C1897A

In this school-girl's theme the teacher found but one word to mark. That was « buoyance » instead of « buoyancy »; and this shows a trait of Helen's style, for she is apt sometimes to use a word in an unusual form or sense which she has met in her reading.

Arthur Gilman.

Helen Keller.

SHE lives in light, not shadow,
Not silence, but the sound
Which thrills the stars of heaven
And trembles from the ground.

She breathes a finer ether,
Beholds a keener sun;
In her supernal being
Music and light are one.

Unknown the subtile senses
That lead her through the day;
Love, light, and song, and color
Come by another way.

Sight brings she to the seeing,
New song to those that hear;
Her braver spirit sounding
Where mortals fail and fear.

She at the heart of being
Lonely and glad doth dwell—
Spirit with scarce a veil of flesh,
A soul made visible.

* * *

«Ian Maclaren» as a Theologian.

THEOLOGY and literature have not always been on good terms, and a great deal is said and done to widen the breach. It is not long since a book was published the object of which was to define the religion of a man of letters, as though it were something unlike that of other men. Not having read the book, I am unaware if it claimed that the conscience and the affections and the will of a literary man are so unlike those of other men that he requires a distinct religion, though it is difficult to imagine any other basis for one. If the claim can be substantiated, I see no reason why it should not be elaborated, and if it contemplates future existence, why it should not proceed to define the heaven held in reserve for the religious man of letters, and the particular form of hades reserved for the irreligious.

Happily, the general tide of thought does not set in this direction, and not only is the man of letters not relegated to his single category, but he is more and more counted as belonging to the ordinary run of humanity, with no need of a special religion, nor even as devoted to one vocation. It is a fortunate thing when a true man of letters turns his attention to theology, provided he rises to the height and dignity of the subject. There are enough who are ready to load it with sneers and to assail it with criticism, but an honest and earnest treatment of it is always to be welcomed; for, instead of the man of letters needing a religion of his own, it is other people who need his religion. The above-mentioned book inverted the whole business. Religion has been too much in the hands of theologians; it needs the light which can be thrown upon it by those close observers and interpreters of human life who dwell in the world of letters. The great writer is simply one who sees human life as it is, and sets it down in proper literary form.

Theology now goes half-way toward putting itself into the hands of literature by confessing that its field is largely the same—namely, life and nature. This is not a new departure, nor is it strictly an outcome of progress, but is rather a return to the beginning. The standpoint of Jesus was not in dogma, nor in ecclesiasticism, but in human life and its simple and evident relations to God and man. He found himself in life, and he made that the field of his action. Its natural and evident relations indicated his duties. The sources of the revelation of God which he made were in his own nature and in the world of human life about him. The fulfilment of his nature as the Son of the Father, and the life he lived in the world, constitute the gospel. The return to this conception is the chief characteristic of present-day theology. Hence the theologian of the new era need not be a metaphysician, nor of necessity a scholar; but he will be one who can interpret life at first hand, and follow it in all its ways; he will also have the discerning eye with which to see nature and penetrate to its meaning. We already have this order of theologians in the chief poets of the century: Browning with his direct vision of God; Tennyson interpreting the mystery of human life under the law of evolution; Whittier, the prophet of its hopes; Longfellow and Lowell, its teachers in every-day ethics. The writers of fiction have not done so well, having been insnared by a theory of realism which holds them down to one-sided and external views of life, while the poets, by the necessity of their calling, treat humanity in an ideal way, which is the only real way. But even the novelists have often rendered good service to theology by giving the final blow to some outworn dogma, or by standing sponsor for some new truth.

It is a fine service that the author of « The Bonnie Brier Bush » has rendered to theology in translating that charming cluster of stories or sketches into the form of religious teaching. « The Mind of the Master » is a straight, clear, penetrating look at Jesus, with no side-lights from other sources. Neither dogma nor church influences his touch or gives shape to a sentence. He looks upon that sacred life with the same close, sympathetic, and comprehensive glance with which he took in the Scotch parish. And here is where its value lies. The sketches move us because they are genuine interpretations of life; « The Mind of the Master » satisfies because it interprets his life.

It is needless to say of an author who is so true to himself,—a feature of Scottish writers,—that one finds in this book the same sincerity, the same soulfulness, the same keen discernment of motive and temper, which pervade his other works; « Ian Maclaren » and Dr. Watson are interchangeable names. He comes to this country as a writer of moving pictures of Scotch life; those who read « The Mind of the Master » will confess that he is also a theologian, and the two conceptions will not only not contradict, but will support each other.

T. T. Munger.

«Ian Maclaren» and the Brotherhood of Christian Unity.

A SPECIAL impulse has just come to the Brotherhood of Christian Unity from a new source. Dr. John Watson («Ian Maclaren»), in his volume of sermons entitled «The Mind of the Master," has suggested an ethical creed which so crystallizes the spirit and essence of Christianity that the Brotherhood has adopted it as a foundation for its work. It reads as follows:

I believe in the Fatherhood of God. I believe in the words of Jesus. I believe in the clean heart. I believe in the service of love. I believe in the unworldly life. I believe in the Beatitudes. I promise to trust God and follow Christ, to forgive my enemies and to seek after the righteousness of God.

