

its authority—the besetting sin of commentators—is an exegetical fraud. In his view the Bible itself is as unchanged as nature, but we should no more accept old views about it than we should accept the opinions of Pythagoras and Ptolemy about nature. He almost seems to agree with Bishop Herbert Marsh, who is quoted as saying squarely that the Bible must be examined by the same laws of criticism which are applied to other writings of antiquity. We hope the trustees of the John Bampton fund are less exacting in interpreting the words of his will than the critics of the Andover theology.

A really thorough and scholarly historian of the philosophy of religion, such as Prof. Pfeiderer is, finds his task by no means an easy one, for the question of utter scientific sincerity—not only his own, but that of those of whom he writes—enters as a complication, consciously or unconsciously, into every part of his work. The second volume of his history includes writers from Schleiermacher down to the present time, and is to be followed by two more volumes treating the philosophy of religion genetically and speculatively. Though these later volumes contain important additions to the first edition, on the development of the religious consciousness in its beginnings among the Indo-Germans, the Semitic race, and in Christianity, it is the first two volumes of this edition only that are here so enlarged as to constitute almost a new work. The digest of the views of Schleiermacher and especially of Kant, whose significance for religious thought is now so rapidly growing in appreciation, constitutes the best chapters in the book, because written, as is very evident in the case of Kant, with admiration and even ardor. The defect in the author's exposition throughout is his failure to reduce the abstract metaphysical phraseology, in which much of the philosophy of religion has been written, from the idealistic standpoint to the clear and concise language which all subject-matter in the metaphysical realm is now so happily seeking.

Dr. Dahl is a young zoölogist, and his thought is concise enough. He finds that, from the standpoint of natural history, religion is in the highest degree advantageous and even necessary for men. Its objective validity is a matter of no interest, and is, in fact, unknowable. We want no proofs or knowledge, but only faith. Christianity is the highest of all religions, and not merely fills gaps in scientific knowledge, but has always had, and will continue to have, the same domain. Miracles are possible, immortality sure, the Bible all true, etc.—all in a large, high, and sometimes almost esoteric sense. In fact, as Kant thought the undevout astronomer mad, Dr. Dahl is not very far from the conviction that the unchristian Darwin is defective in moral, if not in mental, insight. To know that the best survive and rise to ever higher stages of development is a new source of consolation, which tips the scale for those who die in the struggle for existence to the side of pleasure, in the insight that their death clears the way for the higher development of better organizations.

Dr. Druskowitz thinks Christianity is fast passing away—has already, in fact, lost its hold on most of the best men. Miracles, immortality, and theologies must go with it. Worst of all, neither Feuerbach, Dühring, Dubal, nor Comte has given us an adequate substitute. Social relations must be considerably changed before a worthy substitute could find a foothold, were it entirely manifest what and where it was to be found. Indeed, were these ideal social conditions realized, we should then see that man must rise above the realm of religion to higher insights. Man's duty is to strive to attain the highest development of all that is within him, but also to keep alive a sentiment of supreme loyalty to the sources of all existence.

A. Bastian's is certainly the most chaotic mind among the psychological anthropologists. He does not believe in indexes, chapters, or sections of any sort; quotes incessantly, often in half-a-dozen languages on a page, and from all sorts of known and unknown authors. Slade and the olfactorial Dr. Jäger furnish the author a text, and he shows overwhelmingly that such spiritualistic theories and performances have always been in the world and been cherished. He concludes with his well-known thesis, that the thoughts of the races of mankind must be gathered and tabulated, as the bases of a psychology that shall rest on the only solid foundation of natural science.

Nietzsche writes on the prejudices of philosophers, the essence of religion, the natural history of morals, and so forth, as introductory to his forthcoming philosophy. There is a levity, almost flippancy, in his style, which is hardly less clear and brilliant than that of Schopenhauer, his great master in a sense, and it does not impress one favorably with his seriousness. Christianity is Platonism for the people. It was rooted, perhaps, ultimately in primitive animism, but chiefly in the horror of the naïve, instinctive faith, that led Socrates to evolve the concept which Plato hypostatized as idea, etc., though the Church, in later accepting faith as an authority, partially atoned for this one-sidedness. The savant's love of wisdom is really love of his own wisdom, and philosophy is itself most introspective. Consciousness is a form of sacrificing intellect to the unconscious. This Platonic, Christian, philosophic idealism, or fiction of a transcendental world, which broke out as an acute religious neurosis some two thousand years ago, has tamed and domesticated man till he is insipid and degenerate, like a too much handled cat. It has, however, happily developed a tension in the mental and moral world, and given promise that we shall see things as they really are; and the new psychology, which seeks the truth to do the right and is the future queen of all the sciences, will do the rest.

