LITERATURE

THE CHANGED CROSS.

It was a time of sadness and my heart,
Although it knew and loved the better part,
Felt wearied with the conflict and the strife
And all the needful discipline of life.

And, while I thought on these as given to me
My trial test of faith and love to be,
It seemed as if I never could be sure
That faithful to the end I should endure.

And thus, no longer trusting to His might
Who says, "We walk by faith, and not by sight,"
Doubting and almost yielding to despair,
The thought arose—My cross I cannot bear:

Far heavier its weight must surely be
Than those of others which I daily see.
Oh! if I might another burden choose
Methinks I should not fear my crown to lose.

A solemn silence reigned on all around:
E'en nature's voices uttered not a sound:
The evening shadows seemed of peace to tell,
And sleep upon my weary spirit fell.

A moment's pause—and then a heavenly light
Beamed full upon my wondering, raptured sight:
Angels on silvery wings seemed everywhere,
And angels' music thrilled the balmy air.

Then One, more fair than all the rest to see,
One to whom all the others bowed the knee,
Came gently to me as I trembling lay
And, "Follow me!" He said: "I am the Way."

Then speaking thus He led me far above,
And there beneath a canopy of love
Crosses of divers shape and size were seen,
Larger and maller than my own had been.

And one there was most beauteous to behold,
A little one with jewels set in gold.
Ah! this, methought, I can with comfort wear,
For it will be an easy one to bear:

And so the little cross I quickly took,
But all at once my frame beneath it shook:
The sparkling jewels, fair were they to see,
But far too heavy was their weight for me.

"This may not be," I cried, and looked again
To see if there was any here could ease my pain:
But one by one I passed them closely by
Till on a lovely one I cast my eye.

Fair flowers around its sculptured form entwined,
And grace and beauty seemed in it combined.
Wondering I gazed and still I wondered more
To think so many should have passed it o'er.

But oh! that form so beautiful to see
Soon made its hidden sorrows known to me:
Thorns lay beneath those flowers and colors fair!
Sorrowing I said, "This cross I may not bear."

And so it was with each and all around—
Not one to suit my need could there be found:
Weeping I laid each heavy burden down
As my Guide gently said, "No cross, no crown."

At length to Him I raised my saddened heart;
He knew its sorrows, bade its doubts depart.
"Be not afraid," He said, "but trust in me:
My perfect love shall now be shown to thee."

And then with lightened eyes and willing feet
Again I turned my earthly cross to meet,
With forward footsteps turning not aside
For fear some hidden evil might betide;

And there—in the prepared, appointed way,
Listening to bear and ready to obey,
A cross I quickly found of plainest form
With only words of love inscribed thereon.

With thankfulness I raised it from the rest
And joyfully acknowledged it the best,
The only one of all the many there
That I could feel was good for me to bear.

And while I thus my chosen one confessed
I saw a heavenly brightness on it rest,
And as I bent my burden to sustain
I recognized my own old cross again.

But oh! how different did it seem to be
Now I had learned its preciousness to see!
No longer could I unbelieving say
Perhaps another is a better way,

Ah no! henceforth my own desire shall be
That He who knows me best should choose for me:
And so, whate'er His love sees good to send,
I'll trust it's best because He knows the end.

—Anonymous.

NOTES

Messina, wherever it has been described in books, has become the object of devoted reading, and William Agnew Paton, who some years ago wrote the book "Picturesque Sicily," which the Harpers published, must have been surprised of late to see his passing description of the city become a thing to quote historically. "The houses of Messina," he wrote, "extend along the shore for the distance of one and a half miles, occupying a narrow strip of land between the water and the hills. On the slopes above the town are vineyards and olive-groves, orchards and gardens, and all the rounded heights are crowned with fortresses, and the connecting crests with lines of fortifications. The grand harbor, about four miles in circumference, is enclosed by a low sandpit, which extends into the sea in the form of a sickle, recalling the fact that the founders of the city, Greek pirates from Cumae, called it 'Zancle' (the Sickle)."

