appearances, even under deceitful traits of virtue and sanctity. He transforms himself at will into an angel of light. God occasionally even allows him to assume the most majestic forms, such as those of Our Lord, the Blessed Virgin, or the saints. Nevertheless—for God could not otherwise permit it—the disguise, no matter how bold, is never complete, and he always betrays himself in some particular which cannot escape an attentive and prudent observer."

The human counterfeits, the hallucinations, illusions, and dreams due to nervous disorders, hysteria, delirium, or madness may be accurately distinguished from instances of genuine mysticism, Monseigneur Farges contends, by their dependence upon physical organs and by the ill effects which ensue. It would probably be too much to expect that the sceptic should be convinced by his arguments; in such matters scepticism and belief depend upon deeper causes than arguments; but the author certainly supplies his cause with an arsenal of powerful weapons. Here, as throughout, it would seem that Monseigneur Farges accomplishes exactly what he sets out to do. Of how many books can the same be said?

GLADYS GRAHAM.

The Two Sisters, by H. E. Bates. New York: The Viking Press. $2.00.

The Bad Samaritan, by Justin Sturm. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.00.

THE Two Sisters, by H. E. Bates, comes to us heralded by that discriminating critic, Edward Garnett, who in the past has introduced Galsworthy, W. H. Hudson, and Conrad. Mr. Sturm's The Bad Samaritan is without a flourish, yet within a week after its appearance, it was recognized that a new and delightful humorist had arrived.

Now Mr. Bates and Mr. Sturm are as different in matter and style as it is possible to be. It is in the nature of things that youth often aspires to the tragic. So we find Mr. Bates a product of rustic England, sensitive to its solemn pastoral elements, with overtones of gloomy and fatal incidents; while Mr. Sturm, coming out of our Middle-West and entering our large city life, is moved to the pranks of a romantic playboy. So we have them viewing life poetically and humorously. Yet both are refreshing and have rounded their expression with expert craft.

Edward Garnett, in the course of his introductory remarks, observes that Mr. Bates has returned to the novel of essentials. The unimportant and detailed documentation, general in the novel today, is avoided. And there is much to be said for "the sparse line, for grace of outline, for the rare gift that extracts the essential word from the shallow rapids of conversations. One longs to get back to essentials, especially to the essential of beauty, . . . an element that pervades The Two Sisters."

The Two Sisters is a novel where mood predominates. It has an atmosphere in which appearance and reality merge—become lost in a vague dream. It has a mystical quality that transmutes the material. It is intense and sensitive. The sensibilities with which the sisters, Tessie and Jenny, respond to the ardors and conflicts of life with their fastidious, curious, and absorbingly passionate natures, make the involved love affair of the two sisters for Michael an unusually poignant episode. Unfortunately, this mood treatment, to some extent, has mastered Mr. Bates's narrative sense, in such a manner as to blur his effects when they should have crystallized. A sharper delineation in his character-drawing, and a more conclusive handling of events that are now left at loose ends, would have given his novel a clearer-cut outline, and consequently a heightened power. Hence, he would have achieved a natural contrast, which he has attempted indirectly, by his introduction of the mad and grotesque father and unruly brothers.

Seldom is there to be found such beautiful and simply moving prose in fiction today as that of the early pages of this novel that account for one afternoon in the childhood of Jenny Lee. This idyllic passage of nearly fifty pages has been projected with unique insight, sympathy, delicacy, and knowledge of the pure ecstasy of childhood. It is of the stuff of poetry. But this free fancy isn't always sustained throughout; for it is mingled in the course of the novel with gloomy, strained, and confused pages. Yet the close of The Two Sisters is contrived upon a notably rendered scene, where the grief of the sisters reunites them in bonds of affection. In brief, the aspiration and much of its artistry is such that The Two Sisters remains a solitary rival to challenge the deep feeling and perfection of craft in that singular, outstanding book of the season—The Time of Man.

It would almost seem that the hilarious Mr. Sturm, with his perpetual puns, was out of place in such a review. Still, his achievement, though of a vastly different style and subject-treatment, is yet of high merit. A reading of our professional funny men will quickly convince one that the addition of a new and talented member isn't to be slighted. Mr. Sturm has a distinct talent for humorous exaggeration in the form of topsy-turvy fantasy that is tied up with a keen burlesque which subjects modernity to satire. He has mixed his absurdly exaggerated romance with a delightful nonsense, and skilfully manages to keep them both moving at a lively pace in a happy amalgam. His craft in handling narrative shows first-rate story-telling competence. Withal, his is also a youthful story of the trials of affections; and so charmingly has he put together his light masquerade, that it still entertains on second reading.

EDWIN CLARK.

Antiphonal, Sonnets, and Other Lyrics, by J. Crossan Cooper. Princeton: The Princeton University Press.

THE reticences of Mr. Cooper's delicate little book of verse are many. In the first place, there is an almost complete denial of the contemporary world, in so far as both the noises and the poetic conventions of that world are ignored. Again, one reads with a fancy that only personal intimacy with the author could reveal adequately the sources from which the constantly evident inspiration has been drawn. Thus a faint aroma of academic seclusion seems to pervade the book—an aroma intensified by the use of slightly archaic adjectives and of certain ellipses so much frowned upon by up-to-date technicians. Nevertheless, an astonishing masculine virility gives body to these poems. Some might even appropriately be entitled, "adventures of a fearless soul." I do not recall any recent poetry which seems so definitely neo-Platonic (in the fine Augustinian sense) in character—to combine so well a kind of stoical resignation with a courageous faith in the soul.

This quality is manifest in a number of sonnets, but is most noticeably dominant in Antiphonal, the finest poem in the book and a really remarkable ode. If Mr. Cooper were more lyrical, less reflective, by nature, I for one should be willing to affirm that here is one of the few truly great American poems. It has caught the doctrine as well as the ecstasy of love, and has gone from that to a view of life.

For their part the sonnets, many of which deal with recondite themes in a singularly human fashion, are often distinguished