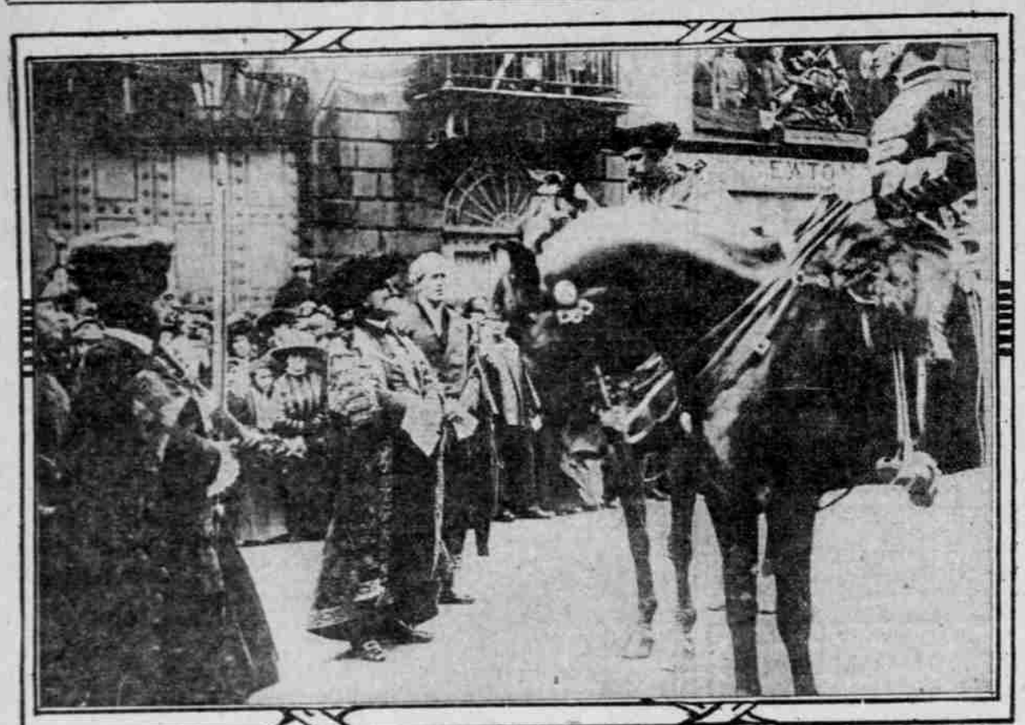
CORONATION OF ENGLAND'S KING IS ATTENDED BY QUAINT CEREMONIES

Permission of Lord Mayor Must Be Secured Before King's Representatives Can Enter City of London—Silk Cord Stretched Across Street Represents Old Gate.



ALDERMEN CHALLENGE KING'S PURSUIVANT AT TEMPLE BAR, LONDON.

RICHMOND HERALD READING PROCLAMATION OF CORONATION.

A VERY quaint ceremony connected with the introduction of a new king of England is the proclamation ceremony which precedes the coronation. The proclamation of King George took place at St. James' Palace, July 21.

At 11 o'clock, the State Trumpeters, in gold uniform slashed with crimson, appeared on the balcony of the palace. Behind them came the following heralds: the Earl Marshal (Duke of Norfolk), Sir Alfred Scott-Gatty (the Garter King-at-Arms), Mr. Woods Wallaston (Bluemantle), Mr. A. W. Cochrane (Rouge Croix), Mr. T. M. Watkins (Portcullis), Mr. Everard Green (Rouge Dragon), Mr. Ambrose Lee (York Herald), Mr. W. B. Lindsay (Windsor Herald), Mr. Charles Athill (Richmond Herald), Mr. H. F. Burke (Somerset Herald), and Mr. W. H. Wellen (Norroy King-at-Arms).

When the trumpeters had blown three times, the Garter King read the Proclamation of the Coronation of the Court to consider claims and of "our well-beloved and trusty Councilors," who will constitute this Court. Then the Garter King waved his hat, crying "God save the King," and all of the heralds, followed suit. The band played; the troops saluted and the ceremony was over.