The "sleeping sentinel" in the little new book, "Lincoln and the Sleeping Sentinel," on the eve of publication by the Harpers, was William Scott, Company K, of the Third Vermont regiment, commonly known as the "Green Mountain boys," because they were raised on the eastern slope of the Green mountains and mustered into service while the battle of Bull Run was progressing. His general, Gen. Smith of West Point, was not of the sort to commute a death sentence for sleeping on post, and a delegation of the lad's comrades, headed by his captain, marched to Washington to appeal to President Lincoln. The story has been many times repeated—Scott had gone to sleep, himself half dead with fatigue while taking the place of a sick comrade on watch. L. E. Chittenden, who wrote the present version of it, was the man who received the pleading soldiers, and led them to the President.

Successful, as she claims, in her efforts to brighten the lives of a lot of poor children by operating a series of telepathic push buttons communicating with candy manufacturers and toy dealers, a Philadelphia woman now announces that she shall use her psychic powers to send "mind waves of repentance to the minds of wayward boys and girls." The large publicity and credence given to "freak" stories of this kind is one of the complicating circumstances of psychical research. Telepathy, if it exists at all, is regarded by professional psychologists as distinctly a minor manifestation of forces not yet fully understood—a fact of which any one may be convinced by reading recent psychical research books by Prof. James H. Hyslop or Hereward Carrington. Dr. Hyslop in particular has conclusively exposed the weakness of alleged "telepathic" explanations of phenomena that in his opinion are either fraudulent or spiritistic.

The sufferings of dramatic authors at the first night performances of their plays are said to be so acute that few of them dare to sit in front at the dramatic debut of the children of their brain. Thackeray, in his "Virginians," has George Warrington sitting in a neighboring coffee-house while the first production of his "Carpesan" is in progress, receiving bulletins of its reception from his friends, and doubtless consoling himself with copious drafts of stimulating liquids as a sort of insulation against unhappiness in case things shouldw go wrong. It is said that W. S. Gilbert, the author of "Pinafore," "Patience" and "The Mikado," has never yet attended a premiere of any of his many successful operas and plays, dreading the nervous strain of the ordeal. Even Lord Byron, who was supposed to be a callous sort of person, in so far as caring for the world's verdict was concerned, is said to have been completely wretched at the first production of his play "Dearer than Life."

It was at this performance that a long delay occurred at the end of the second act, filling the audience with impatience and the distinguished author with dread.

"What in the name of heaven can they be doing back there?" asked a critic, meeting Byron in the lobby of the theater trying to calm his troubled spirit by walking nervously about.

"I don't know," moaned the poet, with a melancholy gesture or despair.

A moment later the sound of a saw at work ochind the curtain was heard, and the critic, returning to the playwright's side, inquired:

"And what do you imagine that to be, my lord?"

Byron's sense of humor came to his rescue instantly.

"I think," he said, "they must be cutting out the last act."—John Kendrick Bangs, in Success Magazine.

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LEAVES FROM OLD ALBUMS.

THE TOWNSEND HOUSE OF 1870.

Few people who pass the corner of First South and West Temple streets opposite the old Herald building, would today think it was once the site of the prosperous hotel shown in the picture. The old Townsend house forty years ago or more was a hostelry famed all over western America and there all traveling magnates tarried and many local notables lived until the old adobe structure went down before the march of progress. James Townsend, the proprietor, for many years known as "Uncle Jimmy" erected the house, and lost his fortune in later years, in trying to keep it going.

A fourth large edition of "The Letters of Jennie Allen," is being printed for Messrs. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. As an indication of the remarkable way in which this humorous hit has "caught on," large editions have been sold at Canada and Australia.

An order received from Canada the other day by the Boston publishing house of Small, Maynard & Co., called for "all your psychical research books and five Panthers." This request puts Anne Warner's powerful and physiological tale of temptation, "The Panther," definitely into the class of psychical literature where it belongs.

Canadian editions are being published of "Fate's a Fiddler" by Edwin George Pinkham and "I and My True Love" by H. A. Mitchell Kenys. The latter author is a Canadian by birth, the daughter of a well known manufacturer, and has therefore a special claim upon the interest of the Dominion. Both books are published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.

