



P. G. Holland

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXIII.

DECEMBER, 1881.

No. 2.

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND.

DOCTOR HOLLAND, editor-in-chief of this magazine since its foundation, died suddenly at his home in New York City on the morning of the 12th of October, 1881. The announcement will not be new to the readers of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE when it reaches them in these pages, but it gives pain to write it in the magazine which was the chief interest and the greatest pride of his later years. The record here is the solemn sealing up of a life full of versatile activity and crowned with many-sided distinction,—the formal farewell to him who was the public benefactor of thousands, and the affectionate and generous personal friend of all those who lived or labored near him.

His family was of the oldest Puritan stock; the original ancestors, John and Judith Holland, appear to have been members of that church which was organized before sailing from Plymouth, in England, and which emigrated, bodily and ecclesiastically, into the wilderness at Dorchester, under the guidance of the Rev. John Warham. The settlement in Dorchester, in 1630, carries us back to the Massachusetts genesis, that being the year of the "great migration" under Winthrop, the bringing over of the charter, and the first planting of organized settlements in "the Bay." All the threads of Doctor Holland's ancestry seem to have been interwoven, for many generations, with the web of New England life and history. His mother was Anna Gilbert, a daughter of Major John Gilbert, and a native of Hebron, in Connecticut. Harrison Holland, his father, came of a branch of the family that had lived for a long time in Petersham. He was an excellent and lovable man, whose lot it was to be always extremely poor. The silk used in a factory in which Harrison Holland was employed was brought from China upon reels of his invention. One of

Doctor Holland's brothers was also an inventor, and Doctor Holland himself once invented a steam-plow, and thought out long ago a stylographic pen, and a lamp for use in railway cars. But in him the inventive talent of his father was associated with larger powers, and was exercised chiefly on a higher plane. It was this inventive imagination, inherited from his father, no doubt, that made him so versatile, so fertile in resources, so ready to meet an exigency half-way with expedients. Doctor Holland had the tenderest regard and reverence for his father, mingled with a humorous perception of his peculiar traits, and in the ballad of "Daniel Gray," which first appeared in the "Atlantic Monthly," he describes the lovely, homely man in lines that are as quaintly humorous as they are pathetic. In what a severe struggle with fate has New England, hard mother of great men, trained her sons to be leaders! The Spartans cast away the weakly child, as unfit to serve a warlike state, and the old New England, with a savage penury and a fierce natural selection, put down the ambitious youth whose fiber was not of the strongest. None of New England's greatest sons was more roughly handled by poverty than Doctor Holland. During a considerable part of his childhood, the family, pursued by misfortune, led a sort of roving life. For some years they lived in Heath, then they returned to Belchertown; then we find them migrating to South Hadley, to Granby, and elsewhere, and then to Northampton, moving their slender household goods from place to place as the unprosperous father was able to find work. The promising son, Josiah, had little chance for learning, getting but a few months in the public schools in winter, and working hard to help sustain the family for the rest of the

year. This contact with poverty wrought images in his memory which were ineffaceable, and which appear and re-appear in his books. In his early novel entitled "Miss Gilbert's Career," one finds depicted the humiliation which wounded his pride, the vulgarity of associates which offended his better nature, and even the sharpness of the dye liquid which stung his blistered palms while he worked as a lad in a factory. The removal of "Arthur Bonnicastle" is but a description of the removal of his father's household to Northampton.

When, in their migrations, the Holland family reached Northampton, Josiah had come to feel aspirations that were not to be smothered in the steam of the factory, nor trodden out of him by misfortune. The son confided to his father (who was loved and revered for his worth, in spite of his inability to cope with fate) his desire to get a liberal education. The thumb-screw of poverty probably never gave Harrison Holland a severer twist than when he felt himself obliged to confess, as he did, that he could do nothing to help the budding ambition of his boy. Josiah, however, entered the Northampton High School, and pushed his studies with the strenuous eagerness of one who is attracted by a love of knowledge and propelled by aversion to an uncongenial environment. But the sedentary and studious life was too severe a strain on the youth accustomed to active labor in field and factory. He fell ill, and when after months his strength began to return, the accumulated obstacles in the way of his acquiring a liberal education were too appalling even for his courage. He still sought to educate himself, however, while resorting to many devices to get a livelihood. The older inhabitants of certain little mountain villages in Vermont will tell you to-day of a tall young man who, more than forty years ago, taught penmanship from town to town, and who used to recite his own poems to his intimate friends. He tried daguerreotypy and district-school teaching, and strove in vain, as he afterward confessed to the writer of these words, to fight off the despairing conclusion that the world had no suitable work for him to do.

Since a college course was out of the question, Doctor Holland took almost the only other road that seemed open at that time to one who wished to live by the work of his brain: at twenty-one years of age he began the study of medicine. His friends had assured him that writing for the press would never bring bread, and that he must have a more regular calling. The rigor of the struggle with poverty which had lasted from his birth had not abated. He still eked out his living by various

shifts. His good penmanship stood him in hand, and he was, for a while, a copyist of deeds in an office of record. Once, during this study of medicine, it became necessary to borrow ten dollars, but, after the debt had been contracted, the proud and honorable young man walked the streets of Northampton an entire night, in anguish of spirit because he could see no way of repaying the money. It was in one of these hard years that his three sisters died, one after another, and this bereavement affected his sensitive and affectionate nature more than all his other troubles.

In 1844, he was graduated at the Berkshire Medical College with honor. The struggling youth had fought out one battle, having, by dint of resolute endeavor, become a recognized member of a learned profession; but, like many another young man in a similar position, he found that a diploma increased the difficulty of existence. A professional man cannot go "carpet-bagging" around the country as writing-master to get his bread; he must sit and wait—a much harder thing to do. Energy of character in such circumstances only serves to wear out its possessor. He may starve, but he must make no sign and put forth no effort until he is called. Youth, a blessing invaluable to other men, is almost a crime in a physician, and he comes to look anxiously for signs of age and maturity.

When, in 1845, Doctor Holland and his classmate, Doctor Bailey, put up their sign as partners in medical practice, it was a partnership in youth, inexperience, and poverty. They had settled in Springfield when it was like a town on the frontier. The introduction of railroads had begun to shift population: the carshops had just been located in Springfield, and many working-men had come to increase the population of the village. It was prospectively a railway center, and all kinds of people who desired to "grow up with the place" had come to settle in the future metropolis of Western Massachusetts. The people were, for the most part, poor, or, at best, plain people, rich in hopes excited by the new order of things. There was, especially, a superabundance of doctors, who, in the sharp rivalry of an overstocked market, were in a state of lively discord among themselves. The older physicians held the practice in the families of substance, and those newly arrived had, for the most part, to contend for that of the workmen, and such like impecunious people. The young Doctor Holland is remembered as a man of fine presence; he was tall, lithe, and dignified. An eminent man, who knew him intimately in these years of waiting for prosperity, characterizes him as "sensitive, independent, and sweet." The practice of medicine was distaste-

ful, and brought but little money. As for poverty, he must by this time have become well seasoned to it; there seemed, indeed, no prospect of anything else for him. Though he suffered much, at times, from his privations and anxieties, I do not imagine that he was ever an unhappy man. His nature, though sensitive, was essentially buoyant and joyous.