From the palace the heralds drove to Charing Cross where Norroy, King-of-Arms read the proclamation. Then the procession went to Temple Bar. Here the ancient rights of the City of London give the city fathers the power to challenge the entry of the King's representatives in the "one square mile" which is the city. Alderman Sir H. F. Davies, acting Lord Mayor, and the City Marshal, accompanied by the Aldermen in their robes, awaited the King's procession at Temple Bar.

A silk cord had been stretched across the street to represent the gate, which once stood at Temple Bar. The King's officers of arms rode up to the cord and halted. An escort galloped up and trumpets sounded. The City Marshal cried "Halt; who comes?" The King's Pursuivant replied "The Officer of Arms, who demands entrance into the city to proclaim the coronation of His Royal Majesty, George the Fifth, and of Her Majesty, Queen Mary."

The Marshal rode back to notify the Lord Mayor and the police were then ordered to remove the barrier, and the King's representatives rode into the city and read the King's Proclamation there.

Religion's Permanent Substance and Transitory Forms

Address by the Late Harvey W. Scott, Delivered at a Thanksgiving Service Held in the First Baptist Church, Portland, November 20, 1895.

WE give thanks, in various ways according to our natures. Thanksgiving is a religious expression, and all men are religious. The religious nature of man continually struggles for expression, and its manner of expression changes from age to age. Yet we call each formulated transitory expression a creed, as if it were to be permanent, and often contend for that creed as if it were the absolute truth; but it passes into something else in the next ages.

Expression of Human Nature.

Yet the religious feeling is the permanent force in the nature of man. It moves all the springs of his life. Science acquaints him with innumerable facts, but the sense of his own relation to the infinite is the strongest of all his realities. With Christian, Jew, Brahmin, Moslem, or whatever men may call themselves, it is the same. It is apparent in Hadrian's "Address to His Soul," as in Pope's "Vital Spark of Heavenly Flame."

To the student of the history and philosophy of religion, the unity and universality of religious ideas quickly become apparent. There are elements of truth existing beneath all errors and superstitions. Even the worst of these errors and superstitions, as the sacrifices to Moloch, or the horrid rites of the tutelary war god of the ancient Mexicans, do not refute, but bear testimony to the truth of the reality of which they are so dreadful perversions. For these are the witnesses of religion in man, according to his nature, in various times and situations. What is superstition but the declaration of an impulse in man to religion? What is idolatry but the manifestation of an inborn impulse to worship? What is polytheism but the revelation of a native instinct in man to conceive a mysterious power above him. These are the rude beginnings, the imperfect, sometimes monstrous growths. But where there is much smoke there is always some fire; and where there was all this manifestation, there was something seeking expression. That something we call religion. It is man's native sense of somewhat within him and above him other than the visible; the sense of the unseen and infinite power haunting him; now in rude and wild dreams, now in clearer vision; but with him and of him forevermore.

The first great religious idea, then, is the idea of a mysterious power superior to man, creative, retributive, beneficent. With this idea the mind of man has always been haunted and possessed. Man's position in nature (shall we say his greatness?) proceeds from his consciousness of himself; and whatever else religion may be, the history of our race shows that it is undoubtedly the sphere in which man's experience reaches its utmost concentration. In a word, it is the highest form of man's consciousness of himself in his relation to all other objects. And this it is that makes man man. In his religious life man has sounded the whole gamut of possible forms of consciousness, from the lowest superstition to the highest inspiration.

Errors Are Germinating Truths.

Here we have the key that makes it possible for us to understand the errors of men in the past as partial and germinating truths; and to detect how ideas grow up under forms which are inadequate to them, and which they finally throw off when they have reached maturity. Religion, therefore, can be permanently contained in no formula. In itself it is the permanent substance; the creed, under whatever name, is the changeable garb, the transitory expression. This view teaches us to do justice to the past without enslaving the present, and to give freedom to the thought of the present without forgetting that it, in its turn, must be criticised, transcended and superseded by the widening consciousness of the future.

