

cruited chiefly from large cities and towns, from factory districts, and from the more densely settled portions of the country.

Their surroundings, their circumstances of life and employment, had the effect of molding the character and temperament of the people, and at the same time of restraining their vocal development. People living and working in close proximity to one another have no absolute need for loud or strained vocal efforts, and any screaming or prolonged calling becomes seriously annoying to neighbors. Consequently, all such liberties or inconsiderate indulgences in cities, towns, etc., have long ago been discouraged by common consent.

It is safe to say that there are thousands upon thousands of men in the large cities, and in other densely populated portions of the North, who have not elevated their vocal tones to within anything like their full capacity since the days of their boyhood, and many not even then.

To afford some idea of the difference between these "yells," I will relate an incident which occurred in battle on the plains at Brandy Station, Virginia, in the fall of 1863. Our command was in full pursuit of a portion of Kilpatrick's cavalry. We soon approached their reserves (ours some distance behind), and found ourselves facing a battery of artillery with a regiment of cavalry drawn up on each side. A point of woods projected to the left of their position. We were ordered to move by the right flank till the woods protected us from the battery, and then, in open field, within a few hundred yards of the enemy, we were ordered to halt and right dress.

In a moment more one of the Federal regiments was ordered to charge, and down they came upon us in a body two or three times outnumbering ours. Then was heard their peculiar characteristic yell — "Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray!" etc. (This yell was called by the Federals a "cheer," and was intended for the word "hurrah," but that pronunciation I never heard in a charge. The sound was as though the first syllable, if heard at all, was "hoo," uttered with an exceedingly short, low, and indistinct tone, and the second was "ray," yelled with a long and high tone slightly deflecting at its termination. In many instances the yell seemed to be the simple interjection "heigh," rendered with the same tone which was given to "ray.")

Our command was alone in the field, and it seemed impossible for us to withstand the coming shock; but our commander, as brave an officer as ever drew a saber, frequently repeated, as the charging column approached us, his precautionary orders, to "Keep steady, boys! Keep steady!" and so we remained till the Federals were within a hundred yards of us. Then, waving his sword in air, he gave the final order, loud enough to be heard the field over: "Now is your time, boys! Give them the saber! Charge them, men! Charge!"

In an instant every voice with one accord vigorously shouted that "Rebel yell," which was so often heard on the field of battle. "Woh-who—ey! who—ey! who—ey! Woh-who—ey! who-ey!" etc. (The best illustration of this "true yell" which can be given the reader is by spelling it as above, with directions to sound the first syllable "woh" short and low, and the second "who" with a very high and prolonged note deflecting upon the third syllable "ey.")

A moment or two later the Federal column wavered and broke. In pursuit we chased them to within twenty feet of their battery, which had already begun to retreat. The second regiment to the right and rear of the battery then charged upon us, and for a moment we were forced back; but by that time our reserves were up, and we swept the field.

In conclusion, let us rejoice in the fact that war and its incidental accompaniments are with us only in memory, and let us hope for our loved country, and for ourselves, that peace, happiness, and prosperity will dwell with us and our children's children now and evermore.

J. Harvie Dew.

Is Islam the Gospel for the Orient?

THAT command which Mohammed seemed to himself to hear in the depths of his serious and brooding soul, "Cry, cry, in the name of Allah!" and which he interpreted as the voice of the angel Gabriel, introduces us to a veritable dreamland of history. It is not, however, a land of dreams; rather of realities which have thrilled and torn the world, and strained the religious, social, and political systems of men as with the throes of revolution. The good sword of Christendom never struck more telling blows than at Tours and Vienna, when it dashed to the earth the Damascus blades of the Saracen and Turkish invaders sweeping into central Europe. Who could picture the course of history had the result been different? Who can estimate the world's indebtedness to Charles Martel and Sobieski, and to the brave men who fought with them for the rescue of humanity from the Koran, the crescent, and the harem—the symbols of religious, political, and social degradation? Who can write this story of Islam as it throbs and glows in Eastern history? Who can solve this mystery of God and Mohammed? Who can explain the genesis and the historic mission of this cry of the desert, which has closed ancient schools of philosophy, and held as in chains the sensuous tastes and the wildly idolatrous trend of the fervid East by the simple creed and the stern practice of a severe religious discipline? The history of Islam as a religion, and the story of its mysterious sway, are yet to be written by some master in the science of comparative religion whose spirit shall be taught of God, and who shall bring to the task both genius and patience in Oriental research. He must be able to read history between the lines of romance, separate sober fact from garrulous tradition, trace back the streams of Islamic thought to their hidden fountains in the desert, and push aside the tangled overgrowth from sources, long since dry, which once gave forth their brackish waters to those who perchance were searching the barren wilderness for the purer and sweeter springs of life.

