RE AND ART

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ose specialties of heart of the gour- glect to mention a ed "cassis," made his, much drunk at ation is 100,000 gal- ails to carry away he convenient-sized ed for sale wher- city. natural that a city rld with such good amed as the great- France. Most of Frenchmen—and, inevitable and indispensable. Such a belief is common. But he believes, moreover, and reiterates with great force, that monopoly is an essential element of the trust. With this belief we need not quarrel—our concern is with Mr. Moody's proof of this important principle. And this is the rationale of his argument:

The natural law which engenders monopoly is fundamental. That men naturally seek to gratify their desires with the least exertion is a fundamental truth, and the experience of all civilized society demonstrates it. And as men have gradually become more civilized, their minds have been exerted more and more to devise "short cuts" to achieve their aims. Thus, machinery and all other economical factors for production have been invented; improved methods of transportation have reduced time and labor to a minimum, and in matters of business method, economy in commerce and finance, men have irresistibly gravitated from expensive to economical modes of labor, from small to large-scale means of production and distribution. This tendency, working through many generations, has finally brought mankind to the present civilized condition of society.

Reasoning along the same line, we find that this same tendency has been the creator of and is the underlying cause of monopoly and the modern trust. . . . For quite early in the modern commercial and industrial life of men it was discovered that there were advantages to be gained in the adopting of methods somewhat different from those in vogue under the old regime of competition. By combining together and acquiring, either as a result of this joint effort or otherwise, a special privilege or "monopoly," men found they could accomplish the same ends far more cheaply and satisfactorily than in the old ways, and do so without the same exposure to what was frequently expensive and costly in the field of competition. It was then that men began to first cultivate this element of monopoly, with the result that it was not long before the more progressive all recognized the importance of the monopoly feature and hastened to take advantage of it.

To the reviewer it seems that Mr. Moody has thoroughly confused the legitimate gains arising from large-scale production and the illegitimate gains arising from illegal monopoly such as that maintained by the Standard Oil Company when it was securing exclusive rebates on the oil shipments of its competitors. One thing is certain: Either the two gains—monopoly gains and economies resulting from large-scale production—are quite distinct, or Mr. Moody has utterly failed to establish any necessary connection or identity between them. As a matter of fact, the reader finishes his "analysis" of the failure of the Copper Trust with a profound conviction that there is a vital difference between the two. Here is a great combination of capital, natural wealth, established business connections and the best brains the Standard Oil interests could furnish, yet it failed dismally. And Mr. Moody explains why it failed:

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Conkling, Chauncey M. Depew, James A. Garfield, John Randolph of Roanoke, John J. Ingalls, Daniel Webster, William Wirt and Lyman Tremain. (J. F. Taylor & Co., New York.)

* * *

FINE ART GOSSIP.

M. Fernand de Launay, who died recently in Paris, was one of the most successful painters of the panoramas in fashion some 20 years ago. He was an engraver of considerable talent, and was "medaille" at the Salon des Artistes Francais; his transcripts of Eighteenth-Century life were much admired, and found a ready sale with collectors. M. Fernand de Launay was a son of Alphonse de Launay, the dramatic author.

The small volume on "How to Identify Portrait Miniatures," by Dr. George C. Williamson, author of the magnificent "History of Portrait Miniatures," in two volumes, recently published by the Macmillan Company, is designed as a manual of assistance for the collector, with respect especially to signatures, dates, coloring and other means of identification. Collecting miniatures has become a fad, like collecting old furniture or china. The illustrations in this volume include examples of the work of Cosway, Crosse, the Coopers, John Smart, Hilliard, Oliver, Engelhart and Holbein.

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MISS CORELLI AGAIN

PRECEDES HER NEW NOVEL WITH SLAP AT CRITICS.

"God's Good Man" Falls In Love With And Marries An American Heiress Despite Certain Obstructions In His Way.

Miss Corelli has never been one of those authors who treat their critics with contemptuous silence. However contemptuous she may be, she has often shown that she does not believe that

The wisest answer unto such
Is merely silence when they brawl.