Is it feared that on this view the religious history of man, teaching him the inadequacy of every expression of his consciousness of the infinite, would be the process by which he would learn to dispense with every form of religion, as a thing at best but of little use? Not so; for man is always conscious that he has not attained perfect knowledge. The efforts of all his art are renewed again and again. The arts of poetry, painting, music, architecture, are not external, but are within himself, and he tires never in his efforts to give them an expression equal to his feeling. We have systems of philosophy without end, and reconstruction of philosophic systems has been going on from the earliest periods of literary history. That is, every system is inadequate; every system has its errors; every system is but a poor exposition; yet philosophy is true, for all that. It never does, however, reveal the whole of its secret. It never can, for we cannot think of man's intelligence as infinite. Yet we find that new discoveries are continually possible, and cannot admit that an adamantine wall hems us in. So in religion there is that which will not leave man alone. He tries to name it, and only stammers. He tries to reach it, and continually stumbles. Yet it forever shines before him, beckoning him on.

Relation of Religion and Morals.

Associated with this great religious idea, the consciousness of our relation to the infinite, is the moral idea; the idea of right, of duty, the sense of the obligation of the virtues. This idea has, for greater numbers, its most powerful support from religious feelings; to the smaller yet perhaps growing numbers, who have little of devout sentiment, or who have speculative difficulties about a belief in the personality of a supreme being, morals, or righteousness, becomes the substance of their religion, and if it gives a sacred sanction and an immutable ground of nobleness to their lives it is truly religion. There is often an iron sense of duty that supports natures not religious at all in the common acceptation. "I will have you to know," said a father to a son who had made objections to a certain college regulation, "I will have you know that it is your business to obey the rules of your school, even if you don't like them, and to do your confounded duty." Yet nothing is so potent to teach the masses of men their "confounded duty" as the authority of religion.

Religion in its turn, however, requires the application of moral judgments. Morals correct religion, as religion supports morals. The history of the religion of Israel is one prolonged struggle for moral reforms. That struggle went on till it changed the conception of Deity from that of an exclusive and selfish tribal god—not however denying the existence of other gods presiding over other families or nations, yet holding them inferior to the god of the one national cult, whose only business it was to take care of his own and to punish the enemies of the nation—to the one supreme God in whose hands rested the moral government of the world. This accounts for the great change in the conception of the character of Deity, presented in various parts of the Hebrew Scriptures. Men's conceptions of God are always like themselves. Hence it is that the idea of a jealous and cruel god always belongs to a low state of religious and moral perception, and indeed is created by it. Human sacrifices, so prevalent in primitive worship, are often held up as instances of sanctioned cruelty. Such they would be for us; but they never were offered in a motive of cruelty, according to any moral definition of that terms. A religious feeling overrrode the natural sentiment of humanity; that sentiment was sunk in what was erroneously deemed a higher feeling, and the true moral sentiments had to grow, before the natural feelings of humanity could assert their proper power. Moreover, under the practices of human sacrifice lay the true idea of offering to God that which was most precious; and so the young men who, among the Aztecs, were every year selected for the bloody rites of the national war god, were believed to be the most acceptable sacrifices, and themselves regarded the immolation as a consecration and a glory. It was a feeling perhaps akin to the exalted sentiment with which the generous youth of a nation devote themselves to death in their country's defense; for the national god was to be propitiated; his favor was to be won, and this was the way to do it. Let us not wonder at all this—we who daily proclaim through the churches and the press of Christendom the acceptability to God of the one great sacrifice, and the necessity of the blood that was shed therein to appease the wrath of the angry Father.

Truth Often Persecuted as Heresy.

We have ceased to persecute each other for heresy; that is, we now allow each person to entertain his own idea of the nature of God, and do not insist on a state god, or that every man's conception of God shall be cast in the same mold. We are more tolerant than those who put Socrates and Jesus to death. The capital thing, in the history of the moral and intellectual development of the race, is the fact that we have ceased to call each other infidels, or to persecute each other on the basis of religious differences. Yet not quite; for even yet there is a lingering notion in some minds that he must be a bad man who entertains a different idea of God from the image of Him which is cast from the pattern to which considerable numbers have long been accustomed.