Rex Beach, author of "The Barrier" and "The Spoilers," tells a story that throws a fine, melancholy light on this matter of equality between the sexes. It seems that in Alaska there are plenty of women, and that some of them wear men's clothes, and hit the trail along with their brother men. "Mother Woods," says Mr. Beach, "was one of the greatest characters and the worst nuisances we had up there. She was a tall, gaunt, absolutely tireless female in bloomers. She took in every stampede and located some valuable properties, and the miners were none too fond of her. One day about a dozen miners and Mother Woods were in a road shelter, where they had all taken refuge from a furious blizzard. Pretty soon a man stumbled in, faint with exhaustion. He said that a party had been caught in the storm a few miles off along the trail, and were dangerously in need of assistance. None of the boys wanted to go. It was one of the coldest days ever known up there, and the snow was flying so thick that you could scarcely see. At this Mother Woods stood up in the midst of them, and what she said was plenty. I'm certain I never heard such choice of words before or since. But she got those men out of there for very shame, and led them herself to the rescue."

Mark Twain drove 10 miles recently to see Upton Sinclair and Michael Williams, the authors of "Good Health and How We Won It." (Stokes). The story goes that the drive was rather chilly, and Mark sat close to the open fire after arriving at "Endfield," the author's cottage, smoking an interminable succession of cigars, and telling stories in a most vivacious humor. He disclosed the fact that he was as hungry as a Teddy bear, and with alacrity accepted an invitation to dinner. Then the conversation turned to beef and the Chicago stock yards. Sinclair began to dilate on the merits of a vegetarian diet, with which he promised to regale Twain that evening. Mark found it "mighty interesting," but exhibited more and more restlessness as the talk went on about nut beefsteaks, mock turtle soup made out of potatoes and lima beans, anti-toxic sour milk a la Metchnikoff as a substitute for wine, and so on. Suddenly he remembered that his doctor had ordered him to be indoors by sunset and drove back to his hotel with many regrets and his appetite still with him. We suspect that this story was inspired by a somewhat Trainesque humor, as Mr. Clemens in point of fact has practically but one meal a day and eats very little meat. He has written "health-reform" material himself in "The Appetite Cure" and elsewhere.

BOOKS

"The Missioner," by E. Phillips Oppenheim.—Action, excitement, and mystery are three ingredients always found in Mr. Oppenheim's novels. His new story, "The Missioner," is the compound of love and adventure which this author so deftly produces, and his characters have more than their usual individuality. "The Missioner's" heroine is a beautiful English aristocrat, rich, frivolous, and worldly. The hero is a young man of great personal magnetism, high ideals, and unused to the insincerities of society. Her fashionable amusements and his work in the slums are the antipodes from which they move to meet on the common ground made possible by their mutual interest and appreciation. But the lady has a mystery, and the suitor has an arduous task in clearing away the complications. Against a background shifting from English fashionable life to the Parisian gaiety of Maxim's and the Rat Mort, the incidents move at a rapid pace. Those who read "The Missioner" in serial form pronounced it the best story that this master of romance has yet written.—Little, Brown & Co., 254 Washington St., Boston.

* * *

"Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln," one of the two forthcoming books about Abraham Lincoln which the Harpers are to publish immediately, will contain recollections by such men as Ulysses S. Grant, Henry Ward Beecher, Walt Whitman, Charles A. Dana, Robert C. Ingersol, and other men whose identity with the nation has been close and diverse. The late Allen Thorndyke Rice collected the material while editor of the North American Review, and the matter, prefixed by his own valuable introductory chapter, has been revised and edited for the new volume. Lincoln's personality is made the keystone, and the composite portrait will trace an extraordinary variety and consensus of impression.

* * *

Unquestionably, the most important European contribution to the literature of psychical research to be published in 1909 will be a book by Prof. Cesare Lombroso, the distinguished Italian savant, covering various aspects of the subject. Part of the manuscript of this monumental work has been in the hands of Messrs. Small, Maynard & Company, for some months past. The remaining chapters, embodying some of the results of most recent research and experimentation, have just been brought into the office of the firm by Signor Lombroso's son-in-law, Prof. Guglielmo Ferrero, who has been delivering lectures at the Lowell Institute, Boston, and elsewhere. The work will be translated forthwith, and published as a valuable addition to the fascinating literature which the present intense interest in psychical matters has called forth.