Her new novel, "God's Good Man: A Simple Love Story," is prefaced by an "author's note," in which she enumerates a long list of italicized literary sins, for which she begs, in large type, "Gentle reviewer, be merciful unto me!" After a corresponding summary of the sins of the reviewers, Miss Corelli entreats "May an honest press deliver me!" In the second summary particular deliverance is requested from "literary-clique 'stylists,' and other distinguished persons, who, by reason of their superior intellectuality to all the rest of the world, are always able, and more than ready, to condemn a book without reading it." The present reviewer desires first to plead not guilty to such severe charges; and, having done

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The original formation of the Trust was, therefore, based on a sane proposition (from the standpoint of its promoters), and on the only broad, rational basis that any trust that contemplates the issuing of "watered" capitalization in large amount can be based on and be successful. It aimed at and saw the necessity for acquiring a monopoly of the copper production of the world; the purpose being to restrict the production to what might be the legitimate demand at about 22 cents per pound.

In any event we must grant Mr. Moody the virtue of frankness. He says what he believes, even though he does glide gracefully from legitimate economies and commendable "short-cuts" to natural monopolies, and thence without a single logical tremor to monopoly of all kinds and descriptions:

Almost everywhere in trust circles it is pointed out that success in modern business involves these "short-cuts"

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Dr. Osler, Surrounded By Friends Of The Medical Profession.

(Dr. Osler is in the centre of the lower row of the group. His book, "Science and Immortality," is reviewed on this page.)

to the scheme, and the exhibition will begin in July, and remain open until the end of September.

For many years the series of beautiful frescoes with which Joseph Guichard decorated from 1842 to 1845 a large portion of the chapel of St. Landry at St. Germain-l'Auxerrois have been thickly coated with dust. The series is being freed from the deposit of the last 60 years, and the pictures are appearing

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The novel is a long one. There are more than 500 pages—and the type is not large. The story which it contains can, however, be summed up in comparatively little space. John Walden, "God's good man," is a country clergyman at the old-fashioned little English village of St. Rest. He is a bachelor, "well past 40,"

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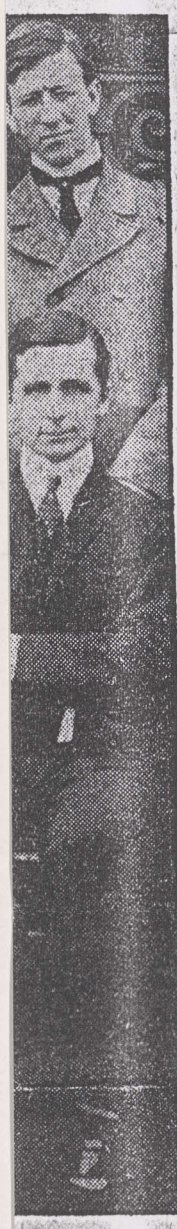

cal Profession.

"Science and Immor-

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ng one. There are -and the type is not ich it contains can, up in comparatively

ables, he is obliged to meet them at a dinner at the manor. Here he first charms all by his brilliant conversation, and then incurs their wrath by censuring the ladies for smoking. Maryllia is also angry, but later forgives Walden in an interview in which he begins to realize that he loves her. Lord Roxmouth, at the time an unwelcome guest at the manor, plays eavesdropper upon the lovers. He again urges his suit upon Maryllia, and is repulsed with contempt. Distracted by his emotions, Walden now leaves St. Rest for a short visit to his friend Brent—a bishop, who is contemplating Roman Catholicism, but is restrained by Walden's arguments. Maryllia, too, leaves her home, that she may hide herself from Roxmouth's attentions.

After several months Maryllia returns. All now looks propitious for the lovers, when she meets with a terrible accident upon the hunting field, caused by the villainous Leach. At first her life is despaired of, and later it is supposed that she must remain a cripple; but a famous Italian surgeon performs an operation which restores her to complete health. In the meantime, Leach perishes from an attempt to drink 10 glasses of whisky on a wager, and Roxmouth, believing Maryllia a cripple, marries the rich American aunt. The book closes with the marriage of John and Maryllia, surrounded by their friends, the adoring villagers.