In 1845, the year after his graduation, with the hopefulness of youth, he married Miss Elizabeth Chapin, of Springfield, and thus, in his season of darkness, laid the foundation of a domestic life of great happiness. It was during his leisurely life as a young doctor that he began to contribute to the old "Knickerbocker Magazine" and other periodicals, spending in writing the time which a young physician ought to pass in the study of medicine. It was not to be expected that so energetic and self-reliant a nature as his could brook this long waiting. His instinct led him to journalism. There lies before me the prospectus of "A New Family Newspaper," signed by "J. G. Holland, editor and proprietor." It was to be called the "Bay State Weekly Courier," and was to be published simultaneously in Springfield and the neighboring village of Cabotville. One sees here that the very ideas afterward characteristic of the "Springfield Republican" and SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY while under his direction, were fermenting in Doctor Holland thirty-five years ago. The "Courier" was to be a paper with a mission,—it was "to elevate the standard of literary taste," not only in Springfield and Cabotville, but in Middle and Western Massachusetts generally, and to defend the inalienable rights of MAN,—the word was spelled significantly in small capitals,—to afford a vehicle for free discussion, and to "tell the truth boldly and freely," on all things which concerned "Patriotism, Philanthropy, and Religion." The promise of tolerant discussion and the prominence given in this prospectus to philanthropic and religious subjects is the small beginning of a change which was wrought in the character of American journalism, in a measure through Doctor Holland's initiative. The new paper, thus announced a generation ago, was to be "independent of party, sect, or social organization." This was italicized, and was likewise characteristic of the conductor of this magazine.

This literary organ of Springfield and Cabotville lived but six months. What first venture in journalism ever succeeded? For four years Doctor Holland had been waiting for success in his profession, and in 1848 his patience and hope appear fairly to have broken down. Offered a place as a teacher in Richmond, Virginia, he accepted it and remained there for three

months, until he was invited to take charge of the public schools in Vicksburg, whereupon he returned to Springfield to make preparations for the long journey. Every remonstrance of friends in Springfield against his removal to a place so antipodal to New England ways and ideas as was Vicksburg in that day, he met with the plea of necessity. The journey was made in company with Mrs. Holland, in the dead of winter, and being chiefly by stage and steam-boat, was one of considerable difficulty and hardship.

At the end of the tedious river voyage, he found that the public schools which he had been called to superintend had not yet been organized, and that beyond a department for girls, they had no existence. Doctor Holland was warned that discipline was out of the question—that if he exacted obedience he would be put out by the larger boys. There ensued a stern fight for supremacy between him and his rebellious pupils, in which his quick decision of character gave him the mastery. Even at a later day than this, such a thing as the shooting of a school-master for whipping a boy was not unknown in the Southwest, and it is a wonder that Doctor Holland escaped violence. Nothing but his superior quickness and unfaltering courage saved him.

Once, the larger boys resolved on revenge. One who had suffered a sharp punishment at his hands provided himself with a club, and, backed by a crowd of burly, overgrown school-fellows, waited to attack the teacher on his way to the post-office. Seeing the crowd, and knowing its meaning, Doctor Holland fixed his steady dark eyes on the one who held the club, clenched his fists, and walked straight forward through the very midst of the group, which melted slowly away at the approach of the terrible master. When the rebels had dispersed, the teacher found the prints of his nails in the palms of his hands. Though he staid in Vicksburg but fifteen months, he wrought a revolution in its educational system. In less than a year from his coming, the private schools were all given up, except one which derived its support from out-of-town pupils. The schools were graded, and were taught in one building under his supervision.

The illness of Mrs. Holland's mother rendered it necessary that he should resign his place and return once more to Springfield, which event—the turning-point in his life,—took place in April, 1849. He seems to have felt no inclination to reënter the struggle for medical practice, for within two weeks after his return, he was installed as assistant editor of the "Republican." He was now thirty years of age, with a varied experience and large possibilities. His pay, for the first

year, was four hundred and eighty dollars, and as he and Mr. Bowles constituted the entire staff of the paper, he not only wrote editorials, but reported cattle-shows, public meetings, primary caucuses, runaway horses,—the two editors “doing the work of five.” His second year’s pay was seven hundred dollars, and at the close of the year, Mr. Bowles was so anxious to retain him that he sold him a quarter interest in the paper for three thousand five hundred dollars, for which amount Doctor Holland gave his notes. When he sold out his share in the “Republican,” fifteen years later, it was worth more than fourteen times what he had paid.

That was a rare conjunction which brought together on the same paper, in a small inland town, two men of such journalistic ability as Holland and Bowles. On that side of journalism which affects public life, Samuel Bowles was one of the greatest of his class. Editing a paper that could never be other than provincial, his rare insight and foresight, his unpartisan frankness, his rugged and even rude integrity, made the opinions of his paper more valuable, and its adverse judgments more feared, than those of any other journal in the nation. Greeley and Raymond were great partisan advocates, but Bowles was a journalistic day of judgment. His masterpiece of wisdom in selecting his lieutenants was his hitting upon Doctor Holland, whose gifts were of a kind precisely opposite to his own. Mr. Bowles’s attention was absorbed by public questions, and the business management of the paper; Holland, though writing on national topics, had small relish for politics. He was the most popular and effective preacher of social and domestic moralities in his age; the oracle of the active and ambitious young man; of the susceptible and enthusiastic young woman; the guide, philosopher, and school-master of humanity at large, touching all questions of life and character. If Bowles made the “Republican” esteemed and feared in Massachusetts and the nation, Holland made it loved in ten thousand homes. Wanting either of these men, the paper must have failed to become what it did.

Your true journalist never reaches a point of repose; he is always seeking for something to “improve the paper,” and is never weary of trying to heap Atlas’s load upon his own shoulders. Still possessed with the ideals of journalism which he had announced in the prospectus of the “Bay State Courier,” Holland sought to give the “Republican” some other interest than that of politics, market reports, and town gossip. His first serial-writing was in the letters “from Max Man-nering to his sister in the country.” These

were satires of social life, as social life existed in a largish village like Springfield a quarter of a century ago. Doctor Holland did a much more important thing for the paper. He introduced into the “Republican,” and was one of the first to bring into secular journalism, the discussion of social, moral, philanthropic, and religious topics. The American public has always been profoundly interested in such questions, but American journalism of old stood aloof from them as something that would be out of place in a newspaper. You might as well read the Bible at a primary caucus, as to write of religion or personal morals in a journal devoted “to politics and general intelligence.” Whether Doctor Holland fully appreciated the benefit which the change he was working would confer on journalism, or whether he only wrote on such themes from the irresistible tendency of his nature, I cannot say. No man knew the people better than he did,—he was bone of their bone,—and I make no doubt that much of the early success of the “Republican” was due to the qualities that made Holland’s writings so popular.

Neither Doctor Holland nor Mr. Bowles was content with the “Republican” as a village or county paper. They had the sagacity to see how favorable was the opportunity made by the centering of railway lines at Springfield to conquer a somewhat wider world. “Write a play about me, and my son-in-law and I will be interested in it,” says an old man in a French comedy. The way to interest the people of the hill-country of Massachusetts in the “Springfield Republican” was to write about them and their forefathers. So, to all his other endeavors to improve the paper, Dr. Holland now added that of writing for the “Republican” a “History of Western Massachusetts,” which should appear serially in its columns. One who has not attempted historical writing cannot imagine the drudgery of the task to which the rising journalist now set himself. To say that he was required to read a hundred, or, perhaps, hundreds of times the number of lines that he wrote, will give no notion of it. To track a fact and dog a vexed question until you run it to earth takes much time and wearisome research, and perhaps results in changing a date or erasing a line. When Holland, yet quite ignorant of his subject, and even of the kind of writing, approached such patient special students as Sylvester Judd and the librarian of Harvard University, seeking material, they frankly expressed amazement at the boldness of a young man who should endeavor to cover such a field in a year and a half. A man of Doctor Holland’s temperament cer-

tainly would not be attracted by the rusty-musty books and pamphlets in which his material lay. The two volumes of this work represented, as he confessed, "an enormous amount of drudgery." It procured his election to membership in the Massachusetts Historical Society, and is an accepted authority in its field to-day. I doubt if he felt any more desire to push further his reputation as a local historian than a discharged galley-slave has to exercise with the oars.