It will be observed that this is in no sense a declaration of religious faith. It expresses only the ethical side of Christianity. The high Calvinist, the low Arminian, the broad Unitarian, the reverent Churchman, the Catholic, Anglican or Roman, the non-church member—all who wish to follow Christ can stand together on this platform without compromising any of their personal views concerning church or creed. To quote the words of Dr. Watson himself in suggesting the «creed»:

Could any form of words be more elevated, more persuasive, more alluring? Do they not thrill the heart and strengthen the conscience? Liberty of thought is allowed; liberty of sinning is alone denied. Who would refuse to sign this creed? They would come from the east and the west and the north and the south to its call, and even they who would hesitate to bind themselves to a crusade so arduous would admire it, and long to be worthy. Does any one say this is too ideal, too unpractical, too quixotic? That no church could stand and work on such a basis? For three too short years the Church of Christ had none else, and it was by holy living and not by any metaphysical subtleties the Primitive Church lived, and suffered, and conquered.

The Brotherhood proposes to bring Dr. Watson's sentences to the attention of the entire Christian public of America.

EAST ORANGE, NEW JERSEY. *Theodore F. Seward,* *Secretary.*

The Kingdom of Rosenthal.

HANS RICHTER, not long ago, presented Mr. Moriz Rosenthal to his orchestra in London as the «prince of pianists,» and since Herr Richter has chosen to pose as a Warwick in the kingdom of music, it is high time to define the boundaries of the new potentate's territory.

The first claim to royalty put forth by Mr. Rosenthal was his phenomenal virtuosity, coupled with his bravura. The development of virtuosity has proceeded in this manner: A fellow-artist once exclaimed to Dreyschock,—of whom Heine said that he was not one pianist, but *drei schock* (thrice threescore),—famous for his octaves, sixths, and thirds, but especially for his left-hand playing: «To what pitch will technic ultimately be brought! Some one will soon play Chopin's Revolutionary Étude in octaves.» Dreyschock departed meditatively, and six weeks later returned and performed the feat. Liszt, hearing the story, sat down, opened the notes, and did the same thing offhand, remarking, «Very simple!» Liszt played *études* in rapid tempo to his pupils one morning. «Can you do this?» he asked Rosenthal, after he had amused himself by exciting their astonished admiration. Rosenthal sat down and doubled his master's tempo. Such is virtuosity.

It occurred to Tausig, the unapproachable virtuoso of the next generation (he was Liszt's pupil), that Chopin's waltz in D flat major could be played in sixths and double thirds as an almost impossible feat of technic, and this he did. Mr. Rosenthal has repeated the feat plus the contrapuntal addition of the second theme simultaneously with the first. True to the instinct of virtuosity, neither artist has reproached himself for thus obviously painting the lily. Certain technical exhibitions constitute virtuosity's characteristic expression. The simultaneous delivery of the theme from «Fledermaus» by one hand and the air of a Strauss waltz by the other, in Mr. Rosenthal's «Vienna Carnival,» is the direct descendant of the waltz and galop which Moscheles used to play at once in sportive moments. But music has become such a serious business since it has assumed a religious, moral, ethical, and dramatic mission that artists no longer toss off such bagatelles with a grin, thoroughly inartistic as they are —inartistic because, though performed in counterpoint, the forced marriage of two melodies each springing from a wholly independent artistic impulse, and delivered as independently as possible, violates the first canon of art, viz., that every detail shall expand from the original poetic germ. Even at this valuation, Mr. Rosenthal's feats are considerably better than a double somersault backward on a tight rope; but he is not the «prince of pianists» on that account, although he has multiplied in geometrical proportion the difficulties that originally composed the stock of the virtuoso. He is the prince not of virtuosity merely, but of bravura (root *brav*, fine, gallant, courageous, good, kind, fierce, hardy, tempestuous). Bravura is virtuosity so applied to performance as to overcome the hearer with astonishment and admiration, and fairly to whirl him on with the motion of the music into ecstasy and madness.

The whirling is accomplished by the accent, force, and velocity of the rhythmical motion in which the almost superhuman technic is developed; and since the rhythm is wholly created by the temperament of the player, bravura playing is justly regarded as the one indispensable gift of the great concert artist. When Mr. Rosenthal by this means carried captive every audience he met in Europe, and last of all transported the great Richter also, he proved his right to his title. He is a prince, a conqueror, and the meanings that stick in that old root *brav* define his musicianly qualities exactly. Setting aside his bravura, Mr. Rosenthal's excellences as a musician are simplicity, perfection of detail, directness of technical method, good-humored temper in dealing with his subject, a tone large, musical, and of widely varied timbre, but polished rather than sweet, and a very intelligent insight into the construction and possibilities of the music he plays. With his defects it is not the purpose of this article to deal.

Born at Lemberg thirty-three years ago, he studied with Mikuli, with whom he played Chopin's rondo for two pianofortes in a concert when ten years of age. In 1875 he studied with Rafael Joseffy, himself a pupil of Tausig, remaining under the influence of this great pianist many years. Subsequently he received the appointment of pianist to the court of Roumania, a position which he still holds. In 1876 he accepted Liszt's invitation to join him in Weimar, where he learned to recognize his own genius and artistic nature. The influence of