

Literature

Any of the standard works noticed in this department may be ordered through Eaton & Main, 130 Fifth Avenue, New York. In ordering, give the date of the paper in which the book was noticed.

Readers of the Rev. John White Chadwick's recent admirable life of Theodore Parker will not fail to be interested in his just published volume on *William Ellery Channing*, very similar to its predecessor in style and treatment, and appealing to an even wider circle. Channing the saint and preacher of the higher spiritual life is revered and loved by many who scarcely know anything of Channing the thinker, and to whom the name of Theodore Parker suggests only what is quite outside the pale of their sympathies. Let us say at once, however, that Dr. Chadwick's present really brilliant volume dwells much less upon Channing's inner life than upon his thought and activities upon theological and social lines. His aim is to make these known to a generation which appreciates them but inadequately. Hence he shows us mainly the man as influenced by and as influencing the religious and political conditions of his time, and the picture he draws is full of animation and spirit, most admirably done, and abounding in interest to students of the period familiar with the throes and upheavals of its thought. Dr. Chadwick's most passionate sympathy and enthusiasm are with Channing in the direction of his free religious thinking; on the spiritual side he comprehends him less fully, and even seems to range himself at times among those whom Channing's "moral elevation tires," to use his own expression. He hails with delight any slight action or saying that savors more of the human and earthly than was usual with this man of saintly serenity of spirit. Indeed, to him Channing's chief claim to the honor of the present generation is his prophetic attitude with reference to modern problems of sociology and philanthropy. With a note quite of today he preached the kingdom of heaven upon earth. "The new social enthusiasm," Chadwick tells us, "was there in his brooding mind and heart. All that we have seen of this has been the progressive realization of his hope and dreams." Naturally there is much in this volume concerning Channing's connection with the anti-slavery conflict, that burning question which so tried men's souls in his day and generation, into which he threw himself with whole-souled ardor. As a social reformer in other directions also and as the warm advocate of popular education he is brought very clearly before us. Dr. Chadwick's mastery of his subject and brilliancy of presentation leave nothing to be desired. We are far from agreeing with his religious emphasis and tendencies, and can conceive of a life of Channing written from a standpoint quite other than his very militant one, which should paint us more profoundly the essential soul of the man; but that perhaps would not come from a Unitarian. Dr. Chadwick depicts the warrior and champion of "liberal thought" against contemporary bigotry, persecution, and sectarian bitterness; the "grand Christian saint and man of God," whom Bunson hailed in 1850, walked on heights above the noise and shock of earthly conflict. (Houghton, Mifflin, & Co., Boston. Crown 8vo. \$1.75, net.)

Much attention has been attracted to a recent book, *The Woman Who Toils*, by a newspaper comment upon a letter addressed to one of the authors by President Roosevelt. The point he emphasizes is an important one, but does not by any means cover the whole problem of the book. Mrs. Van Vorst has accomplished a difficult and valuable task. Her spirit as she works beside the woman who toils is perfect. Her lack of self-consciousness, her absorption in her study of conditions, her exceptionally clear intellect, and her beautiful and discriminating sympathy make up a very unusual equipment. She does not dwell upon her personal discomforts, simply saying, "I was born and bred and brought up in the world of the fortunate. I am going over now into the world of the unfortunate." She worked in a Pittsburgh factory, in a New York mill town, and at making clothing in Chicago, patiently, understandingly, and profitably. We find her account and her interpretation of the

meaning of it all eminently satisfactory. She came much closer to the workingwoman than even Wyckoff did to the workingman, and everyone should read her experiences and her eloquent plea for the women she knew. Of the second part of the book, by Marie Van Vorst, we cannot speak so highly. The author is intensely self-conscious. She continually emphasizes her own sacrifices, and never forgets her superiority. Instead of a simple sentence defining her project, she gives us a price list of her ordinary clothes, and follows it by a price list of the clothes she donned as a working girl. She announces that "luxuries are to me what necessities are to another," and neither she nor her readers ever forget it. Her style lacks dignity; it is journalistic, and at times quite absurd. However, she goes to a shoe factory in Lynn and to cotton mills in the South, and records her impressions and experiences. We owe a debt to these ladies which can only be paid by giving practical heed to their warnings and taking to heart the stories of deprivation they tell of the woman who toils. Some good photographs illustrate the book. (Doubleday, Page, & Co., New York. 12mo. \$1.50, net.)

