

I have strangled the slave at the gate! I have broken the house He made!
 'Twas His will I should fight His will, and I'm fighting it now, unafraid!
 Yes! It's mile after mile of night, and after the last mile, *day*
 On the dawn-thing, here, in the breast, that the Slayer Himself can't slay!

THE POET-INVENTOR.

Hudson Maxim is known as an inventor of smokeless powder; but he is not only a scientist and a manufacturer, for the book before us entitled *The Science of Poetry and the Philosophy of Language*, proves that he is also a philosopher and a poet. He characterizes the intention of his book thus:

"Whatever the subject of any investigation may be, whether poetry, biology, ethics or torpedo warfare, the same scientific method of procedure must be followed. We must first unravel the complex and heterogeneous back to first principles, and then reason forward from the simple to the complex, from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous, from what we know to what we would learn. Such are the methods pursued by all successful inventors, scientific investigators and discoverers."

On the ground that articulate speech is not the privilege solely of man, inasmuch as parrots, the lyre bird and other creatures possess perfect organs of speech, Mr. Maxim claims that the distinctive feature of human speech is the use of metaphor or trope. He points out in his premises that language has a twofold function, namely, to express thought and to impress thought. He holds that we *express* thought by means of non-emotional sounds used as the arbitrary signs of ideas; and that we *impress* thought and stimulate and qualify the mind of the hearer for perception by emotional concomitants of the symbolic sounds.

Mr. Maxim declares that just as brass is an alloy of copper and zinc, just as water is a compound of oxygen and hydrogen, so are the forty elementary sounds of our language alloys or compounds of sounds of different tone colors, that is to say, of different tone-color blends.

There are two kinds of tone-color blends: those of meaning, which have only a symbolic use, and those which have emotional significance and no symbolic use. Consequently, the forty elementary sounds of our language may be considered as non-emotional tone-color blends, which differ from one another sufficiently to be easily distinguished and coordinated by the ear. That they are non-emotional is easily seen by a repetition of the alphabet or by counting.

Thought, then, is *expressed* by means of non-emotional tone-color blends, arbitrarily used as the signs of ideas; and thought is *impressed* and the mind of the hearer stimulated and qualified for perception by superimposing, upon these non-emotional tone-color blends, other and emotional tone-color blends. Thus we learn that the non-emotional constituents of the sounds we use as the signs of ideas to *express* thought, are entirely differentiated from the emotional constituents which give *impressiveness* to verse or music or song.

That which we distinguish as the difference between *a* and *o*, for example, is due to the difference in their tone-color blending. We can utter *a* and *o* with the same loudness and duration, and with the same pitch, but we cannot utter them with the same tone-color blending. We can also utter them with emotions indicative of pleasure or of pain.

It becomes evident, then, that all thought *expression* depends primarily

upon the non-emotional sounds used arbitrarily as signs of ideas; and also, that all *impressiveness* of thought—that is to say, all emotional properties of language—depends upon the employment of emotional sounds as concomitants of the non-emotional sounds used as symbols.

A sentence of plain, literal statement may be quite unemotional. If, however, the same thought be expressed in the form of verse, the language at once becomes emotional. Mr. Maxim defines verse as a set of specially arranged syllables, forming words used as the signs of ideas to express thought, so related to one another with respect to inflection and emphasis, on syllables and silences, as to induce by tonal impressiveness moods or emotions in harmony with the thought expressed.

Mr. Maxim is fond of new words which he coins with great boldness. He gives the name "literatry," derived from the Latin *litera*, to plain, literal non-emotional statement; and "potentry," derived from the Latin word *potens*, to indicate language more than ordinarily tonally impressive. As the basic principle of verse is time, he terms verse "tem-potentry"; and, when language is especially replete with trope or artistic figure, he terms it "tropetry." So when verse, or tem-potentry, is replete with trope or artistic figure, he terms it tro-tem-potentry.

Mr. Maxim exemplifies his theory by many poetic quotations from Milton, Shakespeare and others. Among them we find lines written by himself, and we quote one poem of his printed in full on page 215 of the present volume. He says: "When a lover has been brooding over the loss by death, or otherwise, of his Lenore, he may be aware that his visions are but hallucinations and that his thinking borders on dreaming, and reason with himself the while. To illustrate this I have written the following poem, entitled 'A Veiled Illusion.' The husband sees the wedding veil of the departed wife hanging upon the wall, and gradually the face of the wife appears in the veil, smiling as of old.

A VEILED ILLUSION.

"Only a veil she has worn,
It is but a web of gauze—
Only a touch of the real,
It is but a filmy gauze;
And yet is entangled my heart in that web—
In its mesh is entangled my soul.
A gleam of a fancy is caught in that web,
And smile that entangles my soul.

"Only the warp is the real,
The woof is the substance of dreams—
Only the veil is the real,
The face is the substance of dreams;
And yet all the tangible worth of this life
Is a tissue of only what seems—
And all of the solider webwork of life
But veils the sweet substance of dreams.

"Only a fancy in flight,
Just caught in the web of a wish—

Only a thing of the light—
A ray of the light and a wish;
And yet has the fancy enchanted my sight,
The illusion enraptured my soul—
Enraptured, entranced and enchanted my sight,
Entranced and enraptured my soul."



HUDSON MAXIM ON PEGASUS.

The book is illustrated by William Oberhardt, perhaps the most promising disciple of Herkomer, and we here reproduce through the courtesy of Mr. Maxim and the publishers, Funk & Wagnalls, the portrayal of a ride on Pegasus, who kicks like a broncho, but is held in by the strong hand of Mr. Maxim.

Other pictures worthy of mention are: "San Francisco Doomed"; types of poor people called "Some Shadows of Toil"; "The Flight of Satan" standing before Sirius, and recalling one of the very best productions of Rodin; and "Destiny—Youth" facing page 184, illustrating a poem of Mr. Maxim on pages 219-220.

P. C.

SOTERIOLOGY.

A Poetic Study in the Work of a Personal Saviour.

BY ELIOT ROBINSON.

[Note.—These poems are a selection from twelve, written at a time when the poet, suffering from a great affliction, met a child whose sunny nature saved him from despair. Finally he made arrangements to make his home with her parents, and share the family life of his little favorite. The name under which these poems are published is a pseudonym.]

CONSTANCE ON EARTH.

Lo, 'tis August, but an odor
As of May the day perfumes,
Like the sâl-trees on the Buddha
Shedding their untimely blooms.

Evermore that fragrance haunts me
Like a sea of blossom wild,
Evermore I feel before me
One eternal Saviour-Child.

'Tis her soul that makes the whiteness
Of the foamy bloom appear;
'Tis her soul perfumes the roses,
Through the cycle of the year.

'Tis her soul so far above me,
Where no human feet have trod,
Like the tree of life in blossom
In the paradise of God.

CONSTANCE IN HEAVEN.

Will she be in heaven fairer
Than she is on earth to-day?
Will she be the radiant wearer
Of a finer form than clay?

Clay or ether, light or splendor
Could not make her soul more fair,
But the childhood sweet and tender
Shall be everlasting there.

Never more than years eleven,
Always in the bloom of spring,
That alone is home and heaven—
God can do no greater thing.