

servants in their employ.

The little sketch called "A Belated Convention" by Lucy Garrison Green is written from an entirely different standpoint, and with unclouded comprehension and humor. It is here-with reproduce:

"De laws, mammy! what in kingdom you fixin' ter do wid all dem aigs en chicken-fixins mo' samer'n a weddin'?"

"Heish, child! I ain' got no time ter tarry dis even'. Run fetch me a hack er fatlin', en nev' mine de questions. Dis is gwine be a weddin', sho' 'nuf."

"Whoopee! weddin' heah? Who-all's it gwine be?"

"Gwine be me en yo' pappy, dat's who, you no-count buzzard. Didn' you know I done got 'ligion fo' sho' dis time? Gwine be bap'tize come. Whis-suntide; en Mister Goffany says I cert'nly is got to be ma'ied 'fo' I kin come inter Abram's buzzum wid de res'er Plum Creek settlement. I done reasoned with yo' pappy a heap, but he sho' is de stiff-neckes', discommodatines' nigger dat ever I met up wid. Said he warn' gwine be bap'tize, no mo' git ma'ied, his time er life; dat de idee wuz plum foolish in de aig, en wuss atter hatchin'; but I laid off ter 'im, 'fo' Moses I'd wool 'im good nex' time de rheumatics done struck 'im. He knowed I gwine do it; 'caze he ain't forgot de las' time off'n his min' yit, en he's done give in.

"You, Vienna, you kin be de bridesmaid, 'caze you's my fus-born; en little Maola, she kin hol' de bokay. Who said I 'uz too fat ter stagger? I lay I ain't got a bony neck, nohow! Miss Alice, she done promuss me de muslin keurtains outen de parlor fo' a dress, en Adeline Botts gwine mek it, low neck en all.

"Go long, you all chillen! Ain't none of you gals got ahead of yo' ol' mammy yit! Stan' fom under! Dey's gwine be big doin's on Plum Creek! I's a bride, I is!

"The White Glory," by Keene Abbott, is told with too much feeling. It seems to me that the story-teller should not allow himself to be caught directing the attention to anything painful for fear of giving the impression to the readers that they are being "worked."

The poem called Spain, by Joseph Andrews Sargent, is somewhat difficult to understand on account of the number of personal pronouns in the first stanza.

To one who has not seen Egypt, the poem "Down in Egypt," by H. B. Alexander, who has never been in Egypt, is a satisfactory picture of the Nile, the Lotus and the river-way tombs.

Soft in the rays of the silvery goddess,
Queen of the Night,
Silently floweth the Father of Waters
Kissed by her light.

Bathed in the beams of
the Mother of Magic,
Temple and tomb
Massively brood by the
on-gliding river
Barred with their gloom.

Loved of the waves of
the murmuring waters
Lapping her feet,
Floateth afar the faint
breath of the Lotus—
Sweet, ah, so sweet!

Lol in the East the pale
rose-bloss of dawning
Bursteth in morn!
Wide o'er the land the priests
chant from the temples,
"Horus is torn!"

Briggs—Was your stag dinner a success?

Doyle—I should say so; the police stopped it before it was half over.

LYEFF NICKOLAEVITGH TOLSTOY

The review of Hall Caine's *Christian* in the last Atlantic again reminds us that fame, until she gets out of short dresses, is a very hoydenish and unaccountable divinity. The author of the review aforesaid deviseth thus: "If a novelist chooses to write about vice as a fashion of contemporary manners, we feel that Grylle is Grylle, and may write as he pleases; but when Mr. Hall Caine takes advantage of the sacred name of Christian in order to attract decent people, and in the same pages describes vice in frequent repetition of similar scenes, we think he must be held to be liming his twig to catch at the same time a different class of readers." That anybody who knows Hall Caine, or has read a dozen pages of his *Christian* can honestly suspect that this author is capable of making a bid for readers and notoriety through pandering to salacity, is hard to realize. A dozen years from now it will all be different. Not so long ago as that it was not uncommon to see or hear Tolstoy denounced as an im-

find so unendurable. I know of a secondary teacher in the east who not long ago insisted that *The Scarlet Letter* should be removed from the school library on the ground that it was immoral. A member of the school board assayed to debate the question. "Nobody," he said, "has ever suggested that it was objectionable before." "Well," she answered, "it is to me. I've read it three or four times." It is evidently high time that we take into account the purpose and consciousness with which an author writes, and the native or national instincts of delicacy governing his mind, as well as the effect produced upon the individual reader's mind. To the un-pure few things are pure.