And yet, as Samson got honey from the lion, so Doctor Holland's first novel, "Bay Path," came from his study of local history. This novel also appeared serially in the "Republican," into whose columns, like the true journalist that he was, Holland poured without reserve the best that was in him. The story was brought out in 1857, by the house of Putnam, in New York. Though more favorably received by the critics than some of its successors, "Bay Path" did not have an encouraging sale.

Doctor Holland's positive personal success began at last where he probably did not expect it. Nine years after he entered the paper, he began the publication of the "Letters to Young People, Married and Single" in the columns of the "Republican." The playful signature, "Timothy Titcomb," and all the circumstances of their production, go to show that the author had no thought of winning his first decisive battle with these general epistles. But they were popular from the start, and Holland found out then what all the world knows now, that he was a great preacher. But, notwithstanding their newspaper popularity, the Titcomb letters traveled all up and down the streets of Boston and New York seeking a publisher. "Bay Path" had not sold largely, the trade was yet staggering under the financial blow of 1857, and few publishers were willing to risk anything so like sermons in their texture as Timothy Titcomb's Letters. At last Mr. Charles Scribner was approached. He listened to Doctor Holland's reading of the letters awhile, and was delighted. "Stop there," he said, "I'll take the book." It had an amazing run, as all the world knows, and the total sale in this country has been sixty-two thousand copies. This was the starting-point of a series of books, of which the Scribner book-house has sold four hundred and eighty-one thousand volumes; and with its publication began the friendship which brought about the conjunction of Doctor Holland and Mr. Scribner at the beginning of this magazine.

The poem of "Bitter-sweet" appeared in the same year, 1858, and was yet more successful. Its sale has run up to seventy-five

thousand copies, besides its circulation in the collected poems. "Gold-foil," which appeared serially as "Preachings from Popular Proverbs," was put in covers in 1859, "Miss Gilbert's Career," a novel, was issued in the following year; "Lessons in Life" in 1861, and the "Letters to the Joneses" in 1863; a volume of lectures was published in 1865, and in the same year appeared Doctor Holland's "Life of Abraham Lincoln," which was sold by subscription, and brought him more money than he probably ever dreamed of possessing during his early life. The climax of his fame and popular success as an author of books was attained in 1868, when the poem "Kathrina" appeared. It has outstripped all its fellows in popular favor, and outsold all other American poems except Longfellow's "Hiawatha." The sales now aggregate over ninety-nine thousand. "The Marble Prophecy," a poem founded on the Laocöon, was issued in 1872, and then appeared in succession, in the pages of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY first, and afterward in book form, the later group of novels, "Arthur Bonnicastle," "Sevenoaks," and "Nicholas Minturn." Though reaching a sale far in advance of most novels of their time, they have not attained to the popularity of the author's first works. Yet they contain some of his best writing. "The Mistress of the Manse" appeared in 1875.

Doctor Holland was always proud of that which his critics have made a reproach to him. He was in all respects in the closest sympathy with the people, and his literary success never drew him away from them. He lived the life of the people; was interested in churches, Sunday-schools, and total abstinence societies; possessing a fine tenor voice, he led the excellent quartette choir of the North Church in Springfield for many years. Among his intimate friends were the pastors to whom he listened. Such were Dr. Noah Porter, now president of Yale College, and Dr. Buckingham, of Springfield, to both of whom I am much indebted for reminiscences of his early life and struggles, and such was Mr. Drummond, a volume of whose sermons he edited after the author's death. Doctor Holland, in conjunction with his steadfast friend, Mr. George M. Atwater, was active in establishing a church in Springfield, which was, and is to-day, without attachment to any denomination, and tolerably free from creed restrictions. Which leads one to remark on the character of Doctor Holland's religious life. "Formulas mean nothing to me," he said; "I receive Christianity through my feelings."

Before the founding of the Memorial Church, he was once accused of teaching heresy to

his Bible-class, and an informal investigation was had, at which he would give no statement of his doctrine, but read a chapter from the New Testament, saying: "That is my creed." His heresies, whatever they were, seem never to have passed beyond the nebulous stage. If he did not formulate orthodox statements, he uttered no heretical ones. Heartily religious with a piety cast in evangelical molds, he did not care at all for the molds.

There is some interesting self-revelation in his will: "I am thankful for having enjoyed the privileges of labor and influence, thankful for wife and children, thankful for all my successes. I have intentionally and consciously wronged no man, and if I know my heart, I have forgiven all my enemies. For the great hereafter, I trust in the Infinite Love, as it is expressed to me in the life and death of my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

These closing words, evangelical in sentiment, but without dogmatic precision, well express Dr. Holland's religious life.

It was not that he shrank from the obloquy of heresy—he boldly accepted that in a vicarious way. He was the most chivalrous defender of the right of other people to think the thought that was in them, and to express it. He hated in his own brave fashion all ecclesiastical processes for suppressing freedom of thought in established organizations, and he took all risks of being misunderstood in defending those who had offended by their candor and courage. Soon after the success of the Titcomb letters made him widely known, he became one of the most popular of all American lecturers, and from end to end of the country he traveled, delivering before the lyceums lectures which were little else than pleasing sermons, full of healthy common-sense and sound moral teaching. For, in an age of much literary and pulpit charlatanism, the most hostile critic never accused him of sensational methods.

When Mr. Bowles tried for a short time to plant a successful journal in the soil of Boston, so uncongenial to a man of his stamp, Dr. Holland became chief editor of the "Republican," whose fortunes he had helped to make. When, foiled by circumstances beyond control, Mr. Bowles came back disappointed to Springfield, Dr. Holland resigned the editorship of the paper to him, and in 1867, he sold his share in the establishment. He was now at liberty, the possessor of large means for a man of letters, the owner of a beautiful home in the suburbs of Springfield, the most beloved and influential member of the Memorial Church, a citizen greatly respected in his little city, and at the zenith of his fame.

In 1868, he went to Europe, where he remained two years. It was a very important epoch in his life, and an important point in the history of American literature and art, for it was, as he has related, on a bridge in Geneva that he proposed to his friend Mr. Roswell Smith the founding of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY, a plan which had grown out of the proposition previously made by his friend Mr. Charles Scribner, that he take the editorship of "Hours at Home." This institution is of itself enough to make American literature forever Dr. Holland's debtor.

I shall not tell again the story of this magazine and its wonderful success. It is the offspring of many minds, the work of many hands. None knew better than Doctor Holland how largely it was indebted to the masterful business tact and force of its publisher, to the diligence, tasteful discrimination, and journalistic ability of his editorial associates, and to the coöperation of an able staff of contributors and artists; but the editorial authority was Doctor Holland's, and it was his large tolerance of spirit that made room for the successful play of the individuality of his associates. The maxim *facit per alium, facit per se* is nowhere truer than in newspaper and magazine work, and with a chief editor of views less liberal or methods less large, the magazine could never have reached its brilliant results.

Doctor Holland's last years were years of great enjoyment. He was surrounded by a multitude of friends in New York, and held, for some years, the presidency of the Board of Education. Even after he knew that his heart-disease must prove fatal, he had many sources of happiness. The great magazine with which his name must ever be most prominently associated was prosperous, well-manned and organized, so that he felt less and less solicitude about it, and handed it over more and more to those who should come after him. Knowing that his remaining years must be few, he wisely sold his share of the magazine stock to his business and editorial associates, and arranged his affairs in such a way as to make its management by his family an easy task. He had his home in New York and his beautiful country place in the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence, and he was able to pass the closing hours of life's day-time in thorough enjoyment of the world. Fortune, which had been niggardly enough in his youth, opened both hands to him as he advanced in life.