* * *

Sidney McCal, well known as the author of "Truth Dexter," "The Dragon Painter," etc., is hard at work on the manuscript of her new book, which will be brought out this coming season by Little, Brown & Company. The basic theme of the book will be the subject of child labor in the southern mills, and as the author has spent a large part of her life in the vicinity and has seen much of this evil, the public may expect a strong and interesting novel.

MAGAZINES

We must rediscover America in order to provide for our future millions. This is the keynote of Walter Weyl's article, "New Food for New Millions," in the February number of Success Magazine. In the same number, Charles Edward Russell, in the second article of his series, "The Break-up of the Parties," tells how the Democratic party lost its grip; Glenmore Davis describes the building of a modern play, and Roland Phillips tells what modern surgery is doing in the way of the transplantation of organs. Leroy Scott's immigration narrative is called "The Little Mother," and there is advice to operative aspirants by Mme. Melba. Orison Swett Marden's editorial is entitled "How You Can Help Your Boy."

The stories of the month are: "The Sky Viking," by Ernest Poole; "The Halt from the Hedges," by William Gilmore Beymer; "His Big Picture," by G. B. Lancaster, and "Jimmy Pepperton of Oshkazoo," by Robert Barr.

There are poems by Blakeney Gray, Frank Dempster Sherman, and Edna S. Valentine.

* * *

The Duchess of Marlborough, who, as every one knows, is tremendously interested in her own sex, says in an article in the January North American Review, that among the Oriental's faithfulness is the one virtue extolled in woman, the only one expected and impressed upon her. "The Hebrew women were educated and thrifty," writes the duchess further, "and valor did not unsex them. The Homeric women were expert in domestic arts, spent a great deal of their time out-of-doors, and were in consequence healthy and happy. As for the Spartan women, the system of their education was almost a text-book for the American girl—to be strong mothers of healthy children being the end and explanation of their development."

* * *

The little literary magazine The Pathfinder, which represents the high standards of cultivation and scholarship at the University at Sewanee, Tenn., devotes its December issue to an appreciation of the poems of Madison Cawein by the editor, Glen Levin Swiggett. To critical estimates of this Kentucky writer Mr. Swiggett makes the following reference:

"Mr. Howell's estimate of Madison Cawein has assumed a larger promise in the deserved praise which the poet's maturing genius has won for him from England's best critics. Edmund Gosse, Arthur Symons, and the English reviews have given him, frankly and honestly, a leading, if not the foremost, place among our many excellent singers. No small meed for a life and work as devoted in this day to the ideal of beauty in song as was that of von der Vogelweide, the Born, Petrarca, Garcilaso, Keats, or Lanier in theirs."

Coming right after the publication of his collected works in a limited five volume edition de luxe (by Small, Maynard & Company, Boston), this appreciation in a leading southern periodical makes it evident that the vogue of present-day American poetry is by no means waning.

SHOSHONE FALLS AS PAINTED BY H. L. A. CULMER

AN APPRECIATION.

In a window down town is placed a painting of one of the west's great wonder scenes, "Shoshone Falls in Snake River, by one of Utah's best known artists, H. L. A. Culmer. It is a marvelous study of water tints and water motion—manipulations esteemed most difficult by nature painters; waters gliding, waters falling; waters rushing, and waters swirling in the terrific impact of a giant force contained in the pounding of the big fall in the prone stream below. In this play, contending contrasts of motion, tints and gradations of tints, come into effect; grays and greens and the changing white of wave and spray, of foam and mist, and in all their expression it is as if the things themselves had run through the artist's fingers, and laid themselves out on the canvas under his hand. As you stand before the canvas, you watch from your vantage place below the cascade the actual fall of that great mass of water from the point nearly at the skyline; lose yourself in the perilous swirl of the stream which shudders and quivers in dangerous frenzy under the lash of the torrent; and sense the menace in that cold, white mist to the left, shaking its challenge of icy threat across stream at the venturesome green showing itself on the slope of opposite cliff—a play so distinct from the emotion of foam and spray shown in the eurdling tones of white in the picture, as grades of human sentiment in human hearts.