The thought of our time seems ripening for such a true and exact estimate of Islam. A kindly and generous but firm and inflexible judgment upon this historic problem is rapidly forming. Islam shall have all the credit it deserves; it shall be treated with fairness and calmness and courtesy; but never can it have the place of supremacy it claims; it can never even share the honors of Christianity; nor can it presume to be her handmaid in the regeneration of the East. It has done its work, and left its stamp upon the Orient. Its record is of the earth, earthy, although it has cried and fought

in the name of Allah. Its fountainhead is in the depths of the Arabian wilderness; it has flowed only in human channels; it has hardly risen above the ordinary level of religious standards in the Orient; its ethical and social code is only the rude and vulgar heritage of the desert. Its doctrine of one God, while it is the secret of its power and explains to a large extent its magic sway, has not saved it. It has given dignity and nobility to the Moslem creed; but a closer scrutiny reveals the broken, distorted, and inferior representation of the ineffable character of God which we have in Islam. It is God environed with human interpretations, modifications, and readjustments to meet the religious and social requirements of the East as understood by a representative Oriental. The Deity is made to sanction what he loathes, and to command a whole system of human formalism. The difference between the Bible and the Koran is the difference between the divine and the human.

What shall we say, then, of the mission of Islam? What is its significance as a factor in the religious history of the world? Why was it so quickly recognized, and so readily admitted to the place of power it has held in human affairs? What has it done for mankind? It has at least saved the Orient from atheism, and has taught men to bow in prayer, and has nourished generations in the exercise of faith. It has staggered idolatry by a crushing blow throughout all of western Asia and northern Africa. It has been, moreover, a disciplinary dispensation to the priestly pretensions and the idolatrous practices of apostate Christianity. The Eastern world seemed to have rushed headlong into the vortex of idolatry, and had lured Christianity to her fatal lapse. Centuries must pass in the ordinary course of history before the dawn of a spiritual reformation could be expected in the East. Shall idolatry, pagan and Christian, be left, meanwhile, to riot in the ancient seats of Jewish monotheism? Shall the lands which have known "one God" know him no more forever? A fervid cry is wafted from the depths of the Arabian wilderness: "There is no god but God"—alas! that there were added the fatal words—"and Mohammed is the prophet of God." Yet Islam is immeasurably better than idolatry, and has truly a noble message and a high mission. The world shall learn what superb energy and resistless power lie wrapped in the potent principle of faith in God, even though a human teacher be its only leader, and its path is in the mirage of Mohammed's Koran. Idolatry shall be overthrown in the high places of its power, and unhappy Christianity must sit in sorrow and humiliation within the shadow of her defiled shrines, beneath her pictures and images, until the time of her deliverance shall come. Such was the decree and purpose of Providence. Such is the verdict of history.

Islam is thus a rebuke and a check to idolatry until a spiritual era shall dawn. It has comforted many a devout heart, and nourished the religious instincts of the East with its supreme and unflinching allegiance to one supreme God: but, alas! it has thrust a human hero into the place of the Son of God; it has compromised with man's lower nature in its moral standards; it has simply given a religious sanction to the code of the desert; it has collected the odds and ends of Talmudic Judaism, of travestied Christianity, and barbaric heathenism, and has patched up a religion which, while

it claims to teach men in the name of God, is simply a strange and childish medley of God and Mohammed, of truth and trash, of simple faith and rank superstition, of high aims and reckless abandon. Never was there a more bewildering blunder in spiritual discernment, or a more astounding eccentricity in religious opinion, than that which has so recently striven to indorse Islam as a religion which is worthy of a place by the side of Christianity, as a helpful and uplifting power in the world's regeneration. The Christian sense of the age and the civilized self-respect of Christendom have united in an indignant protest.

Islam, however, is not simply a thing of the past, a relic which we dig up from the prolific dust of those ancient seats of Asiatic power. Islam is here; it is of the nineteenth century; it is a power in our generation; it is something to be studied and understood. It is a political factor in the Eastern question of the very first magnitude. What becomes at once, when opened, the "burning question of the straits" is usually at first the flash of Islamic fanaticism amidst the inflammable religious elements of the Levant. The government of Turkey has pledged itself to Europe again and again as guaranteeing absolute religious toleration and freedom; but let a Moslem attempt to claim his liberty of conscience to embrace Christianity, and before the ink is dry his doom is sealed. America, to be sure, has little concern with the politics of Europe; but American Christianity has a high mission and a noble field amidst the intellectual and spiritual struggles of downtrodden peoples. Her mission is one of sympathy, and help, and active philanthropy. An Arabic figure of speech designates a helpful and gracious ministry as something done by a "white hand." American Christianity is reaching out her "white hand" of beneficence to the nations of the Orient. She has already carried to the teeming centers of Asiatic life some of the highest and most helpful elements of our civilization, and is grafting into the intellectual and spiritual movements of the Old World that power which "makes for righteousness," which both sweetens and glorifies human life, and gives it its noblest possible impulse and its highest possible destiny. There must be no "Monroe doctrine" in our American Christianity, bidding us hold aloof from this "white-handed" ministry to those who need so sorely the help of the favored nation whose happy lot has fallen under the light of the "westward star"—a star which, we must not forget, first arose in the East.

