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ART. I.—THE EVIDENTIAL VALUE OF MODERN MISSIONS.

AT a time like the present, when a wave of interest in foreign missionary work, and of the spirit of personal devotion to the Lord's service in the foreign field, is a conspicuous fact in English Christendom, it may be specially timely to review one important aspect of the great missionary enterprise—its aspect as a verifiable fulfilment of Scripture predictions, and as an evidence accordingly of the Faith.

We review, in the inquiry, a series of facts — immovable facts of human history; things each of them solid in itself, and the whole a group, a chain, impossible to break from its significant connection. Our discussion of the phenomenon must be brief, and of course inadequate; but it will be something to have invited the attention of the reader to it for himself.

Dr. Theodore Christlieb, of Bonn, in his able little book on the present state of Protestant Missions, remarks that "we need Missions more and more, to confirm the truth of the promises of Scripture, and thus to repel the attacks on the Divine Word." Most true; and let us bring the truth out a little into the light by the help of a brief study of a certain verse of the Galatian Epistle, iii. 8: "The Scripture, foreseeing that God would justify the heathen through faith, preached before the Gospel unto Abraham, saying, In thee shall all nations be blessed." I do not propose to discuss these pregnant phrases in detail, lingering, for example, over the specimen here given of the Apostle's view of the spiritual vitality, the almost personality, of the written Word—such that he can say that the Scripture *foresaw* the plan of God. Nor will we now attempt to follow out the deep suggestion of the passage in respect of the primary

work of Missions; namely, that they are meant to carry over the world not civilization, nor secular amelioration, nor natural religion, as their distinctive message, but *justification by faith;* that is to say, the Gospel of the propitiatory Cross and the regenerating Spirit. I call attention now solely to the prophetic bearing and burthen of the passage. It speaks of a great Hope linked with the name of Abraham—with that name, and not another. And that Hope it is of which we claim to see the supernatural but tangible fulfilment under our eyes to-day in the great phenomenon of Christian Missions.

Look first, then, at the fact of this primeval hope linked with Abraham's name: "The Scripture . . . preached before the Gospel unto Abraham, saying, In thee shall all nations be blessed." Here, again, I do not linger over minor points; not discussing the rendering "preached the Gospel," nor even staying to examine the precise import of the word in Genesis rendered "shall be blessed." It is quite enough for me to know that, on any view, *this* is intended here, that Abraham had—that Abraham believed he had—an assurance, a reason for the hope, that all nations should somehow or other know about him, and should somehow or other connect blessing with his name.

For the purpose of this argument we must, of course, put aside Scriptural *authority* as such. That authority granted, *cadit quæstio;* for, beyond all doubt, Missions have the warrant of the Scriptures. Looking, as I do, for a piece of evidence, I must, of course, for the time, ignore authority. May I, then, be sure, as a matter of fact verified by independent history, of this hope bound up from of old with Abraham's name? I may. Even if I should surrender, for the argument, what may seem vital to it, the perfect authenticity of Abraham's personal story, yet I have, in the matter of this hope, enough abundantly of provable fact to constitute an historic case of prediction, and of prediction against all human likelihood. For of this I am absolutely sure, as far as historic proof can make me sure of anything—as sure as I am, for instance, of the fact of the Reformation, or of the Renaissance—that this hope of a world-wide connection of blessing with Abraham's name was a prevalent thing among the heirs of Abraham half a millennium, at least, before there was any look of a fulfilment, or of tendencies to a fulfilment, on the face of history.

Not, indeed, that we need hastily surrender, even for our argument, the authenticity of Abraham's recorded life and acts. From the point of view of independent history, Abraham, at the distance of four thousand years, is a practically provable fact; a figure solidly embedded in the events of the

primeval East—that long-forgotten world of Mesopotamia, and early Canaan, and the mysterious Hittite Empire just now contributing its buried treasures to Biblical verification. From these quarters, in our "last times," new lights are breaking in every year—fragmentary lights, but perfectly definite—upon things hidden till recently in the most complete oblivion; and these things are found to group around, and fit into, the Biblical history of Abraham. Take one conspicuous instance—the events of Genesis xiv. We know things now, from Chaldean records, about the kings who came into collision there with Abraham, which stamp upon that whole narrative the deep and complicated seal of independent verification. From a host of identifications (once impossible, for total lack of materials) we now recognise the perfect truth-likeness of that brief episode of the invasion and defeat of Chedorlaomer and his allies; and in this one fact a reader of Genesis who can bring a really open mind to his study, leaving really behind him a perfectly artificial and elaborate scepticism, may lawfully see the stamp of historical proof extended far and wide over the closely compacted narrative of the migrations and the hope of the Patriarch. He may be sure, with all the practical certainty of provable history, that Abraham travelled in the regions and at the time indicated; and that he so travelled because, for some reason or another—the reason is not in question now—he carried about with him a hope that the world would hear of him, and would link blessing with his name. The same use may be made—to take another example almost at hazard—of the narrative of Genesis xxii. Why the *Hittite* at *Hebron?* How completely is that question answered now, with a hundred others raised by the fragmentary mentions of the Hittite power in Scripture, by the most recent of Asiatic explorations! The reader of THE CHURCHMAN will recall the summary of this class of evidence furnished in Canon Tristram's recent paper.[1]

I do not rest the weight of the argument here. It really rests on the fact which was recalled just now, that the heirs of Abraham, at least four centuries before the birth of the Lord Jesus, and therefore quite 2,500 years before the era of modern Missions, were sure that such a promise was in the heart of their ancestor. Nevertheless, the ground of the authentic truth of Abraham's life and story is at least solid enough to invite us to pause upon it a little, and review this phenomenon as a part of perfectly credible records of the past, that such a man there was as the Abraham of Genesis, and that he did feel certain of this world-wide future for his name.

[1] See THE CHURCHMAN for February, 1885.

Do we adequately realize what this phenomenon actually was, so viewed? In those remote days, indescribably remote from the conditions of modern life, there lived and moved, so we may reasonably hold, this man; not an "Arab sheikh," as it was once the fashion to describe him, but a citizen of no mean city, a dweller in a port-town, possibly, on what was then the shore of the Persian Gulf. This man grew up amidst a civilization already old, Semitic, built upon Turanian ruins. From childhood, in all historic likelihood, he had been used to a solemn ritual, dedicated to the planet-gods of the eastern skies. And this man did, somehow, leave his settled home, and become for life a nomad in the earth, the already populous earth; bearing about with him, in that region and at that time, the belief that all nations should link blessing with his name. And we may further be reasonably sure as students of a past quite as ascertainable as that, for instance, of the Peloponnesian War—that this man spent his life in no vigorous efforts to secure the fulfilment of his idea, but in a course of wanderings that ended in the purchase of a field and a grave. And that then, further down the story, it matters not now how far down, his posterity, grown into a little nation, so far from being masters of the East, appear as the slaves of an Egyptian king. And that when they left that vassalage (it does not matter now how they left it), they went out, as to all surface appearances, not to affect the destinies of many nations, but merely to secure a difficult lodgment in a narrow section of Western Asia, a land without one great seaport, and altogether designed rather to be the retreat of an anchorite nation than the centre of victory and empire. And that, in point of ultimate fact, they never became, on the scale of Babylon, or Egypt, or the Hittites, a victorious power at all.

But further, we may be historically sure of yet other paradoxes in connection with this same traditional promise of world-wide Abrahamic blessing. These heirs of Abraham and his promise (we may call it, if we please, his enthusiasm, his aspiration, his idea, it matters not for this inquiry), all through a long course of ages, indeed throughout the length of their ancient national existence till it was crushed by the Roman, seemed to be destined, actually destined, entirely to belie it. Their institutions, civil and religious, however derived, seemed intended to act, and in practice usually did act, far more on the side of isolation than on that of intercourse. So powerful was this tendency that their Sacred Books, at all periods, more or less distinctly and loudly, claim that Israel alone possesses the light of supernatural truth and of eternal hope. "He hath not dealt so with any nation, and as for His judgments they have not known them." "All people will walk everyone

in the name of his God, and we will walk in the name of the Lord our God for ever and ever."

True, there were periods, long periods, in the history of Abraham's seed, marked by large intercourse with some neighbouring nations. But what was its character? Was it of a kind likely to fulfil the great hope? No, it was illicit intercourse. It was the idolatrous instincts of the people, not any sense of a mission to the outlying nations, that carried them over their borders. Their Sacred Books are loaded with the very sternest denunciations of these goings forth, and with records of extreme forms of national abasement inflicted on the too communicative people, as the alleged (and believed) consequence of neglect of their law of isolation. According to their own Records, cherished with unparalleled reverence and conviction, they were, so to speak, scourged back again and again, from an international tendency which did indeed bring about demoralizing influences of the heathen upon Israel, rather than the opposite action and results.

In brief, it is a matter capable of independent historic proof that the apparent main drift of the history of Abraham's heirs was wholly against the likelihood of the fulfilment of Abraham's traditional and astonishing idea. So far as they craved for intercourse with the nations, the craving was perpetually checked by forces which were owned to be authoritative; and it was at last so sternly checked by events that the national character settled into an intense and positive exclusivism. There was shown, indeed, a certain proselytizing energy in very late stages of the history; but it was, on the whole, both partial in its scope and grudging in its principles, and certainly not such as to give the "Gentiles" any unmistakable experience of "blessing." Just before the nation closed its ancient history, its popular aspect to the heathen world was that of hostility to mankind (*odium generis humani*). The exclusive spirit was so strong, that after two thousand years, and in the midst of powerful influences to the contrary, a descendant and heir of Abraham, the Apostle Peter, was able still to say, as stating a notorious fact, "Ye know that it is unlawful for a Jew to keep company or come unto one of another nation." This was a strange path to the fulfilment of a promise that with the name of Abraham all nations should one day associate blessing.

Yet the then persuasion that that promise was a fact, remains, let me again and again repeat it, a provable fact itself. In St. Peter's day, and ages before it, it was held, somehow or other, that all nations should so think of Abraham. This, if anything in the past, is historically certain. We know with complete certainty that three centuries at least before the birth of Jesus

of Nazareth there existed a literature, already ancient, guarded and venerated by the race that called Abraham father, and that this literature contained then, as it does now, both the text of the promise and the comment upon it of histories, and prayers, and prophetic rhapsodies, and triumphant or repentant psalms.

Side by side in the rock of history lie those two facts, the one seeming to belie the other; on this side an expectation, ages old at the date of the birth of Jesus, that Abraham was to be a name of universal benediction; and on that side a course of events, in connection with Abraham's heirs, which ran powerfully in what seemed an adverse line. On this side was an assurance, recorded in profoundly venerated records, that Abraham's "seed" should exert a world-wide influence in the sphere of good; on that side was a development of convictions and of actions which seemed in fact to result in the Rabbinic dictum that not the Gentiles, but only Israel, had part in the world to come.

What has become, then, of that old expectation? Has it fallen away among the obsolete lumber of an irrevocable past? Has it been so negatived by results, buried under such merciless glaciers of historical development, that it is a waste of precious time to spend a thought upon it amidst the realities of to-day?

On the contrary, the direct results of that expectation are a power at this moment in the world. They are the *raison d'être* of the recently developed and far-reaching energy of modern Missions. Out of the immense secular engrossments of London work and life they call men together every week, men of a sort not accustomed to spend time on antiquarian trifles, and set them to work, in eager and anxious council, planning and carrying out plans, for the world and for its blessing. This power so animates them that they feel in the matter no misgivings of unreality, nor the slightest sense of forced or artificial motives; but, on the contrary, a consciousness of a force working in their wills and a reason developing before them as they act and advance which makes them soberly judge that no business is so pressing, no enterprise so animating, no interest so vivid and so full of the life-blood of work and hope, as that which hangs (for so their enterprise does) upon this expectation borne about in the breast of an exile-citizen of Chaldean Ur, four thousand years ago, in the pastures of southern Syria.

I shall not dwell on the process which has issued in this most astonishing phenomenon; on the appearance of Jesus of Nazareth, and on the strange fact that one immediate sequel of His appearance was the seeming final demolition of all that was strongest in the Abrahamic hope, by the complete ruin of

the nation as an organic and localized community. I do not attempt elaborately to point out that that apparent demolition was *only* apparent; that Christianity was, in fact as in name, only Messianism, and that in it the Abrahamic Hope was to prove immortal. I point only to the present and energetic *fact* of its mighty vitality. Here after four millenniums this great paradox proves to be a marked phenomenon of the modern world; the name of the citizen of Chaldean Ur is, as a fact, being carried on the wings of every modern means of intercourse, and as a message charged with the supremest blessings, to every nation under heaven. An incalculable antecedent unlikelihood has given way to some mysterious power. The apparent steady march of events against it, up to the Christian era, has wheeled round in the long evolutions of after-history till it is found rolling along in the very line of that once-inexplicable promise, that all nations should link blessing with the name of the Chaldean exile.

Wonderful is the aspect of Missions thus regarded. Here, from this England of our own, from this *ultima Thule* of the ancient world, this unknown land buried so deep in the northern sunsets from the very thought of a Moses and an Abraham, now, while Ur and Mamre have indeed sunk into the past, there is going forth with an ever-deepening fulness and accelerated energy, quite to the ends and corners of the region of man's habitation, the message of the Hope of Abraham. The Christian missionary goes to tell of this. The Bible-agent goes for the solitary purpose of dispersing in every language of the modern earth the primeval Book that is full of this.

There is a mysterious greatness and entire peculiarity in this phenomenon. Coincidences on a majestic scale have converged to effect it; things infinitely out of the range of the contrivance of interested or enthusiastic schemers; concurrences of profound spiritual movements in the Church with unprecedented external openings in the sphere of material, social, political, and intellectual opportunity. We all know something of the religious and secular history of this past hundred years: what the Church was, and what the world was, at its beginning, as regards the missionary spirit, and the opportunity for Missions; and what in both these respects the Church and the world are now. Great is the significance, after such a retrospect, of a Sierra Leone, a Tinnevelly, a Madagascar; of Savage Island and Rarotonga; of Greenland and Tierra del Fuego; of Chehkeang and Fuhkien; of New Zealand, and the Nyanza, and Japan. Those who know anything of modern Church history know what is meant by two hundred native clergymen working in connection with one society. They

know what is meant by the individual devotion of every white missionary—yes, and what is meant by the spirit of those numberless lovers of Missions in Great Britain, Germany, Scandinavia, and America (and now even in Africa, India, and the Southern Islands); the workers, young and old, who plan, and pray, and spare, and collect, and give, plying every artifice of the ingenuity of intense love and interest, with the one aim to raise the means, with which to spread and hasten over the earth this message, that "they which be of faith are blessed with faithful Abraham."

For this is the message, wonderful to say. It is blessing linked with the name of Abraham. It is not the elevation of the race, nor the glories of modern civilization, nor art and culture, nor electricity and the press; it is Jesus Christ, the Son of David, the Son of Abraham. For what is the fact, after the long millenniums and their conflicting processes? It is that the hope of the soul and of the race is One Who, "according to the flesh," was Abraham's descendant. Negativing, entirely and for ever, all that was carnal in the hope of the heirs of Abraham, He yet mysteriously gathered round His Person, fulfilled in detail and in the wonderful total, the great patriarchal expectation.

It is for that Name's sake, for it alone, that the missionary goes to the heathen world; not with the set purpose to fulfil prophecy—far from it. No one who considers facts would for a moment put it so. The desire to bring about the slow realization of an old prediction would be far too circuitous a motive, taken by itself, to account for what the missionary does when he overcomes the appeals of his own heart, and of hearts dearer to him than his own, and "counts it all joy" to suffer a pain fully known only to his heavenly Master. Not the elaborate intention to justify an ancient expectation, the complex design to construct an evidence of Christianity, sways the will of the son who leaves the beloved home of all his life, and the wills of the saintly parents who give him up, as he goes away, treading upon the ruins of tenderest memories and hopes because the path of the message of Christ happens, for him, to lie in that direction. No; something more direct than the completion of Christian evidence is the object that animates purposes like these. It is the glory of the Son of God, the love of Christ passing knowledge, the new birth of the messenger's soul to a living hope, the definite command of a personal Master, unspeakably dear and authoritative, "Go ye into all the world." Not the prophecy but the precept sends out the missionary. But precisely here is the wonder, the significance of the matter; for here is the convergence of the lines of a plan which man could not lay. Ages

old stands out the Abrahamic promise. The fulfilment is working out to-day through the multifold channels of modern opportunity, and under the force of the regenerate affections of living souls directed at this moment upon a living, personal Object, dearer to them than life.

This is the finger of God. Is it fanaticism or enthusiasm to say so? Is it not the verdict of historic reason? Have we not here provably the supernatural? This solid fact of actual missionary enterprise, placed beside the equally solid fact of an anticipation embedded in the oldest literature in the world, is it not as direct a moral evidence of a totally superhuman purpose and energy as our minds are capable of receiving? Let us take once more our Bibles, and turn once more from them to the Missionary Report and the Missionary Atlas, and it will be a means to lift us many degrees above doubt and discouragement into a purer air than the stifling mists of "modern thought;" for in these facts, which lie close beside us, are to be seen the immediate traces of the finger of God.

Facts take precedence of theories; and the great ruling facts of history, of which we have been reviewing one, are on the side of the hope of the soul. Who will may speculate; God works. Deep across a hundred systems of criticism and culture lie traced, if we will only look, the visible footprints of His purposes.

May thoughts in this direction sometimes reanimate, from the mental side, the aims and efforts of friends of Missions at home, and of the honoured messengers among the heathen of the Lord's Name and truth. They are moving along the high road of the main purposes of the plan of God, while they walk and work by the side, and in the strength and life, of Him Who is the world's one hope, and Who is for ever the Son of David, the Son of Abraham.

H. C. G. Moule.

Art. II.—MAN'S DOMINION OVER THE LOWER ANIMALS NOT UNLIMITED.

In years now happily long past, a terrible spectacle was sometimes witnessed in England. Bound with cords to a frame of wood, the figure of a living man might be seen extended on his back. Presently the cords were tightened and the limbs of the wretched sufferer were nearly torn asunder. This was

the process known as the rack. The object was to extort from the victim a confession of some crime with which he was charged, or the names of his supposed accomplices, which it was assumed he was concealing, but of which very often he had no more knowledge than his judicial torturers possessed. He told them nothing, for he had nothing to tell.

An abominably cruel proceeding, you will say, and as stupid as it was cruel! Yet not a whit more cruel or stupid than scenes which are occurring continually in the England of to-day. Strapped to a table, a living dog or other animal is subjected, by men professing to be students of science, to tortures more frightful than even the anguish of the inhuman rack; and the professed object is to extort from the quivering muscles, brains, or other organs of the agonized victim some scientific discovery which it is assumed his analogy to the human frame will supply. But, like the human sufferer, he makes no response—he discloses no secret; for his nature has none to tell to that of man. In the language of the eminent Dr. Hoggan before the Royal Commission on Vivisection, "The only point on which these people agree, after all their cruel experiments, is, that what is applicable to the dog is *not* applicable to man." And so Mr. George Macilwain, F.R.C.S., speaking of those who practise vivisection, says: "They almost universally differ more or less in the conclusions at which they arrive; so on the most ordinarily recognised principles of evidence, we can only accept those on which they agree. Thus reduced, the results are so meagre, and for all practical purposes so useless, that whether we regard the time and labour expended on them—and which, in a certain sense, engage our sympathy and respect—or the almost inconceivable amount of suffering which their mistaken labours have inflicted—at which it is impossible to suppress our regret—we are alike struck by the impossibility of applying them to any useful purpose whatever."

Thus we are driven to the conclusion stated by Dr. Haughton in his evidence before the Royal Commission: "I believe that a large proportion of the experiments now performed upon animals in England, Scotland, and Ireland are unnecessary and clumsy repetitions of well-known results." And we have the testimony of such eminent surgeons as Sir William Fergusson and Sir Charles Bell that no gains to science have resulted from vivisection.

Well, then, may we ask: "To what purpose are all these living, sensitive creatures sacrificed? Judging from the evidence of the vivisectors themselves, there is no higher object in the multiplication of these experiments, as where one lecturer had consumed fourteen thousand dogs, than merely to

notice the action of the animals under intense agony. We have all read of the painter of a former age who, in order to depict with greater fidelity the agonies of Christ on the Cross, had a slave crucified in his studio, and calmly watched the changing expressions of anguish depicted on his countenance, in order that he might faithfully reproduce them on his canvas. We look on this as a dreadful crime; but wherein does it differ from the crimes of the vivisectors? "Fiat experimentum in corpore vili," say the modern investigators; and the painter said the same, for in his day a slave occupied no higher place in the estimation of men than a horse or a hound—perhaps not so high, if the hound were a favourite. The vivisectors profess that their object is to elevate science; the painter's aim was to elevate art. It would be difficult to apportion the morality of their acts between the performers under these circumstances.

Indeed, if the principle laid down by the advocates of vivisection be sound—if, irrespective of the suffering which may result, men are justified in adopting any course which they may think proper for the attainment of knowledge of any kind—what is to prevent this world from becoming a Pandemonium, or to limit the field of research to the lower animals? We have already a significant intimation that man may be included within the domain of scientific laws and scientific operators in the doctrine of euthanasia advocated by some medical men in France. If it be lawful to hasten death by some drug, when the physician takes it upon himself to decide that an otherwise painful end is inevitable, what security have we that human life will be held sacred in all other cases?

It is, unhappily, an indisputable fact that the habitual practice of vivisection hardens and demoralizes the heart. "I would shrink with horror," says Dr. Haughton, in the course of his evidence before the Commission, "from accustoming large classes of young men to the sight of animals under vivisection. I believe that many of them would become cruel and hardened, and would go away and repeat those experiments recklessly. Science would gain nothing, and the world would have let loose upon it *a set of young devils.*"

Nor can it be said that this branch of study *emollit mores*, if we may judge by the conduct of the undergraduates at the recent meeting at Oxford, when they received the Bishop of Oxford and Canon Liddon with a storm of yells and shouts, because they presumed to advocate the cause of God's humble and helpless creatures.

It is not, then, a mere morbid imagination or a groundless fear that the practice of vivisection may lead to the most un-

foreseen and terrible consequences. It utterly destroys the God-given sentiment of pity in the human breast. I do not remember ever to have seen so saddening a picture of a human heart steeled into an appalling indifference to the sufferings of God's creatures as the evidence of Dr. Klein given before the Royal Commission affords. In answer to the question, "When you say that you only use them (anæsthetics) for convenience-sake, do you mean that you have no regard at all to the sufferings of the animals?" he replied, "No regard at all." To the further question, "You are prepared to establish that as a principle which you approve?" he replied, "I think that, with regard to an experimenter—a man who conducts special research—he has no time, so to speak, for thinking what will the animal feel or suffer. His only purpose is to perform the experiment, to learn from it as much as possible, and to do it as quickly as possible." And again—"Then for your own purposes you disregard entirely the question of the suffering of the animal in performing a painful experiment?" And to this also he replies, "I do."[1]

Let it not be supposed, however, that this witness is singular. No one can read the evidence given before the Royal Commission without seeing with sorrow and some indignation that many men of eminence in the medical profession are actuated, to a greater or less degree, by the same views. None of them, it is true, avowed such revolting sentiments in language equally plain, yet approval is intimated in the various shades of palliation, extenuation, excuse, up to complete justification of the practice of vivisection.

