

think I shall. It is rather odd for me to begin to talk about flirting ; to be sure, I am not a flirt yet, but then I think I shall be. Flirtationing arises from vanity and too great love of admiration, particularly from men . . ." "Last night the Hoares and Ketts were here ; we had a fiddle ; it would have been more delightful with a pleasant party, but I enjoyed it thoroughly ; nothing hardly can be disagreeable with a dear, darling, raving fiddle." "I shall not say much of that day, and indeed it is not worth saying much about. It was flat, stupid, unimproving, and Sundayish. I spent four hours at Meeting. I never, never wish to see that nasty hole again." "Yesterday was a day of glittering pleasure. Such days are glowing for the time, then they vanish like a shadow. . . ." "Oh, how I long to get a great broom, and bang all the old Quakers, who do look so triumphant and disagreeable." "We went on the high road for the purpose of being rude to the people that passed. I do think being rude is most pleasant sometimes." "I think entirely as Kitty does [written in a fit of remorse], that it is almost impossible to pass through this world without having a strict principle over your mind to act by." "Two things raise my soul to feel devotion—nature and music. As I went down the dance yesterday, I gave up my soul to the enchanting Malbrook. I thought of Heaven and of God."

An uninstructed guess at the future of this precocious child would certainly be all wrong. A somewhat more virtuous Marie Bashkirtseff would be our conception. Yet she became the wife of the banker, Samuel Hoare, a devout Churchwoman, and deserved such eulogies as these : from Fowell Buxton, "She came as near perfection as any human being I ever knew" ; from Dr. Chalmers, "One of the finest specimens of feminine Christianity I ever met." If you ask for the fruits of her mental vivacity you learn she was the author of *Hints on Nursery Discipline*, and *Friendly Hints on the Management of Children*. One stage in the journey from her lively youth to her disciplined maturity is marked in the letter to her sister Hannah, written just after her marriage, in which she acknowledges "the happiness of a union with my dearest Sam," but adds, "In that, as in all other things, there are feelings of flatness which you will not misunderstand" ; and a glimpse of the delicate nature shrouded in the terms of conventional praise bestowed on a good woman is seen in her sister Mrs. Fry's journal after Louisa's death—"Her very susceptible mind was so acutely sensible of the trials of life, that her Lord saw that she had had enough—more might have overwhelmed her." Though little enough is told of her life after childhood, Louisa Gurney is the fascinating figure of Mr. Hare's book.

Had she been less prosperous, she might have had more of what her soul desired, "her liberty." But of the other brothers and sisters there are pictures, too—of Joseph John, who so vividly impressed George Borrow and furnished one of the striking scenes in *Lavengro*, the embodiment of his own maxim, "Be a whole man to one thing at a time;" of Betsy (Elizabeth Fry), in her unregenerate days, receiving proposals from officers at a ball, or finding consolation amid the dulness of Meeting in her "purple boots laced with scarlet;" of Catherine, the mother to the motherless family, who slipped a proposal of marriage into her pocket unread and forgot all about it—very luckily, for the suitor changed his mind ; of Priscilla, the gentle preacher, with her sympathetic tolerance of those that differed from her, who would smilingly own the instruction she had got from "the biography of the irreligious." Well, in compensation, if the irreligious dip into this biography of pious persons, they must perforce adapt Priscilla's acknowledgment to express their own gratitudo.

Annie Macdonell.

IN THE HOUSE OF THE INTERPRETER.*

Five years ago a certain little volume, softly bound in blue, came stealing into the world of print, as noiselessly and modestly as the dew falls at evening, and yet with the authority of the sunrise. It was like the sunrise to some of us in its revealing power ; it showed us "God in His World," and was indeed "an Interpretation." Frederick Denison Maurice had taught us to reverence the truth by virtue of which each Religion exists ; George Macdonald had told us that nothing can be believed except by virtue of the truth that is in it ; but this Interpreter took us from room to room in the Temple of Religion, and made it plain to us that each was but an outer court to the Holy of Holies. He showed us the World feeling ignorantly, blindly after God, everywhere lifting holy hands of prayer, with sacrifice and burnt offering ; his interpretation met the needs of the student of Ethnology and Comparative Religion,

* A Study of Death. By Henry Mills Alden. New York : Harper & Bros. \$1.50.

and yet was so simple and human that the Children of the Kingdom knew its meaning best of all.

But it is not only thinking, praying man who feels after God, if haply he may find him; in his latest volume, Mr. Alden shows us the whole Creation groaning and travailing together, weaving "the living garment of Deity."

A Study of Death has nothing to do with the charnel-house and the dissecting-room; Death is shown us as "the vanishing side" of Life; the book is the Pilgrim's Progress of the Evolutionist, the "*Imitatio Christi*" of modern physical science. Yet life is manifested not as Evolution, but as Involution; it is made tangible through a progressive hiding away; "water becomes wine, and wine blood," Life shining more brightly under each successive veiling, until the re-veiling of the Godhead under the human form becomes God manifest in the flesh.

This is the *motif* of the book; as for its scope, "it goeth forth to the ends of the earth, and there is nothing hid from the light thereof." After an introduction marvellous for its poetic beauty, it begins with an analysis of the primitive idea of Death: a return into Life, an absorption into the greater and invisible world, surrounding and containing the visible. It is, perhaps, by virtue of his loving comprehension of essential childhood that the author enters so sympathetically into the soul of primitive man, and interprets for us his nebulous imaginings:

"The prominence given to memory and tradition in the early education of a race is not for the sake of stability, but is rather the regard of a growing tree to its roots, whither its juices perennially return; it is fidelity to the ground of quick transformation. This backward look is evident in the phrase used in patriarchal times, saying of a man when he died that he was 'gathered unto his fathers.' Therefore it is that among primitive peoples we find no allusion to a future state."

