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THE
LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

JULY, 1863.

ART. I.—*The Geological Evidences of the Antiquity of Man, with Remarks on Theories of the Origin of Species by Variation.* By SIR CHARLES LYELL. Illustrated by Woodcuts. London: Murray. 1863.

It seems to be understood that geology and theology stand opposed to each other in a sort of armed neutrality, ready at any moment to rush into war. From time to time geology has made fierce attacks on theology, and forced its opponent to recede from its former standing-ground. Sixty years ago, the theologians of this country generally believed that the first chapter in Genesis contains the history of the original creation of earth and heaven in a period of six days, about six thousand years since. This was the first point of attack. Geologists argued from the earth's own record of the long series of changes which have passed over it, and the successive varieties of life it has sustained, that its origin must be thrown back uncounted ages. They proved this so clearly, that theologians were obliged to re-examine their own record, and acknowledge, with some discomfiture, that it did not say what they asserted it to have said. It is true, the creation of heaven and earth, 'in the beginning,' is referred to the Almighty; but we are expressly told that the existing earth was 'without form and void' before the command was spoken which began the work of the first day. Driven from one position, the

theologians intrenched themselves in another. 'It is true,' they said, 'the earth has passed through phases and ages of which the Bible gives no account; but *our* state of things, *our* forms of life, above all, our human inheritance in the earth, only date back six thousand years; and it is the beginning of this era that the first chapter of Genesis records.' It is only within the last thirty years that theologians have slowly retreated to this position, and during that time geology has been gathering up its forces for a new attack. It now tells us that there is no trace of any line of separation between periods of disorder and order, of old and new forms of life; more than this, it tells us that during the last few years human relics have been found in deposits so old as to compel us to throw aside the chronology of the Bible, and assign to the human race an antiquity of tens of thousands of years.

This is a serious affair. We know that the chronology of the Bible has not escaped errors of transcription; there can be no doubt that through this and other mischances the numbers are not always in harmony with themselves; we know the Septuagint adds fourteen hundred years to the chronology of the Hebrew; but this is a kind of error that does not shake our faith in the general historic accuracy of the book of Genesis. Could we, however, suppose that the human race is sixty or eighty thousand years old, and that the six days' creation must go for nothing, it would stamp on the book of Genesis that half-mythical, half-legendary, and wholly untrustworthy character which belongs to the unrevealed records of the origin of all ancient nations. Not without a struggle shall we yield that; not without clear and ample proof shall we grant that. On this point we are in a position which geologists do not understand. They impute it wholly to our ignorance that we will not be satisfied with the amount of evidence which satisfies them:—and truly, when we hear the absurd suggestions brought forward to meet the force of geological facts, we must be content to bear patiently the reproach of ignorance. But the difference between us is not so much our want of knowledge, as their want of belief. They come into the field unembarrassed by belief, not asking and not caring what received truths their opinions may support or upset. If, of two classes of facts, one be stronger than the other,—if, of two theories, one have less difficulties than the other,—they can be satisfied to accept the better evidence and the easier theory. But it is otherwise with those who begin an investigation under the influence of settled previous convictions. It is not enough for them to find probabilities or plausibilities inclining

rather to one side than another ; they demand positive proof that the opinions which must uproot their old established beliefs come to them with all the sacred authority of truth. If one party is open to the accusation that previous conviction blinds them to the force of facts, the other is subject to the reproach that the want of such conviction makes them injure the cause of truth by hasty conclusions, and generalisations founded on insufficient data.

It will be a question whether this reproach has or has not been deserved by the author of the book which now lies before us. Sir Charles Lyell comes forward as the advocate of the alleged antiquity of the human race. All that can be said in support of it, we may be certain he will say ; all the facts that can be brought to bear on it, such a master of facts will unquestionably produce. It helps to clear the mind of many doubts and apprehensions, when one who is so high an authority enters the lists on this disputed subject ; for, we may be sure, if such a champion does not overthrow our belief, we have nothing more to fear.

Sir Charles Lyell divides his subject into three stages. First, he seeks to prove the great antiquity of the antiquarian or, as geologists call it, the recent period—that in which man has existed with all his present surroundings.—For this period alone he demands much more than six thousand years. Secondly, he endeavours to establish the far greater antiquity of a preceding age, during which man existed amidst other than his present surroundings.—This period is counted by tens of thousands of years. Thirdly, he points out the immensely greater antiquity of a still earlier age, in which (though no remains of man have yet been found) part of the fauna and flora which are still contemporaneous with man were in existence.—Of this period he only ventures to say that it cannot be less than 180,000 years.

To begin with the recent period. Let us think of the lapse of time revealed,

1. By the successive changes of vegetation attested by the Danish peat-beds. Low down in them are found trunks of the Scotch fir, a tree not now a native of the Danish islands ; higher up, trunks of the common oak, which is now rare ; higher still, birch, alder, hazel, and beech. Now we know that in the days of the Romans the Danish islands were covered with beech. How much previous time must we allot for the age of oak, and for the still more ancient age of fir ? 'The minimum of time required for the growth of the peat must, according to Steenstrup, have amounted to at least

four thousand years,' and it might have been 'four times as great.'*

2. The human relics found in the bogs in some measure correspond to these different ages of vegetation. A flint instrument has been found close to the trunk of a fir; bronze implements have been taken out of peat in which oaks abound; whilst the age of iron approaches the historic period. Antiquarians are agreed that these different metals belong to successive ages—the first two entirely pre-historic. Let us think of the lapse of time required for such a growth in the arts;—for the discovery of bronze and the smelting of iron,—all prior to the time of the Romans.

3. Great antiquity is implied by the shells contained in those singular refuse heaps which form ancient artificial mounds on the shores of the Danish islands. Of these many are full grown, as in the open sea; while they are only a third of the size, if they have not ceased to exist, in the brackish waters of the Baltic. What lapse of time is implied in the physical changes which must have taken place since that imprisoned sea was open to the waters of the ocean?

4. In connexion with the discovery of the ancient aquatic villages of the Swiss lakes, we must notice the lapse of time necessary to accomplish certain physical changes which have taken place since these abundant relics of man were buried in the silt. Three calculations have been made; the first by M. Morlot, with reference to the delta of the Tinière, a torrent which flows into the Lake of Geneva near Villeneuve. This delta has lately been laid open by a railway cutting, and 'three layers of vegetable soil, each of which must at one time have formed the surface, have been cut through at different depths. The first of these was traced over a surface of 15,000 square feet, having an average thickness of five inches, and being about four feet below the present surface of the cone. This upper layer belonged to the Roman period, and contained Roman tiles and a coin. The second layer, followed over a surface of 25,000 square feet, was six inches thick, and lay at a depth of ten feet. In it were found fragments of unvarnished pottery, and a pair of tweezers in bronze, indicating the bronze epoch. The third layer, followed for 35,000 square feet, was six or seven inches thick, and nineteen feet deep. In it were fragments of rude pottery, pieces of charcoal, broken bones, and a human skeleton. M. Morlot, assuming the Roman period to represent an antiquity of from 16 to 18 centuries, assigns to the bronze age a date of between 3,000 and 4,000 years, and to the oldest layer, that of the stone period, an age of from 6,000 to 7,000 years. Another calculation has been made by M. Troyon to obtain the approximate

* Pp. 9, 16, 17.

date of the remains of an ancient settlement built on piles and preserved in a peat-bog at Chamblon near Yverdon, on the Lake of Neufchâtel. The site of the ancient Roman town of Eburodunum, once on the borders of the lake, and between which and the shore there now intervenes a zone of newly-gained dry land, 2,500 feet in breadth, shows the rate at which the bed of the lake has been filled up with river sediment in fifteen centuries. Assuming the lake to have retreated at the same rate before the Roman period, the pile-works of Chamblon, which are of the bronze period, must be at the least 3,300 years old. For the third calculation we are indebted to M. Victor Gilliéron. It relates to the age of a pile-dwelling, the mammalian bones of which are considered by M. Rüttimeyer to indicate the earliest portion of the stone period of Switzerland. The piles in question occur at the Pont de Thièle between the Lakes of Bienné and Neufchâtel. The old convent of St. Jean, founded 750 years ago, and built originally on the margin of the Lake of Bienné, is now at a considerable distance from the shore, and affords a measure of the rate of the gain of land in seven centuries and a half. Assuming that a similar rate of the conversion of water into marshy land prevailed antecedently, we should require an addition of 60 centuries for the growth of the morass intervening between the convent and the aquatic dwelling of Pont de Thièle, in all 6,750 years.'—Pp. 28, 29.

5. An enormous lapse of time is implied in the depth at which works of art are buried in the valley of the Nile. In an experiment begun by the Royal Society, two lines of pits and artesian borings were carried across this great valley, and 'pieces of burnt brick and pottery were extracted almost everywhere, and from all depths, even where they sank sixty feet below the surface.'—Page 36.

Almost the whole of the soil is unstratified, exactly resembling inundation mud. Now the French savans have decided that inundation mud only raises the surface five inches in a century; consequently the burnt brick extricated at a depth of sixty feet must be twelve thousand years old.

6. Dr. B. Dowler states that in an excavation made in the modern delta of the Mississippi near New Orleans, a human skeleton was found 'sixteen feet from the surface, beneath four buried forests superimposed one upon the other,'—and to this skeleton he ascribes 'an antiquity of fifty thousand years.'*

7. In a calcareous conglomerate forming part of a series of ancient coral reefs, now a portion of the Peninsula of Florida, and which is supposed by Agassiz 'to be about ten thousand years old, some fossil human remains were found by Count Pourtales.'†

8. All round the coast of Scotland there are lines of shore

deposits, of which the two most clearly marked are now twenty-five and forty feet above high water. Geological and archaeological evidence afford 'a strong presumption in favour of the opinion that the date of this (*i. e.* the lower) elevation may have been subsequent to the Roman occupation. But traces of human existence are found much higher. A rude ornament of cannel coal has been disinterred, covered with gravel containing marine shells, fifty feet above the sea-level. Now if we suppose the upward movement to have been uniform in central Scotland,and assume that as twenty-five feet indicates seventeen centuries, so fifty feet imply a lapse of twice that number, or three thousand four hundred years, we should then carry back the date of the ornament...to the days of Pharaoh, and the period usually assigned to the Exodus.'*

9. In Sweden also an ancient hut has been discovered in beds the surface of which is now sixty feet above the Baltic: and recent shells are found in beds of clay and sand in Norway six hundred feet high. The upward movement now in progress in parts of Norway and Sweden is a well known fact. Now 'if we could assume that there had been an average rise of two and a half feet in each hundred years...and such a mean rate of continuous vertical elevation, would, I conceive, be a high average...it would require 24,000 years for parts of the sea coast of Norway, where the post-tertiary marine strata occur, to attain the height of 600 feet.'—Page 58.

We must point out very briefly the flaws in this mass of evidence. As to No. 1 and 2,—no great lapse of time is necessary to produce two changes in forest vegetation: a single generation in a rapidly cleared country will witness one such change. Nor is a people's growth in the arts most commonly due to a long lapse of time, but rather to peaceful or warlike intercourse with more advanced races. Lyell takes no account of barter or conquest in his calculation, though he alludes to both as possible contingencies; but just so far as they are possible contingencies they vitiate his calculation. Conquest especially would serve to explain the apparent connexion between a change of vegetation and a change in human implements; for an invading tribe would be very likely to destroy forests, which harboured the native inhabitants, extirpating one and subjecting the other contemporaneously.

As to No. 3, no great lapse of time would have been necessary to throw open the imprisoned Baltic to the ocean, in a district which even now is rising from the sea. Lyell himself tells us that—

* Page 55.

'even in the course of the present century, the salt waters have made one eruption into the Baltic by the Lymfjord. It is also affirmed that other channels were open in historical times which are now silted up.'—Page 14.

Nor do the bones found in the Danish refuse-heaps imply antiquity far beyond the limits of history. The men were of small stature, bearing 'a considerable resemblance to the modern Laplanders;' the animals were all such as are 'known to have inhabited Europe within the memory of men.'

As to No. 5, it strikes at the root of Lyell's calculation to be told that the only datum on which it is based, *i. e.*, the decision of the French savans as to the rate of Nile-mud deposition, is disputed by Mr. Horner as vague, and founded on insufficient evidence.

As to No. 6 and 7, we must remember that mere assertions cannot take the place of proof. Lyell is himself a high authority; and when he tells us 'Dr. Dowler says' or 'Agassiz says,' he might just as well have said, '*I say* that these deposits are forty and fifty thousand years old.' Such assertions are worth nothing to Lyell's readers, unless Lyell himself produces the evidence on which they are founded. So far from it, he is careful in Dr. Dowler's case to add that he 'cannot form an opinion as to the value of the chronological calculations.'

As to No. 8, the alleged antiquity of the human race in Scotland is built on two pure assumptions. We must assume, that changes which may have taken place at any time since the Roman occupation, indicate a lapse of seventeen centuries; and we must assume, that the rate of elevation has been uniform before and after that occupation: such is the only method which our imperfect knowledge will admit. Lyell does well to add, that 'such estimates must be considered as tentative and conjectural;' but conjectural estimates should not be brought forward to swell the force of scientific proof.

Lastly, as to No. 9, we must protest against the heedlessness (to give it no stronger name) which has associated facts that refer to the human period with others that may belong to a far more ancient era. Lyell admits, that no human bones or fabricated articles have been found in the higher levels of marine deposits in Sweden; but when he adds, that the shells of these higher beds are precisely the same as those associated with rude works of art at lower levels, and proceeds to speak of all these deposits without distinguishing one from the other, many of his readers will suppose that he is offering proof that the period of twenty-four thousand years which he claims for

the highest post-tertiary beds includes the period of human existence.

Throughout this chapter, Lyell stoops to adopt the unscientific mode of accumulative argument—given nine bad reasons to make three good ones! He does not offer proof, he does not even give us a number of sound inductions pointing to something like proof; but joins together conjectural estimates, questionable conclusions, and authoritative assertions, as if a large quantity of such doubtful evidence could supply a small quantity of undoubted proof.

The only thing that deserves to be called calculation in these two chapters, is that quoted from MM. Troyon and Morlot, with reference to the rate of Swiss lake-deposition. We will carry forward these facts to be considered in connexion with the second part of the subject.

Secondly. Having attempted to prove, that the recent period in itself considerably exceeds the limits fixed by our commonly received chronology, Sir Charles Lyell proceeds to bring forward his proofs of man's existence in a preceding age, of which the antiquity is incomparably greater—an age which men shared with many animals now extinct; and in which the surface and probably the climate of Europe were very different from those of present times. We must go through Lyell's array of facts fully and carefully, to show the whole strength of his position.

The human remains of this period consist of a few, a very few, bones, a few fragments of pottery, and an immense number of stone implements. They are found chiefly in two situations—either in valley alluviums or cave bone-beds. With one or two exceptions, human bones have been found only in the caves; but as we do not dispute that the flint implements are of human manufacture, their presence must be reckoned equally conclusive of the existence of the human race.

I. Cave deposits. In limestone formations all over Europe, large fissures are to be found, often widening into caves, which contain deposits of gravel and mud, evidently brought there by water, covered by a layer of stalagmite. The contents of many of these caves have been carefully examined by scientific men; and the result has been singularly uniform. The bones of man or the tools of man have been found inseparably mixed with the bones of recent and extinct animals. Out of forty caves examined in the neighbourhood of Liége, human bones were found in two, and flint knives generally dispersed through the mud of the others, mixed with the bones of extinct species of elephant, rhinoceros, bear, tiger, and hyæna, and living

species, such as 'red deer, roe, wild cat, wild boar, wolf, fox, weasel, beaver, hare, rabbit, hedgehog, mole, dormouse, field-mouse, water-rat, shrew, and others.'* The same intimate mixture of human remains with those of recent and extinct mammalia has been found in the cavern of Pondres, near Nismes, in Kent's Hole, Torquay, in Brixham cavern, at Archy sur Yonne, near Wokey Hole, Somersetshire, and in the Gower caves, South Wales. Species long extinct, species historically lost, species now living in distant climes, are found in the same cave: the mammoth, the Irish elk, the wild bull, the hippopotamus, the rein-deer, and the horse, unaccountably jumbled together. Added to this, there is the remarkable instance of the burial place at Aurignac, where human bones lie entombed on a layer of made ground containing bones of living and extinct mammalia.

At one time it was contended, that these cave deposits merely bore testimony to a confusion of later and earlier remains; that the tools and bones of man had been washed into cavities where the bones of animals had rested before him, and been whirled into intimate conjunction by the eddies of subterranean currents. Lyell himself says, 'That such intermixtures have really taken place in some caverns, and that geologists have occasionally been deceived, and have assigned to one and the same period fossils which had really been introduced at successive times, will readily be conceded.'† Nevertheless, there is proof that this has not always been the case. In the Brixham cave, close to a very perfect flint tool, there was found the entire hind leg of a cave bear, every bone in its natural place, clearly proving that it must have been introduced clothed with its muscles. Had the flint tool been subsequently buried close to it by the eddies of a subterranean current, these bones would have been washed asunder and scattered. A hind limb of an extinct rhinoceros has been found under the same circumstances in gravel containing flint implements at Menchecourt. On this point, the evidence of the burial place at Aurignac must be considered decisive. Human bones lie upon a layer that contains extinct bones; and this bone-containing layer is itself resting on a bed eight inches thick 'of ashes and charcoal, with broken, burnt, and gnawed bones of extinct and recent mammalia; also hearth-stones and works of art.'‡ In the face of such evidence, it is impossible to deny that man was a cotemporary of many animals that have long been extinct. At the same time, it

* Pp. 68, 90.

† Page 62.

‡ Page 182.

does not follow that the era of man and the era of the extinct animals were truly synchronous. On the contrary, it would seem, that the conclusion of one overlapped the commencement of the other; for we find the last relics of the mammoth, cave bear, hyæna, &c., and the first human remains, in the very same deposits.

And why not? We have, indeed, hitherto supposed that these extinct mammalia were more ancient than man; but as our evidence proves them to have been coeval, we come to the conclusion, not that man is more ancient, but that these animals are more modern than we had supposed.

But that is the very conclusion to which we are forbidden to come.

'When we desire to reason or speculate on the probable antiquity of human bones found fossil in such situations as the caverns near Liège, there are two classes of evidence to which we may appeal for our guidance. First, considerations of the time required to allow of many species of carnivorous and herbivorous animals, which flourished in the cave period, becoming first scarce, and then so entirely extinct as we have seen that they had become before the era of the Danish peat and Swiss lake dwellings: secondly, the great number of centuries necessary for the conversion of the physical geography of the Liège district from its ancient to its present configuration; so many old underground channels, through which brooks and rivers flowed in the cave period, being now laid dry and choked up.'—Page 73.

It seems, then, that the mixture of human remains with the bones of extinct animals is but a first step in the argument which is to establish the great antiquity of man. Of course Sir Charles Lyell will proceed to prove to us, first, that time is the chief element in the destruction of species, and that therefore the destruction of species is a true measure of the lapse of time; and, secondly, that altered physical geography bears on its face such evidence of the causes that altered it, as to leave us no other conclusion than that it has been only subjected to the ordinary effects of time. Now let us hear the evidence on these two points; for, if these two points cannot be satisfactorily established, the first step in the argument, *i. e.*, the mixture of human implements with bones of the extinct mammalia, is worth absolutely nothing.

In support of the first point Lyell gives us no data, no facts, no proofs whatsoever: he simply takes it for granted in his *a fortiori* argument that if ten or twelve thousand years be allotted to the recent period which has witnessed so little change in the animal creation, tens of thousands must be reckoned for that more ancient period in which so many

animals existed that have completely passed away. In proof of the physical changes which (as he asserts) have succeeded the deposition of cave bone beds, his chief argument is founded on the present situation of these limestone caves. Many of them debouch on the face of precipitous hills, far above the present drainage lines of the country. The caverns of Liège are sometimes two hundred feet above the Meuse and its tributaries.

‘There appears, also, in many cases, to be such a correspondence in the openings of caverns on opposite sides of some of the valleys, as to incline one to suspect that they originally belonged to a series of tunnels and galleries which were continuous before the present system of drainage came into play, or before the existing valleys were scooped out..... The loess, also, in the suburbs and neighbourhood of Liège, occurring at various heights in patches lying at between twenty and two hundred feet above the river, cannot be explained without supposing the filling up and re-excavation of the valleys at a period posterior to the washing in of the animal remains into most of the old caverns.’—Page 73.

The Neanderthal cave is sixty feet above the stream : so is the Brixham cavern.

‘A glance at the position of the latter, and a brief survey of the valleys which bound it on two sides, are enough to satisfy a geologist that the drainage and geographical features of this region have undergone great changes since the gravel and bone earth were carried by streams into the subterranean cavities above described. Some worn pebbles of hematite, in particular, can only have come from their nearest parent rock, at a period when the valleys immediately adjoining the caves were much shallower than they now are.’—Page 101.

With respect to Wokey Hole, Lyell ‘feels convinced that a complete revolution must have taken place in the topography of the district since the time of the extinct quadrupeds.’* The Gower caves contain the teeth of hippopotami; ‘and this in a district where there is now scarce a rill of running water, much less a river in which such quadrupeds could swim..... Also, they have, in general, their floors strewed over with sand, containing marine shells, all of living species; and there are raised beaches on the adjoining coast, and other signs of great alteration in the relative levels of land and sea, since that country was inhabited by the extinct mammalia, some of which were certainly coeval with man.’† In Sardinia, a bed of marine shells, in the midst of which a ball of baked earthenware was found, is now three hundred feet above the sea. Such

* Page 171.

† Pp. 172–174.

changes, at an average rate of elevation of two and half feet in a century would give to the pottery an antiquity of twelve thousand years.

This is all the evidence brought forward to prove the vast physical changes which have taken place since the deposition of the cave bone-beds. Does it deserve to be called proof? These caves, it seems, are tens or hundreds of feet above the present drainage of the country, and it is thence argued that enormous changes must have taken place since streams ran through them. But why need we suppose that they were ever permanent water-courses?—why not the rain-channels of the country? We do not think geologists sufficiently take into account that covering of the bare rock which decomposition, vegetation, and, most of all, cultivation, have spread over the whole habitable world. When first a bare limestone country, full of fissures, rises from the sea, the mere rush of the tide would tend to sweep or to suck out the former contents of the fissures, while the shattered surface would make subterranean drainage the rule, surface drainage the exception; and it would only be as decomposition supplied materials for a surface covering, that surface drainage would become the common rule. These caves probably served the same purpose in the hill, that a dry water-course now does *on* the hill; with this difference, that by internal and external communication with a series of fissures and caverns they would possess great facilities for collecting and permanently lodging animal remains; and also stone weapons borne by wounded animals from the attacks of man. In many cases, these caves are seen to have been in communication with the present surface by apertures now choked up; and that the present surface might have been in the same communication with a former surface of larger area, we may take for granted, from our knowledge of the fissured nature of a limestone district, and of the waste that must have taken place in some thousands of years. Nor can we suppose that these rain-channels originally debouched at their present openings; for unquestionably every limestone hill has lost huge masses from its precipitous sides during six thousand years. These caves may have opened into other fissures and other caves, till they finally emptied some of their mud and bones into holes and corners at different levels on the side of the valley below. Also they may have had corresponding fissures on the opposite sides of valleys, for a whole country often has a common system of fissures; but it does not follow that the valley was filled up, and that the bone mud passed from one side to the other in the age of *Elephas primi-*

genius. Much stress has been laid on some of the facts of Brixham cavern:—that it is near the top of a hill where no stream could now flow; that a pebble of hematite was found in it, of which the principal deposit is on the opposite side of the valley. We know a little of that neighbourhood:—the hill is a huge mass of many acres even now; and allowing for the waste of six thousand years, we may safely say it must have been larger and higher. Any one who has seen the strong gutter-current which runs from a few roods of sloping ground after heavy rain, may judge whether a few acres would not supply water and mud enough to fill up Brixham cavern in no great period of time, and float in bones of dead and limbs of half-devoured beasts. As to the hematite, small deposits of it are not rare in the neighbourhood; and one such may easily have lain in the hill itself, without obliging our imagination to take a leap across the whole width of Brixham valley.

We do not say that Lyell's other evidence of physical changes can be as readily explained; for he has given us no details of his proof. It is not enough even for one of his authority to say, 'I feel convinced that a complete revolution must have taken place in the topography of this district,' or merely to observe that the facts of the Loess in the neighbourhood of Liège imply 'the filling up and re-excavation of the valleys at a period posterior to the washing in of the animal remains.' These facts are the very things which should have been produced; for the time necessary for their accomplishment is the whole point in debate—a point not to be thus carelessly asserted or coolly taken for granted, but to be proved by well established facts. Nor is it fair to point out the great physical changes which must have taken place in Glamorganshire and in Sicily since the teeth of the hippopotamus were deposited in districts 'where there is now scarce a rill of running water;' for we learn from Lyell's subsequent frank admission that the African hippopotamus is an eminently migratory animal, as much at home in the sea as in rivers. We must regard it as a well established fact that many extinct mammalia were coeval with man; but of the first conclusion based on this fact, namely, the enormous time it must have required to make these animals extinct, Sir Charles Lyell has given no proof whatever. And of the physical changes which have taken place since these cave deposits were accumulated, his evidence is too shallow, too summary, too little argumentative, too much *ex cathedra*, to command our conviction. We do not say that he has no better evidence to produce; but until he brings forward the better evidence, and establishes

the certainty of the rate of change manifest in these physical alterations, we must regard the antiquity of the human race in connexion with cave bone deposits as 'not proven.'

Perhaps Sir Charles Lyell's long established conviction prevents his seeing the insufficiency of his proofs; or perhaps he is satisfied to give us very full and clear explanations of the facts brought out by the discovery of human remains in valley alluviums, knowing that the evidence on this point will re-act confirmatively on the less decisive testimony of cave bone deposits. Let us, then, proceed to examine carefully the proofs of the great antiquity of the human race, derived from ancient valley alluviums.

II. Valley alluviums.

'Throughout a large part of Europe we find at moderate elevations above the present river-channels, usually at a height of less than forty feet, but sometimes much higher, beds of gravel, sand, and loam, containing bones of the elephant, rhinoceros, horse, ox, and other quadrupeds, some of extinct, others of living species, belonging, for the most part, to the fauna already alluded to in the last chapter as characteristic of the interior of caverns. The greater part of these deposits contain fluviatile shells, and have undoubtedly been accumulated in ancient river-beds. These old channels have long since been dry, the streams which once flowed in them having shifted their position, deepening the valleys, and often widening them on one side.'—Page 93.

This is the situation in which, during the last twenty years, hundreds of stone implements have been discovered in the valley of the Somme. They are found in remnants of beds hanging like small terraces upon the sloping hill-sides, from ten to one hundred feet above the present level of the river. The flint implements are 'not in the vegetable soil, nor in the brick-earth with land and fresh-water shells next below,' where they might be supposed to have been buried within the recent period, 'but in the lower beds of coarse flint-gravel, usually twelve, twenty, or twenty-five feet below the surface.'* Many persons have denied that these pieces of flint are of human manufacture, and Lyell devotes half a chapter to establish the fact—a fact which ought now to be considered indisputable. He also produces ample evidence that these flint implements are found in beds that contain bones of extinct animals, with recent fresh-water and marine shells, still living (with one exception) in the north of France. The circumstances under which these beds occur is the evidence of their great antiquity.

They occur chiefly at two levels, both of which may be

* Page 96.

traced at various points throughout the valley of the Somme: the one but slightly raised above the present river plain, the other from eighty to one hundred feet above it. The latter has been most fully investigated at St. Acheul near Amiens, the former at Menchecourt near Abbeville, where a mixture of marine shells has been found with land and fresh-water remains. 'There are, here and there, patches of drift at heights intermediate between the higher and lower gravels;' but as they do not affect the general argument, we need not complicate the evidence by taking them into account. Now, 'as a general rule, when there are alluvial formations of different ages in the same valley, those which occupy a more elevated position above the river plain are the oldest.' The river must have deposited them *before* it cut its way down to the lower level. Here, then, are three different formations, bearing witness to three different periods:—first, the present valley plain of the Somme through which the river now takes its course; secondly, the lower level gravels; and, thirdly, the higher level gravels. Sir Charles Lyell undertakes to prove not only that the first must be very old, but that the second and third must be incalculably older. And yet we wrong him:—he does not undertake to prove the great age of the present valley plain, he only insinuates it on very doubtful evidence, and afterwards alludes to it as being 'in all likelihood' thousands of years old. He tells us that the lower part of the valley is a mass of peat, sometimes more than thirty feet thick. It contains bones of recent animals closely analogous to those of the Swiss lake-dwellings, and the refuse mounds and peat of Denmark, with stone implements of the Celtic period, recent shells, trunks of fir, oak, hazel, walnut, &c., and three or four fragments of human skeletons. As to the age of this peat, M. Boucher de Perthes, having found in it certain flat dishes of Roman pottery, has satisfied himself that they could not possibly have sunk into the peat because they were flat: *ergo*, they once lay on the surface: *ergo*, the mass of peat above them marks its rate of growth since the Roman occupancy of the country: *ergo*, we may thus venture to calculate the age of the peat that lies below. But—Lyell adds—the obtained 'rate of increase would demand so many tens of thousands of years for the formation of the entire thickness of thirty feet, that we must hesitate before adopting it as a chronometric scale.' In other words this calculation is utterly worthless, even on Lyell's own admission; yet this is all the data he has for attempting to estimate the rate of the growth of peat. He has, however, one other argument for its

antiquity,—the bottom of the peat is many feet, sometimes as much as thirty, below high water mark ; nay, it is thrown up by storms on the French coasts, so that it is plainly lying in part under the sea. This implies subsidence and probable oscillations of level, which, at the rate they now go on, require a considerable interval of time. We do not think these vague suggestions worth much ; but they are all Sir Charles Lyell offers in proof of the great antiquity of the valley of the Somme. What does it matter ?

‘Whatever be the number of centuries to which they relate, they belong to times posterior to the ancient implement-bearing beds, which we are next to consider, and are even separated from them, as we shall see, by an interval far greater than that which divides the earliest strata of the peat from the latest.’—Page 112.

The evidence of this interval must be sought in surrounding facts. Here is Lyell’s statement—that at Menchecourt, and also on the opposite side of the river, the beds of alluvium are about 27 feet thick, and they lie about 10 or 15 feet above the present surface of the valley ; that is, from 40 to 45 feet above the bottom of the valley ; for we must remember that the peat is 30 feet thick. There must have been time to deposit these beds, time to elevate them, and time for the river to cut down the valley 40 feet. Also, these beds contain the bones of extinct animals, and a shell now found only in Asia ; there must have been time gradually to extinguish the animals and to change the climate. Also, in the beds of Menchecourt a fluviatile formation underlies a marine one, from which we judge that the river first prevailed, and then the land subsided : both fluviatile and marine beds are now raised above the present valley, from which we judge that there was a subsequent elevation ; after which the peat beds of the present valley began to grow, and, as these are now found beneath the sea, there must have been a second subsidence. All these changes happened since the deposition of the lower gravels ; and, at the rate at which such changes now take place, they imply an enormous lapse of time.

But this is nothing to what follows. The beds at Menchecourt are raised but little above the present valley : what are we to say to the higher level gravels which occur in the valley of the Somme from eighty to one hundred feet above the river, containing bones of extinct animals and flint implements ? If the lower gravels are so very old, what amount of time are we to add for the elevation of the higher beds, and the cutting down of this great valley to its present level ?

Lyell does not go into much detail of evidence here; but rather leaves the fact in all its magnitude to speak for itself.

According to our present knowledge the height of these upper level gravels of the valley of the Somme must be regarded as exceptional. In the valleys of the Seine, the Oise, and the Thames, beds are found containing flint tools and bones of extinct animals, slightly raised above the present river courses; and in the valley of the Seine high level gravels are found, but they do not contain flint tools. Near Bedford also, and at Hoxne and Icklingham in Suffolk, there are deposits of gravel, containing flint tools and bones of extinct quadrupeds, which are thirty feet above the present drainage lines of the country. Therefore, we must regard the alteration in the water level of the valley of the Somme as a fact corroborated by many similar changes, though the amount of that alteration is exceptional. There is one more item of evidence. In the upper-level beds of the Somme and Seine there are contortions in the strata which clearly resemble those produced by ice-action: immense blocks of rock also, lying in the alluvium, and brought from distances beyond the power of water transport, suggest the agency of ice. In such facts we find hints of great alterations that have taken place in the climate of the north of France.

This is Sir Charles Lyell's case in defence of the antiquity of the human race. This is the whole of his argument: he stands or falls by this. Like a lawyer who will say all that can possibly be said, he has strung bad and good pleas together; and we must strike some off the list in order to weigh justly the force of those which remain.

In the first place, his figures are not as exact as they ought to be. After giving us to understand that the Menchecourt beds are ten or fifteen feet above the river, he tells us that higher deposits at Abbeville are fifty feet above those of Menchecourt, and one hundred feet above the Somme.* Then we are told that the peat is thirty feet thick; but is this uniform thickness? We remember that he says the gravel in Brixham cavern is bottomless at twenty feet; and so it is in certain deep holes; but not that, nor anything like that, in the average thickness of the bed.

Secondly, the fact that flint implements are found beneath soft alluvial beds is no proof that they are more ancient than those beds; neither is the juxtaposition of a stone hatchet and

* Page 130.

an elephant bone any proof that the two were contemporaneous. Geologists are rightly very jealous of evidence drawn from the disturbed beds of river courses. On this point we must quote the remarks of Mr. Geikie on some ancient canoes found in alluvium at Glasgow, and which Lyell himself pronounces 'very judicious.'

'The varying depths of an estuary, its banks of silt and sand, the set of its currents, and the influence of its tides in scouring out alluvium from some parts of its bottom and redepositing it in others, are circumstances which require to be taken into account in all such calculations. Mere coincidence of depth from the present surface of the ground, which is tolerably uniform in level, by no means necessarily proves contemporaneous deposition. Nor would such an inference follow even from the occurrence of the remains in distant parts of the very same stratum. A canoe might be cap-sized and sent to the bottom just beneath low water mark; another might experience a similar fate on the following day, but in the middle of the channel. Both would become silted up on the floor of the estuary; but as that floor would be perhaps twenty feet deeper in the centre than towards the margin of the river, the one canoe might actually be twenty feet deeper in the alluvium than the other; and on the upheaval of the alluvial deposits, if we were to argue merely from the depth at which the remains were embedded, we should pronounce the canoe found at the one locality to be immensely older than the other, seeing that the fine mud of the estuary is deposited very slowly, and that it must therefore have taken a long period to form so great a thickness as twenty feet. Again, the tides and currents of the estuary, by changing their direction, might sweep away a considerable mass of alluvium from the bottom, laying bare a canoe that may have foundered many centuries before. After the lapse of so long an interval, another vessel might go to the bottom in the same locality, and be there covered up with the older one, on the same general plan. These two vessels, found in such a position, would naturally be classed together as of the same age; and yet it is demonstrable that a very long period may have elapsed between the date of the one and that of the other.'—Page 50.

Of the tendency of heavy bodies to settle down in alluvial silt we find a notice in *The Geologist*, for January, 1861.

'In the course of making the excavations for the Thames tunnel, the difficulties that arose from the nature of the soil in some parts, induced the contractors to procure a diving bell, for the purpose of examining the bottom of the river. On the first inspection, a shovel and hammer were left on the spot by the divers; but these tools were, contrary to their expectations, nowhere to be found on their next visit. In the progress of the excavation, however, while

advancing the protecting wooden framework, this missing shovel and hammer were found in the way of it, having descended at least eighteen feet into the ground, and probably resting on or mixed up with some ancient deposit.'

Again, it is no proof of a river's prevalence over the sea, and of subsequent subsidence, that a fluviatile bed should underlie a marine one; for in the same estuary a tide current will prevail in one part, and a river current in another, and these will sometimes be exchanged and reversed.

Again, we must not reckon the time it would have taken for the river to cut down a whole valley through the solid chalk; for we do not know that the solid chalk was there to be cut down. The valley might have been formed ages before, and filled with earlier alluvium, which would have readily yielded to water action. Nor are we to count the time necessary to raise the bottom of the valley (now covered with peat) above the level of the sea; for a river's mouth choked with sand-banks and lined with marshes is the very place where peat would most rapidly grow.

Nor need we include the imaginary ages requisite to change a very cold climate (evidenced by ice-action) to a much warmer one (evidenced by an Asiatic shell), and then back again to that of temperate France. The ice-action is a mere conjecture, which is not confirmed by the presence of any specially Arctic shells; and, even if it were more probable, it would be quite as fair to weigh the two facts together, and conclude that greater heat and greater cold united in a climate only removed by its want of equilibrium from that of France at present.

Yet if we clear away all these questionable conclusions that array themselves round the evidence, and make it look more imposing, there still remains the indisputable fact that there was a time within the human period when Picardy was a hundred feet lower, or the Somme a hundred feet higher than it is at present; and this great valley (average width one mile) was filled up to the level of the higher terraces at St. Acheul.

'The mere volume of the drift at various heights would alone suffice to demonstrate a vast lapse of time during which such heaps of shingle, derived both from the eocene and the cretaceous rocks, were thrown down in a succession of river-channels. We observe thousands of rounded and half-rounded flints, and a vast number of angular ones, with rounded pieces of white chalk of various sizes, testifying to a prodigious amount of mechanical action, accompanying the repeated widening and deepening of the valley, before it became the receptacle of peat; and the position of the flint tools

leaves no doubt on the mind of the geologist that their fabrication preceded all this reiterated denudation.'—Page 144.

One who is not a geologist may reply, 'And is not six thousand years enough to effect all this?' No, certainly not, if the growth of peat, and the action of water, and the forces of elevation and subsidence, and the rates of erosion and deposition, are to be calculated according to Lyell's averages. But it is to this we demur. Even for the present time we have scarcely data enough to strike fair averages; but, when we begin to investigate phenomena of the past, every question of time must wait on this preliminary question,—Are past rates to be calculated by present rates of change?

Let us look back at all the calculations of this volume—the age of the recent period as shown in the deltas of the Tinière and the Nile; the age of the post-pliocene period, as shown in the cave bone-beds, the raised deposits of Sardinia, and the high terraces of St. Acheul:—they are all founded on the assumption that the agencies which accomplish changes at present, have never worked at a quicker rate in the past;—an assumption received and propounded by men of science with all the calm fearlessness that belongs to scientific truth.

We know the history of this opinion. In former times theorists were accustomed to explain every fact that perplexed them by referring it to imaginary catastrophes and convulsions, invented for the occasion; and it is one of Lyell's early triumphs to have brought them back to sounder inductions by his *Principles of Geology*. He there laid down the law that we were not to attempt to explain facts by supposed causes of which we knew nothing; but that, from the observed connexion between known facts and known causes, we were to argue backwards from analogous facts to analogous causes. And his triumph was so complete that the strong re-action of opinion passed into an opposite form of error: men were not content to maintain that existing causes were in action millions of years ago, but they allowed themselves almost unconsciously to imbibe the idea that the mode and rate of action must have been uniform in all ages. Let us put this in plain words, and see what it is we are told to believe:—that frosts and floods were never greater, storms never more frequent and violent, subterranean fires never more intense, waste and destruction never more extensive, elevation and subsidence, erosion and deposition, never more active than at present. Put this in plain words, and every geologist will repudiate the fair inference of his own opinions. Even Lyell says of the alterations in the valley of the Meuse, 'It is more than probable

that the rate of change was once far more active than it is now.* But he should have erased that sentence, or else have re-written his whole book ; for every calculation in it is founded on the assumption that the rate of change was *not* once more active than it is now ; and every quotation he makes from other scientific authorities takes the same principle for granted.

But every one knows that some elements of change have been enormously developed in past ages, and in a way that mere lapse of time does not suffice to explain. Frost, for instance :—the greatest part of England is strewn with the remains of the northern drift,—the evidence of ice-action on a scale immensely greater than any now witnessed in temperate zones. What causes produced the glacial period? We do not know ; but this we do know, that the rate of erosion by present glaciers is no test whatever of the waste produced by their vast development in times that are past. And if ice-action was so much more powerful, why not water-action, why not gas and steam action, why not subterranean and atmospheric action of many kinds? Such a possibility must not be put in the place of proof ; but it is a fair argument against the monstrous assumption that rates of change throughout past ages are to be reckoned by our limited knowledge of present rates.

There are many facts of past and present times that speak of more vigorous action than that admitted by Lyell's averages. Though geologists have the advantage of their opponents in their study and selection of facts, we must point out a few on the other side of the question. With regard to the greater violence of water action in past times, Humboldt tells us of the traces of such action on the banks of the Orinoco one hundred and sixty and one hundred and ninety feet above the present level of the river ; and he adds, ' Their existence proves, what indeed we learn from all the river beds of Europe, that those streams which still excite our admiration by their magnitude, are but inconsiderable remains of the immense masses of water belonging to a former age.'† And Atkinson in his work on Siberia points out how far above the European average is the flood action of the Asiatic rivers. He says that all the rivers round the Irtisch have cut out wide and deep channels in the great plains, ten, twelve, and even fifteen versts wide, and that in this great channel the actual river course lies. It is the same in the valley of the Ob ; but when the Ob is in flood in June, from the melting of the snows, the whole valley, twelve

* Page 74.

† *Aspects of Nature.*

verts broad, is covered with water.* A paper in the Proceedings of the British Association bears the same testimony to the Indian rivers.† And, as we are now taught that the excess of rain in Western Europe has an intimate connexion with the course of cyclones which have their origin in the tropical parts of the Atlantic, we must refer the water action of ancient Europe to atmospheric influences, of which we cannot determine the force. For aught we know, the Somme might have had its annual tremendous floods, eroding here, depositing there, on a scale far beyond that of the present.

So of the growth of peat. M. Boucher de Perthes demands tens of thousands of years for the formation of a bed thirty feet thick; but Lyell himself tells us that

'the overthrow of a forest by a storm, about the middle of the seventeenth century, gave rise to a peat-moss near Lochbroom in Ross-shire, where, in less than half a century after the fall of the trees, the inhabitants dug peat.'—*Principles of Geology*, book iii., chap. 13.

Again, as to the rate of delta deposition, let us notice the known age of the delta of the Kander. This little stream first emptied itself into the lake of Thun in 1713, and in one hundred and twenty years it had formed a delta a mile along the shore, and a quarter of a mile into the lake.‡ Of the lake of Geneva, also, Lyell states his opinion that the delta of the Rhone has deposited during the last eight centuries 'a great series of strata, probably from six hundred to nine hundred feet thick, and nearly two miles in length.'§ These are much more rapid rates than those calculated by MM. Morlot, Troyon, &c., from the delta of the Tinière, and the deposits in the lake of Neufchatel. But geologists will reply that it is absurd to make one river or lake a rule for another, when the rate of deposition may be very different. Just so; but it is this which makes averages so imperfect and untrustworthy when struck between distant places or, let us add, distant times. The modern lake of Neufchatel is not the lake of Geneva; but neither is it the ancient lake of Neufchatel. Everything that influences lake deposition might have been different: the area of drainage, the filling up or emptying of higher basins, the greater extremes of summer and winter temperature in wasting the mountains and flooding the valleys

* Atkinson's *Siberia*, pp. 168, 179, 335.

† *British Association*, 1857, Sections, p. 90.

‡ *Proceedings of Geological Society of London*, vol. iii., p. 76.

§ *Principles of Geology*, book ii., chap. 4.

—all these might have aided to make the ancient rate of delta deposition very different from that of modern times.

Again, as to erosion, Lyell himself gives us an instance of the prodigious rate at which this has proceeded in the yellow loam of the valley of the Mississippi; in which a ravine, seven miles long and in some parts sixty feet deep, has been excavated since 1812, partly owing to the clearing of forests, and partly to the effects of an earthquake.* But perhaps the most remarkable instance is that of the river Simeto, which, in the course of about two centuries, has cut through a current of hard blue lava at the foot of Etna, and worn itself 'a passage from fifty to several hundred feet wide, and in some parts from forty to fifty feet deep.'† We mentally compare the hard blue lava of Etna with the soft chalk of Picardy, and ask ourselves why it should have required tens of thousands of years to cut down the valley of the Somme. Two other observers, Scrope in his *Extinct Volcanoes of Central France*, and Piazzi Smith in his *Teneriffe*, supply us with evidence of the extreme rapidity with which, under certain circumstances, water will cut into soft rocks, or break up hard ones.‡

Lastly, as to local elevations or convulsions of any kind:—We must remember that elevation is a fact exceedingly difficult to test except on the coast, or in marked instances inland. Sweden is known to be slowly rising, and Greenland to be sinking; two facts which are largely quoted by the advocates of gradual changes. For ample illustration of more sudden movements, we cannot do better than refer our readers to the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth chapters of the second book of Lyell's own *Principles of Geology*. He gives some additional facts in the present volume, as that, for instance, of a sudden rise of land in New Zealand in 1865, varying from one to nine feet on a line of twenty-three miles. Also, the extraordinary convulsions that have taken place in the Danish island of Møen, where some of the cretaceous and drift strata have been thrown into the wildest confusion, whilst neighbouring beds have remained horizontal and undisturbed.

Such facts as these do not militate against the conclusion that large tracts of the earth's surface have been exposed to gentle and uniform movements acting through long intervals of time. It was unphilosophical to suppose that, because we had proofs of occasional convulsions, everything must be

* Page 202.

† *Principles of Geology*, book ii., chap. 1.

‡ *Central France*, p. 183; *Teneriffe*, p. 70.

explained by catastrophes and cataclysms: but it is equally unphilosophical to maintain that, because we have evidence of gentle and gradual movements, nothing but gentle and gradual movements must be taken into account. It is also most unphilosophical to assume that the effects of slow acting causes must themselves always be slow. For tens of thousands of years subterranean forces may be gently straining the submarine crust of the earth; but, when once the strain produces a fissure, sudden and violent convulsions may be the result. For tens of thousands of years the equinoctial current may have been eating through that belt of land, which (as some men of science suppose) the Antilles once formed across the Gulf of Mexico; but when once it was broken through, a change in the direction of the Gulf Stream, with all its modifying effect on the climate of Europe, may have very rapidly ensued.

Not only do we know that the rate of change may have been greater, but we know that in some respects it must have been greater, in former times. All life is conservative; but human and civilized life stands in pre-eminent opposition to the destroying agencies of nature. Man terraces and cultivates the mountain side, cuts water-courses, embanks rivers: and apart from him all erosion and deposition become more irregular and extensive. The mountain streams supply more materials, the river courses are more often choked and overflowed:—this alone would forbid us to make the present rate of erosion and deposition a measure for the past.

Even on the geologist's own showing, past ages supply us with inferential evidence of quickened action in some elements of change—in that of elevation for instance. If, as they say, the largest part of England and the north of Europe was submerged during the glacial period, and covered with loose gravels and clay, what must have been the inevitable effect as it gradually rose from the sea? The surf of the Atlantic and German oceans even now eats into every earthy cliff that comes within range of the tide. It is impossible that any part of that soft surface could have escaped denudation if the rate of elevation had only been two feet and a half in a century; and whatever had been the rate, the erosion must have been enormous; far beyond anything we witness at present.

Suppose that all these considerations were supported by historical evidence,—suppose that some ancient record told us of various strange elements in action, of an atmosphere under different conditions, of a general quickening of physical forces, in short, of a state of things in which the present balance of

stability and change had not been fully established ; should we not say that there were many facts which agreed well with the ancient record ? Here we pass from geological to theological ground. What are we to understand by the first chapter of Genesis ? Hugh Miller did a great wrong both to science and theology when he propounded his notion that it was a vague vision of six great geological eras. It was a pity to propose a compromise between the two, which was only a compromise so far as it was neither sound geology nor sound divinity. For there are no six great geological periods ; it is nonsense to say that there are. Had the first chapter of Genesis spoken of ten days, it would have been quite as easy to find them. Also, there is no sort of resemblance between the Azoic period and the work of the first day ; none between the Silurian and Old Red Sandstone periods, and the work of the second day ; none whatever between the Permian and Triassic periods, and the work of the fourth day. On the other hand, this theory has served to withdraw our attention from the fact of a direct interference of the Almighty One six or seven thousand years ago, and to thrust Him back into the dimness and vastness of ages where the person of the Creator is hidden by the action of the laws of creation. It would have been better for theologians, and not more difficult for geologists, to abide by the simple meaning of the first chapter of Genesis, and to believe that, a few thousand years ago, the Creator looked on a world struggling with darkness and chaos, and spoke the words which quickened all the powers of nature to work out ultimate order and beauty. On the first day some occult powerful principle (which in our translation we call 'light') was separated from that which had kept it in abeyance, and was called into active agency. On the second day atmospheric influences were regulated ; on the third, elevation and subsidence did their work, and the newly raised land was saved from impending waste and destruction by being clothed at once with vegetation. On the fourth day cosmical influences were brought to bear on the new order of things ; and on the fifth and sixth, life was spread over the earth by the introduction of a vast number of new species. Are we then to conclude that all the more modern changes of the earth's surface were accomplished in six days ? Most certainly not. We simply suppose that physical agencies were called into more vigorous action to prepare the world for its new forms of life. But when once called into action, we have no reason to think they would suddenly collapse and subside. On the contrary it seems more in accordance with all our experience to conclude that the awakened forces would go on for some time at a quick-

ened rate, and only gradually expend themselves. This seems more probable in connexion with the great catastrophe which took place two thousand years after the commencement of the present order of things. 'Never again shall a flood destroy the earth,' said the Lord and Master of it, as if from that time He set aside the machinery which had wrought out His purpose. But it is by no means impossible that the atmospheric and subterranean forces which were called into more vigorous action in the six days, were kept at their work, so to speak, and held in preparation for that great diluvial catastrophe which Omniscience beheld impending over the sins of mankind. It is curious to see how very unwilling geologists are to allude to the deluge. Formerly, all water-action was ascribed to it; now, no water-action is ascribed to it; it has been robbed of its universal renown, and pushed in disgrace into a corner of Asia Minor as a mere local flood. Without entering into the question of its extent, we must observe that the subsidence of land and the torrents of rain which could overwhelm so large a tract in Asia would imply a complete upset of atmospheric equilibrium, and would subject other parts of the globe to great droughts and floods, and to increased erosion and deposition as the results of such a disturbance.