Up over the crest of the fall is another bit of verdure, a self-assured one, showing in the green bush which has sprouted to adolescence there in its spare kingdom on the dauntless rock in mid-stream—an incident as significant in this nature-story as those of hardy pioneers in tales of frontier courage. They are brought out with fine point, too, in the picture; indeed, the notes rise and fall, swell and diminish there in the theme, potent as melody in a master musician's fugue. Look at them casually, and you feel them as distinctly as you catch the theme in a melody heard through an open window; study them as the student does his "etude," his point, and counterpoint, and all the under-plays of harmony, and you find things to hold, and still hold you to ever growing appreciation and enjoyment. Technicality may be strictly observed in its method of expression; but the great human eye—the eye of sympathy and feeling sees something showing under and through, and perhaps even above all form, and calls it good.

In the same artist's studio is another painting, which for its contrast might pose as a companion picture to the river-scene. It is a desert-study, with bare, sun-scorched wastes of sand, flecked only by shadows which curl themselves curiously and fleetingly under passing clouds, thin and comfortless as a mirage. There is a sky of brazen blue above, mottled with yellow tintings, struck from earth to atmosphere; and in the far distance another set of tones—the hills and sky crimsoning to the touch of sunset—yet all falling subtly into the inexpressible minor cadence of the desert. A note of human interest is there, too, in the lonely figure, which even without its title-place in the picture is one with the story. A United States mail carrier, he sits astride the sturdy back of the long-necked cayuse, his gaunt form and dogged face dusty and marred by wind and sun, striking its own telling note. The long reaching neck of the little cayuse he rides is, you guess, a product of the desert, like the camel's whose long, wistful look ahead for the oasis or strip of green in the arroyo is typical alike of the wilderness.

The two pictures, river and desert, are antipodes of expression; yet each in its way tells the true tale of nature, with a spiritual something thrown in;—and that, to the great majority of humanity, refreshed and uplifted by their vision—casual or prolonged—is art.

Swinburne at Seventy

London Literary Letter.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Jan. 28.—Algernon Swinburne, it is expected, will receive the Nobel prize of $40,000 for literature this year. Swinburne is not much heard of these days, but he is still thoroughly in touch with affairs of the world. Though in his seventy-first year, he keeps abreast of the times by reading the newspapers an discussing each day topics of interest, from suffragettes to Irish affairs. Swinburne lives at a house called "The Pines" at Putney, in the west of London. He leads a more or less "simple life" and delights in making friends with the children of his neighborhood. In the summer the poet walks every day across Wimbledon common—a broad open park—and usually sits outside a little wayside inn, where he enjoys his glass of ale with the rest of the "travelers." He wears an old slouch hat and looks like a farmer. He will sit and chat on the most conventional topics, but strongly objects to being interviewed, as several enterprising newspaper men have discovered to their sorrow.

Swinburne will be glad to get the Nobel prize more for the honor than the actual cash, as he is fairly well off, in fact, exceptionally so—for a poet. The Nobel prize, it will be recalled, was founded by Alfred Nobel, with a fund of $10,000,000, and every year five prizes, each of $40,000, are distributed. Nobel was the inventor of dynamite. It is rather curious that the inventor of an explosive should turn all his money into a fund for the promotion of peace, through literature, medicine, chemistry and psychics.

* * *

There is a queer little story going the rounds concerning a quarrel between George Meredith and the poet Rossetti over a plate of ham-and-eggs. It seems that when Rossetti and Meredith were living together, Meredith criticized Rossetti for beginning the day's work on ham-and-eggs, suggesting that he should take a mile walk before such a meal. Reports of this friendly comment got abroad and the incident was enlarged into a quarrel between the authors, as a consequence of which Meredith is said to have left the house, and refused to go back. Now Meredith did nothing of the sort, and, while the ham-and-eggs were in evidence, and Meredith did make the comment, there was no disagreement between the two writers, though there might have been one between Rossetti and his meal. Meredith has recently taken the trouble to deny the quarrel part of the story, and adds the interesting statement that he thinks Rosetti "short-ned his life" by disregarding nature, for which he had a contempt.

