of happiness and a better understanding of life, while ideal is quite as practical as that designed to promote the acquisition of fortune, or to develop the ability to embrace opportunity for material advancement, as it presents itself. Let a man pursue a course of education or devote himself to any

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task without some definite goal in view, and we all know well enough that he puts a premium on his becoming an idler in duty and purpose. It would doubtless surprise some of us if we should recall how many are the authors with a continuing influence in the world, that lived in close and sympathetic touch with men or with nature, or were identified with important events and thus became practical in experience and knowledge. The judge of our courts is the better judge if, at the bar he has been the trained advocate and adviser, and the minister is efficient in proportion as to his interpretation of God he brings a familiar understanding of the needs of man.

Such views are not, as might at first seem, opposed to the protest of Matthew Arnold, against the too immediate application of ideas; for he was merely inveighing against the critical methods of some English magazines controlled or directed by men who had personal or political ends to subserve. Criticism, in his judgment, as in the judgment of us all, ought not to be thus distorted. Arnold himself was not merely theoretic, and when some of his really practical injunctions are ignored, we have such an in-

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adequate estimate of his work as that in the "English Men of Letters" series.

On the other hand, the culture which, in the words of John Morley, "is scientific in method, rationalistic in spirit, and utilitarian in purpose," has a practical identity with conduct and the higher aims of life. Lowell stated that "intellect, infused with the sense of beauty . . . seeks to give ideal expression to those abiding realities of the spiritual world for which the outward and visible world serves at best but as the husk and symbol." He scarcely needed to answer the question he asked: "Am I wrong in using the word *realities*, wrong in insisting on the distinction between the real and the actual, in assuming for the ideal an existence as absolute and self-subsistent as that which appeals to our senses, nay, so often cheats them, in the matter of fact?" When Emerson says in the noble passage familiar to us all, "Now that is the wisdom of man, in every instance of his labor, to hitch his wagon to a star and see his chore done by the gods themselves," he voices the practical philosophy of life.

The time is not all lost which is given over, even in the daytime, to the dreaming of dreams,

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and it is as essential for a man's mental health that now and then he mount a hobby, as it is for his physical health that he sit astride a horse. Horace, in his inimitable way, relates how, as a child, he was saved by the Muses from an untimely end, and they have saved many an adult since.

The new reviews can forcibly preach also some of this other gospel of common sense.

Still, the writers and the editors must realize, that while much that is characterized as the unfortunate consequence of a practical tendency is unjustified, a large part of our industrial activity is not a tendency with which we are imperceptibly drifting, but a kind of undertow likely to sweep us off our feet. Material success is frequently looked upon as the end itself and not as appropriate means to a desirable end. If quite candid with ourselves, we must admit that commendable literary production and literary appreciation are now rather the exception than the rule, and that there has come about a distinct deterioration in our writing and speech—with a disposition to avoid or apologize for a graceful, vigorous presentation of a subject.

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The conversation of many of us—with its narrow range and meager, starved vocabulary, and lack of literary quality or any approach to real charm—is a poor enough substitute for that once heard when it was not a lost art, as it so often seems to be at the present time. Certainly nowadays we are privileged to enjoy little of that conversation whereby, as Emerson says, we are brought “out of our egg-shell existence into the great dome and see the zenith over and the nadir under us,” and where “instead of the tanks and buckets of knowledge to which we are daily confined we come down to the shores of the sea and dip our hands in its miraculous waves.” William J. Locke, in one of his fascinating novels, comments in this quaint way upon the propensity of one of the characters to use the word “delicious” in season and out of season:

We have the richest language that ever a people has accreted, and we use it as if it were the poorest. We hoard up our infinite wealth of words between the boards of dictionaries, and in speech dole out the worn-bronze coinage of our vocabulary. We are the misers of philological history. And when we can save our pennies and pass the counterfeit coin of slang, we are as happy as if we heard a blind beggar thank us for putting a pewter sixpence into his hat.

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The leaves of the Bible are no longer as of old turned in search of its inspiration, its wisdom, or its wondrous literary charm. From lack of discrimination or a kindly disposition, we no longer exact of the contemporary writer ruggedness, picturesqueness, and variety in the use of language, but apparently seem in a measure content with a kind of monotone and a structureless style. Noteworthy books if not wholly neglected are often not really read but skimmed; and what appears in our current magazine publications, while by no means trivial, does not fulfil its true office of supplementing literature but operates to supplant it.

No matter how embarrassing may be the confession the truth is too that we do not resent finding in many new books and plays with no pretense to literary merit, a coarseness and vulgarity bordering on filthiness. Altogether too frequently there can be predicted the notoriety and rewards of a "best seller," for the cleverly told salacious story, and for the questionable play, if attractively presented, the assured long run. It has come to such a pass with the stage, as some one has aptly said, that the question to be addressed by the

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self-respecting playgoer to himself is not what play shall I go to see, but what play can I go to see. Even writers of the distinction of Mr. Galsworthy and Mr. Wells are sometimes offenders; for the admirers of them—and there are many of these—can have little that is charitable to say in defense of such repellent, purposeless productions as *The Dark Flower* and *The Passionate Friends*. And though we should not exaggerate the gravity of existing conditions, it is mere prudence to insist that at least we cannot in safety disregard them; for too often are intellectual error and slothfulness and disregard for some old-fashioned literary standards reflected in what at best is but indifferent conduct. This is putting the case rather mildly, for to such a source some of the wisest of ancient and modern days have traced much positive wrong-doing.

We have, so to speak, covered great distances in our national life by dead reckoning, and it is time we knew something definite as to our whereabouts. In the best literature rightly interpreted there will be found more of such knowledge than we are apt to realize. There is none, as some of us seem to believe, likely to

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come from the mere exhorter, the self-seeking demagogue, the practical man without ideals or their several understudies.