Until, therefore, Sir Charles Lyell can prove that the rate of change has been the same in past as in present times—a point that never can be proved—we shall claim the right to say it might have been otherwise. As geologists we find many facts to support such a possibility; and as theologians we have the record of the six days' work and of the deluge, connected by an unknown interval of two thousand years, to sanction our belief.

These remarks are still more applicable to the changes which have passed over organic life. Lyell looks on all the extinct animals, and, from the time it now takes to destroy a species, argues that an immense time must have elapsed in the process of extinction. But this is not fair. Animate and inanimate nature have long established an equilibrium between conservative and destructive forces; but it was not always so. Geology itself reveals past periods of vast destruction, the causes of which we cannot even conjecture. There is nothing going on at present in the domains of the elephant and the reindeer which could accumulate the masses of elephants' bones and tusks that are found in the frozen cliffs of Siberia; or the hundreds of antlers of reindeer that were taken out of only *one* of the Gower caves. These relics attest the power of past destroying agencies, and the vast aggregate of life destroyed. We have noticed before that a change in the Gulf Stream

might produce a rapid alteration in the climate of Europe; and it is to such alterations, rather than to mere lapse of time, that we should refer the extinction of the larger herbivora. We can scarcely estimate the rapid destruction which would ensue if perennial vegetation gave place to the leafless trees and barren soil of a northern winter.

We have spoken of life as having been largely developed six or seven thousand years ago by the introduction of a vast number of new species. This introduces the third part of Sir Charles Lyell's argument. He says no more about proofs of the antiquity of the human race, but proceeds to show that many plants and animals, and multitudes of shells, which are contemporaries of man, have been in existence for ages. Nevertheless, he confesses that no trace of mankind has ever been found in the deposits of that era of cold, and wreck, and waste, of submerged lands and icy seas which we call the glacial period—an era to which he ventures to give an age of 180,000 years! Yet, after having admitted this, he endeavours to suggest inferentially that the human race may be connected with the glacial period. Taken by themselves, those seven chapters in which he opens to us nature's record of that dreary winter of ages are extremely interesting; but as affording any evidence of the antiquity of the human race they are delusive, not to say, dishonest. Chapter after chapter is headed 'chronological relation' of the human period and the glacial period, as if to suggest an ascertained connexion between the two; yet when we read the chapters, and sift the facts, we find that the suggestion is all that Lyell can produce. He sums up his account of the pre-glacial fauna and flora of the 'forest bed' in the Norfolk cliffs by telling us that we

'need not despair of one day meeting with the signs of man's existence in the forest bed,'.....though 'for the present we must be content to wait and consider that we have made no investigations which entitle us to wonder that the bones or stone weapons of that era have failed to come to light.'—Page 228.

Then he tells us in the next chapter that we must

'now inquire whether the peopling of Europe by the human race, and by the mammoth and other mammalia now extinct, was brought about during the concluding phase of the glacial epoch.'—Page 229.

Here is a very insidious suggestion: man and the mammoth are assumed to have been always coeval, because they were so in later times, that we may slide into the conclusion, that when in far older deposits (such as the forest bed) we meet with the

mammoth, we may infer the existence of man. Then we have a sketch of the glacial period in Sweden, which is connected with the human period by a singular course of logic. Sir Charles Lyell 'cannot doubt,' that certain ice-erratics lying on marl, with recent shells, one hundred feet above the Gulf of Bothnia, were brought into their present position during the recent period, because they are at only a moderate height above the sea in a country which is now in process of elevation, and because oscillations of level are proved to have taken place forty-five miles off, by a human hut having been found buried in strata sixty feet deep.* Think of that! We cannot quite understand how the elevation of these erratics is any gauge of the time when they were originally dropped on the sea-bed; and the oscillations of the buried hut forty-five miles off is, to say the least, slightly inconclusive. It is, however, all that Lyell has to offer in proof of the connexion between the glacial and human periods in Scandinavia.

Then we have a sketch of

'the state of Scotland after its emergence from the glacial sea, when we cannot fail to be approaching the time when man co-existed with the mammoth and other mammalia now extinct.'—Page 248.

What proof is brought forward to support the idea that we are now approaching the human period? Simply, the remark, that

'the occurrence of the mammoth and reindeer in the Scotch boulder-clay, as both these quadrupeds are known to have been cotemporary with man, favours the idea which I have already expressed, that the close of the glacial period in the Grampians may have coincided in time with the existence of man in those parts of Europe where the climate was less severe, as, for example, in the basins of the Thames, Somme, and Seine, in which the bones of many extinct mammalia are associated with flint implements of the antique type.'—Page 252.

Then follows a very interesting description and theory of the parallel roads of Glen Roy, which is concluded by the observation,—

'They may perhaps have been nearly as late as that portion of the post-pliocene period in which man co-existed in Europe with the mammoth.'—Page 264.

Then follows a long account of the changes which have passed over the British isles, and of their probable union with each other, and with the Continent—changes that must have in-

fluenced the migrations of animals, and which therefore point to this ancient epoch as the time when the mammoth and his contemporary man must have immigrated to England. Finally, there is a long description of the various stages of the Swiss glacial period, at the end of which there is a brief mention of some terraces of stratified alluvium which lie above the lake of Geneva, and,

'by their position, can be shown to be posterior in date to the upper boulder-clay, and therefore belong to the period of the last retreat of the great glaciers. In the deposits of this period, the remains of the mammoth have been discovered, as at Morges, for example, on the lake of Geneva.'—Page 321.

The delta of the Tinière mentioned before, as containing monuments of the iron, bronze, and stone ages, was in process of formation when one of these terraces of stratified alluvium was forming. Let us note the slippery nature of this kind of evidence. These terraces are admitted to be more modern than the boulder-clay, therefore they are said to belong to the period of the last retreat of the great glaciers; that is to say, they were formed *after* the glaciers began to retreat, though how long after there is nothing to tell us. In fact, there is no connexion in time between one event and the other, though such a connexion is suggested, when these deposits are referred to 'the period of retreat.' Observe, it was *after* the glaciers retreated, that remains of the mammoth were deposited in one place, and those of man in another; yet, in the very next page, Lyell slides into the suggestion, that 'the final retreat of the Swiss and Italian glaciers may have taken place when (*when*!) man and the extinct mammalia were colonizing the north-west of Europe.' And then he concludes by saying,—

'It must be confessed, that in the present state of our knowledge, these attempts to compare the chronological relations of the periods of upheaval and subsidence of areas so widely separated as are the mountains of Scandinavia, the British Isles, and the Alps, or the times of the advance and retreat of glaciers in those several regions, and the greater or less intensity of cold, must be looked upon as very conjectural.'—Page 323.

His argument is worse than conjectural, it is unfair. Throughout these seven chapters the entire connexion of the era of the mammoth and the era of man is most improperly taken for granted; and though, perhaps, the end of one did but touch the beginning of the other, they are assumed to be identical throughout. Even were they identical, it would be equally unfair in a man of science to give his unscientific readers the impres-

sion of a real connexion in time between their era and the glacial era, by speaking of one period as *approaching* another, simply because the one is known to precede, and the other to follow. Lyell, too, of all men, who does not scruple to talk of millions of years in the lapse that may have taken place between successive deposits! However ingeniously we may conjecture, however plausibly we may suggest, we know that, according to present facts, there is between man and the glacial era an unbridged gulf of separation.

Yet one thing is most certain: many existing species of plants and animals are exceedingly old, many existing species of shells are old beyond all computation. We can trace recent shells past the glacial period, up through Pliocene and Miocene to Eocene deposits, and find four per cent. of them even there. Let no honest blunderer suggest that all these formations might be included in a period of seven thousand years;—he might as well try to concentrate noon-tide sunbeams into the wick of a tallow candle. They are incalculably older than this, yet they contain certain species of recent shells mixed with many others which have long passed away. We must therefore acknowledge that there is no exact line of demarcation between existing and extinct species: but is it necessary to the orthodox interpretation of Scripture to suppose that there must be such a line? Say that the earth was growing depopulated in its period of disturbance and cold, while lower types of life still flourished in the seas,—was the Creator to wait until every species had died out, or was He to turn destroyer and wantonly annihilate them? Yet what other course remained but to introduce the new forms amidst the lingering old ones? But we are reminded that the Bible expressly says that all things were created in six days. Let us not try to evade this difficulty by saying, as some people do, 'the Bible was given to teach us spiritual not scientific truth;' for, if the Bible was meant to teach us the highest sort of truth, we cannot suppose it was meant to teach us error of any kind. Yet it must happen sometimes that a brief notice, which gives a true general impression, makes no allusion to exceptional details. We conclude that the Almighty meant to reveal to us that not very, very long ago He re-arranged and settled the world, and covered it with new life, preparatory to the introduction of man. If there were in existence lingering forms of older life,—a few on the land, many more in the sea,—we can scarcely suppose that such a fact would have been revealed to Moses. He received a history of the new order of things, whilst the remnants of a

past order of things had no place in the record. In such a case the apparent incorrectness is not that of a false assertion, but that of a general statement which takes no cognizance of exceptions. We must remember that the number of still existing land animals and plants which have come down to us from earlier times is comparatively small, while the extinct elephant, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, bear, lion, hyena, stag, &c.,—the lingering remnant of an ancient fauna which actually came in contact with man,—seem to have died out rapidly, as though their existence were not in harmony with the new order of things.

There may be a real and broad difference where there is no precise line of demarcation. We ought to be told what proportion of our one thousand six hundred and fifty species of living mammalia has ever been found fossil; but this information is not supplied by Lyell, nor by Jukes, nor Ansted, nor Phillips, nor Hugh Miller. Lyell admits that 'the Miocene and older Pliocene deposits often contain the remains of mammalia, reptiles and fish, exclusively of extinct species;'^{*} and Agassiz tells us that (with one exception) he has never found any recent forms among fossil fish. These are broad differences. If we admit that among the mollusca a large per-centage of existing forms have come down from earlier times, there is strong evidence to be found in other departments of organic nature in support of the opinion that a large introduction of new species has been a very recent event in the world's history.

Nor is there in the province of inorganic nature a line of demarcation between a time of disorder and restored order; and for this simple reason, that disorder is nothing but the elements of order thrown out of balance. When we study lake, estuary, or deep sea deposits, that is to say, still water deposits, it must be impossible to decide whether they have been swept down from high lands in one thousand years of great havoc and waste, or in ten thousand years of ordinary erosion. But there is one line of calculation which we have never seen investigated, namely, the relative rate of action between the conservative powers of life, and the destroying agencies of nature. For example, if nine-tenths of northern Europe rose slowly out of a glacial sea, is the rate of vegetable migration rapid enough to secure the muddy surface from the waste of atmospheric influences? If such a tract rose in the tropics, is vegetation rapid enough to cover and claim it before it is baked into an arid and hopeless desert? If the coral islands of the Pacific were submerged to a depth that

destroyed their living barriers, and then raised again, is the migration of coral insects so far possible and so speedy that they would re-invest the ancient reefs, before the thundering surf swept the defenceless islands into the depths of the ocean? At this present hour we see animal and vegetable life—still more, intelligent life—holding possession of the world against attacking and destroying agencies; and by rightly estimating the struggle with which even now they keep their supremacy, we might possibly learn how far they were capable of originally seizing it. Even if the two powers were accurately balanced, destroying agencies would always have this advantage, that inorganic nature only changes, while organic life dies. Vegetation may clothe a wasted world with beauty, yet in the lapse of ages waste may recover its domain again; but let the havoc once go so far as wholly to destroy life, and no hundreds of thousands of years can bring it back. It seems, then, as if in the nature of things life struggling against extinction must have an appeal to the Lord of life; and the very struggle that goes on even now, of storm, and flood, and frost, and sea, with the powers of life that are holding the mastery, is a strong suggestion that that mastery was not gained without some external aid.

If we reject the scriptural account of the origin of the present order of things, we have to face new difficulties in the search for some other origin. The physical changes that have evidently taken place in the history of the world tend to destroy life; and the question will arise,—How is the waste to be supplied? In other words, How do new species begin? Either the Creator must interfere to fill up the vacancies, or we must suppose that there is in organic life some occult power to adapt itself to changes, and so to multiply its forms as to escape all danger of ultimate extinction. This is the theory of the transmutation of species which in its latest development has been advocated by Mr. Darwin. There is no question that it explains many facts which cannot otherwise be explained if we set aside the direct interference of the Creator. We come to this, (not necessarily, for as yet most scientific men reject it,) but we come to it easily and naturally when once we admit that we have no record of any other origin of existing forms. The latter part of Lyell's book completely endorses Darwin's theory, both in its strong and weak points; so much so, that it may be considered a mere repetition of his arguments less clearly and fully stated; with the exception of some further facts illustrative of the difficulty of distinguishing species, and an ingenious analogy (like most other analogies more plausible

than logical) between the origin and variety of language, and the origin and variety of species. Into this wide subject we shall not enter, except to notice the concluding chapter, in which Lyell hardly presses on to the conclusion of Darwin's premises, and allows and insinuates, if he does not actually say, that man is the last product of the process of transmutation,—the descendant by natural selection of the anthropoid Primates, now represented by the orang-outang, gorilla, and chimpanzee.

'The opponents of the theory of transmutation sometimes argue, that if there had been a passage by variation from the lower Primates to man, the geologist ought ere this to have detected some fossil remains of the intermediate links of the chain.....At some future day, when many hundred species of extinct quadrumana may have been brought to light, the naturalist may speculate with advantage on this subject; at present we must be content to wait patiently, and not allow our judgment respecting transmutation to be influenced by the want of evidence, which it would be contrary to analogy to look for in post-pliocene deposits in any districts which as yet we have carefully examined.'—Pp. 498, 499.

Here let us pause. Lyell says truly that the Almighty is as much the designer and maker of man, if He framed the atom and put within it powers to work out this wonderful result, as if He framed man directly out of the dust. But if the first chapter of Genesis and all confirmatory allusions to it were blotted out, the religious mind would still shrink from a system which, while it makes God an original Designer, makes Him nothing more. It is hard to believe, it is almost beyond belief, that the Being who had reigned supremely passive through millions of ages, whilst the created atom of inorganic matter was transmuted into cellular tissues, and so onward and onward till finally the monkey was transmuted into man,—that He who had stood thus aloof, should suddenly and unaccountably descend to be to His highest animal a Protector and Friend. Nay, nay, the Bible story of the origin of things rests its validity on its harmony with the whole of Scripture. From the last chapter of Revelation back to the first chapter of Genesis, the lesson of that sacred Book is man's continual dependence, earth's continual subjection, on Him and to Him who is equally Creator, Sustainer, and Lord of all.

And if we turn from the Bible, and look around the domain of observation and experience, we see enough to make us guess (though we can never know) that amidst the balanced powers of the universe, it is a fundamental law that the higher shall achieve success over the lower only by dependence on some-

thing higher than itself. In the struggle of life against the destroying agencies of nature, we conjecture it to be so; in the struggle of man with his animal propensities, we feel it to be so; in the struggle of all good and evil powers, we believe it to be so. Why should we shrink from the idea of the Almighty's sustaining power?—Applied to Him, interference is perhaps a wrong word. It gives the idea of a man's putting up his finger and forcibly altering the hands of a clock, when the right idea would rather be that of a spontaneous action of the great pendulum. We are very far from the solution of nature's problems; but, as we go deeper and deeper, we find distant facts pointing backwards to common principles, and separate principles giving hints of a common origin, until many, once supposed to be widely distinct, are recognised as varieties or correlatives of each other. All this suggests further simplification, in accordance with that philosophy which regards the sustaining will of the Almighty as the one motive power of the universe. When, therefore, we speak of the intervention of the Creator in the work of the six days, we dare not say, because we cannot understand, in what harmonious union of the great mainspring and the material machinery that vast work might have been accomplished. But we can conceive, at least, that it may have involved no violence to the pre-existing laws of nature. An Omnipotent Being only needs omniscience to insure the orderly fulfilment of His own will.

ART. II.—1. *The Taeping Rebellion in China: a Narrative of its Rise and Progress, based upon Original Documents and Information obtained in China.* By COMMANDER LINDESAY BRINE, R.N., F.R.G.S., lately employed in Chinese Waters. London: Murray. 1862.

2. *Five Months on the Yang-Tze; with a Narrative of the Exploration of its Upper Waters, and Notices of the present Rebellion in China.* By THOMAS W. BLAKISTON, late Captain Royal Artillery. London: Murray. 1862.

RECENT events in China, and the change in our relations with its government and people, have tended to diffuse among English readers a wide-spread interest in that mysterious empire. To gratify that interest, and supply the information which is demanded, several works on Chinese subjects have recently appeared. Of these the two placed at the head of this paper are in many respects the most important. The former is a very full, elaborate, and

impartial account of the most remarkable insurrectionary movement of modern times. It is drawn up partly from personal observation, but chiefly from the published accounts of English and American missionaries, and others who have long resided in China, and are intimately acquainted with the language, manners, and customs of its people. It bears every mark of conscientious industry and accuracy in the preparation; and the tone of candour and impartiality that pervades it inspires a high degree of confidence in the writer. The pretensions of the second volume on our list are by no means so lofty. But it is, both as to style and mechanical execution, a beautiful book, and contains much valuable information relative to the topography, population, and productions of the Upper Yang-tsze-kiang. We shall avail ourselves of this information in the following remarks, so far as our design may require it. We wish to lay before our readers what until now it has been hardly possible to obtain,—an authentic account of the rise, progress, and present attitude and prospects of that extraordinary rebellion, which has so extensively disorganized the Chinese governmental and social system, and awakened so keen an anxiety, especially among philanthropists and Christians in this country.

The self-imposed seclusion which has for so many centuries separated China from other countries, and which has been upheld with such insane and cruel jealousy, has led, very naturally, to the prevalence, in the 'outer world,' of innumerable mistakes respecting the condition of the Chinese Empire. It has been generally supposed, for instance, that within the period of authentic history scarcely anything has occurred to disturb the amicable relations between the government and the people; and even to educated men the mention of China has generally called up an image of complete social and political stagnation. Nothing can be further from the truth. The history of European politics, from the Norman Conquest of England, is scarcely more stormy than that of the Celestial Empire. Indeed, it may be most truly said, that, since A.D. 1127, China has been more or less in a state of chronic disorder and insurrection. In that year the Manchu Tartars invaded the country, and in a few years spread themselves over all the northern provinces as far south as the Yang-tsze-kiang, becoming absolute masters of a moiety of the empire. The native Chinese, driven to the south of that river, and fixing their capital at Hangchow, were very impatient of the insolent domination of the Manchus; and early in the thirteenth century the Chinese emperor solicited the aid of the Mongolian Tartars, under the

renowned Genghis-Khan, to drive the usurpers out of China. That monarch was only too ready to render the desired service; and the uniform result of such interposition followed in due course. Of that result the Manchu chief forewarned his Chinese rival: 'To-day the Western Tartar takes my empire from me, to-morrow he will take yours from you.' In effect, the Manchus were, after a long and bloody war, totally destroyed; but the ancient dynasty was not restored. The treacherous Mongol allies took possession of Northern China, and soon proceeded to operate from that base against the Chinese. Crossing the Yang-tsze, they speedily subdued the south-western provinces; and moving eastward compelled the emperor to take to his fleet. In the year 1280, they were masters of the whole of China, under the imperial rule of the renowned Kubla-Khan.

In the middle of the fourteenth century, a revolt of the native Chinese against the Mongol rule proved completely successful. In one respect this revolt was analogous to that which forms the subject of our present paper. Its leader, Chû, was a peasant, and in the first instance seemed to aspire no higher than to be the head of a local insurrection; but finding himself somewhat unexpectedly master of a large force, he marched towards Peking, crossed the Hoang-ho, or Yellow River, engaged and defeated the Mongol army, and established the native dynasty of the Mings, fixing his court at Nankin; the present capital or head-quarters of the Taeping leader. In less than half a century, however, the court was removed to Peking. Chû died and was buried at Nankin; and it is supposed that his son was buried there too. At any rate, two tombs are standing in what is said to be the ancient burial-place of 'the Mings,' or native dynasty. Captain Blakiston copies a very interesting description of a visit on the part of some of our countrymen to this celebrated and unique spot. We present the following passages:—

'Huge slabs of polished limestone form the walls, supported at the bottom by a projecting base of highly-carved stone. The roofs have likewise been polished; but I need hardly remark that, inasmuch as Chinese soldiers inhabited the place for the space of two years, the original flooring is invisible. The gateway to this enclosure is still standing, and from it to the city there was once a path lined on either side by monsters cut in stone. Tradition says that the great Ming's son was buried in the enclosure, and that priests dwelt in the stone houses to sing eternal requiems. The old barbaric pride is everywhere visible. The son of a great conqueror, torn from the earth, and from the prospect of the universal throne, must

be buried with no common pomp. The successor to the king's crown, having become a guest on high, must not go unattended; and stone camels, elephants, horses, dogs, and men, that stand and sit by the roadside, are the obedient slaves waiting to attend the spirit of the heir-apparent to his last and blissful abode. . . . These images will not last much longer, age and ruin are fast destroying them; some are already deep in the ground, the lion has lost a leg, one of the nondescripts is on his side, and a young tree is sprouting with vigour from the elephant's back; the men evince every desire to lie down, and will do so very soon, unless encouraged to hold up for a little longer.'—*Five Months, &c.*, p. 24.

Judging from the picture which accompanies this account, many of these effigies are wonderfully life-like, and show how far the Chinese had advanced in civilisation by the beginning of the fifteenth century.

'The emperor's tomb must have been a fine structure in its day; but it is a sad ruin at the present time. The imperial yellow and red with which the walls are stained look as fresh to-day as they did centuries ago. You can pick up a yellow tile, with a five-clawed dragon on it, and find the exact counterpart among the ruins of Yueng-ming-yuen. The mortar with which the place was built is so white, and laid on with such profusion, that all the ruins look white, and, if the glaring sun is resting upon them, almost dazzling. No inconsiderable number of priests must have droned away their lives in the immense houses which were once erected both over the gateway and the entrance to the tomb. The entrance is easier now through a gap in the wall than through the regular gateway, the stone steps of which are encumbered with the ruins of the several-storied house which was once erected above it. Proceeding along the broad paved way, the huge stones of which have all been more or less carved, you pass a series of tablets, which, as I have read somewhere, were erected to commemorate the visit of a Tsing prince to the tomb of the founder of the race first extinguished by Manchoos. Beyond the tablets you cross over a deep pond by the everlasting Chinese bridge, which is built in every Confucian temple, pleasure-garden, or park in China, exactly on one model. Beneath it once flowed a rivulet of pure water from the neighbouring mountain; but ruin has turned this aside now, and only a little stagnant rain-water remains in the reservoir, which, filled with the clear stream, would be a striking ornament. A huge square pile now rises before you on which formerly was erected a temple, a tunnel on a steep inclined plane goes directly through it, and the Golden Pearl Mountain, beneath which is the coffin, is immediately beyond. One cannot give a description of a great mass of ugly buildings such as these would appear were they described in print, or were they built anywhere else, or for any other purpose. The whole ruin is impressive enough where it stands, in the silence of a hill-corner,

with the old rugged mountain rising beyond it mocking at its insignificance.....Reclining on the golden mountain in all the warm luxury of a spring morning, we awoke the shade of the old monarch in the shape of a magnificent echo; a more perfect one I never heard in my life. The awful stillness makes it all the more striking. Sing a song, and old Ming does the same; whistle, and he will mock you like any ploughboy. A beautiful cock-pheasant flew from among the rhododendrons, and flashed away in the sunshine. Its whirr was answered by the echo, and my double-barrel made the hills detonate until the reverberation was too distant to be distinguished. What a change has come over the Celestial Empire! The tombs of one dynasty are lying around you, another is passing away, while away in the city, through the moving haze of the sunlight, can be seen the palace of him of Heaven, Hung-tsiu-tsuen, who lays claim to be the founder of a new race. All around are the signs of a sanguinary struggle, yet but half finished. The inviolability of the sacred empire is broken. Your dynasty is long passed, O Ming! but the citizens below there in Nanking are once more taking your dress and habits. Take comfort from that, if you can; but start from your troubled grave, for foreign devils from the Western Seas are holding jubilee over your tombs, and the corks from their diabolical explosive water resound in the vaulted chamber. There are none to keep them back. Peking and Nanking respect them as they go. O Ming! how are the proud, the mighty, fallen, and none so poor to do them reverence!'—*Ibid.*, pp. 24-27.

Doubtless the purpose of the Taiping leader to set up his capital in Nankin was strengthened, if not suggested, by the presence of these memorials of the last native dynasty within its precincts. But to return:—The Ming rule lasted for nearly two centuries and a half; but throughout almost its whole duration it was troubled and anxious. The country suffered in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries from famines and earthquakes, and from the incursions of the Tartar hordes in the north and north-west. The unutterable miseries endured by the people engendered incessant sedition and revolt; and the government grew weaker day by day, becoming ever less capable of resisting foreign invasion, or repressing domestic disorder. In 1637 there were eight independent rebel armies in existence, which were subsequently consolidated into two divisions. The leader of one of them—a man named Li—seized and occupied Peking, with a view to the usurpation of the throne; but the imperial general of the north-eastern province refused to acknowledge him; called in the Manchus to his aid in putting down the rebellion; and these, as on a former occasion, soon proclaimed themselves the rulers of China, and established the present, or Tsing, dynasty. At first

the southern provinces resolutely spurned the Tartar yoke; nor was it until the commencement of the eighteenth century that this resistance was overcome. And even then secret societies were formed for the overthrow of the government, which seem to have existed all through the period of the second Manchu usurpation. During the eighteenth century, however, peace was maintained with little difficulty; and, in consequence, 'the population became so excessive, that the produce of the land was barely adequate to meet their wants.'

The present century dawned fairly enough upon China; but, ere many years had elapsed, earthquakes, floods, famine, and pestilence devastated several of the largest, most populous, and most productive provinces of the empire. These horrors, naturally enough, led to riot and sedition; and the Satanic ingenuity of the government was taxed to devise punishments sufficiently frightful for their suppression. Tortures of the most fiendish kind were employed, and the miserable sufferers were afterwards burnt alive. To the disaffection produced by the cruelty of the government must be added the disorder occasioned by the roving bands of opium smugglers, whose unlawful and pernicious trade, it is humiliating to remember, was chiefly maintained by British cupidity. Then came the first war with Great Britain, commonly called the Opium War; which, whatever opinion may be entertained of its merits, was the means of unmasking before the eyes of millions of Chinamen the miserable weakness and corruption of their government, and of fostering that disposition to revolt which had never been extinguished, and which furnished the Taeping leader—who appeared on the scene at this juncture—with thousands of ready and enthusiastic coadjutors in his crusade against the hated Tartar sway.

Perhaps we ought to apologise for this long introduction and review. But it furnishes the true key to the otherwise inscrutable successes of the Taepings. The elements of an appalling explosion had been accumulating for ages; and awaited only a suitable crisis, and a leader who could understand his time and use his opportunity. Such a leader was found in the person of Hung-siu-tsuen, a native of a small village about thirty miles from Canton. His father was headman of the village, but was nevertheless extremely poor, the family livelihood depending on the cultivation of a few rice fields, and the rearing of pigs and poultry.

'The village contains three rows of houses, one behind the other, with narrow lanes connecting them. Before the half-dozen huts

or houses composing the front row is a pool of muddy water, used for manuring purposes, and which is a reservoir for all the refuse. On the left, by the side of the pool, stands the school-house. On the west side of the third row, at the back of the village, is the "humble dwelling of Hung's parents."—*The Taepings*, p. 64.

We must presume that the greater number of our readers are sufficiently acquainted with the Chinese system of competitive examinations. By the law of China, successful competition at public examinations, the severity and duration of which are quite startling, is the only passport to public employment. When honestly conducted, this system, as we ourselves are beginning to find out, affords the surest guarantee for securing to the state the services of its most able and discerning citizens; and it is but fair to say that in spite of the notorious administrative corruption of China, that country enjoys the benefits of this system in a very high degree. One effect of it is to diffuse a passion for education throughout the empire. The expense attending the higher examinations does, indeed, deter the very poor from giving their children the education necessary to pass them; but only the very lowest classes of all are compelled to leave their offspring wholly without education. Under such a system, it of course happens that many a poor man—especially if he has among his sons 'the hope of the family'—will undergo prodigious toil, and make the greatest possible sacrifices, to qualify his boy for his first step on the ladder of promotion. This was the case with the father of Hung-siu-tsuen. He had a wonderful opinion of his son's talents; and what with hard work and living on the part of the family, and some little assistance from friends, the old man managed to send him for some years to school; but the *res angusta domi* at last prevailed, and at the age of sixteen he was taken from his studies to assist in maintaining the family, and 'was obliged to pass his time in field-labour, or in leading the oxen to graze.' He had already failed more than once in obtaining the lowest literary degree,—partly because his talents were not much above mediocrity, and partly because his father's poverty prevented his entering a first-class school. But the young gentleman had by no means a bucolic soul; and he was only too glad when his fellow-villagers gave him the appointment of teacher in their school. Here he prosecuted his studies; chose the designation of 'Siu-tsuen,'—which means 'elegant and perfect,'—to mark his individuality in the family of Hung; and about the end of 1833 presented himself once more in Canton at the public competitive examination. He took high rank in this examination, though he failed to obtain

the great prize for which he had wrought so hard,—his bachelor's degree. But—what was of unspeakably greater consequence to himself and to China—he met with a man who seems to have been a Protestant missionary, and on the following day with two natives, one of whom gave him a whole parcel of books, consisting of nine volumes, and entitled *Good Words exhorting the Age*.

'The donor proved to be a native convert who was employed in distributing tracts. The author of these tracts was a man named Leang-Afah, a convert of Dr. Milne's at the college at Malacca. Leang subsequently returned to China, (his native country,) and there Dr. Morison, finding that he was anxious to become a distributor of the Gospel, ordained him for that purpose. Dr. Morison states that in 1832 Leang-Afah had printed nine tracts, of about fifty pages each, composed by himself, and interspersed with passages of sacred Scripture. The title of the whole was *Kuen-shi-leang yen*. ("Good Words exhorting the Age.") "These books contain a good number of whole chapters of the Bible, according to the translation of Dr. Morison, many essays on important subjects from single texts, and sundry *miscellaneous statements* founded on Scripture." I have but little doubt that to these "miscellaneous statements," and to mistranslations, many of the Taeping tenets might be traced.'—*The Taipings*, pp. 66, 67.

Our hero carried these tracts home, and cursorily glanced at their contents. They do not seem to have at all impressed him, and were presently laid aside, that he might once more give himself up to study. Three years later he presented himself again for examination at Canton, and again he failed. He was utterly dispirited and depressed. Worn out with study, anxiety, and vexation, he was attacked by serious illness, and was confined to bed for a considerable time. Here a new element enters into his history,—an element not unfrequently met with in similar histories, and one which is fitted to suggest a good deal of philosophical inquiry and speculation. What happened to Ignatius Loyola as he lay nursing his broken leg after the siege of Pampeluna, what has happened to many an enthusiast and fanatic who has made a noise in the world, happened to him. He began to have intercourse with the supernatural.

'In one of his visions, he imagined himself to be carried away in a sedan chair by a number of men playing musical instruments, and, after visiting bright and luminous places, and having all his impurities washed away, he entered, in company with a number of virtuous, aged, and venerable men, into a large hall, the beauty and splendour of which were beyond description. A man, venerable from his years,

and dressed in a black robe, was sitting in an imposing attitude, in the highest place. As soon as he observed Siu-tsuen, he began to shed tears, and said, "All human beings in the world are produced and sustained by me; they eat my food, and wear my clothing, but not a single one among them has a heart to remember and venerate me; what is, however, still worse, they take my gifts, and therewith worship demons; they rebel against me, and rouse my anger. Do not then imitate them!" Thereupon, he gave Siu-tsuen a sword, commanding him to exterminate the demons, but to spare his brothers and sisters; a seal by which he would overcome evil spirits; and a yellow fruit, which Siu-tsuen found sweet to the taste. He then gives him charge to do the work of bringing round the perverse; and, taking him out, told him to look and behold the perverseness of the people of the earth.

'Siu-tsuen looked and saw such a degree of depravity and vice that his eyes could not endure the sight nor his mouth express their deeds. He then awoke from his trance, but being still partially under its influence, he put on his clothes, left his bedroom, went into the presence of his father, and making a low bow said, "The venerable old man above has commanded that all men shall turn to me, and all treasures flow to me."

'When his father saw him come out, and heard him speak in this manner, he did not know what to think, feeling at once joy and fear. The sickness and visions of Siu-tsuen continued about forty days, and in these visions he often saw a man of middle age, whom he called his Elder Brother, who instructed him how to act, accompanied him in his wanderings to the uttermost regions in search of evil spirits, and assisted him in slaying and exterminating them.'—*The Taepings*, pp. 67-69.

He passed many days in a state of alternate frenzy and exhaustion, and was soon noted throughout the neighbourhood as 'the madman;' and, as his health began to recover, his friends and relatives came to hear from his own lips the narrative of his experiences. The only emotions excited seem to have been ignorant wonder, or pity, or contempt, according to the bias of the listener; and it was not until years after, when the village schoolmaster had made himself a name in China, and had become the terror of mandarins and emperors, that his old neighbours began to recall and to discuss the visions of his youth. For himself, he proceeded to a distant village after his recovery, and for some years pursued the even tenor of his way in his old employment as a schoolmaster. Such is the story told to a Protestant missionary long afterwards by a relative, himself remarkable enough in connexion with the Taeping insurrection, as we shall see in due time. There is no reason to doubt the substantial truth of the account, confirmed as it is by inherent consistency, and by many collateral circum-

stances. Nor is there any reason to believe that the now great Siu-tsuen was himself—at any rate, in the first instance—an impostor. We do not profess agreement with those who see in the success of such movements proof of the sincerity of their originators. We cannot, for instance, concur in the opinion of men like Captain Burton that Joe Smith, the founder of Mormonism, was other than a very wicked and a very vulgar impostor. But the hero of our present story does seem, from all accounts, to have believed most thoroughly in the reality of his brain-sick fancies, and to have waited patiently on Providence, perfectly convinced that something great and wonderful would come of them.

We cannot do better than give the account of the next stage in his career in the words of Captain Blakiston:—

‘In 1843, whilst engaged as a teacher by a family of the name of Li, in a school about ten miles from his own village, a relation of his of the name of Li happened to look over his books, and amongst them found the tracts already spoken of, *Good Words exhorting the Age*. He asked Siu-tsuen their contents. Siu-tsuen said he did not exactly know, and that he had brought them from Canton some time previous. Li borrowed the books, took them home with him, and read them. Upon returning the tracts, he told Siu-tsuen that they were very extraordinary writings, and differed considerably from Chinese books. Upon this, Siu-tsuen set to work and carefully read them, and was astonished to find that they supplied a key to his own visions.

“He now understood the venerable old man who sat upon the highest place, and whom all men ought to worship, to be God, the Heavenly Father; and the man of middle age, who had instructed him, and assisted him in exterminating the demons, to be Jesus, the Saviour of the world. Siu-tsuen felt as if awaking from a long dream. He rejoiced to have found in reality a way to heaven, and sure hope of everlasting life and happiness. Learning from the books the necessity of being baptized, Siu-tsuen and Li, according to the manner described in the books, and as far as they understood the rite, now administered baptism to themselves.”

It is curious to note here that, about fourteen years previously, Joe Smith and his earliest accomplice, Oliver Cowdery, performed the same office for each other in America. But to proceed:—

‘After this they discarded their idols, and removed the tablet of Confucius that was placed in the school-room.

‘From this time forward Siu-tsuen followed the path that seems to be always that of earnest enthusiasts. In his desire to spread his views, and to overthrow the existing state of belief, he sacrificed all worldly advantages, and, losing all his appointments, became almost a beggar.’—*The Taepings*, pp. 72, 73.

In this respect, our hero shows to great advantage in contrast with the prophet of the Latter Day Saints. At first, as in all such cases, his altered views were expounded to his immediate relatives, and he made at this early period two very important converts,—Hung-jin, now the famous ‘Shield-king,’ and the principal authority respecting the events just narrated,—and Fung-yun-san, ‘who became a man of great importance, and was one of the chief promoters of the outbreak.’ The deeper study of the tracts convinced all four of the reality and importance of Siu-tsuen’s visions. His inevitable ignorance of the doctrines of the tracts led him to construe all doubtful passages by the light of his dreams; and thus was the foundation laid of that caricature of Christianity which is exhibited in some features of the Taeping system.

Their new profession soon exposed them to the displeasure of their friends, and the loss of their emoluments; and they proceeded elsewhere in search of a livelihood, and also of a field of action. After visiting the Miau-tsze, ‘or independent mountaineers,’ and some parts of the province of Kwang-si, they repaired to the house of Siu-tsuen’s cousin, one Wang, where they remained for some months, and made above a hundred converts. The leader then returned home; but Fung-yun-san remained and preached in Kwang-si during a period of some years. His numerous converts soon began to organize themselves, ‘and became known as “the congregation of the worshippers of God.”’ Siu-tsuen reached his home, and pursued his occupation as a teacher during 1845 and 1846. Yet he forbade the veneration of Confucius among his scholars, and laboured earnestly to propagate his new sentiments. He began to display, moreover, the most bitter hostility to the Manchus, and to cultivate that didactic and poetic faculty for which he has since become distinguished. In the following year, the rumour that a foreign missionary was preaching in Canton, and an invitation from one of his native assistants, attracted Siu-tsuen and Hung-jin to that city. There they found the Rev. Issachar Roberts, an American missionary, who was profoundly impressed with the antecedents of his visitors, and published a very favourable opinion especially of Siu-tsuen. They returned home in about a month; but presently Siu-tsuen went back to Canton to prosecute his studies, but was soon compelled to leave by the jealousy of some of Mr. Roberts’s assistants. He set forth, and went his way, enduring incredible toil and the severest hardships. Presently he heard of his friend Fung-yun-san and the Society of God-worshippers, and hastened to join them. Their number speedily increased, and a few

graduates were admitted. Idols were abolished among them; a kind of baptism was introduced, and forms of prayer composed and circulated for morning and evening use. Animal sacrifices were also occasionally offered,—a remnant of the old superstitions. They soon became true iconoclasts, destroying temples and idols on all sides. The authorities captured and imprisoned Fung-yun-san, and another principal adherent named Lu-luh. The former, by means of petitions and bribes, was soon released; but Lu-luh died in prison. No thought of rebellion, however, seems to have been entertained; for, during the next seven months, Siu-tsuen and Fung-yun-san were employed as herdsmen, and in the quiet and patient labour of religious instruction among their fellows.

About this time members of the Society of God-worshippers began to be affected with ecstatic fits; and one especially—named Yang-sin-tshin, afterwards the eastern king—uttered, while under their influence, words which made a deep impression on his hearers; but Siu-tsuen at first only partially confirmed these deliverances. In 1850 he was joined by his family, and his adherents rapidly multiplied. He was at this time 'austere and reserved in his manners, strict in his moral behaviour, and severe upon the shortcomings of his followers, all of whom fully acknowledged his superiority, and submitted to the discipline he enforced.' Whatever he may have thought of the spiritual possessions of his followers at the time, it is certain that he soon persuaded himself that they were real, and arose from the immediate inspiration of Heaven. Yang, for instance, spoke in the name of the Heavenly Father, and one Siau-chau-kwui in the name of the Elder Brother (Jesus); and, when the time came for issuing decrees and proclamations, the Taeping leader refers to this period and these visitations as to the coming down upon earth of 'our Heavenly Father,' and 'our Celestial Elder Brother, the Saviour Jesus.' That he had brought himself to believe all this, there seems no room to doubt, especially as more than once after the capture of Nankin he suffered much indignity at the hands of Yang, believing him to be under Divine inspiration. Captain Blakiston very naturally reminds his readers of the coincidence between these 'fits' and some of the unexplained, and we presume inexplicable, phenomena of the late Irish revivals. We do not see what good is to be got out of comparisons like this. The less we attempt to philosophize and speculate on such matters the better. Perhaps the extraordinary mental excitement, from whatever cause it may arise, operating through the nervous system upon the brain, may account for many of these phenomena, and espe-

cially for their recurrence at periods of powerful religious movement. No enlightened Christian will think of laying any stress upon them; and it is certain that the work of true conversion proceeds as well and as steadily without them. It is very clear, however, that such manifestations are likely to make a profound impression on the ignorant and superstitious; and we are prepared to find that they greatly promoted the success of the Taeping movement in this its earliest stage. We are now about to enter upon the political phase which it presently assumed; but pause a moment with Captain Blakiston to note the indomitable perseverance of the man on whom the leadership devolved,—to wonder at the course of Providence which permitted him to come into a certain imperfect contact with the Christian and Protestant element that was at work in the south of China, but withheld him from that more intimate association which would have corrected his many errors, and perhaps given a totally different complexion to the cause which he espoused,—and to ask ourselves whether, after all, the rough work which requires to be done in China before the religion of purity and peace can triumph there, could have been done at all if such association had been permitted. The ways of God are wonderful; the instruments which His Providence employs are frequently blind and unconscious instruments,—not to say, in human estimation, wholly unsuited to any work of elevation or moral improvement. Christian enlightenment and the very spirit of the Gospel would not have fitted Hung-siu-tsuen to be the *scourge* of China, as he has manifestly been; and who shall say that the scourge was not needed to prepare the way for the evangelisation of the country? Let us be content to leave the question with Him who ‘maketh the wrath of man to praise Him.’

We have been thus particular in tracing the rise of that great and powerful body who in less than ten years have spread themselves over nearly half the Chinese Empire, and have shaken the power of the Manchu dynasty to its very foundation, because without a knowledge of the condition of China, and of the character of the Taeping leaders, it is impossible to account for its marvellous success. We shall not require the same elaborate detail as we trace its progress, but shall, nevertheless, endeavour to give a clear and connected outline of the movement down to the present time. It is in 1850 that we first find the Taipings in arms against the government. The history of the three or four previous years, especially in

the south of China, is little more than the history of incessant disturbances, risings of banditti, and rebellions. The Chinese local authorities attributed these to the disorganization and demoralisation caused by the failure of the war with England; the Roman Catholic missionaries, to roving bands of opium-smugglers; and the Taepings themselves, to the tyranny and cruelty of the authorities. The statement of the Romish missionaries may be dismissed as not worth considering;—it is not a little remarkable that these men, although found throughout the disturbed districts, and supposed to be unusually conversant with the views and condition of the people, have not contributed any trustworthy information respecting the Taeping rebellion. In 1851, the military governor of Kwang-si drew up an official statement of the outbreak of that rebellion, which he attributed to the confluence of numerous bands of robbers and villains, whose outrages the government could not suppress, though maintaining large armies, and spending enormous revenues, in the vain endeavour to do so. The Taepings admit the truth of these representations as to the prevalence of marauding bands; but the following is their version of the way in which ‘the God-worshippers’ became identified with the insurrectionary parties:—

‘The almost inaccessible mountains of the Kwang-si province have long served as a place of resort for outlaws and banditti, who, from their hiding-places, went forth to plunder unsuspecting travellers and commit depredations on the neighbouring villages. During the last few years, the number of these outlaws has been increasing. They formed regular bands of robbers, and were so bold that they began openly to attack hamlets, larger villages, and market-towns. The soldiers, sent by the government officials to seize and disperse the banditti, often had hard work to perform. Yet in most instances they were successful, though the bands of robbers, when dispersed in one place, gathered again in another. Most of these robbers were men from Kwang-tung and the bordering provinces, who are by the aborigines of Kwang-si called *Khih-kias*, (strangers or settlers,) because they had immigrated and settled in Kwang-si among the *Punti* or original inhabitants. *Khih-kia* or *Hak-ka* villages are very numerous in Kwang-si, though in general not so large and opulent as those of the *Punti*. A feeling of enmity had long existed between the two classes, and every new incident served but to augment their hatred. At that time, a very rich *Hak-ka*, named *Wun*, had taken as his concubine a girl who had been promised in marriage to a *Punti* man; and, having agreed to settle the matter with her parents, by paying a large sum of money, he peremptorily refused to give her up to the *Punti* claimant. At the office of the district magistrate, numerous petitions and accusations were daily lodged against the

Hak-ka population, so that mandarins were unable to settle all their disputes. It seems even probable that the mandarins wished to escape the trouble; and, if the report be true, they advised the Punti population themselves to enforce their rights against the Hak-kas. The result was, that soon after between the Puntis and Hak-kas of the Kwei district a civil war commenced, in which a number of villages gradually became involved. The fighting began on the 28th of the eighth month, (September, 1850,) and, during the first few days the Hak-kas had the advantage.

'Gradually, however, the Puntis grew bolder and more experienced; and, as their number was considerably larger than that of their opponents, they defeated the Hak-kas and burnt their houses, so that the latter had no resting-place to which they could resort. In their distress, they sought refuge among the "worshippers of God," who at that time lived dispersed in several districts, in congregations counting from one hundred to three hundred individuals. They willingly submitted to any form of worship in order to escape from their enemies, and receive the necessary supplies of which they were destitute.'—*The Taepings*, pp. 106-108.

Thus the new society became implicated in the disorders of the time; and as all the outcasts, rioters, robbers, gravitated to it as to a common centre, a rupture with the imperial authorities, or an abandonment of the protectorate thus brought upon it, became inevitable. It is stated by Hung-jin that Siu-tsuen had long expected such a crisis, and was fully prepared for it. That crisis was hastened by the treachery of his cousin, the graduate Wang, who had become his declared enemy. A worshipper had got into trouble by indulging his iconoclastic zeal, and was brought before a magistrate, who, however, would not hear the case, and dismissed the parties. On leaving the court, the worshipper became defiant, and demanded a large sum of money as compensation for the indignity of his arrest. Wang happened to pass at the moment of the dispute, took part against the image-breaker, dragged him again before the magistrate, and, by force of bribery, secured his imprisonment. Want and ill-treatment gradually terminated the wretched man's life. Other troubles with the Punti people followed; and at last the two Taeping leaders sought security from magisterial vengeance in the mountain home of a friend. Thither a party of soldiers was sent to guard the pass leading to the house, and insure the capture of the runaways; but at this moment Yang is said to have had one of his trances, 'in which he revealed to the brethren in an adjoining village the danger of their chiefs.' A strong force was mustered, the guards were beaten, and the captives were liberated. Thus the inevitable hour had struck

for Siu-tsuen, and he soon showed that he was the man for the hour. At his peremptory summons, his adherents converted their property into cash, assembled in one place around their leader, attacked and carried the market-town in which the traitor Wang resided, and inaugurated that stupendous rebellion which has already achieved such triumphs, and is likely, unless the Anglo-French interference arrest it, to hurl the hateful and hated Manchu Tartar from the imperial throne. At this point a momentary connexion was established with the celebrated Triad Society, from which at one time the Taeping rebellion was supposed to have proceeded. Captain Blakiston, however, shows that this was a mistake, and we need not further mention it here.

It is remarkable that, in four months from the above time, Siu-tsuen found himself at the head of a large army, highly organized, and strictly disciplined,—a fact which strengthens the conclusion that he and his coadjutors had long been preparing for the struggle on which they now entered. The chief himself assumed the title by which we shall henceforth distinguish him; namely, the Tien-Wang, or Heavenly Prince or King. On the 27th of August, 1851, the first great success was achieved in the capture of Yung-gnan, in the eastern part of Kwang-si. The method of capture adopted does not raise our conceptions of the valour of the Tartar troops by whom it was defended.

'The insurgents advanced quickly to the walls, which are not very high, and, by throwing an immense quantity of lighted fire-crackers into the town, the continued explosion of which brought confusion among the soldiers within and caused them to retreat, they easily succeeded in scaling the walls and entering the city.'—*The Taepings*, p. 124.

The Tien-Wang entered in triumph, and was at once proclaimed first Emperor of the dynasty of Taeping, or Great Peace. He issued proclamations, giving the title of *wangs*, or kings, to his principal generals, and enjoining obedience to his doctrine; offering the rewards of a future life, as well as the substantial enjoyments of the present; and severely denouncing immorality, especially as against the seventh commandment. In the meantime the Imperialists closely invested the city, and won several minor victories over the rebels; but the latter, in April, 1852, broke through the besieging lines, and marched off in a north-easterly direction,—leaving, however, more than 3,000 of their number to be butchered by the savage troops of the empire, and among them Hung-ta-tsuen, one of the principal generals. From him a confession was extracted, according

to which he had himself been a close student of the military art in his youth, and latterly the principal military instructor of the Tien-Wang. When the unfortunate wretch had finished this confession, *he was put to death by being slowly cut into small pieces.*

Yang continued to have trances and visions, in which it was supposed that the Heavenly Father came down to earth, and took possession of him, making him the mouthpiece of the divine decrees. It may be as well to say here that the revolting use of the titles, 'Heavenly Father,' 'Heavenly Elder Brother,' and the like,—so characteristic of the public documents of the Taepings,—is not quite so blasphemous as at first sight would appear. When these divine personages are represented as speaking, the meaning is that Yang, or some one else believed to be under divine inspiration, speaks in the name of the Father, or the Elder Brother, as the case may be. Captain Blakiston gives a curious instance of the success of these pretensions in exposing and defeating the treachery of one Chow-Seih-nang. We have no space for it here; but it is given at length in the jargon of the sect at pages 140–151 of this deeply interesting volume. The rebel army, in the meantime, marched steadily forward in a north-easterly direction, the Hak-kas displaying astonishing coolness, courage, and endurance. After an unsuccessful attack on Kwei-lin, the capital of the province of Kwang-si, they set forward on May 19th, 1852, for Hoo-nan and the north; on June 12th, they assaulted and captured Taou-chow, a considerable city in that province, and pressed forward in spite of the imperial troops, arriving at Chang-sha early in September. After vainly besieging this place for two months, they raised the siege, and moved on Yoh-chow, at the junction of the Yang-tsze-kiang with the Tung-ting lake. This place was soon taken; and, moving down the great river, they took Han-yang in December, Woo-chang, the provincial city of Hoopeh, in January, 1853, and so went on capturing one great town after another, till, on March the 8th, they appeared before Nankin, the ancient capital of the empire. The Tartar emperor and his court were aghast at these rapid and prodigious successes; and his majesty

'declared his intention of proceeding to the altar, and there presenting his heartfelt supplications for peace. In the decree relating thereto the emperor blames his ministers for pursuing wrong measures, but likewise condemns himself for not instituting a searching inquiry into abuses, which abuses have given rise to the rebellion and distressed the people. Thinking upon this, he declares that he is

unable to eat or sleep. But blaming himself he deems an empty ceremony; he therefore anxiously and humbly entreats august Heaven to pardon his offences, and save his poor people.'—*The Taepings*, p. 156.

