

fidelity beyond even that of the French Shakespeare. In every portion of this epoch-making work Flaubert is seen to be absolutely apart from the writers who have abused and corrupted the example of their great master, and who, as has been strikingly said, see only the beast in man, and view humanity as "a swarming, huddled mass of growling creatures, each hounded on by his own foul appetites of greed and lust."

It is impossible within the compass of a review to dwell any longer upon Mr. Tarver's excellent work or upon its subject. Suffice it to say that he has dealt with all of Flaubert's work in the same critical and sympathetic spirit, giving the full details that are necessary to a comprehension of its significance. Especially complete and satisfactory will be found his account of the circumstances of the production of *Salammbô*, that remarkable story of ancient Carthage, so interesting to the archæologist for the minuteness and profundity of its learning and for the gorgeousness of its imaginative effects. The whole book is most cordially to be commended, as giving the reader a clear and accurate understanding of the work of one who directly inspired a literary movement that is the most vitally far-reaching of any that our century has seen.

Harry Thurston Peck.

#### "A LITTLE GLORY."\*

"As the air grew black and the winter closed swiftly around me, the fluttering fire blazed out more luminous, and, arresting its flight, hovered waiting. . . . Plainly a bird-butterfly, it flew with a certain swallow double. Its wings were very large, nearly square, and flashed all the colours of the rainbow. Wondering at their splendour, I became so absorbed in their beauty that I stumbled over a low rock and lay stunned. . . . Fearing then another fall, I sat down to watch the little glory, and a great longing awoke in me to have it in my hand. To my unspeakable delight, it began to sink towards me. Slowly at first, then swiftly it sank, growing larger as it came nearer. I felt as if the treasure of the universe were giving itself to me—put out my hand and had it. But the instant I took it its light went out; all was dark as pitch; a *dead book* with boards outspread lay cold and heavy in my hand."

Some such catastrophe as this is the Nemesis of the reviewer; it is especially likely to overtake one who tries to ana-

\* *Lilith*: A Romance. By George Macdonald. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. \$1.25.

lyse and estimate such a book as *Lilith*, which should be followed and not dissected; yet that one may stumble through not taking heed to his steps, even though the way be enlightened by the best of books, is known almost too well by the present reviewer.

It was a delightful surprise, which one scolded one's self for not having anticipated, when the book was announced some months ago. For to what purpose has one been a student of an author these many years, comparing diligently one book with another and tracing the meaning of a fairy tale amid the everyday features of the novel, if one could not perceive that his heart was full of the story of *Lilith*, and foretell that he would one day tell it in full? But no prophet could have foretold the moment at which it would at last reach us!

It was advertised as being like *Phantastes*, and so it is, as the dreams of youth resemble the visions of an age which is not the second, but the first and only, the eternal childhood. It is curious to note the resemblance and the dissimilarity; the identity of the character of the several heroes, Anodos, and Mr. Vane, and yet the growth by virtue of which one has become the other. It would scarcely be true to say that Mr. Vane begins where Anodos leaves off; but certainly he goes much deeper into the eternal verities before leaving off in his turn. The final chord of the one is that of youthful expectancy, "Some great good is coming to thee, Anodos;" that of the other, "All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come," and, "man dreams and desires; God broods and wills and quickens." But this characteristic is one for which the author did by no means plan; it is involuntary and inevitable; and as it shows growth it proves life, and life proves everything. And it is all true!

The function of the reviewer, however, is to review and not to rhapsodise. Let us confess at the outset that we seriously object to the hero's name. Mr. Vane is of the same significance, perhaps, as Anodos, but does not sound nearly so well. And surely in all the tongues of this modern Babel, one other besides Greek and English or Latin could have been found capable of expressing the concept of instability or "wherelessness." Also, at the first, one is rather repelled by the machinery of

the tale ; the methods of rapid transit between the worlds of three and of seven dimensions seem unnecessarily complicated and even undignified ; the latter term applying particularly to the transformations of Mr. Raven. One is inclined to criticise from within as a fellow of the craft, and to say that the author was hampered by the traditions of *Phantastes*. With a building so infinitely broader and deeper, it had been better to construct a scaffolding of altogether a new and different pattern. But from the effort mentally to erect such a scaffolding for one's own satisfaction, one retired a gladder and a wiser person with the acquired knowledge that even the scaffolding is alive and growing with its roots in essential truth. The mirror which is the doorway to Mr. Raven's country is, as he explains, "the perfect law of liberty," into which a man passes, losing sight of himself altogether if he continue therein. And for the grotesquerie, in what other form than the grotesque can eyes not fully open to the world of seven dimensions behold its truths? How, except in terms of the grotesque, shall things too wonderful for us find expression? Mr. Vane was at his first meeting with Mr. Raven incapable of seeing him as he afterwards beheld him in his dream. It was his fault, and not Adam's or the author's.

To continue the comparison with *Phantastes*, one fancies the character-drawing not so indistinct ; even Lady Mara, the Lady of Sorrow, dwelling in the House of Bitterness, born to help and to bring home her wandering brothers and sisters, though she explains and justifies many traits of friends long ago introduced to us by Dr. Macdonald, scarcely impresses us with the vividness of "the old, old woman with the young eyes," through whose door Anodos went out into the Timeless. But perhaps we were younger then ! Eve, the Lady of the New Jerusalem, is very shadowy indeed, however beautiful the conception. And the Bags are far inferior to the Blockheads, which *would* trample on the child who was gathering butterfly wings until Anodos stood them on their heads and left them helpless !