Let others measure his genius and mark his limitations at some future time. I cannot attempt a critical estimate of him now, when he has but just gone, and while the printer

waits for the words I write. But this one fact should always be remembered: that he was preëminently a moralist. Whether he wrote poetry or prose, letters or essays, novels or editorials, the moral purpose never forsook him. It is by this that he is to be judged. His art was never merely for art's sake, but it served to give wings to his instructions. Doctor Holland wrote, long ago: "I account the honor of occupying a pure place in the popular heart—of being welcomed in God's name into the affectionate confidence of those for whom life has high meanings and high issues, of being recognized as among the beneficent forces of society, the greatest honor to be worked for and won beneath the stars."

I am far from undervaluing the literary character of his writings,—I believe, indeed, that many of his best utterances in prose and verse have not yet received the recognition they deserve. There comes always a sifting time when an author dies. The world cannot carry the burden of a hundredth part of what is written, even by those of eminent reputation. That which is best and compactest is preserved, the rest is gradually left behind to make room for the thought of new thinkers. It is too soon to say what, or how much, of all Doctor Holland's large production will be kept alive. But he is more fortunate than other writers, in that he has a worthy fame that is quite beyond the reach of literary oblivion. A French critic says that "an orator is remembered by the effects he has produced." So a great journalist is remembered, not alone by the preservation of his writings, which may lose interest as the occasion of them is forgotten. It is possible that little of all that Greeley or Raymond has written will have any permanent place in letters, but the men have achieved fame by what they did. Doctor Holland was, of course, far more of a literary man than either of them, but his talent was preëminently journalistic, and he is sure of a rank among the greater journalists. His ideas and plans were always large; he would have a liberal scale of payment to contributors, and he was ever ready to incur the cost of the most excellent art-work to be had. He knew that small economies wrongly applied are fatal to a great enterprise.

Doctor Holland was a man of dignified and impressive presence; he had something of that talent for affairs which is indispensable to the journalist, but he was also a man of rare simplicity and transparency. He often showed his inmost thoughts to strangers, and sometimes cast the pearls of his confidence before swine who turned upon him. He loved approbation and he craved affection. De

Quincey never got over the physical pangs occasioned by prolonged hunger, and the man who has been thoroughly browbeaten and downtrodden by persistent hard fortune in his youth is likely to have a life-long hunger for the love and appreciation of his fellows. This appetite for approval, joined to a nature incorrigibly frank and open, made Doctor Holland seem to some people to possess more self-esteem than he really had. In truth, a good deal of what appeared to be self-assertion was the offspring of a latent self-discouragement. No critic could make a more acute estimate of Doctor Holland's ethical books than he does in these modest words from the preface to "Lessons in Life":

"In this book, as in its predecessors, the author has aimed at being neither brilliant nor profound. He has endeavored, simply, to treat in a familiar and attractive way a few of the more prominent questions which concern the life of every thoughtful man and woman. Indeed, he can hardly pretend to have done more than organize and put into form the average thinking of those who read his books,—to place before the people the sum of their own choicer judgments,—and he neither expects nor wishes for these essays higher praise than that which accords to them the quality of common sense."

Having been poor himself, he gave freely to others who were straitened. His generosity, and what I have denominated his simplicity, made him a prey to the ingenious romancers who live upon the sympathies of the good. He said once that he could better afford to give a worthless fellow twenty-five dollars than to subject himself to the demoralizing influences of suspicion. It gave him a severe pang to distrust anybody.

After all, the great heart was a large part of the man. He cherished high and generous ideals himself, and nourished them in others. His sympathies and sensibilities nothing could blunt. He had words of kindness for the humblest, and he loved the common people with a tenderness which reacted upon his own life and character. His superabundant sympathy drew to him, from all classes of society, a love not often given to any man, and this genuine interest and admiration which met him at every side he recognized with grateful and unaffected frankness. People visited his summer home, in the Thousand Islands, as though making a pilgrimage to a shrine, and carried away relics of every kind, begging sometimes for even a handful of pebbles out of the road-way to keep as mementos. This affection of thousands grew out of the genuine service that he had been able to render to the men and women of his generation, and it was a noble and enviable guerdon, bravely and worthily won.

bleeding by his death. The Being to whom we prayed so earnestly could not give us back a life destroyed, but he could, and we believe He will, perpetuate its influence through the term of the President's successor. Still we have had a great scare, and the circumstances from which it rose are not likely to be repeated. This one lesson we have learned—that the nomination of a vice-president by a party convention is no light matter. Such a nomination is never to be made to satisfy a faction, or to oil the wheels of a party machine. Just as much care should be taken to get a first-class man for the second place on the ticket as for the first. No man ever took the presidential chair with a fairer prospect of long life than President Garfield, but he was no proof against the assassin's bullet, and his work passed over to a man who began his term of office without the slightest expectation of ever occupying the White House. We have no wish to be offensive to a man who has undertaken to bear a great burden, to which he has been unexpectedly, and, we believe, unwillingly called, but, as a people, we have learned from him and the circumstances by which he is surrounded that too much care in the choice of a vice-president cannot possibly be taken. If the death of the President has impressed this important truth upon the country, then another great good has been bestowed upon it. Of this thing we are certain, viz. : that no nation can pray for a great good, as ours has done, and be refused.

The nation did not get just what it asked for, because it could not be granted, but we believe it has secured by its prayers an equivalent good, and that out of the death of the President will come a great treasure of peace, harmony, and prosperity. The nation is better for this death, which has so stirred and affected it, and in a sense the great, good man has died for us. Death alone could have sufficiently emphasized the lesson of his life, harmonized our jealousies and strifes, attracted to us the sympathy of the world, and brought some of our political methods to the test which proves their unworthiness.

Poverty as a Discipline.

WE often hear it said of a man that he has had great advantages. We have meant by this simply the advantages which wealth could buy—university training, travel, high society, unlimited books, etc. It is not often that we hear poverty spoken of as an advantage, yet we believe it to be demonstrably true that, of all the advantages which come to any young man, this is the greatest. The young man who is saved from the effort of making his own way in the world and the necessity of establishing his own position, is denied the most powerful stimulus to labor and development. The young men who are coming every year out of the colleges and the professional schools of the country, and starting into active life, will win success or sink into failure mainly in accordance with the amount of stimulus under which their education has been acquired. If they have been obliged to labor until they have learned the value of money; if they have been forced into close economies, and learned, also, how difficult it is to keep it; if they have grown up with the consciousness upon them that everything they hope

for in the world must be won by their own unaided force and industry; if they have acquired thrifty habits and self-helpfulness and self-trust,—they enter life with great and most assuring advantages. No amount of wealth given to a young man can possibly give him so good a prospect of a true success as poverty that has secured such advantages as these.

Twice within the easy memory of this generation a man who started at the lowest extreme of the social scale has risen to be the President of the United States. Abraham Lincoln rose from his nest of leaves in a Western log-cabin to be twice the elected ruler of the nation, at a most momentous period of the national history, traversing in the passage every degree of the social scale. The poor frontiersman's child, the flat-boatman, the day-laborer, the indigent student, the humble country lawyer, the politician, the stump-speaker, the legislator, the statesman, the President, and chief of one of the greatest armies the world has ever seen,—who believes for a moment that, had he been rich at the start, he would have ended where he did? It was the discipline of poverty that made him what he was. It gave him a profound sympathy with the people, most of whom are engaged in a struggle with poverty from the cradle to the grave. It stimulated and trained his powers to their highest development, and it helped him to form those habits of industry and economy that are essential to the best success.