M. Letourneau holds that philosophy has been separated so long from science that its abstract ideas have become mere naïve and subtle attenuations of animism. Even moral ideas and habits, from the standpoint of the anthropologist, which the author represents, are products of comparatively recent growth, the stages of which, for the benefit of pedagogues and moralists, he endeavors to formulate (after preliminary sections on heredity and the instincts and moral character and conflicts of animals) as follows: (1.) *Bestial morality*, including anthropophagy, war, human sacrifices, infanticide, abortion, marriage, property. (2.) *Savage morality*. (3.) *Barbaric morality*, illustrated by the ancient Mexicans, Peruvians, Egyptians, Persians, and Chinese. (4.) *Industrial or mercantile morality*. Metaphysical morality—or, which is the same, the morality of attenuated religion—is disparaged, and the civilized man of to-day stands without any sense of restraint from the morality of the past. He can only be saved by a new, severely scientific, and utilitarian morality, signs of the coming of which are said to abound, but which can only be inaugurated by the formation of small groups of ethical innovators, who by their words and conduct shall incite to the formation of other groups, and thus gradually metamorphose the innately perverse nerve centres whence all ethical conduct springs.

Wundt's industry is amazing. He has already written on nearly all the special departments which are covered by philosophy, and is yet but little over fifty. There is a breadth about his treatment of logic, ethics, and psychology which one seeks in vain in any other contemporary writer. Sidgwick and Lotze were more widely read and more deeply ethical in nature than is

Wundt; Venn and our own Charles Peirce are far better grounded in logic than he; and Horwicz and Steinthal, Lotze and Herbart, all surpass him, except in the purely experimental chapters of psychology. But his very freedom from the traditions of the university philosophy and from much useless lumber of scholastic learning has enabled him to turn the light of fresh, modern common sense, tempered by a more or less scientific training, on to every philosophic subject he touches, vastly to its advantage. He will eventually prove, if we mistake not, chiefly an inciter and suggester of more detailed work that will supersede his own at most points by going further along the same lines. In the present imposing volume the topics are chosen and grouped in the index in an almost inspiring way. Every reader will feel that this is the basis and this the method for something like adequate treatment of ethical problems. When we turn to the special sections, however, our expectations are only imperfectly realized—not so much, after all, from any deficiency of learning or of thought, as from the vastness of the field covered, which requires general treatment, and makes methods of sufficient detail impossible for a single volume or more. Ethics has long struggled with the problem how to unite the highest well being of the individual with that of others—a problem to which much ethical literature is now devoted. However this may be solved, two things are now clear: that for successful treatment of the latter part of the problem, one must have had long training in practical ethics, philanthropic administration, and charitable work, and must have had an internal experience of struggling to live without waste of vital energy and on the plane of the highest personal morality, or, we might say, of the highest psychological hygiene. These only can rescue the vast and ultimate problems of ethics from their present aridity. A merely literary treatment of them may be of great value, as is unquestionably this latest work of the well-known Leipsic psychologist; but it lacks, to our thinking, the one American thing needful, viz., reality.

The last book on our list is but a fragment of three introductory chapters struck off as early as 1875, before the death of Prof. Wilson, and now published by his colleagues. The second chapter, comprising more than half the book, is historical, including the period from Hobbes to Bentham, and contains a very clear presentation of the chief systems of the period.

About Money and Other Things. A Gift-Book.

By the Author of 'John Halifax, Gentleman.' Harper & Bros. 1887.