It is no exaggeration to say that the practices thus justified in the name of science include horrors too revolting to describe; all the tortures of the inquisition pale before them. The ingenuity of Mantegazza, the celebrated Italian vivisectionist, which led him to the construction of a terrible machine, enabling him to grip any part of an animal "so as to produce pain in every possible way," can only be described as fiendish.

Once more let us ask for what purpose all this hideous cruelty is inflicted? "I have thought over it again and again," says Sir William Fergusson, "and have not been able to come to a conclusion in my own mind that there is any single operation in surgery which has been initiated by the performance of something like it on the lower animals." "I cannot," he says, "myself understand these experiments as a surgeon. I do not see what value they can be of at all."

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[1] I should mention that these questions and answers are taken from the short-hand notes of the Secretary of the Royal Commission, published by their authority.

There is, however, one appalling result of the practice of vivisection which will surely follow. God inculcates kindness to His creatures. Vivisectors "have no time to consider what an animal in their hands will feel or suffer." Thus they substitute a law of their own for God's law. As surely as effect follows cause, they will proceed to set aside God Himself. Is this the language of groundless fear—the offspring of unreasoning apprehension? Let the American Professor, N. K. Davis, in the *North American Review* for March, reply. With a full consciousness of the multiplied torments to which animals are subjected by vivisectors, which he describes, he comes to the conclusion that "before such stupendous advantages to the human race (as vivisection is supposed to bring), the right of the brute to exemption from inflicted pain becomes null. Hence, vivisection is not a trespass, and is not cruel or wrong." I have quoted these words for the purpose of showing that Professor Davis is, without any reservation, an advocate of vivisection. His testimony, therefore, is not that of "a frantic opponent" of the practice. As to the ultimate aim of the vivisectors, he furnishes the following testimony in a passage from the address of a Professor in the Paris School of Medicine, of which, however, even he does not approve; although neither he nor any other physiologist can stem the torrent nor stay its progress when it overflows the limits within which he would confine it:

> The true ground (says the French Professor) of our vindication is, that if once we permit moralists and clerics to dictate limitations to science, we yield our fortress into their hands. By-and-by, when the rest of the world has risen to the intellectual level of France, and true views of the nature of existence are held by the bulk of mankind, now under clerical direction, the present crude and vulgar notions regarding morality, religion, Divine providence, Deity, the soul, and so forth, will be swept entirely away, and the dicta of science will remain the sole guides for sane and educated men. We ought therefore to repel most zealously and energetically all attempts to interfere with the absolute right of Science to pursue her own ends in her own way, uninterrupted by Churchmen and moral philosophers, forasmuch as these represent the old and dying world, and we, the men of science, represent the new.

Should we err if we described this as "a mouth speaking great things and blasphemies"?

This is the goal towards which the physiological investigations of the day are inevitably tending. Will not the clergy raise their voices against such teaching at Oxford? They may yet do much to rescue the young men at the University from such baleful doctrines. Mr. Ruskin has set a noble example in resigning the Slade Professorship of Fine Art in consequence of his strong objection to vivisection, and of the recent vote in the Convocation which endowed it. Mr.

Ruskin, in a letter to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, most distinctly states that his resignation was not on account of his advancing years, to which it had erroneously been attributed, but was placed in the Vice-Chancellor's hands on the Monday following the vote endowing vivisection in the University, solely in consequence of that vote." Here is the spectacle, too seldom witnessed, of an eminent man throwing up a distinguished position for conscience-sake, and for that alone. Mr. Ruskin stood high in the estimation of his fellow-countrymen before. His noble self-sacrifice, on the lofty ground of principle, will raise him still higher, and will doubtless help largely to swell the stream, now happily increasing in volume daily, against the horrors of vivisection.

There are two or three stock cases which are constantly called on to do duty, as evidences of the benefits derived from vivisection, which on examination afford no evidence whatever of that nature. One of these is Hunter's discovery for the relief of aneurism, which is said to have been arrived at by experiments on living animals. Now, that assertion is, to quote the evidence of Mr. Macilwain before the Royal Commission, entirely untrue. Hunter did suggest a method of tying a diseased artery which has been "a very desirable and excellent improvement in the practice of surgery;" but, to quote again the language of Mr. Macilwain, "there was not a single thing in regard to it that he could have discovered in a living animal." And "as animals do not have aneurisms, but only the human subject, it is quite clear that there is not a shadow of a shade of evidence that his discovery was the result of experiments on animals." This testimony is the more valuable as it is that of a medical man of high standing who distinctly states that he does not give it as an opponent of cruelty to animals, but on the ground that vivisection is a fallacy in medical investigation.

A still more untenable claim has been advanced, even in Parliament, to the discovery of galvanism by experiments on living frogs. Dr. Lyon Playfair informed the House that "when Galvani put a copper hook through the spine of living frogs and hung them on the iron rails of his balcony at Bologna, no one could have predicted that this experiment was to establish the science of galvanism and lead to the discovery of electric telegraphs, the electric light, and all the important advantages of motive and curative electricity."

It appears that on a marble slab let into the front of a house in Bologna, is an inscription to the following effect:

In this house, then his temporary dwelling-place, at the beginning of September, 1786, Galvani discovered animal electricity in the dead frog. Fountain of wonders for all ages!

It is not likely that we shall hear much in future of this instance of the vast results of vivisection.

When hard pressed for some better evidence of practical good resulting from vivisection, its advocates have been very fond of quoting Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood as a result of the practice by that celebrated man. We shall not probably hear so much of this instance in the future, since it has been demonstrated that Harvey owed his great discovery not to vivisection, but to anatomical investigations on dead human bodies. Still less shall we probably hear of the recent case of the man from whose head a tumour was removed, the diagnosis which fixed upon its seat and the operation which removed it being both claimed as triumphant results of vivisection. The medical journals, and even the *Times*, sang pæans, over this opportune discomfiture of the narrow-minded anti-vivisectionists—that is for two or three days; when a cruel blow deprived them of their victory—the man died; and worse still, it turned out that for many years the same system of diagnosis had been known and followed, wholly irrespective of any alleged discoveries by vivisectors. Nothing now remained for the prematurely exultant journals but to let themselves down as gently as possible; a disagreeable process, but unavoidable under the circumstances.

The truth is, that the horrors of vivisection are unspeakably great, and the results infinitesimally small. But even if those results were of great intrinsic value, being purchased at the price of so much suffering to the lower animals, it would be necessary to show the mandate of some undisputed paramount authority to warrant the acquisition of knowledge by such means. Who is the paramount authority over all created beings but their Creator? Has He ever delegated to man the right to inflict protracted anguish on His creatures, or on any portion of them—I do not say for the advancement of science, but for any purpose?

It is remarkable that the grant made at the creation, of dominion over the fish of the sea and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth, did not extend to the permission to kill them for food. Every herb bearing seed, and every tree in the which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed, was given to man for meat, but no animal food was included in the grant. For the long period which ensued from that day until the Flood, it is quite clear that man had no permission to kill the lower animals for food. The language of the grant of animal food to Noah is very remarkable. It appears distinctly to recognise the prohibition of animal food by its reference to the previous grant of vegetable food: "Every moving thing that liveth shall be meat for you;

even as the green herb have I given you all things"—that is, the second grant was to be co-extensive with the first; that which was known was to be the measure of the new and unknown permission. And what was the measure? What limit was set to man's dominion? Happily this is settled for us by the very terms of the grant. No controversy can arise as to the object of the grant of herbs and fruits; they could be for one purpose only—for food. And the grant of the animals was for the same purpose—for food only—that is, so far as taking life was involved. This restriction, however, would in no way interfere with the right to use the domestic animals as beasts of burden. It is remarkable that the Septuagint employs the same word in both cases to define the object of the permission: to Adam fruits and vegetables were given for "eating" (εἰς βρῶσιν); and to Noah, animals were given for "eating" (εἰς βρῶσιν) also. The permission was neither broader nor narrower in one case than in the other. It was strictly tied down to food.

Apart from this necessary use of the lower animals, the whole Scriptures breathe a spirit of tenderness towards them. Why was man forbidden to muzzle the ox as he trod out the corn? Because the merciful Creator would not suffer the animal to be tortured as if by a cup of Tantalus, which ever eluded its grasp and mocked its desires, while treading its weary round of labour.

Nothing could be more sacred than the Sabbath; its observance was enjoined under the most solemn sanctions and the severest penalties. It was the sacred sign of the covenant between God and His people. And yet so tender was His care for even the lowly ox or ass, that if one of these should fall into a ditch on the Sabbath day, the law of the Sabbath was set aside, and the awful sanctions by which its observance was guarded were relaxed, in order that the owner of the animal might rescue it from danger.

If it be said that the use of the lower animals was not confined to food only, inasmuch as great numbers of them were slain in sacrifice, it may be replied that even this required a special permission from God, for we read that He declared in distinct terms, in reference to the blood, which is the life, "I have *given* it to you upon the altar, to make an atonement for your souls." He who made the law alone could make exceptions to its obligatory force.

It certainly cannot be pleaded that He has made any exception in Scripture in favour of vivisection. Its advocates must therefore look to some other source for their authority. None is left but that of man. And it cannot be denied that they have this. The Act which was passed after the Royal Com-

mission closed its labours might well be entitled an Act for Legalizing and Encouraging Vivisection. It does not profess to prohibit the practice; its professed aim is to restrain and regulate it. There is no evading the conclusion that by this mode of dealing with the subject a legal status and authority are given to the unspeakable horrors of vivisection, while the half-hearted provisions for regulating its practice and mitigating the sufferings of its wretched victims are only "a mockery, a delusion, and a snare."

The directions of the Act for submitting the animals operated on to anæsthetics are simply complied with or not, as suits the convenience or the whim of the operator. We have the testimony of some of the highest medical authorities that experiments performed while the animal is in a state of anæsthesia are of no value; to be of any value they must be performed while the animal is in its normal condition. The inspection provided by the Act is a mere farce. Does anyone believe that, under these circumstances, animals are narcotized and *kept* narcotized, especially by medical men who "have no time to think of what the animal may feel or suffer," and who look on sympathy for God's helpless creatures as a narrow-minded and contemptible weakness? Let anyone read the evidence of vivisectors themselves, given before the Royal Commission, and he must have strong faith indeed to believe it.

The Creator has given no sanction for the infliction of these tortures on His creatures. The Act which gives a human sanction to them should be swept off the statute-book. Nothing less than its absolute repeal should satisfy those who believe that God never gave man permission to wrench life from the lower animals by long-protracted and hideous tortures. Every Christian should lift up his voice against the continuance of such a blot on the fair fame of the land; and especially should clergymen and ministers of all denominations be earnest in their efforts to help on the God-like work of protecting the dumb brutes who cannot protect themselves.

The extension of knowledge is a most laudable object; but that extension, even if it were more real and beneficial than the imaginary gains of vivisection, if purchased by trampling on the laws of God, can only end in bringing down a judgment on the land. God is not deaf to the cries of the humblest of His creatures; we may rest assured that man cannot trample on them with impunity.

P. Carteret Hill.

ART. III.—ARISTOPHANES.

(*Concluded from page* 144.)

WE have dwelt most fully on the two dramas of our poet, which, though of very unequal merit, illustrate most pertinently, the one, the greatest external effort put forth by Athens in her pride of power—the Sicilian expedition—the miscarriage of which brought her to the edge of the precipice on which she struggled till engulfed at Ægospotami; the other, the internal force which did most to disintegrate her patriotism, and force her children into antagonistic ranks. These have an interest, therefore, which outruns their artistic or literary merit, and touches a chord of experience reverberating through all ages. As an instance of how greatly the political lottery influenced the immediate success of the poet's work, we have seen how the "Birds," supreme in power and finish, failed of the first prize. Similar was the fate of the "Wasps." But there remains always, in estimating such a problem, the unknown quantity of the merits of the rival play which succeeded. We can only appeal to the fact that the verdict of posterity, when the political accidents, so powerful at the moment, had died out, has, by preserving so many specimens of his work, established decisively the superior merit of Aristophanes.

Of the remaining extant plays, the briefest description must suffice; although the grave moral issues connected with one of these, the "Clouds," may call for some notice of one profoundly interesting question which it suggests. In the "Acharnians," a clever citizen, weary of the war, makes a private peace for himself with the Spartans and their allies, opens a market for all, and drives a roaring trade under the very noses of the sycophants or public informers who seek to interrupt it. The sufferings caused by war are personified on the other hand by Lamachus, the general, introduced as frost-bitten and wounded, and exposed to all the hardships of camp-fare, while his peace-making rival is feasting lusciously. In the "Knights," the Sovereign people itself, as aforesaid, is the butt of its own ridicule as "Demos."[1] Kleon the demagogue, his confidential upper servant, who kicks and bullies the rest of the household, is conspired against by two underlings, Nikias and Demosthenes, who, aided by the knights, produce a formidable rival—in effect the most thorough-paced knave and brazen-faced ruffian they can catch from the public streets—one Agorakritus (pick-of-the-market), a sausage-seller. Before his unscrupulous

[1] See page 133.

use of his superior gifts of cringing and fawning, lying and stealing, blustering and bullying, Kleon's "genius stands rebuked," like "Mark Antony's by Cæsar's." The sausage-seller and Kleon then change places and trades. The former becomes, by sudden conversion, like that of old Philokleon above, in the "Wasps,"[1] a standard statesman and model first citizen; and Demos, the state personified, under his auspices renews his golden age of youth, and, purged of dotage and corruption, rises to the highest level of the heroic past. The "Clouds" ridicules the Sophists of the day, and takes for their type Sokrates the philosopher. A spendthrift son of a bankrupt father, put to school with that sage, learns not only how to bilk his creditors but to defy parental authority too, and proves, "in good set terms" of popular rhetoric, his right to beat father and mother both. Of this play the poet issued, as stated above,[2] a later recension, which is the one we possess.

Between the "Wasps" and the "Birds" appeared the "Peace," designed, as its name declares, to array before the popular eye the charms of a return to tranquillity. The war-god is represented as pounding the chief states of Greece in a mortar. Trygæus, the husbandman, weary of the war, soars on a gigantic dung-beetle up to Olympus, in travesty of Bellerophon, or Ganymedes, and is directed to exhume the image of the Peace-goddess from the cavern in which she was buried; which done, he marries one of her attendant nymphs, and the drama closes to the tune of "Hymen, O Hymenæe." The "Peace of Nikias," made the same year, was a hollow truce soon evaded, and ending in open rupture after the Sicilian expedition. Thus the next play on the list, the "Lysistratè," renews the tale of the miseries of war. A civil war between the sexes is supposed to result from them, in which "the grey mare proves the better horse," and by her superior influence cements a treaty. The "Thesmophoriazusæ" is again a ladies' play in the main, introducing the Athenian matrons in their yearly solemnity dedicated to Demeter (the Greek Ceres); but is made really a vehicle for an attack on Euripides the poet, whom, as a leader, with Sokrates, of "new thought," Aristophanes detested. The "Plutus" (god of wealth) has a purely ethical character, with perhaps a secondary motive of ridiculing then fashionable Lakonism. This god, blind by Zeus' decree, is restored to sight by the god of health, Asklepius, and begins distributing his favours to the worthy alone, instead of promiscuously as before. The Sycophant, favourite *bête-noire* of our poet, now finds his trade gone. The god Hermes is starved out, and comes on earth to look out for a situation as lacquey. The priest of

[1] See page 142.

[2] See page 143 note.

Zeus Soter (saviour) shuts up shop in despair, as all sacrifices are withheld, and the play closes with a festive procession, conducting Plutus to his proper shrine. In this play the vein of "new comedy" is broached on which the whole modern school of comedians have built their system.

Next to the "Plutus" comes the last of the grander dramas, the "Frogs." The god Dionysus descends to Hades in search of a model tragic poet. Æschylus and Euripides contest the palm in his presence, and he selects the former to the discomfiture of the latter. Sophokles probably died as the play was in progress, having survived both his senior and his junior in the great trio of whom he is the middle term. Hence the scanty allusions to him in the play. There was apparently just time for the poet to insert a few lines here and there of honourable testimony to his merits, but the great bulk of it assumes that, being still on earth, he was for its purposes, out of the question. This play and the "Thesmophoriazusæ" are full of interesting scraps and parodies of dramas, especially of Euripides, otherwise lost. Besides their own sterling value they imbibed fragments from this other mint; nor are there any two products of the ancient stage which for the purpose of its history we could less afford to lose. The last extant play is the "Ekklesiazusæ" or Ladies' Parliament. Disguised as men the Athenian dames here take their places in the Ekklesia, and pass ordinances greatly to their own satisfaction, as to the equal rights of women to property and to intersexual arrangements. This play closes with the longest of the monstrous compound words ever framed by Aristophanes, containing eighty-two syllables!

The attack on Sokrates raises the most painful question in connection with the moral purpose of Aristophanes. The accusation which damaged Sokrates the most was probably that of his corrupting and perverting the young men of his day; urged with much specious appearance of truth in that superficial view which alone the public mind is capable of taking. For Sokrates addressed grown men. His first work was necessarily destructive. They were of the age when man grows fastest in experience, feels his growth most, and when self-conceit is most natural, especially to those of higher social rank. To take down that self-conceit, expose sciolism and shallowness, remove prejudice and clear away the idols of the cavern and the market-place alike, was his first work. Tradition was against Sokrates, and he had to fight it. Individual prepossession was against him, and he had to turn the man inside out, and elicit what was written on the heart within. But all this was a destructive process, and necessarily unpopular. Of Aristophanes' character the most intense part was his con-

servatism. His plays are nearly all didactic of this. He saw the age going from bad to worse in morals, and the gloomy fact forms a mournful refrain in every pause of Thucydides' great contemporary history. The poet, led by his imagination, which tends to integrate all conceptions and round them off into concrete wholes, saw therefore evil only in all elements of novelty. His ideal was in the past age. It threw its grand rebuking shadow for him over all the vile and petty squabbles of the present, and he condemned with the unsparing rigour of his own Dikast, Philokleon, all that moved in the line of present progress. As a necessary consequence he upheld the popular polytheism. That polytheism took man as he was, steeped in corruption, and saw the image of God, or rather of some god, in every part of his nature equally. It consecrated thus the vermin brood of pampered appetites, as much as the higher forms of moral life, righteousness, purity, and truth. This, of course, was a needful point of divergence between the poet and the philosopher. The former took over all his belief in the lump from his fathers; the latter found weak points and foul spots in much of it, and therefore sat loose to it as a whole. But the strong flood of novelty which the poet sought to stem was more largely intellectual than moral. Of this, the chief popular guides were the Sophists, who sought to prepare youthful ambition for public life mainly by training all faculties in the direction of public speaking. Other spheres of culture there were, but this was the sphere of greatest attraction, and in reference to which all others were measured. To sharpen and quicken mental analysis, and to find the orator in ready arguments at short notice, was nearly the sum of these experts' teaching. The argument *might* of course be a moral maxim, and therefore such were not wholly neglected; but it was in regard less to its moral source or weight, than to its intellectual use and argumentative cogency, that it formed part of the Sophist's system. In short, victory rather than truth was the object kept in view, and the goal conditioned every step of the race. The method of Sokrates was eminently intellectual, entangling an adversary in unguarded admissions and turning them against himself. And although truth and victory might in his case coincide, the latter outcome was more obvious to the hazy-minded popular audience than the former. Thus in the popular eye, and therefore for stage purposes, Sokrates must needs rank with the Sophists. It was, moreover, notorious, that whatever Sokrates' object might be, all, whether they shared it or not, might acquire his method. Many borrowed arrows from his quiver, but rubbed the poison of their own selfish ambition on the point, as Kritias and Alkibiades, both of evil fame in con-

temporary history. Judged therefore, whether by his method, his freethinking polytheistic views, or his pupils, it was almost impossible that there should not be in the poet's eye a strong *primâ facie* case against Sokrates, and equally certain that, once ranked with the Sophists, his indefatigability, his universal accessibility, his ubiquitous presence and strongly marked individuality would stamp him on the popular mind as the typical professor of novelties, the arch-sophist of all. But to Aristophanes novelties were of themselves hateful, and the popular view was his view. And here we have a tolerably adequate account of the character and attitude of Sokrates in the "Clouds."

Notwithstanding his reverence for his national polytheism, or perhaps because of it, Aristophanes spares no deity from the wide-sweeping lash of his satire. Polytheism is so far like polygamy, that it necessarily degrades its object. Possibly a remnant of the fetish-feeling is inseparable from it, which leads the votary to worship and beat his fetish by turns. A mere personification of power commands no essential reverence, and nine-tenths of Greek polytheism was nothing else. But when to power is added passion, and many of the baser human feelings drape the conception of a being nominally higher, absolute reverence becomes impossible. The feeling which took such a sharp edge of scoffing satire in Lucian, and of which we have a sample more genially tempered in Aristophanes, is as old as Homer. In the "Iliad," both Ares and Aphroditè are contemptible: their origin, though concealed by the poet, barbarian and probably recent; their sympathies non-Hellenic; while Dionysus and Herakles have at that time not even fully established their claim to deity. In the "Odyssey," Ares and Aphrodite are made the public laughing-stock of Olympus. Indeed, save Pallas and Apollo, there is hardly a deity who is not made at some point or other of one of the two poems the dupe or the victim of some other deity, or even mortal. As are Ares and Aphroditè in Homer, so are Dionysus and Herakles in Aristophanes. There was, perhaps, in either case a consciousness that they were mere *parvenus* of Olympus —the last to rise to honour, the first to pay tribute to satire. This is most nakedly exhibited in the "Frogs," where the cowardice of the one and the gluttony of the other are turned to full account for the broadest purposes of comedy. Nor is the license of unsparing satire limited by any means to these two. In the "Birds," as we have seen, the gods in a body are blockaded and their dues intercepted. Similar is the tone of "Plutus," (1115-7), where, on the god Hermes complaining, "Neither victim nor anything else does any one any longer sacrifice to us gods," the slave replies, "Of course not, and

won't either, because all the while you used to take such bad care of us."

In the "Peace," Trygæus exchanges chaff with Hermes, who "answers the door" of Olympus; and on the former inquiring for Zeus and the gods, he is told, "Ha, ha, ha!—just missed them—gone out of town only yesterday!" and the celestial lacquey adds, that he is left to look after the furniture, premises, and personal effects in their absence. Here we have in effect the perfect germ of Lucian's later causticity—just as in the visit of Dionysus to the Shades we have the germ of the "Dialogues of the Dead."