Such is an outline of the main incidents of "God's Good Man." The incidents, it is obvious, would not fill a volume of far more modest dimensions. The length of the work is due to the extreme diffuseness with which the "simple love story" is told. Thus, apart from the story itself, there are pages and pages which bristle with the apostrophes and uncouth spelling of dialect. These remarks in dialect impress the more cultured members of the story as very humorous. While they listen their eyes are continually "twinkling," or they are "shaking with suppressed laughter." For instance, Walden's faithful retainer apologizes for nicknaming an obnoxious clergyman, and declares: "If one of the names of a man 'appens to be Putwood, an' the man 'imself is as fat as a pig scored for roastin' 'ole, what more nat'rul than the pet name of 'Putty' for 'im? No 'arm meant, I'm sure, Parson—Putty's as good as Pippit any day!" And then we read "Walden suppressed his laughter with an effort." The reviewer envies that effort.

In regard to the characters themselves, Miss Corelli has never mastered the simple rule of fiction—that, to make a character detested for its wickness, it is not necessary for the author constantly to load it with ridicule and abuse. It is always amusing to hear the villain of a melodrama hissed by the audience; in a somewhat similar way Miss Corelli is continually hissing her own villains. And villains they are! When Miss Corelli's characters are good, they are very, very good; but when they are bad, their moral obliquity is unlightened by a single ray of virtue. Roxmouth, for instance, who declares that "the natural state of man is polygamous," was, "to put it mildly, a black sheep of modern decadence, hopelessly past all regeneration." "A social leper" is the way Maryllia describes his character to him. Leach, it will be remembered, tries to murder the heroine because he has been dismissed from her service; and when he makes the attempt "His nerves throbbed, his heart beat high, and his evil soul rejoiced in its wickedness, as only the soul of a devil can. 'Verdict—Accidental death!' he muttered, with a fierce laugh."

But it is in fashionable society as a whole rather than in individual members that the author finds the greatest villainy. The "brilliant, fashionable, dress-loving crowd of women, who spend most of their lives in caring for their complexions or counting their lovers." "The society men, with their insufferable airs of conceit and condescension—their dullness of intellect—their preference for cigars, whisky and bridge to anything else under the sun." "That 'upper-class' throng who, because they spend their lives in nothing nobler than political intrigue and sensual indulgence, are politely set aside as froth and scum by the saner, cleaner world, and classified as the 'smart set.'"

The trouble with such strictures as the preceding is not that they are altogether undeserved, but that, from the nature of the case, they can never reach their mark. Vulgarity in the hand of Virtue is a two-edged sword, which wounds the wielder more than the enemy—and in the last analysis Miss Corelli is vulgar. Moreover, when subtlety and a sense of the incongruous—which is almost as good as a sense of humor—when such qualities are so wide cast throughout the fields of literature, she remains absolutely untouched of either. Her books are moral melodrama. Yet, with the faults of melodrama, they have its vir-

note asking him to this refection being signed Katharine Barrington.

Tea, of course, is a little mild for romance; it is the people in the novels of Miss Austen, Anthony Trollope and Mr. Howells who take tea. Nevertheless, it is not to be supposed that a story with a beginning so romantic as that of the red automobile subsides into the simple love-making of cups and saucers. On the contrary, there now begins quite a rapid succession of incidents—picturesque and stirring—for Roland goes home to his castle, and Miss Barrington, not suspecting his identity, visits the neighborhood as a toruist. The events that follow have a footlight glow and charm, and, although there are many obstacles—true love such as this between Roland and Katharine could not possibly flourish without them—all comes beautifully right in the end. The story, it may be remarked, while not very original and nothing great, is entertaining, and will please most readers not too weary of this form of romance. (Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago.)

* * *

"The Flight Of A Moth."