On the other hand, the scholar untrained in the school of the world has necessarily no monopoly of such knowledge. During a recent voyage across the Atlantic, a professor of astronomy in one of our first universities, until requested by the captain to desist, continued to take observations of his own and keep the passengers in a ferment—by reporting the ship far out of her true course and in danger of foundering. Having neglected to allow for the variation of the compass-needle and his elevation above the surface of the sea, the learned professor was neither a trustworthy navigator nor a reassuring companion. Unfortunately all men similarly equipped do not confine their activities to the movements of vessels. A goodly number are bustling about on shore giving forth crude critical conclusions, unassented to because the practical view is left out of their calculations.

We need in criticism and in life, quite as much as we do in mechanics, the compensating balance.

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If, however, practical men are to be persuaded that in the great books of literature is to be found one remedy for these existing conditions, the interpreters must be conversant with life as well as with letters, and make judicious use of their varied information in the estimate of what constitutes literary distinction.

Above all, the conferences between the editors and the writers should emphasize the importance in these reviews, of a style having for its distinguishing characteristics, vigor and grace and proportion made possible through the possession of a generous vocabulary by a disciplined or creative mind. They should not tolerate excessive ornamentation and weak metaphors interspersed with the imported foreign phrase—all as a kind of veneer designed to palm off what is counterfeit as genuine and authentic. The practical man is to be taught by example as well as by precept, that the very life and beauty of a sentence depend often upon a single phrase or even a word of precision, without which the sentence is dead and ugly and falls to pieces as completely as an arch collapses without its keystone. Proper words in proper places is Swift's definition of style.

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Macaulay says: "Propriety of thought and propriety of diction are commonly found together. Obscurity and affectation are the two greatest faults of style. Obscurity of expression generally springs from confusion of ideas; and the same wish to dazzle at any cost which produces affectation in the manner of a writer is likely to produce sophistry in his reasonings." Mr. Symonds, too, in pointing out the difference between the language of some critics and that of the poet, states with striking truth: "Almost every poet has found the exact word of definition, of revelation, which the prose critics were laboriously hunting for or still more laboriously writing around."

Of the authors to be reviewed many would be poets. Their genius not only for luminous but for precise expression must be pointed out, so that the practical man may appreciate it at its full value. For no lawyer in his brief, no judge in his opinion, no man of science in his treatise uses language with more precision than does the true poet. He has at his command as we can so readily have at our command, the infinite wealth of the English vocabulary. There are its words of Latin origin for the ab-

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stract idea and the intellectual processes of thought and reason, and the Anglo-Saxon words, which not only stand for the tangible, concrete things of the world, but which are the language of the spirit—eager to rise as on strong and tireless wings to the heights of the fancy and the emotions. If we have permitted ourselves to look upon the poet's language merely as exaggeration, it is largely because the objects of our neglect are seen by him in a light and color, as real as they are magical. Poetry is not simply the most expressive and picturesque form for the occasional use of language, but the poetical significance of words is frequently their idiomatic, every-day significance. Professors Greenough and Kittredge put this very aptly in the chapter entitled "Language is Poetry" of their admirable book *Words and their Ways in English Speech*—which most of us might read with profit: "Language is fossil poetry, which is constantly being worked over for the uses of speech. Our commonest words are worn out metaphors."

This embodies the idea and in some respects the language of Emerson:

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The etymologist finds the decadent word to have been once a brilliant picture. Language is fossil poetry. As the limestone of the continent consists of infinite masses of the shells of animalcules, so language is made up of images or types which now, in their secondary use, have long ceased to remind us of their poetic origin. But the poet names the thing because he sees it or comes one step nearer to it than any other.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, in his Preface to the *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, in speaking of two articles, published years before under the same title as "crude products," nevertheless wished this thought to be recalled:

When I feel inclined to read poetry I take down my dictionary. The poetry of words is quite as beautiful as that of sentences. The author may arrange the gems effectively; but their shape and luster have been given by the utterance of ages. Bring me the finest simile from the whole range of imaginative writings, and I will show you a single word which conveys a more profound, a more accurate, and a more eloquent analogy.

Accurate as this statement was when it was written, it is peculiarly so in a day and generation when we have a work of the scholarship of the new Oxford Historical Dictionary. And one is quite justified in saying that next to the great joy there must be in the making of such a

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dictionary, is pleasure in the reading and study of it.

The best in poetry and in all creditable literary composition, as in music and art and architecture, is made up of elements almost scientific and mathematical in exactness. There is the framework of literature and art, of music and architecture just as there is of the human body which nature conceals from the eye. The artist, the musician, the architect, or the man of letters looms up above his fellows in proportion as he is able to reproduce or adapt this gracious but never cheap and gaudy process of nature. One thoroughly saturated with a knowledge of the best in literature does not become adept at showy declamation or flowery writing. He has been trained in the best school for lucid thought and convincing expression, and therefore for an increasing influence in the world. It is forgotten by some critics that the simple precision of statement, so essential to insure attention and persuasion will, when a great subject is under discussion, easily rise to true eloquence, though mere rhetorical or turgid speech never does.

This should not be difficult to make clear, for

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oftener than we are accustomed to assign the correct reason for it, our estimate of the relative excellence of authors is determined, not so much by any superficial tricks of style, but by precision in the choice of words—economy one may add, if he wishes to emphasize the virtue.

Little enough is the glory of the heritage of our English speech appreciated at anything like its full value by the most thoughtful of us, for to no other people has such a possession been vouchsafed. We owe the French people a debt we can never fully discharge for their imperishable works of literature. Yet their language—while, as Lowell says, it has ease, fluency, elegance, lucidity—lacks adaptability and is shackled in use by the required rhyme of its poetry. Dryden, while assigning to it a superior claim over the German, adds that it is not “strung with sinews like our English but has the nimbleness of the greyhound and not the bulk and the body of a mastiff.” Of the English in comparison with the German language, Jacob Grimm says:

The English language has a veritable power of expression, such as, perhaps, never stood at the command of any other language of men. . . . For in

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wealth, good sense, and closeness of structure, no other of the languages at this day spoken deserves to be compared to it. . . .