MISS MULLOCK is one of those authors whom time kindly allows to communicate to their books only the charm of age. Her pages receive the customary welcome due to long acquaintance, but not as a mere matter of custom; they are still solidly useful, and pervaded now by that various and sweet wisdom of age which is best summed up in the word humaneness. In this volume, which is a small collection of practical essays and short tales, we have a piece of literature characteristic of the English home, in which reading for youth is thought better if it have a moral; and for this reason, perhaps, it is called "a gift book" by the author, because it is a book of good counsel, though not of pretty covers. There are in it the title-essay about the duties of the housewife in respect to the use of money for the family, full of domestic sense and honest feeling about those relations of life which grow out of the necessity for material support; the essay upon "Genius," with its rigid insisting that duty lies only the more strictly upon the youth with gifts; the essay upon what makes life worth liv-

ing—the making it a Christian life. Besides this express advice, there are the “true stories” of the boyish Australian wanderer remembering in the midst of shipwreck a little incident of his English nursery, and the Scotch youth hunting for employment; and there are two pleasant pictures of vacation ramble—one of the author's house-boat on the Thames with her “six girls” for fellow-voyagers, the other of the Killarney lakes, in which glimpses of Irish character and scenery are skilfully made a plea for reconciliation and mutual kindness between races so long united in everything but in heart. In the days of Theophrastus Such, with his intellectuality, and of such fiction as Daudet dedicates to his son, all this is commonplace and may even seem childish to our forward youth; but the spirit which breathes through these old-fashioned themes is the tradition of practical virtue for a boy's ideal, of kind serviceableness for a girl's, and of broad humanity for a nation's, which lies at the base of historic English character. Unambitious and slight as these pages are, their simple, direct moral teaching, their sound reflections on the common things of life, and the gracious womanliness which is felt pervading them, combine to make this volume excellent home-reading.

Romances of Chivalry. Told, and illustrated in facsimile, by John Ashton. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1887.

THE occupation of a professional book-maker has certainly about it something of the fascination which attends a life of adventure. To be surprised one's self by what one discovers, and then to share that surprise with others, involve two feelings that are productive of special pleasure. There is the individual charm of unexpectedness in learning something which had never before been dreamed of as existing. Then, again, there is the sense of general superiority which arises from communicating to mankind what has previously been confined almost wholly to the generous giver. No wonder that the profession has a fascination which makes it the recreation of many. “In those days,” writes Mr. Ashton in this work, “an idle man in search of a job in the adventure line was never long without meeting with one.” So it is now. Times change, but human nature does not. Our modern knight-errants of the book-making work sally forth, not to succor distressed damsels or hapless prisoners, but to relieve the wants of suffering communities which hunger and thirst for cheap knowledge and omniscience that can be gained without toil.

These men look upon their employment as a beneficent one, and they are not entirely out of the way in so believing. They are occasionally of great use. They are constantly devising schemes for producing new works on novel subjects, and they sometimes hit upon valuable ones. Mr. Ashton himself struck out a method of portraying the social life of the past by consulting its neglected and almost forgotten ephemeral literature. The work he did might probably have been better done; it was a good deal to have originated the idea of doing it at all. He deserved, therefore, all the success with which he met. Other ventures of his, however, have not been so prosperous, and the volume before us is a failure from almost any point of view from which it can be examined. He has, in it, entered into a region of which he clearly knows little, and which, for any satisfactory account of its peculiarities, requires something more than the capacity to seize upon and chronicle the social small beer of life. It is not, in spite of what he says, an easy region to explore satisfactorily, nor an altogether delightful one to explore at all. He who ventures far into it may come back

laden with sheaves; but if he does so, he will surely have to set forth with tears.

The present volume professes to be an attempt to popularize the romances of chivalry. These, Mr. Ashton assures us, are not known at all to the general reader, because no effort has been put forth to make their attractions accessible. Many of them, indeed, have been published by learned societies, but they have rarely got beyond the subscribers' shelves. They are reproduced in their original dress, and in consequence cannot be easily made out save by the special student. To remedy this state of things Mr. Ashton now comes forward with his first list of romances, told and illustrated so as to be readable and entertaining. The list includes a dozen stories such as Sir Bevis of Hampton, Guy of Warwick, The Squire of Low Degree, Valentine and Orson, and others the names of which will be familiar to many who do not know their details. It is evident from the preface that two other collections are to follow, one based upon the Carolingian cycle of romances, the other upon the Arthurian.