And the same cause touches another effect—the utterly abandoned licentiousness of comedy. It sat heavily on a few forms of vice selected for effect, but it stimulated more evil than it sought to remedy. The gods took in all humanity, clean and unclean alike. Old comedy follows their lead, and has no reserve, no innuendo. It dealt point-blank and stark-naked with its subject, All that is coarsest and foulest in the sexual relation as degraded in human practice, finds as natural expression in the comic stage as the valour of Miltiades or the politic wisdom of Themistokles. Born of the festive Dionysiac license and the free vituperation of the vintage season, the Comic Muse came foul with orgy, and reeking with lees of wine, to don her mask and leer from behind it on ranks of sympathetic votaries. Aristophanes, as suggested above, had a soul of higher mould; but the laws of dramatic ambition warped his practical standard, and the social custom of contemporary Athens dragged that standard down. His worst faults were the innate abominations of heathenism, the results of an incarnation of impurity.

It should be noticed that Aristophanes was by no means the only comic poet who attacked Sokrates on the stage. His contemporaries, Ameipsias and Eupolis, each directed their batteries of satire against that philosopher. The former of these two rivalled, and, in Athenian contemporary judgment, surpassed Aristophanes on this very ground in 423 B.C., when he produced his "Konnus," gaining the second prize, whereas Aristophanes with his "Clouds" came only third. In both these plays Sokrates was made to appear on the scene as a butt of derision. The chorus of this "Konnus" were named the "Phrontistæ," or "Thinkers," for which "Freethinkers" would be the probable modern equivalent, and with which we may compare the "Phrontisterion" or "School-of-free-thought," the supposed domicile of Sokratic activity in the "Clouds." In short, "Freethought" was so prominent on the surface of Athenian society, and Sokrates such an irrepressible representative of it, and so far ready-made by Nature's

hand for the caricaturist's purpose by his Silenus-face, snub-nose, and massive head, that it would have been well-nigh impossible for the manufacturers of contemporary *pour-rire* to miss him. Those whose prime object is to hit off striking superficial resemblances merely, can never afford to look below the surface. Contemptuous indifference suits their purpose better than judicial discrimination. Sokrates was "lumped" with the Sophists, just as five centuries later, by Roman historians and satirists, Christianity was confused with Judaism.

The most painful and, to the Christian moralist, most instructive fact which arrests attention on a review of this entire passage of the most brilliantly illuminated period of Athenian intellect is its moral declension and decay. The moral grandeur of Sokrates' personal character, even backed eventually, but too late, by sympathy for his unjust condemnation, did literally nothing to arrest that decline. His philosophic method and its intellectual results remain like a rock planted high above the waves; his example was hardly more than an eddy on their surface. As the most gifted race of men went on gathering the fruits of intellectual effort in every department, save physical science, which then or since the human mind has mastered, their average morality went on declining, until the shifty, supple, needy Greekling, ready to go anywhere and do any job at his patron's bidding, meets us as the typical character in the *Græculus esuriens* of Juvenal. Individual noble specimens of heroic type are indeed found, as, for instance, Epaminondas and Philopœmen—nobler than any since the period of Marathon and Salamis, but on the whole only illustrating the hopelessness of the task to breathe a new spirit into the moral decay of their times. This decay it was which Aristophanes sought for a long while, but in vain, to arrest. He had no effectual fulcrum, any more than Roman moralists in the time of Seneca or of Marcus Aurelius, on which to plant his lever. The engrained corruption of human nature drags down every moral standard in turn which philosophy sets up. Before the virtuous energies have been able to mature and fix themselves by habits in the individual character, the bribe of pleasure corrupts, and the stress of passion perverts, the moral instincts. Poetry, illustrating humanity at all its emotional points, is the surest witness of its moral progress; and Greek poetry attests the fact that that moral progress was downwards. Pure in the Homeric period, at any rate by comparison, as morals were, we find in Æschylus that a fatal tarnish had been incurred; although Æschylus, save for that one plague-spot to which he witnesses, is as pure as he is grand. To Aristophanes he personified the higher standard of the simpler olden time. The Areopagus, of which

he was the poetic champion, was the platform of sacred justice on which heaven and earth and the Dread Avengers of the Under-world met and were reconciled. It was once the shrine of the public conscience of the State, but had been shorn of its political influence; and in its stead reigned these Dikasteries, popular and profligate, debasing the grand ideal of divine justice with the palterings of human sycophancy. Then came in the philosophic solvent of Free-thought on the old-world *credenda*, and left, for what had been gods, on one side mere golden shadows of humanity; on the other, the reeking dregs of sensuous mythology. Sokrates, by his intense personal faith in the unseen, could keep his soul from the blight of his own method; but with other leading thinkers it was not so, and intellect became conscious of its divorce from faith. Aristophanes hugged the old beliefs fondly still. Up to his time, all that was human had found its counterpart in the current notions of the divine, including even

> Mirth, that wrinkled Care derides,
> And Laughter holding both his sides;

but henceforth it could not be so. The age was growing reflective, and those who must needs think could no longer glow with reverence for what they learned from him to deride. For, while he hugged the old beliefs fondly, the sensuous myths as fondly as any, he bantered them all outrageously, as we have seen. Possessed firmly by the instinct that morals could no more stand without faith, than laws could avail without morals, he yet laughed away the true foundation of both. Freethinkers thought to make morals self-supporting—a dream which they are reviving in spite of the protests of history. Aristophanes knew better, and yet by shocks of revelry and shafts of satire his suicidal genius unconsciously helped forward that advance, which, in its serious Euripidean form, he so heartily detested. Thus, from his time forward Greek morals lost more and more the support of religious belief, a state of things which Positivists and Agnostics are unconsciously, let us hope, doing their best to reproduce at this time in the old age of the world; until at the end of four centuries and a half Epicureans and Stoics were found by the Apostle of the Gentiles serenely disputing the theory of virtue still "on Mars' Hill," with the world stagnating in moral corruption around them.

HENRY HAYMAN, D.D.

ART. IV.—SAINTS' DAYS IN THE CHURCH'S YEAR.

VI. JUNE. ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

A. THE INCREASE OF THE MASTER, THE DECREASE OF THE DISCIPLE.

"*He must increase, but I must decrease.*"—JOHN iii. 30.

THE example of John the Baptist is easily divisible into two parts; and, in what is to be written here, it will be an advantage to treat them separately. First we have his humility, and secondly his strength, as beyond any doubt characteristic, and as, likewise, beyond doubt suitable for our study and imitation.

The combination of these two features in one person is a fact of the utmost value and importance. There is a tendency among us to associate the thought of humility with the thought of weakness. Let it then be noted that whatever else John the Baptist was, he was not a weak man. He came "in the spirit and power of Elijah!"[1] One of his chief characteristics through and through was strength. It was a bad and wicked time when he appeared; and he told every person and every class quite plainly of their faults. He was not afraid to face a crowd. He was not afraid to face a prince. The collect for the day has well seized this part of the subject. If he, then, at the moment when his own ministry was near passing away, and a higher ministry was to succeed it—when all the results of his own courage and toil were about to be handed over to another—if so strong a man said, with such sweet and joyful humility, "He must increase, but I must decrease," the case is settled, with the utmost force, as regards ourselves.

And there is another way in which this example seems to come very near to us, so as to have a direct bearing upon our conduct: "John did no miracle."[2] In this respect he was like ourselves. So far as we can see (allowance being made for difference of times and circumstances), he did nothing which we may not do ourselves. It was by constantly speaking the truth, patiently suffering for the truth's sake, by firmly discharging the mission which is the mission of every religious man—it was thus that he became our example. It was a moral victory that he won: and ours, too, is to be a moral victory, which is the best of all victories.

And if, in the presence of this saint and hero of the early Gospel-time, we are conscious of our weakness, as well we may

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[1] Luke i. 17. [2] John x. 41.

be, and if our miserable pride and conceit torment us, one commanding fact may be remembered, which affects us as it affected the Baptist. It was the power of the Holy Ghost which made him what he was. Not only did he speak in mighty words concerning the Spirit, but we are told that even from his earliest years he was "filled with the Holy Ghost."[1] It is the inward influence of the Holy Ghost which lifts us up to Christ, and enables us to obliterate ourselves; and to the extent of this influence we can really set no bounds.

The incidents on the banks of Jordan, and the words which the Baptist used there, bring to view his humility with a force that could not be surpassed. He stands before the multitude simply as the precursor of another. He calls them to repentance and preparation. He is simply "a voice." The Person who is to come is not yet visible. "I am not He," he said. Be in readiness for Him "that cometh after me." In Thorwaldsen's famous group of statuary, representing the Baptist's preaching, one of the most striking points of that noble composition is that the Forerunner is pointing backward to One unseen.

And the language which the Baptist employs is expressive of the most absolute inferiority to Him Whom he proclaims as supreme in dignity. He is one "The latchet of whose shoes he is not worthy to unloose." In an earlier essay of this series of slight and simple attempts to illustrate the Scriptures selected for our Saints' Days, it was remarked as one of the significant touches in St. Mark's lively narrative, that John the Baptist is there represented as saying "to *stoop down* and unloose."[2] His acknowledgment of infinite superiority was absolute and without reserve. His own self-obliteration was complete. His settled principle was that which afterwards was the settled principle of St. Paul, that in all things Christ "must have the preeminence."[3]

And is there not in the sentence upon which we are commenting an evident *tenderness* which immensely enhances its value? "He must increase; I must decrease." This is no mere cold assertion of an abstract truth. The heart speaks here with the most manifest affection. We can read here what is said with such reverence and warmth in his own parable: "The bridegroom's friend rejoiceth when the bridegroom cometh: this, my joy therefore is now fulfilled." Herein is part, and an essential part, of the lesson we are to learn.

And we must not fail to note another part of this copious

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[1] Luke i. 15.
[2] See THE CHURCHMAN for April, p. 23.
[3] Col. i. 18.

lesson. In the words, "He must increase; I must decrease," is a declaration of the fact that the principle thus expressed is, like other great practical principles, *progressive* in its action. Our relation to Christ is declared; and in this relation there must be an ever-growing lowliness on the one hand, and an ever-widening glory on the other.

The phrase "self-obliteration," which was employed above, sums up the tenour and the meaning of this example. And this self-obliteration ought to be natural, and without any question, even as the passing away of the starlight at the coming of the dawn. This obliterating of self, however, even in the holy presence of Jesus Christ, has nature in determined opposition to it. St. Paul, preaching at Antioch in Pisidia, referred to the Baptist; and to what we find in the Gospels he made an addition, of which otherwise we should have known nothing.[1] We wonder whence this addition came.[2] But, leaving this speculation on one side, let us simply look at the addition. St. John the Baptist is there represented as saying to the multitude: "Whom think ye that I am?" On his lips it was a great and noble question, to which the answer was, "I am not He: I must decrease; He must increase." As *we* put the question, it is often infinitely little: "Whom think ye that I am?" We are often tempted to ask that question in a spirit very different from that of John the Baptist. We may be leading a very active and, on the whole, a very useful life: and we are desirous to know what men think of us. It is well to put that inquiry aside, and to turn our thoughts to the Master, in Whose presence we are nothing, except so far as we are devoted to Him.

B. THE POWER OF A GREAT EXAMPLE.

"*Herod had laid hold on John, and bound him and put him in prison for Herodias' sake, his brother Philip's wife: for John said unto him, It is not lawful for thee to have her.*"—MATT. xiv. 3, 4.

In the few remarks which are now to be made on another aspect of the Festival of John the Baptist, it is not proposed to dwell upon the particulars of Herod's criminal life, or of the Baptist's protest, or of the consequences of this in his imprisonment and death; but rather on the broad features of the Baptist's great example, and of the permanent benefit that has resulted to the world in consequence of that example.

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[1] Acts xiii. 25.

[2] May it not have been, under Divine inspiration, a part of the reminiscences of narration given by St. Peter to St. Paul in the memorable early meeting of "fifteen days" at Jerusalem? (Gal. i. 18).

As to the particulars, they are all quite familiar to us. Here is a weak, licentious, cruel monarch, similar in character to many monarchs who have sat on human thrones. Here is a profligate princess, unfaithful to her husband, utterly shameless, vindictive and bloodthirsty to the last degree. Here is a young girl, brought up on the method of foolish display in a polluted court. But here is another person, essential for completing the picture, and for giving to it a sacred meaning. Here is a man fearless in the discharge of duty, fearless in the face of death, determined to speak the truth at all hazards. Had not John the Baptist said boldly, "It is not lawful for thee to have thy brother's wife"—had he not said this, the history would have passed away into oblivion, like many another court-scene of shame in East and West. But he did say it; and, because he said it, this history is immortal. We need not dwell upon this fair young girl, after her dancing, and after the fulfilment of the foolish promise, coming in with the Baptist's head, and with her delicate fingers besmeared with blood; or on the revengeful joy of the mother, who saw herself free from the enemy whom she hated and dreaded; or on the torments afterwards in the conscience of the monarch, who had thus been made a murderer.[1] It is intended to lay all the stress of our thoughts at this moment on the power of the Baptist's example—on its perpetual power—on its great teaching for us and for all mankind.

"The spirit and power of Elias." What Elijah was in the Old Testament, John the Baptist was in the New. Late in His ministry, the Lord, alluding to Elijah, recalled in solemn tones the martyrdom of John the Baptist. "I say unto you that Elias is come already, and they have done unto him whatsoever they listed: likewise shall also the Son of Man suffer of them."[2] Let us think how far less rich the Old Testament would have been without Elijah; how far less rich the New Testament would have been without John the Baptist. Let us think, too, how much poorer the world would have been without them. It is an inestimable treasure to possess for ever the example of men who, in the very imminent prospect of death, could say to a tyrant, "Hast thou killed and also taken possession?" "It is not lawful for thee to have her."[3] And yet, perhaps, it was greater still to be able to oppose Jezebel and Bernice. In one respect, indeed, there was a great difference between the two prophets. The Jordan valley witnessed very different scenes in their departure. In the one case it was ascent in a chariot of fire; in the other it was execution in

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[1] Matt. xiv. 2. [2] Matt. xvii. 12 [3] Matt. xiv. 4.

a dismal dungeon.[1] Yet may it not be truly said that the Baptist did, for us and for our strengthening, go from the earth *in a chariot of fire?*"

For, indeed, this character is the power and encouragement of all subsequent generations. "They did unto him whatever they listed:" but he remains an example of adamant, which nothing can obliterate or obscure; and weak humanity, touching this immovable monument of the past, has again and again gathered strength for the encounter with evil.

And let all who have grace to imitate John the Baptist, in boldly rebuking vice and patiently suffering for the truth's sake, remember that they, too, have their part in the grand work of encouraging those who are around them and those who come after them. Because there was one John the Baptist pre-eminent, therefore there are, in various lesser degrees, many John the Baptists.

This example, too, of strength is felt to be the greater, when we observe how, in the Baptist, strength was combined with tenderness of feeling, with humility, with self-obliteration, with supreme devotion to Christ. Thus we revert to the topic of the previous paper. Christian strength is not a noisy ostentatious display and boast; it is a distinct product of *faith*. We must not suffer this admiration of power to divert our thoughts from the only true source of power.

And faith comes to the Christian soul through the exercise of prayer. Some who read the Scriptures carelessly might be surprised if they were told that John the Baptist is set before us there as one who expressly enforced the necessity of *prayer;* yet this is literally the case. For "when the disciples saw Jesus praying in a certain place, when He ceased one of them said, Lord, teach us to pray, as *John also taught his disciples.*"[2] The necessity of prayer, then, was so apparent to the Baptist that he not only asserted this necessity to those who came under his influence, but actually *taught them to pray.* This indirect testimony to the character of the great Forerunner, from an unexpected source, is of infinite value; while, like the indirect information from the Acts of the Apostles, which was used for the conclusion of the previous paper, it illustrates that principle of inner harmony, which the Bible often asserts for itself, to the happy surprise of the careful student.

J. S. Howson.

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[1] For the position of Machærus, see Canon Tristram's "Bible Places," p. 351.

[2] Luke xi. 1.

Art. V.—SIR HENRY TAYLOR'S "AUTOBIOGRAPHY."

Autobiography of Henry Taylor. Two volumes. Longmans, Green and Co.

WHEN an eminent man dies, his decease sometimes is (as regards the public) a sort of temporary resurrection, for if he live to an advanced age, he generally retires from business, from literary labours, and from society; and consequently, though his works may continue to be read, his personal existence is so far forgotten, that perhaps many even of his admirers hardly know whether or not he is still in the land of the living. But when (as in the present case) his biography is published before his death, then his resurrection being ante-dated, he may have the advantage (such as it is) of living again in the minds of men before he goes hence and is no more seen. It is to be hoped that Sir Henry Taylor's "Autobiography" may produce this result in his case; and if I can succeed in furthering such an end, I shall rejoice. I do not, however, intend to give a complete summary of the contents of this work, or of the life of its author, but merely to notice, as far as my space will allow, those portions of it which are most likely to interest the readers of this Magazine. But first I wish to mention the particular claims which it has on our approbation. It is the work of a man who possesses a rare combination of qualities, the calm unpredjudiced judgment of a philosopher, the imagination and the fervid temperament of a poet, and the practical powers of a man of business. Added to this, there is a general tone of kindliness in Sir Henry's manner of speaking about the eminent men of his acquaintance, which is not always found in biographies, and which contrasts most favourably with the life of one remarkable man, lately published. People sometimes suppose that it is enough that the generation of those of whom they speak is passed away; they think (as Sydney Smith expressed it, with mournful humour) that "it does not matter what we say now; we are all dead"—forgetting that, though the parents are dead, the children may be alive. Of course, those whose fathers have been public characters must remember that they are also to a certain degree public property, and must expect to see them handled as such, and their faults as well as their merits freely canvassed. But this liberty may be, and sometimes is, abused, though more by those who write the lives of others, than by autobiographers; but, at all events, this is a fault which Sir Henry Taylor has carefully avoided. If anything, he has erred on the other, certainly the safer and more charitable side. Of himself he speaks with great candour, relating frankly as many of his early

errors as we have a right to expect to hear of, and honestly telling us at the end of his biography that he has not thought fit to record all his faults and weaknesses, which, indeed, no man is bound to do. We need not, like Rousseau, make the public our confessor. But, without prying into what he has left untold, we may reasonably hope that Sir Henry's life, even as a young man, was an exceptionally pure one. He was a man of principle, and his natural languor of temperament, as well as his early education, probably shielded him from many temptations to which other youths are exposed. Besides which, he had the advantage, which does not fall to the lot of all, of being blessed with a father in whom he could place unlimited confidence, and who was unwilling to force his inclinations and to place him in any situation for which he was unfitted. One mistake of this kind he certainly made when he sent him to sea for a year; but this appears to have been the only one of the kind he ever fell into, and it was excusable from the circumstances of the case, as it appeared impossible to train him in the course of study which other boys have to go through. After this, he was left very much to himself, and was in a great measure self-educated. This is not the sort of training which anyone would recommend for boys in general; but Sir Henry was manifestly an exceptional boy, and though the sort of life which he then led was calculated to nourish peculiar eccentricities in his character, it is doubtful whether the discipline of a school would have been beneficial to him, and certainly his future strength lay in those very peculiarities which were to a certain extent disadvantages. This is one instance among many others which show that, both morally and intellectually, our strength and our weakness arise from the same sources. His languor of temperament, which both in youth and in later life marred his happiness, was a drag upon his powers of acquiring knowledge, made him a slow thinker, and therefore unable to do himself full justice in general society, rendered him sounder in his views, and more just in his conclusions, than he would otherwise have been. But what he wanted in quickness he made up in soundness of thought; what he wanted in the quantity of his ideas he made up in their quality. He was like some fruit trees, which bear better fruit when the crop is scanty than when it is abundant. In his boyhood he describes himself as not very studious, and, indeed, few boys would be so under his circumstances.

A great deal of his time was spent among the country people around him. But (as he observes) "an intelligent boy will not be the worse for intercourse with the peasants in the north of England." This is very probably true, for north-countrymen

are the stuff of which many of our mathematicians have been made; and probably there were, and are, some north-country peasants unknown to the world who possess the mental materials which, under proper education, might produce a wrangler. "Their language," Sir Henry remarks, "has, or had then, much of the force and significance which is found in the Scotch peasantry as given in Sir Walter Scott's novels. 'Is that ye?' I recollect one man saying; and the other answering, 'Aye, a' that's left o' me. I'm just an auld "has been."' Such forms of speech were probably traditionary or current, and not the invention of those from whom they proceeded; but they belong to a superior race. 'I've forgotten mair na' he ever knew,' is another that I recollect, as the form in which one of my father's farm servants asserted his superiority to another. 'He has not only mair' lair (lore, learning) 'than another man, but he has a gift wi 't,' was the same man's panegyric of my father. 'What! are ye there, Molly?' I heard a man say once to a very old woman, whom he had probably not met for a long time, and she answered, 'Aye, I think God Almighty's forgotten me'" (vol. i., p. 31). Sir Henry quotes some sayings of a similar kind, most of which are well known; but I could cap them with one or two really original remarks from the Cumberland and Westmoreland peasants, showing that the same acuteness of mind pervades the greater number of the northern peasantry: *e.g.*, there was a certain frothy preacher, whose sermons one of the congregation in Westmoreland compared to bits of broken bottle, glittering and useless. There was a Cumberland schoolmaster who, when asked if he would mend a pen, replied, "I can alter it; I don't know whether I can mend it."

Such were some of the influences which contributed to the formation of Sir Henry's character. But as he grew older, he devoted himself more to study, though rather from a desire for improvement than from inclination. His life during the years he was at home was like a long cloudy day, devoid indeed of storms, but equally devoid of sunshine. Though blessed with a kind father, and in later times with an equally kind step-mother, both of them persons of superior ability, his earlier years were saddened by languid health, want of society, and the loss of his two brothers. But yet, strange to say, from all these clouds he emerged into the sunshine of notoriety at a comparatively early age, first as writer, and then, what is more surprising, considering his antecedents, as a practical man of business.

His first appearance before the public as an author was in 1822. He flew at rather high game for so young a man—no less than the *Quarterly Review*. But he had this advan-

tage, that Gifford, who was then editor, had formerly corresponded with his brother about an article on Coleridge, which he had been unable to insert, but of which he thought very highly. I should certainly not, as a general rule, have expected that a very young man would have found entrance into such periodicals as the *Edinburgh* or *Quarterly* were in those days; and yet, if what I have heard be true, Macaulay was as successful with the *Edinburgh Review* as Sir Henry was with the *Quarterly*, and at an equally early age. I have heard it said, though I do not recollect having seen it mentioned in his life, that his review on Milton was written before he left Cambridge, and that when all the world was wondering who could be the author of so brilliant an article, some person observed that he knew one man at Cambridge who talked in the same style, but that he could not be the man, for he was only an undergraduate—that man was Macaulay. So the story runs. But certainly Macaulay never wrote anything in the *Edinburgh* or elsewhere superior to this his first article, if it were his first. But with Sir H. Taylor the case was different, according to his own verdict; for he candidly confesses that in his maturer years he found out his first article to be shallow and flippant, and unwarrantably sarcastic; and the remarks which he makes on reviews in general with regard to this last point are well worth reading, though too long for quotation (see vol. i., pp. 48, 49). I will only cite one passage, which thoroughly endorses my own views on the subject: "No unkind word should be spoken of book or man, unless more was to be alleged for it than the expurgation of literature by criticism, inasmuch as, generally speaking, neglect will do all that is necessary in that way." This is quite true as regards any work which is not likely to live, but which is yet harmless in its teaching. If a book is not worthy of praise, it is not worthy of blame. Blame should be reserved, either for works of an immoral or irreligious tendency or for works of real merit, in order that the public taste may be rightly guided; and, indeed, a little censure in such cases, if kindly given, may be more useful for the author's reputation than unmixed praise. But bitter sarcasm, or even well-merited censure, in the case of a worthless production, can only have the effect of wounding the author's feelings. It may be good sport to the reviewer and to the public, but (as in the case of the boys and the frogs) it is often death to the sufferer, figuratively and sometimes even literally, if we believe what Byron said of Keats (who, by the way, was not an inferior writer):

> 'Tis strange the mind, that very fiery particle,
> Should let itself be snuffed out by an article.