Epistolary novels are coming out seemingly without end, and although when not well done, the form is particularly trying to the reader, yet to the writer it is seemingly one of the easiest; and, accordingly, for the last year or two, the "purveyors of fiction," both experienced and inexperienced, have essayed this sparkling, gossipy and irresponsible method of carrying on a narrative. The plot may be of the slightest and the incidents few; the chief interest is in the sketching of the characters—and nothing more than a sketch is required, for a real study would be a bore. The pencil must be lightly handled and the humor abundant; given this and some cynicism, mock sentiment and gay flirtation, and here and there some true love, and you have a capital story of its kind. The novels in the form of letters or diaries within the last year or two would make quite a little library of themselves. To make the charm perfect the writer must be a young girl—a young girl of the contemporaneous type, witty, discerning, shrewd, with an eye for the ridiculous, not too many scruples, even a little reckless, devoted to pleasure, and in appearance and manners charming. How does such a fascinating person look at life? This we must gather from her book. To make the book successful she must be always in good humor, occasionally she may be audacious, but never dull. Such books remind somewhat of the old letters and memoirs of the day of Madame de Sevigne and later, except that they must fall below those productions in grace, high breeding and wit, qualities which can never, perhaps, in any future age be so perfectly revived.

An American widow—a widow so young as to be still a girl—on her travels in Europe, and moving in some of the best society there, is the heroine, if the phrase may be used, of one of the latest of these epistolary novels, "The Flight of a Moth," by Emily Post. Mrs. Grace Travis is her name, and after a brief and dismal experience of marriage she goes to Europe to enjoy herself—or, as she might say, to have a perfectly gorgeous time. She is at home in the fashionable world and has money, and with the bloom of girlhood not yet worn off, she possesses also the cynical wisdom of widowhood. There may be some who regard the voyage to Europe as commonplace; but they may be only commonplace people; at any rate, it is not so with this attractive Mrs. Travis, who meets with interesting experiences on every hand. There is an English lord whom she knows—Lord Kirth—tall, loose-jointed and muscular, and attended always by his dog, Paddy—and there are some French and German noblemen—indeed, noblemen, some not of the noblest type, abound in the book. The descriptions of the stay in Paris are very spirited, and glimpses are given of places visited none too decorous; but even livelier than these are the accounts of the sojourn at a French country house, the Chateau de la Tour in Normandie, where a party the members of which move at a somewhat rapid gait is gathered. A young American girl, not a widow, might have been embarrassed at some of the proceedings, but Mrs. Travis is not easily thrown off her balance, and by this time is well seasoned, so that everything that happens is accepted with a certain calm.

After the French chateau comes a season at a castle in Germany—the Schloss-Alstein—and the contrast in the mode of life is entertainingly described. Indeed, the story lacks nothing of entertainment, although some might question passages and episodes on the score of good taste. The characters are brightly drawn—the careless, good-natured English lord, the selfish roué German Prince Schonberg-Grassdow, the Chicago woman who has married a foreigner, and all the rest, and the

HIS CONFESSION OF FAITH

DR. OSLER MAKES IT IN HIS NEW BOOK, "SCIENCE AND IMMORTALITY."

Would Rather Be Mistaken With Plato Than Be In The Right With Those Who Deny Altogether The Life After Death.

To Baltimoreans, Dr. Osler's just published book, "Science and Immortality," will be as interesting for what it reveals of the writer as for what it has to say of his tremendous theme. For, as the portrait painter limns himself as well as his subject in his pictures, so is Dr. Osler himself portrayed in these half hundred pages. They are like a passage from a *Journal Intime*, and doubtless, to those who have not known Baltimore's great physician personally, they will come as a revelation. They show him to be whole-hearted, as well as big-brained; they prove him acutely sensitive to things spiritual, broad-minded enough to see not only the results of science, but also their bearing upon the larger life of man; and, if Sidney Lanier's contention be true, that a poet's duty is to transmute the world's knowledge into wisdom, then Dr. Osler is a poet as well, though he writes not in verse, but in rhythmic prose.

There has been, and still is, an apparent conflict between poetry and science. The scientist looks upon the poet as the survivor of a species rapidly becoming extinct, whose function it is to protest with unrestraint and unreason against the authority of modern realism and modern materialism. The poet cries back that the scientist is a reasoning machine without imagination, a grubber who acquires fact after fact, knowledge upon knowledge, and who is yet without power to interpret the inner meaning of his discoveries. The scientific habit is held accountable for the loss of the imaginative faculty. Darwin, crying out in his old age that he can no longer enjoy Shakespeare, is adduced as a horrible example. And the lament breaks out afresh, "The time needs heart, 'tis tired of head."