"I have often wondered," says Xenophon, at the beginning of the Memorabilia of Socrates, "by what arguments the accusers of Socrates persuaded the Athenians that he deserved death from the state: for the indictment against him was to this effect: 'Socrates offends against the laws in not paying respect to the gods whom the city respects and introducing new deities.'" That is, Socrates was not irreligious, but his conceptions of the divine nature differed from the stereotyped images to which his countrymen were accustomed. His conceptions, we know, were more rational, and were of higher and purer character than theirs; yet in all ages till our own he has been held accursed, against whom such an accusation could be made. The case of Jesus of Nazareth was not essentially different. The Jews said to Pilate: "We have a law, and by that law he ought to die, because he has declared himself the son of God." The declaration was their own; they had national expectations to be fulfilled in a Messiah; they involved the accusations against him in a complicated argument that had both a theological and political background, and they put into his mouth the final words on which they condemned him. He was a victim to his own conceptions of the divine nature and of his own relations to it. And, alas for poor human nature! in his name, and mistakenly for his vindication, the tortures of death for centuries were to be inflicted upon thinkers as courageous and noble as he!

As to the Bible, we used to look upon it as a book standing apart by itself, to be interpreted by a peculiar and exclusive canon of criticism. But we have now learned that it is to be studied just like all other books; and we are now coming to understand for the first time what a true revelation is. In a sacred sense, that is a true revelation which stands for a lasting interpretation of the divine spirit in man. To understand the meaning of any text, we must try to see what, from his position and education, the writer could have meant by it. These writings can be interpreted only on historical and literary principles. We must inquire into their origin; we must ask diligently under what circumstances they were written, and for what ends. Nor must we again ever fall into such quaint and simple mistakes as did commentators like Origen and Augustine, or Tertullian, or even Paul himself, whose discoveries of Messianic prophesies in writings, like the Psalms, for instance, are really much the same as was the discovery by one who, anxious to find an Irishman in Shakespeare, triumphantly quoted Hamlet: "Now I will do it, pat, now he is praying." Literary knowledge, historical study, psychological experience, are the guides through this as well as all other fields of human life.

Christian Religion a Growth From Hebraism and Hellenism.

If we study the Christian religion reverently and carefully on these principles we shall see that it is not a thing that sprang up, as we used to fancy, without any human antecedents, but that its roots reach back with many ramifications into the thought of preceding centuries. We shall see how it absorbed what was suited to it in Hebraistic theism and Hellenistic thought—something, to, let us admit, of the failings of both. For Christianity, being on one side a developed Judaism, had to find in the armory of Judaism itself the weapons with which to meet and confute it. This accounts for many of the difficulties we meet in the polemical theology of the New Testament epistles, and it even touches here and there the contents of the gospels. Again, no sooner did Christianity break away from the Jewish form in which it was first expressed than it was exposed to a new influence from the culture and philosophy of Greece; and there is large ground on which to maintain an argument that here, also, as in relation to Rome, Greek genius ultimately vindicated its superiority, and brought its victor into subjection to itself. So, Christianity, first developed from Judaism, next received its contribution from Hellenic philosophy; and its doctrinal forms that yet survive, to no small extent, are made up by union of a variety of systems, large part of whose contents once bore the honorable appelation of heresies. As these forms grew by affiliation and development, so they have long been and are still passing on to other forms through evolution; for evolution is as sure a fact in the religious world as elsewhere; and it may be doubted, indeed, whether any other department of human history furnishes so sure proofs of evolutionary movement and growth as we find in the study of the history and philosophy of religious creeds. No idea or doctrine can be cast in a rigid form, and so remain. Each one is growth, taking in new elements at every stage, and never continued according to its first conception. So the doctrine of the Messiah never was realized in the form in which it was first conceived, or ever will be. Christianity has taken it from Judaism, and is working it out in its own way. And, in the hands of Christianity, it will be greatly different in future ages from the conceptions of it at the present time.

Mark, I do not say that the importance or value of any system of theology, of philosophy, or what else, is lessened because it can be proven to have had small beginnings. Is a state less truly a state because we know that it has sprung out of the germ of the family? Surely not. Nor is man less truly man if he have sprung from an ape. It is the law of human history that principles and tendencies that are really universal should first make their appearance in an individual form, as if bound up with the passing existence of a particular nation, or even of a single man. In the movement from the individual to the universal, the imagination, the culture and the growth of the human spirit supply new and necessary materials; and reflection, thrown back upon memory, or tradition that is held sacred, furnishes criteria for all new action.

Dogmatism in Science as Well as Theology.