What too must appeal to the most practical of men is the knowledge that the English language is adapted to be pre-eminently the great modern language for eloquent, convincing expression,—provided one has an understanding of the derivation and original significance of its words as well as the indefinable shades of meaning, which time and usage have imposed upon them. The difference between the engaging and the prosaic author is at times not easy to define or even account for, and for want of a better term, we call the difference style. Yet this usually is but another name for a resourceful knowledge of etymology, which in some aspects is as exact a science as mathematics and as fascinating and engrossing a study as history. Let the readiest pen lack this knowledge and there results the mixed metaphor, which is as disturbing an element in literary expression, as a false and discordant note or the filing of a saw in the midst of what should be exquisite music. True enough, many words have come to have a new, transposed meaning,

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but often in that meaning something of the original significance persists and lingers. Failure to understand this puts a premium upon indifferent literary composition.

When all this comes to be understood, as is possible through the agency of these reviews, the man of the world can have his whole idea of literature transformed. With something of moment to say, he may find himself capable of utterance which will have the merit of simplicity and precision and, at times, of such marked attractiveness and power as to give him a commanding place among men. Such a possibility must make its appeal to the most practical of men.

Nor has there been in recent history a time when with the coming of the hour, there was more need of the man of forceful speech, coupled with wide experience and clear judgment—made possible through an intimate acquaintance with the best thought of the world, to be found in the great books of literature. To every such man who is a believer in the institutions of his country, there is the summons to take part in the right solution of political and economic controversies, having to do not only with the

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security of liberty and property, but with the advancement of the world—controversies which neither indifference or denunciation on the one hand nor demagogism or emotional advocacy on the other will ever rightly solve.

The protest in the past has been against the power of authority in the hands of a few, and, when it was unheeded, institutions were changed and the lives of nations affected. The protest to-day is against what is asserted to be the undue power of wealth and opportunity in the hands of a few. The methods whereby wrongly or rightly much of this wealth has been accumulated as in a night, have sown the seed of unrest from which has sprung up an ugly and evil crop of menacing conditions. To-day in and out of legislatures, men by Socialism are preaching the seductive gospel of a common brotherhood. Some of its leaders are armed with conviction, and some with only the subtle art of adroit and dangerous persuasion; but no sophist of old ever made his appeal with anything approaching the power and ingenuity of these messengers of new and revolutionary creeds. Though in constructive power the movement is yet feeble, its criticism is insidious

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because it seeks to subject the past conduct of men to the censure and condemnation of present-day views, and lays claim to the credit of many new laws and customs having a purely humanitarian origin. Yet notwithstanding all this, Socialism is asking perplexing questions to which only disciplined thought can give the convincing answer.

We shall be foolish indeed if we fail to do what lies in our power so to equip men, that they may be ready to cope with this organized effort to bring mankind to a dangerous and degrading commonplace level. Unwilling as we are to assent to the claim of Socialism and its allied protests, that any millennium can be brought about by statutory enactment, we must nevertheless be prepared for some prudent compromise between what we have been taught to regard as right, and those new conditions which the enemies of existing conditions so loudly demand. Even such a compromise involves a reconstruction of many of our traditional and time-honored views.

Those who decline to admit the ominous advances Socialism has made, must at least recognize that, imperceptibly at first but surely

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and visibly now, there has come about even among men of right understanding, a steady process of detachment from some old conceptions of political and even property rights—disillusion many may choose to characterize the process. The high estimate in which wealth and inherited advantage and position were once held has undergone a marked change. The praise awarded to men for individual accomplishment is beginning to be measured by the relation of that accomplishment to the interests of society as a whole; and many things, once regarded as of primary economic value and importance have been assigned to another and less important place in the catalogue time has made up.

It is at best doubtful if the world of tomorrow will permit the continuance of conditions that have invited the amassing of many vast present-day fortunes. If it finds itself unable to interfere with the constitutional right to gather and enjoy such fortunes, we may expect it to set its face against the unrestricted privilege of their testamentary disposition—which is purely a statutory right and not difficult therefore to reach and modify. The de-

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bate as to the rights and limitations of capital and labor, the measure of legal and conventional restraints to be put upon evils that cannot be legislated out of existence, are subjects which are no longer to be resolved by recourse alone to old precedents.

The notion is abroad and fortified by many an argument often specious but sometimes weighty, that the much-heralded door of opportunity is closed and boarded up in this country. Clearly enough in more than one industry artificially stimulated by a protective tariff, unremunerative capital and underpaid labor are confronting each other in a kind of dazed attitude and hopeless defiance. Grave as the situation admittedly is, it is made still graver by the self-seeking or ignorant agitator who, whatever his motive, is the common enemy of the community. Men holding high political positions are swept along with the current of new ideas, which have little if anything but novelty for their recommendation. And some such men are apparently from mere recklessness adding to the increasing volume and the alarming tendencies of that current. Knowingly or unknowingly, like the false

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prophets of Scripture, they "show great signs and wonders so as to lead astray if possible even the elect." In this emergency, men of mark and tried experience are not to abdicate their place of authority to men with views founded upon error, or with only the information supplied by the curriculum of the university. On the contrary the distinguished lawyer, the trained speaker and writer, the man prominent in business, while first discharging the primary obligations of their several callings, must let it be known that they are in the world and of it, and realize their great stake in the common welfare.

Many must serve in such a cause, but we may be sure that those to whom leadership is to be conceded, will have the ability to express themselves with clearness and persuasion and judgment. If men of the world, in the broadest and best sense of the term, can be persuaded of the truth of all this, as they undoubtedly can be through these reviews, surely the dust will not gather hereafter as it does to-day on so many undisturbed volumes.

The proposed publication may be opportune, for the reason that the time has doubtless

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come for a re-appraisal of the value of many prose and possibly some poetic productions. If this be wisely and courageously done it should serve not only to arouse fresh interest in the great books of the world, but to stimulate that finer thought which will express itself in new literature and in conduct; and this, after all, must be one of the main objects of judicious criticism.