James A. Garfield, whom we have just laid in the tomb with tears of affectionate reverence, was another instance of the beneficent influences of poverty. He rose from as low a place as Lincoln, and took even a higher flight than he. The most brilliant man who ever occupied the Presidential chair, and rapidly becoming the most admired and best beloved ruler in the world, he was mourned when, in realizing one of the many coincidences that existed between his life and that of Lincoln, he was murdered by an assassin, as man was never mourned before. His marvelous accomplishments and powers won for him the respect of the great, and his sympathy with the humble drew to him the hearts of the world. * * *

"Poverty is uncomfortable, as I can testify; but nine times out of ten, the best thing that can happen to a young man is to be tossed overboard and compelled to sink or swim for himself. In all my acquaintance, I never knew a man to be drowned who was worth the saving."—JAMES A. GARFIELD.

Doctor Holland.

DOCTOR HOLLAND'S death, though occurring at a time when years of mental vigor and usefulness might fairly have been hoped for, was still delayed till his life had reached a singular completeness. He had accomplished nearly every desire of his heart. His life had grown broader and richer to its close. Though keenly sensitive to sharp criticism, and often suffering from it, still he was buoyed up through all his busy career by the grateful affection of untold thousands and the love of all who were near him. He lived long enough not only to be able to say honestly that he had forgiven all his en-

emies, but long enough also to gain the reverence and attachment of those who had planted the deepest thorns in his side. While retiring from all business control, and from a very large part of his editorial labors, he lived to see the magazine in which he was interested start afresh on its new career, in its new quarters, and under its new name. The first number of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE was placed in his hands not many days before his death.

Knowing during the last few years that his end might come at any time, he had set his house in order, and, while still enjoying life to the utmost, and clinging to it with almost passionate fondness, he had made ready to depart at a moment's notice. It is a thought to be cherished that at the last he was not separated, either by distance or by wasting illness, from his congenial work and from his daily companions.

It is hard to do here, in these columns, for our lamented chief what he so often has done for his own comrades stricken down at his side. Though Doctor Holland was thoroughly prepared in his own mind for a sudden taking off, the shock was one for which those nearest to him could not, though ever so well warned, be really prepared; and, besides, he had been so much stronger of late—so much more busy, cheerful, and hopeful. Enough for us to say that that spirit of sympathy and helpfulness, that courtesy and gentle consideration which were so deeply characteristic of his published writings and of his dealings with all—friends or utter strangers—with whom he came in contact,—enough to say that these qualities of his heart had endeared him to his editorial and business associates in a peculiar manner. Every one of them remembers not only the uniform and unfailing gentleness of his manner, but also many acts of especial and extraordinary tenderness and forbearance. Even in cases where the springs of action must have been hard for him to understand, he still trusted; never once did he knowingly give pain to those beneath him in authority. He trusted his associates and all employed in the work of the magazine with a completeness that not only helped each to develop to the utmost his individual capacity, but which attached all of them to him in the bonds of personal affection and devoted loyalty. His quick sympathy, his warm encouragement, the inspiration of his generous confidence, his winning and fatherly presence,—all these we shall miss beyond words.

We think there can be few who doubt the sincerity of Doctor Holland's moral writings. No one could have been as near to him as we have been without feeling that these were the spontaneous expression of a big-hearted and genuinely helpful nature. He wished every man well. More than this, he could not do otherwise than extend his hand to help every man who came near him. The gratitude of thousands of hearts to whom, even by means other than his published writings and lectures, he has done good,—by a pressure of the hand, by a word fitly spoken, by a letter of good cheer,—all these attest that to which we also wish to bear our testimony—the sincerity of his utterances and the unconquerable desire to serve his fellows in everything that he undertook. His writings show little interest in and little knowledge of theology. If in them

he preached in season—and, as it is charged, sometimes out of season also—the religion of Jesus Christ, the world may be sure that it was in no perfunctory, dogmatic, or Pharisaical spirit, but that he bore honest witness to an experience that had taken possession of his heart, and had given peace and inspiration to his life.

For years Doctor Holland had shaped the affairs of his office so that his own retirement might make as little break as possible in the conduct and spirit of the magazine. But in one sense Doctor Holland neither will nor can have a successor. There is, in fact, no one man who stands in the same relation as he to the great masses of American readers. One motive of his in going into a magazine enterprise was the desire to have a mouthpiece through which to express his own thoughts on current events. With a few exceptions, he wrote with his own hand every article which has appeared, during the last eleven years, under the head of "Topics of the Time." He announced there his personal opinions, and announced, as well, the changes that occurred in them. He wrote occasionally for other unsigned departments, but allowed in these considerable latitude of opinion. Hereafter the department of "Topics of the Time," like other unsigned departments, will be written by various pens, besides those connected with the editorial corps. In addition to this it should be said that, when Doctor Holland's name disappears from the cover, no other will take its place there.

In endeavoring to carry on the work before us in the spirit in which it was begun, we—and our associates, both editorial and business—shall be as grateful as Doctor Holland always was for right-minded and intelligent criticism, from whatever source it may come, and as unmoved as he by unjust and jealous aspersion. We believe that the best memorial we can build for our beloved chief and our friend is the honorable future of this magazine,—an enterprise which owes, and always will owe, so much to his far-sighted, courageous, and large-hearted management.

Memorial Meeting at Springfield.

A MEETING was held in the Memorial Church at Springfield, Mass., on Sunday evening, October 16, 1881, the day after the funeral, to do honor to the memory of Doctor Holland. We are indebted mainly to the report of "The Springfield Republican" for the following record:

"It was a deeply sympathetic audience which filled the Memorial Church * * * to listen to the just and tender words of tribute paid to the memory of Doctor Holland. Fitting, too, was it that this last service should be held in the church with the founding of which he was so intimately identified, and its name henceforth takes on a double appropriateness and significance."

Rev. Dr. Eustis, pastor of the church, conducted the services, and was assisted in the religious exercises by Rev. Dr. Terhune, Rev. J. W. Harding, and Rev. Dr. Gladden. A poem, read by the latter on this occasion, appears in this number of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE. A letter of regret from Rev. Dr. R. H. Seelye of Haverhill, and a telegram from President Porter of Yale, both former pastors of Dr. Holland,

were read. Among the hymns sung was the thanksgiving hymn from "Bitter-Sweet," to the tune of Duke Street. Doctor Eastis said that Doctor Holland was a remarkably successful man; that during his life he had accomplished nearly every desire of his heart. But there was one desire that was not gratified, namely, that he might write a hymn which should be sung in all the churches. He thought that, if the congregation would sing this hymn at this time, it would be proved to be one worthy of such use.

"For Summer's bloom and Autumn's blight,
For bending wheat and blasted maize,
For health and sickness, Lord of light,
And Lord of darkness, hear our praise!

"We trace to Thee our joys and woes,—
To Thee of causes still the cause,—
We thank Thee that Thy hand bestows;
We bless Thee that Thy love withdraws.

"We bring no sorrows to Thy throne;
We come to Thee with no complaint;
In Providence Thy will is done,
And that is sacred to the saint."

REV. DR. BUCKINGHAM'S ADDRESS.

"IN speaking of Doctor Holland's relations to the churches of this city, I will say that when I came here in '47 I found him a member of my church. He was a young physician trying to get into practice. I remember he came to my study one day, and said he had an invitation to go to Vicksburg to superintend the city's schools. I expressed my surprise that he should be willing to go to a city with such a bad reputation, and his reply was that it was a matter of necessity—that he was obliged to renounce his profession and devote himself to something else. At the end of two years he returned, and found the way opened for him to become connected with the 'Republican,' a paper which had just been founded, and which I have always regarded as one of the two remarkable productions of this small inland town—this paper and Webster's Dictionary. Had it been some wonderful machinery it would not have been surprising, for such skill is what we cultivate. But this was a literary production, and all the more remarkable because started here in the smallness of the town, and with so little to encourage an enterprise of such a nature.