Latterly men have dogmatized too much about science, as formerly they dogmatized too much about religion. The happy tendency of the present time is to dogmatize somewhat less on either. When the method of interpreting nature by means of observation parted from the more ancient system in which the phenomena of the world were accounted for by the direct interference of a supernatural power, the votaries of the new science became at once, and to a very great extent, emancipated from the bondage of ancient beliefs. They seemed to themselves to enter upon a terrestrial paradise which appeared well walled off from the mystical realm; they were in a measure excommunicated by the older faith, and rejoiced in their new-found freedom. They began to fancy that their new province was so replete with certainties that they never again would have to deal with shadowy things. But, while they find in fact that antecedent and consequent are so linked together that there seems no place for doubt, yet as they go on with their work they discover also that their ways lead from beneath the vertical sun which illuminates simple truth to regions where the rays fall more and more aslant, and in the end the light falls them altogether. This is the position of our science today, wherein we become conscious of the fact that the larger questions lie yet as deep, apparently, in the darkness, as ever. Nay, it may seem, deeper still.

Science long made a distinction between the animate and inanimate, the organic and inorganic realms. It seemed to the naturalist a relatively simple matter to define the living thing in a manner which would trenchantly separate it from the things which had not life. The ability to move, the capacity to assimilate food, the continuance of life and transformation of species, have all been noted as exclusive characteristics of living things. But a closer study of the facts has made it impossible any longer to regard these old definitions as sufficient. It has been found, for example, that finely-divided particles of many substances when suspended in a fluid will, under influence of forces that evade discovery, take on an incessant movement. The crystals of the rocks perform functions that once were supposed to be peculiar to animals and plants; they undergo changes in their constitutions, often taking in new materials, which they sometimes decompose into their elements and rebuild into the new growth. Biology is revolutionizing science by showing that there is no line between organic and inorganic matter, between the animate and inanimate world. The service it is indirectly doing to religion is as great. Its tendency is to force the spiritual element into science, through a new sense of the profound depths of the unknown. Men have come to perceive more clearly that they really abide in the universe, and that what they know of it is to the sum of facts only as one to infinity. Gradually it has been forced upon them that they have to assume the intangible if they would take any firm steps in explaining the series of facts with which they have to deal. This accounts for the mistake of the modern supposition that science was to banish religion from the world.

The Form Passes; the Substance Is Eternal.

What is my object? To say a word about the deeper unities that underlie all religions. It is the form that is perishable; the essence is eternal. The spirit expresses itself according to the nature of the man or the race, the culture of the people, the conditions of the country at the time.

But there must be found a universal principle in religion on which men may unite, or they cannot give thanks on a common basis. I have thought to try to set out briefly the main principle of this broad, common ground on which they are, in fact, united. I doubt whether the world ever saw, or ever will see, an irreligious human being. But let us not mistake the passing form for the eternal substance. I could only justify in my own mind the action of my friend (Dr. Grant) in his preparation for this "novel" service, or my own appearance here in response to his invitation, by an endeavor to show, or at least to intimate, that there is a unity or universality of religion, or of the religious sense, which in fact is that great touch of nature that makes the whole world kin. All men feel that they belong to the infinite. All are haunted by visions of that imperial palace whence they came. Their differing conceptions of the Master of Life are expressed through the varying forms of religion. So, the universal aspirations of humanity ascend everywhere, and through all time, to that—

Father of all, in every age,
In every clime adored,
By saint, by savage, or by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

IRISH POLITICS SEETHE

All-for-Ireland League Gaining Great Headway Daily.

CORK, Aug. 20.—(Special.)—Out of the strife of Irish politics preparations are ripening that promise lively times in the next election contests. Here in the South, the influence of John Redmond is steadily on the wane.

The heart of the trouble is in Cork itself where William O'Brien, M. P., is dictator, undisputed and absolute. The agitators comprise most of the younger blood of Cork county who are united in a club under the auspices of the All-for-Ireland League. Meetings and protests against the Nationalist policies and achievements have been coming thick and fast. Lately they have been taking a more ominous turn.

At a recent meeting, Maurice Healy, M. P., one of the members for the City of Cork, declared amidst great excitement that in spite of the unparalleled strategic position which the Nationalist Party occupied at the opening of the session, all they had actually secured was a bill to regulate the serving of processes in the city of Dublin, a bill to regulate the appointment of bailiffs there, and another bill to enable the people of that city to get supper after 11 o'clock at night.