The words of Shakespeare, that reputation is oft got without merit and lost without the deserving, are not inapplicable to literary reputation. Even the superficial observer realizes that, while as a rule our estimate of the worth of poetry once established persists, that of prose writings undergoes if not frequent at least periodic changes. This is largely so because the appeal of poetry is so often to the emotions, and its "subject-matter" as Mr. Alfred Noyes says, "is the all-enfolding skies of life," though merely this circumstance will not always account for the result. Not alone is the subject-matter of the prose work often of interest only to its own age, but its inferior form quite as much as its temporary interest affects our final judgment. It may be that the spoken prose words passing into the printed book lose what

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originally was their oral charm; or the very ornateness of the style, once its chief recommendation—as it was not so long ago of a certain form of oratory now generally discredited—no longer attracts us; or the work may rest on a make-shift foundation of caprice or fashion, and so share in the end the fate of the foundation.

Reasonable regard for the critical views of the past is not to be confused with servile acceptance of them, when the conditions which led to their expression have changed. The practical man of the world if he is to be persuaded of the value generally of literature, must find in the critic's views some recognition of the changed estimate which time has made in the relative value of the work of different authors. Tennyson and Keats are not to be classed together as poets, nor Macaulay and Carlyle as historians and essayists, without any attempt to indicate the superiority of the work of one over that of the other in creative power and permanent wealth. If, as Mr. John Morley insists, Macaulay, with all his vast information, was flashy, and shallow and vulgar, the reader is entitled to look for such frankness from the

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critic in these new reviews. Discrimination, too, must be made between the various productions of the same author. Even men of genius are not always at their best, and the fame of Wordsworth was not a little added to when his finer work was gathered by Matthew Arnold into one volume.

Naturally such discrimination involves the exercise not alone of literary judgment but of courage, for it will meet with many remonstrances. Yet without such discrimination the scholar cannot reasonably expect that his audience will include the great body of practical men of the world. Having to do in their lives with material progress which often makes the accepted view of to-day, the rejected view or the half-truth of to-morrow, they are no longer prepared to receive without question, stereotyped conclusions from which there is legitimate dissent. A foreign diplomat of distinction lately visiting this country, is reported to have said that we have the tenacity of tradition and the audacity of progress. If it be flattering to us to regard this as true of our political development, we should endeavor to see to it that such a phrase has some application to our

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critical appreciation and judgments of the books of literature.

A practical age is not without its valuable contributions to right critical conclusions. One of the lessons it emphasizes is that for the highest expression in music, in the drama and in architecture as well as in literature, there must not be mere repetition or reproduction but appropriate adaptations of past models, and transitions from what is old and obsolete to what is new and of present interest. It is not so clear that we understand this distinction as do the French. Certainly in architecture we do not; for side by side with the "sky-scraper" capable of being so designed as to have its imposing effect, we set up copies of noble buildings which in new and incongruous surroundings ill serve their intended purpose, either of utility or beauty—qualities not mutually opposed, as some of us think. On the contrary, that which should have but which is wanting in utility, can never be wholly beautiful.

Unquestionably there is something uninviting in abridgments of works of famous authors, and we receive a kind of shock when we read of such an edition of Scott's novels. Yet had

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Scott lived in this century, we may be quite sure that his elaborate introductions and prefaces would have been less extended, and his stories told with only such incidental descriptions of natural scenery as were essential to the dramatic development of the plot or characters. Why conceal from ourselves the fact that by our picking and choosing as we read, we do that which is the equivalent of abridgment, skip what does not grip and hold the interest? In this respect we must admit that we are all swept along with the swift, practical current of the age.

One of the most fascinating short-story writers not only of his day but of all time, is "O. Henry." More and more his claim to a permanent reputation will assert itself until it is once and for all time established. We have no difficulty in calling to mind the authors of a past age that would have prolonged into half a volume one of his dramatic stories, which it was the exception with him to permit to exceed a score of pages. Had he lived a hundred years ago, doubtless his stories would have had the elaboration of the authors of that day. It may be that he went too far in brevity, and also

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that in the interest of a prompter acceptance of his work, he permitted it to be permeated with a kind of slang which will never come into even colloquial use. Thus he may never become a classic; but that such stories as "The Gift of the Magi" and "The Roads of Destiny" and a host of others are masterpieces, and that he was one of America's men of genius there is little room for doubt. In cleverness, conciseness and a fine interpretation of the perplexing contradictions of life, and in its contributions to a wider charity in our judgment of men and events, the work of "O. Henry" was distinctly the brilliant product of a practical age.

Shakespeare, along with many of the distinguished dramatists, wrote for audiences not accustomed to the variety of scenic effect we insist upon. The scenes in the manuscript, therefore, might be varied at will without involving any corresponding change of stage setting. When to-day these plays are given in the theatre they are re-arranged to suit modern requirements, so that the manager will not be a bankrupt before the curtain rises. Yet often contemporary dramatic work of distinct merit finds its way from the manager to the

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waste-basket or back to the playwright, because written in slavish adherence to what is obsolete. We scarcely need to be reminded that to conform too closely in literary judgment and literary workmanship to impracticable precedents, is not more sensible than would be the worship to-day of the gods of the ancient religions.

It is asserted that the drama—to which we have been taught to look for the highest expression of literature—is just now without worthy literary creations; and certainly many successful plays of to-day support the statement. Yet this is by no means the whole story; for though we are not entitled to expect in the modern play the literary excellence of former days, it need not by any means be devoid of merit as literature. Some plays having that merit but wanting in dramatic quality are failures from lack of popular support. Thereupon the author and his admirers rush to unamiable conclusions about the commercialism of the stage. This is pique rather than judgment. The great plays of the past were successful, not because they were literature but primarily because they were dramas.