And yet the debt of the poet to the scientist is undisputed. Not only does he furnish simile and metaphor, as in the case of Keats' "When a new planet swims into his ken," or Browning's fancy of man, like the moon, boasting—

> Two soul sides, one to face the world with,
> One to show a woman when he loves her!

but also, as illustrated most forcibly, perhaps, in the case of Tennyson, we have the poet taking the discoveries of science—

> They say
> The solid earth whereon we tread
> In tracts of fluent heat began,
> And grew to seeming random forms,
> The seeming prey of cyclic storms,
> Till at the last arose the man—

and attempting an interpretation thereof, seeking, indeed, to transmute the knowledge into wisdom. It is evident, therefore, that there is no real conflict between the poet and the scientist. Each has his work, each supplements the other. But rarely are the functions of the two combined in a single individual, and, when they are an added authority, must pertain to his opinions. This is the great merit of this little work of Dr. Osler's.

So far as concerns their attitude toward the question of life after death, Dr. Osler divides mankind into three groups. The first, composing the great bulk of the people, consists of lukewarm Laodiceans, "concerned less with the future life than with the price of beef or coal," practically uninfluenced by a belief in immortality. The second group is composed of the Gallionians, those who, like Gallio, care for none of these things, who "deliberately put the matter of the future life aside as one about which we know nothing and have no means of knowing anything." The third is the Teresians, whose belief in a future life is the controlling influence in this one. How modern science has affected these groups is Dr. Osler's theme, and only by reading his book in full can an appreciation of it be had. But a hint of its quality, as well as his conclusions, may be drawn from the closing paragraphs:

The man of science is in a sad quandary today. He cannot but feel that the emotional side to which faith leans makes for all that is bright and joyous in life. Fed on the dry husks of facts, the human heart has a hidden want which science cannot supply; as a steady

mouth, for instance, who declares that "the natural state of man is polygamous," was, "to put it mildly, a black sheep of modern decadence, hopelessly past all regeneration." "A social leper" is the way Maryllia describes his character to him. Leech, it will be remembered, tries to murder the heroine because he has been dismissed from her service; and when he makes the attempt "His nerves throbbed, his heart beat high, and his evil soul rejoiced in its wickedness, as only the soul of a devil can. 'Verdict — Accidental death!' he muttered, with a fierce laugh."

But it is in fashionable society as a whole rather than in individual members that the author finds the greatest villainy. The "brilliant, fashionable, dress-loving crowd of women, who spend most of their lives in caring for their complexions or counting their lovers." "The society men, with their insufferable airs of conceit and condescension—their dullness of intellect—their preference for cigars, whisky and bridge to anything else under the sun." "That 'upper-class' throng who, because they spend their lives in nothing nobler than political intrigue and sensual indulgence, are politely set aside as froth and scum by the saner, cleaner world, and classified as the 'smart set.'"

The trouble with such strictures as the preceding is not that they are altogether undeserved, but that, from the nature of the case, they can never reach their mark. Vulgarity in the hand of Virtue is a two-edged sword, which wounds the wielder more than the enemy—and in the last analysis Miss Corelli is vulgar. Moreover, when subtlety and a sense of the incongruous—which is almost as good as a sense of humor—when such qualities are so wide cast throughout the fields of literature, she remains absolutely untouched of either. Her books are moral melodrama. Yet, with the faults of melodrama, they have its virtues; and, so far as mere vulgarity goes, it may be that the critic of the far future will find their vulgarity no more offensive than that of such works as "The Visits of Elizabeth," where virtue of all kind—even of melodrama—is entirely absent. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; Eichelberger, Baltimore.) L. W. M.

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"Roland Of Altenberg."

