story, and in a vigorous, untrammeled literary manner not matched by any writer now living, he had produced nine volumes of tales which not only charm the discriminating, but awaken the regretful realization that they are all too few for one who was saying it with an increasing skill, bringing him ever wider favor.

The untimely death of Mr. Moody—two years the junior of "O. Henry"—is an emphatic loss to American letters, for he was endowed with a poetic quality so rare as to have made itself felt and win recognition while he was yet an undergraduate. Our present dearth of true singers makes men's ears keenly sensitive to the notes of a new lyre, and when Moody's Ode in Time of Hesitation and his verses On a Soldier Fallen in the Phillipines appeared, there came to those with ears to hear distinctly, the thrill with which men greet the first proofs of a master mind. Not only did the poetic quality of this writing speak for itself, but there was in it much of the lofty patriotism of Lowell. If it is true that none of his later verse reached the height of these poems, there yet are many that have found permanent place in our anthologies.

Close to these, whose permanency of value, each in his own field, must be acknowledged, should be placed Julia Ward Howe, F. J. Furnivall, W. J. Rolfe and W. G. Summer, each of whom had gained a more than local name for work of peculiar value.

Mrs. Howe's long years had been filled full with noble endeavor, few women have become more revered and loved than she, yet she will be longest remembered because of a single flash of genius; for an instant the angel of inspiration touched her pen, and there sprang forth into being a creation destined to endure. The Battle Hymn of the Republic might have been set to paper in ten minutes; it was no labored product of thought, yet it enshrines the rare quality of summoning the most exalted sentiment and quickening it to action. Compare it with any other of the so-called national songs of our land and it stands supreme: America is laborious, if not commonplace; The Star-Spangled Banner is grandiloquent, almost flippant; Hail, Columbia! is stiff and stilted. In dignity, impressiveness and the fulness of a great and overwhelming purpose which moves to swift and righteous action, nothing finer was ever written than—

He has sounded forth the trumpet that
shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat;
O be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be
jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

The name of Julia Ward Howe stands on the title-pages of fourteen volumes, but her immortality in American letters rests on a single perfection poem.

Dr. Furnivall was the English counterpart of this "Grand Old Woman," if not quite in years, then yet in that he had come to be so widely known and so generally beloved. His personality was indomitably picturesque. In the sober precincts of the British Museum his ruddy face and silver hair and beard, surmounting a scarlet tie, were about the most stimulating spectacle offered to a reader. A lifetime spent largely in the close labor of reading proofs and collating manuscripts had not subdued him, while he had added to the diligence of the textual critic the enthusiasm of one recalling to us the faint, forgotten, far-off things and the capacity of the born administrator. Publishing Societies sprang up in his wake: the Early English Text Society, the New Shakespeare Society, the Chaucer, Browning, and Shelley Societies, represent merely a part of his activities in this sort. Great Shakespearean as he was, his real monument is the publication of the Chaucer Society, the editing of whose chief manuscripts he accomplished almost single-handed. In its kind the work is definitive, and Federick Furnivall's name will not be forgotten until Chaucer himself fails to attract scholars.

The other veteran editor of the Bard of Avon, William James Rolfe,—more than half a million copies of his Shakespeare editions are said to have been sold,—and Professor Sumner, of Yale, may perhaps best be placed among educators; certainly the latter, in his chosen field of sociology and political science, was one of the great educational forces of America. President Hadley has said of him: "Among the many great teachers I know, Sumner was in many respects the greatest. He was one of the few who really taught his pupils to think and to think forcibly."

Seven women besides Mrs. Howe are to be listed in the year's necrology. In its third month Miss M. O. Nutting ("Mary Parnett"), then in her eightieth year, ceased those writings which have brought nearer to us Holland and its history. Within a few months of her age was Rebecca Harding Davis, who laid by her facile pen in September, only a few days after word had come of the passing of Susan Hale, who had played no inconsiderable part in the lighter literary labors of her more famous brother. The German novelist Kathinka Sutro died in August, and in May both Mrs. Charles C. Waddell ("Louise Forsslund") and Mrs. F. Boyd Calhoun, whose Miss Minerva and William Green Hill will long be smilingly remembered. In March came the sudden death of "Myra Kelly" (Mrs. Allan MacNaughton), who in such delightful books as Little Citizens had shown us a hitherto unguessed side of the sordid-appearing tiny ones of the New York slums. Mrs. MacNaughton and Mrs. Waddell were yet in their thirties, and of so true a promise that their early deaths are the more poignantly regretted.

