

*The story of
a pioneer
missionary
college.*

Robert College in Constantinople
was founded by Christopher R.
Robert, and was guided for years by

its first president, Cyrus Hamlin; but no man is responsible in a larger degree for its marvellous influence in the near Orient than Dr. Hamlin's son-in-law, George Washburn of Boston, who was its president from 1872 till 1903, besides serving as a teacher there for some years before and after that period, whose history of the College, with the rather unsatisfactory title "Fifty Years in Constantinople," is issued from the press of Houghton Mifflin Co. Dr. Washburn writes with the unconscious power of a man absorbed by his theme; so that a book which is absolutely without literary ambition, and is to a large extent statistical information, becomes a story of absorbing interest. The College was opened in 1863, with four students, three English and one American; and through the years since then—years of heroic struggle made harder by Turkish folly, Bulgarian recklessness, Russian cupidity, English statecraft, French and German jealousy, earthquake, plague, and fire—it has grown to an attendance of over four hundred students of every race and nation, and to an influence second to that of no educational institution in the world. Says Sir William Ramsay in his "Impressions of Turkey": "I have come in contact with men educated in Robert College, . . . Greek, Armenian, and Protestant, and have everywhere been struck by the marvellous way in which a certain uniform type, direct, simple, honest, and lofty in tone, has been impressed upon them, . . . and it is diametrically opposite to the type produced by growth under the ordinary conditions of Turkish life." The narrative is increased in value by an Introduction dealing with the history of Turkey for the period in question.

An essayist who is clever, but not too clever.

The torch of Charles Lamb flickers pleasantly in the hands of Mr. E. V. Lucas, whose new volume of essays, "One Day and Another" (Macmillan), contains the whimsically cheerful commentary on to-day and yesterday in England that we have learned to look for from the author of "Listener's Lure" and "Over Bemerton's." It is a piece of very real good fortune for readers who care for quietly human books, that Mr. Lucas has managed to escape the burden of needing to appear breathlessly clever—a burden which weighs so heavily upon most of his contemporaries who write essays. In the briefest of his papers is a sense of leisure which is one of their chief charms. Like his delightful hero of five-and-fifty in "Over Bemerton's," Mr. Lucas is a looker-on at things Edwardian through later-Victorian spectacles, and is always reminiscent even when he is most modern. "A Rhapsodist at Lord's" is Francis Thompson; but the rhapsody is on a game seen by the author of "The Hound of Heaven" in the seventies. There is motoring in one of the papers, but the real theme is coaching and Dickens's coachmen. In spite of his fondness for the records of yesterday, Mr. Lucas avoids the "sadness of the backward look" very skilfully—too skilfully, perhaps, for some of his older readers whom his masters have trained to enjoyment of the gentle melancholy of remembrance. But if an essayist to-day were too obviously a *laudator temporis acti*, he could hardly be popular. And if Mr. Lucas were not popular, he would write fewer books—in which case all classes of his readers would be the poorer; for if he sometimes chronicles the smallest of small beer, it is always with a charm for which we are grateful.

The re-telling of an old, old story.

No good deeds are done in the world, no divine life is lived in it, simply that criticism may lay hold of them and serve them up as the food of thought. However much freedom we may choose to claim in dealing intellectually with even the most sacred things, we have yet occasion to remember that there may be much more vital ends of persuasion and inspiration in the use of them by other minds. If a brand may have fallen here and there from a fire that is giving light and heat through a wide range, we may restore it to its right position, and in so doing add a little to the first ministration; but we still have opportunity, with all standing about it, to gather comfort from the blaze. Familiar language slowly wears out to many minds; its imagery grows faint, its connections are lost. The story told again, in simple words with closer relations, may quicken insight and awaken feeling. The life of Christ, as given by the Evangelists, is fragmentary; rehearsed once more in plain speech and with unquestioning faith, it may gather fresh impulse and call out new trust. This is the purpose and this the effect of the little book entitled "The Divine Story: a Life of Christ for Young People" by the Rev. Cornelius J. Holland, a devout

and scholarly priest of the Catholic faith. The directness, confidence, and sincerity of the author call out kindred feelings in the reader. The secondary changes in a familiar path through the forest or the meadow may make it pleasanter to the foot and restore its appeal to the feelings. Such a service has Father Holland rendered for many quiet disciples, bringing back the faith of life to its native intrinsic quality of a divine revelation.

Glimpses of village life in Denmark.

Memories of his boyhood home have come flooding the soul of Mr. Jacob A. Riis, until he has felt moved to write another book of an autobiographical character—a sort of supplement to "The Making of an American." This time he calls his book "The Old Town" (Macmillan), and devotes a half-score of chapters to half-humorous, half-serious, and often more than half-pathetic, descriptive and anecdotic accounts of the joys and sorrows, the excellences and defects, the lovable eccentricities and amusing whimsicalities, of the "stalwart Jutes" dwelling in and about the old Danish village of Ribe. With pardonable pride he touches, in passing, on the cordiality and respect with which he, the runaway and scapegrace of years ago, was received upon revisiting the scenes of his youth. Honored by having his health drunk to by old King Christian, decorated with the latter's much-coveted cross, and invited to dine with Crown Prince Frederik (as the present King was then styled), Mr. Riis naturally feels that he, the black sheep and the dunce, as he calls himself, of his class at school, has made a record that compares not unfavorably with that of the undistinguished good boys who always knew their lessons and obeyed the master. Naturally also he is now torn with a divided loyalty, between admiration for his American hero and ex-President, and hereditary allegiance to the King who so won his heart by unexpected kindnesses and marks of honor. The book has numerous drawings, often more spirited than artistically excellent, and is very good reading throughout.

Pictures of army life in the far West.

"Army Letters from an Officer's Wife" (Appleton), by Mrs. Frances M. A. Roe, is a collection of descriptive and narrative sketches from the pen of a young and open-eyed woman, recently married (in the beginning of the book) to a West Point graduate, and accompanying him to his first military post. Whether the letters are all real letters, written and mailed to actual correspondents, one may doubt, partly from their bearing no more definite date than the month and year; but they manifestly describe actual experiences of a lively and varied character. Army stations in Colorado, Montana, and Wyoming are the successive scenes of the narrative, which covers a period of seventeen years, from 1871 to 1888; and besides the more ordinary occupations and incidents there are buffalo-hunting, trout-fishing, the excitement of a horse-thief trial, the discomfort

and alarm of a sand-storm, the merry-making of a Christmas in garrison, and many other things, amusing and otherwise; but apparently no battles or sieges, forced marches or hurried retreats. In short, it all seems to have been a prolonged picnic on the plains for those concerned, to judge by this vivacious account of it. It acquires added interest from being, as the writer says, "a life that has passed — as has passed the buffalo and the antelope — yes, and the log and adobe quarters for the Army." A frontispiece portrait of Mrs. Roe, in military costume and with her dog Hal, and numerous drawings of a spirited character, serve to complete the book's varied attractions.