Shortly after Sir Henry's successful contribution to the

Quarterly, he launched himself into London life as a literary adventurer—a rather doubtful experiment, one would think; but it had the sanction of two sensible and superior women, his step-mother and her cousin, Miss Fenwick. Of the latter, as well as of the former, he speaks much and often, and in the terms of the highest praise. The latter seems to have been instrumental in forming Sir Henry's character, and in directing and developing his intellect. Hers was indeed no ordinary mind; but as she was not an authoress, she is unknown to the public. There is a line in "Philip van Artevelde" which has been admired, and which I myself admire, though I cannot entirely subscribe to its truth as a general proposition. It runs thus: "The world knows nothing of its greatest men." But if Sir Henry had said "women" instead of men, I should be more inclined to go along with him, and should quote Miss Fenwick as an instance of the truth of the observation. Indeed, the mere fact that she was the intimate and admired friend of two such men as Wordsworth and Sir H. Taylor speaks for itself. But I cannot help adding my own testimony (such as it is worth). I knew her well as a young man, and felt the attraction for her which, I believe, was shared by all who knew her. Sir Henry's decision to seek his fortune in London was even more successful than was anticipated. The literary reputation which he had gained opened out to him another career. At the age of about twenty-five he received an appointment in the Colonial Office. The services he rendered to the country in that department are well known, and have been thoroughly appreciated. Had he chosen, he might have risen to higher and more lucrative posts; but he was deterred from accepting promotion by one or two considerations. One reason was his wish to devote himself to poetry. We see him constantly pulled in different directions by the two conflicting chains of business and of poetry; so that we are forcibly reminded of the picture of Garrick between tragedy and comedy. But as his wishes and his ambition were all on the side of poetry, he was not in the condition of the ass between two bundles of hay, with an equal attraction on both sides, of whom the Schoolmen proved that it must in consequence be starved to death; and even if he had, I should have been sorry to make so uncivil a comparison.[1]

Of his literary power I must say something, though I cannot undertake to trace it to its close. The first poem of any length which he published was "Isaac Comnenus." It was not a success with the public. But he rather congratulates himself

[1] Of his career at the Colonial Office I may remark that in his account of it he gives us some curious information about the difficulties which attended the passing of the Slave Emancipation Bill.

on its failure, because it led him to be more careful about the composition of his second publication, "Philip van Artevelde;" and he might have added that, as the character of Isaac Comnenus was considered to be very like that of Artevelde, the success of the former poem might have interfered with that of the latter. It was to "Philip van Artevelde" that he owed his first fame as a poet, and a more universal fame than might have been expected. Had I not seen the result, I should have been inclined to think with his father that this poem was not likely to suit the public taste. But it succeeded so well in this respect, as one of his reviewers remarked of him, that he had awakened one morning and found himself famous. This is what Byron said of himself after the publication of the first, or two first, cantos of "Childe Harold," though whether or not the remark originated with him I forget. But in the case of "Philip van Artevelde," as in many other such instances, it is probable that the many were led by the few. For this play is of too thoughtful, too meditative a nature to please ordinary readers, and has not enough of glitter and sparkle on the outside to recommend itself to those who could not appreciate its deeper merits. That it was *not* appreciated and not even *read* by *all* its professed admirers, may be seen from the following ludicrous mistake which one of them made. "In that society" (*i.e.*, the society of Lansdowne House and Holland House) Sir Henry says, "I found that I was going by the name of my hero; and one lady more fashionable than well informed, sent me an invitation addressed to "Philip van Artevelde, Esq." (vol. i., p. 196). It would be impossible here to give a lengthened critique on this play, but I cannot pass it over without some notice. It is full of deep thought, and has passages in it of surpassing beauty. But I am not sure that I should recommend it for the perusal of the young. The late Sir Arthur Helps would not allow his wife to read the second volume. What his reasons were I never heard; but my own objection to that volume, in spite of its beauty and ability, is that it enlists our feelings against our reason and principles—it makes Artevelde more lovable in his *fall* than he was in his *unsullied purity* of life, and, moreover, throws a halo of enchantment over the sullied virtue of his mistress Ellina. It may make some readers feel too much sympathy with the unlawful lover. I cannot recollect that it ever produced on my mind any other permanent feeling than that of pity, which we must feel for the misfortunes of the fallen, however deserved. But it might be different with other young persons. Yet, for all this, the moral we deduce from this play is a useful, though a melancholy one. It shows how a noble character may be deteriorated by rising to

sudden power and greatness, and by the removal of a hallowing influence. The moral may be summed up in these words, "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." And I think every true Christian might add, "Other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid;" *i.e.*, He Who, having borne our sins and infirmities, can alone enable us to triumph over self and circumstances. Give me where "I may stand," said Archimedes, "and I will raise the world;" and this is true in a higher and more spiritual sense than he meant it. But if we stand on the world and on self, we shall move *with* the world, and be taken prisoner by it for time and for eternity.

Before leaving this subject, I must quote one passage in "Van Artevelde," which has left a deep impression on my mind: it *sounds* like a quotation, but I do not recollect having seen it elsewhere. "He that lacks time to mourn, lacks time to mend;" and I say this from the manner in which I have heard one young man speak of this play. Of course the sufferers in a tragedy should not be too good nor too bad, in order that pity should not be stifled nor the sense of justice violated; but the sympathy should be for the sufferer, not for his faults—eternity "mourns that."

After the publication of this play, Sir Henry became quite a "lion" in London. Lion-hunting, at least *literary* lion-hunting, has now very much gone out of fashion. People have something else to do, and to think of; but in those days it was the rage; and if the position of a "lion" had its pleasures, it had also its inconveniences. More was expected of him than he could *give*, or find it convenient to give. For one thing, he was apt to be hunted to death by invitations if he lived in London. Sir Henry avoided this inconvenience to a certain degree by refusing a good many of them. But this exposed him to the imputation of being proud. Then again, he is expected to play the agreeable; to fulfil all expectations formed of him. This, Sir Henry could not altogether succeed in doing, even if he had tried, for several reasons; one of which was, that his languor of temperament and the slowness of his mental operations prevented him from always being able to shine in conversation, and show himself to the best advantage. I have heard that he would sometimes sit silent during a whole evening. His reason for this was, as one of his friends told me, that he considered that the effort to talk commonplaces when you had nothing really to say, frittered away the mind. When I heard this, supposing it to be said as a general proposition, I thought that if acted on by all as a rule, it would have the effect of throwing a wet blanket on society; but since then it occurred to me, that perhaps Sir

Henry only spoke with reference to *himself*, or, what is perhaps more probable, that he judged of others *by* himself. It was necessary, from his peculiar constitution of mind and body, that he should husband his energies and not waste them unnecessarily. But perhaps he was too ready to apply the same medicine to all. He once remarked to Archbishop Whately, in speaking of Dr. Arnold, that he kept his mind too much on the stretch, and that a certain degree of dulness was necessary for the mental health. The Archbishop remarked on this, "Such a prescription might be necessary for him and for me, but would never suit a man like Arnold." When Sir Henry did converse, there were some whom he a little alarmed because they felt as if they were put upon their oath; they felt, in short, very much as a lady, a relation of my own, felt, when, on remarking to her neighbour at dinner that it was a fine day, the latter fumbled in her pocket for some time, and at last drew forth a speaking-trumpet, and, applying it to her ear, said, "Now, ma'am, if you please." But notwithstanding these peculiarities, there was, for some persons, a most indescribable charm about Sir Henry. And here it may not be out of place to relate what were my own youthful impressions with regard to him. When I first saw him, I was on a visit to Ems with my family, where he was staying in order to give his wife the benefit of the waters. The memory of that visit is to me like one of those bright dreams of the past, of which the poet Moore says:

> They come in the night-time of sorrow and care;
> And bring back the features that joy used to wear.

It seemed as if I had realized that ideal which we all strive after, but which we seldom ever *fancy* that we have attained, and never shall really attain, until "the thirsty ground" (or *mirage*, as the more correct reading is) "shall become a pool of water." Sir Henry had at that time been only recently married to a daughter of Lord Monteagle. She was much his junior, but the two formed an agreeable contrast from the difference in their age and appearance. He was tall and striking-looking; she was short and, though her beauty was not according to sculptor's standard, she had the most fascinating face it was ever my lot to look upon. Of his face it was remarked, I think by Hartley Coleridge, that it was the handsomest intellectual face he had ever seen. It was a compliment which could not well have been returned, for Hartley Coleridge was most grotesquely ugly. But I think the remark was true. There have been other men of genius who were equally, perhaps more handsome, but none to my knowledge who seemed to me to owe their beauty to their intellect. I have

now only spoken of the *outside* of the casket, but the inside seemed to me to correspond with it. Sir Henry and his wife were in my estimation as fascinating in their manners and conversation as in their appearance. I might have thought, indeed, that my impressions were the result of youthful enthusiasm, and of the delight which a boy of eighteen naturally feels at being treated as a companion and an equal, by a man of genius, who is much older than himself, were it not that Archbishop Whately shared the same feelings. I heard him once remark that there was a singular poetical charm about Henry Taylor, or something to that effect, which was what I never heard him say of any other man. And this leads me to notice a remark which Sir Henry, in vol. ii., chap. xv, makes about the Archbishop's estimate of his poetry. He says, "I did not agree with the Archbishop in his estimates: I did not think ill of my poetry any more than extravagantly well of my prose." I believe he was mistaken in what he supposed to be my father's estimate of his poetry. At all events he founded it on a remark which struck me at the time as being said half in joke. It was something to this effect: "Burn all your foolish poems, and devote yourself to prose, in which you may rival or resuscitate Bacon." The Archbishop did not mean to throw contempt on his poetry, but he looked upon poetry in general as a much less important branch of literature than Henry Taylor did; and though I should hardly think that "Philip van Artevelde" would have quite suited his taste, I never heard him speak slightingly of it. His taste in poetry was chiefly confined to a *few* poets, and these mostly of a stirring kind. Sir Henry's fruitless endeavours to convert him to an appreciation of Wordsworth, I well remember. He gives the following comic account of his failure:

> Perceiving I could not force entrance in conversation, I made a more elaborate endeavour to work Wordsworth into minds of his order, by writing an article on his sonnets in the *Quarterly Review*. I treated the sonnets in some such way as Dante treats his own sonnets in "Vita Nuova," developing the more latent meanings, and occasionally perhaps, in the manner of a preacher upon a text, adding a little doctrine which may have been rather suggested by the sonnet than derived from it. The inexorable Archbishop seized upon these instances of extra development, and (in a letter to a friend which reached my hands) observed, with characteristic sharpness, that they reminded him of pebble soup, which is said to be very savoury and nutritious, if you flavour it with pepper and salt, a few sweet herbs, and a neck of mutton."—Vol. i., pp. 323-4.

The Archbishop was in literary tastes decidedly intolerant; like Macaulay, he would not allow merit to works which did not come within his own orbit, even though they might be approved by the best judges. Sir Henry defines his wit, as

compared with that of Rogers and Sydney Smith, most aptly: "While the wit of Rogers was the wit of satire, and that of Sydney Smith that of comedy, the wit of Whately, Archbishop of Dublin, might be designated as the wit of logic" (vol. i., p. 322). Sydney Smith, however, was more of a humourist than a wit. But adopting Sir Henry's phaseology, the instances given of the wit of each of these men are worth quoting. I will begin by Archbishop Whately:

> In a debate upon the introduction into the House of Lords of the Poor Law for Ireland, some peer (I think Lord Clanricard) supported it by saying, that *if* the landowners lived upon their estates, and *if* the Board of Guardians were attentive to their duties, and *if* the overseers examined strictly into the circumstances, the law would have a most beneficial operation. The Archbishop strode across the floor to my brother-in-law, Stephen Spring Rice, who was sitting on the steps of the throne, and said to him, aside, "If my aunt had been a man, she would have been my uncle; that's his argument."—Vol. i., pp. 324-5.

Of Sydney Smith's humour he gives us the following specimen: "When our visit was over (a visit to Sydney Smith's parsonage of Combe Fleury), he asked Mrs. Villiers whither she was bound when she left Halse. 'To Bath,' was the answer. 'To Bath!' he said; 'what can take you to Bath?' 'Well, I have an aunt there, whom I really ought to see.' 'Oh! an aunt. You have an aunt at Bath? Yes, everybody has an aunt at Bath—a perfect Ant Hill. I have an aunt at Bath: "Go to the ant, thou sluggard," has been ringing in my ears for half a century, but I've never gone'" (vol. i., pp. 184-5.)

Of Rogers's peculiar style of wit, he gives one instance, in which it is difficult to say whether the wit or the malice predominated:

> However one might be treated, it was not safe to complain. The widow of Sir Humphry Davy ventured to do so. "Now, Mr. Rogers," she said, in a tone of aggrieved expostulation, "you are always attacking me." "Attacking you, Lady Davy! I waste my life in defending you."—Vol. i., p. 322.

I cannot forbear adding another instance of Rogers's peculiar style of wit, so characteristic of him that Archbishop Whately, as soon as he heard the remark, recognised it as Rogers's. When Macaulay's "History of England" first came out, Croker, probably in order to revenge himself for the treatment he had received at his hands in the *Edinburgh Review*, tried to make out that the history was utterly incorrect, but so signally failed that Rogers remarked, "he *wanted* to commit murder and he *has* committed suicide."

Yet with all his malice Rogers was not, as Sir Henry Taylor truly remarks, wanting in practical benevolence; such are the inconsistencies of human nature. As a poet he was very different from what he was as a conversationalist. There is no wit,

or energy, or acrimony in his verses. They are merely distinguished by a sort of feeble sweetness. He reversed what I said at the beginning of this paper is very often the lot of authors, that their reputation as writers survives when they have died as men in the public estimation before their actual decease. Rogers retained his reputation as a man and a wit long after his poems ceased to be read. Though to look at him in his old age, one would have hardly imagined him to be a living man. I only saw him once; it was in Westminster Abbey, and he looked to me like one of the corpses from the Poet's Corner, resuscitated. Nor am I alone in that opinion. Once when he came to Westmoreland, on one of his visits to his friend Wordsworth, a peasant-woman, who had seen him there some years before, expressed her astonishment at his being still alive, for (she said) he looked, when she last saw him, "as if he had only to wink and dee."

My limits will not allow me to notice many of the other eminent men whose characters Sir Henry Taylor has so ably sketched. For his views of Carlyle's character, I must refer the reader to vol. i., chap. xix., where he gives a lengthy analysis of that great man's mind. It is too long for quotation, and I could not quote a part without spoiling it. One characteristic incident, however, I must mention. "He delights" (Sir Henry says) "in knocking over any pageantry of another man's setting up. One evening at the Grange, a party of gentlemen returning from a walk in the dusk, had seen a magnificent meteor, one which filled a place in the newspapers for some days afterwards. They described what they had beheld in glowing colours, and with much enthusiasm. Carlyle having heard them in silence to the end, gave his view of the phenomena: 'Aye, some sulphurated hydrogen, I suppose, or some rubbish of that kind'" (vol. i. p. 330). It is curious that Sir Henry does not repeat a very terse remark, which, if my memory does not fail me, I have heard attributed to him, in which Carlyle is described, in a single sentence, as "a Puritan who has lost his creed." It reminds me of a somewhat similar remark which was made with reference to J. S. Mill, that he was a Puritan infidel. Respecting him, Sir Henry makes a very acute conjecture, which his autobiography subsequently showed to be correct. He says, "I should conjecture, though I do not know, that the passion of his nature had not found a free and unobstructed course through the affections, and had got a good deal pent up in his intellect, in which, however large (and among the *scientific* intellects of his time I hardly know a larger), it was but as an eagle in an aviary" (vol. i., p. 79). Sir Henry speaks very highly of Mill, but without disputing the correctness of his estimate, I can only regret that such qualities should have

been enlisted in the cause of infidelity. It is indeed (as Archer Butler remarks) "one proof of the natural alienation of man from God, that his highest qualities, when unsanctified, do not lead him in that direction." They may lead him to religion, but not to God. Of one fault, however, I fully acquit Mill: he has not made, or endeavoured to make, infidelity attractive; he has rather made it repulsive. His autobiography was aptly described, in one of the Oxford papers, as a ghastly memoir. He strips this life of all its flowers, and yet shuts the door of hope in a future life.

I have now come to the end of the limits assigned to me, and perhaps even beyond them. Much, therefore, which I could have said must be left unsaid. I should have liked to have made some remarks about those friends of Sir Henry Taylor, whom I also had the honour of knowing — Lord Monteagle, his father-in-law, Sir Aubrey de Vere, and Sir James Stephen; but want of space, as well as other reasons, compel me to pass them over. So now I must bid farewell to a work which I have performed with pleasure mixed with sadness, a sadness which must cast a still deeper shade over the mind of the writer. He is paying the penalty which all men do pay who live to an advanced age, of seeing his friends fall around him, "like leaves in wintry weather." Of all the illustrious men whose characters he has sketched, Mr. Gladstone is, as far as I know, the only one now living. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

EDWARD WHATELY.

ART. VI.—MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD ON CHRISTMAS.

IN the April number of the *Contemporary Review*, Mr. Matthew Arnold has given us "A Comment on Christmas." He takes as his text an apophthegm of Bishop Wilson, and he apologizes to his readers for allowing so long a time to pass since he quoted that much-esteemed prelate who, he tells us, "is full of excellent things." Mr. Arnold has a special reason for quoting Bishop Wilson now, for, to use his own words, "one of his apophthegms came into my mind the other day as I read an angry and unreasonable expostulation addressed to myself." We believe that Mr. Arnold alludes to an article that appeared in the *Guardian* at Christmas on the great miracle of the Incarnation. However this may be, Bishop Wilson's apophthegm runs thus: "*Truth provokes those whom it does not convert.*"

Now, Mr. Arnold was "angrily reproached" for saying, "Miracles do not happen, and more and more of us are becoming

convinced that they do not happen; nevertheless, what is really best and most valuable in the Bible is independent of miracles. For the sake of this, I constantly read the Bible myself, and I advise others to read it also"—and Mr. Arnold grows indignant with those orthodox champions of the faith who do not express their thanks to him for "constantly reading" a Bible, and "advising others to read" a Bible, from which he would eliminate the supernatural. What a Bible we should have if all miracles were removed!

We join issue at once with Mr. Arnold when he says, "What is really best and most valuable in the Bible is independent of miracles;" for we believe that the very foundation of the Christian religion would be shaken to its base; that the keystone would be removed from the arch of our most holy faith; that all that stimulates to duty, or proves a check upon sin, would go; that all that inspires Christian people with a divine enthusiasm in the service of Christ would be taken away, if he succeeded in proving that all that is supernatural and miraculous in the Bible belonged to the realms of legend and myth. We may seem very ungrateful to Mr. Arnold, but we can give him no thanks, nor can we think that he is deserving of any, for his audacious statement that "miracles do not happen"—a statement in which is included the denial that miracles have ever happened, and a denial that the miracles recorded in the Bible are true.

But let us hear Mr. Arnold on the claims that he makes on our gratitude, and on his surprised displeasure that this gratitude has not been accorded as he had anticipated:

> One would have thought [he writes] that at a time when the French newspapers are attributing all our failures and misfortunes to our habit of reading the Bible, and when our own Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal is protesting that the golden rule is a delusion and a snare for practical men, the friends of the old religion of Christendom would have had a kindly feeling towards anyone—whether he admitted miracles or not—who maintained that the root of the matter for all of us lies in the Bible, and that to the use of the Bible we should still cling. But no; *Truth provokes those whom it does not convert;* so angry are some good people at being told that miracles do not happen, that if we say this, they cannot bear to have us using the Bible at all, or recommending the Bible. Either take it and recommend it with its miracles, they say, or else leave it alone, and let its enemies find confronting them none but orthodox defenders of it like ourselves.

Mr. Arnold is displeased with those who do not sufficiently recognise the compliment he pays to the Bible in constantly reading it himself, and recommending others to read it too; but his Bible is not our Bible—or rather, it is ours stripped of all that makes it valuable and dear. We confess that when Mr. Arnold tells us he is "a lover of the Bible," and that "to

the use of the Bible we should still cling," and when he speaks of it in other complimentary terms, there passes involuntarily before the mind's eye the thought of that disciple who betrayed his Master with a kiss. Indeed, as we read the *Contemporary* article, and its attack, however euphoniously expressed, on the foundation of our faith, and Mr. Arnold's determination to regard the Incarnation and Resurrection as "miraculous legends," we are reminded again and again of Bishop Wilson's apophthegm—Mr. Arnold's own text—"*Truth provokes those whom it does not convert.*"

Let us now examine Mr. Arnold's "Comment on Christmas," and see what it is worth. He writes:

> What is Christmas, and what does it say to us? Our French friends will reply that Christmas is an exploded legend, and says to us nothing at all. The *Guardian*, on the other hand, lays it down that Christmas commemorates the miracle of the Incarnation, and that the Incarnation is the fundamental truth for Christians. Which is right—the *Guardian* or our French friends? Or are neither the one nor the other of them right; and is the truth about Christmas something quite different from what either of them imagine? The inquiry is profitable; and I kept Christmas this last winter by following it.