From an equally serious and even more practical point of view comes another picture of the workingwoman's life in the form of a novel. *Mary North*, by Lucy Rider Meyer, is in some respects a remarkable book. As many readers know, Mrs. Meyer is a lady who has given years, not weeks, of her life to making the intimate acquaintance of the "woman who toils." If anyone knows her Mrs. Meyer does, for the daily contact of the deaconess with the struggling poor reveals far more than even a factory acquaintance for a week or two ever can. *Mary North* is a painful, sorrowful story, so vividly told and with such evident truth to life that it must create a deep impression. The heroine, a simple but pure-minded country girl, an orphan brought up by a kindly but inexpressive pair of good people, is easily led astray by a designing man, and is thrown out alone in the world to struggle through her horror of disillusion. She finds work at last in a department store in Chicago, and one is convinced that the workers in Mrs. Van Vorst's book are no more real living characters than are the companions of Mary North. Through no fault of her own, shame and suffering fill every hour of Mary North's working days. The glimpses given of the work in the department store, the search for work in the streets, the lonely life in the tenement, the many temptations about all girls, and the grinding poverty are lightened by the beautiful charity of the poor and the frequent helpfulness of the rich. Mrs. Meyer's solution of the problem of the overcrowded working girl's world is interesting, and perhaps may come to some practical result. We should like to see it tried. That Mary North finds at last rest for her weary heart and happy work for others in the world is only the just reward of her nature. (Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. 12mo. \$1.50.)

A tragic story is unfolded by Miss Luella Miner in *Two Heroes of Cathay*, the translation, in large part, of the simple narratives written by two young Chinese, who bore persecution, affliction, bereavement, and bodily pain for the sake of their faith in Christ. Mr. Fay was of the middle classes, and his story gives us a view of the life of the Chinese. Mr. Kung was of a wealthy and aristocratic family, but both shared, though not in equal measure, the perils and adventures of the recent war in China. After unspeakable sufferings in China they turned to America as to a land of hope, intending to come here to study in preparation for Christian work in China. Met at the threshold of our country by our Chinese Exclusion laws, again they suffered hardship for months. They finally arrived, after many mishaps, in Toronto, and only last January was all the red tape cut, and the two students were allowed to reach their Mecca—Oberlin College. It was largely through the efforts of the late Minister, Wu Ting Fang, that admission was at last gained. The royalty of this book will go toward their support, as, according to another point in our law, they are not allowed to do anything for their support while in this country. Everyone should read the story. (F. H. Revell Company, New York. 12mo. \$1, net.)

An excellent *Student's History of English Literature* has been prepared by Professor William Edward Simonds, of Knox College, and we find it fresh and up to date in manner and methods. It is intended for use as a class room text-book, and the story of the rise and growth of our literature is told clearly and well, while there are sufficient indications for the carrying out of more detailed lives of study, and special analytical and critical examinations of the work of representative authors. Technical criticism, however, is secondary to the very full and carefully written biographical and historical matter. (Houghton, Mifflin, & Co., Boston. 12mo. \$1.25, net.)

Another of the many stories founded upon incidents connected with our civil war has been written by Cyrus Townsend Brady. *The Southerners* lived in Alabama. Upon the outbreak of the war the family was rent asunder by the departure of the oldest son, a naval cadet, to serve under the Union flag. All the sorrow and perplexity consequent upon such a situation is vividly described. Battle scenes, culminating in the naval battle in Mobile Bay, are recalled, and when at last peace returns it is only to a torn and suffering group. The plot is exciting, the action rapid, and the spirit excellent. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 12mo. \$1.50.)

The Readjusted Church, as it is described by Mr. E. F. Blanchard, in a vigorous little volume, is one to which we should all be happy to belong; but we shall hardly see it in our day. We are glad to believe, however, that all Churches are moving in the wholesome direction indicated, toward a nobler life and wider service. We have read Mr. Blanchard's little book with interest, and think it none too plain-spoken, though somewhat too unhopeful, for the faults mentioned are now fully recognized within the Churches themselves, and that is the best of signs for the future. (The Abbey Press, New York. 12mo. \$1.)

While *Lovely Mary* may not be as good as "Mrs. Wiggs," we are glad Alice Hegan Rice has given us the privilege of knowing the original little girl. Her development of self-esteem and a measure of serenity under the training of Mrs. Wiggs is most delightful. Mrs. Wiggs continues to enunciate wisdom, as, for instance, "I b'lieve in havin' a good time when you start out to have it. If you git knocked out of one plan, you want to git yerself another right quick, before yer sperrits has a chance to fall." (The Century Company, New York. 12mo. \$1.)

Grace Lathrop Collin, while occupying a distinct place for her own, shares to a degree the charming grace and spirit of Margaret Deland, in a series of sketches called *Putnam Place*, a rather exclusive circle, where the few neighbors are well acquainted with each other. It is well said that "it is all in the way it is written," but that implies a skill and literary quality rather rare, and always attractive. *Putnam Place* will be read by those who enjoyed "Granford" and "Old Chester Tales." (Harper & Brothers, New York. 12mo. \$1.50.)

Sewell Ford has the gift of writing about horses with both common sense and sentiment. In *Horses Nina* he gives us a set of clever short stories. Many will remember with especial pleasure the story of the heavy-draught horse "Chieftain" and his driver "Tim." All the lives of hard-worked or coddled horses do not end in misery, as, for instance, one knows in the story of "Skipper." This is an admirable book for boys, and girls, too, for that matter. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.25.)



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