"We all regard, as Christians, every man's life as planned for him by God. Doctor Holland was unfitted to be a physician; God had made him to be a journalist and he couldn't change that plan, just as Doctor Bushnell undertook to be a journalist when God had made him and ordained him, if anybody ever was in these later days, to preach the Gospel. And, as he used to say, it was the weight of a wafer that turned him from journalism to the ministry. And so circumstances, providentially arranged, prepared the way for Doctor Holland to become connected with the 'Republican.'"

Passing from the story of Mr. Bowles's engagement of Doctor Holland on the "Republican," Dr. Buckingham told of his relations with the Springfield churches.

"After his return from Vicksburg he became connected with the North Church, in accordance with my advice, for he said it was a church that he could help, and where I thought he would find a freer and

better development than in the older church. In addition to his faithful work here in the social and religious life of the church, he made himself especially valuable as the leader of the choir. You should have seen him sing, as well as hear him, to understand what he meant by the service of song in the house of the Lord! His noble mien, his reverent and exultant manner, as he carried the praises of the congregation up to heaven! The picture of the choir boys is a pleasant one, but commonplace in comparison with this magnificent specimen of manhood and Christian service.

"But we come now to his connection with this church. There was no church of any denomination in this part of the city. He, with a few others, conceived the idea of having one that, while it was evangelical, should be undenominational. He found no sympathy, I am ashamed to say, among some of our church members and ministers, for obstacles were thrown in his way and he was needlessly perplexed; and if he had not loved the cause of Christ more than most, he never would have sacrificed his peace of mind, and continued to push on to success as he did this enterprise.

"And here let me give you an idea of Doctor Holland's cast of mind, to explain his mode of thinking upon religious subjects. He once said to me: 'Christianity, in the form of abstract statement and in the shape of a creed, has not any particular interest nor very much meaning. I have to test things through my heart and best feelings. If they seem good and true and like Christ, it satisfies me, and nothing else does.' This will explain the little regard he had in his writings for formal orthodoxy. He followed the dictates of his heart rather than the teachings of any theological school, and, keeping his heart warm with love to God and love to man, and drinking in continually the spirit of Christ, he never was guilty of heresy. But he was all his life having a richer and more abundant experience of divine grace in his own soul, and it was conveyed, through his writings and through his personal intercourse, to the hearts of others. It is a striking fact in this connection, as his friend Mr. Eggleston will tell you, perhaps, that while he was so jealous of the religious liberty of others, and championed their claims so manfully, he never needed indulgence for heresy of his own. He believed in the Bible, and he adored and trusted in Jesus Christ as the only saviour of men, and he was always true to such a Christianity, whether in his Sunday-school teachings, or daily newspaper, or monthly periodical, or in his novels or poems. He was a pure-minded, conscientious, and useful church-member, and all who have ever been associated with him in such relations can bear the freest testimony in this respect to his singular simplicity, to his tender piety, to his conscientious fidelity and generous liberality in all the relations he sustained to these churches and to religious efforts in this city."

GEORGE S. MERRIAM'S ADDRESS.

"DOCTOR HOLLAND was essentially a preacher. He was ordained by natural endowment, and by steady, enthusiastic purpose, to the ministry of moral guidance and inspiration. So long as a man's highest business is to shape his life to the noblest ends, and so long as some men can, out of their own larger experience and

proficiency, throw light on the path of others, giving them wisdom and heart for the great work, so long the preacher's vocation will endure.

"That vocation has hitherto been largely exercised by personal speech from pulpit or platform, and largely through the instrumentality of the church. Doctor Holland was an able and successful speaker. His relation to the church was one of loyalty and friendship. But his life fell at a time when a new engine of influence was largely supplementing the old. While those who speak from the pulpit are glad to number their hearers by the hundreds, the daily editor counts his by tens of thousands. While the church is anxiously debating how it can reach and hold the people, every man looks on his door-step for his morning paper before he goes to his breakfast. It is the newspaper that, beyond any other influence, now comes home to men's business and bosoms. The limitation upon that influence is that it too often lacks that clearness and emphasis of moral purpose which has largely characterized, with whatever defects and drawbacks, the ministry of the pulpit. It was the especial distinction of Doctor Holland that he used the newspaper's power to serve the preacher's purpose. As a moral teacher, he found a weapon superior to the old as a rifle is superior to a cross-bow, or a locomotive to a stage-coach. No less did he enlarge and ennoble the function of journalism, by putting it to a new and higher use. He showed that a newspaper might do something more than tell the news; something besides discuss what is doing at Washington; something more, even, than to act as guide and judge in literature, and art, and public affairs. He used the daily or the monthly journal to purify and sweeten the fountains of personal and family life. He spoke continually the word that should inspire young men to be pure, and women to be strong; the word that shed poetry over the home life; the word that threw on every interest the light of conscience and the warmth of moral feeling.

"I do not mean, of course, that Doctor Holland was the first or the only one to direct the power of the press to the conduct of personal life. Nor probably did it come to him at first as a distinct and deliberate plan. Said Cromwell, 'A man never rises so high as when he knows not whither he is going.' It was without premeditation that Doctor Holland began the series of writings in which was his first great success as a popular moralist. He had written on local history and light social satires when, one morning, Mr. Bowles suggested to him that he should write a series of letters in a familiar and popular style. On that hint, and before leaving the office, he wrote the first of the Timothy Titcomb letters. It was his good fortune to be allied with a man, Samuel Bowles, who won the unique distinction of creating in a provincial town a newspaper of the first class, and whose enlarging conception of journalism welcomed and incorporated that specific function of personal moral teaching which Doctor Holland introduced. So, in his later career, he was fortunate in being associated with men skillful and strong to unite with his talents the other requisites for building up a great periodical. So he accomplished his work, not by conceiving and creating a career, but, so to speak, by meeting the hand of Providence half-way. He was faithful to the light

that was in him; he was open-eyed and sensitive to the conditions of the time; he met the opportunity as it offered. And thus he did the work that was given him to do. He did a work large in itself; large in the impress it left on two great periodicals; large as an omen of the nobler work to be done by the press, an instance of the new and greater channels through which God fulfills his purposes.

"I do not attempt to speak of the elements of his intellectual power—to dwell on his observation, his reading of human nature, his sympathy, imagination, eloquence. But one element of his success and merit is to be noted—he could think the thoughts and speak the speech of the common people. He represented that democratic quality in literature which our social conditions demand and are only beginning to get. Take from your shelf at random a standard author, other than a novelist, and read a page to the first man you chance to meet. Ten to one he listens with a sort of uncomprehending look; the voice comes to him muffled, as of some one speaking in the next room. For most authors write out of a mental habit and equipment which is unfamiliar to the common people; they use a literary dialect—the dialect of a class, as much as is the dialect of science or theology. But, take almost any book of Doctor Holland, and read from it to any man or woman of common intelligence: the eye responds; they understand what he means; they agree or deny; they comprehend, they are moved, influenced. He was a man of the people, and the common people heard him gladly.

"It is fit that we should honor his memory as we are doing. But already his monument is built—built, as must be every monument that is worth anything, by his own life. He has that memorial which we all desire beyond any other—the love of a few hearts, in which he will never become a memory, but live in that nobler, tenderer, more sacred relation which death brings. He has that distinction, given to the fortunate few, to be remembered by thousands with a warmer emotion than admiration—with personal gratitude for some high impulse given when perhaps the will was faltering, some clear light shed when the path was dark. His influence remains, invisible but powerful, upon the newspaper and the magazine that owed so much to him—the influence of a generous humanity, a regard for moral ends. In a hundred thousand homes his books are lying—not dust-covered, but in familiar use; and in each home he is a companion, counselor, friend. A great and sacred gift was intrusted to him. He used it faithfully, reverently, gratefully. The story has reached a worthy end; the poem is finished; and we thank the Creator and Giver."