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Shakespeare ransacked the ancient and modern world for the plot or story which would arrest and insure the interest of the public. He was manager as well as playwright; and, heresy though it may be to some of his worshipers, he was obliged to be first the discerning manager in order to continue to be the successful playwright. The end would have come very soon if the financial result had always disclosed more outgo than income. He accordingly wrote popular plays, though we can well believe that his genius was capable of producing even grander works of the imagination if this concession had not been essential. Yet without this concession there would be a great darkness in the world where there is now a great light.

Neither literature nor art is prostituted by judicious recognition of the demands of its age. Always the relative question projects itself into our thoughts and work. Reasonable compromise is not the surrender of principle, but the highest as well as the most prudent exercise of judgment. The practical world to-day is a busy world with little time for debate on theoretic questions; rightly or wrongly it de-

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mands results. Finding a play of literary merit a failure because it never projects itself across the footlights, the public concludes—and has neither time nor inclination to listen to any other explanation—that literature and the drama have had an absolute divorce.

The experienced advocate at the Bar often sees the opportunity for a kind of address that would add to his reputation. He remembers, however, the judge and the jury, upon whom it might make an unfortunate impression, and in the interest of his client, he dismisses the temptation. This does not mean that he must be slovenly in argument; quite the contrary, for the intellectual, well-balanced appeal can be depended upon to be persuasive and effective. Though the lawyer may even believe that his rhetorical and perhaps his eloquent speech would read well in his memoirs, yet if that continued to be his chief ambition, it is doubtful if he would have memoirs. If the artist does not so vary his theories as to secure and retain public support, he will paint canvases solely for his own gratification and that of his immediate circle of admirers. The surgeon that determines upon the operation which he may regard

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as desirable for his patient's good, without first considering whether the anesthetic can be safely administered, will not be required to devote all his time to his profession. Some otherwise unemployed part of it, will be taken up with the defense of actions for malpractice.

The practical men, in the conferences spoken of, should have little difficulty in persuading the scholar that he must at times so modify the statement of his own views as to accommodate himself to the views, or perhaps he may choose to think the limitations, of the readers he is seeking to reach.

The practical editors would also make it clear to the scholar, that one of the principal objects of criticism is the promotion of new literature. A critic, therefore, must set no fashion, whereby the painstaking work of the capable author of to-day will be summarily dismissed and the enthusiasm for new effort killed by the frivolous, inconsiderate, rough attack. Criticism is not spleen or thoughtlessness or ridicule. The critics for those daily newspapers in the editorial columns of which is still maintained the art of finished writing, have their

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peculiar responsibilities in this regard. There is at least one such morning newspaper and one such evening newspaper in the city of New York, and when from this source rough and unjust words come, they cut like a lash and stun like a blow.

Some time since a narrative poem was published, of such merit that the number of men now living, with the equipment to write it, could be counted on the fingers of one's hands. A very ill-considered review in a daily journal of wide circulation and influence, condemned this work of years on the ground that only subjective poetry—the outcome or the expression of the emotions—was of any moment in the world. The present writer undertook by a review of it in one of our prominent magazines to present its claims to just consideration, and later there was like commendation from others. Thereupon the newspaper in which the criticism appeared, re-published not only without delay but with favorable comment, what had been said in praise of the work. Who can measure the effect of such a simple act of justice, done promptly and ungrudgingly, upon the life of an author? Fortunately Ar-

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nold did not succumb to the savage attack upon some of his early work, though humiliation drove him to withdraw for a time from circulation, a volume containing many of his finest poems.

Critics too often forget that they carry about with them a very deadly weapon in the pen. They would have a forcible illustration of the better course if they should embrace the opportunity of listening in the Supreme Court of the United States, to the method adopted by its Chief Justice, probably the greatest judge in the English-speaking world. In interrupting counsel before him—with whom he is quite evidently not in complete accord—it is uniformly with the manner and sometimes with the statement, that it is done for the purpose of seeing if it be not possible for him to occupy the point of view of the counsel. The counsel, appreciating the purpose of the interruption, is not depressed but stimulated by it.

Moreover, in undertaking to give a just estimate of the value of the books of literature, the practical editors would see to it that the personality of the author is not, as has often been the case, taken too much into considera-

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tion. Guesses as to what would have been the result if an author had possessed this or that virtue, or been without this or that blemish, are at best idle; for how far personality is an inseparable part of literary creation we can never know. Unquestionably the mess which Shelley made of his life had much to do with Arnold's faulty estimate of his contribution to the permanent literature of the English language. Even to Burns he did scant justice, while Emerson was the uncompromising judge of both Shelley and Poe. Carlyle was wise in not permitting his views to be thus warped; he was wiser still, for he meted out no blame but had only "pity and wonder" for the transgressions of erring genius.

But the world is habitually unjust in its judgments of such men; unjust on many grounds, of which this one may be stated as the substance: It decides, like a court of law, by dead statutes; and not positively, but negatively, less on what is done right, than on what is or is not done wrong. Not the few inches of deflection from the mathematical orbit, which are so easily measured, but the *ratio* of these to the whole diameter, constitutes the real aberration. This orbit may be a planet's, its diameter the breadth of the solar system; or it may be a city hippodrome; nay, the circle of a gin-horse, its diameter a score of feet or paces. But the inches of deflection only are

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measured; and it is assumed that the diameter of the gin-horse, and that of the planet, will yield the same ratio when compared with them! Here lies the root of many a blind, cruel condemnation of Burnses, Swifts, Rousseaus, which one never listens to with approval.

Then, too, one of the chief entrances to nature for the most practical man if he would find the treasures there, is through the gateway of literature. We must learn that really to visit her wonderland, it is essential that we be accompanied by the poets as guides and interpreters. Without them, though we behold vast horizons and listen to inspiring music, we shall be blind to much of the beauty and deaf to much of the harmony there. By his communion with nature, the poet comes to have a clairvoyant knowledge of things unseen or even undreamt of by us.

In the Arabian tale—referred to by Macaulay in his protest at the indifference of Mitford to Greek literature—the dervish gladly bartered worldly possessions for the mysterious fluid which could uncover to him the hidden beauties of the universe. The illuminating word of the poet is even greater in magical power, and for it we may wisely make a similar sacrifice.

