LITERATURE

INDIRECTION.

Pale are the flowers and the children,
But their subtle suggestion is fairer.
Close in the rustling of leaves, but the scent that charge it is rarer;
Not the existence of song, but the sweetness of song, is the mystery,
And never was poem yet writ, but the meaning outmastered the market.

Some a daisy that grows, but a mystery
Not with the daisy begins;
Some a great star that flows, but a majesty
Begins the flaming;
Never a thought, however natural, but a
Stranger than he did unfold him,
Nor ever a prophet foretells, but a
Subtler soul hath foretold him.

Think of the corners that, broken, the
Sunset is tinted and ribbed;
Find the stone that fructifies, the soul
Of the sunset's kindling;
Under the day that is felt by the infinite
Sense of feeling
Overtone the story revealed in the glory
That covers the revealing.

Good are the wonders of being, but that
Which is somewhere is greater
Yet the roots are behind, but vaster
Stands the tree in the sunlight.
Back of the mind bounds the silence,
back of the gift stands the giving;
Back of the hand that is felt thrill the
mighty forces of receiving.

Space is as nothing to spirit, the deed is
nothing to the doing;
The heart of the water is warm, but
warmer the heart of the wooing;
And so from the pile where these
dwelling and top from the height
where these shine,
Twin voices and shadows swim starward
and the essence of life is divine.

—RICHARD HEALFF.

NOTES.

Ruskin's personal opinions, expressed in his correspondence and miscellaneous writings, form the material of the new volume which has been prepared by Sir Wemyss the translator of the Ruskin edition of the great French critic's works. From these "Opinions" we learn what he thought of his own books—though no wonder that he ever found time to think about them, so absorbing was his industry with which he created them. He wrote to Miss Hawes on July 7: "Walter Scott wrote two novels a year, and was said to find business in his work; he actually finished. This year I have produced, for Le Pau Grist, assembly, 'Le Lys dans la Vallée' (Hotel), 'Les Mémoires d'un Jeune Marié' (Monthly), 'Cesar Birotteau,' I have sent three hundred of the 'Entretiens de Marie' to Mme. Jobez, and three numbers of the 'Petites Philosophies' to Wendel. Finally, I shall have finished 'Seraphita.' But also, that I be alive or in my right mind next year! I doubt it, sometimes it seems to me if my brain were softened."

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Of a mother, Edward Noyes Westcott said: "She has a baby, a most peculiar one, which permeates and colors her conversation so that she sees all things through a baby darkly."

At one time he wrote: "I have come to think that the thing I most desire I shall never have, so now with superstition I live in dread lest he prevent my having from acting my heart on anything, lest it escape me."

Again he wrote: "If I were ten years younger, that phrase was almost half true. Now, I might find an interpreter in some young Abraham. Still, for all the flowers that I have found, I am as ever shall, blessed long ago. O! I have so immortalize almost the lot, I am glad and thankful—and God keep the person who keeps it for my sake."

But what is consistency? It is merely being true to other's conception of our having worn of conduct. We say of one, "Why, he is the last person I should ever have thought would do that!" Nothing is more moral and moral progress is recognition of that man, going on within himself, has let most logically to be consistent, or consistent to others. For what could you expect of one? he is unpredictable, a kinepatic, "a man who is not to-day." Yes, and then he turned to the self-deceiving way of the world, repeats a joke off old Adam. Look at my hands, he added, holding them out frankly to the spectator. "One is strong, well-formed, capable; the other is almost effeminate—and anything be more effeminate?"

"Here," he full of force, all coming his way. He wrote this once to a friend with opposite for his own date, December 1st, with an air of victory and defiance. "Of the future—although I think none sure."

He has been poorly lately. "Let us enjoy—enjoy, and let nothing good get by us, for when we are dead, we are as very dead; and then souls follow a quite cage, at our own philosophy."

"Do we not enough to know better?" he say a friend once reproached him.

"Not enough to know better," he replied, "are we ever old enough for that?"

"Death's a hard fact to face and does now and then cast the one imaginary. Years ago, another photograph. All love for Fiona and ends in tears; but we were for the best part, and, in one view of it, always for detaching."

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The Dante Professor of Harvard University will bring one more great French literature to this country this year in Boissier's Promenades and Hist. This year the honoree will be Henri de Regnier, the French poet. He will give a series of lectures before Harvard University, beginning on March 1st, on French modern poetry.

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G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, will soon begin the publication of a new series of studies of the actual home life of certain writers and thinkers entitled "Literary Haunts," all written by Marion Harland. The first study will be of "Charlotte Brontë," and studies of "William Cowper," "Hannah Moore" and "John Ruskin" will follow.

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Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney was 81 years old September 22d, and on the next day her new story "Bonnie Pegg" was given to the public. It is an interesting fact that her daughter, Mrs. Caroline Leslie Field, on the same day was published her story entitled "Naomi's Harry Childhood." Both books bear Houghton, Mifflin & Co's imprint.

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John Morley is absorbed in his work on the biography of Gladstone. He and Mrs. Morley are living at Hawarden in the house which was built by Mr. Gladstone when son as a residence for himself and his wife (daughter of Lord Blantyre) soon after their marriage.

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Longmans, Green & Co., New York, will at once bring out "Homely Hymns," the "forty-three so-called hymns attributed to Homer, translated with an introduction to each, by Andrew Lang, and illustrated with photogravures and half tones "after the antique."

