

such a work of criticism is especially valuable to art students, as they can verify its conclusions for themselves. Mr. Smith's critique is more historical than technical, and his brief lives of the four greatest of the Barbizon school are full of charm.

The picture Mr. Smith draws of Corot is particularly sympathetic. As he painted, he used to continually exclaim, "Correggio, Giorgione, lend me your brush," and he went about the fields talking aloud to Nature and the birds and butterflies. "Is it for me you are singing, little bird? Well, this is fine!" Every spring he used to say, "I have a rendezvous with Nature." When it got too dark to paint he would say: "Well, I must stop. My Heavenly Father has put out my lamp."

THE MONOTONY OF LABOR.*

SELDOM have we read a more interesting, or, in its way, a more valuable book than this *The Woman Who Tolls*, by Bessie and Marie Van Vorst. These two women, of the so-called upper class, became factory hands for a brief season. They sought "jobs," got them, and worked at them in a Pittsburgh factory, a small mill town in New York, at clothing making in Chicago, at shoemaking in Lynn, and in a Southern cotton mill. They detail their experiences excellently well. They do not sentimentalize; they do not pretend that the work was exactly to them what it was to their mates; they do not "cant," as did Mr. Wyckoff; they do not try to be "funny;" in fact, they do not do any of the objectionable things that you might expect, or that other experimentalists have done. It is a plain, unvarnished tale they have to tell, and they practically leave the reader to draw his own conclusions. The one thing that they both insist on, or rather that their plain tale insists on, is the hideous monotony of the daily life of uninteresting, unremitting toil, the being a part of a machine for thirteen hours a day, year in and year out. This horror, they claim (and every reader and every thinker must acknowledge it), is excuse for all the sin, the crime, the illiteracy, bad manners, beastliness and the thousand and one things that have brought "mill hands" and mill towns into general ill repute. How can men and women who rise at five o'clock and work till seven o'clock be willing, or able, to cultivate any of the amenities of life in the evening? What should they do but wander in the streets for an hour's breath of air, and silence, before going to bed? What time have they for anything but animal pleasures, dull and stupid animals at that?

The book does not pretend to be a socialist tract, but the man or woman who can read it and not be a theoretic, at least, socialist, must indeed be dull and uncomprehending; who reads it and does not "think" must be a fool. Let us finish with the last two sentences of the book: "Some inevitable hour shall see the universal agitation of the vast body known as the 'labouring class.' For the welfare of the whole world may it not come whilst they are so ignorant and so down-pressed."

THE LIKENESS OF CHRIST.*

THE question whether we possess any authentic record of the likeness of the Master is one of profound and universal interest. It is not too much to say that every Christian who cares for art, as surely as every artist who cares for Christ, must desire to know whether the face we generally recognize as the face of our Saviour is a historical verity, or is only a creation of the imagination. My purpose in *Rex Regum* is to give to this question a definite answer, by gathering together the scattered evidences—historical, archaeological and artistic—which bear upon the subject, and examining them in the light of the most searching modern criticism.

"If I venture to think that my purpose has in any measure been achieved, it is because I have succeeded in drawing into the discussion many men better than myself. Archaeologists have re-examined their museums and discovered fresh evidence; artists painting the likeness have been happier for knowing it to be true; divines have taken it for their text, glad that another, an unnecessary, mystery has ceased to darken the records of Christianity."

The above paragraphs are from the preface of Sir Wyke Bayliss's curiously interesting book, *Rex Regum*. (The title of the book, by the way, seems to us ill chosen, for the reason that the matter of the book is quite as interesting to the world which does not know Latin, as to the one which does.) The author makes in our mind an excellent case—he proves convincingly, if one may be allowed to use the word "prove" rather loosely, that the face which we all recognize, wherever seen, as that of the Christ, bears undoubted resemblance to the real face of Jesus of Nazareth. The author selects no one picture of Christ as authentic in the sense that any known picture was absolutely drawn from the face of Christ. His point is that all the early pictures of Christ, those in the East as well as those in catacombs of Rome, look almost exactly alike; that some one, or ones, St. Luke, or other believers, who had seen

Christ drew his face; that all believers who had seen him, or heard of him from those who had seen him, recognized the likeness and copied it. The Holy Shroud bears out the same theory, whether one believes, or not, in its absolute authenticity.

The great painters of the Renaissance recognizing the probability, if not believing in the absolute undeniability of these likenesses, and seeing that the face was beautiful and appropriate to the character, perpetuated the likeness; and modern painters have followed them. Thus to everyone in the civilized world the face of Christ is perfectly familiar, and this book is written that men may be "happier in knowing that it is the true likeness."

The author's manner in doing the book is straightforward and clear; he gives *pros* and *cons*, and reproduces exceptions to the general habit of the painters—notably the terrifying *Christus Iudex* in Michael Angelo's *Last Judgment*—and reasons for them.

The volume is fully illustrated with admirable reproductions, principally from the very early pictures in the catacombs, but with sufficient of the more modern pictures to show how the tradition of the likeness has been carried down through the ages. It is hardly conceivable that any one should not be interested in this extraordinary book, and it is to be regretted that the cost of the reproduction of pictures makes the price of the volume somewhat high, though this should not hinder the possession of it by all libraries, churches and Sunday schools and by all who can, in any way, afford so interesting and unique, not to say more, a pleasure.

EXPLORATIONS IN BIBLE LANDS.*

TO produce a book on archaeology which is at the same time scientifically accurate and popularly interesting is no mean feat; yet that is what Professor Hilprecht and his collaborators have done in this *Explorations in Bible Lands during the 19th Century*. It was a happy thought to combine in one volume, despite the fact that the book is a bit clumsy to handle, the best accounts of the early century explorers with the results of the more scientific work of the end of the century excavations.

Professor Hilprecht, of the University of Pennsylvania Babylonian Expedition, is general editor of the whole volume, and contributes from his own pen considerably more than half of the 800 odd pages of the book in his article, *The Resurrection of Assyria and Babylonia*. Professors Benzinger, Steindorf, Hommel and Jensen, of the German universities, contribute articles on Palestine, Egypt, Arabia, the Hittites.

*The Woman Who Tolls. Being the Experiences of Two Ladies as Factory Girls. By Mrs. John Van Vorst and Marie Van Vorst. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50 net.

*Rex Regum. A Painter's Study of the Likeness of Christ from the Time of the Apostles to the Present Day. By Sir Wyke Bayliss, K. B., F. S. A. Library Edition, Revised and Enlarged. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

*Explorations in Bible Lands During the 19th Century. By H. V. Hilprecht, with the Cooperation of Dr. Benzinger, Prof. Hommel, Jensen, Steindorf. With nearly 200 illustrations and four Maps. Philadelphia: A. J. Holman & Co. \$3.00 net.