Mr. Arnold then takes the prophecy of Isaiah read in church as one of the Lessons for Christmas Day, and justly eulogises "the roll and march of those magnificent words" which we have been taught to regard as the grand and wonderful prediction of "the miracle of the Incarnation." He then quotes the familiar words, and follows them up by the interpretation received by all Christendom: "The Lord Himself shall give you a sign. Behold, a virgin shall conceive and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel. Butter and honey shall he eat, until he shall know" (revised version, "that he may know") "to refuse the evil and choose the good. For before the child shall know to refuse the evil and choose the good, the land that thou abhorrest shall be forsaken of both her kings." Mr. Arnold adds the orthodox interpretation, "Immanuel is Jesus Christ, to be born of the Virgin Mary; the meaning of the name Immanuel, *God with us*, signifies the union of the divine nature and ours in Christ—God and man in one Person. 'Butter and honey shall he eat'—the Christ shall be very man; he shall have a true human body; he shall be sustained while he is growing up with that ordinary nourishment wherewith human children are wont to be fed. And the sign that the promised birth of Immanuel, God and man in one Person, from the womb of a virgin, shall really happen, is this: the two kings of Syria and Israel, who are now in the eighth century before Christ threatening the kingdom of Judah, shall be overthrown, and their country devastated. '*For* before the child shall know'—before this

promised coming of Jesus Christ, and as a sign to guarantee it, the kings of Syria and Israel shall be conquered and overthrown—and conquered and overthrown they presently were." So far Mr. Arnold on the orthodox interpretation, and so far well. "But then," in Mr. Arnold's words, "comes the turn of criticism." He alters the received version, which he says is "obscured by slight errors," and gives us a version of his own, which he pronounces to be clearer, and which is as follows:

> The Lord Himself shall give you a sign: Behold the damsel shall conceive and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel.
>
> Milk-curd, and honey shall he eat, when he shall know to refuse the evil, and choose the good.
>
> For before the child shall know to refuse the evil and choose the good, the land shall be forsaken, whose two kings make thee afraid.

He then modestly assures us that Christendom has been wrong in the interpretation it has put on this prophecy, and he kindly proceeds to give us the real meaning of the passage, and to shed the light of his scholarship and intellect on the prediction. Christendom, he informs us, has been labouring under a delusion for all these centuries; and he assures us that he and "a number of learned, patient, impartial investigators" (of course implying that all preceding students of the prophecies have not been learned, patient, and impartial) have now read and examined the prophets, and have discovered that Isaiah spoke with no reference to Christ whatever, and that we may now, therefore, give up our belief in "the Christian legend of the Incarnation." He is good enough to explain to us "what the prophets really mean to say." "It becomes certain that in the famous words read on Christmas Day the prophet Isaiah was not meaning to speak of Jesus Christ to be born more than seven centuries later. It becomes certain that his Immanuel is a prince of Judah to be born in a year or two's time. It becomes certain that there is no question at all of a child miraculously conceived and born of a virgin; what the prophet says is, that a young woman, a damsel, at that moment unmarried, shall have time before certain things happen to be married, and to bear a son, who shall be called Immanuel. There is no question in the name Immanuel of a union of the human and divine natures, of God and man in one Person. "God present with His people and protecting them" is what the prophet means the name to signify. In "butter and honey shall he eat," there is no question of the Christ being very man, with a true human body. What the prophet intends to say is, that when the Prince Immanuel, presently to be born, reaches adult age, agriculture shall have ceased in the desolated realm of Judah; the land, overrun by enemies, shall

have returned to a wild state; the inhabitants shall live on the produce of their herds and on wild honey. But before this come to pass—before the visitation of God's wrath upon the kingdom of Judah, and while the Prince Immanuel is still but a little child, not as yet able to discern betwixt good and evil, "to refuse the evil and choose the good"—the present enemies of Judah, the kings of Syria and Israel, shall be overthrown, and their land made desolate. Finally, this overthrow and desolation are not, with the prophet, the sign and guarantee of Immanuel's coming. Immanuel is evidently intended as a sign; all the rest is accompaniment of this sign, not proof of it." This, Mr. Arnold says, is "the true and sure sense of those noble words of prophecy which we hear read on Christmas Day."

"This legend of the Incarnation," Mr. Arnold goes on to explain—the story of Christ's being born of a virgin—"is the people's genuine translation for the fact of his unique pureness." "The legend of the miraculous conception and birth of Jesus was the popular homage to a high ideal of pureness." And then Mr. Arnold tells us there was an Athenian story of Plato's miraculous conception and birth which was a homage "to his signal and splendid pureness," and that, "had he founded a popular religion, a world-famous miracle of the Incarnation would have invested his origin"—and all this Mr. Arnold propounds seriously, and for our belief!

But to return to Isaiah. In granting, as we do, that our "learned, patient, and impartial investigator" is so far correct in his interpretation that there was presently, as Isaiah declares, to be born a child whose mother was a damsel then unmarried, and that before this child should be able to discern betwixt good and evil, the enemies of Judah, the kings of Syria and Israel, should be overthrown, and their land made desolate, we would ask, "Does this explanation of the passage completely fulfil the prediction?" And we cannot help remarking here on Mr. Arnold's inconsistency. Mr. Arnold, we see, admits prophecy, and the truth of prophecy. He allows that a damsel, at that moment unmarried, was, according to Isaiah's prediction, to be married, and bear a son who should be called Immanuel, and that before this prince reached adult age, the present enemies of Judah should be overthrown, and their land made desolate. And we would ask Mr. Arnold, Is it less difficult to credit a prophecy which should be fulfilled in a few years, than a prophecy which should not be fulfilled till after the course of centuries? To concede that Isaiah prophecied at all, is surely to concede that supernatural element in the Bible which Mr. Arnold so positively denies. And if we admit the miraculous in the Bible, why stumble at any miracle, even at so stupendous a miracle as that of the Incarnation? It has for its

authority the same basis as any other miracle—the sure Word of God.

And with the full admission that Mr. Arnold has given a correct interpretation of this prophecy of Isaiah, we would ask again, Has not all prophecy a double accomplishment? There is a twofold fulfilment: the nearer event contains, just as the bud contains the flower, the more remote and important. Such a Biblical student as Mr. Arnold cannot be unaware of this fact, although he ignores and passes it by without any hint or mention. There are many instances of this double fulfilment of prophecy both in the Old Testament and the New. For example, in Jeremiah xxxi. 15, it is written: "Thus saith the Lord, A voice was heard in Ramah, lamentation, and bitter weeping; Rachel weeping for her children refused to be comforted for her children, because they were not." There can be no doubt that these words refer, in the first place, to the sorrow of Jerusalem, personified as Rachel, as she thought of her captive children in a strange land, and pictured them as they wept by the waters of Babylon, and hung their unstrung harps on the willows that overshadowed the stream. But we learn from St. Matthew that this primary reference of the passage by no means exhausted its whole signification. The Evangelist applies it to the massacre of the Innocents, and tells us that in this was fulfilled that which was spoken by Jeremy the prophet, saying: "In Rama was there a voice heard, lamentation, and weeping, and great mourning; Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted because they are not." Without this comment on Jeremiah's words, we should not have thought that they had a reference to events which were not to happen till centuries had run their course. So again, what a new light the comment of this same Evangelist throws on the words of Hosea: "When Israel was a child, then I loved him, and called my son out of Egypt"! St. Matthew tells us that this statement of the prophet refers in its fullest sense to the flight of Joseph and Mary with the infant Jesus into Egypt, and their return from thence to the Holy Land, after the death of Herod, "who sought the young child to destroy Him." And so again, with regard to our Lord's own prophecy on the Mount, on which Mr. Arnold makes some characteristic remarks at the close of his article in the *Contemporary Review*. Mr. Arnold sees nothing in this prophecy but an announcement (with the turbid figures familiar through prophecy to his hearers' imagination—figures of stupendous physical miracle) of "the end of *the age*," "the close of the period." Now there can be no question that our Lord did foretell "the end of the age," the close of that dispensation—the dissolution of the Jewish economy, which was to be succeeded by

a higher and a better, and one which should include in its embrace not a single favoured people, but the whole world. And this dissolution of the old order, and introduction of the new, the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews has in his mind when addressing those who were growing weary of their sufferings for the new faith, and were in danger of relapsing into Judaism. "See that ye refuse not Him that speaketh; for if they escaped not who refused Him that spake on earth, much more shall not we escape, if we turn away from Him that speaketh from heaven, Whose voice then shook the earth; but now He hath promised, saying, Yet once more I shake not the earth only, but also heaven; and this word, yet once more, signifieth the removing of those things that are shaken, as of things that are made, and those things which cannot be shaken may remain. Wherefore we receiving a kingdom which cannot be moved, let us have grace, whereby we may serve God acceptably, with reverence and godly fear: for our God is a consuming fire."

But this prophecy on the Mount had a further reference still, and looked, through the dissolution of the Jewish polity, to the end of this present dispensation, to the second advent of Christ or the judgment-day, and to those solemn and tremendous events of which St. Peter speaks in his second Epistle: "The heavens and the earth which are now, by the same word are kept in store, reserved unto fire against the day of judgment, and perdition of ungodly men." This was the complete event which was to fulfil the far-reaching words of Jesus when He announced "the end of the age" with the "turbid figures familiar through prophecy to his hearers' imagination, figures of stupendous physical miracle, a break-up of nature, God coming to judgment." Let us correct Mr. Arnold here. It is "the Son of Man," Jesus Himself, Who comes to judgment, and not God the Father, as he implies. And surely this is a proof that He Who calls a world to His tribunal must be divine.

But to leave this reference to the rich fulness of Scripture in its twofold meaning, and to return to the miracle of the Incarnation, which, according to Mr. Arnold, is a "legend"—although he admits that "two of the Canonical Gospels propound the legend seriously," basing their view, in his opinion, "upon an evidently fantastic use of the words of prophecy"—let us remind Mr. Arnold that the author of one of the two Canonical Gospels, to which he refers as "propounding the legend of the Incarnation seriously," had more than a "fantastic use of the words of prophecy" to rest on when applying them to the birth of Jesus. He writes: "Now all this was done that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Lord by the prophet, saying, Behold a virgin shall be with child, and shall bring forth a

son, and they shall call His name Emmanuel, which, being interpreted, is, God with us." This is the comment of St. Matthew on the famous words of Isaiah, read in church on Christmas Day. Now, putting aside the question of inspiration and the Christian belief that St. Matthew "spoke as he was moved by the Holy Ghost" when he asserted the miracle of the Incarnation, let us remember that this Evangelist had remarkable opportunities for understanding the exact bearing of Isaiah's statement. He was a disciple of Jesus, and had instruction from His lips; he was a friend of the Virgin Mary; he may have known her reputed husband, Joseph; he was perfectly acquainted with the Messianic idea, and was familiar with the Psalms, and Moses, and the prophets. Was it probable that he was making "a fantastic use of the words of prophecy" when he announces the miraculous conception and birth of Jesus, and announces it not as "a lovely and attractive legend," but as "a solid fact of history, as a fact which is the fundamental truth for Christians"? Was it likely that he was mistaken when he "propounded as an historical fact" that which was no fact at all, but simply a beautiful fable? It is impossible; and we think that all who consider the matter with unprejudiced mind, will agree that, if there be a mistake, it is on the side, not of St. Matthew, but on that of Mr. Matthew Arnold. But Mr. Arnold has something more to say besides saying that the Incarnation "gets no support at all from the famous prophecy which is commonly supposed to announce it." "Need I add," he remarks, "that it gets no support at all from any single word of Jesus Christ Himself, from any single word in the letters of Paul, Peter, James, or John?" It is true that our Lord, and the Apostles here named, do not in so many words speak of the miraculous conception and birth; but the fact underlies many of the Saviour's own claims for reverence on the part of His followers, and all that the Evangelists assert with regard to the manifestation of the Son of God in the flesh.

We believe that it is St. Paul who tells us that when "the fulness of the time was come, God sent forth His Son, made of a woman, made under the law;" and that in his first Epistle, St. John, speaking of "that which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled of the Word of Life," affirms that "the life was manifested, and we have seen it, and bear witness, and show unto you that eternal life, which was with the Father, and was manifested unto us." Indeed, He Whom we delight to call our Lord would not be worthy even of the amount of reverence which Mr. Arnold accords Him, as the "high exemplar and ideal of

pureness," if He were not far more than man, not only unlike other men, and above them in pureness, but the very image of the invisible God, one with the Father—"of a glory equal, of a majesty coeternal." Jesus claimed the worship of men, affirmed His equality with God, asserted that He was the source of all life, the centre of all blessing the well-spring at which the toiling sons of men might quench their thirst, the shadow of a great rock, under which the weary and heavy laden might find rest. And if he were but a man, instead of being the noblest, the purest, the best, He would but be a deceiver, an impostor, a cunning juggler, with words worthy not of reverence but of contempt, deserving not our adoration but our scorn. And if the Gospel narrators were simply men who were mistaken, men who imagined they were writing down truths when they were only writing symbolically, men who were propounding legends when they recorded the miracles of the Incarnation and the Resurrection, and not historical facts—then indeed, as one of them on this supposition boldly declares, "they are found false witnesses of God." Indeed, on this supposition it is not too much to say that the whole of the Christian faith goes—is no better than "an idiot's tale, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing;" and alas for the present hopelessness and the future desolation! "Our faith is vain, we are yet in our sins; then they also which are fallen asleep in Christ are perished." Truly we may add, "If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable."

But to believe what Mr. Arnold would have us believe, when he would rob us of all faith and hope, would be to believe a miracle greater than either the Incarnation or the Resurrection. It were to believe that our most holy faith was founded upon a lie; that a lie has been the origin of all that is most splendid in action, most noble in achievement; that in support of a lie the disciples endured persecution, and "had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings; yea, moreover, of bonds and imprisonment;" that to propagate a lie St. Paul was "in labours more abundant, in stripes above measure, in prisons more frequent, in deaths oft;" and that Christians in the early ages of the faith, aye, and since then, have for the sake of a lie been content to be "stoned, sawn asunder, tempted, slain with the sword." And can a lie have wrought the most beneficent changes which the world has seen, and which have occurred since the miraculous conception and birth, the marvellous life and death, the glorious resurrection and ascension of Jesus? Has not Christianity (founded, as Mr. Arnold maintains, on a legend) elevated woman, refined the barbarous, civilized the rude, shielded the widow, protected

the orphan, built the asylum, raised the hospital, and struck the fetters from the slave? Has it not been a "spiritual power wherever it has penetrated, carrying, like the waters that Ezekiel saw in his vision issuing from the Temple, life and healing in its beneficial course, turning the moral wastes into the garden of the Lord, and making the spiritual desert to rejoice and blossom as the rose"? And can it be believed that a system so fruitful in all that brings blessing to man; which the holiest of men have made their life—in which they lived and moved, and had their being, a religion that soothes the troubled, and cheers the sad; which gives contentment in poverty, pacifies the conscience and enlightens the mind, illumines the dark valley, and irradiates the grave with a hope full of immortality—is founded on a legend, and based on a lie? Does Mr. Arnold himself, in his more serious hours—those hours that come to us all, when sorrow reveals the emptiness of the world, or sickness lays us prostrate on a weary bed, or death comes into our homes, or when the faces of the loved and lost look on us from the shadows into which they have passed with a glance full of the old tenderness, or charged it may be with a gentle reproach—does Mr. Arnold in his more serious hours believe that the Christian religion was nothing better than a legendary falsehood from its foundation? We can hardly think that he does, though he takes great pains to make us believe that in his opinion Christianity, with all its splendid promises and brilliant hopes, is only "a cunningly devised fable."

We do not care to touch on some other statements made by Mr. Arnold in his mournful "Comment on Christmas," or to dwell long on the alarm he expresses lest men, in surrendering their belief in the Incarnation, and the Resurrection, and Christian miracles generally, should at the same time give up Christian morals. He says they would be wrong in doing this, but "at present he prefers to say this simply and barely." He tells us that if virtue is still to exist, it must be without reference to God "enforcing it in defiance of nature, but because nature herself turns out to be really for it;" and Mr. Arnold, in proof of his extraordinary dictum, supports his assertion —argument it cannot be called—by a reference to Mme. de Sévigné, who was not immoral like Ninon de l'Enclos, "not from what is called high moral principle, not from religion, but from sheer elementary soundness of nature, and who by virtue of her perfect lucidity, revolted from the sort of life so common all round her, and was drawn towards regularity, and felt antipathy to blemish and disorder." "Lucidity," Mr. Arnold believes, will keep men pure and women chaste, will curb passion, and bring forth a fruitful crop of all the Christian graces,

because there is "the natural obligation and necessity of the essentially Christian virtue of pureness." Yet he is obliged to confess that "lucidity"—a quality which he also ascribes to Ninon—did not restrain her from a life of gaiety and love of enjoyment; it only made her say at the end of it, "All the world tells me that I have less cause to speak ill of time than other people. However that may be, could anybody have proposed to me beforehand the life I have had, I would have hanged myself." This, after all, is not saying much for "lucidity"—an irregular life closed by a remorseful death. Indeed, what can you expect from "lucidity," or any other natural quality, however worthy of Mr. Arnold's praise? Let the foundation of our faith be removed—let this faith be proved a legend and a lie—lovely and attractive it may be, but still a lie—and the superstructure cannot remain; it will collapse, a helpless and a hopeless ruin. The Christian morals will go with the Christian faith; they will not last long without that which not only gave them birth, but which sustains their life; without that which lifts them into the higher region of holiness, and beautifies and sanctifies them as with a touch from heaven.

There is no need to detain the reader with Mr. Arnold's answers to his own questions: "What does Easter celebrate? What is the kingdom of God? What is immortality? What is salvation by Jesus Christ?" They are all as unsatisfactory as his "Comment on Christmas." If we should come to him asking bread, he would give us a stone; if we should come asking a fish, he would offer us a serpent. Had we any influence with Mr. Arnold, we would pray him to give over writing on theology. We trust he will forgive us for reminding him of the words of St. Paul, an Apostle whom we know he values highly: "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, for they are spiritually discerned." Let Mr. Arnold rest upon his laurels, or only write upon subjects in which he is at home. He has conquered two worlds—the world of poetry and the world of criticism; and with such victories he may surely rest content, and not seek to add to his conquests the realms of theology. A master of style, and a true poet, it is given to few men to excel in such widely different departments of literature; why, then, should he make incursions into other fields which are alien to his modes of thought, and which his training has not fitted him to conquer? Let him still delight us with his fine criticisms on the poets, such as he has given us on Wordsworth and Gray; let him charm us still with poems like "Thyrsis" and "Rugby Chapel"—all recognise the beauty of such masterpieces as these, and over them we love to linger; but for his own sake let him

eschew theology for the future. Such articles as those on the Incarnation grieve his friends, hurt the cause of religion, which he really seems anxious to promote, and give reason to his enemies to sneer, and to accuse him of a restless vanity, constraining him to "rush in where angels fear to tread." Those who have the pleasure of Mr. Arnold's acquaintance recognise his many pleasant and gracious qualities, and, if we may use words of which he is fond, acknowledge readily "the sweet reasonableness" and "lucidity" of the man. In closing, we would only say that we heartily wish we were able to believe that his "Comment on Christmas" had been penned in the same spirit of irony that distinguished Archbishop Whately's "Historic Doubts about Napoleon Buonaparte"—a wish that has been suggested to our minds by the fact that the "Comment on Christmas" appeared in the *Contemporary Review* on that ominous day—the 1st of April.

CHARLES D. BELL, D.D.

ART. VII.—FRANCE AND TONGKING.

France and Tongking: a Narrative of the Campaign of 1884, *and the Occupation of Further India.* By J. G. SCOTT. With Map and Plans. Pp. 380. T. Fisher Unwin.

THE war in Tongking within the last few months has given to this description of the country a particular value, and its narrative of the military operations, even although a treaty between France and China has been signed, will be read with interest. A prefatory note tells us that the book "has been very hurriedly written; in a variety of places, Bangkok, Hong Kong, Canton, in the hottest time of the year in China." The book is very well written, however, and shows few repetitions, or other unpleasing marks of composition under difficulties. The greater part of it is the result of personal observation; and the pleasing characteristics of a Special Correspondent's style would have suffered loss, perhaps, if his narratives and descriptions had been revised in London. For the historical portion of his work, of course, Mr. Scott consulted available French authorities.

The Tongkinese were governed for centuries by their own kings. About two hundred years before our era the Chinese invaded and settled in the country; and for a thousand years Tongking with the greater part of Annam was governed by Chinese rulers. It was in this period that the Annamese race, as we now find it, was really formed. About the year 1418, a prince of the name of Lé-Loi, shook off the Chinese yoke. He

founded the great Lé dynasty, and made Hanoi his capital. In 1674, however, the empire broke up into two; Tongking, which retained Hanoi as capital, and Annam, with Hué as the royal city. To stave off Chinese attacks, the Lés agreed to accept the suzerainty of China, and accordingly from that time forward received investiture from the Hwang-Ti. The southern kingdom followed in this the example of Tongking. If suzerainty was of any value, Mr. Scott remarks, the Chinese had abundant proofs against the French that they exerted it long enough over Annam.

So far as is known, Marco Polo, the king of travellers, was the first European who visited the country. Three hundred years later, Camoens was shipwrecked at the mouth of the Donnai river, and celebrates the fact in the "Lusiad." Fifty years after this, in 1610, a Jesuit mission was settled in Annam. In the year 1787 a treaty was made between Louis XVI. of France and the head of the royal house of Annam, a fugitive, who was restored to the throne by a French force and annexed Tongking. French and Spanish missionaries, from this time, in great numbers flocked into the country. It was not, however, till 1858 that France made any serious attempt to claim the "rights" conceded by the treaty of 1787. During the last twenty years the desires of the French, as well as their conquests and powers, have been gradually spreading. Tongking was known to be the granary of Annam; and the French authorities, those at all events residing in the East, have never lost sight of that Indo-Chinese empire imagined for France by the Missionary Bishop through whom the land-conceding treaty was signed in 1787.

The name Tongking, it seems, comes from the Annamese pronunciation of the Chinese Dong-Kinh, "the capital of the East,"[1] another name for Hanoi, the chief town. The region of lowlands, the delta, is the only part of the country which is really known. North of these flat lands lies the region of plateaux—less tropical, of course; and the third division of Tongking is the pine-clad mountain region. The entire population is reckoned at 12,000,000. The climate on the whole is excellent. There is a certain amount of fever, but it is seldom of a dangerous type. The country, indeed, may be reckoned healthy, notwithstanding the abundance of standing water, no doubt because this water lies in paddy-fields rather than in marshes. The dysentery from which several of the French garrisons have suffered has been brought on by the

[1] Curiously enough, To-Kio, the capital of Japan, has the same signification, "capital of the East," and is written with the same Chinese characters.

imprudence of the soldiers. Owing to the torrent rains and to the melting of snow in the northern hills, there is an immense rise in the river, beginning in May and ending in October. The delta lands have an extraordinary fertility. And Mr. Scott concludes that "the colony ought to be one of the finest in the East, if only the French will set about the right way to make it so."

The early stages of the military operations of the French do not supply very interesting narratives. In 1883, Rivière, sending home his last report, stated that the Black Flag Chinamen had English and German leaders; but this was a mistake. The Black Flag Chief, near Hanoi, had issued a manifesto declaring the French "brigands;" his army, bearing *Ni* ("Justice") on its banners, would exterminate them. The French raised an auxiliary corps of Yellow Flags, outlaw Chinamen like the Black Flags, but their deadly enemies; and this force, placed under an old Chinese Gordon soldier, did the French good service. The Black Flag army, after severe fighting, was driven farther and farther back.