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Nature asks of us with Horace:

Deterius Libycis olet aut nitet herba lapillis?

but in countless ways we give back the wrong answer.

With the poets—and the Burroughs and the Thoreaus, for they are poets too—the familiar but unregarded sights of nature are woven into the very fiber of their thoughts and emotions. To Wordsworth, “the impulse from a vernal wood” was more than the teachings of the sages. And when we have drunk deep of the spirit of such familiar lines as,

and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face;

and,

Like pageantry of mist on an autumnal stream,
the waters, that for so many of us are but a graceful addition to the landscape, or a profitable place for a fisherman to cast his fly, become the mirror of haunting verse. The advent of the successive seasons, the coming of the night and dawn, the moon, the sun, the stars and con-

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stellations, the cloud that floats overhead, the lightning and tempest, the rain, the rainbow and the dew from heaven, the snowfall, the brook and rivulet, the stream, the stately river, the seas, the hill and valley, the woods and fields and meadows, the tiniest bird and insect and the wayside flower—all have been created for us anew by the revelation of poetry.

If we think the lines of *Perdita* exaggerated:

Daffodils
That come before the swallow dares and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath,

it is only because there has not come to us, as there had come to Shakespeare, a miraculous insight into the mystery of nature.

The glory of nature has not been told by the naturalist and astronomer alone. At one extreme we stand in our indifference or ignorance, and at the other, botanists and ornithologists familiar with the birds and flowers by their structure, and astronomers engrossed with the problem of determining the weights and density and distances of heavenly bodies. Between the two extremes but somewhere on the mountain-

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tops, is the dreaming poet through whom we may, if we will, know the flowers and birds and stars, not only as they are in nature but as they are in song and legend. Mere technical knowledge is not the sole substitute for ignorance, and neither mathematics nor botany can teach us all of nature's lessons. Often in life as in optics, the higher the magnifying power the less extended the field of vision. It is said of Leverrier that—after having demonstrated by his marvelous mathematical calculations in the study, that the orbit of an observed planet betrayed the existence of another till then unknown—he had not the curiosity to view with the telescope his discovery in the heavens.

Walt Whitman comes into close communion with the spirit if not the letter of poetry in these lines from the "Leaves of Grass":

When I heard the learned astronomer,
When the proofs, the figures, were ranged in columns
before me,
When I was shown the charts and diagrams, to add,
divide, and measure them,
When I sitting heard the astronomer where he
lectured with much applause in the lecture-
room,
How soon unaccountable I became tired and sick,

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Till rising and gliding out I wandered off by myself
In the mystical moist night air, and from time to
time,
Looked up in perfect silence at the stars.

When the long roll of poets is called, we are able to name but few whose charm and power do not in large part proceed from this close communion with nature; like Antæus of old they renewed their strength by contact with the mother earth.

We think of Emerson as the seer and the writer of what Matthew Arnold believed to be the most important prose of the nineteenth century. But in his one volume of poetry, overshadowed in importance though it be by his essays, there is a passionate love of nature, now manifesting itself in a glad outburst of song, and now bringing to us with great organ notes of harmony a kind of peace that passes understanding—not unlike that invoked for us in the prayer of the benediction. The key to which the music of his great prose work is set is in these poems.

To give any adequate idea of how great that passion was, would be to append nearly all his poems, for no lines torn away from their con-

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text and made to do poor service as quotations will suffice. Over him always

Soared the eternal sky,
Full of life and deity.

For him

The countless leaves of the pine are strings
Tuned to the lay the wood-god sings;

and he would have us

Take the bounty of thy birth,
Taste the lordship of the earth.

He takes his texts from all of nature's revelations. The bumblebee, mocking, as he says, at fate and care—his "Yellow-breeched philosopher"—is a teacher above many pedagogues. For Emerson the earth "laughs in the flowers," and he has catalogued them for us, not in the learned index but in lines of stirring verse. Whether he sings of the sea with its "mathematic ebb and flow," of the outstretched fields or of "the radiant pomp of sun or star," it is always with the fervor of an adoration. Even in the "Threnody," that plaintive poem of the soul's lament over the loss of his "hyacinthine boy," nature comes to him with a consolation like a caress. Companionship with his spirit

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as we go out under the skies will mean for our exhilaration many a verse like this:

Whoso walks in solitude
And inhabiteth the wood,
Choosing light, wave, rock, and bird
Before the money loving herd,
Into that forester shall pass
From these companions power and grace.

To the poet's view, as it ought to be ours,

Even bones are bleached
And lichened into color with the crags.

When in accord with the imagination of the poet we too are able

To see a world in a grain of sand,
And heaven in a wild flower;
To hold infinity in the palm of your hand,
And eternity in an hour.

Even prosaic and repellent things can become the theme of poetry. The worm, the naturalist tells us, renews the soil, but to Tennyson:

The souls of evil men are drawn
Down as the worm draws in the wither'd leaf,
And makes it earth.

Cicero states a truth often overlooked by us, when he describes in eloquent words how the contemplation of the heavens and of nature

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subordinates our own petty affairs to the grandeur of the world. Still, with our modern-day neglect of the emotions, and with what Wordsworth calls our getting and spending and the laying waste of our powers, it is to be feared that we fail to find in such thoughts the antidote we need for our vanity.

The farmer with his life out of doors, is to many of us the embodiment of what is peculiarly practical. Yet he gives no heed to the wild flowers he treads underfoot in the fields, to the birds singing unrecognized notes in the trees and the air, or to the stars in the sky; while to any adequate appreciation of nature's loveliness he is indeed blind from birth. His plodding routine repeated day by day, is a good illustration of the homely adage that shoemakers' wives and blacksmiths' horses oftenest go barefoot. Nor are we, experienced men of the world and successful in life by the accepted standards of success, so much superior to this farmer. And is it not far from the truth that—aside perhaps from one or two ordinary wild flowers and birds of the fields, and the "big dipper" in the sky—we have little or no conception of the feast which Nature in her bounty has spread out

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to the eye, the mind, and the soul. Though the ignorance is a kind of indictment of our modern-day education, we do not know even the names of the stars or their groupings in the constellations, of which poets sang centuries before the Christian era. Nor have we such information as a mere smattering of popular astronomy can give us.

