

man blended with a half-despairing pity and wonder that men so fail to recognize this greatness. The writer is undoubtedly a realist when he depicts the vanity and hollowness of artificial barriers between man and man; but he is an idealist when he dreams of the "beautiful, sorrowful hope," of "a world in which all men are brothers—great and strong and greatly worthy—a world at which the cynic laughs with tears for his laughter." He is a poet, too, as he claimed in a poem which appeared a few months ago in *Temple Bar*.

The central figure of the book is Reinout van Rexelaer, heir to a great name and large fortune, who grows up with unbounded confidence in the family traditions and honor, and with eager, boyish desire to make himself worthy of them. An adventure in childhood fixes the words "*à gentilhomme devoir fait loi*" firmly in his mind, and gradually wider ideas of life and different standards of honor take possession of him. Soon after he leaves the university, the falseness in the lives of those nearest to him is forced on his knowledge, until he comes reluctantly to recognize that his name, estates, and position are all stained by unforgettable wrongs done to others. His emancipation from these bonds forms the main interest of the story, but there is no lack of interesting plot and counterplay besides. It is a book well worth reading, and goes to sustain the writer's claim to the name of poet in the poem of which we have just spoken and from which we quote the closing lines:

Because my thoughts are splendor, because my thoughts are  
sin,

With a shock as if of armies amid the battle's din;  
Because the shades of former days go with me on my way,  
And because tomorrow's sunshine is on my path today;  
Because my heartstrings tremble to the pressure of thy hand,  
And because I live a sorrow which none can understand.

### THE GREATER GLORY.\*

THE Dutch novelist who calls himself Maarten Maartens, and who uses the most vigorous and picturesque English for his stories of life in Holland, has given to the world another remarkable novel, which deals at close range with the world as it is and as it ought not to be much longer. He calls it "a story of high life," adding that it is also "a story of the life that is higher still," and hardly any characterization of it could be terser or more effective. The same thought is expressed in the quotation from which the title is taken, "So doth the greater glory dim the less." "There is one glory terrestrial," says Wendela in the story, "and another glory celestial, and the glory of man is as the flower of the field." This is enough, perhaps, to indicate that the book has been written by a man in earnest, but his earnestness is not that which satisfies itself by working out and illustrating carefully chosen moral precepts. It is shown rather in an appreciation of the complexity of each individual life, a consciousness that eternal principles are involved in this slow development of civilization, a sense of the greatness of

\*The Greater Glory. By Maarten Maartens. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.