"That is what the Irish Party has come to," he said. "In January they were concentrated on Home Rule, and in August they were introducing bills for processes and bailiffs and midnight suppers."

Other terms, such as "montebanks" and "Impostors," were frequently introduced into the discussion and the remark of Mr. Healy that the record of the Irish Party was a "record of failure" was received with loud and prolonged applause.

The All-for-Ireland League is growing very rapidly, and has begun to cause concern in the Redmond camp. Active sympathizers are the two lately elected M. P.'s from the Cork constituencies, D. D. Sheehan and P. Guiney and William McDonald, chairman of the Cork County Council.

BOOKS

"Find out what your temptations are and you will find out largely what you are yourself."—Beecher.

WAH-NA-GI, HEROINE OF "THE SILENT CALL."

The Silent Call, by Edwin Milton Royle. Illustrated. $1.50. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York City, and the J. K. Gill Co., Portland.

Out of such materials as Mr. Royle has presented in this story of the West, must come some day the germ of a really great American novel, American because it will have in it Indians and white men working out their destiny side by side. Towards this goal, "The Silent Call" takes rapid strides and, indeed, it may have passed the goal posts and be reckoned as a touchdown. It is stirringly dramatic and possesses finely sustained interest.

Mr. Royle has already achieved distinction as a writer of such readable fiction as "The Squaw Man," "The Struggle Everlasting" and "Friends." "The Silent Call" has as its hero the squawman's son, Hal Cathorpe, otherwise known as Lord Effington. The basis of the story is typical of the cowboy West, and among the other characters are noted David Ladd, the Indian agent; Appiah, a bad Indian; McShay, cowman and political boss; Wah-na-gi, an Indian girl; Rev. John McCloud, D. D., a missionary to the Indians; Big Bill, a chum of Hal's, and others.

Calthorpe is introduced as a chief of Indian police, and he might have been one of those Indians, with his swarthy skin and coarse black hair, but for a startling pair of frank blue eyes "that flashed out from their dark surroundings. They were friendly eyes set in a strong, immobile face." Look at this picture of the Indian police on the march:

The alkali plain quivered and burst into spirals of heat that were visible to the eye. A cloud of dust hung like white smoke above the fiery trail over which a band of Indian police were slowly and painfully crawling. This dust is very penetrating and very irritating. The reins hung limp on the ponies' necks and their heads swung low as though they looked for a place to sink down. As far as the eye could see, you could have known that they were Indians. The uniform furnished them by the Government is a dark purplish blue with a red piping down the trousers. It's a plain affair, but each Indian wears it with a difference and adds a decorative touch that is his own and that is always pictorial and Indian. One had encircled his broad-brimmed black hat with a wide purple ribbon, lapped by a narrow pink ribbon. A yellow neckerchief rested on his green silk shirt, and about his waist was a sash braided of many colored worsteds, and, strange to say, the result was pleasing, if rather brilliant. Another had a pink feather, apparently plucked from the tail of the domestic duster, tied loosely to his hat, which lent to the changing airs a graceful note of color. Some wore cowboy boots, yellow and elaborately stitched in fancy designs; others adhered to the ever-beautiful moccasins. Most of them wore brown or drab cowboy hats, but made them their own by beautifully beaded hatbands. Here and there gleamed gauntlets heavy with a stiff beaded deer, which seemed trying to jump away from the cuffs, but couldn't because it was so obviously and eternally stiff and beaded. Some had beaded sleevebands and all sported guns in holsters, elaborately outlined in brass. No one wore a coat except a tall elderly man with glasses, who, in spite of the torture, felt that his out-of-date captain's uniform enhanced his straight, unbending dignity.

The country through which the Indian police rode was the Bad Lands, and the chief point of interest Standing Bear Agency. Wah-na-gi is the heroine of the story, her name meaning "the spirit when separated from the body." She was in love with Hal Calthorpe. Her parents are dead, and she had been educated at a Government school in white folks' ways. Then she came back to the Indian reservation determined to teach Indians what she had learned among white people, as to habits, example, etc., but the Indian women laughed at her and called her the white squaw. Wah-na-gi found that she was betwixt and between—that the Indians insisted she was white and the whites insisted she was Indian. The girl said she had no people, and considered herself an outcast. Hal told her that he loved her, but was visibly embarrassed at the suggestion of marriage.