But neither the emperor's prayers nor his armies could arrest the victorious march of the rebels. In an incredibly short time the wall of Nankin was undermined, a breach effected, and the city captured. Right mercilessly did the conquerors avenge the cruelties of their imperial foes. Twenty thousand of the Tartar inhabitants were destroyed. 'We killed them all,' said the insurgents, with emphasis,—the recollection bringing back into their faces the dark shade of unsparing sternness they must have borne when the appalling execution was going on,—'We killed them all, to the infant in arms. We left not a root to sprout from.' The bodies were thrown into the Yang-tze. This fearful butchery was but putting into practice the fierce and terrible denunciations by which the Tien-Wang had sought to awaken the popular hatred against the Tartar 'imps' and 'devils,' as he uniformly called them. Proclamations were issued, intended to re-assure the Chinese population. Rapine and violence were prohibited under penalty of death; and several summary decapitations produced a salutary effect. From Nankin the rebels spread themselves in various directions, captured the cities of Chin-keang and Yang-chow, transporting the able-bodied inhabitants to Nankin, and compelling them to work at the fortifications or to serve in the Taeping army, the numbers of which speedily rose to seventy thousand, and even one hundred thousand, fighting men. It is confidently believed that if the rebel leader had gone forward to Peking, instead of nursing his pride and indulging his sensual propensities in Nankin, he would have seized the imperial city at a blow, have overturned the Tartar dynasty, and have secured the dominion of the whole Chinese empire. It was at this time that our countrymen first came into contact with the rebels. The imperialists gave out that the English were coming to aid them in the suppression of the rebellion; and, partly to rebut this representation, and partly to study the character and habits of the Taepings, Sir G. Bonham proceeded to Nankin in the 'Hermes' on the 27th of April. They treated him with great insolence, and even fired on his vessel,—a compliment which of course he returned with interest; but a better understanding was soon brought about; interviews were held with the rebel authorities; and copies of the Tien-Wang's rules and precepts, and other books, were presented to Sir G. Bonham. Two months afterwards, Dr. Taylor,

an American missionary, visited Chin-keang. He found it presenting a scene of utter desolation, 'the doors and shutters of all the shops and dwellings having been taken to form the stockades along the banks of the river.' He

'was present at their worship, which he describes as consisting of chanting hymns and doxologies in a very solemn manner, whilst those engaged in it remained seated; after which all kneeled, apparently with much reverence, closing their eyes, while one of their number uttered an audible prayer. Their chanting was accompanied with the usual dissonant instruments employed by the Chinese at their festivals. These acts of worship were repeated twice or thrice a day, and included in them the grace before meat; and immediately afterwards they proceeded to the tables without further ceremony.'—*The Taepings*, pp. 179, 180.

The information obtained through Dr. Taylor proves that the Tien-Wang had influence enough to enforce his religious tenets and observances on his followers, even when at a distance from the capital.

After the capture of Nankin, a change in the tactics of the insurgents was adopted. Instead of pressing forward and over-running the country, they occupied the city in force, and fortified it with great care, apparently intent on consolidating their power and perfecting their discipline and organization. In a short time, however, a small army, quite ineffectual for the purpose, was detached for the invasion of the north. The imperial troops had now invested Nankin; but the little army of six thousand Taepings made its way through the besiegers' lines. From that moment its communication with Nankin and with its supplies was cut off. It was closely followed by an imperial force, and the local troops always immediately closed on its rear as it advanced; yet it marched over thirteen or fourteen hundred miles, sometimes inclining to the east, sometimes to the west, but never turning southward; and, by the end of 1853, obtained possession of Tsing-hae, twenty miles from Tien-tsin, and threatening Peking. Could it have maintained its position till the arrival of reinforcements, Peking would have fallen; but in May, 1854, it became necessary to turn southward, and the retrograde march was slowly attempted, town after town being captured, despoiled, and abandoned, as the troops moved back to Nankin. They beheaded the government officials, but spared the Chinese inhabitants. As soon as they retired, the Manchus re-occupied the cities, and so followed close on the heels of the retiring Taepings, but were never able to overtake them. In spite of their repeated disappointments, the rebels were in possession of the chief cities

on the great river from Chin-keang to Hankow by the middle of 1854, and the Imperial Government was reduced to extremities.

About this time the American frigate 'Susquehanna' visited Nankin, accompanied by Dr. Bridgeman, an eminent Chinese scholar. This gentleman communicated some very valuable information respecting the Taepings to the *North China Herald*. He found the people at large extremely friendly to Christian foreigners. The leaders claimed universal sovereignty, having no correct idea, however, of the world which they pretended to govern. Martial law prevailed in the city, and the greatest order and decorum were maintained. There were no churches or ministers, but the whole Bible, in Gutzlaff's version, was shown to him. The decalogue was known, and its authority recognised. A certain community of goods prevailed, by means of which immense stores were accumulated. The general appearance of the people was grotesque and novel, from the great variety of their costumes and accoutrements; but they were 'well clad, well fed, and well provided for in every way.' Another member of the expedition, signing himself 'X. Y. Z.,' confirms these representations. He attributes their apparent unfriendliness at first to the suspicions engendered by our amicable relations with their enemies. The city was at this time in course of re-construction, and the streets were in many instances wide and clean. It was his conviction, however, that the fanaticism of the leaders was beginning to produce very mischievous effects. Yang, for instance, had already assumed the title and functions of the Holy Ghost, the Comforter. This was apparently the commencement of a course of rapid deterioration. The Tien-Wang, indeed, kept himself perfectly secluded, so much so that many believed him to be dead. Yang was the active head of the rebellion; his trances became numerous and very remarkable; and there is a long account of one or two which seem to have been contrived to humble the Tien-Wang. On one occasion that potentate meekly submitted to the sentence of 'the Heavenly Father' through the mouth of Yang, prescribing forty blows of the bamboo for his soul's health; which sentence, however, was not carried into effect. The whole account of this affair is very quaint and striking, and is given on pages 203-209. In the end the Tien-Wang conferred on his coadjutor the title of the Holy Ghost; but with this crowning blasphemy the career of Yang was brought to a sudden and tragic close. Siu-tsuen, hearing that he was concocting a scheme for his assassination and the usurpation of the supreme power, anticipated him;

his palace was surrounded in the night, and himself and some of his associates murdered.

Thus stood matters in the beginning of 1856. Nankin continued to be the head-quarters of the insurgents; and incursions for purposes of plunder and of levying contributions were made into all the surrounding territory. The example of insurrection had become by this time fearfully infectious. Local insurrections broke forth in the provinces of Sz'chuen and Kwei-chow, on the southern banks of the upper Yang-tsze-kiang; and so numerous and threatening were the bands of marauders and rebels, that the emperor declared his intention to call in the help of the Mongol Tartars,—a sure sign of a failing and desperate cause. That cause was still further weakened by the second war with England, and the capture of the Bogue Forts. In 1857, insurrection reared its head everywhere, and grew bold and insolent, aided, as had so often been the case before, by famine and all the other physical sufferings incident to social convulsion; and when, in 1858, Canton was captured by the allies, and the Taku Forts had fallen, and his celestial majesty had approved of the Treaty of Tien-tsin, it seemed as if there was nothing left for that majesty to do but to die out of the way as quickly and with as good a grace as possible. At this juncture Lord Elgin proceeded, in the interests of British commerce, up the Yang-tsze. He found the Taepings in possession of every important place on the river, from Ngan-hwiu to Nankin; but the imperialist forces commanded the navigation. His expedition came, like that of his predecessor, into collision with the rebels; several shots were fired at the British vessels, which were repaid by a heavy bombardment of more cities than one. The authorities declared that these mischances arose from misunderstanding. Great contrition was expressed, and the offence was not repeated. His lordship's report of the condition of the cities under rebel dominion was very condemnatory. Hankow, Han-yang, and Wu-chang were only enormous ruins; and he himself flushed two brace and a half of pheasants in the very centre of the last-named place. There was no commercial activity; the country around was desolated; and, except within the rebel lines, everything wore an aspect of the direst misery and want. Mr. Oliphant's lively narrative confirmed and amplified the bad opinion expressed by his chief, as did the representations of other members of the expedition; and, after making every allowance for considerations to be presently noted, it became plain that the sanguine hopes which had been cherished respecting the speedy regeneration of China by means of the

Tien-Wang and his adherents had rested on no sound foundation, and were doomed, for the present at least, to disappointment.

It is about this period that the figure of the Kang-Wang, or Shield-King, advances to the front. Hung-jin—for such is his real name—was, like his relative and leader, of humble origin, but not unpromising talents. When the ‘God-worshippers’ openly revolted, he was a village teacher, somewhere in the province of Kwan-tung. The Tien-Wang requested his co-operation, and he, with fifty relatives and friends, set out to join that potentate. He failed, however, to do so, and was subsequently taken prisoner in a small local insurrection. Escaping from bondage, he proceeded, in 1851, to Hong-kong, where he arrived in April, 1852. Here he was introduced to Mr. Hamberg, of the London Missionary Society, who was surprised and delighted at his interest in the Christian religion, and was only too happy to instruct him more fully in its truths. Mr. Hamberg himself was the fruit of the Wealeyan mission in Stockholm. The Rev. George Scott, the excellent representative and agent of this mission in that city, was compelled, after a most useful and successful career, to suspend his labours and leave the country. But Mr. Hamberg had received the truth from his lips, and was subsequently employed by the London Society in China. In a year or two after, meeting with Hung-jin, he thought him a fit subject for Christian baptism; and, from 1855–58, the young convert was employed as a catechist and preacher. His character at this time stood high with the missionaries; but in June, 1858, his longing to join his relative at Nankin overpowered every other feeling, and he determined to set out for the Taeping capital. We have heard from a missionary, the Rev. Josiah Cox, a touching account of the last night spent by Hung-jin among his European friends. It was spent in solemn prayer; for at this time the Shield-King really seemed anxious to introduce pure Christianity among his compatriots, and very sanguine hopes were entertained of the effects of his influence. These hopes unhappily have not been fulfilled: he reached Nankin in the spring of 1854, was immediately recognised by the Tien-Wang, and appointed to high command under the designation of the Kang-Wang. Unhappily, he has complied with his leader’s wishes as to polygamy, and it is to be feared has in other ways compromised his principles, and become embittered against his missionary friends,—the strongest proof, perhaps, of the pernicious character of the influences which Taepingism exerts on its adherents.

The subsequent history of the movement is that of costly but vain endeavours on the part of the imperialists to dislodge the rebels from Nankin, and of further most important conquests on the part of the insurgents. The large and wealthy city of Soochow fell into their hands in May, 1860, and demonstrations were subsequently made against Shang-hae. This being a treaty port, however, and largely inhabited by French and English, these 'western barbarians' expressed their determination to resist the threatened invasion with all their force,—a threat which was duly and successfully carried into execution. Other places, however, fell an easy prey to the rebel armies; and they wound up the long and wonderful catalogue of their triumphs by the capture, after only an hour's assault, of the important and flourishing city of Ningpo, which commands the Chusan archipelago, and is one of the great entrepôts of commerce with the western world. They held this city for some months; and the foreign community waited with great anxiety to see what course they would pursue with regard to commerce. The result was very unsatisfactory; but it must be remembered that the surrounding country was in the greatest confusion, and that the better class of inhabitants would not return to the city. The English consul came to the conclusion that they possessed no administrative abilities whatever; and the majority of English residents in China, stimulated, we suspect, by a keen regard to their own commercial interests, heartily concurred with him. When it appeared almost certain that the rebels would attack and capture Shang-hae, notwithstanding their former defeat there, the English and French forces combined to re-capture Ningpo, and to give back that city to the imperialists. Thus Admiral Hope and his allies practically put an end to all discussion as to the policy of non-intervention, and inaugurated a system which, whatever may be its issues, entails a grave responsibility on its originators, and, for good or evil, makes us the enemies of the rebels, and pledges us to defend the Manchu power against them. If this policy be right, we cannot help asking why, in the interests of commerce and humanity, France and England have not helped the Federal government to gain possession of Charleston or Richmond?

The revulsion of European feeling consequent upon the Elgin expedition, the re-capture of Ningpo, and the opening of the Yang-tze-kiang, is too complete and remarkable to be discussed without brief consideration. It is certain that the great majority of European residents in China look upon the Taepings with disgust and horror, and regard them as vermin

to be speedily swept off the face of the earth. They are accused of 'revolting idolatry,'—a statement indignantly denied by Captain Blakiston, but easily explained when we consider the kind of homage, closely representing some of the ceremonies of the Buddhist worship, which is paid to the Tien-Wang. It is certain, too, that polygamy is enjoined and openly practised, and that the most frightful cruelties are inflicted on their hated Tartar oppressors, whenever they fall into their power. The truth, however, is that the first accounts published in this country of their religious tenets were far too hopeful. They never had any but the most distorted conceptions of Christian truth, and their character from the first had no resemblance to the ideal of truth, purity, and devotion, which sanguine missionary advocates held up to public admiration. Their impious pretensions were put forth at the very beginning, and have become only slightly more blasphemous as the natural result of the wonderful success which has crowned the movement. They learned their insolence to foreigners from their southern fellow-countrymen, and especially from such braggarts as the monster Yeh. And it must not be forgotten that commercial cupidity, which, in the days of our hostilities with the Manchus, prompted us to fraternise with their adversaries, prompts now to an opposite policy. When the treaty of Tien-tsin opened the way to our commerce, and the Prince Regent showed himself faithful to that Treaty, then the rebels became obstructive, and it was the interest of commercial men to blacken them as much as possible. Then people lent a ready ear to every tale of rapine and desolation that was circulated against them, and it was forgotten that all their cruelties were in retaliation for far more horrible and diabolical injuries inflicted by the Tartars. The present antipathy is, in our judgment,—at least to the extent to which it is carried,—as unreasonable and absurd as was the former sympathy. And, unless we are much mistaken, the government of Great Britain has made a grave political blunder in countenancing the quasi-alliance between the Anglo-French contingent and the Imperial authorities for the suppression of the Taepings.

With a few observations on this subject, we conclude our remarks. We might have dwelt at length on the theological tenets of these singular people; but they are too crude and wild to deserve the name of a theological system, and, with a little of the form of Christianity, present a disgusting compound of fanaticism and impiety. We are strongly tempted to speculate on the possible relation of this movement to the

future Christianization of China. As we have seen, public expectation on this subject was unreasonably sanguine, before the real character and aims of the Taeping leaders were developed, and, let us add, before success had deteriorated the movement itself. We scarcely doubt that there is danger now, on the other hand, lest the good which exists in it should be undervalued. Let it not be forgotten that, with all their ignorance, superstition, fanaticism, and sensuality, the Tien-Wang and his coadjutors have given to millions of Chinamen the Ten Commandments and large portions of the word of God. True, the version of the Scriptures printed and circulated by them is by no means the best in existence; and it is but too plain that their lives offer a strange commentary on their moral code. But is it too much to hope that their hatred of Buddhism and their iconoclastic zeal, combined with so much of Divine truth and moral purity as the facts just mentioned show to be diffused among them, may be overruled, in the mysterious counsels of Heaven, to break up the intellectual and moral stagnation of that great sea of death? that some healing virtue may pass into its acrid and fatal waters from such measure of the life-giving stream as is permitted to flow into them? It is safer, perhaps, to be silent on these points, lest we swell the number of those sagacious prognosticators, whose hopes respecting China have hitherto been so signally disappointed.

On the subject of the present combination to put down the Taipings, we wish to add a few words, guided partly by the light supplied in Captain Blakiston's deeply interesting work, and partly by the published opinion of the veteran missionary Dr. Legge, than whom China has no wiser, truer, or more self-denying friend. If these authorities are to be trusted, the change in our policy is unwise in a very high degree. We compress our reasons for this opinion into a nut-shell.

1. The Taeping is by no means the only rebellion in China, and on the banks of the Yang-tse-kiang. There are vast armies of independent rebels all over the country; and no power of ours can crush a hydra with so many heads. Some authorities reckon that there are twelve separate rebellions in progress at the present moment. The work of suppression is, therefore, impracticable. 2. As to the cruelty alleged against the Taipings, it is capable of positive proof that they have in this matter followed their oppressors at a very great distance indeed. Have we so soon forgotten the remorseless Yeh, and the seventy thousand heads that were struck off at his bidding in the city of Canton in a single year? 3. It is said that the rebellion has

entailed the decay of commerce, and the destruction of productive industry; but are the rebels more vulnerable on this ground than their enemies, than eastern armies generally, or—*proh pudor*!—certain combatants in quite another part of the world? They have never yet had opportunity to cultivate the arts of peace on any extended scale; but all accounts agree that, wherever their rule is *established*, the people return to their usual occupations, regard them with entire confidence, and work with a will; and there is the striking fact, in answer to every representation made against them under this head, that, notwithstanding all their battles and successful sieges in the tea and silk districts,

'a stranger unacquainted with these circumstances might carefully peruse the annual Shanghai Reports, and not find a single item that would lead him to suspect the existence of the slightest deviation from the ordinary routine of peaceful and progressive commerce.'—*The Taepings*, p. 360.

4. We confidently ask, with Dr. Legge, what *casus belli* they have given us. They have not outraged our property, and refused satisfaction; they have not violated any treaty engagements; they have neither threatened nor attempted to stop our trade. Can the same be said for the wretched, cunning, cruel Manchus, whom we are now forsooth to take to our embrace, and defend against all comers? We deeply regret that Admiral Hope and his French coadjutors should have determined on the re-capture of Ningpo. Of course they succeeded. But the difficulties of our self-imposed task are only begun. We have, moreover, assisted in inflicting a vast increase of misery on the wretched population, who are dying by hundreds of starvation and pestilence. We are trying to bolster up a government whose treachery and inefficiency have become the world's wonder. We know it is pleaded that our interference is very desirable for the sake of modifying that shocking and barbarous system of reprisals which has marked the progress of the Taeping rebellion, and for which unquestionably the Tartar government is mainly responsible, both as having initiated it, and as having carried it to far greater excesses than the rebels. But we confess we have no hope that the humane example and influence of the English and French forces will operate far beyond the sphere of their immediate presence; and it is absurd to suppose that we can supply aid to the government to anything like the extent of its necessities. We greatly fear that any success which we may enable the Manchus to gain, will be abused in the same fearful way in

which victory has always been abused by them ; and that nothing we can do will exempt the unhappy population of the disturbed districts from suffering every extremity of cruelty which the refined malignity of the Mandarins can inflict. We may, of course, therefore expect cruel reprisals against the Imperial troops,—scenes of blood the thought of which makes us shudder,—and may certainly anticipate that, at least, the rebels will now lose all scruples as to laying waste the provinces which are the principal sources of our productive commerce in tea and silk. Again, we have put it out of our power to mediate effectively, in the interests of humanity and justice, should that crisis arrive which well-informed men anticipate ; namely, the advance of rebellion and insurrection to a degree that will either drive away the Tartars, in spite of our assistance, or compel them to be satisfied with the northern half of China, leaving the southern provinces to the Taepings, or whatever body of rebels may then represent them. And, lastly, we shall probably lose our influence over that section of the people among whom there was the best prospect—if there were any prospect at all in China—that Christianity might take root. Better, far better, that we had maintained, as in the case of the United States, an honourable and strict neutrality, and waited for the inevitable hour when good government, the old traditions of the country, its physical structure, the immitigable hostility of all Southern China to the Tartar rule, and the commerce of the world, shall call common sense into council, and establish a Tartar empire to the north of the Yang-tze, and a Chinese one, maintained by native troops and functionaries, to the south of it.

- ART. III.—1. *An Abstract of the Returns made to the Lords of the Committee of Privy Council for Trade, of Wrecks and Casualties which occurred on and near the Coasts of the United Kingdom from the 1st of January to the 31st of December 1861–2, with a Statement of the Number of Lives lost and saved, &c., and a Wreck Chart of the United Kingdom.*
2. *Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the Condition and Management of Lights, Buoys, and Beacons, with Appendix.* 1861.
3. *Annual Report and Journal of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, for the Preservation of Life from Shipwreck.* 1862.

THE English Channel, the waters of the German Ocean, and those of the Atlantic which roll towards British shores, are probably far more traversed by ships than any equal surface of waters on the face of the globe; in proof of which we may mention that in the years from 1852 to 1860, as many as 1,820,062 voyages were made by British, and 389,616 by foreign, ships, (without including those of the Channel Islands); that is, in all, no less than 2,209,678 voyages were made from British ports in nine years. We have no means of ascertaining the number made from the ports of other countries; but we may fairly infer that the 2,200,000 just named constituted a considerable portion of all voyages performed on all seas. Thus, assuming that the succeeding nine years will show an aggregate of two and a quarter millions of voyages from British ports, there will, within eighteen years, and certainly within twenty years, have been altogether a probable aggregate of *five millions* of voyages of British and foreign ships from the harbours of Great Britain.

Parliamentary documents enable us to ascertain the number of ships which entered inwards and cleared outwards from British ports during the year 1861; and we find that no less a number than 111,319 entered inwards and cleared outwards in that one year, and that these represented a total of 26,595,641 tons. It is not improbable that these 111,000 ships had on board a million of persons, and from this latter number we may form a conception of the enormous maritime commerce of our country. A number exceeding

one third of the population of London thus appear to have been voyaging to and from our ports in one year.

Such figures will prepare the reader to receive with the less wonder, though not the less sorrow, statements of the vast multitude of wrecks, collisions, and casualties, which disfigure the marine annals of our country. Unfortunately these exceed any due proportion to the voyages performed; for, in the nine years from 1852 to 1860 inclusive, the casualties which befell British ships were no less than 8,660, and those which befell foreign ships 1,676; so that there happened more than 10,300 accidents in nine years,—an amount of misfortune of which, probably, the British public at large have been almost entirely ignorant. When some great shipwreck occurs, attended with signal loss of life, we learn and lament it from one end of the island to the other; but when the interest in that particular calamity has died away, all concern about it and other disasters at sea is also suspended until some new calamity once more awakens general sympathy. Yet during the nine years named there has been one calamity to every 210 British ships, and one to every 232 foreign ships, or one in 213 upon the total of ships voyaging in the seas round our own coasts.

These figures are not conjectural, but derived from the returns now officially issued in the form indicated at the head of this article. Our examinations of these annual Abstracts for some past years have satisfied us as to the care with which they have been collected and arranged, and that they represent the actual rate and numerical results of marine calamities so far as they are reported at all.

There are several features of melancholy interest in these returns besides the numerical aggregates. We see, for instance, that some single years are signally disastrous. Thus the year 1859 was distinguished by the maximum of wrecks up to that time, the number being as many as 1,416. Yet the succeeding year, 1860, was not far behind in its black record, its number of wrecks being 1,379. But the next year, 1861, bore a dark pre-eminence over all its nine predecessors; for it showed no less than 1,494 shipwrecks on British shores, in which 884 persons are known to have perished!

Again, we have reason to conclude that so far have we been from diminishing disasters on our coasts by increased vigilance and additional precautions, that these disasters have most lamentably increased even during the last seven years; as will be manifest from the following statement:—

YEARS.	SHIPWRECKS.
1855	1,141
1856	1,153
1857	1,143
1858	1,170
1859	1,416
1860	1,379
1861	1,494

Thus in the last seven years the shipwrecks on our coasts have been 8,896, and this number is the result of a nearly continuous increase!

Of course the bad weather of certain months in any one year causes an increase in the number of wrecks in that year; and, therefore, we can trace the sad increase in 1861 to the fearful gales which prevailed in January, February, and November. Such gales, and particularly in those months, prove destructive to a large number of the rotten collier class of vessels, which are often utterly unseaworthy. A collier is commonly a discarded old ship, as ill fitted as though it were sent out purposely to seek its fate; and thousands of tons of coals are now at the bottom of our seas which should have given light and heat at many a domestic hearth. It is a noteworthy fact that out of the *casualties* which befell our ships in 1859, more than one half befell ships carrying coals, coke, ore, and stone in bulk.

One specially prominent cause of disasters is *collision*. Ships cannot go like railway trains upon separate rails, nor can they pass like vehicles each on its own side of the way. The uncertainty and the fluctuations of water courses, and the prevalence of fog and darkness, produce those collisions of which we read so frequently, and which are often attended with appalling results. During some dark, stormy, or foggy night at sea, two large vessels, with large crews, suddenly meet, —then comes a fearful crash; in rush the deluging waters; and, perhaps, ere either crew has well understood the cause of the crash, one of the two vessels is half full of water. But a few minutes more, and the fate of all on board is sealed. The vessel fills and lurches; and then, amid shrieks, and prayers, and imprecations, down she goes into the yawning deep with her multitude of human beings, lately so full of life and hope.

The number of collisions, like that of wrecks in general, has been very strikingly upon the increase of late years. Looking carefully into the returns, we find that from the year 1850 to

1860 inclusive there were as many as 2,241 collisions; while it appears from the Abstract of Returns, published in 1861, that from 1855 to 1861 the collisions have been three times as many as were reported in previous years. It seems to be certain also that every collision is not reported, inasmuch as the report leads to an inquiry in the proper courts of law, and, to avoid such inquiry, those which are not signally disastrous are often unreported. In 1859 the reported collisions were 349; in 1860 they were 298; in 1861 they were 323. Such numbers appear excessive when we learn that great efforts have been made by the Board of Trade, the Admiralty, and other courts, to remedy this evil. It is compulsory upon vessels to carry lights, and particularly red and green lights in proper positions, so that their colour may show the course of the vessel. It is also required that vessels in peril of collision shall at once 'port their helms;' but the great speed at which the numerous large steamers run, makes it always uncertain whether porting the helm can produce the desired effect in time; and it is doubtful whether in some instances, as we have been assured by experienced persons, the order to port the helm does not produce the very evil dreaded. So great is the confusion in such an accident, especially during the prevalence of a fog, that the neighbouring vessels may be steering for a collision instead of avoiding it.

The gross number of collisions during the last six years in British waters have been 1,864; and, though we might naturally attribute these to the prevalence of fogs, it is remarkable that, upon analysing them, we find 750 to have occurred in fine, clear weather,—378 from bad look out, 264 from neglecting the 'rule of the road' at sea, and 61 from defective seamanship. Thus we may fairly infer that it was not the weather, but the wisdom and sobriety of the commanders, that was in fault, in the great majority of these cases.

The only popularly appreciable results of all such calamities are two,—the loss of lives, and the loss of property, occasioned by these disasters. Unquestionably the *loss of human lives* is of the first importance, and on this point we have a harrowing and, we fully believe, an unexpected tale to tell. To place the results in a gross total: The entire number of lives lost by shipwreck and marine casualties of all kinds during the last ten years has been no less than *eight thousand and eighty-five*! This startling fact is commended to the consideration of the reader who may have been in the

habit of hearing about our pre-eminent mercantile marine and naval resources, and who may never have previously known the serious and increasing loss of human life involved in them. Thus the sea rolling on our shores demands and obtains its annual sacrifices of lives. Eight hundred and eighty-four human beings found graves in its depths in 1861; nor does it appear that we gain any mastery over this devouring monster. The equinoctial gale, the sudden storm, the dense fog, and the crashing collision, all conspire to feed it: thus an annual drain is made upon our sailors and fishermen, and widows and orphans are multiplied. So this dreadful work seems to go on and horribly to prosper. But how many were lost before authentic figures made these calamities clear to us will never be known until the unsatisfied sea shall give up its dead.

The *loss of property* by shipwrecks and founderings of British shipping in *all* seas would be an interesting subject of inquiry,—or conjecture, for we have no official figures to help us. In a Parliamentary Report in 1836, the loss was conjectured on an average of six years to be three millions sterling per annum. This average, however, we consider much too high. As respects the loss of property on our own coasts, we can quote the subjoined statement from information furnished by the officers of ships at the time of the loss:—

The property lost in 1857 amounted to about £519,801	
„ 1858	435,656
„ 1859	750,121
„ 1860	603,065

In whichever direction, therefore, we regard this subject, whether as respects loss of property or loss of life, it is an extremely serious one. An annual loss of half a million of money, and in some years much more, with an annual destruction of from eight hundred to one thousand human lives, may well fill us with sorrow, and cast a shade of melancholy upon the grandeur and glory of the mistress of the seas.

It would be only to fall into a vulgar error if we should attribute all or even the majority of our shipwrecks to storms and stress of weather, to rocks and sand-banks. Looking closely into the real reasons, we find that unseaworthiness is one of the principal; for in 1858 and 1860 twenty-nine and thirty-nine vessels respectively were lost from ascertained unfitness for sea. Other prolific causes of wreck are negligence; such as the neglect of heaving the lead, carrying defective compasses, want of necessary caution in looking out, and intemperance in captains or masters and mates. These

faults are largely chargeable upon the ships of the collier class and their masters, in sailing which proved and shameful negligence is well ascertained. But to gain a clear view of the circumstances attending the wreck of ships, we will analyse those of 1861, and first subjoin the description and tonnage of vessels lost during that year:—

Tonnage.		Number of Vessels.
Vessels under 50 tons		228
50 and under 100 "		484
101 " 300 "		639
301 " 600 "		135
601 " 900 "		81
901 " 1,200 "		18
1,200 and upwards		5
Unknown		4
Total Vessels		1,494

From this we at once perceive that the greatest loss is of the smaller class of vessels, and that as we approach those of large tonnage the loss gradually decreases. Nor does this happen simply because such smaller vessels are more likely to be driven before the gale, or dashed to pieces in the tempest; for we find that of the above number 10 wrecks happened in a perfectly still sea, 14 in light airs, 50 in light breezes, 43 in gentle breezes, 103 in moderate breezes, and 171 in fresh breezes. As respects stormy weather, 66 vessels were wrecked in moderate gales, 124 in fresh gales, 230 in strong gales, 311 in whole gales, 102 in storms, 52 in hurricanes, and 68 in unknown and various weather. Thus we account for the total of 1,494 wrecks, and thus it is manifest that the severe gales, storms, and hurricanes did not obtain more than a moderate proportion of prey, as compared with other causes of calamity.

Searching still more minutely into the circumstances of these wrecks, we discover that 619 of them took place amongst ships in the home and coasting trade, which were commanded by men who were not required by law to possess certificates of competency. Only 266 wrecks happened amongst vessels in the home trade which were commanded by masters who held certificates of service; and thus on the sea, as on the land, ignorance and incompetence bring misfortune in their train. Indeed, at sea incompetence is far more disastrous than on land; and when we become acquainted with the low intellectual condition of the commanders of many of our ships of smaller tonnage, we can only wonder that other men can be found so ignorant and reckless as to trust their lives with them.

We fear, too, that vessels of this class are not unfrequently lost through fraudulent collusion between owners and commanders to bring about a wreck for the sake of the insurance money. The old ship is in such cases worth extremely little.

The Wreck Chart issued by the Board of Trade exhibits very strikingly the character of our coasts in relation to peril to ships. By the use of simple symbols the places of greatest danger are shown, and the kinds of marine calamity occurring there; total loss by stranding or foundering is distinguished from partial loss by stranding, dismasting, or leakage; and again, collisions of sailing-vessels, with total or partial loss, are marked off from similar collisions with steam vessels. One symbol is added by the Lifeboat Institution in their reduction of this chart, showing the places where their lifeboats are stationed; and thus the disaster and the possible alleviation are represented at one view.

By inspecting all the Wreck Charts issued, and their accompanying letter-press, we are enabled, as may be supposed, to specify the localities of greatest danger, and to warn off, as it were, from certain parts of our coasts all doubtfully prepared craft. By such inspection, too, we are able to discover the number of lives lost in certain coast districts, and to frame the annexed table, which extends over the last twelve years:—

Coast Districts.	Lives lost in last twelve years.
Farn Islands to Flamborough Head.....	670
Flamborough Head to the North Foreland.....	1,068
North Foreland to St. Catherine's Point.....	514
St. Catherine's Point to Start Point	82
Start Point to the Land's End.....	460
Land's End to Hartland Point (including the Scilly Isles)	353
Hartland Point to St. David's Head	478
St. David's Head and Carnsore Point to Lambay Island and the Skerries, Anglesey.....	969
Skerries and Lambay to Fair Head and the Mull of Cantire	1,597
Cape Wrath to Buchan Ness	257
Buchan Ness to Farn Islands	280
All other Parts of the Coast.....	922

Total Lives lost..... 7,645

Those who study the above table will see that the most destructive wrecks do not, as was formerly supposed, occur on the north-east coast of England, but in those seas and

channels which are most frequented by large foreign-going ships. They will further see that the largest number of wrecks happen on those coasts where there is the greatest scarcity of anything like a harbour of refuge. A few hundred thousand pounds judiciously expended in constructing such harbours would probably save many a ship now exposed to the merciless fury of a terrible and long continued storm.

The statistics above exhibited comprehend in a brief expression the results of inquiries into the number and nature of marine calamities; and those who can in their own minds give due effect to the impression of figures, will thus far be in possession of a large amount of sorrow and suffering, death and loss, which have darkened our shores, and made the symbols indicating their most dangerous localities to stand forth like floating funeral signals on the treacherous waters. It will be much more agreeable now to turn our attention to the alleviation and precautions employed in and against these repeated catastrophes.

Alleviations, when wrecks are happening or have happened, claim our notice in the first place; and here we advert principally to *Lifeboats*. These are such as are either carried with the vessel, or sent out to it from stations on the coast. Not only should every ship carry a nominal safety-boat with it, but such boats should be thoroughly safe, and, what is of equal importance, immediately available. On both these points there is much room for improved practice. Many boats are either old or unseaworthy, and ship-owners know the difficulty of securing proper attention to the boats on every voyage, even if they are themselves sufficiently anxious on the subject. The other point—that of immediate availableness in case of danger and wreck—is, as we have said, equally important, and unfortunately equally if not more neglected. We have been assured that comparatively few of the boats carried to sea could be lowered and loaded in ten or fifteen minutes; and, as we well know, this space of time may be all that is allowed for escape when a ship threatens to founder, or is struck by collision with another. In the confusion that invariably follows such an accident, if the boat cannot be unlashd and lowered easily and instantly, the pressure of an affrighted crew may destroy every chance of escape and rescue. We may here commend to the attention of all parties interested in this matter, Clifford's boat-lowering apparatus, which we have carefully examined, and which possesses every requisite for speedy use, and is now largely employed. For an outlay of about £10 we are informed that it can be fitted to every vessel carrying a lifeboat.

Their construction has long been matter of consideration and experiment. It is obvious that the requisites in a lifeboat are, (1.) great lateral stability; (2.) good speed against a heavy sea; (3.) facility for launching and taking the shore; (4.) immediate discharge of any inbreaking water; (5.) power of self-righting if capsized; (6.) general strength; (7.) great capacity for passengers. Since the first lifeboat was built at Shields in 1789, great and acknowledged improvements have been made; and it appears to us that the model now exhibited by the National Lifeboat Institution in their rooms in London, combines in a great degree all the above specified qualities. Such a boat is thirty-three feet in length and eight feet in breadth.

A lifeboat should be well equipped, and provided with what are called life-lines; which being festooned round her sides, any man in the water can by using them as stirrups regain an entrance into the boat. Other life-lines, with corks attached, should be ready to be thrown from within the boat when alongside a wreck, and be capable of floating on the water all round her. She should also be furnished with a cork life-buoy, which, with attached lines, may be thrown or floated to any one in the water who may be too far off to reach the life-lines of the boats. Other similar appurtenances should always be found in her, such as light lines, with grappling irons, which, upon being thrown into rigging, or on board a wreck, fasten themselves to it. Anchors, cables, lanterns, and compasses, are essential to complete the equipment of the boat; and good life-belts, or life-jackets, are essential to complete the personal equipment of her crew. Without these last additions many valuable lives have been lost in endeavouring to save others. After a late fatal accident to a Whithy lifeboat it was found that the only man saved was the only one who had a good life-belt. When questioned as to his condition in the sea, and whether he had any difficulty in keeping his feet down amidst the heavy surf, and his head well above the water, he replied that after the first heavy sea broke over him he found himself so quickly raised above the water again, that, *though unable to swim*, he lost all fear, and entertained no doubt of his safety.

The transporting carriage is an essential accompaniment, and has received full attention from the constructors of these boats. Upon the occurrence of a wreck, the lifeboat, which is always, except in the case of a few of the larger size, kept upon its carriage in the boat-house, ready for immediate transportation, is speedily removed by means of the carriage to the

most favourable position for launching it towards the wreck. Thus the carriage renders the boat available for a larger range of coast than she would otherwise command. When she is drawn to the water's edge, the carriage is turned round, so that its rear end shall face the sea, and the boat be launched from it. The crew then take their seats, each rower in his place with his oar over the side, and the coxswain at the helm, or with the steering oar in his hand. The carriage is now backed into the water, self-detaching or launching ropes are arranged, and when all is ready the coxswain, who watches for a favourable moment, gives the word, and then with a cheer the boat is rapidly run aft into the waters upon small iron rollers. The oarsmen now give way, and she is at once under command, before the stormy sea has time to throw her back broadside to the shore, which, however, is the usual consequence of attempting to launch from an open beach, through a surf and without a carriage.

If the launch of a lifeboat takes place at night, it is usually attended with circumstances of special interest. Suppose that in the darkness a dull boom of a cannon sounds through the gusty gloom, and communicates the alarm of a vessel in distress in the offing. The inhabitants of the coast and the neighbouring town or village soon gather on the shore, and some light up tar barrels along the sands. By their fitful glare we perceive the lifeboat men hurrying towards the boat-house. Amidst the flashes of flaming torches they re-appear, and lanterns gleam round the boat and in it. Down goes the grating carriage on the beach, bearing the boat; round it turns, and backs the boat towards the sea. The men jump in, and up flies a signal rocket to intimate to the imperilled crew that help is about to reach them. With a hearty cheer that rings clear and loud through the harsh shrieking of the gale, and above the war of the waves, the gallant crew intrust themselves to the waters. How intensely do those on shore sympathize with their friends now quitting it! how heartfelt is the prayer that goes up from every man there for the safety of his friend, or relative, or fellow-townsmen now at the mercy of the storm! Soon the boat is out of the sphere of the fitful shore illumination; away it dashes into deep darkness, and its own few and feeble lanterns soon die out in the black distance. All is now dreadful uncertainty. Another gun booms out from the wreck, and its momentary flash alone reveals her position. Who shall describe the fearful suspense of these minutes? Fresh tar barrels are lighted; fresh fuel is added to the straggling coast-fires. Another rocket goes up from land to animate the crew

of the endangered vessel. Still agonizing anxiety prevails, and the fate both of ship and lifeboat is hanging in the balance, as the crowd upon the shore walk along it, and converse, and peer out vainly into the thick darkness.

Presently, however, a voice announces that the lifeboat is again traceable,—dimly traceable through the gloom by its glimmering lantern. Hope returns and revives all. In a few minutes more her outline can be descried; and now, amidst general and joyous cheering, the long expected boat is grating upon the stones. Out leap the men, one after another, drenched, exhausted, and almost spiritless, after having so long battled with the fury of the storm. But what tidings of the wreck and her crew? Are they lost?—are any of them saved? The question is soon answered in the appearance of four or five still more deeply-drenched and half-drowned men, who are assisted carefully out of the boat. Here follows, too, the body of a fainting woman—not dead, yet for a time senseless; and here, most gratifying of all, steps out one of the sturdy lifeboat's men with a child in his arms! How gently does the huge rough fellow handle it! How eagerly do the men on shore, and the few women, too, press forward to gaze at the rescued infant!

Although this may be an imaginary scene, yet such things have happened again and again, and every particular is drawn from the actual history of lifeboat adventure,—a history which, if we had space to cull instances, would be found full of striking incidents, which would impart peculiar interest to the statistics of this subject. Moreover, in the annals of lifeboat service have occurred several of those instances of noble heroism which do honour to our common nature, and which make us feel that kindly emotion which all self-sacrificing deeds awaken. The silver medals of the National Lifeboat Institution, granted every year as rewards for special bravery and success in saving life from shipwreck, adorn the breasts of many humble fishermen and sailors. A recent record contains the names of two devoted men, one of whom, by wading into the surf, saved twenty-four lives, and the other, by the same course, thirteen.

Of those societies which have secular benefits in view, few seem more deserving of public support than the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, which has long provided the means of rescuing persons from shipwreck on our coasts. From the establishment of this Institution in 1824 to the end of the year 1862, the total number of persons saved, either by its lifeboats, or by exertions for which it has

granted rewards, amounts to 12,854. During 1862, it has given thirteen silver medals, eleven votes of thanks inscribed on vellum, and grants in money of £1,125, for saving the lives of 574 persons by lifeboats, shore-boats, and other means, on the coasts and outlying banks of the United Kingdom. Of these, 358 persons were saved by lifeboats, and 216 by shore-boats. One hundred and twenty-four lifeboats, the property of this Institution, are now stationed on our coasts; and it is gratifying to learn, that of the thirteen new ones located during the past year, as many as nine have been the special gifts of individuals, while one was presented to the Society by the town of Ipswich. A sum of about two or three hundred pounds will procure a lifeboat; and how can the wealthy members of our communities better signalize their charity?

Lifeboats are not indeed the only means of saving life from wrecks; and the following analysis of the services rendered by all means during the past two years will show what is due to each:—

MEANS OF RESCUE.	LIVES SAVED.	
	1861.	1862.
By lifeboats	370 ...	743
By rocket and mortar apparatus.....	330 ...	447
By ships' own boats, shore-boats, steamers, &c.	3,284 ...	3,406
By individual exertion.....	18 ...	28
Totals	3,997 ...	4,624

Thus, in these years, as in others, by ships' own boats and smacks, shore-boats and steamers, many more lives have been saved than by other means; and apparently for this reason, that when an accident occurs in British waters, either a smack, or ship, or steamer is near at hand to render help with its boat to the crews of the distressed vessels. The services of lifeboats are chiefly valuable in very tempestuous weather, when no other craft could be safely launched from the shore.

The *rocket* and *mortar apparatus* is of well-known value in conveying a line from the shore to the ship. It works under some manifest disadvantages, but in competent hands has been found to be both a speedy and tolerably sure method of communicating with a distressed vessel. A line is attached to the rocket, shot out and over the rigging of the ship, and thus the pyrotechnic projectile for once conveys the means of safety instead of destruction. There is no reason why rocket and mortar apparatus should not be found ready at every dangerous station around our most exposed coasts.

In addition to rewards and medals bestowed by the Lifeboat Institution, the Mercantile Marine Fund annually pays sums of money for saving life from shipwreck, (which by law claims the priority of reward,) for maintaining mortar and rocket apparatus, and for establishing and maintaining lifeboats with the necessary crews and equipments on the coasts of the United Kingdom. About £4,000 a year has been paid from the fund for rewards, and a list is published of the names of the persons rewarded.

It appears that large sums constituting the Mercantile Marine Fund (which is composed of contributions from shipping) are at the disposal of the Board of Trade; and it is affirmed, that were these fully and judiciously expended several most desirable objects might be secured, prominent amongst them being a Standard Lifeboat for ships, to be carried on every voyage. The Board of Trade might offer pecuniary prizes for the first, second, and third best full size ship's lifeboats; and, these being tested by every kind of experiment, an authoritative recommendation of the boat adjudged best might follow, whereby all the present uncertainty, caprice, and carelessness which attend this matter might be removed.

The exact character and mode of fitting of every class of lifeboat might thus be so clearly defined that evasion should be impossible, and the rotten or frail and treacherous things now too often shipped as lifeboats would be banished from the sides and decks of our merchant vessels, where they are now only a snare and a mockery. Then, too, the lifeboats of every ship might be reported upon by a government inspector prior to every voyage, and this might be done with advantage and exactitude by reference to a recognised standard. At present, it is notorious that a great proportion of the boats carried in passenger ships, and nearly all those in our coast passenger steamers, are mere show, and would prove either far too small or absolutely unseaworthy in a gale and a wreck. The blind confidence of the public should be disabused at once, and every man who proceeds on a long voyage should look well to the boats carried by his ship.

Having thus far considered the means of rescue from death in the event of shipwreck or collision and actual peril, let us now turn to those precautionary arrangements which are designed to prevent the occurrence of marine disasters. Foremost and far the most conspicuous amongst them are the *Lighthouses*.

Of these England now possesses one hundred and seventy-one on her shores, available for 2,405 nautical miles of

coast line; and it may be interesting to compare our own with the lightage of other countries and other parts of the kingdom. The following table gives us a brief comparison at a glance.

Country.	Lighthouses on shore.	Coast line in nautical Miles.	Proportions.
England..	171	2,405	1 for 14·0 miles.
Scotland..	113	4,469	1 „ 39·5 „
Ireland...	73	2,518	1 „ 34·5 „
France ...	224	2,763	1 „ 12·3 „

From this it appears that as respects the *number* and *position* of lights, the British coasts are not so well guarded as the French; for not only are the French lights more numerous in proportion, but they are so placed on the coasts as to 'cross their fire.' The relation of the French lights to those of Scotland and Ireland appears at sight. But, if we add the 41 English floating lights to the 191 lighthouses, as it is proper to do, it will be found that England provides a light for every eleven nautical miles of coast, while France only provides one for every twelve miles of coast. And as France stands high in respect of lightage, it may be said that England, slightly surpassing her opposite neighbour, greatly surpasses other countries, as Holland, Norway, and perhaps most of the maritime kingdoms, at least in respect to the number and position of lights.

But the efficiency is quite as important as the sufficiency of lights; and in adverting to this, we must enter more thoroughly into the subject. The efficiency of a public maritime light depends upon these conditions: (1.) the source and character of the light; (2.) the kind of apparatus by which the light is directed to the place where it is required; (3.) the mutual adaptation of the source of light and the optical apparatus to one another, with respect to the requirements of the locality; (4.) the distinctness of one light from another. These conditions have been fully discussed and inquired into by the commissioners who collected the evidence included in the two ponderous and unreadable folios named at the head of this article. Having spent more than a week in endeavouring to obtain the really valuable information dispersed throughout these books, we hope to be able, in the compass of a few pages, to set before our readers the result of our readings in a popular form, adding some observations of our own as we pass.

Out of 586 practical men who replied to the Commissioners' inquiries, 519 stated that they believed the coasts of the United Kingdom to be as well (or better) lighted as any other with which they were acquainted. Again, 200 out of 311 persons preferred our British lights, while 33 preferred those of some other country. Other testimony to the same effect is added in varied forms; and it is very satisfactory to find that the greater number of mariners who are frequently depending on our lights, and therefore testing their efficiency, regard them as at least equal to all others, while they are also considered by many to be superior to those in France.

Without presuming to present the technical details of lighthouse illumination in their scientific form, we may hope to give such a notice of them as any intelligent reader may comprehend. Beginning with the first question likely to be asked by an ordinary querist,—viz., How do you explain the purpose of furnishing a lighthouse with a complicated illuminating apparatus? we reply, that the object of such an apparatus, whether made of glass or metal, is to bend the rays of light which would naturally proceed forth in straight lines, and then illuminate a hollow sphere. If they were thrown out upon the sky without being bent, they would mostly be wasted; for it is not so much in the sky as on the water that they are required. Yet the bending must be adapted to the particular purpose. If it is intended that the light should be a *fixed* one, and be seen equally all round from the horizon to the base of the light-tower, then the upper rays which emanate from the illuminating apparatus must be bent downwards, so as to double the lower illumination. But if it be desired to illuminate only a narrow strip of the sea, from the horizon to the base of the lighthouse, then all the rays must be bent laterally. Or, if the light be needed on one or more spots of less or larger size, all the rays must be collected and thrown upon such spots. This is the condition of fixed lights placed at the end of long and narrow passages, and also of revolving lights which are made visible all round by causing lenses and reflectors to revolve about the source of light, or with it about a centre.

The light which is driven back from bodies is reflected in accordance with particular laws, which fall under that branch of optics called *Catoptrics* (literally, *seeing opposite*); and the method by which it is sought to throw light in any desired direction by the use of silvered parabolic reflectors, is termed the *Catoptric* system. Another and quite distinct system is

the *Dioptric*, in which lenses of peculiar construction are so arranged as to refract the light. Fresnel, the eminent French optician, constructed the first dioptric apparatus in France about forty years ago, and gradually in our own country lenses have replaced reflectors. But the lenticular or lens system, as now adopted, varies greatly from that of older date, and is the subject of continual modifications. Some British manufacturers of optical glass, and pre-eminently the Messrs. Chance of Birmingham, have bestowed great attention on lighthouse illumination. The firm just named have for the first time in this country made glass equal or even superior to the French glass, and they are frequently introducing improvements in the adjustment of lanterns. Several of our readers may have inspected their beautiful specimen of lighthouse illuminating apparatus in the nave of the recent Great Exhibition, where it formed a conspicuous object. Any visitor who may have stepped inside that large apparatus, and ascended by the little spiral staircase to the top of the interior, must have been struck with the finish, excellence, and arrangement of the parts, even though he may not have comprehended the perfection of the apparently complicated system of lenses and reflectors.

It has been generally considered that the dioptric is preferable to the catoptric system; yet the commissioners before alluded to say they have 'conclusive evidence that many of the catoptric lights in England are not only excellent in themselves, but exceed in effect the dioptric lights on its shores.' We shall not, however, enter into the several optical questions, connected with either system, which have so largely occupied the attention of the commissioners, with cost to the country, and with very little advantage to the public. The vast mass of technicalities which they have collected have no special interest for any one except the officials connected with our lighthouses; and it is quite impracticable to invest them with popular interest. The public may, however, be concerned to know that large sums of money are expended in the maintenance of the illumination of lighthouses: the original cost of a dioptric apparatus of the first order varies from fifteen hundred to two thousand pounds, to which must be added the continual expense of illuminating it and keeping it in nightly efficiency.