Of a "battle" between Yellow Flags and some Chinese Imperialists an eye-witness gives an amusing account. Thus:

> Both parties halted a long distance off from one another and fired from time to time all their guns, heedless of the fact that the enemy was quite out of range. Now and then the Dé-doc, or general of division, who was comfortably snuggled up in a hammock and had cautiously planted his standard in the rear, would have his tum-tum beaten, and would call out, "Soldiers, have you made up your minds to annihilate this vile foe?" The soldiers lifted up their voices with one accord and said, "Dya" ("Why, certainly"). Then they rushed upon the vile enemy at full speed, and the vile enemy retired a few hundred paces and then stopped; whereupon the hardy warriors promptly got under cover. It was now the turn of the other side. The Yellow Flag general extracted a similar vow to do or die from his army, and the braves charged with the same valour and with the like result. This sort of thing went on from daybreak to sunset, and nobody was hurt. Then a French gunboat came by, and the rival generals promptly concluded a truce. The Annamese commander related that in a previous encounter, when the fighting was very severe, he had one man "killed stone dead."

If the Annamese are not formidable fighters, says Mr. Scott, they are certainly not overburdened with religious sense. They are nominally Buddhists; but their Buddhism is derived from the depraved Chinese form, and of this degenerate type only the grosser superstitions are retained. The Mandarins profess to be Confucians, but they are the worst class in the country, and religion is certainly not their redeeming characteristic. Superstition is the only thing that really has a hold on the Annamese. They are as far as possible from being fanatics, but they are too scared of goblins and genii to be sceptics. Each family has its own guardian spirit. The pagodas, or joss-

houses, are almost constantly empty. In Tongking, as in Annam proper and Cochin-China, "one sees nothing," says Mr. Scott, "but occasional noisy public ceremonies, where there is much feasting and junketing and remarkably little reverence."

The Tongkinese are taller than the Annamese, and better-shaped. In colour they are always of a dirty yellow; but the depth of the shade varies a good deal according to rank and calling. The Mandarins and the women of the better class are something near the tint of a wax-candle; while the rice-farmer is as dark as a dead oak-leaf. The hair is black and fine; both men and women let it grow to its full length, tying it up in a knot at the back of the head. The heads of the children are shaved; but afterwards the hair is never cut, and very seldom washed, of which the consequences, according to European notions, are very disagreeable. The men seldom manage to grow a beard before the age of thirty, and then it is but a poor thing. They are agile rather than strong.

In mental capacity the Tongkinese is certainly behind the Cochin-Chinaman. The Saigonese may have been brightened up by their contact with the French, "as they have undoubtedly been deteriorated morally," says Mr. Scott; but they have better natural abilities than the men of Tongking. The character of both, however, is "lamentably bad;" they would seem to have no moral sense. But the truth is, the Tongkinese have long been badly governed; ever since the Lé family was got rid of, in fact, they have been ground down in a brutalizing fashion, subject to robbery and torture at the hands of cruel and most dissolute rulers. Deceit, ignorance, and dirtiness are special characteristics. The women do most of the work.

Tongkinese, Annamese, and Cochin-Chinese—all of them are very fond of noise and spectacles. Gambling is as great a curse with them as it is with the Chinese. Their dress is one of the ugliest in the East—trousers like those of the Chinese, but not so wide, and a long loose coat with tight sleeves. They never take their clothes off, even to sleep; and the old dirty suit remains on till it falls to pieces. From a military point of view, the Annamese, including the Tongkinese, who are the best branch of the race, are "beneath contempt," as was remarked above, until they have been regularly drilled and disciplined.

Of the operations of the French in the country, our author has many descriptive sketches. An instance may be given in brief. With a flying column of two thousand men, General Brière de l'Isle followed up the scattered Bacninh Chinamen. The route was north-west from Bacninh, by the Christian village

of Cho-ha, the headquarters of the pottery manufacture in Tongking. The Spanish priests of the Mission had remained at their posts all through the troubles; they were looked upon very much askance by the French soldier. The country north of the Song-cau river is hilly and thinly peopled: there are splendid places for pasturage, with herds of cattle not unlike Alderneys. Farther inland, a band of Chinese soldiery, with half a score of red flags, was caught sight of. But nothing was done; the Chinese disappeared. The French troops were fagged with a long, hot march. Half of them had to bivouac in the rain; but the villagers brought offerings of rice and eggs, and water. Another day, the force saw something of terrace cultivation; fields of paddy; then tubers and pea-nuts; then maize, sugar-cane, castor-oil, and even the Chinese cassia—a species of cinnamon. Farther on, the Chinese forces still retreating, the way led across a wide tract which reminded our author of nothing so much as a Scotch moss that had been half reclaimed; there were patches of heath and bracken.

Of the French Colonial Army we find in this book a clear account;[1] and the unhappy characteristics of the soldiers as shown in Tongking are neither concealed nor excused.

Of some Christian villages, scattered over the Tongking delta, Mr. Scott gives an account which Protestant supporters of Missions will read with mingled feelings. These villages, he says, are usually wealthy and prosperous, mainly because the priests resist the extortions of the Mandarins. "Most of the converts are worth very little from a purely spiritual point of view." There are said to be 500,000 Christians in Tongking.

Reviews.

Life and Letters of Adolphe Monod, Pastor of the Reformed Church of France. By one of his Daughters. Authorized Translation. Pp. 387. J. Nisbet and Co.

THIS is an admirable monument of a noble and memorable life. The name of Adolphe Monod is familiar to multitudes of English Christians, through the little volume, a veritable spiritual treasure, "Les Adieux d'A. Monod à ses Amis et à l'Église" (translated as "A. Monod's Farewell"), which perpetuates the death-bed ministry of the last seven months of the great pastor's life—September, 1855, to April, 1856. But not nearly so many among us can know in any adequate manner, without the help of such a book as this, what had been the experience, what was

[1] The name *Infanterie de Marine* is apt to lead Englishmen into error. A force of Marines, in the English sense of the word, does not exist in the French service.

the thought and work, out of which flowed those most remarkable addresses spoken, like Mr. Standfast's last words, from the midst of the river of death.

Before writing a brief account of the book before us, it may be not unwelcome to the reader if we give, in a free translation, the portrait of Monod drawn (1866) by the hand of Guizot, in his "Méditations sur l'Etat actuel de la Religion Chrétienne" (second series). After sketching the circumstances under which M. Monod declined to leave, as his elder brother had done, the Église Établie (1848), Guizot proceeds:

"His reasons were good, and such as became, in their conception and "expression, a mind so lofty and so strong. In spite of their importance, "questions which concerned the organization and external relations of "the Church were, in the eyes of M. Monod, secondary questions only, "subordinate, in a certain measure, to time and circumstance. The "question of faith was, for him, the supreme question, and he was "occupied infinitely more with the spiritual state of souls than with "church government. For every serious thinker Christian faith is "something very different from a mental conception or conviction. It "is a condition of the man as a whole. It is the very life of the soul, "not only as regards the present, but as regards the life of the eternal "future, of which it is the source and warrant. Faith in Jesus Christ "as Saviour and Redeemer makes Christian life, and Christian life pre-"pares eternal salvation. Penetrated to his inmost being with this faith "and all its consequences, the duty of expressing it and spreading it was "the dominant idea, the permanent passion, of Adolphe Monod. He had "not always been himself firmly established in these pious convictions. He "had been a prey to great moral perplexities and to attacks of profound "melancholy. When he issued from this state—or rather, in his own "language, 'when God was truly the Master of his heart'—his one "anxiety became henceforth to lead other souls to the same state, and to "awaken in them Christian faith in view of eternal salvation. . . . A "piety so profound, so modest, and so comprehensive, manifested in an "eloquence in which passionate gravity of language was blent with "passionate gravity of conviction, could not but exercise a great in-"fluence. As a preacher he was powerful. He had acquired, not by "minute and cold observation, but by assiduous and conscientious study "of the Gospel and of himself, a deep insight into human nature, its "strength and its weakness, its void and its aspirations. He besieged "souls, as it were, with a wise ardour, knocking at all their doors, follow-"ing them into their inmost retreats, holding constantly displayed the "banner of Christ, and inspiring into them the perfect confidence with "which he besought them to rally round it, not by any human motive, "but by his single-eyed concern for their eternal salvation. He thus "conquered for his divine Master the hearts disposed to receive Him, "powerfully moved those who were not in distinct rebellion, and left "astonished and intimidated those whom he did not attract. As a "pastor, too, he was powerful. His life was the commentary on his "preaching, and the reflection of it. He applied first to himself the "precepts and consequences of his faith. He said nothing that he did "not think; he thought nothing that he did not practise. Without "being easily sympathetic, like M. Vinet, he was ardently expansive, "and full of a holy anxiety to spread, by example as by word, the Chris-"tian faith and life."

The old Huguenot statesman's testimony is, of course, interesting and weighty in itself. But readers of the delightful Memoir before us will find it doubly important, as they trace its correspondence with the picture drawn by a daughter's hand, and by those "noble letters of the dead"

which form so large a part of the volume. Any inadequacy in M. Guizot's estimate of the spiritual secrets of Monod's experience will be amply corrected by the Memoir, as it unfolds with no faltering touch the tender and blessed workings of divine grace in the conversion, and the after-life of faith and love, of this man—surely one of the greatest and most lovable of modern saints!

M. Adolphe Monod was not, on either side, a pure Frenchman. His father was Swiss, his mother Danish. He was born at Copenhagen. In the French style of his sermons we may, perhaps, trace something of the grave solidity of his ancestry, though it is a solidity penetrated and illuminated everywhere by sanctified genius, and by all that is characteristic of French eloquence in its unaffected developments. The gold is glass, the glass is gold.

In 1821, at the age of nineteen, he preached his first sermon, as a *candidat*, at Carone, near Geneva. At Geneva he had passed through the theological course, at a time when the place was still very much under the Arian shadows which Robert Haldane was made the means of dispelling, calling forth from them the noble group which included D'Aubigné, Gaussen, and Malan. His father, a pastor of high and noble character, but of a somewhat cold type of piety and faith, had failed to guide him to personal acceptance of a living Redeemer; and under Genevan and other influences he sunk by degrees from the faith of his home to a dark depth of mental doubt, and to a resulting chronic melancholy, which made his very life a burthen. Acting for a time as chaplain at Naples, he found himself struggling with the terrible dilemma between preaching more than he believed, and becoming entirely silent. The grace of God used, as it almost always does, a complication of means in his rescue. The triumphant faith of his sister, Mme. Babut, under agonizing bereavement, was one means. Another was the sight of the peace and joy of the Gospel in M. Gaussen's life and work, at a time when, however, Monod thought Gaussen narrow and unpractical.

Thomas Erskine, of Linlathen, whom he met in Switzerland and Italy, was further used to bring him towards the light (without meanwhile infecting his friend with his own peculiar views), by unfolding to him something of the inexhaustible riches of the Scriptures, and setting him the example of a warm, personal, undoubting faith. His conversion dates 1827. From that time to the close his life was one strong, steadfast walk, in the spirit indicated in Guizot's portrait above, along the path of his beloved Lord's truth and work; a life in which, to a degree which makes this Memoir priceless at the present day, especially to thoughtful younger readers, a steadily deepening insight into the mighty principles and Scriptural warrant of Reformation doctrine, an unwavering submission to all that is authoritative and humbling in the truths of grace, was combined with an ever deepening intuition into the heart and love of the living Redeemer, and His power to bless the whole of human life.

The first scene of his enlightened ministry was Lyons (1828-1836). There his unflinching preaching of the doctrines of grace, and of unworldliness of life, brought him under the censure of the *Consistoire*. He was actually deposed from the pastorate, and then accepted the "call" of a separated congregation at Lyons. But this secession from the Église Établie was, as Guizot has explained above, solely due to the question of the liberty of the Gospel, not to abstract objections to State connection, still less to any dislike to strictness of Church confession; in fact, the difficulty of the time was all in the direction of laxity. And when, in 1836, he received an invitation to a professorial chair at Montauban, under the Église Établie, he accepted

it without hesitation, though decisions with him were seldom made without anxious deliberation. At Montauban he worked for eleven years, combining academical teaching with preaching labours, and with what was then unprecedented, free social intercourse with his students. It was at Montauban that he wrote that admirable little book on the genuineness and authority of Scripture, "Lucile, ou la Lecture de la Bible." In 1848, he removed to Paris, and succeeded his beloved brother Frederic in the Established pastorate. In September, 1855, a mortal illness developed its presence, and the "ministry of suffering" definitely began. Then it was that Sunday by Sunday he gathered a little congregation in his bedroom in the evenings, and after the administration of the Holy Supper, spoke to them of the Lord, of grace, of sin, of Scripture, and sometimes, by the way, of the depths of his own experiences of conviction and faith. In April, 1856, just after the signing of the Crimean peace, to which the last "Adieu" refers, he passed away to be with Christ.

A portrait faces the title-page. Monod stands in his preaching-gown and bands, his hands crossed, and as if looking on his audience with a gaze full of the experience of a soul that has suffered, and that now knows, submits, trusts, and loves. It is a face to study long.

One remark we may make with the special remembrance that we are writing for THE CHURCHMAN. Monod was a minister of a non-episcopal Church. There are, alas! Anglicans who would feel this fact a certain bar to their freely seeking from his Memoir profit and guidance. May we remind such readers, should our notice find any such, that so strong an Anglican as John Cosin, afterwards Bishop of Durham, lived, while an exile during the Rebellion, on terms of cordial brotherhood with the Huguenots at Charenton; and when, in his will, he left on record his profound heart-union and communion with the "Catholic Church," he expressly explained this to refer chiefly to "Protestants, and the best Reformed Churches." See Cosin's Works, in the "Anglo-Catholic Library," vol. i., p. xxxii.

Our most imperfect account of this biography, so rich in spiritual incident and example, and, let us add, so admirably translated, shall close with a few extracts. We call special attention to the last.

In a letter to his brother Guillaume, dated "Naples, Jan. 28, 1827," we read:

> You think that my mental crisis is too violent to continue. I think so too. I believe that I shall end by becoming a Christian, and even an orthodox one. For now, when, being neither the one nor the other, I judge impartially, I find orthodoxy in the Gospel, except as regards the nature of Jesus Christ. On this point the Gospel is neither Arian nor orthodox; it decides nothing.
>
> This mental situation then will not, please God, continue. But it will continue as long as I am a pastor. I am engaged in forming new principles of action to serve me until I become a Christian again; for I find that Christian principles no longer keep me to my duty. I will try to substitute for them some philosophic principle; such as the necessity of making our spiritual nature rule over our material nature, on which I preached last Sunday; or the necessity of striving after resemblance to God. But all this is too vague, and I find nothing strong enough to make me obey the law of conscience, now that I have lost positive religion . . . . I am nothing but a machine, which still does its work by force of habit, but which had better come to a stand, unless the maker of it knows how to repair it. I hope so without hope. I have trusted myself to Him without confidence. Enough! You now know all about me. It is enough to show you that there is urgent need for me to leave my present position. It is more urgent than I can express—(P. 37.)

A letter to his sister, dated 1827, runs thus:

> This first step I have taken. Renouncing all merit, all strength, all resources of my own, and confessing that I had no claim to His mercy but that of my own

misery, I asked of Him His Spirit to change my spirit. Since that day, which is now more than three weeks ago, I have had no return of melancholy. The reason is, that I was before without God, and depended for happiness on myself; now I have a God Who undertakes to make me happy. This is enough for me. I am not yet very happy, nor constantly happy, because the sense which I have of the presence and the love of my God is not continual, nor lively. Even whilst I am writing to you I am cold, and perhaps a little sad; but this sadness contains nothing of despair: I know too well that God can bring it to an end when He pleases, and that He will do so when necessary. In the meanwhile, I make use of it to exercise patience and trust in Him, and it is at these times that I pray Him most ardently not to allow me to depart from Him, according to His promise in Jeremiah, "I will plant them, and not pluck them up any more."

I have not attained, either, to a clear knowledge of the truths of the Gospel. I am gaining, in proportion as I think more of God and love Him more, an irresistible conviction that the Gospel is divine, and therefore true; but I do not yet comprehend it, and I have only a glimpse of its fundamental doctrine, Redemption. But I console myself for knowing nothing, by reflecting that I am in the school of God, where everything is taught, to some more slowly, to others more quickly, but to all according as they need it.—(P. 54).

In writing to a foreign relative, 1851, he relates his "experience; not, "certainly, as a pattern, but as an illustration of my meaning." He says:

I also had the Gospel in my hands from my childhood, and neither instruction nor example was wanting to me. Well, I reached the age of five-and-twenty years; I had been a minister of the Gospel for three years, before the true Gospel, my state of sin and perdition, the free grace of God in Jesus Christ, and the regeneration which the Holy Spirit effects, were revealed to me. "Revealed" is the word: I borrow it from St. Paul, Gal. i. 17. It is with this that there begins in the soul a new life, the life of the children of God: who seem like strangers amidst a world which does not understand them; but who possess in themselves the witness that they belong to Him, and He to them.—(P. 152.)

In prospect of his fatal illness, in 1855, Monod writes:

O my God, Thou wouldest try what is in my heart. Thou wouldest see whether this old servant of Thine, who has proclaimed with power and conviction that there is nothing over which faith cannot triumph, is prepared to give proof of it himself, and whether he is willing to take up the burden which he has laid on the shoulders of others. I take up this burden. I know that it is Thou Who sendest me this dreadful pain, Who dost maintain it and prolong it. I know that Thou art my Father, that Thou art Goodness itself; that Thou wilt send me deliverance, either in curing me or in taking me to Thy bosom. . . . I tremble sometimes at the prospect which lies before me. But no; Thou art love, Thou art faithful. This crucified life, which I so often desired in the days of my health, Thou hast made it for me now, and I accept it in order that I may show that in the midst of this crucified life a Christian can find peace.—(P. 210.)

To his nephew, M. Jean Monod, 1854, he writes:

I see also in what you say as to inspiration, the traces of that intellectualism which seems to me to be the weak point in the teaching of the Young School; and consequently in its piety; save in the case of a happy inconsistency. Receiving the Scriptures as the Word of God (let us leave aside small questions of detail, and confine ourselves to the doctrinal and moral, or rather spiritual foundation). I should wish to see you not merely respectful towards them, as you are, but more submissive than you are to them as to the testimony of God. The more I study the Scriptures, the example of Jesus Christ, and of the Apostles, and the history of my own heart, the more I am convinced that a testimony of God placed without us and above us, exempt from all intermixture of the sin and error which belong to a fallen race, and received with submission on the sole authority of God, is the true basis of faith.

This submission seems to me to be wanting in your doctrine, and even in your piety. How else can one explain the fact that you are more clear as to the

doctrine of inspiration than that of expiation; whilst the Scripture is much more full of the latter than that of the former? The difference, I think, arises from the fact that you can account for inspiration more easily than expiation. "I am asked," you say, "whether the fact that a truth is clearly taught in the Scripture is sufficient reason with me for receiving it? Yes, because I receive or at least wish to receive Christ altogether, and that is the Bible." A strange and far-fetched answer. Why not reply, "Yes, because what the Scripture says is the Word of God"? This reply would be only the application of your own principle as to inspiration. How much more in harmony with the spirit of Scripture was that definition of the old woman who was asked, "What is faith?" "Well, sir, it is taking God at His word."

After a remark as to conversion, the letter proceeds thus:

You complain of the foregone conclusion of the old orthodox clergy against the younger clergy. With the exception of one or two men, I do not see around me this foregone conclusion of which you speak, either in our family circle or in our pastoral meetings. It is generally recognised that the present reaction contains an essential element of truth, a greater appreciation of the Holy Spirit and more glory given to Him. This element is a precious gift bestowed by God upon the Church, but it is intended to be added to those which have preceded it, not as a substitute for them. It is, therefore, a positive and not a negative work, which should be undertaken by those who are hungering and thirsting for a more spiritual Christianity than was conceived, I do not say by the first movers in the revival, but by those who first organized it. This is the error into which the *Revue*—which pretends to plead the cause of the Holy Spirit, but which labours more and more in a negative direction—has plunged headlong. But it is also in a less degree the error of the party called the Young Clergy. The one has taken up with the historico-critical question, reducing the very foundation of the faith to a sort of indefinable Christ, Whose supernatural birth they consider to be at least questionable; the other wanting in evangelical vigour and clearness; both animated with a proud self-confidence which is not concealed by their amiable qualities: has not this moral spectacle many negative elements? This is your left side, of whose future I am not hopeful. But we know how to distinguish it from the right side where the positive element is uppermost: such as yourself and others, whom the Lord has abundantly honoured in their work.—(P. 357.)

H. C. G. Moule.

Passages in the Early Military Life of General Sir George T. Napier, K.C.B. Written by himself. Edited by his son, General W. C. E. Napier. John Murray, Albemarle Street. Pp. 292.

Some forty years ago the name of Napier in military, and indeed other circles, was a household word. It was identified with talent and ability of no common order, with a bravery which shed lustre on the family name and motto, with Bayard scorn for what was mean and ignoble, and, it must be confessed, with strong prejudice and an abiding conviction that what a Napier said and did must be right, though all the world should assert the contrary. We see this vein running through the record before us, albeit in less fiery form than characterized the utterances of the conqueror of Meannee—the gallant Sir Charles. Remarkable among men of the time, eccentric in every way, the very aspect—"get up" so to speak—of this head of the great fighting family differed from all other mortals. We can recall taking humble part in a field-day at Phœnix Park on a hot summer's day in '48. It was in honour of Sir Charles. An "eagle" eye partly concealed by spectacles, an eagle nose of most pronounced type, a lean form covered by a short blue cloak, and crouching as it were ready for spring from the saddle-bow, formed an *ensemble* in the highest degree "uncanny." Well might the Scinde mothers (as we read) quiet their children by the threat of calling for the conquering hero of the country.

The book before us is of interest from several standpoints. We may

premise that it was written as far back as the year '28, and mainly for the military education of sons destined (of course!) for the profession of arms. Making due allowance for the vigorous language, strong prepossession or condemnation, with which the pages are clothed, it presents us with a graphic, and in its main features doubtless true, picture of the British army and its leaders during the Peninsular War. Also it touches on the capacity of those who at home controlled military as well as political affairs. Neither order appear in a favourable light; notably the military element. Whatever may be said in defence of statesmen of the day, the voice of after generations of military men amply confirms the incapacity of the Horse Guards then.

Sir George Napier was born in the year 1784, the son of Colonel the Hon. George and Lady Sarah Napier. Parents both notable; the former for versatile talents controlled by an ill-health which prevented advancement in the military profession and compelled their possessor to occupy only a subordinate civil post; the latter for personal charms which in girlhood attracted royal notice. The mother was tenderly loved by her sons. She survived her husband many years, and the "Great Duke," amid all the crises of warfare, made time to address her as to the valour and safety of the three brave sons who were at the same time fighting under his command. Not among the least interesting incidents of the book is the rencontre of the brothers after battle; the fears for each other's safety. All in the most literal sense shed their blood for King and country; all were wounded severely (the writer lost an arm) and in the same battles.