Of the names already given, only that of Rod may be associated with France (though a Swiss citizens all his days, he had dwelt for years in Paris), but seven other Frenchmen of literary achievement joined "the great majority" as the months of 1910 measured out their span. Four were Academicians: Albert Vandal, an authority on the history of European diplomacy; the Vicomte Eugene Melchior de Vogue, Orientalist as well as historian; Leopold Delisle, the historian; and Jules Renard, poet, novelist and essayist, but, beyond this recognized as a "stylist" of the intensely polished school of Flaubert. Then there as romancer Louis Bousssenard; and the young symbolist-poet Jean Moreas, a Parisian of Parisians, though his actual name, Papadiamantopoulos, pointed unmistakably southward to his native land. General de Beylie, though active in his military calling, was also widely known for scholarly writings on archaeology.

De Beylie was drowned in July, the second (Barret Eastman being the first) of the four authors who met violent deaths during the twelvemonth. The other two were Alfred Nutt and Frank Podmore, both Englishmen; the one a student of folk lore and Celtic letters, and the other a prolific contributor to the literature of Spiritualism. Dr. Nutt was drowned in July, attempting to save his son; Podmore committed suicide a month later.

The chronicle holds four names of rather unusual interest: two because of the amount of writing they had accomplished. William Gordon-Stables, a "boy's author" for nearly fifty of his seventy years, had set his signature to no less than one hundred and fifty manuscripts, first and last; the Yiddish playwright, Moses Ha-Levi Horowitz, though four years Dr. Gordon-Stables' junior, had surpassed his output by full two dozen titles—and though "the literary world," so called, knew little if anything of the latter, the mourning for his death through all the Eastern cities of this country showed the love he had stirred among his fellows and the influence he had exerted for their betterment. And something of a like tribute was paid in August to the memory of the "Nestor of Iceland," as they termed him there—Tal Talson Melsted, the historian of that far northern people, who laid by his pen when ninety-seven. When Orville J. Victor died, in March, mention was made of his editorial work and of his histories, but, and curiously, scarcely a line was printed of that part of his labor which enjoyed the widest vogue, and which was indeed almost unique, for, in the seventies, Mr. Victor was editor of the "Beadle Dime Novels"; and if the name has come to have a sound not wholly to be endorsed, it should be remembered that its ill savor has come to it within the past two decades; the thousand-and-one stories which bore the Beadle imprint and which passed under Victor's blue pencil were of a far better ilk, melodramatic "to the limit," it may be, qualities which stamp the vicious pamphlets which nowadays keep alive the name "dime novel."

With journalism and literature ("proper") no longer separated by the wide chasm which once divided callings really akin the one to the other, a final word is to be said of some of the newspaper writers who have been called from their desks as the year has rolled along. A. Fraser Walter, of the London "Times," has been named. Even more prominent in the British "Fourth Estate" was Sir George Newnes, founder of "Tit-Bits" and a pioneer of "modern" journalism in "the tight little, right little island," who died in June. The United States has lost Robert W. Patterson, editor-in-chief of the Chicago "Tribune"; David A. Munro, of "The North American Review"; Charles J. O'Malley, Stephen V. Ford, and E. P. Alexander—the first, poet as well as editor; the second, a critic of clear judgment and ready pencil; and the third, a valued contributer to the annals of our Civil War period.

Six names are left of the fifty-six: Albert White Vorse, of the younger school of American writers; John A. Kasson, the aged essayist; Professor L. A. Rhoades, of the Ohio State University, an authority on Germanic literature; John Sibre, the English translator of Hegel; and the Biblical students and writers, Louis Lambert and Theodore Munger.

SUNDAL SCHOOL REPORT FOR SUNDAY JAN. 8, 1911.

Class No. 1. Dr. J. U. Newman, Teacher. Present, 17; collection, 38c.

Class No. 2. Prof. T. C. Amick, Teacher. Present, 25; collection, 28 cents.

Class No. 3. Mr. A. L. Lincoln, Teacher. Present, 21; collection, 55 cents.

Class No. 4. Mrs. R. J. Kernodle, Teacher. Present, 19; collection, 19cts.

Class No. 5. Teacher-Training Class. Mr. E. T. Hines, Teacher. Present, 8; collection, 20 cents.

Class No. 6. Mission Study Class. Mr. R. A. Campbell, Teacher. Present, 22; collection, 57 cents.

Class No. 7. Mrs. J. W. Patton, Teacher. Present, 23; collection, 8 cents.

Class No. 8. Miss Ethel Clements, Teacher. Present, 14; collection, 7 cts.

Class No. 9. Mrs. J. M. Saunders, Teacher. Present, 20; collection, 6cts.

Class No. 10. Mrs. J. L. Foster, Teacher. Present, 26; collection, 13 cts.

Citizens' Bible Class. Prof. W. A. Harper, Teacher. Present, 18; collection, 26 cents.

Totals: Scholars, 213. Whole school, 226. Collections, $2.77.

J. Sipe Fleming, Sec.