The whole maritime community, as well as optical philosophers, are at present much interested in the question whether the *Electric Light* can be advantageously used in lighthouses and for beacons. Experiments on this subject have been conducted, and are now drawing so near to a conclusion,

as to warrant us in adverting to some of the results and opinions at which the experimenters have arrived.

In 1858, the Elder Brethren of the Trinity Board, to whose arrangement the care of our public lighthouses is confided, sanctioned the establishment of an electrical apparatus in the South Foreland Upper Lighthouse. It consisted of an accumulation of powerful magnets and iron cores with surrounding coils, so accurately arranged that when the associated cores were revolving they sent all their currents into one common channel, from which they were brought by conducting wires to the lantern, where they produced the electric illumination. This mode of lighting being perfected in March, 1859, it was carefully examined and fully reported upon by Professor Faraday, who, after numerous details, stated his opinion that the operator, Professor Holmes, had practically established the sufficiency and fitness of the magneto-electric light for the purpose in view, as far as concerned its nature and management; that he had seen no light so powerful, and had found no light more regularly and easily manageable in the lantern. Renewing his visit ten months later, he found the light equally satisfactory. Upon careful examination, however, he discovered that while it was generally very steady, with but slight occasional interruptions from the iron present in the carbon, it nevertheless showed a tendency to spontaneous and sudden extinction, either from the breaking off of the end of the carbon, (from which the light streams forth,) or from some disarrangement in the mechanical parts of the lamp. It was a sad defect that this took place three or four times every night, although the light could be easily restored by a slight touch of the keeper's hand. Of course this liability to sudden extinction demanded watchfulness and constant attendance in the keeper, who could never leave his lantern.

When, early in 1860, the time allowed for the experiment had passed away, Professor Faraday urged its extension, and the further trial of the magneto-electric light in the same or some other lighthouse. Upon this recommendation the Trinity Board sanctioned the use of this light at Dungeness, where there now are two specimens of the apparatus, placed one over the other in the axis of the lantern, and four electric lamps, two for each apparatus, of which, however, but one is used at a time. The electric light passes through the upper panes of the lantern, the original lamps and reflectors of which are retained in their places, so that in case of accident they can at once be substituted for the inefficient electric lights, while they may be also used together for purposes of comparison.

An experiment was made by taking observations five miles off at sea, on the relative powers of the electric light and the metallic reflectors lighted with Argand oil lamps. At this distance it was found impossible to distinguish the two kinds of lights from each other, although under the telescope they were easily separable. Their united illumination was brilliant to the distance of five miles, and, upon the extinction of the electric light, the change was very striking and disadvantageous. When, however, this light was again restored, the distant illumination again became glorious. So superior was the brilliancy of the electric light, that the addition or removal of a powerful set of ordinary reflectors with their lamps would not have been known to an uninformed mariner.

The London public at large had a fine opportunity to judge of the comparative effects of lights, on the night of the general illumination on March 10th last. Every spectator who then stood at the foot of London Bridge, and looked at the dazzling streams of light issuing from three electric lights fixed on the top of the Monument, could in an instant observe, how, over all the glare of almost innumerable gas lights and oil lamps, the electric lights from the lofty pillar rayed forth an intense and overpowering brilliancy which must have been distinguished from all the other brightness far and wide around. Even from the greater height of the top of the cross of St. Paul's, the electric light shone forth conspicuously, though it was inferior to those displayed upon the Monument.

The arguments, then, in favour of the adoption of the magneto-electric light in beacons and light-towers, are strong so far as regards the mere increase of illumination. There are also other arguments in its favour, such as the evolution of this light in a limited local space, as must have been observed by all who have seen it publicly exhibited. By this means it may be directed seaward with great ease, and made to diverge at pleasure more or less in a vertical or horizontal direction—with as much ease, indeed, as the exhibitor from the summit of St. Paul's sent his illumination successively into different parts of the churchyard, and upon different parts of the church, on the night of the 10th of March. Another advantage is that, while no increase of light beyond a certain maximum is possible in the common oil lamps at the source of illumination, any desired increase is possible at the focus of the electric light, the limit being not the electrical power, but the pecuniary cost. Again: the electric lamp is free from that vast shadow which is produced by the oil lamp, and which absorbs the greater portion of the descending rays, while all the descending rays can be rendered effective in its rival.

Still *all* the advantages are not on the side of the electric light; for the ordinary system is far more simple, and demands no special knowledge or attention in the attendants. Should its rival be used, one or more men must be thoroughly informed in the principles and construction of the electric lamp; others must understand the principles and management of the electromagnetic machines, with the steam engines and condensers; the operators, too, must be able to repair every part of the apparatus. In these matters the expense of the system will be much greater than the present one; and to this larger outlay may be added the objections made by some, (though scarcely admitted by Professor Faraday,) that this light being too bright gives a false impression of the true distance of the lighthouse, and also dazzles the eyes of mariners, and causes confusion with relation to other and intervening lights. It is manifest, however, that a general use of the electric light would in a short time obviate some of these supposed disadvantages. Should its adoption become universal, it will prove one of the most remarkable instances of a benevolent and practical application of a scientific discovery; and a light akin to that which sleeps in the dread thunder cloud, and flashes in the storm, will be commanded and directed from a hundred towers through the darkness of night over the pathless ocean, for the warning and safety of thousands of our fellow creatures. Any addition to the expense of maintaining our lighthouses wears a serious aspect when we look at the sums sunk in their construction. The Eddystone lighthouse, which was the first that rose up in the midst of an open sea on isolated rocks or wave-washed reefs, cost a vast sum. The Bell Rock lighthouse, which towers to a height of 117 feet on the east coast of Scotland, cost £61,331; and one on the west coast near the Skerry Vore, which is 158 feet high, cost £83,126; while the Bishop Rock Tower in the Scilly Isles, attaining 145 feet in altitude, was constructed for £36,559. Differences of locality and of facility in obtaining materials account for these large variations in expenditure. Where economy and forethought are exercised, it has been found that small lighthouses on the mainland of England, or on favourably situated isles, may be constructed for from £3,000 to £5,000; while the average cost of a similar lighthouse in similar situations in Scotland exceeds £8,000; and in Ireland (including the illuminating apparatus) the general cost has been £10,000.

The Report and Evidence of the Commissioners prove that considerable sums of money have been wasted, and that an important saving might be effected by more judicious manage-

ment and by united action. The Floating Lights are also costly, the average expense of such a vessel when fully equipped (exclusive of stores) varying from £3,622, under the superintendence of the Trinity House in England, to £6,224 in Ireland, under the Ballast Board. In all situations it is far more expensive to maintain a light afloat than on shore; and stationary buildings should be erected, wherever possible.

What a lighthouse is to the mariner by night, that a *Buoy* is by day. In the United Kingdom there are about 1,109 buoys in position, and about 600 in reserve. The result of inquiry respecting these is as follows: In some districts they are ample and good, in others more are required, and in some there are far too few. Neglect of once-existing buoys has caused their disappearance in some waters, and parsimony their absence from others. It is, however, satisfactory to learn that on the whole our own coasts are distinguished for their efficient buoyage as compared with foreign coasts. The Thames from its mouth up to London bears nearly seventy buoys; and yet the number of different colours and characters marked upon them does not exceed seventeen. For the twenty-two channels by which pilots can enter the mouth of the river, the combinations of colour and distinction are so well distributed that two buoys exhibiting similar characters are never found together or in each other's neighbourhood. The great desideratum is a fixed national system of buoyage; and if a new system cannot be safely introduced, it would be well in all channels to have black and red buoys on the one hand, and black and white, or red and white, on the other. As to colours, the darker the buoy the more conspicuous it becomes, and out of 657 mariners 408 preferred a black colouring.

In the smallest compass and in the most intelligible phraseology at our command, we have endeavoured in the preceding pages to bring before our readers the results of numerous and patient inquiries upon the subjects of Wrecks, Collisions, and Casualties at sea, together with their alleviations by partial and occasional rescue, and their prevention by good and ample lightage, and abundant and conspicuous buoyage. We have omitted several topics of merely technical or scientific interest, and have contented ourselves with adverting to the most prominent subjects, in order that the general reader may be enabled to form some idea of the perpetual perils environing the vast fleets of ships which are day and night sailing to and from and round our coasts; of the numerous and scientifically arranged precautions which are devised for warning mariners

by fiery flashes and intense combustion ; and of that little fleet of lifeboats which is now widely stationed on the dangerous shores of our island, ready at the first alarm to launch forth on the ocean, if only they may rescue endangered lives.

Since the preceding pages were written, the Board of Trade has published some well-considered regulations for the prevention of collisions at sea, which are also translated into French. They consist of, 1. Rules concerning Lights ; 2. Rules concerning Fog Signals ; and, 3. Steering and Sailing Rules. The Rules for Lights are nine in number, and very circumstantial ; so that, with due attention to them, collisions may be considerably diminished. The tenth article provides for the employment of fog signals, and of a steam whistle before the funnel of steam-ships under weigh. The Steering and Sailing Rules compose an excellent brief code of 'rules for the road.' The twenty articles are all so carefully prepared, that nothing more can be wished than that they should be rigidly observed.

ART. IV.—*The Life and Times of Saint Bernard, Abbot of Clairvaux*, A.D. 1091–1153. By JAMES COTTER MORISON, M.A., Lincoln College, Oxford. London: Chapman and Hall. 1863.

THE name of Bernard, stripped of all appendages that might challenge controversy, belongs to the company of those Christians of an obscurer day whose characters have passed the severe ordeal of the common instinct of Christendom. Such a catholic roll there is, composed of men the Divine virtues of whose religion plead irresistibly against the judgment which would remember their human errors, and the fragrance of whose memory still lingers in the house of God long after the stained earthen vessel that held the precious ointment has been broken and forgotten. To this genuine hagiology all ages, even the darkest, have contributed ; it has been reinforced from the most arid regions of Christ's allegiance. Some have entered it in virtue of a sanctity the lustre of which no dogmatic offence, no tincture of superstition, no alloy of infirmity, could avail effectually to dim ; some in virtue of writings which have solidly enriched Christian theology, notwithstanding many abatements of error ; some in virtue of services rendered to their own generation, which have made

all future generations their debtors ; while a few, with Augustin at their head, base their claims upon these three testimonies combined. This company, forming a line of light from apostolic times to our own, has received a canonisation truer and more authoritative than any mere ecclesiastical conclave could confer ; and, thus sanctioned, they command the reverence of all ' whose judgment is just.' To the reader of the Church's mingled history the consciousness of their existence, diffused through the centuries, is an unspeakable relief. It gives unity and consistency to what otherwise would be an all but inexplicable chaos. It sheds radiance on what would otherwise be all but hopelessly dark. It gives the thoughtful Christian strength to traverse the wearisome annals, and to encounter without dismay all their perils to his faith. The roll which, spread before every other reader, is written within and without with lamentations, and mourning, and woe, is seen in the light of this consciousness to be nowhere without its records of true religion ; so read it becomes, like Ezekiel's book, as honey in the mouth for sweetness. This simple confidence makes all Christian antiquity in a very precious and peculiar sense its own.

Bernard of Clairvaux has an undeniable right to take high rank amongst these elect names of Catholic Christendom. His piety, his writings, and his acts form in his favour a triple plea, which has been admitted to be sufficient by men in all Christian communions. Perhaps no one of these three claims would of itself have sufficed to raise him to a very high position, or to anything approaching the rank which he now holds in general estimation. His religion was undoubtedly real, his devotion fervent and sustained ; but his piety never disengaged itself from some of the defects which clung to the typical sanctity of his times. Moreover, in an age which produced Anselm, Bruno, Malachy, Norbert, Peter the Venerable, and some others, Bernard was not pre-eminent. His sanctity alone would not have marked him out for such conspicuous honour. Nor are the writings which won him the title of the ' Last of the Fathers,' of such a character, on the whole, as to place him among the first Christian names, or in any position of superiority to several other mediæval divines that might be mentioned. His literary remains alone would not have won him his peculiar celebrity. The same may be said of his influence upon his times. It was indeed that of a master-spirit, and generally, though not always, exerted for good. But had his fame rested solely on his public achievements, it would have been only that of the most commanding mind in

the degenerate interval between Hildebrand and Innocent. Hemmed in by these two greater names, his own would have been far less conspicuous than it is. But Bernard's claims to the respect of the general Christian world rest upon the combination of three elements which have very rarely co-existed. Such a personal character, such a life of unwearied energy, and such a legacy of Christian writings, form a union in his historical person which few other names present.

This variety of interest has made the life and times of Bernard a very favourite subject of biography. Besides the original memoirs which always accompany his works, French, German, and English monographs have in succession made him their hero. Of the French, the Abbé Ratisbonne's and M. Montalembert's are the best known, and the most complete. Singularly different in treatment, but very much more exhaustive, and, to the hard student, satisfactory, is Neander's volume, which the English reader may find ably reproduced in the translation published by Miss Wrench some twenty years ago. Mr. Morison is the latest writer whose pen has been attracted to the subject. He has given us a clear, straightforward, and scholarly narrative, which he has made very interesting and valuable by carefully selected extracts illustrative of the development of Bernard's character and worth. These Mr. Morison has thought more valuable than a crowd of historical details or philosophical disquisitions. Much that a more ambitious writer would have attempted to do for the reader, Mr. Morison has left the reader to do for himself. He has, however, some rather vigorous philosophising here and there, as will appear in the sequel.

Bernard was born A.D. 1091; he took the vows in the Monastery of Cîteaux at the age of twenty-three; two years afterwards he founded Clairvaux; and Abbot of Clairvaux he remained, declining all preferments, for thirty-eight years, until his death A.D. 1153.

His father, Tesselin, was a Burgundian knight, who honestly, though in a rough fashion, strove to serve God in arms. It is enough to say of him that he never failed to make himself terrible to the enemies of his liege lord, the Duke of Burgundy, and that he had enough of self-command and the fear of God to decline a duel,—in those days no slight test of both. His mother, Alith, made Fontaines Castle a monastic institution in all but the name; she dedicated her seven sons and her one daughter to God when they were born; but Bernard, her third son, she seems to have devoted in a special manner. Her sedulous training, which never lost sight of his probable future

vocation, was followed up by a course of instruction in a college of secular priests at Chatillon. They sent him back in his nineteenth year thoroughly equipped in the *Trivium*,—grammar, rhetoric, dialectics,—with a good grounding in theology, and with a strong passion for literature generally. But his good mother died at this juncture, before she could see the fruit of the seed she had sown. Bernard was brought under other influences. He did not enter passively upon the career for which his mother's instruction and his subsequent education had prepared him; temptations arose that made his vocation the result of personal and resolute choice.

Three paths opened invitingly before him. The first led into the world of arms. To the martial excitement kindled by the victories of the first Crusade—the news of which flying through Europe were amongst his earliest remembrances—he was by no means insensible. The man who wrote so much about war, and sent so many scores of thousands out to fight in the East, must have had within him as a youth something that would respond to the voice from the camp. That camp, too, was very near: his father and all his brothers were, with the Duke, engaged in besieging the Castle of Grancy at the time of his return from the cloister school. Young Bernard was, like David, the exception in his father's house to the law of military service; but his brothers, unlike David's, urged him by every argument to join them in their career of glory. Failing in this, they strove to kindle his literary ardour. Paris, not far off, was at that time the scene of dialectical contests scarcely less exciting than the Crusades. Crowds were pouring from all parts of Europe to witness the encounters of William of Champeaux and the wonderful Peter Abelard. This most accomplished of all lecturers and disputants was then, at the age of thirty, in the full flush of his renown: he had overcome the first dialectician of the age in open court, and was fast gathering round him, by an unexampled fascination, all the young spirits who were not abroad in the wars. This to Bernard, fresh from his studies, and filled with irrepressible yearnings for action, was a stronger temptation than the camp. But the temptation—for such he deemed it—was overcome; and the meeting of Bernard and Abelard was reserved for another crisis. Meanwhile, the image of his mother, the memory of her prayers, was never absent from his thoughts. The bells of the neighbouring convent perpetually pleaded in her name on behalf of the third course which lay before him. The conflict was severe, and all the more so as his passions were beginning to require a stern

repression. But one day, when he was going, irresolute and deeply troubled, to his brothers in the camp, he entered a church by the wayside; there he prayed earnestly for pardon, peace, and direction, and came out with an unalterable resolution to take the monastic vows.

The language in which he describes his 'conversion' would scarcely sound unfamiliar even to a Methodist ear. And the sure result of a true conversion followed. He began at once to labour zealously for the salvation of all around him. It was now his turn to be the aggressor: and such was the vigour of his attack, such the ascendancy he began already to exercise over men, that in a very short time he had a little band of thirty, including all his brothers, at his disposal, whom he led to a retreat at Chatillon, in order to a six months' probation for monastic life. Apart from the fundamental error, that religious perfection implied the monastic vows, and that in no other way could God be fully served and the world fully forsaken, this was a notable triumph, and a noble earnest of a spiritual influence that scarcely ever met with disappointment. That triumph was complete when, in due time, his father and his only sister succumbed, and the whole generation of his kindred were safe within monastic walls.

A monastery was chosen which at that time most strictly maintained the Benedictine rule. Citeaux was in its first love, being only in the fifteenth year from its foundation; and Stephen Harding, its third abbot, had every thing in his character to attract an earnest spirit like Bernard's. His singular administrative abilities, however, and his sincere piety had not proved sufficient to keep the monastery from sinking; its excessive austerities had kept out recruits, death had thinned the original company, and scarcity and disease bade fair to bring it down to extinction. Just then Bernard and his thirty arrived: the decline of Citeaux was arrested, and its prosperity soon became the wonder of Christendom.

During his novitiate, the young monk practised austerities which all but ruined his constitution,—austerities which were afterwards matter of regret to himself. He set out with the intention of testing the virtue of asceticism to the uttermost. With what ardour he was likely to pursue the task of keeping under, or rather outraging, his body, we may judge from the fact, recorded by himself, that he once in earlier years punished a single forbidden glance by instantly plunging himself up to the neck in a pool of water crusted with ice. For any ordinary devotee the Benedictine rule, as restored at Citeaux, might

have been rigid enough. It exacted the utmost amount of service that body and soul could render, from the two o'clock matins to the eight o'clock complines. It reduced the gratification of the appetite to the lowest point consistent with active life. It cut off all the superfluities, all the amenities, and many of the necessities of daily existence. It filled the day, and most of the night, with work and prayer. But all was not enough for this young aspirant after perfection. *Bernard! why art thou here? why art thou here?* was the question that always rang in his ears; and the answer was, *To subdue the flesh.* He determined to get the victory at once and for ever over every inclination of sense. He would settle the dispute at once and for ever between the flesh and the spirit. He gradually lost all relish for food, having learned the art of swallowing without tasting what the necessity of living obliged him to eat. The fear of fainting was usually his sole monition to take nourishment, which seemed rather to defer death than sustain life. To night and sleep his rash religion was a woful enemy: sleepers he regarded as dead; sleep, as time lost; and his vigils commonly lasted nearly through the night. All the time that was not occupied in labour was spent in ecstatic contemplation. The occasional company of his worldly friends was to him a source of great disquiet. Finding that these visits dulled the ardour of his morning prayers, he filled his ears with little wads of flax; and thus was able to speak to the edification of his visitors without hearing their idle words. All this was part of a wonderful experiment,—an experiment which, had it succeeded, would have won its perfection at the expense of life and all life's usefulness. But the experiment failed; not through any diminution in the young monk's vigour of will, but because he was saved by others from consummating the ruin which such a perversion of the laws both of nature and of grace would have involved.

But we are anticipating. It is pleasant to turn from this sad picture to two redeeming circumstances in the account of Bernard's early monastic life,—his constant communion with external nature, and his profound study of the Scriptures. For, strange as it may appear, this daily, hourly, perpetual sacrifice of the flesh was offered up amidst all the loveliness of the most beautiful of sequestered valleys. Whenever he was not engaged in the choir, he was alone under the trees, with the Bible in his hands. 'Trust,' he said to one of his pupils, 'one who has had great experience. You will find something far greater in the woods than you will in books.'

Stones and trees will teach you what you will never learn from masters. Do not the mountains drop sweetness? the hills run with milk and honey, and the valleys stand thick with corn?' He was accustomed to say, that whatever knowledge he had of the Scriptures he had acquired chiefly in meditation and prayer in the woods and fields; and that beeches and oaks had ever been his best teachers on the word of God. It is not difficult to understand this unconscious infidelity to his ascetic principles; and it is not easy to exaggerate the curative and redeeming influence of this fervent communion with the word of God amidst His most beautiful works.

Cîteaux soon became famous. The example of Bernard's family was followed by such numbers, that in the course of two years two successive offshoots had established themselves elsewhere, and a third became necessary. Stephen Harding had seen from the beginning what kind of a youth Providence had sent him. He never forgot the day when a young man of twenty-three, with his earnest spirit gleaming through his emaciated frame, had brought thirty powerful recruits with him to the cloister gates, all of them the fruits of his single labours. To the rest of the brethren Bernard did not appear a likely man to be the head of a new community,—a post which would require gifts that none but Stephen discerned in him; they felt too that they could badly spare their young saint; but the abbot sent him forth with nothing but a cross in his hand, and twelve monks, to pitch their tent on a spot of ground given for the purpose by the Earl of Troyes. Onward these thirteen went, till at the distance of some hundred miles they halted in a spot which had formerly been notorious as the haunt of robbers; but which from this day exchanged the name of the Valley of Absinthe, or Wormwood, for that of Pleasant Valley, Clara-vallis, or Clairvaux. There, with the help of the people around, they constructed their rude fabric,—chapel, dormitory, refectory, all in one,—to be replaced in due time by much grander buildings. A rougher sanctuary they could not have; and their early trials were very severe. They were often reduced to the greatest extremity, to beech-nuts and roots, and almost to starvation. The new abbot, moreover, was at first very severe, until the despondency of his company warned him to avoid excess. But his courageous faith overcame all obstacles; and, after the bitterness of the first winter, Clairvaux became famous, and was thronged with occupants of new cells. Bernard was ordained abbot by William of Champeaux, now Bishop of Châlons.

The good bishop conceived a regard for the young enthusiast,

which ripened into the closest friendship, and helped to heal the wound inflicted by his former treacherous pupil, Abelard. He was deeply impressed by the sincerity, fervour, and talents of the new abbot; but his fears were excited by the emaciation of his frame, bearing testimony as it did to the desperation of his asceticism. He took a sudden and wise resolution. He went to the next chapter at Citeaux, obtained permission to govern Bernard for one year as his superior, and returned to Clairvaux with the signs of authority in his hands. The young ruler must needs submit. He was lodged in a separate dwelling, put in charge of a physician, and returned at the end of the year a healthier and wiser man. He renewed, indeed, his severities; but there was in them from this time more of reason and less of fanaticism. And to this enforced year of common sense we may, perhaps, attribute the saner tone of Bernard's mind during the remainder of his life.

At this point Bernard's highest earthly preferment was attained. No persuasion ever availed to make him change his abode, or seek any higher dignity. The way to the highest ecclesiastical honour was open to him; but he had none of that kind of ambition. He resisted the still stronger temptation to associate his own name with a new order. He submitted to the jurisdiction of the head of the Cistercians through life; and, whatever ascendancy he acquired over kings, emperors, and popes, he remained to the last a 'man under authority.' For nearly forty years he was abbot of Clairvaux: during the latter half of that time he was confessedly the master spirit of Christendom; and during the earlier twelve or fifteen years he was intently acquiring influence, and gradually making that influence felt in always widening circles. It will be seen that he found out in due time the secret of his power, and was neither slow nor very scrupulous in using it. But the government of his little flock, correspondence with the outer world, and the composition of a few of his works, fill up the record of these earlier and less public years.

The annals of the monastic orders furnish no example of monkhood which can be spoken of with more respect than Clairvaux, while under Bernard's government. Many reasons conspired to make it a favourable and, perhaps, almost an exceptional specimen of cloister life. In the first place, it was a new establishment, and founded at a time when the monastic institute was renewing its youth in Germany and France, throwing off some of its worst abuses, and reverting to the original principles of its constitution. These new establishments were indeed doomed by an inevitable law to pass

through all the cycles of wealth, luxury, corruption, and degradation: but the Cistercian order was as yet pure, and during Bernard's days showed no very evident signs of decay. The personal character of the young abbot contributed largely to this. After making every allowance for the enthusiastic extravagance of his admirers, we cannot but acknowledge the wonderful charm of a devotion which at this period fascinated every one who came within its influence, and those most who marked it most closely. Habitual communion with the word of God, and the almost ceaseless contemplation of the Saviour, in a retirement which the turmoils of Christendom had not yet disturbed, invested his daily life with a sacredness and dignity that none could resist. The interior economy, also, of the monastery was healthy in its tone. Work—agricultural without and literary within—alternated with devotion; while hard fare and little sleep gave every advantage to such as were bent on an earnest religious life. It is true that we seek in vain for the external charities towards man which are, after all, the very best assistances to private devotion,—indeed, the essential complement of a perfect piety towards God. It is equally true that the picture thus presented leaves on the mind the impression of an introverted, self-involved, and necessarily morbid religion, which, professedly aiming at the annihilation of self, is too much alone with self, too much occupied with self, to attain to the perfect realisation of that glorious idea. This is the essential vice of the system, the ineradicable root of bitterness which has always baffled the husbandry of the most sincere and earnest monk who ever cultivated the monastic soil. Against this, it may be regarded as hopeless to appeal to many undeniable advantages to society which flowed from the institute, especially in the Middle Ages. But, certain it is that whatever advantages may be pleaded on its behalf were to be found, and in their least objectionable form, in the monastery of Clairvaux. It was a refuge for many turbulent spirits, whom perhaps no other form of religion would have attracted; it was a school of the best religious education and discipline the age could afford; and it was the centre of observation from which the world without might be watched by a reformer always ready to send forth his vigorous protests. A few remarks on each of these particulars will lead us onward in our narrative.

The fundamental idea of the monastic institute was that of providing for earnest Christians a retreat where God could be served in what was thought to be the perfect ideal of the Christian life. The common fold of the Church was not

sufficiently secluded, or sufficiently sacred, to satisfy the unnatural and exaggerated ambition of the early ascetics. They therefore invented a sanctuary within the sanctuary; they enclosed a garden which the Scripture never enclosed; and thought they found there a fountain sealed from the mass even of their fellow Christians. In short, the cloister became to the society what his cell had been to the anchorite,—a church within the church, a refuge for the seekers of perfection which should be to the baptized community what the baptized community was to the world. Hence the assumption of the monkish vows was actually termed a second baptism; and we find Bernard himself thus explaining the term: 'The monastic discipline has earned this prerogative, to be called a second baptism, as I think, because of the perfect renunciation of the world, and the singular excellence of the spiritual life, which, exalted above all other kinds of human life, makes its professors and lovers like angels, and unlike men; and as in baptism, so in the second regeneration, as it were, of this resolution, we emerge from darkness into light.' So rooted was the notion of the meritorious virtue of this interior Christendom, that many who would not enter it at once enrolled themselves as *fratres adscripti* in the most celebrated orders, thus obtaining a special interest in their prayers; reserving to themselves the right of assuming the monkish habit at death, and so passing into eternity through the straitest gate.

But when the successive monastic orders degenerated from their unworldly spirit, as they invariably did, and the Regulars conformed to the luxurious habits and hierarchical grandeur of the Seculars, new foundations were established as a protest against them. And these new and more earnest institutes would, as they successively arose, naturally attract the far greater part of those whose consciences were disturbed by their sins, or whose spirits were fired with more than ordinary enthusiasm. Sharp discipline was the obvious refuge of those who were arrested in their career of wickedness by any alarming providence of God, or by any terrifying discourse of man. Thus only, they were taught to believe, they might perfect their repentance and find absolution. In multitudes of cases the process would simply end in a morbid and ceremonial Pharisaism. But in others, and especially in the hands of such men as Bernard and Norbert, no doubt a true conversion was the result. Many a turbulent spirit was drawn from the confusion and distractions of feudal warfare. Urged by the sting of conscience, finding no consolation in the worldly Church, alienated by the dissolute lives of the secular clergy, they would throw themselves

into the care of such men with perfect submission, and with a sense of infinite relief.

The monastery was ordinarily recruited in two ways: by the negative attraction of its own fame, and by the positive results of the preaching of its missionaries. But, in the case of Clairvaux, the former source of supply was soon found amply sufficient. There was a perpetual stream of applicants for probation, flowing from all parts of Europe, and without any intermission, at least during the forty years of Bernard's rule. But some of the most highly prized of his converts were such as may be said to have been won by accident. For instance, we read more than once of reckless knights seeking the always ready hospitality of the monastery, and being made captives for life by the solemn influence of what they saw and heard. Sometimes a stray penitent, on his way to a pilgrimage,—the one great rival of the cloister,—would come seeking the abbot's blessing, and be persuaded of a better way to heaven than that which led to the East. Of one such captive Bernard writes: 'Your Philip would have travelled to Jerusalem, but he hath discovered a nearer way, and a shorter passage over the great sea; he hath already, through dexterous seamanship, reached the desired haven; he doth not only contemplate Jerusalem with his bodily eye, but is become a spiritual inhabitant there: not of that earthly Jerusalem which is in bondage with her children; but of that which is free, even our heavenly mother.' Nor were instances wanting in which notorious criminals were, at the special intercession of the abbot, reprieved from death, and transferred to the cloister as a reformatory. So Bernard once met a criminal near the gates, on his way to execution: seizing the halter, he led the prisoner to the Count of Champagne. 'Alas! venerable father,' said that nobleman, 'how should you believe it possible to serve one who has already made himself a very devil?' Bernard replied, 'Think not that I would allow so great a crime to remain unpunished. You were about to make him taste the pains of death for an instant; but I will crucify him, and keep him in continual chastisement for many years.' The count yielded the prisoner, Bernard threw his own cowl over him, and he spent thirty years of wholesome penance at Clairvaux.

Although Bernard was emphatically a 'fisher of men,' and could not be insensible to the glory of presiding over a thronged community,—the mother of other flourishing communities,—yet we do not find that he organized any system of itinerant preaching. He did not, like Norbert and some others of his contemporaries, travel as a missionary, or anticipate the preach-

ing friars of the next age. Considering the ardour of his zeal, and the never failing power of his oratory over all classes and on every subject, it is probable that he would have achieved great results had he entered on this course. To us the absence of the *missionary* spirit, whether as regards his own influence personally, or the action of Christendom at large, indicates a striking defect or obliquity in his character. A remarkable example of what he might have effected in this way was furnished by the result of a visit which he paid to Paris soon after he became abbot. He went to this metropolis of letters on other business, but the journey gave him a glorious opportunity of trying the effect of his preaching upon audiences which had been accustomed to the high stimulant of controversial dialectics. Bernard did not neglect it. But the first day's lecturing was without any apparent fruit. After a night of prayer he renewed the attack; the schools listened again to his fervent unworldly eloquence. This time his earnest appeals asserted their power, and he had the satisfaction of carrying back with him many trophies of his victory. But such aggressions were not continued: Bernard's errands up and down Europe were not of this kind. He might not think them needful. For Clairvaux never failed of recruits, without any mission agency; so much so that the migrations of her daughter communities soon became periodical seasons of exultation. Before his death, he had in his own charge seven hundred monks; and one hundred and sixty monasteries elsewhere owed their foundation to his zeal.

But what was the kind of discipline to which these monks were subjected when they were won? In answering this question, we have mainly to do with the personal influence of the abbot himself. And here we must begin to call in the evidence of his writings. They give us assurance that, amidst a multitude of errors which pervaded the doctrine and discipline of Clairvaux, in common with the whole of Christendom, the staple of its religious instruction was the Gospel. Bernard had a firm hold of the doctrine of the inward corruption of human nature, and of its only remedy. And we may suppose that the penitential observances of his cloister would not be glaringly inconsistent with the following words of his: 'The superficial transparency of an outwardly pious course cannot co-exist with the Spirit of God, which penetrates and dwells in the depths of the heart. Is it anything but the most monstrous hypocrisy, to remove the sin from the surface, instead of eradicating it from the heart? Wouldst thou behold a dwelling swept and garnished, and yet empty,—look at the man who hath confessed and forsaken his notorious sins, and who now moveth

only with *his hands* to fulfil the law, with a mechanical activity in which the heart takes no part. Of externals, which verily profit little, he foregoes not one tittle; but, while he is straining at a gnat, he swalloweth a camel.' And we may hope that for the attainment of forgiveness and peace, his penitents would be directed to Him of whom he thus speaks: 'It is fit thou shouldst believe that thy sins can be blotted out only by Him against whom alone thou hast sinned, and who is exalted above all evil; but yet to this thou must add the special belief that *thine own* particular sins are forgiven through Him, and that is the witness of the Holy Ghost in thine heart; and thou must also have the testimony of the Holy Ghost within thee, touching eternal life; that thou shalt through God's grace attain the same.' And, as it regards the practice of godliness, Bernard's teaching at Clairvaux, and his extant writings, must have been singularly discordant, if the *love of God* was not the supreme actuating principle in his doctrine of Christian ethics.

Over the whole community Bernard kept holy and vigilant watch. Whatever other relations the abbot sustained as ruler, the pastoral was with him supreme. Many of the multifarious concerns of the establishment he might commit to Godfrey and Gerard, but the souls of the brethren he regarded as committed to his own responsibility. In his sequestered cell,—a retreat within a retreat,—he was always engaged in preparing his daily homily. For, this was one of Bernard's peculiar characteristics, that he was eminently a preaching abbot. The Cistercian chapter early imposed on him the duty of preaching more frequently than the general custom of the Order: their object being either to rescue him from himself, or, more probably, to give employment to the extraordinary talent which they discerned in him. Hence, the religious instruction of Clairvaux was, year after year, with occasional interruptions, no other than the daily outpourings of Bernard's deepest meditations on the only book he much cared for,—the Holy Scripture. At a certain hour the bell suspended all other avocations: the river, the mill, the field, the kitchen, the scriptorium were all deserted; the cowed fraternity silently gathered together in the auditorium, and became a congregation of children, listening, with folded arms and unquestioning simplicity, to a father whom their superstition invested with supernatural authority, whom their love revered as their best friend, and whose words (it is their own testimony) had become better to them than their necessary food.

To realise the scene, and to gain an adequate idea of the worth of this daily instruction, we must imagine ourselves in

this auditorium listening to some of these mediæval effusions. But we must be careful to time our imaginary visit rightly. It must not be paid on any of those festivals, in honour of the Virgin and the saints, for which our calendar has no room. On such occasions we should hear much unsound theology, much laborious trifling and worse than trifling, many a long sermon, in short, which must be placed in our Protestant *Index Expurgatorius*, and which the preacher himself from his present clearer light would gladly disavow. But, if we enter during the solemnities of the Passion Week, or on any occasion which made the simple cross of Christ the prominent theme,—or, still better, if we enter during the delivery of those wonderful sermons on the Canticles,—we shall hear much that will make religion lovely, and stir the pulses of our aspiration after a higher life. It may be observed, generally, that wherever Bernard follows the instincts of his own better nature, and draws his inspiration directly from communion with the Scripture and the Divine Spirit, the almost perfect oratory of his heart and lips leaves little to be desired. On the fundamental doctrines of salvation,—the sinfulness of human nature, the one atonement, the operations of Divine grace, the sinner's justification by faith, the sanctification of the saint by the Holy Ghost through the supreme influence of the love of God,—his daily teaching was, if not perfectly sound, if still infected with that uncertainty which Anselm had left around the great question *Cur Deus Homo*, yet greatly in advance of his times, and not insufficient to neutralise the effect of his other less scriptural and more subordinate teaching. We may charitably hope that the Divine Spirit's overruling grace would bless with a doubly effectual blessing that measure of the bread of finest wheat which was distributed to these poor monks, and prevent the less wholesome provision from doing them mortal harm.

Bernard himself was persuaded of his disciples' regeneration, and taught them as spiritual men. 'Different things,' we hear him telling them, 'ought to be said to you from those which are said to the men yet in the world. He who adheres to the apostle's rule feeds the latter with milk, and not with meat. But the spiritual require a stronger fare, as the same apostle teaches by his own example: *Howbeit, we speak wisdom among them that are perfect*. Such I firmly trust you are.' One or two specimens of this *stronger fare* we will present, availing ourselves of Mr. Morison's apt selection and accurate translation. The following strain is from a sermon on the Canticles, and enforces on the brethren the necessity of reposing confidently on the mercy of God in Christ. Let us enter and hear it.

'Listen how God softens the bitterness of a contrite heart, how he recalls the fainthearted from the pit of despair, how through the honey of pleasant and faithful and pleasant promises He consoles the sorrowful and establishes the weak. He says by the prophet, *I will bridle thy mouth with My praises, lest thou perish.* "With the bridle," He says, "of my indulgence I will restrain thee, and will raise thee up with My praises; thou who art confounded with thine own evil shalt breathe again in My good, and shalt surely find My mercy is greater than thy sin." If Cain had been so restrained, he would never have said in despair, *My sin is too great for me to be forgiven!* [*Vulg.*] God forbid! for His lovingkindness is greater than any iniquity. Follow ye the example of the just. If ye think of yourselves in humility, think also of the Lord in His mercy and goodness. But, seeing that the good which the kind and merciful Lord ceases not to shower on mortals cannot all be remembered by man,—for who can utter the mighty acts of the Lord? who can show forth all His praise?—let that which is chief and greatest, the work, namely, of our redemption, never fade from the memory of the redeemed. In this work there are two points which I will offer to your attention,—the manner and the fruit of our redemption. Now, the *manner* is the emptying out or the humbling of God; the *fruit* thereof is our being filled with Him.....But who can grasp the magnitude of delight comprehended in these short words, *God will be all in all?* Not to speak of the body, I perceive three things in the soul,—reason, will, memory; and these three make up the soul. How much each of these in this present world lacks of perfection is felt by every one who walketh in the Spirit. Wherefore is this, except because God is not yet all in all? Therefore it is that our reason falters in judgment, that our will is feeble and distracted, that our memory confounds us by its forgetfulness. We are subject unwillingly to this threefold weakness, but hope abides. For, He who fills with good things the desire of the soul, He Himself will be to the reason the fulness of light, to the will the abundance of peace, to the memory the unbroken smoothness of eternity. O truth! O charity! O eternity! O Blessed and Blessing Trinity! to Thee my miserable trinity miserably groans, while it is in exile from Thee. Alas, for what a trinity have we exchanged Thee away! My heart is disturbed, and hence my grief; my strength has forsaken me, and hence my fear; the light of my eyes is not with me, and hence my error. O trinity of my soul, what a changed Trinity dost thou show me in my exile!But why art thou cast down, O my soul! and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise Him; that is, when error shall have left my mind, sorrow my will, fears my memory; and serenity, sweetness, and eternal peace shall have come in their stead. The first of these things will be done by the God of truth, the second by the God of charity, the third by the God of omnipotence, that God may be all in all: the reason receiving light inextinguishable, the will peace imperishable, the memory

cleaving to a fountain which shall never fail. As regards our redemption, which, if you remember, we defined as the humbling or emptying out of God, there are three points I commend to your notice. It was not a simple or moderate humbling; but He humbled Himself even to taking flesh—even to death—even to death on the cross. Who can measure the humility, gentleness, and condescension which moved the Lord of Majesty to put on flesh, to be punished with death, to be disgraced by the cross ?'

But instead of hearing out this sermon, let us take our place among the monks some fifteen years afterwards, when Bernard is a more experienced preacher, with a theology concerning the atonement still more explicit, and perhaps taught by Abelard to be less speculative. Another strain falls upon our ears, and reaches our hearts, after listening to which we must take our leave of the auditorium. It is towards the close of a sermon on the Passion.

'And canst thou doubt the sufficiency of His obedience, which absolved every one who was under the curse of the first offence? Truly, not as the offence, so also is the gift. For sin came from one sin for condemnation, but grace for justification from many sins. And grievous beyond question was that original sin which infected, not only the person, but the nature itself. Yet, every one's personal sin is the more grievous, when, the reins being let loose, we give up on every hand our members as servants to unrighteousness, being enchained, not only by another's, but by our own sin also. But most grievous was that especial one, which was committed against the Lord of glory, when wicked men unjustly killed the Just Man, and wretched homicides, or rather (if one may so speak) Deicides, laid their accursed hands upon the very Son of God. What connexion is there between the two preceding and the third? At this, the whole of this world's frame grated and trembled, and all things were well-nigh resolved into primeval chaos. Let us suppose that one of the nobles of a kingdom had laid waste the king's lands in a hostile inroad; let us suppose another, who, being a guest and counsellor of the king, strangled, with traitorous hands, the latter's only son; would not the first be held innocent and free from blame in respect of the second? So stands all sin in relation to this sin; and yet this sin He took upon Himself, that He who made Himself to be sin might condemn sin by means of sin. For, through this, all sin, personal as well as original, was destroyed, and even this very especial one was removed by Himself.....God forbid, that flies about to die should do away with the sweetness of the ointment which flows from Thy body! The miseries, the blasphemies, and insults which a wicked and perverse generation heaps on Thee, are but as flies about to die.—But what didst Thou do? In the very uplifting of Thine hands, when the morning sacrifice was now being changed into the evening offering,—on the very strength, I say, of

that incense which ascended into the heavens, covered the earth, and bestrewed even hell itself, worthy to be heard for Thy reverence, Thou criedst, *Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.* O how great is the multitude of Thy mercy, O Lord! O how different are Thy thoughts to our thoughts! O how strong is Thy holy arm to the wicked! A wonderful thing! He cries, *Forgive them*, and the Jews, *Crucify Him*. His words are as soft as oil, and theirs are very spears. Patient charity puts off, waits, bears with the offender; but kind charity draws, allures, would have him converted from the error of his way, and, in short, covers a multitude of sins. O Jews! ye are stones, but ye strike a softer stone, from which resounds the ring of mercy, and the oil of charity bursts forth! How wilt Thou, O Lord, overflow with the torrent of Thy bliss those who long for Thee, when Thou thus pourest out the oil of Thy mercy upon those who are crucifying Thee!'

Bernard as a preacher—to speak of him now more generally—owed everything to his early and devout communion with Scripture. In his cell, with the strife of Europe shut out, or not yet heard, he was a man of one book. Augustine, Ambrose, perhaps the first Gregory, and a few others, were familiar to him, and exerted some influence on his style of thought. Their writings were in his memory, but the Bible was in his heart: perhaps no preacher ever made a more comprehensive use of the Scriptures than he. In his interpretation of their words the dialectician always strove with the mystic, the scholastic theologian with the spiritualising expositor. The latter for the most part prevailed; and we find, consequently, much straining of the letter, which, while always devout, is sometimes mystical in the bad sense, and sometimes merely fanciful or trifling. His extant and genuine sermons—of which those on the Canticles are the truest reflection of his genius and devotion—are not so much sermons as impassioned meditations, the soliloquies of a full heart poured out in the midst of men over whose souls he had supreme dominion. They are never without a staple of solid doctrine; but the doctrine is seldom dogmatically laid down. The heart of the preacher dictates, and it is evidently seeking communion with other hearts. The imagination, or rather the fancy, is generally in full vigour; and no puritan divine ever abounded with more happy or unhappy conceits. But always it is meditation which gives a cast to the whole, and meditation that not only derives its nourishment from Scripture, but instinctively weaves for itself a scriptural vesture. The reader—or hearer, for these are sermons which, beyond most others, have the faculty of making the reader a hearer also—can trace every working of the preacher's mind, as it passes from doctrine to exhortation, and from exhortation to doctrine, mingling appeals to heaven with meditative

soliloquy and direct address in a blessed confusion that defies criticism, inspires love, and makes us wish that we had been there to hear. The way in which Scripture is used in the sermons is remarkable. Not only is their general strain moulded by the sacred text, but the lights and shadows of every picturesque page are thrown in by the apt use or fanciful abuse of recondite sayings which could occur only to one who was intimately at home in every part of the Bible. Sometimes the introduction of an unfamiliar passage throws a wonderful vigour into the paragraph; while sometimes, too often indeed, a doubtful rendering of the Vulgate is seized upon and pursued, sentence after sentence, and even page after page, with a pious enthusiasm that knew no fear of the Hebrew critic. After every deduction, however, the sermons of Bernard (and the same may be said of his letters) bear everywhere testimony to the good effect of his early and supreme devotion to the word of God.

But Bernard among his monks was not only a preacher. He was the head and soul of the entire institution. He directed and superintended the daily labours of the brethren, in the fields and mills abroad, and in the scriptorium within. He kept indefatigable watch over the labour and the rest, the discipline and the devotion, of the whole establishment. He was always at hand for counsel, for warning, for instruction. He set the example of an industry that was never weary, and of a singleness of purpose that never swerved. His monastery was, in his view, a place where men might best use their bodies and their souls for the glory of God and in preparation for heaven. The great business of his life was to make Clairvaux the home of perfect men, and the mother of similar establishments as perfect as herself. And whatever error there was in this, was in the system, and not in the man. This was his notion of his duty, and he did it.

We have now to regard Clairvaux as a retreat from which a master spirit—the spirit of a true though imperfect and one-sided reformer—watched the outer world. Into that outer world Bernard soon went, with sudden, swift, and all-compelling vigour; but that time was not yet come; and in the interim he practised his powers and enlarged his information by an enormous correspondence. The letters of Bernard form the first volume of his writings; and it would not be too much to say that they are the most valuable volume which the twelfth century has bequeathed to us. They range over an inexhaustible variety of subjects, from the most elevated mysteries of the Divine life to the commonest triviality that concerned his own or his neighbour's convent. It is impossible to read these

four or five hundred epistles, or even to glance at their subjects, without perceiving that Bernard, long before the schism in the Papacy made him the foremost man in Europe, was early regarded as a kind of common arbiter or general referee, whose combined wisdom and sanctity gave him the prerogative of decision on every subject. And in these letters his genius appears in its most graceful aspect. Those of them which are undoubtedly genuine, (the far greater part of the whole,) and those which he wrote with his own hand, (a very considerable portion,) are exceedingly fascinating: they abound in happy antithetical points; they sparkle with lively and occasionally humorous sallies of the man, the Burgundian, in a word, the Frenchman; they derive a charm also from a certain characteristic allusive quotation of the words of Scripture, the result of long and affectionate familiarity, sometimes almost startling in its playfulness, but never irreverent; while they are invariably occupied with matters of practical interest, and aim steadily at correcting what the writer thought evil, and promoting what he thought good. It need hardly be said that as a commentary on the times, and as a contribution to the internal history of the century, they are intensely interesting and of the last importance.

One of the first interpositions of Bernard's pen gives a remarkable view of the ferocious cruelty of the times. A certain vassal of the Count of Champagne, Humbert by name, was condemned to prove his innocence of a crime charged against him, by judicial combat. He failed in this ordeal; his lord confiscated his goods, drove his family out into the world, imprisoned him and put out his eyes. Bernard took up the cause of the homeless wife and children. Letter after letter of sharp remonstrance to the proud baron, and of appeal to his bishop, at last procured the reversal of the sentence. This is but one of many instances. It is to the lasting honour of Bernard's heart that in the cause of justice he never shrank from encountering any despot; and it is a powerful tribute to his ability that he never undertook such a cause in vain.

It might be expected that questions touching the morality of the convents under his rule would frequently emerge in these letters. Occasionally the scandal of incontinency came to his ears; and nothing can exceed the horror with which he assails that vice, and warns all monks against the occasions of it. 'I conjure you,' he writes to a certain abbot, 'by that blood which was shed for souls, not to think lightly of the danger of this vice to those who are bent upon struggling in God's school against all these temptations, and who from their own

experience can say with the apostle, "*We are not ignorant of his devices.*" The letters of this class are few, as Bernard's fraternities were kept by his vigilance comparatively pure. But, in these, as in all his writings,—if we except those which are tinged with the overstrained and unscriptural notions of his time on virginity and celibacy,—the tone of morality is of the healthiest kind, and the eternal war between the light of the Holy Spirit and the darkness of secret or open sensuality is dwelt upon with the delicacy of a pure and discreet mind, but with all the vehement energy that its supreme importance required.

Our first extract will serve as a brief specimen of those letters which were occupied solely with Divine things; and it is given as furnishing the clearest insight into the principle of Bernard's mysticism, with its essential difference from that of later times. It is addressed to Hugh, a Carthusian friar.

'Love is that eternal, creating, and ruling law by which all things were made in their appointed measure, number, and weight; and there is nothing without law.—Whereas we are first fleshly, our desires and our love must be brought out of the flesh; and, when they have taken the right direction, they shall by the aid of grace, ascending by certain and sure degrees, at last be perfected in the Spirit. At first man loves himself for his own sake; but, when he becomes conscious that he cannot exist by himself, he begins to seek after and to love God, as necessary to the support of his existence. At this second step man loves God indeed, but it is for his own sake, and not in obedience to the will of God. But when he hath once begun to raise his thoughts to God, to pray to Him, to obey Him, though it be from selfishness, God reveals Himself to him by degrees in this confidential intercourse. He wins his love, and so, having tasted the good will of the Lord, man passes to the third step, to love God for God's sake, and on this step he remaineth; for I know not whether any man hath in this life ever reached the fourth step altogether—namely, to love himself only for God's sake. But this shall come to pass when the faithful servants shall have entered into the joy of their Lord; then, satiated with the riches of the house of God, and forgetful of themselves, they shall in a wonderful manner be wholly merged in God, and united with Him in one Spirit.'