DOCTOR EDWARD EGGLESTON'S ADDRESS.

DOCTOR EGGLESTON traced the connection between the later growth of Doctor Holland and the vicissitudes of his early life, saying with the poet Herder, "My whole life has been but the interpretation of the oracles of my childhood." When Doctor Holland went to a wider field in the metropolis and founded the leading magazine of America, he went with his character already molded by his life in this community. He had despairingly thought in his young manhood that the world had no place for him; he had tried several

things and failed—like many a young man passing through similar struggles to-day who is destined to play an important part in the world. People afterward wonder they have not recognized such men before. It is always perfectly safe to be kind and not to snub a young and ambitious man. We should make a little smoother and a little sweeter and better, if we can, the pathway of a struggling, ambitious, and sensitive young man as Doctor Holland was in those earlier years. The trials of this period, however, only served to strengthen and develop the man.

As Doctor Eggleston expresses most of the sentiments of his address more fully in his article in this number of *THE CENTURY*, it is not necessary to give any further report here.

ROSWELL SMITH'S ADDRESS.

MR. ROSWELL SMITH, Doctor Holland's business associate since the foundation of the magazine, said that he was not here to pronounce a eulogy upon Doctor Holland, but to give some expression to the affection in which he was held by his associates. He told in brief the story of his acquaintance with the Doctor, and of the foundation of the magazine. Doctor Holland, he said, was a man who decided the most important questions with almost lightning rapidity; he never saw a man whose decisions upon important questions were so instantaneous. He used to say that he put his confidence in men rather than in things.

Doctor Holland knew that he had been often charged with a want of orthodoxy. The speaker had heard him repeat with zest the story of a clergyman of Springfield who, when absent from home, was asked by some one what were Doctor Holland's religious opinions. He replied: "Have you read Doctor Holland's books, and can you not learn his beliefs there?" The answer was: "Yes, I have read his books, but first I come across something which makes me think he is a Unitarian, and then I read on and find something which leads me to think that he is a 'Christian!'" His orthodoxy was of the type of the apostle James, rather than that of Paul; but his writings sometimes reminded one of the story of the young minister who preached to the students of Union College. The venerable Doctor Nott complimented him very much on his sermon, saying, "The first half was pure Calvinism, and the last half pure Arminianism, and I liked it, for that is just the way it is in the Bible." Doctor Holland appreciated the fact that he was a misunderstood man, and that he was credited with the holding of sentiments and the advocating of views which he thoroughly abhorred; and one motive, he said, in starting a literary magazine was that he might set himself right on the record. Furthermore, he wished to "round out," as he expressed it, his literary life.

No man held the clerical profession in higher esteem than Doctor Holland. Indeed, his estimate of it was so high, and his desire that it should attain the highest usefulness was such, that it led him to be impatient with its defects; and the same is true of his love for the church and his respect for the prayer-meeting. He felt that these were the hope of the world, and he could not tolerate stupidity or intolerance in either the one or the other. Ministers had no truer friend than he, and very many of them recog-

nized it and held him in the highest regard. No minister ever came to him to consult him about leaving his chosen profession and going into literature, or into any other pursuit, but Doctor Holland turned him back and exhorted him, with the greatest earnestness, to stick to the preaching of the Gospel as the highest earthly calling.

"The whole generation of men of the age of Doctor Gladden, Doctor Eggleston, and myself, who were ten years younger than Doctor Holland, read his earlier works with the greatest interest, and we feel that we owe to him a debt of gratitude which we can never repay, for the influence he exercised upon our lives.

"You have heard here to-night how Doctor Holland was interested in the work of, and had helped to build up, three churches in this city. His love for this Memorial Church is well known to this audience. In New York he united with the Brick Church. And now, during the last summer of his life, he has been engaged in the work of enlarging and almost rebuilding the church at Alexandria Bay, on the St. Lawrence, originally built by Rev. Dr. Bethune."

The speaker then read a statement by one of the editors of the magazine, describing Doctor Holland's last day at his office, which was the last day of his life:

"Doctor Holland was at his post till the very last. His last day was a busy one, and one full of interest and pleasure. He was writing his editorials; he was talking over new projects; he had time to go out to see some beautiful stained-glass windows, whose rich and exquisite tones gave him the greatest delight; but especially the day was devoted by him to thoughts of our late President, whom he knew personally. The first thing he said in the morning when he came in was something about Garfield; he burst out with an ejaculation of 'What a magnificent man the President was—what a knight-errant!' He went on to describe his appearance in the House of Representatives, the hush that went over the House when he arose to speak, and the ease and courtliness of his bearing.

"Doctor Holland was engaged that day in writing an editorial (which remains unfinished) on poverty as a means of developing character; and his illustrations were taken from the lives of Lincoln and Garfield. While writing this a book was handed to him, entitled 'Garfield's Words.' For an hour or so he pored over its pages, reading aloud to one of his associates the passages that struck him as most telling. He laughed his approval at one bit after another of sententious humor; his voice trembled at every passage made pathetic by the President's tragic fate. Among the quotations he was greatly pleased to find one peculiarly appropriate to the subject of which he was at that very moment treating.

"The last poem that was submitted to him as editor, and accepted by him, was a poem on Garfield, written by one of the younger members of the editorial staff; and the last words that he himself wrote, in the unfinished editorial, were about the President, and might almost be used as his own epitaph."

Other Tributes to Doctor Holland.

IN a number of churches sermons have been preached on Doctor Holland, or fitting allusions have

been made to his character and his life-work. We quote the following from the sermon by the Rev. Dr. Gladden, preached on the morning of October 16th, in the North Church, Springfield:

"Doctor Holland's methods of preaching were various and well chosen. Upon the platform, so long as he had strength for such service, he lifted up his voice in behalf of truth and righteousness; and if the lyceum had kept to such straightforward and wholesome talk as he always dealt in, the lyceum would not have ceased to be a power in the land. When it demitted the function of teaching and went into the show business, exhibiting for an admission fee all sorts of literary and unliterary monstrosities, then its days were numbered. But Doctor Holland's lyceum lectures, gathered into two snug volumes, are all instinct with sound morality and wholesome common-sense, and all aglow with the author's hearty purpose to help his hearers into cleaner and brighter and larger living. He was a pleasant speaker, too, as we remember him,—dignified, direct, convincing; with the living voice he was no mean preacher.

"His earlier essays, those in the *Titcomb Letters*, 'Gold Foil,' in 'Lessons in Life,' in 'Letters to the Joneses,' as well as his later editorials, were, of course, in great part ethical or religious in their character. In those earlier volumes such titles as 'Providence,' 'Alms-giving,' 'Does Sensuality Pay?' 'The Sins of Our Neighbors,' 'The Canonization of the Vicious,' 'The Food of Life,' 'Unnecessary Burdens,' 'Faith in Humanity,' 'Truth and Truthfulness,' show the bent of the author's mind; and all recent readers of SCRIBNER know how often the 'Topics of the Time' are topics of the very highest human concernment—themes with which the pulpit is appointed to deal. I think that the service rendered by Doctor Holland to public morality by his editorial discussions in SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY, by his hot indignation against the rascalities of politics, by his trenchant assaults upon the vices of the time, by his hearty advocacy of the old-fashioned virtues of temperance and thrift and self-help; by his unflinching assertion of the supremacy of the values of character above the values of art,—has been worth to this generation more than this generation will ever know till it measures the harvests of time in the garner of eternity.