We are wrong in our view, if we think the dawn the same to one that does not know as to one that knows such lines as

Night's candles are burnt out,
And jocund day stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-top.

The close of the day becomes something more than the going down of the sun and an end for the time being of our bustle, if we recall that to Evening, Milton has written the accompaniment of a great hymn surpassing in melody any even-song, that ever rose on the air at vespers, to the arches of church or cathedral. The night is one thing to him that knows, and quite another thing to him that does not know such lines as those beginning

Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.

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The moon shines for us with renewed splendor if we are able to recall the prodigal imagery of Shelley's lines in "The Cloud." If we surrender ourselves to the poet as interpreter, the milky way is no mere bright band of stars but in truth a river of light in the firmament:

The white drift of worlds . . .
The stardust that is whirled aloft and flies
From the invisible chariot wheels of God.

The Pleiads in their dazzling clusters; Orion and Sirius in their startling radiance; the sparkling jewels in the crown of Ariadne; Arcturus and Spica in their serene loveliness; the marvelous Vega toward which we and our solar system are journeying through endless space with a velocity the imagination cannot conceive; the planets in their stately and majestic procession through the constellations, and all the starry host shine as of old and sing still the celestial music of the spheres, as they have shone and sung through the ages—though revealing to us now the secrets of the infinite universe and the religion of the reign of law.

Yet to most of us, except for an occasional indifferent glance into the skies, the lights and

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glories there are about as expressionless as the city street-lamp.

Lamb in his poem "Living Without God in the World," says:

Heavens roof to them.

It is but a painted ceiling hung with lamps,
No more, that lights them to their purposes.

We pass all this by without much comment, but we should have our goodly share of contempt for a companion who, visiting with us a famous gallery, could be similarly indifferent to its canvases and sculptures which were among the treasures of the earth. It is a strange world we inhabit. The ignorance we are prepared to censure merely lessens what might be the fund of our conversation and pleasure; the other ignorance has to do with things of imposing grandeur in themselves, and which are symbols too of the divinely ordered plan of life.

The sublime prayer of Milton for celestial light could not have been answered in such abundance, if great visions had not first come to him from the earth and the sky. His genius, rooted in a love of nature and of God, groped its way through all the tragedy of his blindness, until it grew into the beauty and strength of a

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perfected creation. Literature and life became one with him, as they may become one with us.

The province of the Arts is the province too of literature. There is something deficient in all our accumulated knowledge of sculpture, if we are ignorant of Keats's Ode on a Grecian Urn; and Emerson, in his pregnant way, points out how alike are the methods of the poet and the painter that reach an eminence in the world. Milton besought of Mirth music, but it was to be music

in soft Lydian airs
Married to immortal verse;

and Victor Hugo, in one of his wonderful creative chapters,

CECI TUERA CELA,

tells how the book was to be destructive of the edifice, and how printing was to embody what had been creative in architecture.

We leave unopened the great books of literature wherein we may learn that all these fountains of inspiration are at our threshold, while

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we are making long and arduous journeys only to find polluted waters.

There is to-day another reason why in the interest of both enjoyment and knowledge, the practical man should have recourse to literature. Though we are no longer making the voyage of life by some old religious charts, we have not yet found—and perhaps we have not sought to find—any substitute for what we have lost. If in our indifference we fail to search for it in literature, we have no good reason to expect, however much else we may do, that material considerations or at best mere moral excellence will not continue to be too controlling a factor with us. Science has its well-defined function for teaching men precision of thought and morality has its decalogue; but neither should usurp the province of the emotions and the imagination. If the Bible has ceased to be merely the inspired record of miraculous events, it must not be permitted to fall into neglect or become simply a moral code. Stripped of crudities and contradictions and obsolete dogma with its blood-stains of controversy and persecution, and of those things which have forfeited the regard of reverent intelli-

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gence, the Bible still remains the Holy Scriptures in whose pages are to be found sacred truth, the lessons and life of a Teacher in all essentials divine, and the longing of the soul and the mind for emancipation from what is debasing or commonplace in life.

Arnold tells us that we should have in mind quotations from the classic writers, as "touchstones," by which to test and reveal literary excellence in others. We need them much more for the higher service of a quickening of the spirit. Mere forms of expression will point the way to nobler thought and finer conduct; and at times but a phrase has kindled a fire of patriotism and sacrifice whose warmth and light will never die out in the world. Shakespeare did not merely make marvelous contributions to the pleasures of the imagination; he has had an immeasurable influence upon the thoughts and manners of men and the development of nations. Not on a mimic stage but in a world of purpose, the characters of Shakespeare—made alive and real as are the characters of history, by the genius of his thought and his limitless power over expression—pass before us in eloquent procession. His spiritual

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gift to mankind, aside from that given to us in the Bible is supreme and of a kinship with righteousness. The homely exhorter of days gone by has been able to tell the story of cause and effect in the moral world, with as much literal truth as do illustrious authors. Yet his words have a relation to theirs, not unlike that which the facts gathered together in some book of reference have to literary creation, or a collection of statutes to the vital organic law. From well-known texts the one expounds the gospel of what is admittedly praiseworthy, often to weary and inattentive listeners. The others with the same texts cause the responsive chord of a finer impulse to vibrate within us; and though what they say may not be new it can never grow old, for it contains the secret of eternal youth.

One who really lives within the influences proceeding from the inspired books of the Bible and from Shakespeare, and Carlyle and Wordsworth and Emerson and Arnold and Lowell and all those with whom culture was a creed, comes to possess the refinement of speech and conduct which pure thoughts compel. We cannot live in the society of accom-

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plished people and naturally turn to vulgar associations. We hear a great deal concerning the decadence of style among authors, yet there is a world of truth in the statement that our writing is a by-product of our conversation. Men betray their environment by their thought and speech and act, quite as much as they do in dress and manners. If they elect to live amid surroundings where ideals are flouted or held in slight regard, then almost as certainly as the night follows the day, their conduct will accord with the views in which they are content to acquiesce.