Very many of these Epistles are dedicated to the correction of abuses. All ranks and all dignities were alike to the rebuking spirit of this Tishbite of the twelfth century: wherever the guilty favourer of corruption might be, whether in the Vatican, or on the throne of France, or in the abbatial chair of the rival convent, he was not long unvisited by the fiery shafts of Bernard's remonstrance. But these letters belong to a somewhat later period of the abbot's life; we must therefore

postpone any further allusion to them. The following is an illustration of his manner of dealing with young men in ecclesiastical office, or the cure of souls. In this class of communications he appears to very great advantage. He thus writes to young Baldwin :—

‘And now be careful to be found a wise and faithful servant, and communicate the heavenly bread to your fellow-servants, without envy or idleness. Do not take up the vain excuse of your rawness or inexperience, which you may imagine or assume. For, sterile modesty is never pleasing, nor that humility laudable which passes the bounds of reason. Attend to your work: drive out bashfulness by a sense of duty, and act as a master.—He that is unjust in the least is unjust also in much. Give all, as assuredly you shall pay to the uttermost farthing.—Take heed to give your words the voice of power. What is that? do you ask? It is that your works harmonize with your words, or rather your words with your works, that you be careful to *do* before you teach. It is a most beautiful and salutary order of things, that you should first bear the burden you place on others, and learn from yourself how men should be ruled. That speech which is full of life and power, is an example of work, as it makes easy what it speaks persuasively, while it shows that what it advises can be done. Understand, therefore, to the quieting of your conscience, that in these two commandments, *i. e.*, of precept and example, the whole of your duty resides. You, however, if you be wise, will add yet a third, *viz.*, a zeal for prayer; to complete that triple repetition of the Gospel concerning feeding the sheep. You will then know that no sacrament of that Trinity is in any wise broken by you, if you feed them by word, by example, and by the fruit of holy prayers. Now abideth speech, example, prayer, these three; but the greatest of these is prayer.’

Our last quotations exhibit Bernard in a more familiar character, as a literary workman. He early began the practice of occupying his leisure in writing books; and the following letter was written soon after the publication (as we should call it) of his first little treatise. But the note had been delayed on account of Lent :—

‘I ask you, where are peace and quietness if I am writing and dictating and dispatching you letters? All this, you say, can be done in silence. But this is a strange notion of yours. What a tumult invades the mind when in the act of composition—what a rushing multitude of words—what variety of language and diversity of impressions come upon one, so that what occurs is often rejected, and what escapes one is eagerly sought for! Now the harmony of the words; now the clearness of the expression; now the depth of the doctrine; now the ordering of the diction, and what shall follow, and what shall precede, are subjects necessarily of most intense study,

besides many other things which the learned take note of in matters of this sort.—As regards the book you ask for at the present moment, I have not got it. For, there is a certain friend of ours who has kept it a long time now, with the same eagerness with which you desire it. Still, lest your kind request should seem to be slighted by me, I send you another book of mine which I have lately brought out; and, inasmuch as I have not another copy, I beg you will return it as soon as you can, or, if you are likely to be coming this way tolerably soon, bring it yourself.'

The following contains one of those touches of nature which make the whole world of young authors kin. Bernard writes to Peter, cardinal legate and deacon, thus:—

'As regards those works of mine which you ask for, they are few in number, and contain nothing which I consider worthy to interest you. Still, as I would rather you thought ill of my genius than of my desire to oblige you, please send a line by the bearer of this, to signify which of my writings you would like, and also whither I am to send them. I make this request that I may be able to recover any that are lent, which I will then forward to any place you name. But that you may know what your choice is, here is a list:—

- '(1.) A little book on Homilies.
 - '(2.) Four Homilies on the Praises of the Virgin.
 - '(3.) An Apology to a certain friend of mine, in which I have discoursed concerning the Cluniac and Cistercian observances of the Rule.
 - '(4.) A few Letters to various friends.
 - '(5.) Sermons:—which some of the brethren here have taken down as I delivered them, and still keep by them.
- 'Would that I might venture to hope that my rustic productions may prove of the least service to you.'

Three missives sent from the seclusion of Cîteaux at this period are of more public interest, and belong to the history of the times. They are remarkable also as being connected with those leading events in Bernard's career which prepared him for the more public arena of Christendom.

The first was a document sent from the Cistercian abbots to Louis VI. of France. This king, having enforced some exactions on the property of the Church, roused the resentment of the Bishop of Paris and the Archbishop of Sens. After much recrimination, these ecclesiastics resorted to their last expedient, placed the kingdom under interdict, and fled to Bernard and the abbots of Cîteaux to wait the result. A letter soon issued from Cîteaux—in the name of Stephen and the other abbots, but probably written by Bernard, and in such a style as Hildebrand might have dictated—which must have made the

pious Louis tremble. But Bernard's power had not reached its culminating point; the pope, unawed as yet, was induced to raise the interdict; and thus the abbots, siding with the bishops, were obliged to succumb to the king and the pope. This was a kind of check which Bernard never afterwards sustained. He took his leave of the question in a letter to Rome, which showed that the pontiff's high station was no protection against the young abbot's anger and wit. 'Great is the necessity which withdraws us from the cloister into the world. We speak it with sadness, that the *honour* of the Church has been not a little blemished in the name of *Honorius*.'

The next letter opens up the celebrated controversy between the monks of Cluny and Cîteaux, represented by the Cluniac Peter and the Cistercian Bernard. After a brilliant century of power and celebrity,—during which it had been able to summon a chapter of three thousand monks, and had attained a position in Christendom second only to Rome,—Cluny had fallen into the hands of a dissolute abbot, and began to exhibit some of the worst scandals and disorders of a corrupt monastery. The original severity of its discipline was relaxed; the elaborate and mechanical system of monkish devotion was exchanged for cultivated luxury and sensuality. At length the disorder reached such a point that the pope interfered; Pontius, the licentious abbot, was deposed, and Peter the Venerable chosen in his stead. Peter was one of the best men of his time—a man the gentleness of whose spirit, and the general amiableness of whose character, would have made him the foremost example of the piety of the twelfth century, had not his bigoted persecution of the Jews at a later period stained a life otherwise governed by charity. He was also a devoted admirer of Bernard, and the controversy between them, although very painful to both, did not interrupt a friendship which lasted to the end. The Apology of Bernard, and the letters between him and Peter which ensued, are very interesting, as containing the best and the worst that could be said of the monastic institute in the twelfth century. The controversy was, in fact, one between a new and severe order, conscious of its purity, and a corrupt order trying to make the best case for itself. The censures of the Cistercians having given umbrage to the Cluniacs, William of St. Thierry urged Bernard to vindicate himself and his monks. To him the celebrated Apology was addressed. It was very carefully composed, and revised by others before it was finally issued.

Bernard sets out with a general statement of the principles

on which the variety of orders in the Church is based. And his words are very important as showing with what unquestioning simplicity the necessity of the monastic institute was at that time taken for granted. As the circumstances of mankind were various, and the dispensations of grace various, so within the Church, according to Bernard's theory, there must be monasteries governed by various rules. After proceeding to show that the ascetic life had no inherent merit, and that it was no more than a Divine medicine for peculiar diseases, he at once assumes the place which from this time forward seemed to be always and everywhere conceded to him—that of supreme arbiter or judge. He deals out to Cistercians and Cluniacs alike the sharp invectives that suited the case of each. To his own monks, who condemned the others for neglecting parts of the great common Rule, he reads a lesson of charity; and here the true instincts of the student of Scripture soon warm his feelings and melt his unnatural monastic theories away. He tells them to remember *God's rule*, which Benedict's must not differ from. He reminds them that the true monk is the inner man, and that the heavenly virtues are his true garments; and asks them if humility in rich furs is not a better thing than pride in a monk's cowl. Nothing can be finer than the sentences which close the appeal to the Pharisees among his own company:—

'What would it avail us that our mode of life is austere, our dress simple, our fastings and watchings continual, if we indulge a Pharisaical vanity in despising others? The Saviour has declared "they have their reward" in this world; and, O, "if in this life only we had hope in Christ, we should indeed be of all men most miserable," as saith St. Paul. Surely we might have found a pleasanter way to hell. Woe, woe to the poor who are proud; to those who bear the cross of Christ, and yet refuse to follow Christ; who partake of His sufferings, but do not imitate His humility!'

This healthy and vigorous onslaught on all Pharisaical monkery is followed by the real matter of the Apology. Nowhere in Bernard's writings is his wit more keen, his pen more lively, than in the description which he gives of the luxury of his Cluniac brethren. He describes their modes of life, their subtle inventions of luxury, their furniture, meals, and all the grotesque varieties of their corruption, with the minuteness of an eye-witness, and the particularity of one who is not disposed to lose his chance. The sketch must be reduced to the size of one of our own pages for the sake of the light it throws on the monastic life of the twelfth century.

After a general attack upon the whole brotherhood, who perverted every principle of the monastic institute, he descends

unsparingly to particulars, some of which seem more like a picture drawn by Bernard's dramatic genius than the sober truth. Beginning with their meals, he denounces the absence of conversation about the Bible and the salvation of souls, while small talk, laughter, and idle words fill the air;—the palate being tickled with dainties, and the ear with gossip and news. He shows the poor Cluniacs how, like a spy, he had seen the multitude of their dishes, the double supply of full grown fish when the measure of meat was interdicted, the cook's exquisite skill in keeping off satiety from the palates of the monks as long as possible, with the numberless inventions for diversifying eggs which tasked the kitchen. He satirises the drinking habits of the monks with still more vigour:—the weak stomachs which praiseworthy took the apostle's advice to drink wine, but forgot the condition of a *little*; the tact of the experienced winebibbers in selecting the most potent of the many sorts brought to be sipped, and their cunning method of drugging the wine on saints' days, that more might be drunk and thus more honour done to the saint. 'But with his veins swelling and throbbing in his head, under the influence of wine, what can a man do on rising from table but sleep? And if you force a man thus gorged to rise to vigils, you must get from him rather a sigh than a song.' The dress comes next: 'What was of old the sign of humility is turned by the monks of our day into a source of pride. We can hardly find in a whole province wherewithal we condescend to be clothed; the monk and the knight cut their garments from the same piece.' Then the lordly abbot struts about with all his luxurious appendages in the pages of his satire. But the severest diatribe of all is expended on the Cluniac architecture and art decorations, from which we shall quote a few passages, as showing how irrepressible was Bernard's instinct for the spiritual reality of religion:—

'But these are small matters. I pass on to greater ones, which seem less only because they are more common. I will not speak of the immense height of the churches, of their immoderate length, of their superfluous breadth, costly polishing, and strange designs, which, while they attract the eyes of the worshipper, hinder the soul's devotion, and somehow remind me of the old Jewish ritual. However, let all this pass; we will suppose it is done, as we are told, for the glory of God. But, a monk myself, I do ask other monks, (the question and reproach were addressed by a Pagan to Pagans,) "Tell me, O ye professors of poverty, what does gold do in a holy place?" The case of bishops and monks is not the same. We know that they, as debtors to the wise and foolish, when they cannot rouse the sense of religion in the carnal multitude by spiritual means, must do so by

ornaments that appeal to the senses. But among us who have gone out from the people, among us who have forsaken whatever things are fair and costly for Christ's sake, who have regarded all things beautiful to the eye, soft to the ear, agreeable to the smell, sweet to the taste, pleasant to the touch,—all things, in short, which can gratify the body,—as dross and dung, that we might gain Christ, of whom among us, I ask, can devotion be excited by such means?..... By the sight of costly vanities, men are prompted to live rather than to pray. Some beautiful picture of a saint is exhibited, and the brighter the colours the greater the holiness attributed to it: men run eager to kiss; they are invited to give, and the beautiful is more admired than the sacred is revered. In the churches are suspended, not *coronæ*, but wheels studded with gems, and surrounded by lights, which are scarcely brighter than the precious stones which are near them:—what is the object of all this? The repentance of the contrite, or the admiration of the gazers? O vanity of vanities! but not more vain than foolish. The church's walls are resplendent, but the poor are not there..... Why at least do we not reverence the images of the saints, with which the very pavement we walk on is covered? Often an angel's mouth is spit into, and the face of some saint trodden on by the passers by.... Again, in the cloisters what is the meaning of those ridiculous monsters, of that deformed beauty, that beautiful deformity, before the very eyes of the brethren when reading? What are disgusting monkeys there for, or ferocious lions, or horrible centaurs, or spotted tigers, or fighting soldiers, or hunters sounding the bugle? You may see there one head with many bodies, or one body with many heads. Here is a quadruped with a serpent's tail; there is a fish with a beast's head; there a creature, in front a horse, behind a goat; another has horns at one end, and a horse's tail at the other. In fact, such an endless variety of forms appears everywhere, that it is more pleasant to read in the stonework than in books, and to spend the day in admiring these oddities than in meditating on the law of God. *Proh Deo!* if we are not ashamed of these absurdities, why do we not grieve at the cost of them?

It is only fair to the memory of Peter the Venerable, Bernard's brother abbot, to say that the abuses so mercilessly anatomised were such as existed before he became responsible. But the *Apology* smote him keenly, nevertheless. In his own gentle way he remonstrated with Bernard, bringing forward many pleas in extenuation; he strove to show that the property owned by his monasteries was better employed, after all, than it would have been by those who gave it; and urged the necessity of mutual concession on the part of the more strict and the more lax observers of the Benedictine rule. Whatever we may think of his arguments, we cannot help sympathising with Peter, when he makes his almost indignant appeal to

Bernard's forgotten charity. Love, he said, was the supreme lawgiver; the Church's lawgivers, with the pope at their head, were only secretaries of love; and he aptly applied Augustine's celebrated *Habe charitatem, et fac quicquid vis*. He adds, 'It has long grieved me sore that men who to this very hour are in hunger and thirst, in cold and nakedness, labouring with their hands, and in all things following the holy Paul, should yet, while they perform the weightier matters, leave the lighter undone. And thou art one of these. Thou keepest the hard commands of Christ, on fasting, watching, weariness, and labour; and yet thou disregardest that easy one of *love*.' It is striking to observe how these two great representatives of monkish observances make their last appeal to *love*; and it is pleasant to record that both signalised their own possession of the heart of true religion by maintaining throughout this contest an unabated friendship.

Bernard's severe *Apology*, following as it did his first treatise on *Humility*,—in which he ingeniously depicted the ascending and descending scales of humility and pride,—produced a very deep impression. It mended both Cistercians and Cluniacs. And it did more. It made many a lax abbot tremble, and set not a few about reformation. Among the rest, Suger,—who combined in one person the abbot of St. Denis, prime minister of Louis le Gros, and the historian of his times,—found leisure to read for himself. Such words as these, 'The cloisters are crowded with soldiers, the convent filled with the ministers of intrigue and litigation, the tumult of the world re-echoes on all sides, and even women enter at their pleasure,'—went to his conscience. His own monastery, which had degenerated into something like a palace of pleasure for the king and his courtiers, was immediately reformed; and Suger's celebrated letter to Bernard is one of the most honourable tributes to the reformer's power.

Another evidence of his growing influence was given by the summons which he received to attend the Council of Troyes in 1128. A remarkable letter to the legate Matthew shows how sore a trial it was to make this first appearance on the more public arena of the Church—what the first step cost. Those historians whom Gibbon has taught to doubt the possibility of a sincere deprecation of power, and who represent Bernard as thirsting for publicity, must read the following sentences with other eyes than ours:—

'My heart is ready to obey, but not my body. Burnt up by heat, and exhausted by the sweats of a raging fever, my weak flesh is unequal to answer the call of my willing spirit. I was anxious to

come, but my desire has been frustrated by sickness. Whether it be a sufficient one, I leave those of my friends to judge who, taking no excuse, are daily devising plans to draw me, a monk involved in a network of duty and obedience, from my cloister into cities. If I were to say to them, *I have taken off my coat, how shall I put it on? I have washed my feet, how shall I defile them?* they would doubtless be offended. They may reply, that the business is most important. If so, they must seek some one who is fit for great and important business. I do not think—I know that I am not such an one. Is it difficult or easy, this affair with which you would burden me? If easy, it can be done without me; if difficult, it cannot be done by me, unless I am thought able to do what no one else can, and one to whom impossibilities should be referred. If this be so, what an error has God committed in my solitary case—placing a candle under a bushel which could have given light upon a candlestick, or, to speak more plainly, trying to make a monk of me, and wishing to hide in His tabernacle, in the days of evil-doers, a man who is necessary to the world, without whom even bishops cannot get through their own business!’

At Troyes Bernard met Hugo de Paganis, the founder and first grand-master of the order of Knights Templars, who enlisted the abbot's influence in obtaining a more public recognition and a more definite rule for his new order. Ten years before, he and a few others had taken vows, ‘like regular canons, to live in chastity, obedience, and poverty, and for the remission of their sins to keep the roads and passes free of robbers and assailants, and to watch over the safety of the pilgrims as much as they could.’ This institution, which aimed to combine the spirit of warlike enterprise with that of stern monastic asceticism, and which, as bringing into concert the two strongest impulses of the age, might have been expected to become extremely popular, had not succeeded to any great extent. The number had not increased in ten years beyond the original nine. Bernard entered heartily into the scheme; having taken his brief, he pleaded the cause with all his fervour. Their new rule did not, as is commonly asserted, spring from his hands; but he drew up an *Exhortation to the Knights of the Temple*, which made the *new warfare* generally attractive. This treatise is not one of Bernard's best. It reads like a piece of special pleading, written by one whose mind was full of paradoxes on the subject of war. After showing the secular warrior the dilemma in which his art is entangled,—‘Your reasons for fighting are light and frivolous, viz., the impulses of an irrational anger, or a desire of vain glory, or the wish to obtain some earthly possession: certainly, for such causes as these it is not safe either to alay or be slain;’—he paints the

advantages and immunities of the 'new warfare,' a warfare 'unheard of in all former ages.' 'Christ's soldiers can fight in safety the battles of their Lord; fearing no sin from killing an enemy; dreading no danger from their own death. Christ's soldier can securely kill, can more securely die: when he dies, it profits himself; when he slays, it profits Christ.' In the vehemence of his ardour to justify the trust reposed in him, Bernard draws an enthusiastic picture of the excellences of the new militia. 'Never is an idle word, or a useless deed, or immoderate laughter, or a murmur, even if only whispered, allowed to go unpunished among them. Hunting they hold in abomination; soothsayers, jesters, story-tellers, ribald songs, and stage plays they eschew as vain follies.' Such are a few of the attractions held out to the devout; but whether the grand-master would be equally pleased by the picture his advocate drew of his Templars and those whom they consorted with and protected, may be questioned. 'The most salutary result is, that in such a multitude who flock to the East there are few besides scoundrels, vagabonds, thieves, murderers, perjurers, and adulterers, from whose emigration a double good is observed to flow, the cause of a twofold joy. Both rejoice, those whom they go to defend, and those whom they no longer oppress.' On the whole, there is more of rhetoric than of Bernard's real soul in this effusion. It was not to him a labour of love. And here at the outset, as we shall see finally in the end, Bernard fell below himself when he looked towards the East.

Our abbot had now reached his thirty-ninth year, and up to this time had scarcely ever left his valley of Clairvaux, save to attend the chapters of his order. At any rate France had bounded his sphere. But now the even tenor of his life was disturbed, to subside into rest no more. His memoirs from this point become history: for about twenty years he was the most prominent actor upon the European scene. Not that he ceased to be abbot of Clairvaux, or to maintain the monastic life. Whatever journeys he had to take, whatever councils to attend, and whatever documents to prepare, his heart was in what he called 'his beloved Jerusalem.' But it was not his lot to know any more the blessedness of uninterrupted devotion. Just when he was likely to rise or to fall into a confirmed mystic,—at that juncture when a man becomes what he is to remain till the end,—he was summoned out upon the stormy scene of European politics; and from that time onwards he presents perhaps the most remarkable instance of

the combination of the ascetic and the active Christian life that the history of Christendom presents.

Glancing over the series of public affairs which make up the history of these twenty years,—the middle of the twelfth century,—there are four main events that are distinctly prominent: The schism in the Papacy which followed on the death of Honorius, and which embroiled the south of Europe in war for eight years; the trial and condemnation of Abelard and Arnold; the suppression of the quasi-Protestant revolts in the south of France; and the preaching of the second Crusade.

The first of these events brings Bernard before us as the champion of the Papacy. Once more Rome had become the arena of those scandalous contests for the vicarship of Christ which were the foulest disgrace of mediæval Christendom. Honorius II. died in 1130, and the turbulent scene which his election had witnessed was re-enacted at his death. Rome was filled by two armies of ferocious partisans; spiritual weapons and carnal were used in blasphemous confusion, and the city ran with blood. Peter Leonis, the wealthy grandson of a Jewish usurer, was the candidate favoured by the strongest party in the conclave; but the committee appointed to conduct the election were against him. They proclaimed Innocent II.; Peter, under the style of Anacletus II., flew to arms, besieged St. Peter's, plundered the churches, bought over the most powerful of his enemies, and drove the orthodox pope out of the city. Innocent dropped down the Tiber, landed at Pisa, and committed himself and his cause to the faithful of France and Northern Europe. The ancient and magnificent monastery of Cluny received him in great state—a circumstance of good omen when it is remembered that Anacletus had been a monk of Cluny. But the French bishops were still undecided; and every day the embarrassment occasioned by the rivalry for the supreme vicarship became greater. Ordericus Vitalis groans over it as follows: 'In most abbeys two abbots arose; in the bishoprics two prelates contended for the see, of which one adhered to Anacletus and the other favoured Innocent. In a schism of this kind one has reason to fear, and yet a difficulty to escape being cursed; for each pope attacks his adversary with all his might, and anathematises him and his partisans most fatally. Thus each, being prevented from accomplishing his purpose, seeks by his imprecations to enlist God on his side against his rival.' Under this war of anathemas no land could long exist; no

time was to be lost; and King Louis summoned a council to meet at Etampes to discuss the Papal election. Bernard was invited to attend with the bishops, to whom the question was committed. He set out in fear and trembling, but was cheered by visions and dreams on the road; and to his amazement found that the council had unanimously agreed, that a 'business which concerned God should be intrusted to the man of God,' and that his own poor judgment was to decide the assembly. This was the proudest moment of Bernard's life: in his hands rested the determination of the French Church, and that would be equivalent to turning the scale. He prayerfully examined the whole question of the double election; and, finding an almost equal informality in both, the superior moral qualities of Innocent decided him. Bernard pronounced Innocent the legitimate pope: his voice was received as the voice of the Holy Ghost, and the council broke up with acclamations and thanksgivings.

Having once engaged his whole soul in the matter, Bernard's characteristic energy prompted him to take desperate measures to insure the success of his *protégé*. He went straight and alone to Normandy, where he found Henry I., and the flower of the English clergy and chivalry. His coming was opportune. The monk soon convinced the king, who was all but committed to the cause of Anacletus. 'Are you afraid,' said Bernard, 'of incurring sin if you acknowledge Innocent? Bethink you how to answer to God for your *other* sins; that one I will take and account for.' Like Louis before him, Henry now did homage. There only remained the German Emperor Lothair; and Innocent, with a full accompaniment of cardinals, but in all things guided by Bernard, went to Liège to meet him. The German emperor had already made up his mind to admit the claims of Innocent, but thought it a good opportunity to renew the question of Investitures, and extort the concession which the emperors had always coveted, as the price of his allegiance. The emperor, followed by a brilliant retinue of bishops and nobles, met Innocent in the high street of Liège, alighted from his steed, made his way through the crowd to the horse of the pope, and then, taking its bridle in one hand, while with the other he held aloft his staff as Defender of the Faith, he led Innocent into the cathedral. All was well so far; but when the matter of the Investiture came up, the Italians were terrified. The king grew excited; the question was one that had never failed to be a firebrand to the relations between the emperor and the popes; and all Innocent's friends began to dread an ignominious issue. Ber-

nard once more proved his ascendancy: he silenced the emperor by a firm maintenance of the pope's cause, and Lothair, like Louis and Henry, devoted himself in the most solemn manner to the cause of Innocent. The new pope, having thus secured the greater part of the powers of Europe, paid a series of visits to the leading convents and churches. Clairvaux was not forgotten. The simplicity of the monks who came out to meet the pontiff with a simple cross, the poverty and meanness of the monastery, the scantiness of the fare, contrasting in all respects with what the Romans had seen elsewhere in France,—are said to have produced a profound sensation.

Bernard, however, could not be left behind. He had made himself too important to Innocent. During the next eight years he may be said to have known no rest; for so long was it before the pope was safely installed in Rome. The greater part of that time Bernard was the privy-counsellor of Innocent. He accompanied him to the council of Rheims in 1139, and took a leading part in the framing of its canons. Thence they visited Cluny, where the pope granted to Bernard and his Cistercians immunities which tried the venerable Peter's meekness and friendship for Bernard to the utmost. The monks of Cluny had received tithes from the Cistercians. The only temporal recompense Bernard received was this exemption, which, though vehemently protested against by the Clunians, was at last patiently submitted to. Thence they proceeded into Italy. Bernard rendered Innocent most active assistance by letters written in great numbers to all kinds of persons, from the king of England downwards. When Innocent once more entered Rome, and hurled from one side of the Tiber his interdicts against his rival on the other, Bernard was there rousing his courage. When Innocent, again driven from Rome, retired to Pisa, Bernard wrote to that city a letter of congratulation, in which he commands the Pisans to be sensible of their high honour, and to act worthily of it. The Milanese showed signs of insubordination, and letter after letter of warning reached them from the same source. 'The Church of Rome is clement, but she is powerful. Do not abuse her clemency, lest you be crushed by her power. The plenitude of authority over all the churches of the world, by a singular prerogative, is given to the apostolic see. He, therefore, who resists this authority, resists the ordinance of God. The pope could, if he judged it fit, create new bishoprics where none existed before. Those which exist he can either raise or degrade, according to his good pleasure.' It seemed as if the fiery vehemence of Bernard's

letters had the same effect as the thrilling eloquence of his words ; for every church that received his admonition yielded. The Milanese were rewarded by a visit. The whole population went out seven miles to welcome him. Milan could hardly have been more enthusiastic had St. Ambrose himself entered on his palfrey. Scarcely could Bernard preserve his very garments from being stripped of every particle of hair by the eagerness of the crowd.

In the fourth year of the schism Bernard returned for a short interval to Clairvaux. The news of his coming flew before him. His journey through the north of Italy, Switzerland, and France, resembled a royal progress. The accounts of the homage rendered to him by all kinds of people, and of the subdued humility that shone in his demeanour, fill glowing pages of the annalists. At the gates of Placentia he was received by the bishop and clergy, who conducted him in solemn procession into the city. At Florence he met with a similar reception. The shepherds of the Alps forsook their flocks to come and ask his benediction. From Besançon he was solemnly escorted to Langres, and at a short distance from that city he found his brethren from Clairvaux, who had hastened out to meet him. 'They fell on his neck, they embraced his knees, they spoke to him by turns, and full of joyous exultation they accompanied him home,' says the annalist of Cîteaux. It was his joy to find that the monastery had prospered, and that there were no details of scandal to abate his satisfaction. He found, however, that his deputies Gerard and Gerald had entered into a conspiracy to enlarge the monastery. While the abbot had been neglecting his private duties in the service of the highest officer in the Church, Clairvaux had been prospered with a double blessing: recruits had come in, after hearing Bernard on the Rhine, by the hundred at a time. In vain did the abbot resist their appeals, and talk to them about counting the cost. Soon the whole monastery was alive with workmen. The beautiful valley became more beautiful than ever; very soon the Clairvaux of old was entirely rebuilt; and the humble buildings which had been the pride of Bernard's humility now assumed dimensions of dangerous amplitude.

Hardly had Bernard begun to repose after these three years' toils than he was again summoned abroad. The cause of Innocent was now so entirely his own,—as it were, so dependent on his personal exertions,—that he did not hesitate a moment. Aquitaine was the first scene of his labours. William the sovereign count of Aquitaine and Poitiers had taken advantage of the schism to drive several prelates from their sees. Godfrey,

the legate of Innocent, made his appeal to the abbot of Clairvaux, —the universal referee,—and succeeded in inducing him to visit William's court. Bernard's eloquence for once seemed to fail,—the count had sworn and would not change; but Bernard's knowledge of human nature did not fail. He went to church and celebrated high mass. After the words of consecration, he made his way through the crowd to the count, who, as an excommunicated man, was standing outside; uplifting in his hands the consecrated bread, he thus spoke, with stern countenance and flashing eyes, to the refractory prince: 'Twice already have you despised the servants of the Lord. Behold now the blessed son of the Virgin. The Lord and Head of the Church, whom you persecute, appears to you. Behold your Judge, at whose voice every knee is bowed in heaven and earth, the Judge to whom you must one day surrender your soul. Will you reject Him as you have despised His servants?' Under the terror of this awful adjuration, the prince's pride succumbed; he bowed before the power of a spell which few, even in that turbulent age, resisted; and fell down 'foaming on the grass.' Recovering from his swoon, he waited trembling for his sentence. The rejected bishop was restored; the humbled king gave him the kiss of peace, and led him back to the church. He himself received Bernard's exhortations to take heed for the future; in due time he forsook the world, and went on pilgrimage. Bernard, satisfied with his success, returned to Clairvaux, and began to preach once more on the Song of Songs.

But while Bernard was in the south of France, matters were going wrong in Italy, and Innocent summoned him back to his councils. Bernard's presence at once retrieved the failing cause: in a few months the schism ended. Taking no counsel of any, setting aside the plans of the pope and his cardinals, he formed his own scheme. He quietly undermined the pleas of the supporters of Anacletus, and by argument and persuasion won over the better part of them. He brought the monks of Monte Cassino to their true allegiance. Roger, Duke of Sicily, alone remained. His reliance was on his sword: war alone would give Anacletus his rights, and preserve, what Roger cared for much more, his own lands. Roger proposed a conference at Salerno, where Peter of Pisa, a distinguished rhetorician, should vindicate Anacletus, and Bernard, Innocent; not doubting that the transalpine monk would succumb before so accomplished an antagonist. But Roger had yet to learn the lesson which everybody else had been taught,—what manner of man the rustic abbot of the north was. Peter exhausted the resources of his art, and made a most learned display of canon law. But a

few transcendental words touching the one ark of which Innocent was the pilot, and out of which all must perish, delivered with that strange supernatural force that never deserted Bernard, carried the whole audience, converted Peter himself, and utterly discomfited Roger. At this juncture, Anacletus's heart was broken, and he died. A phantom anti-pope, Victor, was set up for a few months: but he likewise confessed the universal spell, sought out Bernard, and placed in his hands the symbols of the pontificate. The abbot of Clairvaux had the sublime satisfaction of leading Victor into the presence of Innocent, who thus, after eight years of bitter contest, was the accepted pope of Christendom. Having finished his work, Bernard, within five days, left Rome for ever; but not without notes of what he had seen there—notes of which he afterwards made vigorous use.

His monks were longing to receive him once more, and the rather because of the feebleness of his health. In his apology for absence from his chapter, he had given a most melancholy account of his state, written as if in prospect of death. But an event occurred on his journey which brought back the full current of his life and energy. A 'man' of Cluny, about whom there had been circulated scandalous reports, was elected to the bishopric of Langres. Against this election Bernard vehemently protested. He turned aside to Lyons where the iniquity had been perpetrated; wrote missive after missive of remonstrance and threatening to the cardinals and the pope; exchanged some very severe letters with his old friend, Peter the Venerable; and at last, merely through the force of his character, carried his point. He rejected the bishopric for himself, as also the archbishopric of Rheims; but secured the appointment of his own Godfrey. It is hard to justify Bernard in this transaction. The fury of his language, and the urgency with which he pressed his own claims to reward for his services, would have been excusable only if a man proved notoriously wicked had been instituted to the see. But Peter, his superior, was pledge for the bishop-elect's character, and Bernard simply manifested an obstinate prejudice. In this, as in several other encounters, Peter had much to bear; but his friendship and reverence for Bernard nothing could abate, and he forgave all.

Bernard had not long returned, when the saddest calamity he had ever known befell him. His brother Gerard—the man he loved best in all the world—sickened and died. A year before, in Italy, Gerard had been ill; but Bernard had prayed earnestly that God would not at that crisis take his life. He was spared; but the mandate came again when, if

ever, some buffeting messenger was needed to preserve Bernard's humility. He was now at the dazzling height of his authority,—a pope behind the pope,—and universally hailed as the father of Christendom. But when his brother was laid on the serge cloth, upon a cross of ashes, and died surrounded by all the kneeling brethren, Bernard felt himself, as he had never felt before, alone in the world. Till the moment of Gerard's death he wept with the rest; but when all was over, an awful calm concealed the violence of his sorrow. At the funeral he seemed the least moved of all; he mounted his pulpit as usual, and began his interrupted sermon on the Canticles; but he had not gone far with 'the tents of Kedar' before he burst forth in a sublime impromptu: 'What have I to do with this canticle, who am steeped in bitterness?' and then followed a most beautiful funeral oration, in which a living faith mourned the dead in language which bears no trace of superstitious error—the finest and purest specimen of his eloquence.

Soon after Gerard was taken from him, Malachy, primate of Ireland, called at Clairvaux on his way to Rome. Malachy was a man after Bernard's own heart: one who had spent his life in self-denying labour among the wild Irish, and had earned for himself the title of the second Apostle of Ireland. After a short visit, during which these two congenial spirits contracted a friendship that lasted the remainder of their days, Malachy went on to transact his business with the pope. Having accomplished a great work of reformation in Ireland, which in fact he had rewoven into the fabric of the Papacy, he begged as his reward the pope's permission to live and die in Clairvaux. This request was not granted, and Malachy went back to yet severer labours. But nine years afterwards he came again, and this time to die. His second visit brought unspeakable consolation to Bernard at a time of great perplexity and embarrassment. When he died, after a few days' illness, he was buried in the monastery, which counted itself enriched by his remains. 'Thine, O Jesus, is the treasure which is intrusted to us. We keep it to be restored to Thee when Thou shalt think meet to ask it. We pray only that he may not go forth from hence without his companions, but that he who was our guest may be also our leader, to reign with Thee and him for ever and ever. Amen.' Such are the words in which Bernard takes farewell of his friend, in the genial and affectionate, but most superstitious, memorial of him that he soon afterwards wrote.

But to return. The years that followed the extinction of the schism were really years of Bernard's government; and

a full notion of the endless variety of his administration can be gained only by a study of the ecclesiastical history of the period. Clairvaux was the centre of all action: every kingdom, every monastery, and every see in Christendom had correspondence with its abbot. Not an election but was referred to him. Not an abuse but cried to him for redress. From his now celebrated retreat his letters flew over all Europe: letters strangely full of the language of unworldly, self-oblivious humility, but strangely full also of despotic and self-asserting authority. Some of them seem literally to burn with indignation—an indignation which flashed around the pope with as little compunction as around the humblest Cluniac. Some few instances may be here referred to.

In the council which was held at Rome, after the schism ended, for the restoration of discipline, all the cardinals and prelates who sided with Anacletus were deprived of their dignities. Peter of Pisa, Bernard's converted opponent, was punished like the rest, although guaranteed by the promise of indemnity. As might be supposed, Bernard flew to the rescue; and his interference was successful, although not without difficulty, as the following sentences written to the pope will show:—

'Who shall execute judgment on yourself? If there were any judge before whom I could cite you, I would not fail to show you what treatment you have deserved at my hands. I know that there is the tribunal of Jesus Christ; but God forbid that I should accuse you before that tribunal, where, on the contrary, I would it were in my power to defend you. It is for this cause that I apply to him who has received a commission to render justice to all men. I appeal from you to yourself.'

On another occasion, when the archbishop of Treves complained to him that the metropolitan dignity had, through papal favouritism towards the young suffragans, become an empty letter, Bernard wrote a long letter to the pope, in which occur such sentences as these:—

'It is the common opinion of all those who with faithful vigilance watch over their congregations in this country, that all ecclesiastical justice is annihilated, and that the episcopal authority is now held in contempt, since no bishop has any longer the power of avenging offences committed against God, or even of punishing abuses occurring in his own diocese; and it is on you and on the court of Rome that the blame of this is laid; for men say that what *they* have religiously ordered you have forbidden, and what they have with justice forbidden *you* have commanded. You receive with open arms the disorderly and litigious of all congregations, even the unruly and expelled members of the monastic establishments, who on their

return from your court boast of having found protection where they should rather have found punishment.'

These are only specimens of many vexatious passages between Innocent and the man to whom he owed so much. While in his humiliation, the new pope could do nothing without Bernard; but, when securely on his seat, he listened to other counsellors, and at his death, which took place soon afterwards, he had ceased to correspond directly with Clairvaux.

Before his departure, however, an event took place which must be regarded as the most important of his short pontificate, perhaps the most important of the age—the encounter between Bernard and Abelard.

It is not a little remarkable that the two representative men of the time, whose names had been most in men's mouths for a quarter of a century, and who had been so long working on diametrically opposite principles, should never have crossed each other's path until so late a period of their lives. In spirit they must have been constantly present to each other, and always with the mutual repulsion which exists between purity and impurity, between the pride of reason and the simplicity of faith. Bernard was already abbot of Clairvaux when Abelard, twelve years his senior, made his name the scandal of Christendom. His deliberate seduction of Heloise, and the fiendish mutilation which avenged it, were events the details of which would not fail to penetrate the most hidden cloisters. The William of Champeaux whom Abelard had humiliated, mocked, and driven from Paris, was afterwards Bernard's most intimate friend; and in their frequent visits to each other Abelard's reckless life and heretical teaching must often have been the subject of conversation. We have, however, Bernard's own testimony that he had not read Abelard's writings; but he could not have been ignorant that at the council of Soissons, held in 1121, his book on the Trinity was publicly burnt, and he himself compelled, amidst sobs and groans, to read aloud the Athanasian creed.

An incident had occurred some years before which was ominous of the future. Bernard, in a transient visit to the Paraclete convent, where the unhappy Heloise and her nuns observed a rule drawn up by Abelard, noticed a single change which the latter had made in the Lord's Prayer, the substitution of 'supersubstantial' for 'daily' bread. This aroused his suspicion, and he commented on it in a way which, reported to Abelard, excited his bitter resentment. He wrote Bernard a sarcastic and contemptuous epistle, which, however, provoked no response.

The fact is that Bernard had no disposition to assail this dialectical Goliath. He was not versed in the technicalities of that kind of logical fencing in which Abelard was unrivalled. There is no evidence that he ever took the slightest interest in the controversy about *Universals*, or in those subtle disputes which Abelard had revived, and of which the next and subsequent ages made Realism, Nominalism, and Conceptualism, the mysterious symbols. But he who aspired personally to encounter the renowned dialectician ought to be master of these subtilties. On the other hand, every succeeding year made it more imperative that Abelard's course should be arrested; and every succeeding year, as it lifted Bernard nearer to the proud pinnacle of the Church's championship, made it more obvious that he must in some way meet the Church's most dangerous enemy. For he was too well acquainted with the tendencies of the times not to know that Abelard was only the Lucifer of an always increasing host. In his view Peter of Bruys was only Abelard in another form; and the Petrobrussian doctrines—rejecting infant-baptism, objecting to ecclesiastical buildings, insulting the material cross, denying the real presence, ridiculing prayers for the dead, and laughing at music and song in the Divine service—were only variations of the same attack upon Church authority. Henry, the Cluniac monk, who, when Peter was burnt alive, transferred his opinions to the north of France, and everywhere alienated the people from the priesthood, was only a propagator of the same mischief. Arnold of Brescia—preaching in Lombardy an anti-hierarchical Gospel, and inflaming the people with a republican hatred of the pope's temporal power—was well known to have been Abelard's most enthusiastic disciple. Moreover, within the fold of the Church the tendency of Abelard's freethinking had been exhibited in the heresy of several eminent names—such as Gilbert de la Porrée, who was teaching and preaching a Tritheistic Trinity. Bernard's feelings in the contemplation of all these signs of evil, and his opinion of Abelard as the arch-heretic, may be seen in his own words:—

‘We have fallen upon evil times. Masters we have with itching ears. The scholars shun the truth, and turn them to fables. In France we have a monk without rule, a prelate without care, an abbot without discipline. We have Peter Abelard disputing with boys, and converting women.....He does not approach alone, as Moses did, towards the darkness in which God was, but advances attended by a crowd of his disciples. In the streets and thoroughfares, the Catholic faith is discussed. Men dispute over the child-

bearing of the Virgin, the sacrament of the altar, the incomprehensible mystery of the Trinity.'

We may therefore suppose that when, at the end of the year 1139, William of St. Thierry wrote to Geoffrey, bishop of Chartres, and Bernard, pointing out to them the errors of Abelard's teaching, and urging them to meet this great enemy, Bernard could not resist what seemed to be a call from God. During Lent he prayed over the matter. After Lent he studied it thoroughly. And the result was that he gave up to it all the energy of his ardent nature. But it is to his honour that, before he took any steps, he sought an interview with Abelard, and again and again tried to persuade him to relinquish his rationalist expositions of doctrine. This failing, he resolved once more to arouse all Europe to the rescue. Having succeeded in preserving the unity of Christendom, he would now toil for the defence of the unity of the Christian faith. Pope, cardinals, princes, bishops, were urged to unite against Abelard as a combination of all heretics in one.

But Abelard was on the alert. He instinctively felt that Bernard was his destiny, and that he would now at length be face to face with the real enemy of his life. Finding that the archbishop of Sens—no friend of Bernard—was about to preside over a synod, Abelard demanded to meet his public accuser. The archbishop gladly granted this request. Abelard, famous as ever as a disputant, and much wiser than when he succumbed at Soissons, published it far and wide that he was going to meet in logical combat the great abbot of Clairvaux. Bernard was appalled. He dreaded a dialectical encounter with 'a man of war from his youth.' But his friends and his loyalty saved him from shrinking; and trusting to the promise, 'It shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall speak,' he set out for the council.

The day arrived when the work not finished at Soissons was to be completed at Sens. The primary occasion of the meeting was the exhibition of sacred relics, and it was a magnificent field day of the Gallican Church. King Louis, Count Theobald, with a crowd of bishops, abbots, and grandees, contributed their splendour to the superstition. Abelard was accompanied by a swarm of disciples; Bernard came with two or three monks, but was strong in the confidence of all the faithful sons of the Church. After the first day had been devoted to the popular pageantry, the second was devoted to Abelard. He entered defiantly, walked up the ranks—whispering to Gilbert as he passed, *Tunc tua res agitur paries cum proximus ardet*—and confronted his one antagonist. Bernard stood in a pulpit

with Abelard's book in his hand ; and proceeded calmly to read out certain selected passages. Expectation was stimulated to the highest pitch. The most exciting encounter of the age was now to begin. But Abelard—either abashed, or convicted, or fearful—brought the whole matter to an impotent conclusion, by appealing to Rome and leaving the assembly. After his departure, Bernard compelled the council to go through the whole evidence, and send a strong letter to Innocent, which plainly instructed him in his duty.

Before the severe sentence of the pope could arrive,—that the heretic's writings be burnt, and he himself imprisoned,—Abelard had fallen into the merciful hands of our old friend Peter, abbot of Cluny. Through his never-weary good offices, Bernard and Abelard were, or seemed to be, reconciled; and Peter wrote an affecting letter to the pope, imploring him to allow Abelard to finish his days in penitence and peace. This permission being granted, he spent three abject years in efforts to repent,—in writing his confessions,—and in corresponding with Heloise. Under the good abbot's care, he made what we are willing to believe was an edifying end.

Meanwhile, his friends vented their satire on the proceedings of the assembly at Sens. Berengarius in particular poured out his bitter indignation on Bernard ; and held up to ridicule the prelates, who, amidst the fumes of wine, that day sealed Abelard's condemnation. But Bernard's only reply was the most elaborate of his shorter works on the *Errors of Abelard*. This tractate shows what was precisely the controversy that thus for a season terminated. It was not with Abelard's Nominalism or Conceptualism that Bernard quarrelled, but with his elevation of reason above faith, and with the consequences of his freethinking upon the doctrines of the Trinity, of redemption, and Divine grace. He shows that Abelard's endeavours to bring home to the comprehension of his hearers the sublimest matters of faith, 'introduced the idea of a gradual succession into the Trinity ; that of measure into the Divine Majesty ; and that of number into eternity.' He comments with earnest severity upon his reducing faith to an *estimatio* or opinion, appealing to the witness of the Divine Spirit, and St. Paul's definition of faith as the evidence of things not seen. He detects and rebukes his errors concerning the Atonement, especially his assertion that 'God would not have been reconciled to us by the death of His Son, since that could only have incensed Him more against us,'—insisting gloriously upon the justice which combined with the mercy in man's redemption. He denounces the vital error of Abelard in

saying, 'The object of the incarnation, of the life and death of Christ, was to enlighten men by the light of his wisdom, and to inflame them by His love.' He exposes his absolute Pelagianism in maintaining that, 'by free will, without the help of Divine grace, we can both will and perform what is good.' We cannot but sympathize with Bernard's indignant outburst, 'Thou canst not give thanks with the redeemed, because thou thyself art not one of the redeemed; for, if thou wert, thou wouldst acknowledge the Redeemer, and not reject the redemption. Incomparable teacher! revealing the very depths of the Divinity, and making them clear and accessible to whom he will; and rendering the hidden mystery which hath been shut up through all time so plain and open, through his interpretation, that it may be penetrated even by the novice and the unclean.' And when he adds, 'What avails it that Christ should instruct us, unless He also enable us? or would not instruction be vain, unless the love of sin be first destroyed in us, that we should no longer serve sin?' And in his grand conclusion of the whole matter: 'I behold three several objects in the work of Redemption: the example of humility—God emptying Himself; the measure of love, extending even to death, and the death on the cross; the mystery of Redemption, whereby death itself is annihilated.—It is one thing to follow Christ,—it is another thing to cleave unto Him through love,—it is another thing to feed upon His flesh and blood. To follow Him is wholesome counsel,—to cling to and embrace Him is a noble joy,—to feed upon Him is a holy life; for He is the bread of life which cometh down from heaven, and giveth life unto the world; and what is counsel or joy without life?'

Scarcely had Bernard thus publicly asserted the inviolability of the Church's doctrine, and shielded it against the intrusion of reason, than we find him assuming another character—that of a Protestant resisting the encroachments of dogmatism. The Church of Lyons had thought proper to celebrate a new festival, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin. Besides his general interest in the purity of the faith, he had a special interest in any action at Lyons, as being the metropolis of the diocese in which his abbey lay. The letter is a firm protest against the addition of a new and dangerous element to the mysteries of the Christian faith. While it professes great devotion to Mary, whose too loyal servant Bernard always was, it refuses to allow to her anything beyond the sanctification of John and Jeremiah in the womb; it deprecates invasion of the sole prerogative of Jesus Christ, 'Who

alone, sanctifying all others, was sanctified before He was.' It protests against introducing novelties, 'novelty being the mother of temerity, the sister of superstition, the daughter of lightness.' Bernard intimates that he had marked such an error among certain individuals, and that he had excused it as springing from simplicity of heart and love to the Virgin; but that, such a superstition being adopted by such a Church, of which he was a son, he could not keep silence. The letter is noteworthy, as showing the opinion held by the most eminent divines of the twelfth century, and maintained also in the thirteenth, concerning the heretical dogma recently enforced from Rome.

Bernard made an earnest effort at this juncture to put off the armour and retire. But it was in vain. He was too thoroughly identified with the politics of the world. He had now renounced, or had lost, the special sequestration of his cloister; and the distinction between the monk who had left the world and the secular clergy who were there to govern it, was, in his case, all but done away. He must bear the penalty. It was his lot to live in one of the most turbulent periods of the French monarchy; and the violence of the young king, Louis VII., gave him constant trouble. In this year, 1142, in consequence of his refusal to admit Pierre de la Châtre to the archbishopric of Bourges, Louis was excommunicated, and the whole kingdom of France laid under an interdict. Count Theobald of Champagne, the friend of Bernard and enemy of Louis, gave the rejected prelate refuge in his dominions. This led to war between the king and the count; while other events occurred from time to time to embroil matters more and more. For several years Bernard seems to have laboured to the utmost to restore peace in the kingdom, and to reconcile the Church and the State. While Innocent lived, his endeavours were unsuccessful. But at length his good offices were effectual in the reconciliation of the king and the count, and of the Church and the State. After years of blood and fire, his efforts were crowned with final success, when the pope, in the midst of a large assembly of his counsellors, rose up, and, turning in the direction of the kingdom of France, signed the cross, and the interdict ceased. The kingdom of France hailed the abbot of Clairvaux, and with reason, as its greatest benefactor.

But these political complications and convulsions touched Bernard less keenly than the heresies which were abroad. Abelard was gone; but his 'armour-bearer,' young Arnold of Brescia, did not give up the cause when his master failed. Banished from Italy by the Pope, at the Lateran council in 1139, he went to

France, and thence to Zurich, where the future pope, Celestine, then legate, took him into his confidence. There the eye of Bernard tracked him. His letter to the legate is full of suppressed fury :—

'Arnold of Brescia, whose words are as honey, but whose doctrines are poison, whom Brescia cast forth, at whom Rome shuddered, whom France has banished, whom Germany will soon hold in abomination, whom Italy will not endure, is reported to be with you. Either you know not the man, or you hope to convert him. May this be so ; but beware of the fatal infusion of heresy. He who consorts with the suspected becomes liable to suspicion ; he who favours one under the papal excommunication, contravenes the pope, and even the Lord God Himself.'

During the brief pontificate of his former patron, Arnold made no demonstration : but, on Celestine's death and the accession of Lucius II., the ideal republic which Arnold had preached became a reality. Lucius received from the senate the announcement that they submitted to his spiritual authority, and to his spiritual authority alone. All the temporalities, they avowed, belonged to the patricians. Arnold's republic was set up ; and Bernard's prognostications vindicated their sagacity. Lucius, sustained only by Bernard, held out : he stormed the capitol, and was killed—the first and last pope killed in defence of the temporal power. The cardinals hastily elected Bernard of Pisa, a former monk of Clairvaux,—probably because through him they might assure themselves of the energetic help of a greater Bernard. The abbot of Clairvaux was amazed at their folly. Either he resented their choosing one of his disciples without his own sanction, or he thought meanly of Bernard's capacity for such a crisis. His letter to the conclave was very characteristic ; and a few sentences from it will give the reader a further insight into the temper of the times :—

'May God forgive you—but what have you done ! You have recalled to the world a man who was already in the grave ; you have overwhelmed with the cares and business of life one who wished neither for cares nor for business. You have raised to the foremost place one who only thought of being the last ; and this station is more perilous than the former. Who put it into your heads to seize upon a simple and unlettered monk, and place him on the throne of St. Peter ? What ! were there no wise men among yourselves ? Was no one but Eugenius fit for the papacy ? It is absurd to take a *pannosum homuncionem*, and make him the master of princes and bishops, of kingdoms and empires. What, think you, must needs be the feelings of a man who passes at once from the solitude of the heart, and from the mysteries of inward prayer, to

the tumult of the world? Alas! unless the Lord lend him His support, he must perforce fall.'