This conception of Death as the reflux of the life-wave is familiar to all ancient mysticism; Parabrahm, or Matter, is the manifestation of Brahm, or the Life-principle, and has its Manvantara and its Pralaya. Likewise, therefore, is the universe only Maya, or Illusion. But what answer shall be made for this revival of mysticism, now in the end of the ages, unto Dr. Nordau, who has told us that all mysticism is degen-

eration? There is but one. Mysticism has two quicksands, either of which is at any time liable to engulf the rash adventurer within its bounds; it may not ignore or trifle with observed phenomena; it *does* matter, even to Dante Rossetti, whether the earth revolves about the sun or the sun around it. Also the mystic meaning which it finds in these must be, bit by bit, crystallised in the character and life of the interpreter. It is in just these two points that the mysticism of Scripture differs from that of the Veda, the Koran, or the Jewish Talmud; it is just here that *A Study of Death* gives us the most entire content. One thinks of the author under the figure of a fairy tale which was indeed inspired, as to that character of it, by the thought of him—the "Aged Man," in his tower chamber lined with mirrors, wherein was reflected all that had ever happened or was then happening in the world. Weismann at his embryology, Fiske with his physio-psychosociology, Karl Marx and the Socialists—he sees, watches, and interprets them all, with the same smile of quiet comprehension; and for the growth in his own life, the "Providence that shapes our ends," and interprets our interpretations, took care of that. He has given us in the "Dedication" a deeper interpretation, to which we may only reverently allude.

But from the interpretation of the material world he passes to that of the Moral Order, the righteousness of the Decalogue; then, under the title of "*Death Unmasqued*," we learn how Life was manifested as the "Man of Sorrows," and further, as the "peculiar people," "as dying, and behold we live," and afterwards to a brief and reverent glance at "the thither side of Death." One extract will commend the book more than anything we have dared to say of it. It describes the decline of physical life:

"The urgency of physical passion is spent and the intense strain of effort is relaxed; in the golden silence, beneath all the easy garrulosity, contemplation is deepened, undisturbed by passionate interest. The last juice expressed from the vine is unutterably rich. Memory seems weaker, but it is busy at the old font. The flame of life which burned only green in the springtime bursts forth into many brilliant autumnal colours, as if death had more gaiety than birth. Age seems to be a taking on anew of childhood, but with this difference—that the reaction awaits some other sphering of the withdrawn life. Instead of

the aversion which ends in seizure, there is the lingering clasp of cherished things about to be released—love mingling with the weariness, so that the final human repentance of the visible world is unlike that of any other species in its regretful backward glance of farewell. In man alone does love conquer the strong animal instinct which insists upon solitude and utter aversion of the face in death."

Katharine Pearson Woods.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF FEELING.*

This is a book that has been written with great care and conscientiousness. Mr. Stanley has long studied the problems upon which he here discourses with much ability and some originality. Few students of feeling have shown so much patience with the psychological analysis of it, and hence the present work will be read with some interest on this account, though the study of it will be mingled with some adverse criticism. The psychology of emotion has long been a neglected subject, and it has only been in recent years that any one could be induced to give considerable attention to it; and though much that is said upon it is quite barren of interest and profit, the necessity of cultivating some other than the intellectual field, and the place of emotion in religion and morality have induced recent writers to give some attention to this neglected province, so that the present volume is one illustration of the demand and supply.

The book does not profess to be a systematic treatment of the subject, but a series of essays upon it, displaying a thorough attempt at a complete analysis of feeling, its origin and development. The data and discussion show a very wide reading, considerable independence of judgment, and a judicial temper. Much is drawn from speculative evolution, which sometimes weakens the claim made for paradoxical conclusions; but often the extent of the analysis at least partly atones for such a procedure. In all respects the treatment will be useful for students of feeling and emotion, though the inequalities of the book will require that it be read and studied with a previous knowledge

of the subject. Parts of it are too heavy for the common reader, and parts of it, though clear, are so disputable that they cannot be received with the same authority as others, and this in spite of the fact that they are very suggestive. This is simply to say that the volume must be read and studied with discrimination and intelligence.

In regard to content, it is interesting to note the author's position, which will seem new and paradoxical to the readers of the traditional psychology. The author maintains not only that feeling is the basic element of all consciousness, conditioning cognition and volition, which are its differentiations, but that *pain* is the primitive form of this feeling, and *pleasure* is a subsequent development, not being the first aspect or even contemporary aspect of consciousness. This position is developed at great length, and appears as conditioning all subsequent discussions of the problem. The first criticism that would be passed upon the author is the failure to define feeling adequately. He has rather taken for granted the loose notion which prevails with nearly all psychologists, and that the general student either understands this or knows exactly what the term means. But this is perhaps a minor fault. The next point open to criticism is the conception which evidently determines the author's fundamental doctrine. This is the conception of pain as a *local* phenomenon and pleasure as diffused and general. The primitive condition is neutral and without any pleasure, so that the first stimulus and responsive function results in pain which must be local. Pleasure arises after organic life has had some experience in adjustment to avoid pain. Not to say anything of the speculative and doubtful character of such a view, one has only to note the confusion in the author's mind between a certain degree of intensity and location of pain with what is meant by the same term as general and disagreeable consciousness. He has seized some *typical* pain as determining the generic nature of it, and then, without seeing that pleasure might be the same, has contrasted it with the feelings of vigour and vitality, which are pleasure, in order to assume that the latter appear after pain, because they have, by assumption, no reason to exist until after stimulus, which must produce

* Studies in the Evolutionary Psychology of Feeling. By Hiram M. Stanley, Member of the American Psychological Association. London: Swan, Sonnenschein & Co. New York: Macmillan & Co. \$2 25.