Under right conditions—and they are to be largely found in the progress we are making in this country along humanitarian lines—the appreciation of the side of literature which, in part, can take the place of much that was once regarded as essential religious belief, should hasten the production of the higher literature we are entitled to look for.

We are making momentous strides in advancing the good of the world. However it may be with us in trade and manufacture, there is no monopoly but the keenest competition in benevolence. So pronounced has

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this become that the judicious are not without concern lest such generous sources should produce a tendency, likely to take from the beneficiaries the incentive to independence and individuality. Men and institutions are held up to a searching responsibility. If some offenses escape condemnation in the courts of law, the court of public opinion announces its decision in no uncertain tone; and we have but to look about us to see more than the beginnings of a determination that personal advantage shall not be gained or even sought at the expense of the public welfare.

If this great movement be not arrested—and the indications are that it is increasing—then from the point to which it will advance us there should be no abyss to be bridged, but merely an uninterrupted path to literary creation, all the more impressive because of its origin and inspiration. It is a wholly reasonable expectation that when, by understanding the literature we have, we shall have been fitted to be appreciative as well as eager listeners for the new message, there will be found those prepared to speak it with eloquent and persuasive voice. The throbbing heart of the

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world has made life aglow with a mighty purpose; and it will be strange indeed if a great spiritual epoch does not in the end become a great literary epoch.

This need not be a mere opinion but it can become a faith upon which we can lay hold, if we permit ourselves to understand the spirit of such an inspired prophecy as this of Emerson:

What, then, shall hinder the Genius of the time from speaking its thought? It cannot be silent, if it would. It will write in a higher spirit and a wider knowledge and with a grander practical aim than ever yet guided the pen of poet. It will write the annals of a changed world, and record the descent of principles into practice, of love into government, of love into trade. It will describe the new heroic life of man, the now unbelieved possibility of simple living and of clean and noble relations with men. Religion will bind again those that were sometimes frivolous, customary enemies, skeptics, self-seekers, into a joyful reverence for the circumambient Whole, and that which was ecstasy shall become daily bread.

These are among the reasons which must in the end bring home to us all, however practical we may be, a recognition of the deep and ever-increasing significance of the relation of literature to life.

For literature exalts what is ideal without

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ignoring or under-estimating the worth of what is practical in the world; it shows us nature as a land of loveliness to the eye, and re-creates it as a land of the imagination to whose dominion and grandeur there are no boundaries; it puts within our reach the invaluable possession of forceful, persuasive speech, and holds out to us the divine gift of charity, of right judgment, and of everlasting truth; it presents to us infinite horizons and worthy aims, and enables us to see in every-day affairs and in great emergencies not only the opportunity for advantage but the privilege of service; it enables us to view the things of this world in their true proportion and perspective by contrasting them with the things which are unseen and eternal; it puts between us and sordid thoughts an impassable abyss; it teaches us to write our laws and fashion our conduct so as to become mighty as a people in something else than material resources; and it so ministers to our higher needs, that the petty affairs of life become subordinate to its true purpose and mere morality becomes a religion.

Shall not the practical man and the scholar serve together in such a noble, inspiring cause—

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to the end that the world may escape many of the perils of its voyage, and that the wondrous visions, seen by the wise men of all times, may become for us a reality and a sure possession?

Let us not make the fatal mistake that any success, however conspicuous, gained at the sacrifice of such prospects, can rightly be regarded as other than an ominous, Pyrrhic victory. It is true that the records of history and our experience bear witness to our almost inexhaustible resourcefulness when confronted by adverse conditions, and give us a hope that the outcome will not be disheartening now. But this hope, to be reasonable, must have made a covenant with unremitting watchfulness and effort.

Our country to-day stands for a great accomplishment, but it is mere vanity for us to regard ourselves as immune from the dangers of tendencies that must be checked and of problems that must be wisely solved. If we are thus unwise we must be content to witness the impairment of our obvious mission as a nation—destined perhaps to express the final judgment of the world as to the experiment of a democracy.

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Emerson optimist though he was expresses these misgivings as he prophesies of the future:

The spread eagle must fold his foolish wings and be less of a peacock.

And then he adds:

In this country, with our practical understanding there is, at present, a great sensualism, a headlong devotion to trade, to trade and to the conquest of continent—to each man as large a share of the same as he can carve for himself—an extravagant confidence in our talent and activity, which becomes, whilst successful, a scornful materialism, but with the fault, of course, that it has no depth, no reserved force to fall back upon when a reverse comes.

Matthew Arnold from another land, speaking with the authority of a distinguished scholar and kindly critic, in his lecture on “Numbers”—one of the American addresses by which he wished to be remembered more than by any of his other prose productions—says:

And the philosophers and the prophets, whom I at any rate am disposed to believe, and who say that moral causes govern the standing and the falling of states, will tell us that the failure to mind whatsoever things are elevated must impair with an inexorable fatality the life of a nation, just as the failure to mind whatsoever things are just, or whatsoever things are pure, will impair it; and that if the failure to mind whatsoever things are elevated should be

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real in your American democracy, and should grow into a disease, and take firm hold on you, then the life of even these great United States must inevitably suffer and be impaired more and more, until it perish.

Horace, in one of his impassioned Odes, summed up for us as well as for the Roman people the philosophy of conduct, when he charged them with having left too long unvisited and neglected the altars of the gods.

*Dis te minorem quod geris imperas
Hinc omne principium, huc refer exitum.*

Where there is no vision the people perish, says the proverb of Scripture. And should it ever come to pass that we cease to hold in esteem and cast out of our lives great literature, and all those other influences which make for a finer growth and a more responsive citizenship, we may be sure the Republic is not safe.



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