To the pope himself he wrote as follows, having soon become reconciled to the election :—

'I dare no longer call you my son; for the son is become the father, the father the son. Yet I envy you not; for you are my work. "A wise son is the joy of his father!" As Simon was turned into Cephas, and Saul to Paul, so I trust for you also it shall be a blessed transformation from my son Bernard to my father Eugenius. And now that this change has been made in you, the Lamb's Bride committed to your care must likewise be changed and made better. If you be, indeed, the Bridegroom's friend, appropriate not to yourself *His* Church, or only so as to be willing to lay down your life for it. You have taken a high place, but not a safe one. "The place whereon thou standest is holy ground;" the place of the first of the apostles; to one who with a clear conscience could say, "Silver and gold have I none," was the Church committed in her infancy, that, taught by his words, and edified by his example, she might learn to despise all earthly things.'

Eugenius III. soon belied Bernard's fears. He acted with great vigour; plied both spiritual and temporal arms; and speedily obtained possession of Rome. He for a time re-established the hierarchical constitution. But the inextinguishable hatred of the Romans to his old adherents the Tiburtines made Rome too hot for him. Once more the abbot writes, but this time to the Romans; and the closing sentences we will cite as further illustrating Bernard's relation to his times :—

'Brother Bernard to the nobles and people of Rome, to induce them to leave the evil and choose the good.'

'I, a man without authority, address myself to you, the illustrious people. But I reckon that the danger of appearing impertinent in the eyes of man, is less than that of being condemned before God. What hath possessed you, O Romans, first of people, thus to aggrrieve your own especial protector? Your fathers subjected the whole world to their city, and ye are fast making your city the laughing-stock of the whole world. What figure, verily, doth she assume now, a body deprived of its head?—We implore you, for Christ's sake, reconcile yourselves to your protectors, Peter and Paul, whom, in the person of their representative and successor Eugenius, you have driven from their throne. Reconcile yourselves with the rulers of this world, lest the world begin to use her weapons against the thoughtless ones. Know you not that you have offended Him against whom ye can do nothing, and under whose protection ye need fear nothing?'

The year 1146 found Eugenius in France,—obliged once

more to abandon Rome to Arnold and his Republic. He revisited the scenes where he had known a happiness to which he was now a stranger. Placing himself under the guidance of Bernard,—his son and father in one,—the pope concerted with him plans for the recovery of Rome, the correction of disorders in the Papal government, and, we may charitably suppose, the attainment of their own perfection in the midst of the anxieties of the world. But, from all other plans and projects they were soon called away by the transcending excitement of the Great Crusade.

Christian Europe was suddenly thrown into consternation and mourning by sad news from the East. Edessa, the bulwark of the Christian kingdom founded by the first Crusaders,—and itself the most ancient of Christian cities, whose king was said to have been converted by Christ,—had been taken by the Saracens; Antioch and Jerusalem were threatened; and it seemed as if all the fruits of the first Crusade were about to be lost. None felt the shock more than Bernard. Eugenius at his instigation wrote to summon western Christendom to arms. Bernard seconded the Papal Bull by the most excited appeals. Remission of sins to penitent devotees, protection for all they left behind, glorious rewards either in life or death, were the inducements liberally held out. But the main impulse relied on, was the spirit of burning thirst for revenge which animated all classes of Christians. Bernard was commissioned by the Pope to preach up and down Europe the second Crusade.

At the council of Vezelay, Easter, 1146, in an open field, (the castle being too small,) this successor of Peter the Hermit uttered the first summons. In the midst of all the magnificence of France, Bernard stood forth the central and most imposing figure. Never had he harangued more vehemently; and from the vast assembly there soon arose a cry, *The Cross! The Cross!* When all the holy badges that had been provided were exhausted, Bernard rent his very garments to supply more. Inflamed by this success, he went through Germany and north-eastern France, preaching the Crusade, scattering crosses, and, as his biographers relate, attesting the divinity of his mission by an incessant series of miracles. Peter, his great predecessor, had never been more enthusiastically received: 'scarcely one man was left to seven women.' None withstood the influence. Even Conrad, whose secular soul was too deeply engaged in the West to care much about the East, was won over. After hesitating long, a sermon on the last day, ending with a solemn personal appeal, decided him; and the King and Emperor were brothers in the sacred cause.

Soon after Bernard's departure from the Rhine he heard that a wretched monk, named Rodolph, had volunteered to preach the Crusade after a fashion of his own. His war-cry was the extermination of the Jews, whose murder would propitiate the Divine favour towards the cause, and whose wealth would enrich the crusading exchequer. Multitudes of this unhappy people were pillaged and killed throughout large districts. For, the sanguinary cry of this fanatic was only too congenial with the general feeling of the age. Even such a man as Peter the Venerable, always so gentle to all others, talks about the *damnatos damnandosque Judæos* as worthy, if not to be killed, yet to be everywhere plundered. Bernard was roused to a sublime wrath:—

‘Does not the Church triumph more fully over the Jews by convincing or converting them from day to day, than if she, once and for ever, were to slay them all with the edge of the sword? Is that prayer of the Church appointed in vain, which is offered up for the perfidious Jews, from the rising up of the sun to the going down of the same, praying that the Lord God will take away the veil from their hearts, that they may be lifted up from their darkness into the light of truth? For, if the Church did not hope that those that doubt will one day believe, it would be vain and superfluous to pray for them: but, on the contrary, she piously believes that the Lord is gracious towards him who returns good for evil, and love for hatred. Is it not written, “See that thou slay them not?” And again, “When the fulness of the Gentiles is come in, then shall Israel be saved?” Thy doctrine, O Rodolph, is not of thee, but of thy father who sent thee. Nevertheless, it suffices thee if thou art like thy master; for he was a murderer from the beginning; he is a liar, and the father of it.’

These noble words were soon followed by equally noble acts. He came swiftly back to Mayence, where Rodolph was glorying in the spoils of his preaching. And there is no grander illustration of his power over men than the result. He persuaded the monk to go back to his monastery and keep silence; and, although with much more difficulty, he pacified the greedy mob, and saved the Jews. He then returned to France, leaving the abbot of Eberach to continue his preaching. At Etampes, king Louis—longing to purge his conscience of the guilt of burning the church at Vitry with 1,300 souls in it—was consecrated leader of the host by the pope and Bernard, and soon departed with a glorious army. During the year other immense hosts, under Conrad and other leaders, were equipped; and thus the second great wave of European folly rolled towards the East.

Their departure, after a year of boundless excitement, left Bernard at leisure to deal with the relics of the brood of heresy. Having sent a hundred thousand men from their homes to fight for the holy places, and having refreshed himself by the strange vaticinations of Abbess Hildegard, he gathered up his forces for a much severer contest. Heresies in the West were at least as dangerous to Papal Christendom as infidels in the East. Bernard's remaining years were devoted to the task—as hopeless as the Crusades—of suppressing the rebellion of thought against the doctrines of Rome.

A council was held at Rheims in May, 1148, at Bernard's suggestion, for the express purpose of endeavouring to arrest the spread of heresy. Though Abelard was dead, and Arnold's insurrection in Rome all but extinguished, the new tendency was not checked, whether in its speculative or in its practical direction. Free thought, or the new Logic in Theology, was represented by Gilbert Porretanus, or de la Porrée, bishop of Poitiers. He was a Realist; but his method of expressing himself laid him open to the charge of Tritheism. Two of his archdeacons, vaguely conscious of an error in his creed which they could not unravel, forwarded an impeachment to the pope, who, baffled in his turn by the extreme subtilty of Gilbert's distinctions, committed the case to Bernard. He diligently studied his brief; and, after two days' contest in the council, Gilbert was convicted of denying that the Supreme Essence, in which the Three Persons are one God, was itself God; and, as a sequence, that it was not the Divine nature which assumed the human, but simply the Person of the Son. Gilbert recanted everything; and so far his antagonist triumphed. But the triumph was accompanied with much that to Bernard's mind was ominous of evil. There was in the council an obvious disinclination to proceed to extremities against speculative theology; which, learning a lesson of caution, proceeded more warily in the next generation, and sheltered itself, like Peter Lombard's *Liber Sententiarum*, under the authority of the Fathers. To Bernard personally, and to the French clergy, the council was an unsatisfactory one; inasmuch as their confession of faith, drawn up by Bernard to settle the dispute, aroused the deep jealousy of the Roman cardinals.

But practical dissent was more difficult to deal with. The century had witnessed a wide diffusion of principles, which, deriving their goodness from the tradition of apostolic times, were mingled with much of the evil of their own times, and presented only a dim and turbulent anticipation of the great coming Reform. Bernard viewed all these demonstrations with

abhorrence. There was, indeed, a common bond between him and the worst of these sects, had he been able to perceive it. But the unity of the Church—according to his Hildebrandine notion of unity—overruled every other consideration. His writings against the schismatics had been indefatigable. But necessity was now laid upon him to root out, though by gentle means, these victims of the spirit of dissent. The most dismal intelligence had recently come from Languedoc; and the pope sent a cardinal with Bernard on a preaching crusade. His report records:—

‘The churches are without congregations, the congregations are without priests; the priests are no longer treated with the reverence due to them; the churches are avoided as if they were synagogues; the sanctuary of the Lord is no longer held sacred; the sacraments are no longer revered; the festivals are no longer observed. Men die in their sins, and souls are hurried before the awful judgment seat of God, without having been reconciled to Him by penance, or strengthened by the supper of the Lord. The way to Christ is closed against the children of Christians; the grace of baptism is denied; and those whom the Saviour called to Himself with fatherly love, “Suffer the little children to come unto Me,” are no longer permitted to draw nigh unto Him.’

When the cardinal legate entered the town of Albi, he was met by crowds on asses with kettledrums. But Bernard’s presence was more effectual, and Henry with his adherents fled. At Toulouse—to give a specimen of the preacher’s singular power—a huge multitude of wild Henricians at his appeal testified, by lifting up their hands, that they recanted and would adhere to the Church. The sect was proscribed, and Henry soon afterward imprisoned for life. Bernard’s amazing influence thus had a complete though transitory success. But he was only preparing the way for more ruthless agents of despotism, and for that damnable extermination which the next age witnessed in those same regions.

Here a second time we meet with a repetition of those strange accounts of miraculous power that occurred before during the preaching of the Crusade. All through his life Bernard had enjoyed the reputation of a worker of miracles. A few instances of his healing disease are reported at the outset of his career. The fact, however, had never been mentioned by himself until now. He was thoroughly convinced that God healed many diseases in answer to his prayer; but what was matter of exultation to those about him was matter of pure amazement to himself:—

'Signs and wonders have been wrought,' he says, 'by holy men and by deceivers. I feel conscious neither of holiness nor of deceit. I know I have not those saintly merits which are illustrated by miracles. I trust, however, that I do not belong to the number of those who do wonderful things in the name of God, and yet are unknown to the Lord. These miracles, therefore, have nothing to do with me; for I know that they are owing rather to the extent of my fame than to the excellency of my life. They are not meant to honour me, but to admonish others.'

Had these accounts rested merely on the evidence of the 'ten witnesses,' it would have been much easier to deal with them. But Bernard's own express testimony that obstinate diseases were cured by his instrumentality may make scepticism pause. Much, indeed, may be said to diminish the weight of his testimony. The miracles themselves were mostly of such a character as might be accounted for on the principle of strong excitement. Then they were matter of amazement to him who performed them,—whose faith, therefore, hardly reached the point to which such works are promised. And further, they were said to have been performed on two occasions when we cannot believe that Bernard was specially commissioned by God: viz., when he was proclaiming a Crusade that wrought nothing but desolation in Europe, and when he was preaching against schismatics who, with all their errors, were generally better than the Church which persecuted them. These are our objections. But with Mr. Morison's wholesale horror at the Divine miraculous intervention we have no sympathy. To us it is *not* a *thing incredible* that God should make man's faith the instrument of overruling the laws of nature.

The next year was always referred to by Bernard himself as 'the season of misfortunes.' Rumours which speedily deepened into certainty spread that the second Crusade was a great failure. King Louis, with a few dispirited followers, came home by stealth,—an emblem of the forlorn cause of the second Crusade. It soon became known that 30,000 lives had been lost, and that without the consolation of a single glorious action. All Europe, in its passionate revulsion, looked for a scapegoat; and the name of Bernard was pronounced with sullen anger. Before venerated almost to idolatry, he now became the object of all but execration. But neither his courage nor his piety failed him. To the taunts of his having preached the Crusade as God's will—of having prophesied its success—of having wrought miracles in confirmation of it—his only reply was a letter to the pope, in which he threw the whole blame on the wickedness of the Crusaders, sought pre-

cedents from Scripture, and meekly fell back upon the purity of his own character.

A calamity of another kind contributed to darken these last days. His secretary Nicolas, whom he had entirely trusted, was convicted of having used his seal and name to authenticate fabrications for the most dishonourable purposes, and with the effect of exciting numberless remonstrances against Clairvaux. This bad man fled to England, and maligned his master in every possible way. But it was not his defamed character that Bernard grieved over; it was the unknown and irremediable injuries that had been done which wrung his heart, and caused him to feel this more private and personal calamity as deeply as he had felt the calamity of Europe.

It was under the chastening influence of these sorrows, and with a frame hardly strong enough to detain his spirit from the other world, that Bernard meditated and wrote his last and greatest work—*De Consideratione*. It is addressed to Eugenius, and gives him most earnest advice to cultivate religious thoughtfulness in relation to himself as pope, to the people under him, the court around him, and heaven above him. But the treatise derives its chief significance from its having been the final expression of Bernard's views of the life, both secular and religious, which he was leaving. It is, so to speak, his last testimony: full of darkness as a picture and prophecy of the popedom, full of brightness as a description of the processes and consummation of personal religious endeavour.

It is interesting to note in this legacy of Bernard's most mature views the conflict between his devotion to the theory, and his sorrow over the practice, of the Papacy. He had set up and carried with him through life an ideal, never realised and never to be realised, of a supreme overseer of the religious world, who should represent to the nations the impartial judgment of the Head of the Church, and give to His invisible presence a visible and fixed and sacred centre. To the assertion of this ideal he had devoted the best of his powers, and the fairest of his writings and years. But the earlier part of the book on *Consideration* seems like a despairing confession of failure, disguised under the language of exhortation and hope. While we read his lamentations over the infinite variety of temporal business that made the pope a slave, over the unholy combination of the secularities of the Romish court with the spiritualism of the Romish Church, and over the 'gold, silver, and dominion,' which had become the appendages of the Papacy, we cannot but think that Bernard must have left the scene with a feeling of disappointment and despair which

nothing but his reverence forbade him more plainly to express. And when he winds up with the characteristics of a true pope, —‘ He is the pattern of piety, the teacher of the people, the defender of the faith, the refuge of the oppressed, the hope of the unhappy, the dread of tyrants, the father of kings, the supporter of the laws, the administrator of the ecclesiastical canons,’—we cannot but ask whether he did not feel that past history had never realised this ideal, and whether he did not forecast that future history would never realise it.

With the second part of his treatise Bernard returns to a more congenial topic,—to the delineation of a picture which is not unattainable, and of an ideal, man’s aspiration after which shall not be baffled and disappointed. He leads the soul ‘out of the foreign world to her proper home.’ Here we have the final expression of Bernard’s mysticism,—so far as he was a mystic,—the key to his Platonic views of the Christian life, as given in the relations between intuition, faith, and opinion. Intuition is the supreme knowledge of God, and is superior to faith only in that the latter is encumbered by a veil from which the former is released. Opinion, guided by the probable, is ever liable to err. The highest knowledge is revealed by the Spirit, the prerogative of holiness, and obtained only by prayer. The creature is a ladder leading up to the knowledge of God; but the perfect man dispenses with the ladder, and is elevated with St. Paul to the immediate vision of heavenly things. This is the sum and substance of Bernard’s mysticism, of which the critical Calvin could say, ‘*Bernardus abbas in libris de Consideratione ita loquitur, ut veritas ipsa loqui videatur.*’ It is a mysticism which, save in its last undue emancipation from sensible things, is the practical and scriptural mysticism of all true religion. It knows nothing of the insobriety of the later mystics. It never disdains the common Christian virtues. It never disavows the external obligations of duty. It never looks towards the abyss of Pantheism; it never surrenders the personality of the soul. It has no wonderful visions, no idiotic raptures. Disinterested love to God is declared by Bernard to be unattainable, at least in this life. The mystical death, self-annihilation, and holy indifference of Quietism were perfectly strange to his mysticism; and the ‘Divine Dark’ it never approached.

Bernard’s penultimate year was spent in great bodily prostration, almost without food and sleep. But his unconquerable mind never yielded. While he lay on his bed of sickness at Clairvaux, the archbishop of Treves came with intelligence of a frightful contest raging between the burghers of Metz

and the surrounding barons. It was the last of many such appeals for help, and Bernard roused himself to go to the Moselle. At first it seemed that his old influence was gone; the nobles would not hear him out. Battle was prepared on both sides. During the night Bernard told his friends that in his dream he had been singing the *Gloria in excelsis*, and that he was sure that peace and goodwill on earth would follow in the morning. And so it was. While he was singing in his dreams, the hard barons were thinking on his words. After midnight they sent their penitent terms of submission; within a few days Bernard saw the contending parties exchange the kiss of peace, and returned from this his last errand of mercy,—an errand worthy to have been the last.

The turbulent world saw him no more. The following sentences from the last two letters he dictated will show better than any words of ours with what views he now confronted death. To his uncle Andrew he wrote a pathetic letter, blending the great grief of his life with its great consolation.

'I have not long to live on earth, and the time of my departure is at hand. I would that I might be refreshed by a little more of your sweet presence before I go hence. I notice your fear for the holy land which the Lord honoured with His presence, for the city which He dedicated with His blood. Woe, woe, to our princes! They have done no good in the Lord's land! But we trust that God will not reject His people, nor forsake His inheritance.—You do well in comparing yourself with an ant. For, what else are we children of the earth but ants, exhausting ourselves upon vain and useless objects? Let us therefore rise above the sun, and let our conversation be in the heavens, our minds proceeding where our bodies will shortly go.'

And to a brother abbot he writes:—

'Pray to the Saviour, who willeth not the death of a sinner, that He delay not my departure, and yet that He will be pleased to guard it: support him, who hath no merits of his own, by your prayers that the adversary of our salvation may not find any place open for his attack.'

These words show that Bernard was dying not as a Romanist simply, but as a Christian.

The last three years had taken from him one by one his few remaining friends. Suger died meditating a renewal of the Crusade; Count Theobald died, after a life of unswerving friendship; and his faithful Eugenius died, with the book on *Consideration* in his last thoughts. Bernard's death, like his life, was full of Scripture: when the end evidently drew near, he shut himself up to its sole and supreme consolations. The bishop of Langres came to

him on some ecclesiastical business; but the dying veteran told him that the time had at length come when the world must vanish: 'Marvel not that I do not attend: I am no longer of this world.' His last saying to the monks whom he had taught so long was St. Paul's exhortation, 'This is the will of God, even your sanctification.' His love to these poor orphans struggled for a moment with another stronger attraction: 'I am in a strait betwixt two,' they heard him murmur. Then, *flens ipse cum flentibus*, and 'lifting his dovelike eyes to heaven,' he began, *The will of God*—and death finished the sentence.

Bernard was canonized shortly after his decease; he has always been held in high honour by the Roman Church. And undoubtedly he was essentially a Romanist. In a more or less modified form, we may trace in his writings most of the distinctive doctrines of Rome. He was a champion—almost to bigotry—of the Roman obedience; and, save that he abhorred persecution, he was an unrelenting adversary to everything savouring of dissent, to all forms and tendencies of religious thought and life which in his days betokened the coming Protestantism. He was a monk in every fibre: had not the exigencies of the times summoned him from his great business during the latter half of his life, he would doubtless have been the great monastic reformer of the middle ages. But, on the other hand, there was much in his Romanism that Rome has been obliged to ignore or forgive, and over which we may rejoice. Bernard taught a religion deeply spiritual, and strongly denounced all mere ceremonialism and slavery to the external; not perceiving, by a strange inconsistency, how necessarily the Roman ritual tends that way. All his writings are one incessant and burning protest against the manifold abuses which pervaded all departments of the papal administration, and the monastic life of the twelfth century. He resisted the enforcement of new or 'developed' dogmas; and many articles of the Tridentine Faith could not have been received by him, at least at the stage of blind submission which he had reached. And in our estimate of his claim to the respect and gratitude of universal Christendom, we should not forget that he resisted to the utmost of his power, and suppressed during his own day, the incursion of a rationalist spirit that made Christian doctrine the sport of capricious speculation, and which, if unrestrained, would have revived Sabellianism, and anticipated Socinianism by several centuries.

But Bernard's highest claim to our respect,—and that which invests his name to most religious minds with a peculiar grace,—is his unfeigned devotion to the dying merits and living

example of the Redeemer. Setting out in life with a superstitious passion for the externals of the Saviour's death, he gradually reached the simplicity of a purged and perfect faith, which wrought by love, and made him pure in heart. How this could co-exist with so many errors which we are accustomed to regard as hopelessly obscuring the fundamentals of religion, is a mystery which sends us to the recesses of man's infirmity, and the depths of God's sovereign mercy, for its solution. Without caring to explain this mystery, we take our leave of the character we have sketched in the words of Martin Luther, who studied the same picture intently and lovingly from a point of view three centuries nearer: 'Thus died Bernard, a man so godly, so holy, and so chaste, that he is to be commended and preferred before all the fathers. He being grievously sick, and having no hope of life, put not his trust in his single life, wherein he had yet lived most chastely; not in his good works and deeds of charity, whereof he had done many; but, removing them far out of his sight, and receiving the benefit of Christ by faith, he said, "I have lived wickedly; but Thou, Lord Jesus, dost possess the kingdom of heaven by double right: first, because Thou art the Son of God; secondly, because Thou hast purchased it by Thy death and passion. The first Thou keepest for Thyself as Thy birth-right; the second Thou givest to me, not by the right of *my* works, but by the right of grace."—He set not against the wrath of God his own monkery, nor his angelical life; but he took of that one thing which is necessary, and so was saved.'

- ART. V.—1. *History of Wesleyan Methodism. Vol. I. Wesley and his Times.* By GEORGE SMITH, LL.D., F.A.S., &c. Third Edition. London: Longmans. 1862.
2. *History of Wesleyan Methodism. Vol. II. The Middle Age.* By GEORGE SMITH, LL.D., F.A.S., &c. Second Edition. London: Longmans. 1862.
3. *The History of the Religious Movement of the Eighteenth Century, called Methodism, considered in its different Denominational Forms, and its Relations to British and American Protestantism.* By ABEL STEVENS, LL.D. Three Vols. New York: Carlton and Porter.

THE story of Methodism has been often and variously told; but never, so far as we know, with such ability, fulness, and candour, as in these volumes. Each of these new historians of

the great religious movement of the last century has excellences peculiar to himself. We have no intention to institute any comparison between these gentlemen. Dr. Stevens's subject is much wider and more comprehensive than Dr. Smith's, as the respective titles of their works prepare us to expect. Dr. Smith is more minute and elaborate in his account of the Wesleyan section of the Methodistic revival; while Dr. Stevens traces the history and progress of other forms in which it was developed, and especially of Calvinistic Methodism. It is not our purpose to present an historical sketch, or to give an outline of the course of observation pursued by our authors. That would lead us over ground already well trodden. We shall endeavour to select a few salient points in the history and character of Methodism, and, while indicating our own view, furnish to our readers some account of the way in which each is treated in these works.

It would be superfluous to dwell on the moral and religious condition of Great Britain during the former half of the last century. It has come at last to be generally acknowledged that English society, in all its ranks, was at that period corrupt and ungodly, and that religious faith and earnestness scarcely existed. We have only to say that this part of the case is exceedingly well put by both our authors; and both should be read by any one who wishes for a complete view of it. They agree in the conclusion that the low state of morals and religion was chiefly due to the low condition of the Church of England. Dr. Smith enters more minutely into the review of the chain of causes which operated to produce that state of things. We scarcely know whether we could accept all his crushing denunciations of Henry VIII., and the policy of his reign. Froude has shown us, at all events, that a good deal may be as truly as ingeniously said for bluff old Hal. But, whatever may have been his personal character and motives, the history of his own and the three following reigns proves clearly enough that the Churchmen of those days were wonderfully pliable, and destitute of any enlightened piety or scruples of conscience. When Elizabeth re-established the Reformation,—

'Out of 9,400 beneficed clergymen in the kingdom, only 15 bishops, 12 archdeacons, 15 heads of colleges, 50 canons, and 80 parochial priests,—in all, 172 persons,—quitted their preferments rather than change their religion from the extreme Popery of Mary's reign to what is called the thorough Protestantism of that of Elizabeth.'—*Smith*, vol. i., p. 4.

We are glad to see that Dr. Smith does not fear to speak the truth respecting the extreme intolerance of the Calvinistic Puritans of the times of Charles I. and the Commonwealth. It has been too loudly vaunted on the one hand, and too readily conceded on the other, that all the bigotry and persecution of those miserable days were on the side of royalty and prelacy. Nothing can be less true. The Presbyterian party were more anxious for the destruction of Arminianism and prelacy than even for the overthrow of arbitrary power, and laboured more earnestly to establish the Genevan rule and doctrine than to secure liberty of conscience and worship. Indeed, of all the religious parties of that time, none seem to have rightly apprehended the meaning of this much-abused phrase. Even Cromwell, in 1629, denounced the bishop of Winchester for favouring Arminianism, 'the spawn of Popery.' The good and great John Goodwin suffered heavily from this intolerance; and his complaint truly represents the spirit of the time:—'Call a man an Arminian, and you have him called constructively, yea, eminently, *Thief, Traitor, Murderer, False Prophet*, and whatsoever else soundeth *infamy or reflection* upon men.' When Episcopacy was suspended, the Presbyterian polity introduced, and the House of Commons, which contained a majority of Presbyterians, became paramount, the full force of this intolerance appeared. The Presbyterian ministers of London solemnly denounced toleration; and Milton testifies that the far-famed Westminster Assembly 'endeavoured to set up a spiritual tyranny by a secular power.' It is true that Cromwell strove to counteract this bigotry, and proclaimed freedom of worship for all 'who professed faith in Jesus Christ.' But the Presbyterians continued in the ascendant for some time; and their narrow creed, joined to the 'Draconian severity' with which the laws were administered, the suppression of almost all recreation, and the increase of formalism and hypocrisy, greatly debased the English character, and prepared the way for that licentiousness which, coming in with the second Charles, soon emasculated the moral vigour of the nation, and sapped the foundations of its power. We need not stay to show how the process of degeneracy was accelerated in the reign of his successor, or how its fruits were seen in that compound of infidelity, heartlessness, profanity, coarseness, and corruption, which more or less disgraced all classes of society, from the court downwards, at the date of the dawn of Methodism. Dr. Stevens has traced these effects in the literature of the period with great vivacity and power, and both he and Dr. Smith have fortified their impressive review

of the moral condition of the country by the testimony of unimpeachable witnesses, including almost all the eminent names of the time.

In any history of Methodism, it is absolutely necessary to give due consideration to these facts. Many a writer has endeavoured to account for the origin and success of the great revival on purely secular principles, and especially by reference to the alleged personal character and motives of its leading agents. This is not only an inadequate but a most erroneous view of the case. The truth is, that Methodism was, in both essence and form, a revival of primitive Christianity; and that, not so much as to Christian doctrine, though this also was included, but chiefly as to the inner spirit and life of the religion of the New Testament.

On this point our authors are, as might be expected, perfectly clear and explicit. They both see that the origin of Methodism is identified with the personal 'conversion' of the Wesleys, Whitefield, and their coadjutors. It is, indeed, most instructive to perceive how, especially in the case of the Wesleys, God was preparing them for the great enterprise long before their conversion; and even arranging, before their birth, the circumstances and influences best fitted to qualify them for it. In this view too great stress cannot be laid on the personal character both of the immediate and the more remote ancestors of these great men, and especially on that of the worthy rector of Epworth, and his accomplished and devoted wife. The learning, wit, conscientiousness, clear Christian experience, and missionary zeal of Samuel Wesley the elder were re-produced even more conspicuously in his son John, without his eccentric and provoking obstinacy; and his love of 'beating rhymes' was exalted and glorified into true lyric inspiration in Charles. By the way, both the writers before us seem to be labouring under some mistake in one illustration which they give of the father's high and firm principle. They tell us that when James II. published his Declaration of Indulgence, and required it to be read in all the churches, Samuel Wesley was a clergyman in London, and that he was, to use Dr. Smith's words,

'applied to by the court-party with promises of preferment, and solicited to support the measures of the sovereign. But the young minister was proof against this seductive influence; and rose in bold resistance to the daring aggression on Gospel liberty which the schemes of the court involved. Surrounded by courtiers and soldiers,

he refused to read the Declaration, and preached a bold and pointed discourse against it, from Dan. iii. 17, 18: "If it be so, our God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace, and He will deliver us out of thine hand, O king. But if not, be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up."—*Smith*, vol. i., p. 69.

Dr. Smith quotes from Moore's *Life of Wesley* certain lines composed by Samuel Wesley, Jun., which distinctly confirm the above statement. Dr. Adam Clarke gives the same account in his *Memoirs of the Wesley Family*. But it is difficult to see how it can be reconciled with the dates of history. On the 4th of April, 1687, James II. issued a 'Declaration for Liberty of Conscience;' and on the 27th of the following April, 'not only published a new declaration of indulgence, but also commanded all the clergy to read it in their churches.' The 20th of May, 1688, was the day appointed for the first reading of the declaration in the metropolitan churches; but only seven out of a hundred clergymen obeyed the order; nor were the clergy more pliable on the following Sunday. Their provincial brethren generally followed their example; and James was so disappointed and exasperated, that, in spite even of Jeffreys, he resolved at once to prosecute the seven bishops who had headed the recusant party among the clergy—a resolution which was carried out immediately. The trial of the bishops was hurried on, and the court suffered its notorious and humiliating defeat by their acquittal, on the 20th of June. Now, Samuel Wesley, Sen., says, in a letter quoted by Dr. Clarke, 'I was initiated in deacon's orders by the Bishop of Rochester, at his palace of B., August 7, 1688, and on the 26th of February following was ordained priest in St. Andrew's church, Holborn.' We are indebted to a very painstaking and accurate friend for indicating this discrepancy; and, after obtaining all the information within our reach, are quite unable to reconcile the statement about his refusal to read the Declaration, though given on the high authority of his eldest son, with his own testimony as to the day when he received deacon's orders. It seems pretty clear that he was not in orders at all until the time for reading the Royal Indulgence, and displaying the conscientious firmness for which he was conspicuous, had quite passed away.

But to return. However this may be, it is certain that John inherited his father's firmness and decision of character. At the same time, he received from his glorious mother that calm and even disposition, that clear-sighted and

penetrating sagacity, that strong common sense, those habits of order and punctuality, and that organizing faculty, so conspicuous in his after life, which so admirably fitted him to be a leader of men, and enabled him to direct, consolidate, and perpetuate a movement which, in less temperate and skilful hands, would soon have been dissipated. Happily that mother lived long enough to act as the counsellor of her son in more than one critical emergency; and modern Methodism probably owes to her clear insight and noble independence some of those features in its economy which have most contributed to its influence and extension. Dr. Stevens is particularly happy in his description of the household over which this serene and dignified matron ruled. We have space for only a brief extract:—

‘The glimpses which we get from contemporary records of the interior life of the rectory at Epworth give us the image of an almost perfect Christian household. If some of its aspects appear at times too grave, or even severe, they are relieved by frequent evidence of those home affections and gaieties with which the beneficent instincts of human nature are sure to resist, in a numerous circle of children, the religious austerities of riper years. The Epworth rectory presents, in fine, the picture of a domestic church, a family school, and a genuine old English household. Before the first fire the building was a humble structure of wood and plaster, roofed with thatch, and venerable with a hundred years. It boasted one parlour, an ample hall, a buttery, three large upper chambers, besides some smaller apartments, and a study, where the studious rector spent most of his time in “beating rhymes,” and preparing his sermons, leaving the rest of the house, and almost all in-door affairs, as well as the management of the temporalities of the glebe and tithes, to his more capable wife, and fondly comforting himself against the pinching embarrassments of poverty with the consolation, as he expresses it, in a letter to the archbishop of York, “that he who is born a poet must, I am afraid, live and die so—that is, poor.” John Wesley expresses admiration at the serenity with which his mother transacted business, wrote letters, and conversed, surrounded by her thirteen children. All the children bore “nicknames” in the home circle, and the familiar pseudonyms play fondly through the abundant family correspondence which remains. Clarke assures us that “they had the common fame of being the most loving family in the county of Lincoln.” The mother especially was the centre of the household affections. John, after leaving home, writes to her at a time when her health was precarious, with pathetic endearment, and expresses the hope that he may die before her, in order not to have the anguish of witnessing her end. “You did well,” she afterwards writes him, “to correct that fond desire of dying before me, since

you do not know what work God may have for you to do before leaving the world. It is what I have often desired of the children, that they would not weep at my parting, and so make death more uncomfortable than it would otherwise be to me." The home where such sentiments prevailed could not have been an austere one.—*Stevens*, vol. i., pp. 51, 52.

We might indefinitely extend this line of remark, and apply it more or less to all the agents in the primitive work of Methodism. The events of John Wesley's childhood, youth, and early manhood, from his marvellous rescue out of the fire at the Epworth parsonage, down through his career at Oxford, to his mission to Georgia, and its signal failure; the influence of his home education, and many other particulars, all suggest a providential preparation for the position which was in store for him. But all these would have been unavailing, and, in spite of the greatness of his character and the purity of his life, he would have left no special impress behind him, but for that conversion of which we spoke,—its history need not be re-written here,—which has proved so complete a stumbling-block to merely literary men, but in which lies the whole secret of his personal power, and of that mighty success which attended his prodigious labours. Nothing can more strikingly show this than the failure of his mission to Georgia. Not only was that mission fruitless of any spiritual result, whether among the Indians or the colonists, but it became a source of intolerable annoyance and irritation to himself; and he returned from the ceaseless toil and incessant jealousies which it entailed, a saddened and humiliated man. Yet, in a very few days he was wholly changed. From the moment when 'he felt his heart strangely warmed' under the reading of Luther on the Galatians, and received, as he steadfastly believed and declared, the assurance that his sins were blotted out, he became a new man. He stood forth to testify what he had felt and seen, and instantly his word began to be with power. God set the confirming seal to his testimony by the conversion of untold thousands in all parts of the United Kingdom, and through every year of his laborious and lengthened life. Let us not be thought to press this point too strongly. We are not aware that the maxims or habits of his life underwent any material change, except in the character of the zeal with which his new experience filled him. The same simplicity, temperance, self-denial; the same singular combination of personal economy with boundless generosity; the same punctual and methodical devotion; the same reverence for sacred times and places; the same pity for the forlorn, the afflicted, and the

captive; the same aspirations after entire separation from the world and complete and habitual devotedness to God, which characterized Wesley the apostle, had characterized Wesley the student. But his 'conversion' realised what had hitherto been only a pleasing dream, threw sunlight on his soul, wakened all his spiritual faculties into healthy and happy development, gave to his principles and habits an immovable foundation of conscious faith and spiritual enjoyment, and armed him in an instant, and for ever, with the power of God. These things are true in substance of all the Methodist heroes, whether Arminian or Calvinistic, whether clergymen or laymen. They have bequeathed a voluminous hagiography to the Church. The story of their lives has been told by hundreds of pens,—in a vast number of instances, by their own,—and it is undeniable that, without an exception, every one of them dates the commencement of his zeal, labours, and success, from the time of his 'conversion.' There was much both in the National Church and in the Dissenting communities to justify a purist in denouncing them as anti-Christian, in separating himself from them, and, in the spirit of the Plymouth Brethren of our day, creating a new and exclusive sect. But not in any degree did Methodism thus arise. 'We begun by finding fault with ourselves,' was once said by John Wesley; and Methodism undoubtedly originated in the personal consciousness on the part of its agents, great or small, of their own spiritual ruin, their personal apprehension of the way of salvation by faith, and their personal reception of the forgiveness of sins. The dying father of the Wesleys had said to his sons, 'Be steady; the Christian faith will surely revive in this kingdom; you will see it, though I shall not..... The inward witness, the inward witness, that is the proof, the strongest proof, of Christianity.' They did live to see it, and to be the principal instruments in the fulfilment of his prophecy; and it was through the reception of that 'inward witness,' on which he had laid so much stress, that they were especially fitted for their work.

We cannot choose but linger over this essential, this vital element in the Methodistic movement. As no true conception of that movement can be formed unless this be admitted and understood, so its permanence and spread must depend upon the upholding of this first principle. Isaac Taylor says that 'the Methodism of the last century..... has come to present itself as the starting-point of our modern religious history; that the field-preaching of Wesley and Whitefield in 1739 was *the event whence the religious epoch,*

now current, must date its commencement; that back to the events of that time must we look, necessarily, as often as we seek to trace to its source what is most characteristic of the present time; and that yet this is not all, for the Methodism of the past age points forward to the next-coming development of the powers of the Gospel.' It is not easy to assign a specific meaning to these last remarks; but we do most confidently predict that any future 'development of the powers of the Gospel' must start substantially from the same point of the personal conversion of its agents. 'The field-preaching of Wesley and Whitefield' was the effect of the fire which their own reception of salvation had kindled in their hearts; and to no other testimony but that of men who have felt themselves the renewing and saving power of the Divine word need we ever look for results analogous to those which we are considering. It is becoming the fashion—especially with that party in the Church of England who just now assume most fully to represent and most authoritatively to guide the English mind, and who with all their errors have much in harmony with the genial and practical spirit of Methodism—to sneer at the prominence assigned to personal salvation in what may be called the distinctively Methodistic creed. When reverend and other writers of great name and influence speak slightly of a man's concern for the salvation of 'his own miserable soul,' as if there were something both morbid and selfish in it, we may ask whether such personal concern has not always preceded true and earnest effort for the salvation of others. Only by becoming experimentally acquainted with the great truths involved in conviction and conversion, is it possible to be so instructed in these truths, and so impressed with their profound importance, as to preach and teach them with anything like effect. Not only the Methodistic revival, but the Protestant Reformation, and apostolic Christianity itself, were preceded and brought about by the struggle of each individual agent with the mighty problems of his soul's condition and destiny, and by his personal solution of them through the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ. Never will the conviction of the Methodists on this great and vital subject be weakened; never will their testimony to the necessity and reality of individual assurance falter. Amidst the conflict of opinions and the 'oppositions of science falsely so called,' the dying words of the rector of Epworth will not be forgotten, 'The inward witness, the inward witness, that is the proof, the strongest proof, of Christianity.'

The sum of what has to be said on this subject is that the

Methodistic theology, radiating from this living centre, built on this spiritual foundation, is, so far as it is distinctive, experimental theology. It is neither Calvinistic nor Arminian, or rather it is both; it is identical with the theology of the Reformation. It revived the doctrine of justification by faith, which had fallen into neglect; but it did not revive it merely or chiefly as an article of the Christian creed. It proclaimed it as a blessing to be personally and consciously received, and to this end it inculcated the doctrine of personal assurance of forgiveness, as the common privilege of Christians. In our judgment, the Arminian section of the Methodism of the last century was far more explicit than the Calvinistic on this subject; and it did far greater service to the cause of experimental religion, by separating the assurance of present from the assurance of final salvation. Here lay one great, if not the greatest, defect in the experimental theology of the Reformation. The felt impossibility of any man attaining to an absolute assurance of everlasting life operated to disparage the doctrine of assurance altogether; and it was Arminian Methodism which, by bringing clearly to light the true Scripture doctrine,—that assurance relates not to eternal, but to present salvation,—was chiefly instrumental in carrying evangelical theology home to men's hearts, and supplementing the admirable, but often dry and tedious, dogmatics of the Reformation by that experience of the truth which was as life from the dead. But this peculiarity—namely, the holding of the Christian faith as a life rather than as a theory, as a thing of the heart rather than the head—was common to all classes of Methodists: it both established the exact correspondence of Methodism with primitive Christianity, and secured its success.

It would afford us pleasure to pursue in some detail that unparalleled course of Christian labour on which the first Methodists entered immediately after their conversion, and which was followed with such ardour, perseverance, and success, during the space of more than half a century which intervened between the formation of the United Societies and their founder's death. And it would be deeply interesting to sketch the character of many of those who, during that lengthened period, either directly co-operated with him, or were employed in extending the same spiritual work under different doctrinal or denominational forms. As in the instance of the Reformation, Divine Providence was preparing its instruments in varied and distant

localities ; and these instruments were long unconnected with each other, and unconscious of the common interests which were in due time to bind them together in holy compact. Whitefield, the Apollos of early Methodism, in his paternal Gloucestershire inn ; Howell Harris, its Welsh lay evangelist, and Thomas Coke, its Missionary bishop, among the hills of Wales ; John and Charles Wesley, legislator and poet of the revival, in the humble Lincolnshire parsonage ; Fletcher, the eloquent champion, of its Arminian section, and the saintly example of its high standard of holiness, amidst the Swiss mountains ; Selina, countess of Huntingdon, the Hills, and Shirley, its aristocratic patrons, in baronial halls ; Perronet, its Nestor, on the shore of Sussex ; Grimshaw, its John the Baptist, on the wild Yorkshire moors ; and a host whom, even to name, would too much encumber our pages,—how was God training and preparing them, in isolation and obscurity, to play each his part in the coming revival of earnest Christianity ! and how, when the hour arrived, did His Providence bring them together, uniting them in counsel and labour, overruling even their very differences and occasional separations, for the advancement of the common enterprise, and presenting a band of moral heroes and Christian confessors worthy of the best days of the faith of Jesus ! One of the greatest charms of Dr. Stevens's volumes consists in the marvellously life-like, touching, and picturesque sketches of the members of the Methodist band. It would lead us far out of the range of our design, and the limits of our space, if we were to attempt to do justice to this very valuable feature of this author's history. We could almost wish to see them separated from the body of the work, and published collectively as a Gallery of Methodist Worthies. The more elaborate word-portraits of the leaders of Methodism display great artistic and pictorial power, as well as a just and discriminating appreciation of the men. But what we may call his vignettes are, if possible, more charming still. We may instance his account of that noble band of Methodist soldiers,—Evans, Haime, Bond, and Staniforth ; his sketches of Nelson, Walsh, Alexander Mather, Christopher Hopper, Benson, Bradburn, Thomas Olivera, and a host besides. There is a combination of romantic charm and tenderness about these sketches which has drawn tears from many eyes while perusing them, and which can hardly fail to kindle the coldest temperament into ardour. But we cannot linger over these attractive portions of Stevens's book, nor stay to examine in much detail the steady but rapid progress of the work in which the

Methodist labourers were so energetically and happily engaged. The opposition which that work encountered on all sides is well known. The brutal mobs of Cornwall, Staffordshire, and the North, led on by clergymen and magistrates; the closing of church after church against the Wesleys and their ordained coadjutors; the repulsion of thousands of godly people from the Lord's table for the sin of Methodism; the arbitrary arrests and false imprisonment of many itinerant evangelists, and the actual martyrdom of some,—if they have served to darken our national history with some of its worst pages, have served also to set forth some of the brightest examples of disinterestedness, courage, forbearance, and constancy, that the world has ever known. And in the midst of all, John Wesley, the leading figure, and the crowd of humble but resolute subordinates who served him as sons in the Gospel, went on their steady way, till the mobs were tamed, the savages civilised, the gentry humiliated, the clergy in a great degree reformed, and the spiritual fruit of half a century of labour could be counted, in one denomination or another, and in both hemispheres, by hundreds of thousands. Here is Dr. Smith's forcible summary of the state of things at the Conference of 1744:—

' Wesley, it must be remembered, had at this time been pursuing his itinerant course about five years. What, then, were the results of these labours? He had in connexion with him as fellow-labourers about forty-five preachers, including two or three ministers of the Establishment, who delighted to co-operate with him. These were not all of them continually engaged in preaching; several, like John Nelson and William Shent, occasionally laboured for their support at secular employments, and then again fully gave themselves to the work of evangelists; but it is well known that besides these there were a considerable number of local preachers throughout the country. Societies had been formed in very many of the principal towns from the Land's End to Newcastle. The number of members is not known; but there must have been nearly two thousand in London, if not more; and the aggregate of them throughout the country must have been several thousands. The mass of persons brought under evangelical teaching by means of this ministry, but who were not members, would be very much larger. John Nelson had preached the first Methodist lay sermon in Manchester in 1743, and a work of grace with hopeful indications had begun in that locality. This work was not carried on at a time when there existed a general agreement as to the essential doctrines of the Gospel, or when the law was fairly and universally administered for the protection of individual life and property. On the contrary, the Wesleys had to rescue the great doctrines of the Reformation from

the oblivion into which they had to a great extent fallen; to collect and simplify the experimental divinity of the Church of England, and thus to bring the sterling doctrines of the Gospel in a popular and effective manner to bear on the public mind; and, in addition to all this, to maintain the truth against every kind of practical and theoretical error. They were by these means enabled to bring the Gospel in mighty aggression on the inert mass of profanity, ungodliness, and formality, which characterised the population of that day. In the prosecution of these labours, they had to bear the violent censures of ecclesiastics, the stern contempt of the upper classes, and the bloody violence of wild and lawless mobs. Yet, through all these difficulties they urged their way. By their instrumentality the light of the Gospel shone in many places, and a hopeful dawn gleamed through all the land. But, notwithstanding all this, the first Conference was held in the midst of severe trial and persecution. John Nelson was at that time deprived of his liberty, and subjected to all kinds of indignity, because, having been impressed for preaching, he refused to serve as a soldier. But Methodism had, through much labour and suffering, obtained such a hold in the country, that the Wesleys saw good reason to hope that the great object at which they aimed would be accomplished—that they would succeed, at least to some good extent, in spreading scriptural holiness throughout the land.'—*Smith*, vol. i., pp. 208, 209.

And Dr. Stevens thus eloquently sums up the results of five years' further labour, as usual including in his view the other forms of Methodism, as well as that which by this time was specifically under the guidance of John Wesley:—

'A little more than ten years had passed since the recognised epoch of Methodism. The results thus far were certainly remarkable. A scarcely paralleled religious interest had been spread and sustained throughout the United Kingdom and along the Atlantic coast of America. The Churches of both countries had been extensively re-awakened. The great fact of a lay ministry had been accomplished—great not only in its direct results, but perhaps more so by its re-acting shock, in various respects, against the ecclesiasticism which for fifteen hundred years had fettered Christianity with bands of iron. It had presented before the world the greatest pulpit orator of the age, if not of any age; also one of the greatest religious legislators of history; a hymnist whose supremacy has been but doubtfully disputed by a single rival; and the most signal example of female agency in religious affairs which Christian history records. The lowest abysses of the English population among colliers and miners had been reached by the Gospel. Calvinistic Methodism was restoring the decayed Nonconformity of England. Wesleyan Methodism, though adhering to the Establishment, had taken an organic and permanent form; it had its Annual Conferences,

Quarterly Conferences, class-meetings and band-meetings; its watch-nights and lovefeasts; its travelling preachers, local preachers, exhorters, leaders, trustees, and stewards. It had districted [*sic*] England, Wales, and Ireland into Circuits for systematic ministerial labours, and now commanded a ministerial force of about seventy men. It had fought its way through incredible persecutions and riots, and had won at last a general, though not universal, peace. Its chapels and preachers' houses, or parsonages, were multiplying over the country. It had a rich psalmody, which has since spread wherever the English tongue is used; and a well-defined theology, which was without dogmatism, and distinguished by two notable facts that could not fail to secure popular interest—namely, that it transcended the prevalent creeds in both *spirituality* and *liberality*, in its experimental doctrines of conversion, sanctification, and the witness of the Spirit, and in the evangelical liberalism of its Arminianism. It had begun its present scheme of popular religious literature, had provided the first of that series of academic institutions which has since extended with its progress, and was contemplating a plan of ministerial education, which has been effectively accomplished. Already the despondent declarations of Watts, Secker, and Butler, respecting the prospects of religion, might be pronounced no longer relevant. Yet Watts had been dead but two years, and Secker and Butler still survived.'—*Stevens*, vol. i., pp. 327, 328.

It will be seen that the above extract contains allusion to several points that we have not yet mentioned. All of them are replete with interest and fruitful of discussion. Interesting as they are, however, we must omit specific consideration of them, or our brief paper would swell into a volume. To others we shall make more or less explicit reference in the sequel. We cannot pursue the progress of Methodism even from decade to decade; but must content ourselves with the summary of the results attained at the time of Wesley's last Conference in 1790. Dr. Stevens gives it as follows:—

'On the 27th of July, 1790, began at Bristol the forty-seventh Conference, the last at which Wesley presided. At this session 23 candidates were received on probation; 19 were admitted to membership; 2 had died since the last Conference; 2 located [*sic*]; 313 were recorded on the roll of the appointments. The Circuits and Mission stations amounted to 119, including again Nova Scotia and Newfoundland.....The members of Societies were now 76,968.The members in the United States this year amounted to 57,631; their increase to 14,369, the greatest yet reported. Methodism in the new Republic was now fast gaining numerically on that of Great Britain. Its aggregate statistics in both hemi-

spheres were: Circuits, 288; travelling preachers, 540; members, 184,599.*—*Stevens*, vol. ii., p. 320.