The title "Roland of Altenberg" and the picture of an old castle on the cover of the volume are likely to suggest at once to the novel-reader Anthony Hope and Mr. Hackett, the romantic actor, and these persons are evoked still more distinctly as we advance into the story by Mr. Edward Mott Wooley. Of the different classes who love fiction and who buy the multitude of novels that come out from week to week, young ladies are said to be the most numerous. There is, then, one cannot help thinking, something significant in the circumstance that in so many of these stories lately from the press it is not young Americans who are the heroes, but foreigners—and too often titled foreigners at that. It would be mortifying and painful to conclude that the taste for American heroes is passing away, but certainly they do not appear to appeal so strongly to the imagination of young ladyhood as the young men who bear foreign titles. "Roland of Altenberg" might appear a little belated, as novels of this stamp have been appearing now for several years, and one might suppose that they had palled slightly, even upon the feminine taste. There is, however, as the publishers declare, still a good demand for the romantic adventures of the handsome young sovereigns of German principalities, and when the heroine is a lovely American girl it is not to be doubted that the work will be widely called for.

The romance of the Crown Prince of Altenberg begins in a way certain to engage the attention of the reader and carry him on. Prince Roland is living incognito in New York, masquerading in a gray tweed suit and a straw hat as an American citizen, and there is little suggestion of royalty about him; he appears to the uninitiated merely a good-looking young American, erect and well built. With him, as he drives down Fifth avenue, is a man of middle age, Col. Karl von Meyer of the Household Guard—rotund and jovial. The Prince is tremendously bored, when suddenly a red automobile in which two ladies are sitting comes into view, "maddened and describing circles," and the fair occupants are in imminent danger of being badly hurt or killed. The crowd stands in a trance. Instantly the Prince leaps from his vehicle and goes to the rescue; the ladies are saved—one of them extremely beautiful—and, with an expression of thanks, they proceed on their way. Now, who was the beautiful one? No person in the neighborhood knows; the Prince, perfectly infatuated, determines to discover. The quest of a charming and mysterious young lady of this sort is nothing new in fiction, but the manner in which Roland goes about it in the present instance is quite interesting. He encounters discouragement and rebuffs, but fate is ultimately kinder to him, and he succeeds in obtaining an invitation to take tea with her, her little dismal experience of marriage she goes to Europe to enjoy herself—or, as she might say, to have a perfectly gorgeous time. She is at home in the fashionable world and has money, and with the bloom of girlhood not yet worn off, she possesses also the cynical wisdom of widowhood. There may be some who regard the voyage to Europe as commonplace; but they may be only commonplace people; at any rate, it is not so with this attractive Mrs. Travis, who meets with interesting experiences on every hand. There is an English lord whom she knows—Lord Kirth—tall, loose-jointed and muscular, and attended always by his dog, Paddy—and there are some French and German noblemen—indeed, noblemen, some not of the noblest type, abound in the book. The descriptions of the stay in Paris are very spirited, and glimpses are given of places visited none too decorous; but even livelier than these are the accounts of the sojourn at a French country house, the Chateau de la Tour in Normandie, where a party the members of which move at a somewhat rapid gait is gathered. A young American girl, not a widow, might have been embarrassed at some of the proceedings, but Mrs. Travis is not easily thrown off her balance, and by this time is well seasoned, so that everything that happens is accepted with a certain calm.

After the French chateau comes a season at a castle in Germany—the Schloss-Alstein—and the contrast in the mode of life is entertainingly described. Indeed, the story lacks nothing of entertainment, although some might question passages and episodes on the score of good taste. The characters are brightly drawn—the careless, good-natured English lord, the selfish roue German Prince Schonberg-Grassdow, the Chicago woman who has married a foreigner, and all the rest, and the story has something of the effect of real life; most likely the titled personages, with the exception of the Englishman, are as unprincipled as painted. With all the fun enjoyed by the pretty widow, the picture of life abroad in the circles in which she moved, although brilliant, is not alluring. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; Eichelberger, Baltimore.) W. E. M.

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With Dash And Swing.

A little of Anthony Hope, but not his distinction of dialogue; something of Clyde Fitch, transferred from the stage to the novel; suggestions, equi-distant, of Alexandre Dumas and Laura Jean Libbey—this seems the fair thing to say of Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim's fiction. His latest published book, "The Betrayal," is an interesting story, utterly improbable, wildly theatric, and yet told with a dash and a swing that make it very readable. Mr. H. W. Boynton, in his pleasant little essay on pace in reading, tells us that some books are to be read in words or lines, some in paragraphs, and some in pages. Of the last-named sort is "The Betrayal," but the man who needs an hour's light reading as mental physic will not do wrong to take up this book. After all, greater miracles have been wrought than the transformation of the starving teacher of the first chapter into the important politician and husband of he Lady Angela of the last. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; Eichelberger, Baltimore.)