But the fault of indistinctness can by no means be charged against Lilith herself ; who, whether as vampire, leopardess, princess or penitent, is thrilling with life to the tips of the closed fingers

under which she has held for thousands of years the waters she reft from the desert. Nor is there in all literature—I say it deliberately, aware that I am not myself acquainted with all literature—a keener spiritual analysis than the "punition" of Lilith in the house of Mara. "The worm-thing, vivid as incandescent silver, the live heart of essential fire," which crept into the being of the princess through the black spot upon her side ; the hair that alternately stood out from her head and emitted sparks, then hung and poured the sweat of her torture on the floor, while as yet no tears came to her closed eyes ; the invisible water which lifted and floated her, the "horrible nothingness, negation positive" that enfolded her, the recoil from Death Absolute, Annihilation ! Her triumph, "when suddenly her eyes fixed in a ghastly stare" as she beheld, cast from an unseen heavenly mirror, the reflection of that which God had meant her to be side by side with what she had made herself !

It is a relief to turn from so sombre a picture, though there be hope beyond it, to consider the lilies ; one would say, "the Little Ones." Oh ! the dear little Lovers ; surely no one but Dr. Macdonald ever succeeded in photographing essential childhood ! And oh, the Mr. Vanes of this world who would use the Little Ones for conquest and the foundation of empires. For the benediction of childhood is to aid in the redemption of the world, not by doing, but by being. The Little Ones are indispensable to the story, not because Lilith would have devoured them, but because it is a story of seven dimensions, which is the measure of the real. And it is with a sense of discord that we return to the world of shams, of masks and no faces under them ; a world which puts the shadow for the substance, unaware of that other world touching it, where the dimensions are only two, the world under the dominion of the great shadow.

It is well to be reminded of the being of that world where dwell Mr. Raven and the Lady of Sorrow ; that world but for the existence of which Thoreau would have "moved out of Concord ;" the world whose trees grow up from the ruins of our ancient churches and through our kitchen chimneys, while our wedding marches add to the perfume of their rose trees. Some of those

who were accustomed to worship in the ruined church go there still, needing "help from each other to get their thinking done and their feelings hatched." But they have found that each can best pray in his own silent heart. And the prayers are living things, birds or flowers.

But one must really take some account of space if not of time; and reviewing *Lilith* is like reviewing an Apocalypse. Those who live, or at least some of them, as well as those who are only coming alive, will understand *Lilith*—not all of them. There are many true souls for whom it is written in a tongue not understood of the people; and to the Greeks it will be foolishness, to the wise of this world sound signifying nothing. But to others its song is the old, old song:

"The stars are spinning their threads,  
And the clouds are the dust that flies,  
And the suns are weaving them up  
For the time when the sleepers shall rise.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Oh, the dews and the moths and the daisy red,  
The larks and the glimmers and flows,  
The lilies and sparrows and daily bread;  
And the something that nobody knows."

*Katharine Pearson Woods.*

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FIONA MACLEOD.\*

Let us regard Fiona Macleod's *Pharais* and *The Mountain Lovers* as experiments, and this not merely in concession to our halting and wavering judgments. The initiator of a movement is entitled to gratitude over and above that which the success achieved may entitle. These particular books have something in them which must attract certain temperaments, and which, as certainly, will repel others. Let the experimenter's honour, at least, be claimed for Fiona Macleod. Untempered praise is comfortless. Let us be content to be interested, to be charmed very often, and to wait for more. It may be for Fiona

Macleod we are waiting, it may be for some one else. We have been waiting long. Taking the books at their lowest estimate, then, as experiments, they are attempts to reveal the heart of a foreign country in the Highlands of Scotland, a tract of Scottish territory in which Mr. Barrie and Mr. Crockett are aliens as much as are the dwellers across the Scottish border, a country of a different language, and of a different accent and vocabulary when it uses its neighbour's tongue; to a large extent of a different religion, different ideas, different (and fewer) aptitudes; a country in which, since bardic days, poetry has expressed itself but seldom in written words, the home of a people at once highly poetical and unliterary. Tourists with a turn for fiction have travestied their speech and character; immediate neighbours, between whom and themselves, even in these peaceful days, there is a tacit feud, have found in them endless materials for jokes. Their history and legend have been told over and over again by appreciative outsiders, but seldom with the native flavour. Their poetry is lost, or untranslated, or dishonoured by vague and mawkish English words; their music given to the winds to keep, the winds that made it. Scott, the Borderer, skirted the country, and, poet that he was, in a chapter or two, a character or two, more especially in a song or two, spoke out its heart. Stevenson, Lowlander of the Lowlanders, by his genius and sympathy was inspired to make Alan Breck—as Loti, an alien in Brittany, made for himself and us a friend in *Mon Frère Yves*. For the rest the Celtic Scot, or more correctly—for this is no mere question of race, and the Celts are everywhere, but of environment, history, and local circumstance—the Scottish Highlander is unknown still, till he travels, and amalgamates, and leavens the race he mates with. He is not altogether to be read in his more articulate Irish brother; he has a mind and character widely differing from his Welsh and Breton cousins, though all the family records concern him. The notable attempt made by Macpherson in the last century had its ludicrous sides, which help to explain some of the ridicule it excited in the literary England ruled by the prejudices as well as the powers of Dr. Johnson, and though the *Bardengebrüll* it gave

\* *Pharais*. By Fiona Macleod. Chicago: Stone & Kimball. \$1.25 net.

*The Mountain Lovers*. By Fiona Macleod. Boston: Roberts Bros. \$1.00.