"Of Doctor Holland's novels, substantially the same thing may be said. Most, if not all, of them were novels with a purpose. It was not merely for the sake of telling a pleasant story, not merely for the sake of describing real life, that he wrote, but also with the ulterior purpose of exposing and redressing some wrongs, of helping forward some good causes, of making social life better than it is. There are those who say that this is not good art. The fact is, that there are not a few people, nowadays, without a purpose, and these are not apt to take kindly to novels with a purpose. But when they set up their standard of purposelessness, and call on the world to conform to it, we must beg to demur. The history of literary art does not warrant their canons. The classics of fiction comprise many tales whose conscious end was service. Shall we say that Brooke's 'Fool of Quality,' and Goldsmith's 'Vicar of Wakefield,' and George Eliot's 'Felix Holt,' and Charles Kingsley's 'Alton

Locke,' and Dickens's 'Nicholas Nickleby' and 'Bleak House,' and Mrs. Stowe's 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' and Charles Reade's 'Put Yourself in His Place,' are not legitimate fiction, because they try to do a little good, while they give a little pleasure? Doctor Holland had thought this matter all over early in his career, as he shows us in 'Kathrina,' and his judgment upon it never wavered. An editorial of his in a late number of his magazine deals with it vigorously. He speaks of this doctrine, that art has no higher end than pleasure, with strong dissent. 'We claim for the novel,' he says, 'the very broadest field. It may illustrate history, like the novels of Walter Scott, or philosophy, like those of George Eliot, or religion, like those of George MacDonald, or domestic and political economy, like those of the late Mrs. Sedgwick, or it may represent the ludicrous side of human nature and human society, like many of those of Dickens and Thackeray, or it may present the lighter social topics and types, like those of James and Howells, or it may revel in the ingenuities of intricate plots, like those of Collins and Reade. Every novel and every sort of novel is legitimate if it be well written.' I think that this doctrine of art is vastly higher and more catholic than that which he is confuting. And when he goes on to say, in good round words, 'The man who denies to art any kind of service to humanity which it can perform is either a fool or a trifier,' I confess that he carries with him my sympathy.

"At any rate, it is enough to say that he understood what he was about, when he wrote novels with a purpose. And it must be admitted by everybody that his purposes were high and pure; that the blows he struck with this good weapon of fiction were telling blows.

"And the same thing is true of his poems. All of his principal poems take hold of great themes, deal with the great interests of character, and the great spiritual laws. We may not agree with him in all the lessons that he seeks to teach in these poems; I own that I do not; but we cannot deny the lofty purpose and the earnest thought that pulsate through them all. Whatever we may say of their philosophy, the spirit that breathes through them is large and free.

"When I thus exalt the moral and religious element that characterizes all that Doctor Holland wrote, I would not wish to be understood as denying to his stories and poems that quality which the pagan critics insist upon—the power of giving pleasure. Not only in the felicitous and picturesque rhetoric, and the stirring music of his words, but also in his quick insight into character, and his happy delineations of men and manners, he has delighted a great multitude of readers. In his stories, especially, while he has always aimed at some high purpose, he has succeeded in imparting a great deal of pleasure, not only to those who read for the plot, but also to those who enjoy the unfolding of character and the representation of life. It was never Doctor Holland's doctrine that one who would do men good must study to displease them,—quite otherwise; and he has honestly striven, and not without success, not only to leave the world better than he found it, but also to leave it happier."

THE following is from a sermon preached October 16th, in Grace Church, New York, by Rev. Henry C. Potter, D. D. :

"And here it is, in the light of these words of His own, that we come to understand the meaning of the cross of Christ. If love is to be the king of your life and mine, my brothers, if with us here, amid all the strife and rivalry that make up our week-day world, the voice that bids us love is to be regnant over all other voices, somewhere or other there must be the spell that compels us to do so. An apostle had found that spell when he wrote 'The love of Christ constraineth me,' and other men than he, aye, a mighty multitude whom no man can number, have looked also into the face crowned with thorns, and have learned there how to love !

"More than any other, it is the lesson for which our time is waiting. Oh, how clever, how persistent, how aggressive we Americans are ! It is simply true that there is no conceivable enterprise demanding capital, courage, the sacrifice of time and strength, which would not, if it were proposed to-morrow, find a host of investors and followers. But the quieter, larger courage that, deep in the love of God and man, gives itself to brighten and enrich and purify the sum of human life—that is not so common. The apostolic spirit that sent men forth aflame with a love of souls that would not let them rest—it is this that we need to have rekindled. Not by capital, not by culture, not by conquest, does any nation or any character become really noble or enduringly great, but rather by alliance with His life who gave the world, anew, the great commandment, and then translated it by His cross.

"One such character I desire to mention here this morning, just because, to so many of us, its influence has perhaps been so little known and so imperfectly appreciated. A man of letters died in this city during the past week who, though he came here ten years ago from New England, was perhaps known personally to but few of this congregation. I speak of the late Dr. J. G. Holland, for some time the editor of a monthly magazine in this city, and for the greater part of his life an assiduous and prolific writer.

"He was a man of good gifts, consecrated by a great motive. Of clear and vigorous intellect, he was best of all, like Noah of old, a preacher of righteousness, and one of rare power and singular sweetness. Writing of plain and homely themes, he never touched one of them that he did not ennoble; and over all that he wrote there breathed the spirit of one who loved God, and who, therefore, like Ben Adhem, "loved his

fellow-man." His writings found an acceptance which has often puzzled the critics, and confounded the literary prophets. But their secret was not far to seek. They helped men. They lifted them up. They rebuked meanness. They encouraged all nobler aspirations. They were always a word for "God and the right," spoken with courage, but spoken most of all in a tone of manly and brotherly sympathy that could not be misunderstood. In a word, this large influence (to which for one I gladly own to having been a debtor) owed its power for good,—a power steadfast and wide-spreading, I believe, as yet beyond adequate estimate,—to a character touched itself by the spell of a divine love, and lifted by that spell into a throne of happy and wholesome influence over the hearts and lives of other men."

Communication.

"THE SO-CALLED VENUS OF MELOS."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR: Since writing the article on this subject in the November number of your magazine, I have visited the museum at Naples to examine the statue called the Capuan Venus, and find, as I had supposed, that the arms are a modern restoration, having been broken off nearly at the same points as those of the Melian statue. I found, also, a terracotta statuette which very closely corresponds with the latter, holding an apple in the left hand, but with the wings of Victory.

No critic of my theory can be more aware of the gaps in my demonstration than I am; but, in all investigations where the actual proof is wanting, the highest probability stands its next friend; and this, I confidently maintain, ranges itself on my side. No other theory so fully accounts for all the facts. I do not ignore the known fact that the original Niké Apteros, like the original Athena Polias, was in wood; but there is no evidence that, like that sacred image, it was taken from the Acropolis on the Persian invasion, and it was probably, therefore, destroyed at that time with the temple. The latter, we know by the frieze, was reconstructed after the victories over the Persians, and, if we may judge from the style of the frieze, after the Parthenon. The substitution of a new statue for the wooden one lost would most naturally fall on the school of Scopas. Pausanias mentions the temple, but says nothing of the statue in his enumeration of those he saw on the Acropolis—conclusive proof that neither the original nor a substitute was there at the time of his visit.

Yours truly,

W. J. STILLMAN.

LITERATURE.

Garfield's Words.*

IMMEDIATELY after the death of Abraham Lincoln, the wise and witty sayings of the man who had been,

* Garfield's Words: Suggestive Passages from the Public and Private Writings of James Abram Garfield. Compiled by William Ralston Balch. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company.

before he became President, a sort of Socrates of the prairies, were gathered and printed with the title: "The President's Words." That book is in some regards the raciest and most truly American thing that has been printed, not excepting the "Biglow Papers." What was done for Lincoln, Mr. Balch has done for Garfield. Lincoln's sayings have more