The advice, as we have remarked, was primarily concerned with the well-being of youths destined for military life. Sir George might fitly dwell upon its duties and responsibilities, for he evidently kept before his mind the snares which at the outset threatened to make shipwreck of his career. And how can we wonder at the peril, when we hear his own comments after being gazetted to a cornetcy in the 24th Dragoons? . . . "You will easily imagine what a happy fellow I was to be my own "master at fifteen, with a fine uniform, a couple of horses, a servant and "about fifty pounds in my pocket." "In the Dragoons I remained only "six months, where, I must acknowledge, however painful the confession, "that except to ride and get a tolerable knowledge of horses, I learned "nothing but to drink and to enter into every kind of debauchery which "is disreputable to a gentleman." (A foot-note by the editor says, "My "father afterwards gave up all liquor, and became the most abstemious "of men.") . . . "My father being an old soldier, was convinced I "should go to ruin if I remained any longer in the Dragoons, and there-"fore procured me a lieutenancy in the 46th Regiment." This "step" was the turning-point, and it saved the boy from ruin.

He was brought under the "parental influence" of a wise and kindly disposed general officer in a new command at Limerick, to whose staff a few months afterwards he was appointed. General Sir James and Lady Duff were friends of the Napiers. One wonders in these days of staff colleges and brain-work how a lad could be put into and fulfil the veriest routine duties of such a post as an A.D.C.

Within two years, the termination of the general's command and reduction of a battalion of the 46th led to the young officer being put on half-pay for a few weeks, and then to a commission in the 52nd Light Infantry, of which Sir John Moore was full colonel. From this date until the lamented death of that gallant officer at Corunna, young Napier's fortunes were associated with his. An expedition sailed first to Sicily and then to Portugal. They were outnumbered by the French, unable to take the aggressive, and a retreat to Corunna, with a view of transferring the

troops to a more vulnerable sphere of operations in Spain, was determined on. The disorganization of our troops was, unhappily, marked. Take an instance: "I saw several fellows quit their ranks and go across the fields to plunder; and in riding up to one of them and ordering him to return instantly to his regiment, he swore he would not be ordered by me, and presented his rifle at my head; but luckily for me it missed fire, or I should have finished my career on the spot." Much of the onus is laid upon the officers, who, the writer "fearlessly asserts, were more engaged in looking after their own comforts and openly murmuring against the Commander-in-Chief, than in looking after the soldiers and keeping up proper discipline." Remarkable, too, with reference to his own death, were the words in which Sir John Moore addressed the army at a halt, and sought to rouse it to a sense of duty. "He told them that rather than command men who behaved in such an infamous manner he prayed to God that the first bullet fired by the enemy might enter his heart, for he would rather be dead than command such an army." In a few short days the words were literally fulfilled, even as to the form of death-wound.

Charles Napier was left severely wounded on the battle-field, and owed his life to a French drummer, who prevented the *coup de grâce* being given. The drummer, we are glad to find, was rewarded by Napoleon for the act. Napier was reckoned among the slain, although his body could not be found. But after a lapse of time he turned up in England, and a characteristic scrap of paper reached his mother's hands, sent on landing. There was written on it: "Hudibras, you lie, you lie! for I have been in battle slain, and I live to fight again."

While serving against the enemy in Portugal, a curious illustration of those amenities of warfare, which lightened somewhat the dark features of the Peninsular campaigns, is given: "Another day, being on picket, at the same place (bank of a river separating the French) where opposite to us the enemy also had a picket, some of the French soldiers asked my leave to come across and get tobacco from our men, as they had none, and could not get any in consequence of the siege. I allowed two of them to come, who immediately stripped off their clothes and swam across, got the tobacco, told us all the news from France, and returned quite happy."

It is noteworthy how several reforms bearing upon the *morale* of the British soldier, but which were not carried out until many years had elapsed, were shadowed forth. Napier (writing, let us remember, in 1828) says, when speaking generously and wisely as to prevention of crime: "Although I am one of those who think, and after long consideration, that it would be impossible, *as the army is at present constituted*, to keep up the necessary discipline without corporal punishment, I am not an advocate for treating soldiers as if they were mere brutes, without sense, feeling, or character." Again, when speaking of the efforts of Sir Henry Hardinge to bring about alterations in the military code beneficial to the soldier, he makes remarks full of interest when read in the light of present-day humanitarianism: "I have no doubt, if he is allowed to proceed in his own way, he will in time regulate every branch of the service that comes under his control in such a manner that the *experiment* (for such it must be) of doing away with corporal punishment may be tried; but this must take a long time, and be done with the greatest caution, if ever accomplished." As our readers know, it was the celebrated Honnslow incident, and through the agency of a noted civilian and medical coroner, —Mr. Wakley—that the deathblow was given to the lash. And yet, as military men now feel, there is grave difficulty in dealing with the *lâches* of soldiers during war-times. The only effective deterrent for

serious crime retained in the Mutiny Act is death. But this is not carried out, and the men know as much. Whereas a drumhead court-martial, and short, sharp punishment—*not* risking life—might be as wholesome as it is when administered to garotters, and indeed might be for some other civil offences as yet excluded from such operation. Of course, when campaigning in a foreign country, the ordinary punishment, "imprisonment with hard labour," is impracticable.

We have an anecdote of "the Duke," of a very interesting character, as showing how, under a rigid exterior—cold demeanour—warm affection dwelt. His A.D.C. Lord March, subsequently Duke of Richmond, was wounded dangerously—it was thought fatally—and the surgeon in attendance sat up with him at the crisis of the case.

> About the middle of the night, as Dr. Hare was sitting dozing in a chair opposite Lord March's bed, who had fallen asleep, the door of the room gently opened, and a figure in a white cloak walked up to the bed, drew the curtains quietly aside, looked steadily for a few seconds on the pale countenance before him, then leaned over, stooped his head, and pressed his lips on the forehead of Lord March, heaved a deep sigh, turned to leave the room, when the doctor, who anxiously watched every movement, beheld the countenance of *Wellington*, his cheek wet with tears. He had ridden many a mile that night, alone, to see his favourite young soldier, the son of his dearest friend.

We have said a high tone, worthy of the name and motto ("*Sans tache*") of Napier, pervades the pages before us. Again and again it appears. And this is the more noteworthy when we consider the year in which the autobiography (intended, let us remember, but for family perusal) was written.

We give some "golden" words as to the proper relation of the officer to the soldier, which, indeed, apply as appositely to master and servant in civil life. After speaking of the importance of being just and perfectly impartial, Sir George adds:

> Therefore I hold that the first and greatest duty an officer has to perform is that of preventing crime in the soldier, and the surest and most honourable means of doing so is to look upon the soldier as a fellow-citizen, who, being by the admitted laws of society and for the general good of the State placed under you in rank and station, is nevertheless as good a man and as good a Christian as yourself. . . . In short, remember that a time must inevitably come when the officer and the private, the peasant and the peer, will alike have to render their account of their conduct in this world to the same great Author of our existence who made all men equal in His sight, and to whose impartial justice neither rank nor birth will be an excuse for the ill-treatment of a fellow-creature.

With our present-day high estimate of a clergyman's relation to his flock, it is rather curious to see the ideal of such position formed by a high-minded layman in the year '28. Speaking of his boyhood, the General says:

> I then thought I would be a clergyman (and a good clergyman, let me observe, is the most respectable of men; and, if he has the will, has the power to do more real good to his fellow-creatures, and particularly to the poor, than almost any other member of society: there is no situation in which one can, by a scrupulous discharge of one's duty, prove more useful to mankind in this life, or more sure of being acceptable to God in the next), as my uncle, Mr. Connolly, had a living in Bedfordshire which he would have given me when fit for it.

Sir George Napier lived to serve his country in high quasi-military posts, and died at Geneva in 1855. His son and editor well remarks at the close of the preface, "What his character was will be gathered from the narrative itself;" and every reader will doubtless view that character

as one worthy alike of admiration and imitation. It is especially suitable for the perusal of young military aspirants, although happily of some maxims it may be said—said, too, under the shadow of a great national loss; the shadow of a great Christian hero soldier—"*Cela va sans dire.*"

F. R.

Rome: Its Princes, Priests, and People. A Translation of Signor D. Silvagni's work, "La Corte e la Societá Romana nei XVIII. e XIX. Secoli," by F. MACLAUGHLIN. Two vols. Elliot Stock. 1885.

When Mr. Hope Scott paid a visit to Rome in the year 1840, he was by no means pleased with what he noticed there. He had admired and approved of the organization of the Papal system; and the influence of the Jesuits, whose submission to "one will" seemed to him an admirable portion of that mechanical system, was gradually gaining power over him. Nevertheless, he was not charmed with Romanism as he saw it in Rome. His letters to Tractarians at home revealed disappointment and perplexity. The Englishman was half angry with Rome, his biographer tells us, "for looking *so very like what Protestants describe it to be.*" Now, Rome has changed in many ways since the Oxford pervert gave this unwilling testimony to the truth of Protestant descriptions of it. But it is well that such a criticism of the Pope's own city, some fifty years ago, should be borne in mind. It was a Roman rather than a Catholic type of Christianity which Mr. Hope Scott saw in the Papal metropolis; and it was of the debased type of ecclesiasticism and its concomitants, no doubt, that he chiefly complained. But it is a simple fact that at that time Rome was one of the worst governed and most immoral cities in Christendom. If we go fifty years still further back we find the ecclesiasticism quite as rigid, while the superstition is more Paganish, the ignorance and immorality more gross. On this head the testimony of Signor Silvagni has of course a special interest; and the picture of Rome a hundred years ago, which he presents, is quite as gloomy as the work of any candid and well-informed Protestant. Here it is in brief: "This ancient régime was as corrupt as it well could be. The greatest abominations were hidden under the veil of sanctity; society was rotten to its core; and priests and prelates, princes and people, vied with each other in riotous excess." Such is the testimony of the work before us. Will any honest historical student deny that it is accurate? We think not. Our author adds: "Many documents relating to the latter part of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries still exist which contain statements so scandalous that they could not be printed in the present day. But something of the social history may be told, some of the mysteries of Court and Conclave may be revealed, some small facts recorded which may serve to elucidate history." About some of the "mysteries" to which Signor Silvagni thus alludes, his principal source of information are the papers of Luca Antonio Benedetti, who, as a lad of twelve years, was appointed a page in the great Colonna family, and, when he grew too old for a page, turned his attention to the law and became an abbé. Abbé Benedetti lived through the stirring times of the French Revolution, and died in Rome when more than eighty years of age. He detested the French invaders,[1] and the reforming party, and held the Pope in veneration. He was a mixture of bigotry, vanity, and common sense; a shrewd observer, and a faithful "Curiale di Collegio."

[1] Potatoes were at that time, it seems, being imported into Italy. Benedetti would not eat any potatoes because he thought they were imported by the French.

The diary of such a man supplies a sufficient basis for the historical portions of Signor Silvagni's work.

"The Roman people of to-day," writes our author, "differ widely from their brethren of a hundred—nay, even of fifty years ago. Time has worked many changes; civilization has advanced, and, in spite of the efforts of the priests, has penetrated within the gates of Rome." "Miracles of every kind, Madonnas who winked with their eyes, Christs who spoke, and saints who exuded blood,"[1] have become objects of ridicule rather than of fear. "We no longer meet at every turn a crowd of half-intoxicated lawless people, so ready with their knives, if they chance to be displeased, that decent folk are terrified to hear and see them; nor with women as bloodthirsty, drunken, and lawless as the men, who wander about the city, especially on festal days." In the "good old times" of Papal power, adds Signor Silvagni, when Rome was badly lighted, "every osteria was a house of revelry . . . every dark alley and every archway was the scene of deeds which we could not even name nowadays." That "ignorance is the mother of devotion" is certainly not the key-note of Italian reforming movements. What has been done in the direction of education and freedom is due to movements which Vaticanism dreads and denounces.

Our author's descriptions of ecclesiastical ceremonies and functions are graphic and full of interest. The seventh chapter, headed "The Conclave," is excellent. An agent of the Emperor Joseph had described the members of the "Sacred College" in these words: "Bernis is a libertine, Serbelloni a miser, Malvezzi a frivolous fool, York an idiot, Telada an intriguer, Veterani an imbecile," and so on through the list. The chapter headed "The Last Cavalcata" is a particularly interesting one. In 1769 Ganganelli had been elected to fill "St. Peter's chair," and he was conducted in state, with wonderful pomp and display, to the Lateran Basilica. Other Popes after this time assisted at processions, but they never again joined them on horseback. This splendid festival, extravagant for any sovereign, was utterly unbecoming, says our author, "in the case of the Vicar of Christ." Clement XIV. was poisoned by the Jesuits, whom he hated and opposed.

The chapter which describes a Roman Garden Party a hundred years ago is one of the most striking in the work. The author concludes it with remarking that he has drawn the merest outlines of the picture; it shows how profoundly "corrupt society was a hundred years ago, and "proves that Alfieri, and Azeglio sixty years after him, kept quite within "the mark in their representations of it. Two things especially strike "us in reading about those times—that married ladies of the highest "position carried on their amours in the most public and shameless "manner; and that the gayest of the gay gentlemen were abbés, prelates, "and cardinals—some among whom had attained to the highest civil and "ecclesiastical dignities. It may be urged that all those prelates were "not priests; but surely this is a very weak objection, for the Roman "Church is so organized that from the magnificent abbé with the black "collar, to the Pope with the red bonnet, it is but one organic body, the "faults of whose members are the faults of an entire Church, not of an "individual." The Church, in fact, was "*thoroughly corrupt.*" Abuses of every kind flourished; nepotism was triumphant; natural children abounded; gambling of every kind was indulged in; and feasting and revelry went on which would have been disgraceful in any one, but was doubly so in those who held office in the Church. Arrogance, extravagance, superstition, and immorality were the characteristics of ecclesiastical leaders; and so a vicious Curia inaugurated the destruction of the

[1] In Rome. Is it so even yet in Naples?

civil power of the Pope, which, like a tree blown up by the roots, says Signor Silvagni, "now lies dead for evermore."

In recommending these readable volumes we should remark that they are printed in clear type on charming paper. Our notice of them has been directed to one special point; but the work has a literary, social, and archæological interest.

Short Notices.

History of the Christian Church from the Fourteenth to the Sixteenth Century. By Rev. T. B. SIKES, M.A., Rector of Burstow, author of "England's Prayer Book," etc. Cheap edition. Pp. 300. Elliot Stock.

This new, cheap edition of Mr. Sikes's book will be acceptable, no doubt, to many Churchfolk of "moderate views." The History—full enough for its aim—is written in clear and simple language. The little book is printed in good type.

The Shadow of the Hand, and other Sermons. By W. A. GRAY, Minister of the Scotch Free Church, Elgin. Pp. 349. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier. 1885.

It is seldom that one meets with such sermons as these coming from Scotland, or, for the matter of that, from England. They are evidently highly polished, and yet they are, for the most part, free from rhetorical floweryness. How they were *preached* we do not know. Some hearers, perhaps, may have thought them "extempore." Certainly, they *read* very well. And many readers of such sermons as Bishop Magee's, Dr. McLaren's, and the late Frederick Roberston's, will be glad to make acquaintance with Mr. Gray's. The first sermon in the volume is of course an exposition of Isaiah xlix. 2, "He hath covered me in the shadow of His hand."

Anglican Hymnology. By Rev. JAMES KING, M.A., Vicar of St. Mary's, Berwick-on-Tweed. Pp. 321. Hatchards. 1885.

This is a really interesting book. One can read it, and after an interval read it again. It is besides a useful work; and if its information be correct—and we take for granted it is—many who find Hymnology a pleasing and profitable subject will gratefully welcome it. Its *abridged* title is pretentious and misleading, but to quote the author's full title is to explain the aim and character of the book. Thus, "Anglican Hymnology, being an account of the 325 standard hymns of the highest merit according to the verdict of the whole Anglican Church."

The Abiding Christ, and other Sermons. By Rev. W. M. STATHAM, Minister of Harecourt Chapel, Canonbury. Pp. 280. E. Stock.

"The Abiding Christ" is the first sermon in this book which contains thirty-six sermons. They are short, but suggestive; and they are, to quote the preface, "not sectarian." Here and there is an apt quotation or a striking illustration. Against materialism and infidelity there are sometimes vigorous impassioned protests, and sometimes pathetic appeals.

"*Before His Presence with a Song.*" Fifteen Hymns, with Preface and Appendix. By T. D. BERNARD, M.A., Canon and Chancellor of Wells, and Rector of Walcot, Bath. Elliot Stock.

A line in mention of this tasteful little volume was inserted in a recent CHURCHMAN, when time permitted only words commending the work as a very pleasing gift-book. The author's preface and the welcome Hymns—suggestive and deeply spiritual—call for at least a brief review.

Canon Bernard's observations on the tone and character of the more recent hymns—our store largely increases, year after year—are made in the form of questions; and his four questions are these:

1. Is there not need of more substance in hymns, that is, of more distinct thought, more doctrine, more Scripture?
2. Is there not a disproportionate amount of the subjective, introspective element, as distinguished from the more objective spirit of praise?
3. Is there not occasion to be watchful against the advance, along this line, of a doctrinal language and a devotional taste divergent from those of the Prayer Book?
4. Is it not desirable that there should be a more recognised distinction between hymns proper for congregational and those for only personal use?

These questions speak for themselves. Few men, certainly, can be better qualified than the esteemed and honoured Rector of Walcot to propound and enforce them. Nor is it likely that any complaint will be made of this preface except that which relates to its brevity, and desiderates an essay, by the same pen, upon a subject which just now is so interesting and important.

One hymn only we will quote; it is that headed "The Supper of the Lord"—a hymn which strikes us as one of the best of the few really rich Sacramental songs, strong as well as sweet and sound.

Lord, we obey: Thy gracious call, prevailing
O'er conscious shame, has banished doubt and fear;
Lord, we believe. With hearts no longer failing,
In thankful peace behold Thy guests appear.

Here breathe the words of grace and consolation;
And holy hands in answering faith we raise.
Here we record Thy purchase of salvation,
And offer here our sacrifice of praise.

Thee we remember; all within us blessing
Thy cross and passion and Thy work of love;
Thy death for us before the world confessing,
Pleading its merits at the Throne above.

Thee we receive. The living bread from heaven
Is here assured the faithful soul to feed.
Oh, precious powers of life in mercy given!
Thy flesh is meat, Thy blood is drink indeed.

So with fresh purpose every sin forsaking,
Ourselves a living sacrifice we bring;
And in one common grace of life partaking,
We with Thy holy Church exultant sing.

We sing with those in heavenly places, casting
Their crowns and palms before the eternal Throne,
Glory to God the Father everlasting,
And Son and Spirit in the Godhead One.

Work and Adventure in New Guinea, 1877 to 1885. By JAMES CHALMERS, of Port Moresby, and W. WYATT GILL, B.A., Author of "Life in the Southern Isles," etc. With two maps and many illustrations. Pp. 340. The Religious Tract Society.

We have here a readable record of good honest Missionary labour in an immense island (the largest island in the world, if we call Australia a continent), about which we have heard a good deal of late, but about which we have very scanty information. We know little of the people (whose land is so near to Australia), or of the work which has been done among them by English and Polynesian Missionaries. This book, then, "Work and Adventure in New Guinea," written by men singularly well qualified to give information, is in many ways of interest, and it will be welcomed by general readers as well as by staunch supporters of Missionary effort. Mr. Chalmers, who joined the New Guinea Mission in 1877, has well combined the qualities of Missionary and explorer, and an excellent use is made of his journals and papers. Mr. Wyatt Gill, author of that interesting book, "Life in the Southern Isles," visited New Guinea last year; and he tells us how the native teachers, many of whom he had himself trained for the work, have laboured with devotion, and how promising this field of operations really is.

The work of the London Missionary Society in this great island, to which, as has been noted, Mr. Chalmers devoted himself seven years ago, was begun in 1871. In that year Messrs. Murray and McFarlane set sail for New Guinea from Maré, one of the Loyalty Islands, with eight native teachers, inhabitants of that group. Mr. Lawes joined them in 1874. At present, as the map recently issued by the Directors of that Society shows, no less than thirty-two native teachers, some of them New Guinea converts, are toiling in the service of the Gospel on the south-eastern coast of the vast island. By the liberality of the late Miss Baxter, of Dundee, as many of our readers will remember, a steamer—the *Ellangowan*—was placed at the disposal of the Missionaries; and it has been a wonderful help to them, especially as the length of the coast-line occupied by the Society is more than five hundred miles. The little steamer was manned in 1878 by an efficient native crew, and commanded by Captain Dudfield; and the story of Mr. Chalmers's cruise—ninety villages being visited for the first time by a white man—has many enjoyable bits of description.

The book is very readable. Its sketches of social life, of manners and customs, and of scenery, and its natural history pictures, are exceedingly well done.

Steps unto Heaven. By Ven. JOHN RICHARDSON, D.D., Archdeacon of Southwark. Elliot Stock. 1885.

This is an admirable little book, and we strongly recommend it. Archdeacon Richardson justly remarks that the want of the age and of the Church of Christ seems to be a "more personal appropriation and enjoyment of the simplicity of the Gospel and grace of God." The keynote of his present work, indeed, is "appropriation and enjoyment;" it is thoroughly practical. We find terse telling sentences on every page, expounding truths of sober, sound, and spiritual religion. The divisions are these: Peril, Pardon, Peace, Power, Pleasure, Purity, Praise. We may add that the little book is well printed in large type. By a clerical error "Rev." instead of "*Ven.*" appears on the title-page.

A Cradle of Empire. The Salvation Army Book-stores, 8, Paternoster Square.

This little book will at least furnish food for thought to those who sympathize with the following words of the Bishop of Durham, quoted on its title-page: "Whatever may be its faults, it (the Salvation Army) has at least recalled to us the lost ideal of the work of the Church, the *universal compulsion* of the souls of men."

The Church Defence Handy Volume The Church Defence Institution, 9, Bridge Street, Westminster. 1885.

This "handy volume" contains the leaflets of the Institution, together with papers, speeches, and statistics, by Bishops, Members of Parliament, and other men of light and leading. Many of our readers, probably, are already acquainted with it. The subject of Church property, in connection with Church history, is fast becoming the great political question of the time.

A Glimpse Behind the Curtain. Hareem Life in Egypt. By MARY L. WHATELY. Pp. 290. Seeley and Co. 1885.

We have much pleasure in inviting attention to this very readable book, a new edition of "Scenes from Life in Cairo," which was strongly recommended in THE CHURCHMAN as soon as it appeared. The author of "Among the Huts in Egypt" has rare qualifications for such a work as this—a "story" founded on truth, and on intimate acquaintance with the country. There are graphic sketches of hareem life, and carefully drawn picture-descriptions of Egyptian manners and customs, in the country as well as in town. No book is better calculated to stir up interest in Missionary work of various kinds than this "Glimpse Behind the Curtain."