* * *

Much discussion has been aroused recently over Edward Fitzgerald's interpretation of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam—which, by the way, according to the latest spelling, is said to be "Umar," not Omar. All sorts of editions of this famous poem have been published recently, owing to the fact that there is a Fitzgerald centenary on. The latest is an elaborately produced work at $2.50, issued by Duckworth, with notes by Edward Heron-Allen.

It has always been charged against Fitzgerald that in translating "Umar" he took so many liberties with the text that little of the original author was left. This is a frequent charge levelled against unhappy translators. It is a polite way of saying that they worked off their own productions under false pretenses.

Lovers of the Rubaiyat will be glad to learn that, according to latest researches, Fitzgerald, in his translation, adhered with remarkble closeness to his original. For instance, in the famous stanza:

"Come, fill the cup, and in the fire of spring
The winter garment of repentance fling"

reads, the original: "Every day I resolve to repent in the evening. Now that the season of roses is come, I cannot grieve." This shows that the English author retained the exact idea of his original. Another and widely quoted verse:

"The worldly hope men set their hearts upon
Turns ashes, or it prospers; and anon,
Like snow upon the desert's dusty face,
Lighting a little hour or two, is gone."

is in the original almost identical with the Fitzgerald rendition. Throughout this volume, the close following by the translator of his "copy" is proved again and again. Consequently, there no longer exists "two sides" to a literary argument that has raged, more or less furiously, among eastern scholars for years. After all, it seems, centenaries have their uses.

* * *

Some curious discoveries have recently been made regarding Napoleon's religious views. Perhaps the queerest part of the discovery is that he had any religion at all. It reminds one of the chapter in the natural history headed "Concerning the Owls in Iceland," the first sentence of which began, "There are no owls in Iceland." However, religion of a certain kind Napoleon evidently had as J. T. Herbert Bailey, in a very attractive volume, proves. Napoleon's cynical remark that "God is on the side of the big battalion," seems to have been one of those little pessimistic utterances for which the emperor displayed a liking during his last days at St. Helena. To prove Napoleon's religious learning, Dr. Barry O'Meara, his surgeon at Helena, narrates having come upon Napoleon one day seated in his bath, reading a little volume which turned out to be a Bible. Questioned about his fondness for the Scriptures, Napoleon got off another one of his cynicisms: "Man has need of something supernatural," he said, "and it is better to seek it in religion than in Mademoiselle de Normand," this lady being a celebrated fortune teller of Paris. Furthermore, Napoleon's own Bible has recently come to light. It is full of marked passages, comments, and notes in the emperor's own hand, and most of these commentaries are in a deeply religious strain. Napoleon's view on the character of Christ is interesting. He said: "Everything in Him astonishes me. Between Him and whoever else in the world there is no possible term of comparison; His birth and the history of His life; the profundity of His doctrine, which grapples with the mightiest difficulties, and which is of those difficulties the most admirable solution. His gospel; His apparition; His empire; His march across the ages and realms—everything to me is prodigy, an insoluble mystery which plunges me into a reverie and from which I cannot escape; a mystery which is there before my eyes; a mystery which I can never deny, nor explain. Here I see nothing human."

This book by Herbert Bally certainly casts a new light on the exile of St. Helena. It looks as if the years of seclusion from the world on the barren rock turned the emperor's thoughts in a different direction from conquest and empire building. His "religion" was certainly conspicuous for its absence during his campaigns in northern Italy.

CHARLES OGDENS.

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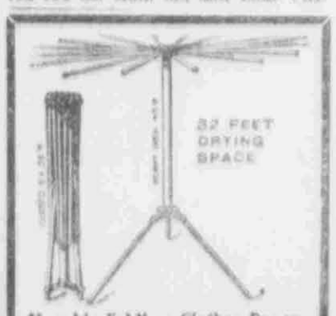

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