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Harry Hubbard Edwards, who a few years ago won the $10,000 prize awarded by the Chicago Record for the best story of mystery, is the author of the complete novel appearing in the October number of the New Lippincott. This new novel is entitled "Love Across the Lines."

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Mrs. Stannard otherwise, "John Strange Winter," has written a novel which is expected to unmask the mystery of her previous somewhat frivolous career. This new book is very serious in tone and deals in a painfully realistic manner with the question of drink.

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Winston Churchill proposes to write several more romances dealing with the successors of the original Richard Carvel.

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It is proposed to consolidate the "Magazine of American History" and its senior, William L. Stone, as editor-in-chief. It is not known whether the possible periodical will bear the name of its predecessor or a new one equally descriptive.

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Mr. Kipling has written a long poem for his new book, Blackwood & Co. which will be published September 25. It has a very happy appropriateness as coming out at the time of Admiral Dewey's return, for it runs:

"Let us now praise famous men,"
Men of little showing,
For their work continueth
And their work continueth
Greater than their knowing.

This we learned from famous men
Knowing not its uses,
When they showed in daily work
Man must finish off his work—
Right or wrong, his daily work—
And without excuses.

Servants of the staff and chain
Mine and line and pressure—
Some before the face of Kings,
Stand before the face of Kings;
Bearing gifts in Seven Kingdoms—
Gifts of Case and Screwing.

This we learn from famous men
Teaching to our borders,
Who declared it was their
Labor, earnest and best—
Extraditions, wise and best—
To obey your orders.

BOOKS.

Professor George Marshall of the Utah University, has written a text book upon Dryden's "Palamon and Arcite" and has had the pleasure of seeing a prospectus of it published in Appleton's & Co's announcement of text books for the forthcoming year. An excellent portrait of Prof. Marshall accompanies the notice. The book is in press and will appear in a short time. The professor's many friends will be pleased to learn of his achievement and its complimentary recognition.

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The eloquent appeal on behalf of the Boers, which Otto Schoenrich, of New York, has recently published in the Contemporary Review, has been reprinted in cheap form by Charles H. Sergel company of Chicago. Written when war was nearly a dark menace on the horizon, it is doubly more impressive today, when war is an actual fact, the brave little Boer nation can almost feel the sweep of the black wings of death about them. Probably no woman in this country has more clearly seized the power which Otto Schoenrich has wielded. In South African affairs she has had a peculiar relation with Rhodes as one of his associates. When the Kaffir mining craze was at its height in London a little over two years ago, she became a listening witness of the fraudulent properties which Rhodes and Barney Barnato had foisted on the credulous British public. So complete was the exposure that it recovered all Barnato's vanishing and evasion so effectually that it silenced and prevent a "lamb" suit that would have forced him, Mr. Tolstoi then with a political charity, which the called "Trooper Peter Halket of Mashonaland." It was an impressionist idea to the nation to put on the stage of all the and cruelty by which Cecil Rhodes had built up an oligarchy of millionaires in South Africa. In all the years Cecil Rhodes has spread his prominence Otto Schoenrich has attacked him repeatedly as the prime cause of all the woes of the South Africans. To his fact for money and power she ascribes the destruction of the old life in which honesty and faith were not here synonyms of speech. He made wealth the standard and greed for money from the throne on the heart of the primitive children of the Afrikander.

Something of the same inspired power which made the "Trooper of an African Farm" one of the great novels of the end of the century is seen in this latest work of the author. She shows that these people who made the Transvaal Republic and the Orange Free State are a fadless race, with the blood of the old Dutch Boers in their veins. Of their qualities she gives this picture:

"Without a superficial charm, with a passion hot far below the surface, they are as sure the gentlest and the most determined of people. When you know them they are hard as soul, incased in iron, but with a large and generous response to affection and sympathy, which, perhaps, no other European race gives. They may easily be deceived once, but never twice. Under the roughest exterior of the uncouncly Boer lies a nature singularly sensitive and conscious of personal dignity; a person who never forgets a short time and does not easily forget a wrong.

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Kirk Munroe has written a good book for boys in "Forward March; a Tale of the Spanish-American War." Taking the main facts of the organization of the Rough Riders and their campaign before Santiago, he has woven from these a very readable story. His young hero, Lieutenant Ridge, sees all that is to be seen in the land campaign. He is also fortunate enough to witness the destruction of Cervera's fleet. The book is finely illustrated, many of the pictures being reproductions of photographs of real scenes. (New York: Harper & Brothers, price $1.25.)

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"The Martyrs' Idol and Hunter Poems" is announced by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. from Miss Louise Imogen Guiney. The leading poem, Beatrice in torture, suffering for her faith in the Christian saints, Dulcynius and Theodosia, who perished in the Diocletian persecution.

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A most important historical work, dealing with the beginnings of Pennsylvania and New York, is John Fiske's "The Dutch and Quaker Colonies in America," now ready from the publishing house of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

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Love stories having the revolutionary war for their background are becoming numerous. The latest one to come to hand is "The Very Much in Herbert Hand Hingham," which relates the fortunes of a young Massachusetts gentleman who, "in the time of Washington's record in the revolutionary war," and before a time was reached fell in love with the daughter of a Tory family, and, of course, it is not required to the least satisfaction that the character of the complimentary which, consequently, ensued should be explained. Mr. Holder can vastly exercise their nature and give a good piece of fiction, and, in this case, he is supposed to be telling his own story to the family, to his old age, and a romance of the Revolutionary Hall. "Married with and endowed by the kindness of John Clinton early in the nineteenth century." Mr. Holder's