

very skyscrapers and railroad trains of our mechanical age. And Robert Nathan's *One More Spring* found comedy, gaiety, and romance in the depression itself.

Another difficulty is that only rarely, as in Sir Walter Scott, for example, are the artist and the scholar united. Perhaps that is why Scott is the greatest of all British novelists. Artists as a class are notoriously an ignorant lot, and scholars, as we all know, are dry as dust. Mr. Sperlin's plunge into imaginative writing has, however, been in large measure successful. He has a sense of drama, a flair for character, and distinctly a sense of style. I would urge, however, that if he goes on to write more books in this field—as I hope he may—his style ought to be made more simple. He has used Indian words so freely that many passages are nearly if not quite unintelligible without reference to the glossary, and this makes his book uncommonly hard reading.

I should add that Mr. Sperlin has learned from the Indians some of the secrets that reveal themselves to love alone. Their life was different from ours. If they were weak where we are strong, they were also strong where we are weak, and those who have been reared on dime novels and movie serials will hardly be prepared for what they find here. There are passages in *The Heart of the Skyloo* which remind me of the late Mary Austin, whose experience with the Indians of the Southwest was so illuminating. There was a time in her life when Mrs. Austin was cut from all close contact with the culture of her own people in the east. Instead of allowing her intellectual life to stagnate, as nine people out of ten would have done, she seized this opportunity to learn to know the Indians. From them she learned many valuable secrets, secrets which white men have forgotten and which they need desperately to learn.

Mr. Sperlin has designed *The Heart of the Skyloo* as a tribute to his wife, the late Grace Smith Sperlin—"Hire spirit chaunged hous"—during her long residence in Washington so useful and so kindly a citizen. As a piece of bookmaking, it is the best thing I have seen so far from the Metropolitan Press.

EDWARD WAGENKNECHT

The Renaissance and the Reformation. By HENRY STEPHEN LUCAS.
(New York: Harper Brothers, 1934. Pp. 765. \$4.00.)

The appearance of this book is an occasion for thankfulness among all serious students of our cultural heritage. The need for a

substantial and satisfactory treatment of the Renaissance and Reformation, embodying the very latest scholarship, has been felt for some time. Professor Lucas has filled the gap. This book is a remarkable piece of skillful synthesis and penetrating analysis.

The author's basic ideas show how far historical scholarship has moved since the days of the giants Burckhardt and Symonds. Purely political explanations are discussed; art is no longer discussed as though in a vacuum bearing no relation to anything else. Simple formulae are everywhere avoided. In fine the fundamental idea of the author is that those remarkable achievements which make up the age of the Renaissance and Reformation are based on the complex social and economic foundations of the time. In a word, we are considering cultural phenomena that are essentially urban and bourgeois, made possible by the remarkable economic progress in Europe after 1000 A. D. Professor Lucas is particularly effective in showing how the crudities of chivalry and the asceticism of medieval ideals failed in the end to satisfy the growing secularism of the bourgeoisie.

The second half of this book is devoted to the Reformation. It is gratifying to note that, while this movement is firmly and clearly set in the context of social and economic forces, it is nevertheless treated as a religious revolt. It is not easy to write about the sixteenth century with impartiality, but the author has succeeded in doing so. Lutherans, Catholics, Calvinists, Anglicans, etc., have all been given fair and impartial discussion. Particularly interesting is the chapter devoted to the Anabaptists who generally have received niggardly treatment. Professor Lucas is to be congratulated also for giving proper weight to the influence of the Sacramentarians.

The soundness of the author's scholarship and the broad scope of his reading are apparent on every page of this book. Professor Lucas has done a signal service to students of history and in so doing has enhanced his own reputation and given the University of Washington cause for legitimate pride.

C. E. QUAINTON

The White Headed Eagle. By RICHARD G. MONTGEMERY. (New York: The Macmillan Company, 1934. Pp. 324. \$3.50.)

Richard Gill Montgomery, the author of this new book on Dr. John McLoughlin, should be well equipped for the task. He is a great-grandson of W. H. Willson of the Methodist Missionary re-