Well may this author add,—

'Seldom in history has an individual life been more complete in its results than was that of Wesley at this moment. No prelate of the land, no Englishman whatever, save the sovereign himself, swayed a wider or more profound popular power. No man travelled more extensively among the people, or oftener revisited them in their towns and villages; no man spoke to more of them daily, or had done so during the last half-century. His life had not only been thoroughly sustained, but its results were already thoroughly organized, and rendered apparently as effective and permanent as human achievements can be. His power could now, in any necessity, reach almost any part of the three kingdoms by the systematic apparatus of Methodism. His orders, given to his "assistants," who were dispersed through the land, could be conveyed by them to his three hundred preachers, who were continually hastening, like carriers, over their long Circuits; by these they could be impressed on about twelve hundred local preachers, who, with the itinerants, could convey them to about four thousand stewards and class-leaders, and these, by the private but established means of the Societies, could bring them to the more than seventy thousand members. Such a power, created by himself without prestige, but now wielded with a prestige which secured grateful and almost implicit obedience from his people, would have been perilous in the hands of a weak or selfish man; but in what one historical respect did he abuse it?'—*Stevens*, vol. ii., pp. 821, 822.

These observations would lead naturally enough to some attempt to delineate the character of the great and good man who had been the chief agent in this work of God. But, besides that the majority of our readers are already intimately acquainted with the main outlines of his character, as drawn by some of the ablest literary and theological critics, we remember that the very first volume of this journal contained a paper on this specific subject from the pen of one of its most accomplished contributors.† It is due, however, to our

* These items are considerably larger than the corresponding ones given by Dr. Smith. Dr. Stevens tells us that Smith's American figures are those of the preceding year.

† Who for some years was also its chief editor—the late Thomas M'Nicoll. We pause a moment to place another chaplet on the tomb of one to whom this Review has been from its commencement so deeply indebted. Of the merit of those papers which were from time to time contributed by him to our pages it is scarcely our province to speak, nor indeed is it necessary. Unquestionably his nervous, discriminating, accurate, and always graceful writings did much to secure for the *London Quarterly Review* that general favour and acceptance which have been accorded to it; and his early death has left a gap in its literary staff which will not easily be filled up.

authors to say that each of them has furnished an admirable essay on this very interesting subject. The story of his triumphant end is touchingly and effectively told in both volumes, and we envy not the man who can read it without deep thankfulness and joy. Dr. Stevens dwells largely on Wesley's intellectual character, and assigns him his place among the ablest as well as noblest of earth's sons. The symmetrical completeness, and what in German phrase is called the 'manysidedness' of his character, are very ably set forth. There is a brief but effective discussion of the claims of the speculative philosopher to take the highest intellectual rank; and Dr. Stevens inclines, as we should do ourselves, to assign a still higher place to the man of commanding practical energy, who is able to grasp both generals and particulars in his view, and who develops that most godlike of human endowments, the faculty of command. He does justice to Wesley's serene but glowing intellect; to his coolness, temper, and surprising courage,—a courage which especially impressed his military hearers; to his cheerful gaiety and even humour; to his love of literature, and his labours in the cause of popular education; to his wonderful and enduring activity of body and mind; to his meekness, his generosity, his high moral nobility; and to the catholic spirit which, in some instances, even carried him to the very limit of forbearance and doctrinal fidelity, which appears in his writings as well as in his acts, which has impressed itself on the institutions of Wesleyan Methodism, and been crystallized in one of those aphorisms which his spiritual descendants love to quote, and which embodies their settled sentiment and habit,—'The friends of all, the enemies of none.' Dr. Stevens's sketch is written *con amore*. He evidently loves his hero and his theme; and has brought out the chief intellectual characteristics of Wesley with clearness and force.

Dr. Smith's sketch is by no means so elaborate as Dr. Stevens's. But it is very powerful and impressive. He lays his hand with the certainty and precision of a master on the very core and heart of Wesley's greatness. Most clearly does he see, and most unanswerably does he prove, that, as we have stated above, his 'conversion' was the 'ruling element in his religious character.' This portion of Dr. Smith's summing-up is especially valuable. He administers a dignified and well-deserved rebuke to Isaac Taylor for his faltering and erroneous expressions on this great subject. Mr. Taylor says that 'we must reject' Wesley's condemnation of himself as not 'a regenerate man' at this period—the period when he received

the gift of 'assurance;' for, if not, then 'many of those whose names adorn Church history during a full thousand years were not Christians.' Our author very clearly shows that Wesley's explicit and lifelong testimony on this point is to be tried, not by its agreement or disagreement with the professions of any number of men who have 'adorned Church history,' but by its harmony or otherwise with 'the order and promises of God, and the experience of apostles and primitive Christians, as recorded in the New Testament.' It is very pertinently added that the silence of Church history on the spiritual attainments of its heroes, is no proof of the absence of those attainments; since the father of the Wesleys would probably have bequeathed no testimony to posterity concerning 'the inward witness,' but for the subsequent labours and prominent position of his gifted sons. Southey's remark, that Wesley's notion of conversion and assurance was the effect of 'disease,' is deservedly treated as the opinion of a man totally unacquainted with what he was writing about, and therefore unqualified to pronounce a judgment. Both our authors, as a matter of course, deal with the charges of credulity and ambition which, from the days of Southey, have been so freely laid at Wesley's door. Dr. Smith's reply is, in our opinion, much the abler and more satisfactory of the two. And we know not that we have read anything finer than his calm rebuke of Isaac Taylor's assumption of philosophical superiority in the estimate which that able writer has given of Wesley's intellectual character. Dr. Smith very quietly brings this critic's right to pronounce a judgment on the question to a crucial test, by exposing his crude speculation on the famous 'noises' at the Epworth parsonage. A writer who could seriously pen the crotchet about certain lower orders of spiritual beings, 'some perhaps not more intelligent than apes or pigs,' whom 'chances, or mischances, may, in long cycles of time, throw over their boundary, and give them an hour's leave to disport themselves among things palpable,' is hardly the man to sit in supreme and cynical judgment on the intellectual status of one like Wesley, who, whatever else he was or was not, stands out among the religious leaders of his own and every other age as the very incarnation of common sense.

We shall not need to be detained by any lengthened remarks on the Methodist theology. Whether the leaders of Methodism held Calvinistic or Arminian tenets, they all believed themselves to be true and genuine disciples of the theology of the Church of England. The great catholic doctrines of the holy Trinity, of redemption by the blood of Christ, and of

regeneration by the power of the Holy Spirit, were as tenaciously held, and as faithfully preached, by them as by the best apologists of Christianity in ancient times. They were, indeed, held by the non-Methodists and 'high-and-dry' Churchmen of the day to be heretics and fanatics, because of their doctrine of assurance and conscious salvation; but no one accused them of heterodoxy on the essentials of the Christian faith. They differed seriously among themselves, especially respecting the 'quinquarticular controversy,' and Wesley especially had to defend himself against the charge of heresy which his former fellow-labourers so ignorantly and unscrupulously brought against him, because of his views on the five points. All the Methodists, however, had, as we have seen, this feature in common, that they preached the Anglican and scriptural theology not so much in its dogmatic as in its spiritual and experimental aspects, and insisted that Christian truth, to be real and saving, must be held, not only in theory, but in life and love. Not that the theory of religious doctrine was undervalued, especially by John Wesley. It is observable that he was called from the very first, and in repeated instances, and on many critical occasions throughout his career, to review his theological scheme, and bring it evermore to the test and touchstone of God's word. The mystical and quietistic tendencies of his Moravian friends,—to whom he was spiritually so much indebted,—led to an early and very painful separation from many whom he loved as his own soul, and to the formation, as a separate community, of the 'United Societies.' His Arminian theology very early provoked the jealousy and antagonism of his coadjutor Whitefield; and induced a mutual coldness which could not, however, long continue when these two congenial spirits came face to face, and talked of the work of their common Master. Wesley watched with the most intense anxiety over the spiritual welfare of his Societies, and was quick to discern the influence of any theological opinions upon their religious life. And, like a faithful watchman, he never hesitated, when occasion required, to sound the alarm in his own decided manner. He was thus often involved in controversy, especially with his Calvinistic friends. These misunderstood his phraseology, although he expressed himself with singular clearness and precision; they attributed to him sentiments not only at variance with his habitual convictions, but logically inconsistent with the very writings from which his opponents professed to draw their conclusions; and some of them, it must be said, freely imputed to him the worst motives, and employed epithets

which our charity will not characterize. But Wesley never descended into the arena of personal controversy, except for defensive purposes; and it may be safely said that he seldom dealt a blow which had not the effect of paralysing his enemy.

One of the singular providences of his life was the raising up, 'for the defence of the truth,' the eloquent and saintly Fletcher. The furious assault of Lady Huntingdon's ministers, led on by Shirley, drew the rector of Madeley from his laborious retirement, and led to the production of the *Checks to Antinomianism*, a work which had very much to do with the doctrinal settlement of Methodism, and which is probably fresher, more vivid and interesting, than almost any polemical writings we can name. Less cautious and guarded in his expressions than Wesley, this great theological champion requires to be read with care, and to be counter-checked by the sharp and well-defined logic of Wesley's treatises; but there is a charm about Fletcher's lively, fervid, and glowing pages that will always make them pleasant reading, and will insure to them a permanent popularity, even though the dry bones of the 'quinquarticular controversy' be dead and buried for ever. Wesley's own contributions to this controversy are very valuable; his writings on experimental divinity, however, appear to us the most perfect productions of his pen. But we must forbear from any further remark of our own. Both Dr. Smith and Dr. Stevens give us valuable chapters on this subject,—the merit of greater accuracy and scriptural precision being undoubtedly due to the former; and with his review of the Wesleyan theology we close this portion of our remarks:—

'Whatever other charges may be preferred against the system of religious doctrines which Wesley believed and taught, it cannot be said to lack homogeneousness and consistency. Pronouncing all mankind to be totally depraved, and in a state of guilt and condemnation, and thus exposed to everlasting death; it insisted on instant repentance towards God, by putting away all sin, and then assured all of the free mercy of God in Christ, offering every penitent sinner pardon through faith in His blood. To all these the Holy Spirit, as an indwelling Comforter, was promised; bearing witness with their spirit of the change that had passed upon them, and producing a blessed consciousness that they had indeed been translated from the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of God's dear Son. With this forgiveness it was declared the believing soul would "be born again," and made a child of God by faith in Christ Jesus. Such persons were, however, told, that although they had thus obtained power over all outward sin, and were, by the grace of God, enabled to conquer every temptation, and to repress every unholy

desire, they must not be surprised if such desires and other inward evidences of remaining evil should appear, and mar their peace and joy; but that, even in this case, they should not despond, but live near to God, and pray, hope, and believe, for entire deliverance; for the "blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth from all sin;" and the promise of God is clear and full, "He shall redeem Israel from all his sins." But even when this blessing was attained, and the happy believer lived under the full influence of the perfect love of God, he was cautioned that his probation had not ceased; that he was still exposed to temptation, still liable to fall, and still bound to grow in grace. Repudiating the silly conceit, that what is perfect cannot grow,—as if a perfect child could not grow, nor a perfect tree grow,—the Methodists were taught, that in this state the attainment was merely negative, the destruction of sin out of the heart, which was henceforth to grow in grace until filled with all the fulness of God.—*Smith*, vol. i., pp. 619, 620.

We can readily imagine, that the homely and thoroughly scriptural mode of expression which pervades the above extract will be unintelligible to some people, and peculiarly distasteful to those young theologians of our time who think all ancient theological forms obsolete. But we give it with all the more pleasure and satisfaction on this account. We rejoice that there are among us writers of such unquestionable learning as Dr. Smith, who are not willing to remove the ancient landmarks, and are true, not only to the glorious theological dogma of the Reformation and the New Testament, but to the old way of stating it also.

The ecclesiastical economy and polity of Methodism naturally follow its theology. But the consideration of that subject will fall more suitably among the questions raised directly after Wesley's death, and which resulted in the permanent settlement of Arminian Methodism under its two chief divisions in this country. Before reviewing that wide and important question, it is desirable to say a few words respecting its relation to the other religious denominations of Great Britain, and its services in the cause of literature, education, and general popular improvement. That Methodism was needed to revive the languishing spiritual life of the Protestant Churches of Great Britain, and that it accomplished that result in a very considerable degree, is now too generally admitted to require any proof. Whatever of increased fidelity to scriptural theology, increased earnestness in the preaching of the Gospel, increased provision for overtaking the spiritual necessities of the population, has distinguished the various sections of Protestantism in this country down to our own time, may

be traced directly or indirectly to the religious movement of the last century. In a great degree, this benefit was brought about by the direct action of the great revival, by the conversion and renewal of many with whom religion had previously been only a dead form, theology a lifeless and uninfluential creed. And in this view, even the doctrinal divergence of the leaders of Methodism was made to subserve an important purpose. That the general tendency of theological opinion in the Church of England was Arminian, while that of the older non-conforming bodies was mainly Calvinistic, is matter of history; and, while the labours of the Wesleys told most powerfully on the national Establishment, those of Whitefield and Howell Harris were most directly and extensively beneficial among the non-conforming Churches. This might have been expected, from their respective antecedents; and the providence of God, in overruling and directing all the chief events and party tendencies of the new movement for the accomplishment of the great spiritual design, is thus strikingly illustrated. In our day, this secondary and collateral effect of Methodism has been exaggerated into its chief and leading purpose. Isaac Taylor, Dr. Vaughan, and others, assume that this function has been fully discharged; that, as the older Protestant communities are now fully alive to their duty and zealously engaged in its performance, all that is denominational in Methodism, and especially its Wesleyan section, should retire, and leave the field to those who have a prescriptive right to it. This notion, considering the state of the masses of our town populations, and of extensive rural parishes, is too absurd to require refutation. The primary mission of Methodism is still, as at first, to the unevangelized multitude; and it is while faithfully prosecuting this duty that she will most effectually keep alive and extend the Missionary spirit which, while prosecuting the same enterprise, she anciently kindled among the Christian denominations. Doubtless, some of the zeal which she has evoked has been rather that of jealousy and sectarian emulation than that of true and fervid piety; but, in one way or other, 'Christ is preached,' and therein she rejoices, 'yea, and will rejoice.'

And this leads us to remark that, looking at this relation of the spiritual element of Methodism to the interests of Christianity in all sections, the movement thus designated is necessarily liberal and catholic, and its true spirit is necessarily friendly and fraternal. We trust we do not write in the spirit of boasting, when we express the conviction that this spirit was more fully exemplified by John Wesley

than by any other of the Methodist leaders, and that it has been more fully embodied in the economy and institutions of that form of the great revival which bears his name than any other. In no existing community is there a greater tolerance of theological or ecclesiastical opinion, provided the essentials of Divine truth be held and the law of purity and love be obeyed, than among the Wesleyan Methodists. And the attitude of that body towards the other denominations has exemplified the catholic spirit which is essential to its spiritual work. Where is the Church which it has robbed? Where are the theological or ecclesiastical controversies which it has sought to aggravate, or of which it has taken selfish advantage? It has often been torn with intestine strife, as well as assailed by external division. We will not say what treatment it has again and again received in such circumstances from quarters whence it had a right to expect better things. In what instance, when the hour of their weakness and trial has come, has it retaliated? At the present time, there is not a denomination in the land which does not count among its ablest ministers and its most zealous and generous laymen, men who acquired their knowledge of theology, their views of saving truth, and their Christian spirit, from its teaching. It has seen some of its best sons pass away to the Church of England or to Dissenting bodies without grudging or complaint, and has given them its hearty benediction. It has steadfastly refused, in the same spirit, to lend itself to either side in those politico-ecclesiastical contentions which have embittered so painfully the religious life of England for thirty years past, and it has been abused and buffeted for its forbearance by both. But, if it truly understands its mission, it will pursue the same course of friendly and dignified neutrality, will refuse to come down from its great work to meddle with questions which do not minister to godly edifying, and will keep its great founder's rule—first 'to do no harm, to avoid evil in every kind;' and secondly, 'to do good of every possible sort, and as far as possible to all men.'

It is not uncommon to find some gentlemen of the press writing contemptuously of the relations of Methodism to literature and education. Indeed, with a large class of such persons Methodism and ignorance are convertible terms. It cannot be expected that merely secular *literati* should appreciate religious literature, or assign it any but a low place and function. We have often wondered, however, to find the charge uttered as a reproach by reverend dignitaries, and other Chris-

tian ministers whose learned leisure is greatly in excess of the demands of their ministerial and pastoral work. It may be freely admitted that the ranks of the Methodist ministry have not furnished a number of great authors equal to that supplied by some other clerical bodies. But the chief reason of this is, that with Wesleyan ministers there is absolutely no such thing as learned leisure. Their system claims the whole man through his entire career for its spiritual work and service. The only wonder is that so many and such valuable contributions to sacred learning have emanated from a body of clergy emphatically so busy and active.

But, whatever be the case with Wesley's sons, there is no doubt about the value of his own labours in this direction. Dr. Stevens and Dr. Smith put this fact clearly and fully before us, and completely establish his claim to be in advance of his own age, and in a great degree of ours too, as an educational and literary reformer. The establishment of Kingswood School, designed at first for the children of the colliers,—at the very commencement of his itinerant labours; and of the Orphan House at Newcastle, and the Foundry schools in London; his hearty co-operation in the Sunday-school movement; his suggestion, at the first Conference, of a 'Seminary for Labourers;' were the germs of those noble institutions for popular, professional, and ministerial education, which reflect so much honour on the Methodism of our own time, in England, and still more in the United States of America. He was incomparably the greatest tract writer of his day, and his preachers were the precursors of our modern tract distributors. Dr. Stevens sharply but deservedly rebukes the historian of the Religious Tract Society for making no allusion to the man who preceded it in its own walk by half a century. His reproof is worthy of a place here. He says,—

'An omission so unfortunate for the honour, not to say honesty, of our common Christianity, must be regarded by candid men, of whatever party, as the more surprising and reprehensible when it is remembered that John Wesley not only led the way in the writing and circulation of religious tracts, but really formed the first Tract Society of the Protestant world, seventeen years before the origin of the "Religious Tract Society" of London.'—*Stevens*, vol. i., pp. 491, 492.

And again, in a note,—

'Its utter disregard of the connexion of the Wesleyans with tract literature and labours, while it attempts an impartial history of the subject, is one of the most extraordinary violations of historical

fidelity and literary honour, not to speak of Christian courtesy, to be found among the curiosities of literature.'—*Ibid.*

It is a fact that Wesley and Coke did found a 'Society for the Distribution of religious Tracts among the Poor,' in 1782. And it is also true, as Dr. Stevens reminds us, that he anticipated the modern system of colportage by the use of the services of his preachers to sell the numerous publications, original and compiled, which issued from his press. Few Methodists of the present day have any personal remembrance of those wonderful 'saddlebags,' whose capacious depths, down to a period far within the present century, were stored with all manner of wholesome literary wares to be disposed of, and at a cheap rate too, to expectant farmers, and other rustics, with whom the preacher's 'round' brought him periodically into contact. One such pair of saddlebags, brown with age and mildewed with long disuse, looms up from the abysses of our own earliest recollections, and brings with it touching remembrances of the noble and honoured man who owned it, and than whom Methodism has never possessed a more loyal son.

The founder of Methodism was himself either the author or compiler of most of those works which were thus sown broadcast over the land by his preachers. As Dr. Smith reminds us, the circumstances of his own religious life,—the want, so bitterly remembered afterwards, of sound evangelical theology for his personal guidance during his student career at Oxford, and the fact of his obligation to the oral teaching of Peter Böhler for instruction in the method of salvation,—profoundly affected him; and his first care was to provide for others what would have been so great a boon to himself,—a body of sound evangelical divinity, bearing directly and emphatically upon men's personal relations to God. Hence sprang the Sermons, on which no eulogium is needed here, but which every man of taste must admit to be, for their clearness, simplicity, and fulness; models of popular discourse. His *Notes on the New Testament* embody the results of extensive critical and theological research, based upon the valuable *Gnomon* of Bengel. It is a most suggestive commentary, and is eminently calculated to make its readers *thinkers*. Of his Journals Dr. Stevens very justly and appropriately says,—

'Wesley's Journals are the most entertaining productions of his pen. They are the history of the man and of his cause. They appeared at irregular intervals in twenty parts, and record with singular conciseness, yet with minuteness, his personal life from his departure from Georgia, in 1735, to the autumn before his death, in

1790.* They have afforded the most important materials of our pages. Besides their historical value, they are replete with curious incidents, criticisms of books, theological and philosophical speculations, and references to contemporary men and events. For more than half a century they keep us not only weekly but almost daily in the company of the great man, in his travels, his studies, and his public labours.—*Stevens*, vol. ii., p. 505.

These Journals as printed are extremely copious; but they are, in many instances, a mere abstract of Wesley's manuscript Journals. Dr. Smith gives us a copy of some portion of the latter taken by one of the early preachers. The published abstract occupies some five lines in Dr. Smith's work, whereas the original entry covers more than a page; and, judging from a comparison of these two passages, one of Wesley's chief motives for the abridgment must have been to avoid any appearance of exaggeration, especially as to those facts which redounded most to his own credit, or were most indicative of the respect in which he was generally held.

His own miscellaneous writings, to some of which we have already briefly referred, were 'surprisingly numerous;' and besides these, Dr. Smith gives us a list of one hundred and nineteen works revised and abridged by his own hand from various authors. They relate to a great variety of subjects. Some of them are elaborate treatises on Doctrinal, Experimental, or Practical Divinity; some of them are biographies of eminent Christians; some are scientific; others constitute an educational series, ranging from Lessons for Children up to selected passages from the higher Latin Classics,—in addition to which he himself prepared and published several Grammars and other educational works; some of them embrace several volumes; and his *Christian Library*, designed especially for theological students, 'consisting of Extracts from, and Abridgments of, the choicest Pieces of Practical Divinity which have been published in the English Tongue,' extended to fifty volumes. The publication of this very valuable series entailed upon him a loss of about £100. In addition to this, he published, in connexion with his brother Charles, no fewer than fifty-two poetical works, the majority of them chiefly composed by his brother, and intended for devotional use in the family, in the social means of grace, or in public worship. No notice of the Wesleyan literature would be complete without a reference to its Psalmody. The best commentary upon Charles Wesley's Hymns is the

* That is to say, the record extends to the autumn of 1790. Our author's way of putting it implies that he died in 1790; but that event took place, March 2nd, 1791.

reverence in which they are held at this day by more than ten millions of people, who use them as the vehicle of their praises, who find in them the fittest language in which to express the phenomena of their religious consciousness, and who derive comfort and instruction from them in a degree only inferior to what they find in the Bible itself. Indeed, there are tens of thousands whose only commentary on the Scriptures is the Wesleyan Hymn-Book; and it would not be easy to find a better. In the homes of the poor, these hymns have lightened toil, and gilded penury; they have cheered the hearts of hundreds of weavers and mill-workers as they plied their tasks in our hives of industry; they have echoed far below the earth's surface in the gloomy 'levels' of the mines of Cornwall, Gloucestershire, Staffordshire, and Northumberland; they have brought consolation to tens of thousands of sick beds; and in countless instances they have mingled with still higher music in the ears of dying saints. In the presence of such facts we have little heart to criticize their literary merits, or to compare them with other productions. The following observations on their metrical excellencies may, however, suitably close our brief notice:—

'The whole soul of Charles Wesley was imbued with poetic genius. His thoughts seemed to bask and revel in rhythm. The variety of his metres (said to be unequalled by any English writer whatever) shows how impulsive were his poetic emotions, and how wonderful his facility in their spontaneous and varied utterance. In the Wesleyan Hymn-Book alone they amount to at least twenty-six, and others are found in his other productions. They march at times like lengthened processions with solemn grandeur; they sweep at times like chariots of fire through the heavens; they are broken like the sobe of grief at the graveside, play like the joyful affections of childhood at the hearth, or shout like victors in the fray of the battle-field.'—*Stevens*, vol. ii., p. 497.

We have not space to enlarge further on the subject of Wesleyan literature, except to say that Wesley early foresaw the existence, and understood the importance, of periodical literature. This was proved by his *Arminian Magazine*; and, excellent as is the *Wesleyan-Methodist Magazine* which has succeeded to it, it would be hard indeed for any religious periodical to surpass in interest and usefulness those grey old pages with their quaint vignettes, specifying the age or rather the youth of some 'preacher of the Gospel,' who, but for such specification, might pass for his own grandfather;—with their beautiful and edifying biographies, their masterly theology, and their rich and graphic stories of 'The Providence of God asserted.'

In bringing this imperfect notice of 'Methodism in the Eighteenth Century' to a close, we must finally offer some remarks on the polity and economy of Wesleyan Methodism as bequeathed by Wesley to his people, and as modified by his immediate successors at the very close of the century. Both our authors remind us that the general economy of Methodism was not the result of any pre-arranged plan, and still less meant to embody any abstract ecclesiastical principles. In this, as in all other respects, Methodism is the child of Providence; and its economy, viewed historically, is a system of 'expedients,'—using that word in no improper sense,—to meet emergencies which from time to time arose out of its progress and success. To the eye of the mere ecclesiastical legislator this will no doubt appear a serious deformity; but a careful consideration of the details of the Methodist system impresses us very differently. We believe that Wesley was providentially led, without any forethought beyond what was necessary to meet particular occasions in the best and most scriptural way, to institute an economy which fully embodies the 'church principles' of the New Testament. We care little for forms and terms. Hooker long since unanswerably disproved the Divine right of any particular *form* of church order. But we repeat the conviction that the *principles* of the New Testament order are fully embodied in Methodism. The connexional principle, by virtue of which its Societies are formally as well as substantially one all over the world; the principle of ministerial and pastoral oversight, both as between each other, and as over the flock of which the Holy Ghost hath made them overseers; the combination of Presbyterian equality and co-ordination with the modified Episcopacy implied in its system of superintendency; the itinerancy, which has made it an almost perfect evangelizing organization; the scale on which it consecrates and employs lay agency,—in preaching, in varied auxiliary spiritual labours, and in the entire conduct of its financial departments; the provision for periodical and systematic communion among its members,—are all instances of what we mean in both respects. Every one of these things arose out of circumstances, and would be called by mere secular critics the offspring of chance. But every one of them exhibits a marked correspondence with some peculiarity of Apostolic Christianity; and the history of their adoption shows the hand of God preparing for this great spiritual work a suitable and adequate instrumentality. Dr. Stevens has shown with what signal felicity most of the peculiarities of Methodism adapt it for the spiritual needs of new, vast, and thinly-settled countries: and, looking to its success and almost

supremacy in the United States, and in the British colonies of North America and Australia, we cannot withhold our conviction that it was providentially called into being just at the beginning of the great emigrations of the Anglo-Saxon race, not merely or chiefly 'to revive scriptural holiness throughout the *land*,' as its founder said, but to travel with the race among whom it took its rise, that wherever God should 'enlarge Japhet,' his tents might be gladdened with the light of the Gospel.

We need not say that each of the peculiarities named above as characteristic of Wesleyan Methodism has been the subject of much unfriendly criticism; and that efforts of various kinds have been from time to time made to remove or modify them. The itinerancy, for instance, is full of inconvenience and discomfort to the ministry. And it has been plausibly argued that, while it is an undoubted source of evangelizing strength, it is also an element of pastoral weakness. We do not say that there is nothing worthy of consideration in these objections; but we do say, looking at the past efficiency of this arrangement, that he would be a bold man who should attempt seriously to change it. Not to mention the hostility which the 'class-meeting' has excited, the principle of ministerial and pastoral government has been exposed to more formidable attack than perhaps any other. It cannot be denied that the Wesleyan scheme of church order is intensely conservative. The last century closed with two coincident and fearful convulsions. The throes of the first French Revolution affected all English society, and were felt in every department of Church and State; and Methodism especially was assailed by the democracy of the times. Twice, at least, in the present century—and in both cases, be it observed, immediately after the triumph of political democracy—has the same kind of attack been encountered. On all these occasions, the settled and time-honoured institutions of our fatherland were placed in imminent peril. Had Wesleyan Methodism at any of these junctures either sided with the democracy or given way before it, it is impossible to say what consequences might not have followed, what sacred landmarks might not have been swept away. We had intended to go somewhat at length into the history of the first of those great struggles to which these remarks apply. But two considerations hinder. We fear that we have already exceeded our assigned and reasonable limits; and we are also unwilling to revive buried controversies, or to challenge names and reputations which are held in the most profound and sincere veneration by other branches of the

manifold family claiming John Wesley as their common father. The history of these stormy times is written, and written well, in the volumes before us. Dr. Stevens, though a sincere and ardent republican, has no sympathy with the infidel democracy which culminated in the French Revolution, and waged destructive war with everything sacred and venerable in the eyes of God or man, and which, but for Methodism, as he shows, would have probably enacted on our shores the bloody tragedies of Paris and the French provinces. He has written his account of the sacramental controversies, of the trial and expulsion of Alexander Kilham, and of the settlement of 1795 and 1797, with true appreciation of the difficulties of our Methodist fathers in those years of crisis and peril. But we must, in justice, say that the only full and faithful history of that time is that given in Dr. Smith's second volume. He has devoted his fourth book, containing nearly two hundred pages, to the separate discussion of 'The Development and Consolidation of Wesleyan Methodist Polity.' He has handled this delicate and difficult subject with caution, judgment, and charity. Into the details of his argument, or even the facts which constitute its basis, we have not now space or time to enter. We trust, however, at an early opportunity, to present to our readers some notices of Methodism in the present century. To those notices no more suitable introduction can be found than this exhaustive work of Dr. Smith.

In the meantime, let us commend the renewed and closer study of this great chapter in church history to all who may read these pages; and let us assure them that they cannot possibly have better guides than the two excellent histories which have suggested this Article. Dr. Stevens is one of the leaders of that great body which most truly represents the mind of John Wesley on the American continent. He did invaluable service years ago by his deeply interesting history of Methodism in New England, and we shall look with anxiety for that enlarged and elaborate history of American Methodism which he has promised us. Our Wesleyan readers will be especially benefited by carefully perusing his chapters on the history of Calvinistic Methodism; and all will be entertained by the pictorial interest, and instructed by the wise philosophy, of his volumes. Of our own fellow-countryman, Dr. Smith, we find it harder to speak, because he is one of ourselves. The religious world generally owes him an immense debt for the accessions to its knowledge of religious history which have

proceeded from his pen. And the present volumes are worthy of his fame. They have already met with a cordial approval from critics to whom anything about Methodism is generally a bugbear; they have made his name a household word in the homes of British Methodism; and they will be hereafter quoted as supplying the most complete and trustworthy history of Wesleyan Methodism, both in its more general features, and in those great and critical struggles which have been overruled to determine its form, to define its individuality, and to extend and perpetuate its influence.

- ART. VI.—1. *Chronicles of Carlingford*. Three Vols. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood and Son.
 2. *The Curate of Holy Cross*. London: Masters. 1857.

THERE are few things less calculated to instruct the intellect or enlarge the heart than the perusal of religious novels, especially if they belong to the controversial class. Exceptions, undoubtedly, there are, but they are extremely rare. Between ourselves and Miss Sewell or Miss Yonge, for instance, there are very few points of sympathy. Their theology is not ours; their ideas as to the spiritual life are, in our view, eminently defective, where they are not positively mischievous; they are wedded to a party whose advances we cannot but regard with anxiety; and we fear that the influence of their works is to foster superstitious notions about the priesthood and the sacraments, most contrary to the ‘simplicity that is in Christ.’ Still we cannot fail to recognise the devout and earnest spirit by which they are pervaded, and to admire that absence of bitterness and malignity by which their books are distinguished above most works of their order. They are narrow, in some measure bigoted; but they are not baptized in the spirit of malice and uncharitableness. They do not understand their opponents, and therefore often do them injustice; but they do not revile them. They are more anxious to glorify the Church than to assail the ‘sects,’ to paint a faultless rector than a peccant Dissenting parson; their righteous abhorrence of Dissent, which they regard as synonymous with schism, does not betray itself in angry words or railing accusations; and though there is much in their writings to provoke a laugh, or even to cause transient annoyance, there is rarely anything to produce a feeling of serious irritation.

Unfortunately, few works of religious fiction deserve even

the qualified praise we have pronounced on those already named. We might complain of their great literary defects—of plots utterly without point or interest, and made up of incidents whose outrageous improbability is only equalled by the tawdry or flaccid style in which they are told—of characters that bear no resemblance to any beings that ever have lived, or are ever likely to live in this world—of dreary conversations, that consist rather of a series of small lectures, in defence of the particular tenets the writer desires to promulgate—of the wretched mangling of the Queen's English, and the attempt to substitute for it a kind of new dialect, whose chief feature is the predominance of cant phrases. These are grave evils; but they are not those which we esteem most serious. Possibly they are but the result and reflection of the ethical mistakes, which we regard as much more mischievous.

We are not disposed to be too severe on the writer of a polemic novel. Of course he means to give prominence to his principles, and to crown the men of his own party with honour. This is the very end for which he writes, and we are quite content that he should employ all his talent to secure it. Equally of course we may anticipate that he will give highly-coloured representations of those against whose errors his book is directed; and to this, also, we feel we have no right to object. A little keen satire, if free from a taint of malignity, will not do a man or his principles any harm. There are, indeed, some things too sacred to be subjected to its lash, and a wise man will always be careful how he employs ridicule in relation to the religious opinions, feelings, and practices of others. Still it is a good thing to be able to 'see ourselves as others see us : '—there are conventional forms and notions which grow up in connexion with all religious sects and institutions, whose absurdity or incongruity or error appears only to an outside observer; and it is really an advantage to those who cling to these, that their true character and effect should be pointed out. It is necessary that great caution should be employed in doing this, not only because of the peculiar susceptibility displayed by most men on these very points, but still more from the danger 'lest while we gather up the tares we root up the wheat also with them.' Perhaps fiction presents the greatest facilities for doing the work, and, if they be well used, the effect may be happy. But to do this requires high intelligence and genuine breadth of sentiment; and these are the very attributes which religious novelists rarely possess.

Nothing is more sure than that every error which has gained any hold, has in connexion with it some admixture of truth.

The old proverb which tells us that 'a lie has no legs' is strictly true. Error cannot stand alone, however earnest the efforts made to give it stability and strength:—it lives only in virtue of some truth with which it is blended, and of which, probably, it is the perversion and caricature. No human creed is so perfect that there is not in it some mistake or falsehood; none so thoroughly bad that it has lost every vestige of truth. Much as we dislike the whole spirit and tendency of Tractarianism, we cannot deny that it has unveiled some truths which had been forgotten, and enforced some duties that are often neglected. The æsthetic side of religion, which it has carried to excess, has its interest and value. It rests too much on forms; but its teachings on the subject would have had less weight if there had not been a previous tendency to undervalue their significance and influence. It defers absurdly to antiquity; but this extreme is a reaction from an excessive independence and love of novelty, which would set at nought all the wisdom gathered from the experience of centuries. So, also, strongly as we are opposed to neologian speculations, we are constrained to admit that the labours of many of this school in Biblical criticism are an example and reproach to more orthodox divines, and that, though in their efforts to bring out the human element in the Bible they have gone very far towards ignoring the Divine teaching, they have yet pointed out a vein of truth that others would do well to work in a different spirit and with other aims. The same law holds good everywhere. Churchmen and Dissenters, Arminians and Calvinists, High Church and Low Church, Radicals and Tories, may be perfectly sure that their wholesale denunciations of each other are a mistake, from whatever side they may be viewed. They are neither true nor politic, philosophic nor Christian, sound in principle nor correct in fact.

In writing thus, we have no sympathy with the mawkish charity or dangerous latitudinarianism of those who would have us believe that all creeds are alike, and that it matters not to what sect a man may belong. We believe that there is a standard of absolute truth, after which we should all earnestly seek; but we urge this effort to separate even the single grain of gold that may be found in a system of error from the dross with which it is mingled, as essential to success in the search; and we hold that fidelity to conscience, even in points felt to be of secondary moment, is imperatively required of every Christian man. What we desire is, that different parties should seek to understand each other, and should be at least as willing to recognise the true and good as to expose the

falsehood and evil in antagonistic creeds and sects. The man who should employ fiction as a means of aiding the growth of this better state of feeling,—who should state his opponent's principles candidly and rebut them fairly,—who should at once frankly confess that piety finds a home in every party, and that, strange and anomalous as it may seem, some of the fairest graces of Christian life are sometimes seen in association with doctrinal and, still more, ecclesiastical error,—the man who should thus labour to conciliate the attention of opponents and, at the same time, to rebuke and correct the one-sidedness of his own friends, would, indeed, render valuable service.

Unhappily it is the very opposite of all this that we see in fictions written to serve polemic purposes. The authors, generally, are vehement partisans, who see nothing but beauty, goodness, and truth within the narrow pale of their own section, while beyond is a world lying in wickedness. Their sketches of opponents are only absurd caricatures, which can answer no purpose save to irritate those who are thus depicted, and to confirm the conceit and uncharitableness of those who, in their own ignorance or prejudice, accept them as portraits true to life. If we desire to see how sectarian zeal can stifle every sentiment of Christian charity, warp the understanding, and narrow the heart, we must read our 'religious' novels, and with them some of our so-called 'religious' newspapers. No party is free from blame in this matter. The tone of religious novels is, we fear, only an index of the state of feeling that is too prevalent in all sections; and those who are sensible of the mischief it causes cannot too earnestly seek its removal.

The authors of the works in question are generally members of the Established Church, and devote themselves more to attacks on the parties within than on the Dissenters. It is only very casually that the latter are introduced, and never, of course, in a complimentary way; in fact, one of the greatest sins which the clergy can commit in the eyes of these writers is the manifestation of a friendly spirit towards Methodists or Dissenters. Readers ignorant of the facts would little suspect how much of the religious instruction of the nation comes from these despised sectaries, and how much even of her own position and influence the Establishment owes to the zeal with which they inspired and the example by which they have stimulated her. They can well afford to endure the sneers so lavishly directed against them, while conscious that their position has, in many cases, been forced upon them by a policy as unjust in principle as it is mischievous in practice, and that in it they have sought

to do some service to their common country and common Christianity.

To those outside their pale who care for the interests of vital godliness, it is more sad to see the temper cherished by these rival parties towards each other than even that with which they are regarded themselves. The general caste of characters and incidents in the novels is so similar, that any one will serve as a sample of the rest. In those of the 'High-Church' class we have a simple-minded, hard-working, self-sacrificing clergyman, of commanding appearance, who comes crowned with high collegiate honours, to devote himself to the work of a country parish. His eminent qualities are set off to great advantage by some vulgar, snobbish, ill-formed Evangelical clergyman, probably a native of the sister isle with 'a fine rich brogue of his own,'—the very counterpart of what Arnold describes as a 'good Christian with a low understanding, a bad education, and ignorance of the world,' only that in these portraits all the brighter colours are omitted. The religion is a hollow hypocrisy, and there is, at least, sufficient knowledge of the world for the man to use it as an instrument for his own advancement. Very great is the contrast between these two rival clergymen, as they are limned by the High-Church artist. The 'Evangelical' is remarkable only for cant, ignorance, and conceit: if a rector, he snubs his curate; if a curate, he toadies to his rector in his presence, and behind his back mourns unctuously over his defective piety,—he preaches sermons with more sound than sense, and waits in his vestry to receive the fulsome praises of hearers sillier than himself,—the work of his parish is left undone, while he seeks a temporary popularity by figuring on platforms, where he pleads the cause of Jews or Hottentots,—he attempts to conciliate Dissent, and succeeds only in ministering to its growth,—his course is thus one of pretension, if not hypocrisy, and it is well if it is not closed by some flagrant breach of the common laws of morality. On the other hand, the model clergyman is all purity, beauty, and strength, never forgetting the high character which he bears as a 'priest,' and ready for any duty it entails, the more painful, in fact, and humiliating the better. His great aim is to exalt 'the Church' and obey her rubric even in the minutest particulars; and, in consequence of this, he is at first exposed to misrepresentation, and charged with being a Papistical innovator; but the loveliness of his spirit, the eloquence of his sermons, and the abundance of his works of charity, disarm all opposition. So far from having sympathies with Romanism, it is soon found that it is he and

his *confères* who are raising the most formidable barriers to its progress ; in short, he is a paragon of goodness, whose work is the best testimony to his worth. It is his, to bring order out of the chaos left by Evangelical mismanagement ; to reclaim Dissenters, to fill his church, restored to its proper beauty, with attentive worshippers ; and, finally, to die in the odour of sanctity, or to receive an earthly reward in the hand of some fair damsel of high connexions, transcendent beauty, and spirit congenial to his own, whose piety is of the angelic type, and whose love to him passes even that of women.

The 'Evangelical' story gives us the reverse of all this. There the Puseyite curate is the *bête noir*. His sly, sinister look, his subtle and insinuating manner, his 'M. B.' waistcoat, his countless fripperies and fopperies in his own dress and in the ritual of the Church, proclaim his true character. It is his pleasure to outrage all true Protestant feeling, and depart, as far as possible, from the doctrines and practices that bear on them the Protestant stamp. Step by step he stealthily advances, and his end is generally the Church of Rome, whither, alas, he conducts many of his deluded victims, especially the much-believing and simple women. The task of the sound Protestant who has to contend against all this craft is not easy ; but, of course, there is generally found some one of superior piety and approved Evangelical principles who is able to do it, and the result is not so bad as might have been anticipated.

These are types of numberless books of the kind. We have taken the trouble of going through one from each of the three great parties, and we find it hard to decide which we ought to charge as most guilty of one-sidedness, misrepresentation, and malignity—for, in truth, it amounts to nothing less. The *Curate of Overton* consists of three volumes, devoted to an exposure of Puseyite devices and their consequences. There is in it more of plot than in most books of its order ; but it is of the most wild and improbable character. Indeed, Mrs. Radcliffe must have been the writer's model, and the idea must have been to give a spiritual version of some of her once fashionable novels. The hero, a disguised Jesuit who has contrived to enter the Anglican Church, and has been intrusted with the temporary care of a parish, is a very faint and feeble copy of the monk in *The Italian* who, in our boyish days, used to awe us by his mingled craft and wickedness ; and the incidents in the convents remind us of nothing so much as some of the half-forgotten scenes in the *Mysteries of Udolpho*. The heroine is separated from an attached lover by the wicked arts of a

designing priest, who wins confidence as an Anglican clergyman and by his professed zeal for the restoration of true Church practices; she is then spirited away from her friends and secreted first in an English and then in a foreign convent, where every art is employed to make her take the irrevocable vows, a fate from which she is saved at the last hour by the interposition of another young girl, who had fallen under the arts of the same priest, and who discloses the secrets of the prison-house;—and, finally, after repeated summonings before cardinals and priests, and the endurance of much torture, she is rescued in a miraculous way, and happily married to her former lover. All this affords opportunity for much exciting adventure, and the author has sought to improve the occasion to the best advantage. But to all sensible people, the effect is only disgusting. However determined they may be in opposition to Tractarianism, and however conscious of the dangerous tendency of much of its teaching, they do not believe that the Anglican is generally or frequently a concealed Papist, or that the evil to be dreaded is that families of high standing will have to mourn over daughters stolen from them. But it is to be feared lest men, who believe and proclaim themselves the true sons of the English Church, should leaven the minds of the unwary with principles that lead surely on to Rome. It is with these cases that the polemic should deal, showing how, even where there is purity of motive and consistency of character, this must be the result of the inculcation of notions and the adoption of practices such as find favour with the incumbent of Claydon and the brothers of the order of St. Benedict. To show how opposed all this is to the true spirit of the Protestant Establishment—to meet the objector on his own ground, and confute him by appeals to history—to rescue Protestant doctrine from the misrepresentation of these men, and substitute a true picture for their caricature,—to exhibit in a lifelike story the tendency of priestly and sacramental theories,—is a worthy task; and he who will fairly grapple with these points, whether in works of fiction or those of graver character, will do a work that can never be accomplished by him who has nothing to oppose to the specious representations and sophistical arguments of his opponents in this controversy but a panic-stricken cry of ‘No Popery.’

How dangerous the principles, and how subtle the pleadings, of these men, may be seen from the study of some of their tales. Sometimes they fall into the error of their adversaries, and give themselves to personal attacks. A great outcry was raised by some of the party a short time ago against Mr. Mudie

for the exclusion of *Miriam May* from his shelves. We have not read the book in question ; but its companion work, *Crispin Ken*, fully satisfies us as to the qualities of the writer, and not only convinces us that Mr. Mudie was right, but that, if the party desire to advance their own cause, they will consign such books as speedily as possible to a merited oblivion. *Crispin Ken* is a curate of the most approved class in a wild parish in Cumberland, whose path is crossed by the magnate of the village, an evangelical layman of the first water. This man is the principal figure ; and a sufficiently repulsive one he is—figuring at all evangelical gatherings, and receiving honour as the very chief of the saints, while all the time his life is one foul and loathsome hypocrisy. Of course there have been such men ; but it is singular that authors do not perceive that a party made up of such characters could have no weight or standing, and that principles, whose invariable or frequent tendency is to produce such monsters of iniquity, must perish of their own falsehood and wickedness. We do not deny that there are errors in some of the proceedings of a section which nevertheless embraces in it so much of genuine piety, and which was certainly the first to rouse the Establishment to a sense of its great work both at home and abroad. We fear that there has been a disposition to undervalue sound learning in its ministers, and that these sometimes neglect Christian ethics in their teaching. No doubt they have weaknesses which may fairly be satirised,—but the attempt to hold up a gambler, forger, and murderer, as the type of their leaders is as absurd as it is wicked. Of the wretched taste, the slovenly style, the feeble conception of the whole, we do not care to speak at length. The book, in all literary respects, is purely contemptible ; and morally, it is vile.

This, in fact, is not the class of books that is really dangerous. Much more corrupting in its influence is a little book, issuing from Masters's celebrated establishment, entitled *The Curate of Holy Cross*. It partakes more of the positive than the negative class ; and in it no effort is spared to bring out the distinctive principles of Tractarianism in the form most likely to attract and to support them, by a style of reasoning and illustration the most fitted to mislead. If our readers would know on what this movement rests, and whither it tends, they cannot do better than read this work, and with it one or two of the tracts issued by the same publishers. We are the more desirous to point out here some characteristics of this teaching, because of the audacity displayed in recent proceedings at Claydon, and because, as we observed in a previous

article, various circumstances have combined to give the party a more prominent position and increased influence. Many ignorantly fancy that the sole difference between them and other Protestants (if, indeed, it be right still to give them the name) relates to a few minute points of dress and the like. They fail to see that all these are significant of some principle of far greater importance. The grand distinction is expressed in this volume with tolerable honesty.

"Mr. Markham," said Ethel, "do tell us! When we began talking you said that the forms about which so much cry was now made were not the material difference between the High and Low Church parties, did you not? If so, what is the material difference?"

"The material difference consists in these two words—'*sacramental* and *unsacramental*,'—the taking and using the sacraments in the pure uncontrovertible meaning in which our Saviour Christ gave them, and that of considering them as a mere institution, badge, or memorial. The High Church does the first, the Low Church the second."

"I want to ask this, too," said Jane, with a look of triumph, "do you not believe in the real presence?"

"Of course I do, and so does your father, I am certain, however carelessly he may speak or think. But, Miss Turnbull, like the folk who listen to a cry of which I spoke some short time back, you are only frightened at an expression. The doctrine of the real presence is not transubstantiation."

Jane felt herself getting out of her depth, and she thought of last night; so she held her tongue. After a pause, Mrs. Wreford said, "I fully believe in Christ's presence among us whenever we are gathered together in His name, and more, whenever we keep His commandments, as He promised it should be; and, therefore, there can be no difficulty in believing it at the celebration of the Holy Communion; but," she said more gravely, "in what way do you speak of it now? The bread and the wine are but figures."

"Our Lord's words were, 'This is My body, this is My blood.' Who dare say, This is not His body, but a figure of His body only?" said Markham.

Mrs. Wreford looked very uneasy. "Then you believe the elements to change?"

"I do not say so, but simply this. *In faith I see Christ really present under the species of the bread and wine. I do not comprehend the manner of how it is so; but in faith I see Him present, and adore that presence. I do not question, I do not presume to define the manner of that presence; the mystery of it I have no business with, except to bless it in worship and thanksgiving; but I see it therein by faith.*"

Comment on this would be superfluous. It has the merit,

at least, of bringing out the question, and letting us plainly understand the seriousness of the issue. Chasubles, albs, white-robed choristers and their tinkling bells, stone altars and candles on them, are all of secondary importance to this grand difference; in fact, they are only questions arising out of it. It may be quite true that the rector of Claydon is, as this book would have us believe, only 'claiming the restoration of things which were in use in the Church of England in the second year of Edward VI.,' things not inconsistent with our present Prayer Book; but such a plea will avail little if these restorations are intended to throw a deeper sanctity around the priesthood and the sacraments, and so prepare the way for the acceptance of a system by which, despite all the deference paid to the outward symbol, the cross of Christ is made of none effect. The popular instinct is right when it protests against such 'restorations,' even though unable fully to comprehend their significance; and controversies that might appear to spring out of childish questions become of moment when such interests are at stake. The spirit of the book is in full harmony with the extract given. The devout and earnest clergyman has the misfortune to fall in love with one of those models of angelic purity and devotion who are trained only by such men, and she reciprocates his affection. They are married; but their idolatry of each other is punished by the premature death of both. The writer evidently favours a celibate clergy. We need not stop to point out how much more dangerous to young minds are views insinuated in this way than views set forth in formal doctrinal treatises. As to their tendency we think there can be little doubt, notwithstanding the assertion here that 'of all bodies in the English Church, the Tractarians are most offensive to the Roman Catholics;' and the still stranger (in disproof of which facts can so easily be cited) that a 'still greater number of their (Roman Catholic) proselytes have been made from the ranks of Dissenters' than from those of the High Church.