A plot is hatched by Agent Ladd to steal the land for the asphalt trust, land on which McShay and his cowboys are in forcible possession. Hal's mother was Nat-u-ritch, and she killed herself at the Red Butte ranch, when her white husband, James Wynnegate, Earl of Kerhill, and she parted. Ladd tries to bribe Hal with $15,000 to declare that the asphalt lands are on the Indian reservation, and there is a dramatic scene when Hal defies Ladd, and says that he, Hal, is the owner of Red Butte ranch, and that the Earl of Kerhill is his father. Hal holds the fort at the ranch against all comers, but he and his forces are captured by Ladd, Appah and other enemies, and Hal is tried by lynch law and sentenced to be hanged. He is actually strung up, but is rescued and cut down in the nick of time by Wah-na-gi.

It seems that Hal had sufficient reason for not marrying Wah-na-gi—because he already had a wife living. He had been taken by his father to England, where he was educated, served in the British army during the South African war, and married an aristocratic Englishwoman. As Edith, Viscountess Effington, this woman felt repulsion for her Indian-English husband, and he felt the "call of the blood" to be with his own people in America. His wife consoles herself with one Lord Yester, and is painted generally as an undesirable citizen and secret morphine-user. Hal visits England, has a freezing meeting with his wife, and quickly returns to this country.

How is the novelist going to finish? Remember that Hal—Lord Effington—is a married man, who loves Wah-na-gi, and that she loves him in her artless Indian way. It is, therefore, safe to conclude that something heavy will drop on Lady Effington. Divorce? No. That might happen in real life. Only in this one instance, "The Silent Call," does not ring true.

God's Troubadour, by Sophie Jewett. Illustrated. $1.25. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York City.

This beautifully fashioned copy of the life of Saint Francis of Assisi is meant for children, and lucky are they who get such a treat.

The good Saint Francis was in real life Francis Bernardone, who lived in Italy in the 13th century, and who became known as the good saint of service who loved "all things both great and small." The animals loved him and came at his beck and call. "Almost the first we know of Francis of Assisi," says our author, "is the story of the lad who liked to sing gay songs of love and war. Almost the last we know of him is the more beautiful story of the song which he made and sang only a little while before he died."

St. Francis lived in a hut that had previously been used by lepers, and he said that he had "never met the man who was too filthy, or too loathsome or even too wicked, for him to love." St. Francis condemned himself to a life of poverty, and he and those who joined his band called themselves "The Little Poor Men of God." All human-kind and animals were St. Francis' brothers and sisters, and he even claimed kin with the elements.

Guida Degli Stati Uniti Per L'Immigrante Italiano, by John Foster Carr. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Company, New York City.

Issued under the auspices of the Connecticut Daughters of the American Revolution, this is a book printed in the Italian language to immigrants of that nationality arriving at our shores and becoming residents and, a proportion of them, citizens of our country. That such a wise little book as this is called for, cannot be doubted.

It is not much use to teach American civics to a newly arrived Italian not then capable of understanding spoken English. Here is advice, in Italian, about public administration in the United States, our laws, public school system, our regulation in regard to marriages, births and deaths, our banking system, etc. The immigrant is advised to learn English, and "to avoid, for a time, if possible, the men of his own country until he masters our language and becomes acquainted with our conditions of life." It is stated that there are 2,000,000 Italians in the United States; that over 500,000 of them live in Greater New York, and that only 3 per cent of them are American citizens.

When Love Calls Men to Arms, by Stephen Chalmers. Illustrated. Small, Meynard & Co., Boston.

A romantic tale of the latter part of the 16th century, with Scotland for a setting. It's the story of Rorie Maclean, Laird of Kilellan, and recalls the days just after the Spanish armada was defeated and when James VI of Scotland ascended the English throne. The illustrations are by Howard Chandler Christy, and as a story "When Love Calls Men to Arms" stands very high in point of interest and literary excellence. It suggests the spirit of Robert Louis Stevenson and will rank as one of the best attractions in fiction this Summer. Mariposa is a heroine for whom we shall have sincere admiration.

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