America can do much, by wise effort, and cordial sympathy, and watchful interest, to establish throughout the world the precious principle of religious freedom. Her whole influence should be thrown on the side of religious toleration and liberty of conscience. This is a lesson yet to be learned by almost the entire Eastern world. The glow of American sympathy is to-day doing wonders for whole nations in the Orient. American philanthropy has already planted six colleges and seven hundred schools in the Turkish empire. Every prominent language of the East is throbbing with American literary and religious contributions. American missionaries have within a generation given the Word of God to Eastern peoples outnumbering many times over the population of the United States.

Let American hearts be interested in the welfare of Oriental nations, and enlisted in their behalf in the

high services of human brotherhood. An example of national unselfishness as wide as the world and as deep as human want is yet to be given to men. Let America crown her greatness with the beauty and power of this example.

James S. Dennis.

Dr. Weir Mitchell's "A Psalm of Death and other Poems."

A MINOR poet shares with the greatest the privilege of being unequal to himself: some moods are more fitted to his power of expression, some forms are more adequate to his limited art, some phases of thought or action appeal more to his personality; and thus it occasionally happens that he writes above himself. The critic finds in such cases an opportunity, and may do a friendly service to literature by attracting attention to these rare single poems which seldom pass, even when of high excellence, beyond a cultivated and narrow circle. Dr. Weir Mitchell has written more than one volume that has been welcome to lovers of poetry for somewhat unusual qualities in minor verse, and in particular for some few single poems that stand out from the rest. Generally these contain a dramatic element, though the form may be lyric or narrative or, perhaps, ballad. His readers may remember such an instance in the vigorous masque of the miser, with its humorous ending, so much more effective in the original poem than was the prolonged tragic ending which encumbered it, and destroyed its best quality, when it was put upon the stage two winters ago. In a recent volume which Dr. Mitchell has published, "A Psalm of Death, and other Poems,"¹ there is an even finer dramatic poem, which has drawn so little notice as to make the fact a discouraging sign of our lack either of interest or of perception in these matters. Much else in this collection deserves a word of recognition — the sentiment for nature developed by attachment to particular places, a ballad of adventure that interests the imagination, and among a few pieces, which the author somewhat unhappily calls psalms, one sharply touched by that sympathy with physical pain which is usually vague but here is real and definite as science itself, and yet is kept within the bounds of art. All these have their merit; but this dramatic piece already mentioned excels them so far as to be of a different class and to deserve praise of a higher kind. "Master François Villon" is its title — a dialogue between two French nobles. The characterization of each of the speakers is complete, and affords a contrast, but the dramatic power of the author is felt more in the story which one tells to the other, and which concerns Villon. The skilful blending of several interests helps the variety of the matter, and the way in which the narrator unconsciously is made to reveal his own nature is admirable literary irony, while the comic element and a certain sparkle of wit and epigram affect the style without controlling it. The story itself, however, is apart from these literary traits, and is an expression of the charm of the poetic nature in Villon, worked out by well-chosen circumstances; the author has shown

the poet in Villon rising like another self out of the soil he was — the flame burning in the swamp. It is an altogether exceptional poem in our current literature, original, imaginative, vital, with both beauty of expression and energy in the movement. The very short and simple annals of our present-day verse cannot well spare work of such distinction, and it is a pleasure to direct lovers of strong and well-turned verse where such an estray lies hidden.

George E. Woodberry.

Aërial Navigation.

SINCE my article on "Aërial Navigation. The Power Required" appeared in the October number of your magazine, I have received a large number of letters on the subject. Those received from France and England have been of a congratulatory character, while two written in the United States have been of a depreciatory character.

The apparatus described and shown in my article was not intended as a complete flying-machine, as some of your readers seem to imagine. It is simply an apparatus which I designed and constructed for the sole purpose of ascertaining how much power was actually required to perform flight with a screw-driven aeroplane.

The apparatus was provided with every requisite for accurately determining the energy required, and furnished me with data which I could not obtain at that time from any other source. My article related wholly to this apparatus.

Some of your readers lay great stress upon the impossibility of such a machine moving straight through the air, saying that it would be quite impossible to preserve the angle of the plane as relates to the earth's surface, or to anything else, and if the machine was cut loose from the arm that guided it around the circle, it would run up a steep incline and fall back to the ground. This might be true of the apparatus shown.

In the machine which I am building, and which is intended for free flight, the most intricate part of the whole thing is the apparatus for keeping the machine on an even keel while flying. This apparatus does for the machine what the brain does for the bird. The least deflection from a predetermined angle instantly applies an enormous amount of energy to the planes of the machine, changing the angles of some in order to maintain the angles of others.

The machine consists of one very large plane with smaller ones attached to it. I do not anticipate any insurmountable trouble in the direction of maintaining the principal plane of my machine at any angle desired. My apprehensions at the present time are altogether of another kind: Will my engines be strong enough?

With the data and formulæ which I have at hand, it would appear that they are, and with a large margin of energy to spare; but the machine is very much larger than any that has ever been made before, and possibly there may be another and an unknown factor — the factor of size.

Yours truly,

Hiram S. Maxim.

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¹ Houghton, Mifflin & Co.