

mies have recoiled upon them, and Parnell stands today without a single crime laid at his door. In every age men have suffered because they performed their duty, and even if Parnell had been convicted by his enemies we should still suspend judgment when we remember that "to Socrates they gave the hemlock; Gracchus they killed with sticks and stones, and One, greatest and purest of all, they crucified."

Let England point to her Gladstone, the champion of liberal movements, who has ever been a stalwart defender of the liberties of Englishmen. But he appealed to the sword in order that British capitalists might wring an almost impossible tribute from unhappy Egypt. He was at the same time the guardian of the Englishman and the enslaver of the Egyptian. Let Germany point to her Bismarck, who, by the sheer weight of his mighty intellect, has built up that magnificent empire, but who will ever be remembered for his policy of "blood and iron." He, while making her united, stamped out freedom in Germany. Let France point to her Napoleon who carried his banners in triumph over every land from burning Egypt to snow bound Russia—from sunny Spain to plague swept Syria; whose success often dazzles by its brightness. Yet his name recalls a despotism almost as oppressive as the one that the Revolution swept away, and blood marked every step of his triumphant career. Let America point to her Washington, but he, while battling nobly for the rights of the white man, was himself an owner of slaves. Erin points to Parnell, who has ever championed the cause of the oppressed; who has never been instrumental in depriving any person of life or of liberty; whose victories are victories of peace; whose name has never been associated with deeds of bloodshed and violence; whose whole energy has been expended in an effort to benefit his fellow men.

JOHN B. FOGARTY.

LITERARY.

Sames Lane Allen's "Legend of the Beautiful" contributed to the *March Century* is a most interesting narrative. Nothing could be more delicate, more pathetic than the story he relates. It is a simple account of the love of one Nicholas Vane who wished to commemorate the excellences of the deceased one who had inspired his love. The ulterior purpose of the writer is to illustrate the futility of seeking posthumous fame.

Nicholas Vane was a young man who was known far and near for his skill in carving monuments. Not alone did friends of the deceased seek him to secure a suitable monument for the departed; those yet far removed from death came to him to see that a befitting work of art should announce to coming generations their various excellencies. Among the throng came the poet, who asked but for the common lot, and yet despaired of winning fame by the merit of his verse alone. The veteran came, unwilling that his bravery should fail to win its lasting meed of praise; he, it is true, felt that the sense of duty done was its own reward; but the longing felt by all to live in the memory of coming generations made him desire that his brave deeds shall be commemorated in enduring marble. The minister, fresh from writing his most eloquent sermon, exhorting his followers to strive that their names should be written, not on earthly monuments but in the Book of Life, came to order an imposing shaft to be made that should recall him to the minds of men when his sermons and prayers had long been forgotten.

Among the rest came one evening to Nicholas' shop, a beautiful girl whom he had never seen before. Death had

already marked her for a victim. She, too, came feeling that her death would blot out from the memory of her associates all thought of what she had once been. But feeling that mere beauty is that which is most loved and soonest forgotten; she desired no striking monument to preserve her memory; only a simple slab that would remain unobserved. She passed from his shop and standing there in the twilight, overcome by admiration and love for the beautiful creature who had suffered so much and was so soon to die, he resolved to erect such a monument to her memory that all who should see it would never forget her who lay beneath. When she had died and his monument was erected over her grave, passers by saw naught upon it but her name. They wondered much at this; but Nicholas explained that she was perfect, not alone in outward form but also in heart, so his monument was pleasing to the eye and concealed within it a fitting epitaph. He thought that by thus casting about the monument an air of mystery, the memory of her and her good deeds would be perpetuated more than by parading her virtues before the vulgar gaze.

Many years passed by. Nicholas Vane, now an old man, returned to the home of his youth. In the graveyard was a body of people idly gazing at the tombs. The poet, the soldier, the minister, they had forgotten; they laughingly asked what these had done to deserve remembrance. Nicholas approached the band grieved at their irreverence. He asked them if in all that cemetery there was one tombstone that kept green the memory of the one for whom it was erected. They answered that there was one widely renowned in all the country round. It was the tomb of her whom he had loved. Gratified at the fulfillment of his design he hastened thither with the band of interested observers. What was his surprise and grief when they told him the popular belief concerning the monument and its mystery. This monument placed here by him, his masterpiece of sculpture, to hallow the memory of his loved one, had been, according to the popular account, erected by a betrayed lover, the outward appearance symbolical of her beauty, the mysterious epitaph within an execration on her unfaithfulness. The old man was stunned at this revelation; the greatest effort of his life had ignominiously failed. That very night, amid the shrieking of a mighty storm, nature seemingly sympathizing with the tempest in his own soul, the old man shattered with heavy blows the monument and the mysterious epitaph within. Thus was the memory of the beautiful girl shrouded over with eternal mystery.

There is something attractive in the way the author has related his simple narrative. Little effort on his part is noticeable. The story unfolds gradually, each element entering into it being introduced just at the proper point. There is eloquence in its simplicity, the almost total absence of the appearance of premeditated effort. The author displays no mean ability in marshalling the proper forces for the climax of his narrative. It teaches a moral lesson in showing the uncertainty of posthumous fame. It is a most interesting narrative by reason of its simplicity and its pathos.

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The phenomenal sale of Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backward" lends interest for the present to his other novels. It is not literary merit alone that has made "Looking Backward" so popular, but the fact that it enunciates what has been, more or less formulated, in the minds of the masses for some time. To obtain an idea of Bellamy's literary merit, it is necessary to use as a standard those works into which the spirit of propogandism does not so largely enter. Of this class of works is the novel known by the homely title, "Miss