There is small question that Tolstoy is one of the great intellects of this century, perhaps, indeed, unsurpassed by any. His *Napoleon's Campaign in Russia* furnishes alone sufficient proof. Questions of relative superiority in intelligence, or preponderance of brains, are hard to settle: it is far easier to measure differences of the other sort—of development and

mean the renunciation which He and his followers practiced and insisted on. But Tolstoy says, Christ did not bid the rich man sell all that he had and give to the poor and only after that come and follow Him, for the sake of the rich man's money, or for the sake of the poor to whom it would have been a fleeting pittance, but for the sake of the rich man. Since the rich man did not find it a joy to do this, the call was not for him. There was no "duty" about it; it was a privilege he could not rise to. If he had done it reluctantly and resistingly it were better left undone. The notion has been too common that this thing was demanded for sacrifice, for discipline, as a test which, submitted to, would give the one suffering it exaltation because he had acted a heroic part. The Sermon on the Mount is pitched to a higher key. Tolstoy believes that Christ would have declared it better to keep one's substance than throw it away for the sake of conscious merit to be acquired thereby. And the general spiritual sense of the age would, I imagine, indorse that view.

That Tolstoy has done, spiritually speaking, this very act of renunciation, with joy, without regrets, or posing as the world's great martyr for Christ's sake, is I suppose the disturbing circumstance in the disputations of the day. He upsets the equanimity of those who, by great tribulation, have come to the comforting conclusion that they are great in the kingdom of heaven. Tolstoy claims no merit for renouncing his man-made privileges, for making himself of no reputation, and treating the drosky-driver as his friend and equal not less than the Sybaritic patricians of Moscow and the court. He feels it merely fitting that men who keep the higher company he keeps should do such things. He makes no pretensions to mystic raptures or other transcendental emoluments of saintship, yet enjoys a satisfaction and serenity of soul that is well-nigh the envy of the secular and the Christian thinking world.

Perhaps nothing has been harder to comprehend than Tolstoy's notions of non-resistance. We all remember how Mr. Kennan failed to hear and report Tolstoy's utterances aright. Tolstoy holds that nothing so exalts evil as to enter into warfare with it upon equal terms. Christ's view, according to his interpretation, was: never recognize evil as a belligerent, or as capable of legitimate belligerency, at all. Tolstoy's theory of non-resistance is due to this reverence for Right and Truth. I suppose no man in all the Russias could have so made the foundations of that colossal and belated tyranny shake as he, if he had thought it were his mission to work reform that



The sole meaning of life is to serve humanity by contributing to the establishment of the Kingdom of God, which can be done only by the recognition and profession of the truth by every man—Leo Tolstoy, in "The Kingdom of God is Within You."

moral writer. Of course there are people who insist that the Bible should be kept under lock and key as unfit to read. Yet the reputation of the Hebrew scriptures is undoubtedly now, on the whole, beyond jeopardy. And similarly, except with hysterical critics, Tolstoy may be held already to have been acquitted at the bar of public sentiment of any such literary purpose as corrupting the morals of his age.

By the way, it is worth noting that neither the Atlantic reviewer nor Maurice Thompson, nor any other of their breed has remembered himself of the necessity of denying that the London Hall Caine paints is too truly the London of today. I suppose those gentlemen know this all too well. It is very convenient to pretend that a writer of Hall Caine's standing and integrity could not possibly have intended to disclose the iniquity he has unearthed with a view to revulsion and remedy. The suspicion cannot be quite crushed out that these critics do not hate what they denounce with perfect hatred, and are not wholly unwilling to advertise the foulness they

largeness of soul-quality. Undoubtedly Tolstoy is chief among the philanthropists of modern times. Of course it is the fashion to call him fanatical, but the fact remains that he alone of the titled and privileged great ones now or lately living has left all to follow Christ. Even the most pietistic now-a-days manage to find a strong inner conviction that it is absolutely the divine will that they keep the wealth and station that they have inherited and that they dispense from their fortunes, at their convenient pleasure, what they think the Lord may need. Tolstoy would say that the Lord is in no need of their bounty, but wishes merely that they outgrow caste and the pretensions of privilege. To do this, while clinging to all the emoluments of wealth and power is impossible. Even among the followers of Him who gathered no substance and made it a test of discipleship that none who followed him should have any, worth is far from being the spiritual thing in fact that it is in theory. Nay, the chief exponents and expounders of Christian doctrine affirm that Christ's sayings do not

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