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Following "To Have And To Hold."

"The Knitting of the Souls," by Maude Clark Gay, is a not uncreditable attempt to follow the lead of the author of "To Have and To Hold." The scene is laid in Boston, in the Seventeenth Century, and the author makes use of the period to contrast the characters of the Puritan community with the favorites of Charles II. Kenneth Brooks is a Puritan, whose free views on theological subjects gives his enemies good opportunity to work him harm. The heroine is the wife of an unscrupulous commissioner of the King, and at his death rewards the devotion of Brooks, who has during his banishment among the Indians always kept her image in his heart. There is some fierce Indian-fighting, and some theological discussion of the latter, smacking perhaps more of the present than of the Seventeenth Century. However, whatever its historical value, it is earnest, simple and good. The same is true of the whole work. ($1.50. Lee & Shepard, Boston.)

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"The Art Of Cross-Examination."

Mr. Francis L. Wellman's volume on "The Art of Cross-Examination," published just before Christmas, 1903, ran through several editions before summer, and has been for several months out of print. For the new edition which the Macmillan Company publishes this week the author has written five new chapters, besides revising the book and doubling the length of the chapter on "Experts." One of these new chapters details at length the cross-examination of Miss Martinez in the famous breach-of-promise case against the Cuban banker, which caused a profound sensation in New York several years ago.

The solid earth whereon we tread
In tracts of fluent heat began,
And grew to seeming random forms,
The seeming prey of cyclic storms,
Till at the last arose the man—

and attempting an interpretation thereof, seeking, indeed, to transmute the knowledge into wisdom. It is evident, therefore, that there is no real conflict between the poet and the scientist. Each has his work, each supplements the other. But rarely are the functions of the two combined in a single individual, and, when they are an added authority, must pertain to his opinions. This is the great merit of this little work of Dr. Osler's.

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A word in conclusion to the young men in the audience. As perplexity of soul will be your lot and portion, accept the situation with a good grace. The hopes and fears which make us men are inseparable, and this wine press of doubt each one of you must tread alone. It is a trouble from which no man may deliver his brother or make agreement with another for him. Better that your spirit's bark be driven far from the shore—far from the trembling throng whose sails were never to the tempest given—than that you should tie it up to rot at some lethean wharf. On the question before us wide and far your hearts will range from those early days when matins and evensong, evensong and matins sang the larger hope of humanity into your young souls. In certain of you the changes and chances of the years ahead will reduce this to a vague sense of eternal continuity, with which, as Walter Pater says, none of us wholly part. In a very few it will be begotten again to the lively hope of the Teresians; while a majority will retain the sabbatical interest of the Laodicean, as little able to appreciate the fervid enthusiasm of the one as the cold philosophy of the other. Some of you will wander through all phases, to come at last, I trust, to the opinion of Cicero, who had rather be mistaken with Plato than be right with those who deny altogether the life after death, and this is my own *confessio fidei.*

"Science and Immortality" was the 1904 Ingersoll lecture at Harvard University. Its tone shows that Dr. Osler has kept his mind sweet; its literary style, bristling with half-quoted quotations, that he has saturated himself not only with those authors whom he mentions, but also with many another of the literary philanthropists "who on earth have made us heirs of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays." A reading of the book will make more keen the regret of Baltimoreans at the prospective loss of its author to their city. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

Miss Jewett's Art.

(Charles Miner Thompson, in October Atlantic.)

So far as she goes, she tells the absolute truth about New England. I think of her as of one who, hearing New England accused of being a bleak land without beauty, passes confidently over the snow, and by the gray rock, and past the dark fir-tree, to a southern bank, and there, brushing away the decayed leaves, triumphantly shows to the faultfinder a spray of the trailing arbutus. And I should like, for my own part, to add this, that the fragrant, retiring, exquisite flower, which I think she would say is the symbol of New England virtue, is the symbol also of her own modest and delightful art.