

reported to be performing miracles. What did society in Jerusalem care about such doings, so long as they did not cross its path? What would we to-day care? Suppose we saw headlines in a morning paper such as a modern reporter might deem appropriate, would we not glance over them as dealing with some newfangled notions entirely apart from our interests? Have we, the scribes and pharisees of to-day, changed very much from our brothers of Jerusalem? Would we not, just as they did, ignore the new doctrine, and trust to the authorities to put it out of the way, when it happened to come into notice and threatened to disturb the regular order of things?

This is the theme of Mr. Pyle's new novel, "Rejected of Men" (Harper & Brothers, New York, \$1.50), in which the intermingling of the past and present is done with a boldness and vividness which only a literary artist could venture upon with any degree of success. Some will say that the book is sacrilegious, but this view is altogether superficial. It deals with sacrilegious people, some of whom thought themselves very religious because they revered obsolete words and ceremonies, and such people then and now are quick to cry blasphemy; but there is no sacrilege in showing the shallowness of formal religion, even if it be that of such a dignitary as the Bishop Calaphas of Mr. Pyle's novel. So far from being sacrilegious this book is at bottom one of deep sincerity and religious earnestness.

The author calls his book a story of to-day, and it is so in all save the life of Christ, which is kept in the background, and is yet the background of the whole story. There is not much of a story, but the book is singularly interesting and will not easily be put aside. The two leading characters are Dr. Theodore Calaphas, rector of the Church of the Advent, afterwards Bishop, and his son-in-law, Mr. Henry Herbert Gilderman, a young man with great possessions. They are both excellent men, admirable, honorable, and efficient, doing their appointed work in the world in such a way as to win the respect and applause of their fellow-men. What is their attitude toward Jesus? This is the point which the book brings out with striking force.

"The world looks very big to us," says the author, "and anyone who dares to interfere with the nice adjustment of its affairs, him we always crucify, lest he bring destruction upon us by overturning the elaborate mechanism of our social order. In this lies our exculpation. If we crucified the Truth, we did it to save the world in which we lived." So was it, and so is it—this is the author's story.

The strongest part of the book is the interlude preceding the closing chapters, in which it is shown that so many of us who think we are religious people

worship an image and not the reality, an imagined Christ, not the real Christ. "There the story stands written in the Book of Books—a Gospel so divine that every single word—yea, every jot and tittle written within it—is holy. There it stands terrible and stern for us scribes and pharisees of intelligent respectability to read. We can not accept it in its reality; for even now we would deny it as we, scribes and pharisees, priests and Levites, did of old."

What is the reality? Here is the author's answer: "Go ye down, scribes and pharisees, into the secret, hidden places of your city, where the immortal and living image of God lies with its face in the dust of humility. There alone you will find the living Christ, and if you, finding Him in His rags and poverty, can truly take Him by the hand and lift Him up, then will He also raise you up into a life that shall be everlasting."

If there is any serious criticism to be made upon the book, it would lie in the apparent fatalism of such sentences as "It could not be otherwise, for God has made us as we are." And in his proem the author says: "Such as this earthly life is, we do not make it—it is made for us. . . . If we were made virtuous we must under normal conditions be virtuous; if we were made vicious we must be vicious; and there the matter ends." It is hard to believe that the writer of this book really believes this pitiful doctrine, and it is hard to see why he sees fit to bring it in as he does. Even granted that his story "is intended by way of a vindication," he does not need this argument. It really weakens the main argument, which is the inevitableness of the conflict between Christ and the world, between a kingdom of God and a society seeking to organize itself without God.

There seems to be a misprint in the heading to chapter XIV.—it is hard to force meaning out of it as it stands.

J. H. DILLARD.

REVOLUTIONARY ESSAYS.

A very interesting, even if at times verbally affected, series of papers in support of socialism, are these "Revolutionary Essays in Socialist Faith and Fancy," (New York: The Comrade Publishing Co.), by Peter E. Burrowes. Their spirit is described in the title page declaration:—"God is Human: the whole human race is God. Socialism is the way of Life."

An apotheosis of the athelism of socialism, they furnish, moreover, fine examples of its economic confusions. For instance, much is made of the idea that society is an organism, implying natural organic union and growth. Yet the reader soon finds the idea changed from "organism" to "organization"—from natural growth to artificial structure—though the chasm between natural organism and artificial organization is immeasurably wide. If society is a

natural organism, it may, indeed, be artificially cultured, but it cannot be artificially organized. What is more, if it is a natural organism, it cannot be divested of the principle of competition, upon the elimination of which all socialists agree. An organism dies when it loses its competitive impulses.

But there is much in Mr. Burrowes's essay regarding which it is easy to agree with him; his assaults, for instance, upon the specialization fad. Hedonism this as a hindrance to the discovery of truth, or as he would say, as a hindrance to truthing. "Broken up into self-centered complete departments of science" he writes of the specialist, "every apple that falls will suggest to him only a life-long study of its peculiar circumstances; the specialist mind loses intuition of a universal message. If an apple falls, he refers you to the one hundred and thirty-first volume of 'Researches on the Relative Tenacity of Apple Stalks and the Angularities of Their Falling.' He is the disintegration of science. He is the habit of local fixture and finality, of snatching in the flowing life and binding it in formula for preservation; he has unbound the chaplet and life, and broken men into parts. We are a generation of no faith, no common prophet, of no democracy, of no divinity in the passing day, of no universalism in the passing deed. The necessity and fruitfulness of the specific treatment, where a limited observer is upon a limitless field, may not be denied; but while consenting to it in physics, let us beware of admitting it into humanics. . . . Instead of an endless differentiation of truth into kingdoms, towns, villages and dollars, with an increasing probability of men getting a wholeness out of these differences, humanics calls for the opposite process. This is admirable, due allowance being made for Mr. Burrowes's rather narrow conception of what constitutes humanic wholeness. And so with the personal spirit that pervades the book. It is the work of an affectionate and rugged man.

PER ODICALS.

Life of August 13 has some witty verses by Tudor Jenks on figures, the last being as follows:

"Confusion seize the moral fool
Of ages long gone by,
Who, in his blind, besotted way,
Taught figures not to lie!"

Which reminds us of an opposition verse by an unknown author—

"Whoever taught that figures don't lie
Was a learned mathematician,
Who didn't foresee with his innocent eye
The modern statistician!"

J. H. D.

In ancient times it seems to have required at least a century to change a fashion in dress. Nowadays in this, as in other things, we move rapidly, and new fashions constantly spring out of a mysterious somewhere, spreading with the swiftness of electricity over the whole dressing world. In fashion's domain there is no application of the law of the survival of the fittest. They come and go without regard to reason or beauty, and often the worst seem to prevail longest. The present skirt, for example, which is both awkward and vulgar. Mrs. John Van Vorst tells us in the Delineator for September is to continue