If the public is not delighted, it will not be due to any half-heartedness on the part of the compiler in recommending his wares. Mr. Ashton has set about his task with all that enthusiasm which is apt to attend late acquaintance with a subject or limited knowledge of it. There is, indeed, a sort of naïveté in the almost child-like interest he manifests in the supposed treasures he fancies he has dug up. He is in a perpetual state of astonishment that some particular story has not been more popular. He assures us that these romances were not only highly sensational and full of incident, but also surprises us with the information that they were never prolix, never full of long-winded speeches, until they began to wane at the end of the sixteenth century. As belonging to the body of subscribers to some of the learned societies he mentions, it has been our privilege, or rather our duty, to wade through many of the stories of the kind which have been published. It may be that we attach a peculiar meaning to prolixity and long-windedness, but these words, we should say, denoted two most conspicuous characteristics of these romances. It is to their possession of these qualities that we are disposed to attribute largely the fact of their now being little read or of being little likely to be read. They were suited to the taste of the age in which they came into being. Out of deference to Mr. Ashton's new-born zeal in their behalf, we shall not maintain that the taste of our own age is any better; but it is certainly very different. A story about demons and enchantments and fairies in days when men believed in them could be carried along by its incidents and details; but in days when men no longer believe in demons and enchantments and fairies, there must be an unusual charm in the telling to offset the incredulity with which such incidents and details are received. To that must be added, in the superabundance of our existing literature, a decent regard for the brevity of human life. Neither one of these conditions is found in these romances; and on both grounds there is a curious lack of the literary sense in placing them, as is done in this volume, in comparison with the stories from the Norse or with the ‘Arabian Nights.’

Still, there is a certain interest attaching to these romances, and, if sufficiently condensed, their substance might be worth retelling. In this form they might then become popular to a limited extent. In spite of his assurances that they are never prolix, Mr. Ashton does set out to perform the task of condensation, but he has hardly done it in a way to make the tales read by the class for which he has designed them. Let us take, for illustration, the first romance entitled “Melusine.” Every now and then Mr.

Ashton abandons his own method of recounting the details of the adventures recorded, and says that the story would suffer if it were not told in the very words of the original. These he then proceeds to reproduce, like any editor belonging to the learned societies he mentions. But if there was any desirability of retaining the ancient words, there was certainly no necessity for preserving the ancient spelling in works which are primarily designed to popularize what has been forgotten. Even he who may have been hungering for the knowledge of these romances, can hardly be expected to have his enjoyment heightened by finding “their” spelled “theyr,” “each” spelled “eche,” “build” spelled “bylde,” and by deciphering a hundred similar variations of orthography. Slight modernizations of the inflections also would not affect the literary quality or the interest of the tale to the unlearned reader, for whom the work has been specially prepared. “Madam, I have been somewhat ill at ease, and have had an ague,” is a statement that, in its modern English form, may perhaps lose in quaintness, but certainly gains in clearness, as contrasted with the following form in this book, “Madame, I have be [en] somewhat evyl at ease & have had an ager.” The adding of the *en* in brackets shows, moreover, a wobbling in the mind of the editor, and would be pretty sure to puzzle the average reader. Mr. Ashton's ambition, also, to tell things he knows as soon as he knows them, is attended with the not uncommon result of his sometimes telling things before he knows them. The vocabulary of the fifteenth century presents no special difficulties, but it is evident that the editor has not invariably mastered the few that exist. There are some passages likewise in the selections reproduced in their original form, in which the early scribe or the modern transcriber must have been at fault. The grammar of no period of the English language can cope successfully with their construction, and if they are of a sort to puzzle the students of our early speech, the outlook for the masses waiting for this work is certainly gloomy. Altogether, we are unable to believe that the early English romances are destined to become absorbingly popular through the well-intentioned efforts of Mr. Ashton.

Ancient Cities, from the Dawn to the Daylight.
By William Burnet Wright. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1886.

THE “ancient cities” which form the subject of Mr. Wright's little volume are selected for their relation to the Bible or to early Christianity, and all belong to the Orient except Rome and Athens. The work consists of fifteen sketches, apparently lectures, but some of them are very short for lectures; and, as the subject of the last two is the “New Jerusalem,” there are thirteen cities treated. These are all designated by some characteristic epithet—“Ur, the City of Saints,” “Nineveh, the City of Soldiers,” “Babylon, the City of Sensualists,” etc. The scholarship is adequate, although the preface disclaims all pretence to erudition, the style is animated, and the point of view (that of the minister of religion) is serious and orthodox, without being narrow. A better comment could hardly be made upon the atrocious conduct of the crusaders upon entering Jerusalem than this—“that no other sentiment has ever made men so devilish as religious zeal without the spirit of Christ.” The book may be heartily commended for what it has aimed to do and for what it has accomplished. We will only make one criticism, that more unity and clearness of view would perhaps have been obtained by selecting a fewer number of cities and treating each with greater fullness.