A portrait of the Earl of Chichester, our readers are aware, was recently placed in the new Committee Room in Salisbury Square, to commemorate the completion of the fiftieth year of his presidency of the Church Missionary Society. In the *Sunday at Home* for May appears an interesting article entitled "The Earl of Chichester"—biographical recollections which are opportune, and will afford pleasure to many. The *Sunday at Home* touches on the good work done by the noble Earl as first Ecclesiastical Commissioner: "Well known for his attachment to evangelical religion, there could be no doubt of his being influenced by spiritual considerations in the discharge of business, whilst his catholicity of spirit and his sense of justice prevented him from employing his opportunities for the promotion of party purposes." The *Sunday at Home* also recalls the sympathy with various religious and philanthropic movements which has been shown by the noble Earl during a long and consistent career; to many excellent institutions he has been indeed a faithful friend. Again, Lord Chichester is greatly esteemed in his own neighbourhood and county. "As the head of a family," we read, "the master of a household, the neighbour of his tenantry, and the centre of an attached circle of his friends, he has always been an object of reverent affection to every one of them." The influence of his quiet, kindly, considerate, unaffected piety in Sussex circles, as elsewhere, his friends well know, has been remarkable. The *Sunday at Home* mentions that the venerable Earl is Lord-Lieutenant of Sussex, and chairman of the Quarter Sessions in the eastern division of the county (an excellent man of business); but an additional fact has an interest of its own. On the 5th of January last,

at the Court of Quarter Sessions, Lewes, a resolution, moved by Viscount Hampden, G.C.B., seconded by Mr. Grantham, Q.C., M.P., was unanimously passed, recording their "grateful acknowledgment of the valuable services" rendered by the Earl of Chichester, on the fiftieth anniversary of the day of his appointment as chairman.

In the May *Sunday Magazine* (Isbister and Co.) appears an article with illustrations, "At the Deep-Sea Fisheries," by Rev. Dr. Stevenson-Moore. —*Blackwood* asks, "Why have we no proper Armament ?"—In the *National Review* the principal paper is "The Advance of Russia towards India," by Colonel Malleson, C.S.I. In another paper Mr. Alfred Austin refers to those mingle-mangle periodicals which devote portions of their space to Theological Polemics; Agnostics, Ultramontanes, and sceptics of every shade, contributing; one paper, as Lord Beaconsfield said, arguing that there is no God, another that the Pope is God's vicegerent. One of Lord Beaconsfield's colleagues, happily still alive, once observed to Mr. Austin "that he thought this collocation of reciprocally destructive "opinions upon opinions of solemnity and importance so demoralizing to "the public conscience, that though often importuned to join the fray, "he had uniformly refused to do so." Mr. Austin further alludes to what he terms "the nimble dialectics of that delightful theological comedian, Mr. Matthew Arnold."—The *Monthly Interpreter* (T. and T. Clark) contains an interesting criticism of Professor Drummond's book.

The recently issued portion of the "Foreign Theological Library," of Messrs. Clark's new series, being the first issue for 1885, is *Old Testament Prophecy*, by Professor ORELLI, and the second volume of *Encyclopædia of Theology*, by Dr. RÄBIGER. Dr. Orelli's work has a peculiar interest, and for theological students who can discriminate, a peculiar value. Its full title—"The Old Testament Prophecy of the Consummation of God's Kingdom traced in its Historical Development"—shows what is its aim. The learned author places the student at the Old Testament standpoint, so far as this is possible; he considers each prophecy in its relation to speaker, hearers, and historical circumstances; what did it mean in that day? He thinks that the ancient Church used in a one-sided manner the maxim of Augustine, correct in itself, *N. T. in Vetere latet Vetus in Novo patet.* But though he now and then presses his own view, as it seems to us, rather in a one-sided manner, Dr. Orelli holds strongly the miraculous element in prophecy, and he shows the Christian fulfilment of Jewish predictions. "No phenomenon analogous to Biblical prophecy, even in form," he concludes, "is anywhere to be found in the world of nations." Turning to his exposition of Isaiah ix. 7, we find: "miracle of counsellor, *strong God;*" a divine character, wisdom beyond human comprehension; divine energy in action. Dr. Orelli remarks: "*Strong God*, for the phrase cannot be understood differently than in x. 21, where it is used of the Lord Himself." The Professor then, of course, refers to the Incarnation.

We are always pleased to receive and to recommend a book by Dr. MACDUFF. His writings have attained a very large circulation; and whatever else may be said of them, it will be admitted that they are thoughtful, devout, able, and of a tender tone. His *Communion Memories* (Nisbet and Co.) will have an interest for many outside the Church of Scotland. The sacramental addresses are suggestive and spiritual. One charm of this volume is a very pleasing photograph of the first and last communion.

No. I. of the new monthly coloured magazine (S.P.C.K.), *The Child's Pictorial*, price twopence, is bright, clever, and attractive.

From the Church of England Temperance Publication Depôt (Palace Chambers, Bridge Street, S.W.) we have received two of Archdeacon Farrar's recent sermons—*Individual Responsibility* and *The Shadows of Civilization*—published at one penny each.

We are pleased to recommend another timely little book by Dr. MACAULAY (Editor of the "Leisure Hour"), *Gordon Anecdotes*. This is a good addition to the "Anecdote Series" of the R. T. S.

The sixth volume of that excellent series of the Religious Tract Society, *Present Day Tracts*, contains papers by Dr. Blaikie, Rev. T. Radford Thomson, Rev. A. H. Sayce, Dr. Mitchell, Rev. W. Arthur, and Sir William Muir. This volume closes the first series of the *Present Day Tracts*. The second series, a prefatory note tells us, will be commenced in the autumn.

In the April CHURCHMAN reference was made by the Rev. Clement Cobb to the publications of the Church Defence Institution. Some of these are now before us. They are well printed, and very telling. No. 26, just two pages, *Liberal Statesmen on Disestablishment*, contains quotations from Mr. Gladstone, Sir W. Harcourt, Lord Selborne, and Mr. Forster. Thus Lord Selborne, speaking at Alton, on December 23, 1874, made the following earnest appeal:

> If sacrilege was to come upon this land, let the clergy, at least, have nothing to do with it. Let them not be persuaded to think that a better state of things would exist if the Church were free from State control than that under which they now lived. Let them not for one moment imagine that a better state of things would be arrived at by their helping the enemies of religion and of the Church, who were striving to take away from men their churches and their endowments. They might depend upon it that those who were discontented and wished to pull the Church down upon their heads would find themselves no better off in any point of view if it were done. They would rather be very much the worse; *while, with respect to the State, he trembled, as a citizen, to think of the consequences that might result from the breaking of those ties that entered so deeply into the whole national and social life of the country, and were so entwined around existing institutions.*"

From the Church Missionary Society we have received several very interesting publications. We heartily recommend a tract-pamphlet, *Some Last Words of Earl Cairns*. It contains Lord Cairns' speech at the Exeter Hall meeting on March 24th, and a few of his dying words. *King Mtesa, of U-ganda* (extracts from letters and journals of Missionaries); *The Hydah Mission*, *The Mombasa Mission*, and *Four Speeches of the late Earl Cairns on behalf of the Church Missionary Society*, we are able at present merely to mention. Like all the publications of this admirably-managed Society, these are edited with judgment and ability.

IT is desired to invite the attention of the readers of THE CHURCHMAN to the work carried on in St. Mary's Hall, Kemp Town, Brighton. The *Report of the Forty-eighth Year of St. Mary's Hall* may well, in such a periodical, be earnestly recommended. "An institution for assisting clergymen in

the education of their daughters," St. Mary's was founded by Henry Venn Elliott; and some twenty years ago the present writer heard from the lips of that good man the story of its rise and progress. The President of St. Mary's is the Bishop of the Diocese; and the Vice-Presidents are Bishops Thorold and Carpenter. The Trustees are the Earl of Chichester, Prebendary Snowdon Smith, Bishop Lord Arthur Hervey, Henry Hebbert, Esq., the Rev. John Barton, the Rev. E. L. Roxby, H. C. Malden, Esq., and Canon Babington. The venerable Canon still kindly gives his services as Secretary; and Lord Chichester takes the same interest in the institution which to its great advantage he has shown from the beginning. To some supporters of St. Mary's—clerical and lay—it has seemed probable that the Clergy might be willing to aid its resources. Offertories, as well as Donations and annual Subscriptions, would be highly acceptable. Daughters of clergymen in every diocese[1] are educated at St. Mary's; and many Incumbents of the wealthier parishes, it is hoped, may be pleased to make known, in sermons and in pastoral intercourse, the claims of so beneficent an institution. The number of pupils received is one hundred.

A small portion of the *Report* may here be quoted:

The new Lady Principal, Miss Birrell, was unanimously elected last Midsummer, out of some fifty candidates, to fill the post, and entered upon her duties in July. She came with very high testimonials of her fitness for the office, and from experience of the first six months of her oversight, the Trustees have a confident hope that the best results to the Institution will follow in the teaching, training, and domestic management; also they believe that while progress will be made in sound scholarship to prepare these young students for after usefulness, there will be maintained that high moral and religious standard which shall be in harmony with Holy Scripture, and with the principles which from the first have been inculcated in St. Mary's Hall.

It has been determined to erect, as soon as possible, a Sanatorium at the back of the Hall and on the premises attached to it. Such a valuable addition to the present building was long since desired by the first esteemed Founder, the Rev. H. V. Elliott, and has for some time been contemplated by the Trustees. The estimated cost is from £1,500 to £2,000, but as there will shortly be sent forth an especial appeal on the subject, no further remarks need here be made.

It will be observed from the Statement of Accounts, that the ordinary receipts have amounted to £3,870 12s. 5d., but in addition thereto, the Rev. Canon Babington gave the handsome donation of £1,000 in Stock Consols. This does not appear in the Account, not having passed through the Bank, but it swells the total receipts to £4,870 12s. 5d. The ordinary expenditure has been £4,335 12s. 7d.

[1] Some pupils, according to the *Report*, are from the Church of Ireland, and others are the daughters of Missionaries.

THE MONTH.

THE May Meetings, as a rule, have been successful. The attendance has been good, and the speaking high-toned and practical.[1] It is encouraging to mark the stress laid upon prayer, and the deepening of the spiritual life.

At the anniversary of the Church Missionary Society, an interesting abstract of the Report was admirably read by the Rev. F. E. Wigram (Hon. Sec.). The Bishop of London, Dr. Temple, who was heartily cheered, spoke with his usual earnestness and power, in a truly Missionary spirit. The Rev. C. C. Fenn spoke of his reception in Ceylon. The Rev. H. C. G. Moule, Principal of Ridley Hall, Cambridge, moved, in a speech thoroughly attuned to it, the second resolution:

> That this meeting thankfully recognises, in the growing interest manifested in missionary work and in the earnestness with which many young men are considering the obligation of personal service, a clear indication of the work of God's Holy Spirit and an earnest of yet larger blessing, and that these manifestations call for continued prayer in all humble expectation that the Lord will raise up in His great cause many more faithful labourers both for the home and the foreign work of the Society.

At the evening meeting, the Bishop of Exeter, Dr. Bickersteth, presided. An admirable speech was made by the Earl of Harrowby. The correspondent of the *Record* says "that when the Bishop of Exeter had to leave (before the close of the meeting), "the whole assembly stood up and cheered his Lordship, and then very appropriately sang the hymn, 'Hark, Creation's Allelujah, rising from a thousand shores,' which he wrote for the C.M.S. Almanack of 1880."

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[1] The Exeter Hall Meetings, says the *Record*, "are much changed. The causes that draw the most enthusiastic are not the same as formerly. The Sunday-school and Temperance Societies, and the Young Women's Christian Association, bear the palm once borne by anti-Popery meetings. One may go through a whole series of May anniversaries and not hear the Pope or the Jesuits alluded to. That there is some loss in this may be admitted; that there is much more gain we cannot doubt. Exeter Hall is not one whit less Protestant than of yore; but it is, like Nehemiah, 'doing a great work'—works of urgent practical Christian utility—and it 'cannot come down' into the field of controversy. To this fact may be added another—that so far at least as meetings wholly or mainly of Church people are concerned, there is more grave earnestness than formerly, and less demand for mere coruscations of wit or flowers of rhetoric. Platform jokes are rare; yet dulness has not supervened. . . Are we not, however, really reverting to the spirit of the old days when the societies were founded? Did wit or rhetoric stimulate the followers of Scott and Simeon? 'Those old despised mighty Evangelicals,' as Mr. Moule happily called them, cared little for ornate oratory; and, moreover, they cared little for mere polemics."

At the Bible Society's anniversary, the Archbishop of Canterbury, in an effective speech, made a very graceful reference to the presence of the President. His Grace said:

To move, as I have been requested to move, the adoption of the Report in a worthy manner, would take, indeed, a great deal of eloquence, and since the last words of that Report have died into silence, we have been listening to words which we shall never forget (cheers), and looking upon a sight which we shall never forget (cheers). From his bed of sickness, he whose sympathy is with all good and holy causes (cheers), and with all the poor and suffering—men, women, and children—and whose sympathy from the time when he was a young lad at school has never evaporated in sentiment or words, but has written itself down in living deeds—he has dragged himself from his bed of sickness to be with you once more (cheers). His very presence is a speech, though he told us he could not make one.

The income of the British and Foreign Bible Society, we gladly note, has been increasing.

At the forty-ninth annual meeting of the Home and Colonial School Society, the Earl of Chichester, President, was in the chair, supported by Bishop Bickersteth, the Dean of Ripon, Hon. and Rev. Canon Pelham, Mr. P. V. Smith, and other friends.

Lord Harlech presided at the anniversary of the Colonial and Continental Church Society. The Bishop of Bathurst, Archdeacon Pinkham (of Rupertsland), Hon. Thomas Pelham, and Bishop Perry, pleaded the claims of this very useful Society.

At the annual meeting of the Church Scripture Readers' Society the Bishop of Ripon presided. We remember hearing Mr. Boyd Carpenter, several years ago, at an anniversary of this Society, make an admirable speech.

At the jubilee meeting of the Church Pastoral-Aid Society, Bishop Ryan presided in the absence of the venerable President, the Earl of Shaftesbury. The first resolution was moved by the Bishop of St. David's, and seconded by the Rev. Canon Hoare. Archdeacon Richardson, the Bishop of Bathurst, the Rev. H. A. Favell (Vicar of St. Mark's, Sheffield), and Canon Tristram spoke of the work and claims of this most valuable Society.

The Bishop of London made a very interesting speech at St. John's Hall, Highbury, on the 6th. His Lordship was received by the Principal, the Rev. C. H. Waller, and the founder of the College, the Rev. Alfred Peache. Bishop Perry, the Hon. Captain Maude, Prebendary Daniel Wilson, and other friends, were present. Mr. Waller said:

My Lord, if my revered predecessor were here to-day, who presided over this College for twenty years from its foundation, and gave life and form to the substance so generously provided by our Founder,

he might very possibly say what I have heard him say more than once, in the words of the late Dean Close, that the men commonly called Evangelical, if they are worthy of the name, are not a party in the Church, and never can be. Their aims and objects, and the work which is given them to do, are calculated to develop other faculties and other characteristics than those which go to make good party men.

From the report of his Lordship's reply we take the following:

With the description of the Evangelical school given by the Principal, he was disposed to agree. He thought that in the present state of things, the Evangelicals were not a party, though their predecessors of fifty years ago might have been described by that name. To that party the Bishop attributed the great revival of religious thought and work in the Church of England. He thought that if the present members of the same school were not a party, it was due to the fact that the principles for which their leaders had contended were very generally accepted by all parties in the Church. . . . The Bishop added that his own training had led him to look on all parties as having their place and work in the Church, and to accept what was good in each of them, rather than to lay stress on any one great principle. He could not be classed as a member of any party himself, but if he were compelled to cast in his lot with any one of the three, he should choose the Evangelical. He had been brought up under Evangelical training. His own personal religious belief had been formed to a great extent by the influence of an Evangelical clergyman.

Lord Tennyson has written the following lines to be placed as an epitaph on the monument to General Gordon in Westminster Abbey:

Warrior of God, man's friend, not here below,
But somewhere dead far in the waste Soudan;
Thou livest in all hearts, for all men know
This earth hath borne no simpler, nobler man.

Bishop Bickersteth, welcomed most cordially in Exeter, was enthroned, on the 7th, in his cathedral church. He preached a characteristic sermon on Zech. iv. 6, "Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the LORD of Hosts;" a Scripture which will prove, we are sure, the key-note of Bishop Bickersteth's episcopate.

The Rev. J. E. C. Welldon, M.A., head-master of Dulwich College, has been called to succeed Dr. Butler, at Harrow. Mr. Welldon had a distinguished career at Eton and King's. His speech at Derby was one of the most eloquent speeches ever heard at a Church Congress.

The Report of the Royal Commission on the Housing of the Poor, so far as England is concerned, has been issued. The Commissioners believe that the failure has been in "administration rather than legislation." (See an able article in the *Quarterly Review* for January, 1884.) There are excellent laws with reference to over-crowding, insanitary dwellings, etc., but they have been allowed to remain a dead letter.

In the Cambridge *Review* appeared carefully written biographical sketches of Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, Dean Blakesley, and Mr. Field.

In the Convocation of the Southern Province some interesting speeches were made touching the Revised Old Testament. The vote of thanks of the Lower House to the Revisers for their "unwearied labours and singular diligence" was unanimously accepted by their Lordships. Copies of the Revised Version were presented to the President and Prolocutor.[1] The issue to the public will commence on the 19th.

In the Convocation of the Northern Province the most remarkable portion of the proceedings were speeches by the President and the Bishop of Manchester, pointing out mistakes as to what has been called the *truce*, and "the policy of peace."

At the consecration of the Bishops of Lincoln and Exeter in St. Paul's, the sermon was preached by Canon Liddon. Many admirers of the eloquent preacher regretted the character of his reference to Episcopacy; and it has been severely criticized.[2] Upon this subject we may be excused for

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[1] The Lower House was crowded to its utmost capacity, nearly all the members of the Upper House attending. The Archbishop of Canterbury (who occupied the chair, with the Prolocutor on his right), said: "We have come down here to your House upon what must remain a most striking and great occasion in the annals of the English Church. The Bible has been taken and always reckoned to be the foundation of faith, order, and life in the English Church, and what one of the oldest translators of the Bible calls, 'the pure and native significance of the Word' has been always held to be of the greatest importance in our Church. . . . To-day we are met to receive that translation brought into the utmost perfection which our scholars can bring it 'in the pure and native significance of the Word.' And these Houses of Convocation will feel that to-day in accepting the completed translation they are receiving back to themselves their very greatest work, the greatest thing that God has given them to do as a piece of practical service to His Church. I am going now to ask our revered Bishop of Winchester to present it, and after him I shall also ask to address you, the Bishop of Bath and Wells, the Dean of Canterbury, and Archdeacon Harrison. It is strange, but it is true, that since May 6, 1870, when the Committee were first formed, and proceeded to co-opt other members, these are the only four now surviving who are members of Convocation. I feel certain, therefore, that you would wish a few words to be said by each of them."

[2] The *Record* says: "For ourselves we confess the indelicacy of Canon Liddon's utterances did not surprise us so much as what we fear we must call their effrontery. Not content with stating as his own opinion that 'upon a true episcopal succession depends the validity of our chief means of communion with our adorable Lord, the Eucharist,' Canon Liddon actually ventured to appeal to 'the greater English divines' as 'insisting upon the episcopate as organically necessary to the structure of the visible Church of Christ, necessary not merely to its *bene esse*, but to its *esse*.'

referring our readers to a deeply interesting paper, reviewing Dr. Bardsley's admirable pamphlet, "Apostolic Succession," in THE CHURCHMAN, vol. ix., p. 219. The review was kindly written for us by a dignitary who was formerly a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and a great friend of Julius Charles Hare, Rector of Herstmonceaux, also a Fellow of Trinity. The reviewer mentions that, after Mr. Hare had preached a sermon strongly against Tractarian views of the Ministry, Bishop Otter offered him the Archdeaconry of Lewes.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer brought in his Budget on the 30th of April, and revealed a deficit of nearly fifteen millions, the largest since the Crimean War. He proposed to raise the Income Tax from 5d. to 8d. in the pound, and to increase the duty on spirits and beer.

There have been several debates in Parliament on the policy of the Government, as regards both the Soudan and the Russian advance upon Afghanistan. Lord Randolph Churchill has raised his reputation as a very effective speaker; and Lord George Hamilton, in perhaps the best speech he has ever made, put the case against the Government clearly and in a small compass. Most of the troops are to be withdrawn from the Soudan.

Sir Charles Warren has pacified Bechuanaland.

At the annual meeting of the Total Abstinence section of the C.E.T.S., in Exeter Hall (densely thronged), the speakers were Archdeacon Watkins, Bishop How, Canon Ellison, and the Chairman, the Bishop of London.

At the Winchester Diocesan Conference the Bishop touched on the duty of Churchmen at the present crisis. A Church Defence resolution, moved by Mr. Sclater-Booth, M.P., was seconded by Archdeacon Sumner.

The erroneous designation in the letter from the Home Secretary to the General Synod of the Church of Ireland has been explained to be a "clerical error."

The *Rock*, in new type, and in new form, under new management, is to be henceforward less controversial.

We have received to-day (the 16th) a copy of the Revised Version of the Old Testament.[1] So far as our examination goes we are thankful to say that the revising work has been carried on in a conservative spirit. Of several Books, it seems, the greater portion has been scarcely touched; elsewhere, the changes are by no means frequent or sweeping; and the

[1] *Holy Bible, Revised Version.* Oxford University Press. London: Henry Frowde. A handsome volume, admirably printed.

alterations, as a rule, are improvements. What correction was really required has apparently been done, and done with great ability and good judgment.

The text is now divided into paragraphs, and the poetical Books are given in a metrical form. Poetical passages also are printed as poetry. All headings of chapters have been removed.

Household words and phrases happily remain. Such, for instance, as a "still small voice," "a tale that is told," "darkness which may be felt."

We are pleased to notice, here and there, an amendment like the following:

"And there was evening and there was morning, one day."

As a fair specimen of the revision we may give the following passage from Ecclesiastes:

AUTHORIZED VERSION.

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them;

2 While the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain:

3 In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened,

4 And the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low, and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of musick shall be brought low;

5 Also *when* they shall be afraid of *that which is* high, and fears *shall be* in the way, and the almond tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail: because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets:

6 Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern.

7 Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

REVISED VERSION.

Remember also thy Creator in the days of thy youth, or ever the evil days come, and the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them; (2) or ever the sun, and the light, and the moon, and the stars be darkened, and the clouds return after the rain: (3) in the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened, (4) and the doors shall be shut in the street; when the sound of the grinding is low, and one shall rise up at the voice of a bird, and all the daughters of music shall be brought low; (5) yea, they shall be afraid of *that which is* high, and terrors *shall be* in the way: and the almond tree shall blossom, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and the caper-berry shall fail: because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets; (6) or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern; (7) and the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit return unto God who gave it.