The 'Broad Church' ought, in virtue of the character to which it aspires, to be entirely free from the charges it brings against others; but we are bound to say, that for vulgar abuse, not to say scurrility, the *Curates of Riversdale*, written from its point of view, can be surpassed by no other. Clever, extremely clever, the book undoubtedly is; its satire is often keen and pungent, and many of its suggestions wise and practical; but these better qualities are marred by a spirit so violent that it seems unable to believe in the existence of goodness among

those to whose views it is opposed. The author, indeed, sees the right, for he gives with approbation the following as the words of Neander to himself:—‘Would to God that we endeavoured individually to search out and admire everything that was good and sound in the pious Christian,—no matter to what Church or denomination he might be known upon earth,—and conceal the ills and scars which he, in common with every Christian soldier, must bear about in his body, having been inflicted by the fiery darts of the evil one.’ Alas! it would seem as though he had profited but little by the counsels of his large-hearted teacher: those views, so wise and so worthy the noble man by whom they were expressed, are systematically neglected. Perhaps they are the principles by which the author would wish to be judged himself; but they are the very opposite of those which he applies to other men. The book is made up of the most disgraceful caricatures of clergymen, the originals of some of whom it is not difficult to recognise—choice *morceaux* of ecclesiastical scandal—old stories hashed up for the purpose of throwing discredit on an obnoxious party. The Evangelicals fare the worst, though the High Church do not wholly escape. At the commencement we are introduced to five Irish curates, whose taste seems to be equally strong for cant and whiskey, who preach stolen sermons, backbite each other, and, nevertheless, despite most disreputable characters, contrive to obtain high standing in their party. A Mr. Jaundice O’Bray, a sad compound of ignorance and villany, is a worse specimen of the same order; and though Mr. Alslop and Mr. Voles Fitznil are more decorous externally, they are equally rotten at the core. Want of learning, insufferable arrogance, low scheming for popularity, incessant craving for adulation, neglect of their proper duties, and hypocritical profession of zeal for the Jews, are among a few of the faults laid to their door. Even bishops are not spared; and two of them, Irish prelates of course, are unmercifully lashed. The whole is a burlesque upon evangelical men and institutions, and this may possibly be pleaded in its defence; but there is too much of reality and fact mingled with it to allow it to be absolutely regarded thus. And if it were, our objection would be stronger. Religious opinions and practices, however erroneous we may esteem the one and however absurd the other, are not fit subjects for ridicule of this sort. A bad taste and worse temper disfigure the work throughout, and altogether rob it of that power for good which might have belonged to a serious and earnest protest against the evils of which it complains. Some blots are hit, and needed to be hit; but it is impossible that the parties cen-

sured can ever be profited, so long as every feeling of their heart is roused against the injustice with which they are assailed. It is hard, perhaps, for us to understand the exact feelings with which strong Churchmen regard the rubrical and other sects of Evangelicals; but we feel sure, at all events, that here the right course is not taken to correct them. We often wonder whether these writers of all sides really expect that their representations of their opponents will be accepted as true. We suppose there must be sentimental young ladies who believe that all evangelical clergymen are Mawworms, and that the highest achievement of piety is to embroider an altar-cloth or adorn a church on Easter morning with festoonings of lilies; and that there are good old maids, who have not lost all the English horror of Popery, who fancy that every curate who wears a coat of priestly cut, intones the prayers, and is zealous for a daily service, is a Jesuit in disguise. But we trust that the number is small, and are sure that intelligent men will turn away in disgust from books that dwarf the intellect and poison the heart.

Salem Chapel is the novel of this order which has recently excited most attention. Its popularity, perhaps, is not more due to its intrinsic merit than to the fact that it is an assault upon a 'sect everywhere spoken against.' High Church and Low Church have their adherents in fashionable circles, where dissent of any form, and particularly Independency, finds no favour. It is the old tale over again,—'Hit him hard, he has no friends,'—and Mrs. Oliphant (for we suppose it may now be assumed that she is the authoress) has not been sparing in her blows. We do not, indeed, mean to impute to her any strong religious antipathy to Dissent; for we search in vain through these volumes for any evidence of deeply-rooted religious conviction. It is not so much that Dissent is unscriptural as that it is unfashionable: it flourishes in a world whose peculiarities may be made entertaining to drawing-room readers; it numbers as its adherents those middle-classes whose vulgarity is so offensive, and whose verdure is so refreshing to more aristocratic students of humanity: and on these accounts, as it would appear, she has selected it as her theme. As might be expected, therefore, she is never spiteful, only bitterly sarcastic. She is content to sting as a mosquito, where others would bite as the adder—she deals in *persiflage* rather than invective, and, even when most provoking, never affords opportunity for righteous indignation. Dissenters will often laugh over her pages as heartily as Churchmen, and, as we shall presently see, may find in them hints which it will be wise for them not to disregard. They can well

afford to smile at the notion that such a writer has at all sounded the depths of their character, or learned the secret of their strength. The book may confirm the prejudices of their enemies; but it will never shake the convictions of any of their adherents, or diminish the power which they wield in the religious and social life of England. If it affords a little amusement to the victims of *ennui*, we hope Dissenters can rejoice in their gratification, especially as they themselves are not hurt; if it should lead any charitably to thank God that they are not as these Dissenters are, we hope they will not care to disturb such self-gratulations; and if it should do more than this,—if it should lead them to self-scrutiny and the remedy of some evils, and if, as the result, some deacons should cease to be coarse, and some parsons no longer aim to be fine, we trust they will be duly grateful to one whose ‘faithful wounds’ have tended to so desirable a consummation.

The tale is one of the *Chronicles of Carlingford*. To the other numbers of the series we shall only refer incidentally, and for the purpose of throwing light upon this. The plot is unnatural and strained, owing to the fact that the authoress is not content altogether to give up the ‘sensation’ line, so much in favour now-a-days. We have no great crime actually committed; but if we have none *in esse*, we have many *in posse*. Seduction, murder, tyranny, are all on the cards, and we may deem ourselves fortunate that we escape without any of them. The hero is a young coxcomb of an Independent minister, fresh from Homerton, full of what he can do and will do. What he might have accomplished at the little chapel we can only conjecture; for he very soon comes to grief through an infatuated love for a Lady Western, the magnate of the place. In the madness of his passion he chafes against his position, and soon learns to feel utter disgust at the poulterers and buttermen who constitute the ruling authorities of ‘Salem.’ His course is further complicated by the flight of his younger sister, enticed away by the lies of one to whom she was betrothed, and who professed to come with her mother’s orders to take her home. This is the tragic side of the story; for subsequent circumstances seem to fix upon her the guilt of murder, and bring on an attack of disease, which for a time robs her of her reason and threatens her life. How the mystery was cleared up, our readers must learn for themselves by reference to the book; where also they will find how the fortunes of the hero prospered at Salem; how Pigeon intrigued against his minister, and Tozer baffled him; how the tea-party was ‘got up,’ and how sadly the tea-drinker was disappointed; and, in short, all

other particulars which they care to know about the life of the morbid, self-seeking, dreamy Vincent who here figures as the type of the modern Independent minister.

There are some literary defects to which we may briefly allude. The grave faults in the general conception of Vincent's character will come out more fully afterwards; at present we only mark that his whole behaviour about Lady Western is that of a man bereft of reason. Perhaps we should be told that love is a temporary madness,—and partially we may admit it even in this case. The old song is not altogether untrue when it tells us,—

‘When love once enters the youthful brain,
Remonstrance is useless, and caution is vain.’

But, while allowing this, we must express our opinion that no sane man could cherish the delusions that led Vincent on to the loss of the confidence of his people. Least of all was this likely in the case of a young minister, moving in a circle from which that to which his enchantress belonged was carefully fenced off. Dissenting ministers have doubtless, like all others, their peculiar foibles and faults; but we never met one of whom we could suppose it possible that he would fancy that a beautiful young widow, belonging to the charmed ranks of the aristocracy, had taken some extraordinary fancy to himself, because, having been thrown into contact with him by circumstances, she had deigned to treat him with civility and even to invite him to a *soirée*, where he met many others, and was distinguished by no special favour. That such an illusion should be indulged at all, seems to us hard to believe; that, once dispelled, it should be revived in all its strength by a simple invitation to dinner, is still more difficult to accept. On other points of improbability we do not care to dwell. Suffice it to say, that the whole ‘sensation’ part of the story is very much overdrawn and entirely unnatural. There may be people who act after the fashion here described; but we have never met them, and have no desire for the introduction. The truth is, the book would be extremely dull were it not for the part devoted to satire upon Dissenters and their institutions: this is fresh and entertaining, and it is this alone which has availed to win it any popularity.

The style is occasionally very affected, and nowhere more so than in the descriptions of Lady Western. ‘She came in with a sweet flutter and rustle of sound, a perfumed air entering with her, as the unsuspected enthusiast thought.’ ‘He had seen her, and, lo! the universe was changed. The air tingled softly with

the sound of prancing horses and rolling wheels, the air breathed an irresistible soft perfume, which could never more die out of it, the air rustled with the silken thrill of those womanly robes.' So are we treated, whenever a 'beatific form' is introduced, until we are perfectly weary of 'the prancing steeds,' and 'the celestial chariot,' and 'the wafted perfumes.' The 'fragrant lymph' may be a very expressive designation of tea, and especially of that which is to be had at tea-parties; but it hardly so commends itself as to make us content that it should supplant the homelier term, and be used whenever occasion arises to refer to the beverage. It may be dulness in us, but we do not see the good taste of continually speaking of the 'young Nonconformist,' the 'unfortunate Nonconformist,' especially in circumstances with which his nonconformity has nothing whatever to do, and where it would be just as fitting to speak of him as 'the young Baconian,' if he were a believer in that philosophy, or the 'unfortunate Allopathist,' supposing him never to have strayed into the heresies of homœopathy. There is an error which our northern friends are rarely able to escape, the confusion of *shall* and *will*. We notice one case here. 'If,' says the anxious and almost heart-broken mother, 'this dreadful news you tell me is true, my child will break her heart, and *I will be* the cause of it.'

There are other errors of a different kind which induce us to think that Mrs. Oliphant has not had much personal knowledge of Independents. They talk, not of the 'Gonnexion,' which is a Methodistic phrase, but of the 'body,' and the 'denomination.' We do not idolize the phrases, but such they are. Then it is, certainly, not the habit of Dissenting ministers, or even of their wives or deacons, to be continually talking about 'the flock.' They must, indeed, be victims of cant who interlard their ordinary conversation with figurative expressions of this sort. Still more improbable is it, that a young man, who had been trained under Homerton influences, and who held the principles avowed and defended by Vincent, would address himself to Mrs. Hilyard as a priest who had some special benediction to bestow upon her. 'Vincent left his mother, and went up to her with a sudden impulse: "I am a priest, let me bless you," said the young man, touching with a compassionate hand the dark head bowing before him.' A very slight knowledge of Dissenting ministers might have saved the writer from introducing an incident so incredible.

The character of Vincent is, altogether, an unpleasing one, and, if it is to be regarded as typical of a class, it is unreal. It could hardly have been the writer's purpose to show the

injustice to which Dissenting ministers are exposed from their congregations, or she would have either found a minister in whom there was more to admire, or a people in whom there was more to condemn. She, doubtless, desired to hold up both to ridicule, the one for selfishness, affectation, and conceit, the other for meanness, coarseness, and insolence, and both for a vulgarity which revealed itself in different forms, but was essentially the same. In attempting to accomplish too much, she seems to us to have failed altogether. She creates too much contempt for Vincent to leave any room for severe censures of the people. It may be, that these same men, who fretted, irritated, and harassed him by their officious meddling with his affairs, their incessant talk about the interests of 'Salem,' and their efforts to exercise a petty and jealous control over his movements, would have been quite as unable to appreciate a man of unsullied spirit, large heart, and sincere consecration to his work; but, at least, it may be urged in their defence, that they were never tried by having such a minister, and that the intellectual coxcomb from 'Omerton' was certainly treated as well as he deserved. From the first, this young man manifests his unfitness for the work he has undertaken. He is always on the stilts of his own dignity, ready to find an affront in every harmless remark, and even to resent acts of kindness as covert insults. He can see the rough but cordial hospitality of the Tozers only on the worst side, and it serves only to irritate him. Poor Phoebe, who is 'so pink and pretty,' cannot bring him the innocent offering of a shape of jelly from her mamma without rousing the demon within him.

'Mr. Vincent turned very red, and looked at the basket as if he would like nothing better than to pitch it into the street; but prudence for once restrained the young man. He bit his lips, and bowed, and went upon his way, without waiting, as she intended he should, to escort Miss Phoebe back again to the paternal shop. Carrying his head higher than usual, and thrilling with offence and indignation, the young pastor made his way along George Street. It was a very trifling circumstance, certainly; but just when an enthusiastic companion writes to you about the advance of the glorious cause, and your own high vocation as a soldier of the cross, and the undoubted fact that the hope of England is in you, to have a shape of jelly, left over from last night's tea party, sent across the street with complacent kindness, for your refreshment! It was trying.'

The fool who could be thus excited by an act of simple, but genuine kindness, was not only unfit for the Christian ministry,

but for all ordinary society. But it is of a piece with his whole demeanour. There is nothing noble about him ; not a single evidence that he appreciated the grandeur of his work, and its claims upon his affection and energy ; not the trace of a motive superior to the meanest selfishness. He will not take the chair at his congregational tea-party, because he prefers to sit apart in solitary pride ; he lectures against a State Church because he is irritated by the neglect of a pretty woman, from whom he had no right to expect any notice whatever ; he preaches with eloquence, but it is from the inspiration of morbid and dis-tempered feelings, and has not the faintest glow of love to Christ or the souls of men. Most absurdly, too, he chafes against the restraints imposed on him by his connexion with Salem,—such restraints as those to which every man who has any work to do in the world must submit, but which appear very hard and ignominious to this grand ‘Omerton’ philosopher. ‘These women’ (he says to his mother, when the difficulties of their position were revealing themselves, and the necessity of a journey to make further inquiries became apparent) ‘outside there and this place remind me that I am not a free man, who can go at once and do his duty. I am in fetters to Salem, mother. Heaven knows when I may get away. Sunday must be provided for first. No natural immediate action is possible.’ Unhappy bondsman ! he had certain duties, such as he ought to have esteemed the most sacred, which he could not throw aside at a moment’s notice ; and this was his grievance. It is hardly to be wondered that the ‘Salem folk’ became a little impatient of the freaks of a genius like this. We are rather surprised that, after all, the faithful Tozer was able to overcome the arts of Pigeon and the opponents of the minister, and to induce the people to offer him a silver salver as a token of their regard, with an increase of salary if he would continue to be their pastor.

Vincent, indeed, is a sorry hero, and the portraiture is not, in our view, effective, in consequence of being too highly coloured. Lady Western is only light, flippant, and gay,—not ill-natured, but very superficial,—conscious of her charms, and, in her eagerness for adulation, stooping to little feminine arts to the effects of which on her victims she was quite indifferent. Mrs. Hilyard, the bitter woman brooding over her wrongs till they have goaded her to madness, and Adelaide Tufton, the cynical invalid who is always pouring out the vials of her scorn and satire on a world from whose scenes she is debarred, are original conceptions, but they are characters for whom it would be hard to cherish a feeling of sympathy. Mrs. Vincent is per-

fect in her own way: her devotion to both her children, and especially her pride in her clever son; her desire that he should be duly appreciated; her anxiety about his standing with his congregation; and the clever finesse she employs to avert the consequences of his absurdities, are all admirably told. We should say that she was the character of the book, were it not for the inimitable deacons and their as inimitable wives. Tozer, Pigeon, and Brown, with their respective wives, are certainly a striking group, and do great credit to the artist's skill. Tozer, the humble buttermilk man, is our favourite in the company. Like the others, he is mean, vulgar, and consequential,—fond of insisting on the importance of 'Salem,' and talking of it and its people as though they were the centre of all the religious movements in the universe,—speaking with a plainness that not unfrequently degenerates into rudeness: but he has native kindness of heart, and there is a dash of chivalry in his nature which does much to redeem his character. The minister felt or fancied him to be a great bore; but he was his truest friend, ready to shield his infirmities, and loyal to him under circumstances of great difficulty. Pigeon is a man of very different spirit, more disposed to stand upon his rights, and, under the pretence of his 'duty' to Salem or 'the connexion,' to cherish the bitterest feelings and do the unkindest acts. He was the thorn in Vincent's side; and yet even he softened towards him when he knew the trial through which he had to pass. Among the wives, Mrs. Tozer is the most pleasant, Mrs. Pigeon the most spiteful, and Mrs. Brown (whose husband is a nonentity) the most entertaining. The scenes in Tozer's back parlour, where 'we never can be took wrong of an evening, Tozer and me; there's always a bit of something comfortable for supper,' are very amusing. Mrs. Brown prides herself more on her piety,—she looks after 'the flock,' is 'a good soul,' (as Mrs. Tozer says,) but 'always a-picking up somebody,'—a lady who 'doesn't like the new fashion of separation like heathens, when all's of one connexion,' and who feels 'that the superior piety of her entertainment entirely made up for any little advantage in point of gentility which Mrs. Tozer, with a grown-up daughter fresh from a boarding-school, might have over her;—she is 'all real and solid; what she says she means, and she doesn't say more than she means.' Mrs. Pigeon is cast in a much coarser mould, and is from the first intent on keeping the minister in his right place. It is hard to say whether the unfortunate young man is most annoyed by Mrs. Tozer's hints about her fair daughter, or Mrs. Pigeon's insulting remarks about ministers as 'them that get their bread

out of me and my husband's hard earnings,' or Mrs. Brown's jealous fears lest Tozer should be preferred to her, who had been a member of Salem five and twenty years.

The painful thing is that there is not a character whose nobleness of purpose and loftiness of principles serves to redeem the sordid meanness by which the rest are characterized. All are of one class: they are not very bad, they do not steal or murder; but they are low and narrow and selfish, distrusting and intriguing against each other, utter strangers to godlike aims and generous impulses. Mrs. Vincent diplomatises; Lady Western flirts; Mrs. Hilyard gives herself up to the dominion of revenge, cruel and remorseless; Adelaide Tufton avenges on the world at large her own afflictions and privations; Mrs. Tozer tries to catch the young minister for her daughter, with the same kind of art that dowagers are said to employ at Almack's and other places of fashionable resort; Mrs. Pigeon avenges her offended dignity by joining in a conspiracy against her minister. Altogether it is a sad tableau, and gives one very mean views of humanity. The better side of these people is never brought out; the writer seems to have the skill of detecting nothing but their weaknesses. Very different is the spirit from that of Mr. Henry Kingsley's new story of *Austin Elliott*, which, in addition to many other excellences and despite some defects, has this merit, that it strives to bring out good points in characters that at first appear mean and unattractive. Surely it is a healthier spirit, and a better lesson for us to learn.

Before any friends of the Establishment give themselves up to revel in the castigation here bestowed upon Dissenters, and to applaud the writer accordingly, we advise them carefully to inquire whither all this satire tends, and what purpose it is intended to serve. If the author dislikes Dissent, we are at a loss to see what she prefers to it, and in fact whether she has any religious convictions at all. We have in these *Chronicles* clergymen and Dissenting ministers of different schools and orders; but we do not find one worthy of reverence and affection. The Dissenters are very clever hits. There is Mr. Tufton, the retired minister, who, having for years pandered to all the fancies of the people, and so succeeded in preserving a certain measure of harmony, fancies himself possessed of great tact; who, though he has been compelled to abandon his position in consequence of physical infirmity, is very reluctant to give the reins, and is forever giving advice, to his successor, and entreating him especially to pay good heed to 'dear Tozer.' His speech at the great church meeting where he

professes to plead on Vincent's behalf, and while doing it continues to inflict on him wounds the more fatal because they seemed to be undesigned, is a gem in its way. Mr. Raffles, the popular preacher from Shoebury, who is the favourite of tea-parties, and who maintains his popularity by his small jokes and judicious flatteries, who before the tea-party examined into all preparations, 'tasted the cake, pricked his fingers with the garlands to the immense delight of the young ladies, and complimented them on their skill with beaming cheerfulness,' is a sketch true to life. Then there is Mr. Beecher, the young student, who comes to supply the place of his friend, and feeds his own vanity with present applauses and future hopes. What a miserable body of men to be ministers of Christ! If there be many such, the wonder is not that Christianity survives the attacks of its enemies, but that it can live on despite the characters of its own preachers.

The hater of Nonconformity may say, 'That is just what we expect Dissenting teachers to be. They are either dreamy would-be philosophers, or poor slaves of arrogant deacons, or mere popularity-hunters.' But the clergymen are no better. We have two or three of them of different schools, but none in whom we find much to admire. There is, first, the Evangelical rector, Mr. Bury, during whose reign the 'Church had been low—profoundly low—lost in the deepest abysses of Evangelicalism,' and every reference to whom is of a disparaging character. Then comes his successor, Mr. Proctor, who is 'neither high nor low, enlightened nor narrow-minded;' he is a Fellow of All Souls', 'and about as fit to command the Channel Fleet as to watch over souls.' He is followed by the fussy, consequential Mr. Morgan, who is equally devoid of anything to recommend him. The Anglican Mr. Wentworth seems to be the greatest favourite; but there does not appear to be much sympathy with his creed. The one beautiful thing about him is his hard work in a benighted district, and this appears to lack the highest motive as its inspiration. Here are all these men bearing the name of Christ, and professing to be ministers of His truth; and we search in vain among them for any manifestation of religious conviction or Christian principle.

It is here that the authoress misjudges Dissenters; she does not seem to comprehend that their ecclesiastical position is the result of fixed opinions as to Christian doctrine or Church polity. Looked at apart from this side of their character, they may be open to all her censures; but had she been able to understand this, she would have found that they and their

doings were not so contemptible as she has painted them. We might have exposed the gross unfairness of her one-sided representations, and have met her by a *tu quoque* argument; but we would rather caution Dissenters against the evil tendencies she has exposed. Let the true position of the ministry be better understood, and let deacons learn to esteem their pastors for their work's sake, abjuring the spirit and aims of Diotrephes. But in order to this, let ministers preserve a temper and life worthy of their high office. An evil day will it be for any denomination when its pastors are mainly of the Vincent school. This is the danger to which Independency is exposed at this moment. Never was there more scholarship or refinement among its ministers than at present; but there is some fear lest these advantages should be gained by the loss of higher qualities. Poor creatures like Vincent, who have no soul for their work, who have just enough learning to make them discontented, but not enough to give them true elevation of soul, will shipwreck themselves and sacrifice the best interests of their people. All churches need a body of earnest, godly men, who do one thing, and are willing to be 'all things to all men,' that so by all means they may 'save some.' No race of scholars or philosophers, whatever their attainments, can be equal to the work of the ministry, unless this be the spirit by which they are moved, and this the end they seek.

ART. VII.—1. *Fish-Culture: a Practical Guide to the Modern System of Breeding and Rearing Fish.* By FRANCIS FRANCIS. London: Routledge.

2. *The Natural History of the Salmon, as ascertained by the Recent Experiments at Stormontfield.* By WILLIAM BROWN. Glasgow: Murray and Son.

THE art of fish-culture has been lost in modern times, though it was carried to great perfection by the ancients, and especially by those wonderful old Romans, who seem to have known everything, and to have succeeded in all they undertook. Their reservoirs were of vast dimensions, requiring no small amount of engineering skill in their construction, and were often excavated out of the solid rock with enormous labour and expense. Every possible attention was paid to the natural habits of the fish, and the reservoirs were adapted to their requirements. They were furnished with rocky, sandy, and shingle bottoms;

with shallow and deep places ; with narrow, branching channels ; with overhanging trees for shelter during the summer heats ; and sometimes with artificial caverns as still cooler retreats. A system of sluices and dams maintained a constant current of water,—in fact, the ingenuity of their ablest men was employed on the system. These tanks were not confined to fresh-water fish, but sea-water was conveyed long distances for the supply of extensive preserves. These latter were divided and subdivided, so that each description of fish might be kept distinct. There were compartments for shell-fish, of which many kinds were eaten that are now neglected. The oyster certainly stood first, but the clam, the mussel, the periwinkle, the white winkle, and even the large whelk, were highly esteemed. When fed on certain artificial preparations, the nature of which is now unknown, they attained a monstrous size, a single shell having been found to hold the contents of four wine gallons. So it is said ; but the statement assumes the existence of a most capacious swallow on the part both of the ancient winkle-eater and the modern reader.

Whether the Romans borrowed their ideas of fish-culture from the still older Chinese is a question ; but the latter still retain the art in all its completeness, and with them the fishpond is only second in importance to the ricefield ; so that in this our latest scientific hobby we are but feebly imitating these philosophic barbarians.

Moreover, we are not even first, or among the first, in reviving this ancient art, but follow our continental neighbours at a most tardy pace. It was in 1842 that two French fishermen, having carefully studied the habits of river-fish, came to the conclusion that the spawn, when mature, might be taken by any careful operator, and hatched artificially. For six years they carried on their experiments successfully, when the French government, with the wisdom that generally distinguishes it in practical matters, came to their assistance, and, rewarding them liberally, took up the experiments on an extensive scale, built convenient premises at Huningue on the Rhine, and have gone far towards re-stocking the exhausted rivers of France, besides furnishing large supplies to Germany, Belgium, and England. Prussia and Belgium are fully awake to the importance of the movement, and have formed central establishments on the French model, which are now in full operation. But, although twenty years have elapsed since the process was discovered, and nearly fifteen since it received official sanction on the Continent, we in England are only just beginning to arouse ourselves, and to act with any definite purpose. Even now our government takes

but little interest in the matter. It has legislated but slowly on the general fishery question, and, as regards artificial propagation, has made no grant, nor offered any premium or bounty. It has taken no steps towards forming, or indeed assisting, a public institution where the principles of the art could be learned, and from which supplies of ova or of young fry might be obtained by those who require them. The only approach to such an establishment is a scheme as yet on paper, but which we hope may soon take substantial shape, promoted by half a dozen private gentlemen in despair of obtaining anything more satisfactory.

The straightforward and practical little book of Mr. Francis, named at the head of this article, has perhaps done more than anything else to disseminate information, and to create that interest in the subject which is now beginning to appear. It contains a description of the French establishment at Huningue, and the operations carried on there throughout the year. It treats in detail of the artificial hatching of spawn, the safe transport of ova and fry, the stocking of lakes and sheets of water, large and small, and the cultivation of food suitable for fish.

Mr. Francis is of course an enthusiast, and expects a great deal more from the general introduction of the system than is ever likely to be effected, though the results thus far obtained are certainly satisfactory. He undertakes to show that water, acre for acre, is, or may be, as valuable as land, and in some localities much more so. The reproductive powers of fish are almost fabulous, and their growth is marvellously rapid. A female salmon of average size will deposit from 10,000 to 15,000 ova. In the course of fifteen months one half of the young fish make their way down to the sea, as smolts of perhaps two ounces, and in three months more will return to their native place as grilse of five, six, eight, and even ten pounds' weight. This is a wonder without parallel in natural history, and, allowing for all losses, gives a commercial return also without parallel. A female trout will deposit 1,000 to 3,000 ova, which in twelve months' time, and in a favourable stream, will be half-pound fish. It must be remembered, too, that this enormous increase costs the proprietor nothing. All that the fish require, at any rate in the present impoverished state of our waters, is to be let alone. As the stock increases, it will be necessary to provide additional food for them, which ought not to be either a difficult or an expensive matter. In those cases where it has been thought desirable to erect special apparatus and appliances for hatching and rearing, the outlay has been but trifling. The Stormontfield ponds, which have done so much

for the river Tay, cost in the first instance some £600 to lay out, and the annual expenditure is about £60; yet these inexpensive operations, experimental and very imperfect, have not only arrested the decrease of salmon in the river, but have turned the scale in the other direction, and the improvement will now show rapidly with each succeeding year. The Messrs. Ashworth in like manner have not only renovated their fishery on the Galway river, which shows an increase of twenty-fold in ten years, but, by improving a channel previously impassable to the gravid fish, have added an area of some thirty square miles to their salmon waters, and by way of commencement have stocked it with more than half a million ova. The expenditure has been considerable; but the results already apparent far exceed in value those from any similar expenditure on land. Operations on a smaller scale have been carried out on a few other rivers, Irish, Scotch, and English; and these, with an increase of close time, and the abolition of many unfair engines of capture, have given results which show that the mischief is not irretrievable. Indeed, the local newspapers have repeatedly announced during this spring that spawning salmon have been seen at higher points than have been known for the last ten or even twenty years. But, besides obtaining an increase of ova, attention may be quite as profitably directed to its protection from the enemies that assail it on all sides. Whilst it is being deposited, shoals of dace, perch, trout, and many other fish lie in wait to secure and devour it. Water-rats, shrews, and other members of the class denominated vermin, attack it after it is deposited in the gravel. Eels, lampreys, barbel, and the like, rout up the beds, and destroy as well as eat. The havoc made by the trout may be judged by the fact that from the stomach of one five hundred eggs were taken, and these had been so recently swallowed that when placed again in the water they all hatched out in due time. The fact that they were uninjured, notwithstanding the rapid action of the stomach of a fish, shows that they must have been swallowed immediately before the trout was taken, and gives some idea of the quantity destroyed in the course of the season by a single fish. To these must be added the larvæ of water-insects in countless numbers, and nearly all the water-birds, from the stately heron and king-fisher to the plebeian duck.*

* Mr. Francis wishes that every swan-fancier would be contented with stuffed specimens, which might be anchored out in mid-stream, and would answer his purpose quite as well. He says: 'One had better throw open his pond or river to all the poachers in the district than indulge in a taste for swans. If any one doubts this, let him take a row up the Thames from Weybridge to Chertsey, or on to Laleham, during

The salmon leads a persecuted and indeed a doomed life. Fresh dangers await it from the moment that the shell is broken, to that other moment, more or less deferred, but always impending, when it falls a prey either to some scaly foe or to the superior craft of man. Doubtless much might be done to preserve the spawn unmolested after it has once been deposited, and a larger proportion of the whole might thus be brought to maturity. It is calculated that of salmon eggs not more than fifty in a thousand are hatched, and not more than one in a thousand ever reaches the adult stage. It is no very extravagant estimate to suppose that ten per cent. of the ova deposited may be hatched in the open river, and that five per cent. of the fish hatched should escape all perils and reach their full size. In the artificial breeding ponds about ninety per cent. of the ova laid down are hatched, and in the case of Stormontfield about three and a half per cent. of the year's produce have been captured as grilse on their way back from the sea. This would point to a much higher proportion than that just named as being attainable with a little judicious care.

The famous Stormontfield operations commenced in 1853, and, besides proving a commercial success, have cleared up the mysteries of salmon history, save in one or two particulars which still await a satisfactory solution. Two mistakes were made in the construction of the apparatus, both of them very excusable considering the novelty of the whole scheme. The store-pond was not made nearly large enough. It is not more than two hundred and twenty feet long, by about one hundred feet wide, for the nominal accommodation of three hundred thousand tenants of, say three inches in length; and the fish, not being oysters, must suffer from such close packing. The other

the latter end of the month of April or early in May, and take particular and especial notice of what the swans are doing. If he has still any doubt, and likes to kill one or two and cut them open, he will solve his doubts and do a service at the same time: he may be fined for it, but he will certainly suffer for a good action and in a good cause. A swan can and will devour a gallon of fish-spawn every day while the spawn remains unhatched, if he can get it, and it is easily found. Their greediness and voracity for fish-spawn must be witnessed to be believed. If this were not so, the Thames ought to swarm to excess with fish, whereas it is but poorly supplied. Here is a little calculation. Suppose each swan to take only a quart of spawn per diem, which is a very low average indeed; suppose each quart to contain 50,000 eggs (not a tithe of what it does contain,—I am not speaking of salmon or trout here, their ova being much larger); suppose only 200 swans (about a fourth, perhaps, of the number really employed) are at work at the spawn, and give them only a fortnight for the period of their ravages. Now, what is the result we get? Why, a little total of 140,000,000. One hundred and forty millions of eggs! Suppose only half of those eggs to become fish, and we have a loss of seventy millions of fish every year to the river Thames—a heavy price to pay for the picturesque, particularly when the reality may perhaps be doubled, or trebled, or even quadrupled.'

mistake was the making only one pond instead of two. But it could not then be supposed that one hatching could produce two classes of fish ; and, as a second pond is about to be constructed, this error will be rectified. To describe the arrangements in few words :—A brook runs parallel with the river Tay just at this point, and the establishment occupies the space between the two. From the brook the water is conveyed to a filtering pond, which serves as a reservoir for the whole. From thence it passes to the hatching-boxes, 300 in number, and placed on a slight incline in 25 rows, 12 in each row, each box furnishing accommodation for 1,000 ova. The water flows in a steady stream through the boxes into a canal communicating with the store-pond, which again communicates by another canal with the Tay. There are also numerous sluices by which the water can be cut off between any two points if necessary, besides sundry other pipes and canals ; but the general plan is simply that from the filtering pond a stream of water is kept continually flowing through the boxes, along the canal, through the rearing pond, and out into the river. The boxes are twelve inches deep, and are filled to within two inches of the top, first with fine gravel, then with coarse, and on the top of all with good-sized pebbles. Sanitary commissioners affirm that danger always lurks in dirt, and gravel taken from the bed of a stream is no exception to the rule ; for it harbours the eggs and larvæ of insects in vast numbers, which do incalculable mischief to the embryo fish,—so much so, that in smaller experiments, or wherever the plan is feasible, it is advisable to boil the gravel thoroughly in order to destroy every germ of evil of this kind.

All being thus prepared beforehand, sundry pairs of gravid fish are carefully manipulated ; the ova are expressed from the female fish and mixed with the milt of the male, and are then sown over the coarse gravel, and covered with the larger stones. It is found that on an average a spawning salmon will give one thousand ova for each pound of its gross weight,—thus a ten-pound salmon will give ten thousand ova, which is about the average of those selected for the operation here. In the course of a fortnight the boxes are filled, and it is only necessary to examine them from time to time in order to clear away any dead ova, or any conserved growth, or other extraneous matter. If the sowing has taken place at the end of November, the hatching will generally commence towards the middle of March ; but the time required varies according to the mildness or severity of the season, from 90 to 130 days. The eyes appear in from 30 to 50 days, when the crisis may be considered as passed, and the ova may then be moved

with comparative impunity.* As development proceeds, the body of the fish can be distinctly seen through the thin shell, moving, and even turning round within it. The pulsation of the heart, and the flow of the blood through the delicate veins, go on constantly under the eye of the observer, forming a wonderful study of embryonic life. At length the hour of consummation arrives;—a vigorous struggle, a rent in the envelope, other struggles more or less protracted according to the vigour of the creature, and then it emerges fully into life.

And an uncommonly queer fish it is; an ill defined, misshapen, gelatinous nondescript. It has a most uncomely head, with the mouth opening downwards; a pair of immense goggle eyes; rounded, imperfect lips; a long, rickety, ghostly body; rudimentary fins; and, most remarkable of all, a large sac or bladder, larger than the egg that but just now held the entire organism, and which for a time seriously embarrasses the creature in its movements, and renders it a helpless prey to the first fish that comes by. This umbilical sac, with its oil contents, is gradually absorbed—a process that requires five or six weeks for its completion, during which time no food whatever is needed. As the vesicle disappears, the young fish improves in shape, the head becomes flatter, the mouth gains its true position, the lips become prehensile, the ventral fins develop, the tail flattens out, with a tendency to fork; and though still misshapen, the animal is no longer a monstrosity, but is evidently of the fish, fishy. It is curious to note how quickly the young fry now assume the habits of the adult. They feed most greedily early in the morning; the stronger ones choose their position under a projecting ledge, behind one of the larger stones, in the tail of a current, and so on; and no fish will allow an intruder in his neighbourhood for a moment. In describing, in

* This period is now generally recommended as the most desirable for obtaining supplies. The fresh spawn of all fish, but especially of grayling, is so delicate that the carrying it for half a mile will injure a portion, and in some cases the greater portion, so carried; much more will a long journey by railway, notwithstanding careful packing. Whereas, after the eye appears, the eggs, so long as they are kept thoroughly moist, will bear a journey with comparatively small loss. The attempts made to convey salmon ova to New Zealand and Australia have so far been unsuccessful, owing to the difficulty of maintaining an equable temperature, and perhaps still more to the vibration and violent shocks occasioned by the motion of the ship. But the idea has been hit upon of packing the ova in ice as soon as the eye is visible, and by this means retarding the process of development, so that at the end of the voyage the eggs may actually be placed in the colonial waters, and hatched out in their new home. Experiments have proved that the scheme is perfectly feasible; for eggs have been kept in ice for 60, 90, and even 120 days, and in each case a large proportion has afterwards hatched out in a perfectly healthy state. We say 'retarding,' rather than arresting, because it is proved that development still proceeds, though very slowly,—indeed, were it to cease, the germ would die.

his usual graphic way, the process of feeding those in the *Field* window, Mr. Buckland says,—

‘As the gnats buzz about on the top of the water, the young salmon rise at them in a style truly delightful to the angler’s eye, inasmuch as he sees in miniature exactly what happens on a grand scale when he is angling for the full grown fish in its native wild and rapid streams. The young fish is seen in mid-water, gently holding his own by movements of the tail; the fly comes over him, his tail begins to “wag,” and in an instant he darts, like an arrow from a bow, upwards in an oblique direction, and takes the fly so instantaneously, that the eye cannot observe the action; then comes that peculiar twist and swirl in the water, so well known to all fishermen, and which is made by the tail giving force to the *descent* of the fish back again into the deep.’

The young fish are not passed into the store pond until the smolts of the previous hatching have taken their departure, and then the new generation are turned in. The food provided for them is boiled liver grated fine, in default of anything more suitable: though there are a few water-snails, as well as such flies as all open ponds attract, yet these furnish a very trivial addition to the monotonous and very unnatural fare; and so matters continue until the following spring. And now an extraordinary fact presents itself. For although during the first few months of their existence the young parrs may be all pretty much alike, yet they soon show great disparity of size, some growing to double and triple the bulk of their companions. Most, if not all, of these larger parr assume in the spring the scales of the smolt; then, separating from the rest, hold themselves aloof for a few days, and finally go off into the river in companies, making their way down to the sea. But although the sluice is left open for many days together, so that all may go that choose, the remainder which are still parrs, about equal in number to the smolts, make no attempt to leave, but remain until the following spring. At the beginning of last April three specimens taken from the pond before the annual migration were sent to Mr. Buckland, which had all been hatched at the same time, and were just twelve months old. The largest was $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length, and weighed 646 grains,—above the usual weight of the smolt; this specimen showed the true smolt livery, and was a fine little fish. The second measured $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and weighed 135 grains, or rather more than one-fifth of the weight of the first; but, nevertheless, showed evident progress towards the smolt state. The third measured $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches, or one-third the size of the first, and weighed 26 grains, or *one twenty-fifth* the size of the first, and was in all

respects a parr. On dissection, all three proved to be males; but the milt was fully developed in the parr alone. It is perfectly well known that the males among the parr which remain behind are as truly breeding fish as the mature salmon, though there is no such peculiarity in the female parrs.

It has been remarked that the smolt state is not a mere change of coat, but that the whole constitution of the fish seems to undergo a change, of which the new scales are but the sign; for while the parr is firm to the touch, the smolt is soft and spongy, and its flesh only hardens in proportion as it approaches the grilse state. After entering the second stage, and going down to the sea, another curious division occurs. After four or five months, one portion will return as grilae or maiden salmon, of three, six, and nine pounds' weight; and having reached their native stream and deposited their spawn, they migrate again to the sea. The other portion remain in salt water through the summer and winter, and make their way up the rivers in the following spring as true salmon, though not running more than six to ten pounds in weight. These remain a much longer time in fresh water; but, having accomplished their mission, they too return to the sea. There is, therefore, a double migration going forward,—a fact only recently discovered, but certified again and again. It was at one time believed that the salmon occasionally spawned in the sea; but it is now proved that the spawn perishes immediately on coming in contact with salt water. Moreover, the parr dies quickly on being placed in salt water, though a smolt possibly of the same age may be taken direct from fresh water to salt, without showing any sign of distress, but rather the reverse.

It is further proved, by distinct experiments, that the fry, at any rate up to the end of the second year, which is as long as they can remain under observation, show no variation, whether they have proceeded from a pair of salmon, a pair of grilse, a salmon and a grilse, a salmon and a parr, or, finally, a grilse and a parr. The fry in all these cases show the same characteristics, both as regards size, shape, and marking. Towards the end of the first year there is the same disparity among them, and they all divide in the same ratio, some going off as smolts, and the others remaining as parrs.

It is clear also that the spawning fish return to their native stream, and that, even where three or four rivers fall successively into one arm of the sea, the salmon in running up do not make indiscriminately for the first fresh water, but those

hatched higher up the channel keep steadily on their course, each portion of the shoal going off as its own river is reached, showing a subtle power of discrimination that would hardly be suspected. And this holds good in the case of the river which may be the least suitable or the most inaccessible of any.

Other facts have been substantiated; but we have said enough to show that these experiments have been of the utmost value in a scientific point of view. Commercially they have begun to tell upon the river fishings; and, as the hatching will henceforward take place yearly instead of every second year, there is no doubt that future statistics will show still more satisfactory results.

Leaving the lordly salmon, who stands pre-eminent, we may just glance at what has been done for the trout, grayling, and other river fish. The results here are less patent than in the other case, the operations being carried on by sundry proprietors, fishing clubs, and amateurs, in a rather desultory way, and with varying success. It is here that the want of some public institution is felt, in order to expound the best system of management, to furnish properly qualified operators, to distribute ova, and to form a centre which might connect all these irregular operations, so that the errors and losses certain to occur, where each cultivator has to teach himself, might be avoided, while the experience now slowly gathering in isolated quarters might be made available for the general benefit. Moreover fish-hatching is only one branch of fish-culture. The subject has many sides, and they are all so new that mutual assistance is necessary. A hint, or a doubt, or a shrewd guess, which standing alone would be useless, may in discussion start other shrewd guesses, and ultimately solve some stubborn difficulty. Combined action is necessary in order to secure any great practical results. The improvement of existing breeds of fish, for instance, opens up new ground, and demands a careful and well-considered series of experiments. The foreign fish that are best suited to our waters cannot be lightly decided upon, considering the excellent character of our own stock, the smallness of our rivers, and their limited supplies of food. The increase of these very supplies must follow as a matter of course, involving another lengthy series of experiments. The better protection of the fish is quite as important as any other part of the subject,—protection not merely as regards netting, but as regards that equal wrong, which in too many cases is tacitly allowed, of the angler taking all the fish that he can catch, however small; as also the destruction of spawn-eating

creatures wherever found, whether bird or beast, and the keeping down the coarser fish which consume such quantities of both spawn and fry. If a little of the discriminating care were given to the protection of fish that is given to the protection of game, our rivers would be as fertile as they now are barren.

The West of Scotland Angling Club commenced their operations in 1855, for the purpose of introducing the grayling into the Clyde, the fish being at that time unknown in Scotland. Several dozens of mature fish, carefully selected from their waters, were presented by the Derby Club, and were safely conveyed to Abington, on the Clyde. They were at once placed in the river, and, but for poachers and over-greedy anglers, might have successfully founded a colony. But the association were soon satisfied that such fish would not escape the hook and net combined, and for the future they confined their attention to hatching and rearing. But it was not until 1857 that supplies of ova could be obtained from the Derwent, when 20,000 were laid down, and successfully hatched. The process has been repeated each succeeding year, the young brood being distributed not only in the Clyde proper, but in various tributary streams. And the arrangement has answered well; for the grayling now abounds over forty or fifty miles of water; and as it is a fish that breeds rapidly, it is considered to be as completely naturalised as the trout. Other rivers are being stocked from the Clyde, and in a few more years the grayling will be no rarity in Scotland.

The proceedings of the Thames Angling Preservation Society are not less interesting. Their apparatus lying in a little stream at Hampton is thus described:—

‘We first bricked up the little rill, so as to form a reservoir, and raise the water to a higher level. We covered the reservoir in with a large stone, to keep out dirt and vermin, and placed at the lower end of it a zinc shoot, (or projecting lip,) over which the stream flowed. Immediately under this we placed our first box. It was made of elm, four feet long and fifteen inches wide in the clear, and ten inches deep. At the upper end of the box, a projecting zinc trough was fixed to catch the water, this trough being about three-quarters of the width of the box itself. At each end of every box a piece was cut out six or seven inches in width, and three inches in depth, and through these the water flowed into each box; the top cut, which *first* received the water, being secured from foes without, by being covered with perforated zinc, through which the water flowed, and the further end one having a zinc shoot to deliver the water; and also a perforated zinc face, not only to keep foes out, but the fish in. Fastened over the cut in the lower end of the first box

was a short zinc shoot, to convey the water into the next box over the corresponding cut, so that no water should run to waste between the boxes. Thus, when No. 1 box was fairly placed on a brick foundation, so as to receive the water into the zinc trough, all that was required was to insert the shoot at the other end of the box into the corresponding cut of No. 2 box, and slide No. 2 safely and closely up into its place, and so on with the rest.'

The boxes were then filled with gravel to within an inch of the surface of the water, and the ova sown over it. Finally a lid of perforated zinc was fitted to each box and securely fastened down. The stream being turned on, flowed steadily through the whole series, discharging itself by the end shoot into the bed of the rill. These boxes have done good service, as the several reports of the Society show. During the season of 1862-3, notwithstanding accidents, the committee state that they have succeeded in hatching 22,000 trout, and 2,000 grayling, which were turned into the river during April and May of the present year. They have also experimented on some foreign fish with a view to their naturalisation in this country. They received from the French government 4,000 ova of the Ombre Chevalier (*Salmo umbla*), 3,000 of which have been safely hatched, and turned in. Though a lake charr, it has done well in the French rivers, and comes to us with a high character. From the same quarter came 4,000 ova of the Danube salmon (*Salmo hucho*), which have all hatched, and are now in the river. This fish grows to an enormous size—as much as seventy and eighty pounds—in its native waters, and is a more questionable acquisition than the other. It grows rapidly; is a most voracious feeder; and, being a non-migratory fish, attains its bulk at the cost of the trout, perch, and other river fish, instead of making its rapid growth in salt water, as the true salmon does. The execution it will do in the river may be guessed. What a two-pound trout is to the smolts, that will a twenty-pound huchen be to the trout; and if so, he will be bought too dear. On the other hand, the authorities at Huningue have formed a high opinion of the fish, and place it nearly at the head of their list. The data, however, are as yet too imperfect for a decision on either side. But a doubtful fish ought to be introduced cautiously, and kept to one locality as much as possible: if the fish prove a success, it will be easy to distribute it more widely; and if a mistake, it will at least be confined within a limited area. Another fish is very highly spoken of—the White fish (*Coregonus albus*) of the Canadian lakes. It runs from three to four pounds in weight, is firm-fleshed, makes excellent eating, is tolerably hardy,

and, to complete the list of desiderata, is a vegetable and not an animal feeder, and would not therefore displace anything else. The distance cannot present any serious obstacle, and we may reasonably look for some effort being made to obtain ova at least, even if no adult fish can be secured. Meanwhile, for what it has already accomplished, the Society deserves to be supported, on public grounds.

A warm discussion has been carried on among practical men as to the proper time of turning in the young fry. On the one side it was urged that from their helplessness they would perish at once, if turned into the stream, which was not a brook comparatively tenantless, but a river swarming with their enemies; and that they ought to be kept in the rearing pond for a year, by which time they would be well able to shift for themselves. On the other side, to say nothing of the difficulty of providing suitable food during a twelvemonth, it was argued that the young fish, from remaining so long in still water, being fed instead of feeding, seeing no enemies, and being altogether under such unnatural conditions, would be entirely wanting in that experience which is as necessary to fish as to men, and when finally turned into the river would perish quite as certainly as at first. It was even said that a large proportion of the young salmon hatched at Stormontfield perished on their way down to the sea, because they avoided rough water, to which they were unaccustomed, and made for the pools, where they fell, at the very outset, into certain destruction. It was urged that the natural arrangement should be followed as closely as possible, and that as the young fry that had been spawned in the open river were able to hold their own, so would those hatched artificially. The position of the Thames Society compelled a decision of this kind; for no convenience existed for rearing the fish in any quantity. A large proportion was, therefore, turned into the river towards the end of April, and the result so far has been satisfactory. Instead of all being eaten up in two days, as was seriously predicted, the fry were regularly seen hunting in the shallows, quick and wary, and quite conscious of the value to them of shoal water. Even a fortnight found them greatly improved in size, several that were taken having doubled their weight in that short interval. Another fortnight proved them to have a second time doubled in weight, while their brethren still in captivity were almost stationary,—a satisfactory proof of the superiority of freedom, with all its perils, to unnatural confinement. How they continue to progress is not so easy to ascertain; for as they increase in size they venture further into the stream, and

so out of sight. But considering the heavy tolls exacted by Messrs. Pike and Perch, and the still heavier exactions of Messrs. Tag and Rag, to whom a stick and a string, a hook and a gentle, typify 'sport,' and a dace is an exciting catch, we doubt if any large proportion of the 22,000 will ever be fit to grace a table.

Fish-hatching may also be carried on within doors,—in greenhouses, conservatories, and even drawing-rooms. But a continuous *stream* of water is indispensable, and the larger the troughs the better, provided they are kept within reasonable limits. Small portable contrivances substituting the drip for the stream, however ingenious, are insufficient; and though here and there they may succeed, it is only with additional appliances and endless trouble. It is impossible to keep so small a body of water free from rapid changes of temperature; and it is equally impossible to furnish the needful aeration to the whole contents of the vessel. The agitation caused by the impact of a single drop upon the surface of the water is not sufficient, except perhaps in the immediate neighbourhood of the fall. Whereas, in a stream, the whole body of water, and not merely a portion of it, is set in motion, and brings momentarily a fresh supply of oxygen to each separate ovum; while the motion goes far to renew the oxygen which the water has parted with. Moreover, dust, sediment, confervæ, and the usual plagues of fresh-water philosophers, may be pretty well got rid of where there is a stream, by lightly stirring the whole with a feather, when it is generally carried away. But what is to be done with a malignant attack of conferva in a gallon of still water in a glass bowl? As to temperature, 45° or 48° is as much as should be allowed, the lower figure being preferable; but it is not easy to maintain an equal range. The in-door apparatus is invaluable for purposes of examination and study; but the artificial warmth of an apartment raises the temperature and stimulates the embryo into premature life. This was very evident even in the case of *The Field* apparatus, though admirably managed by Mr. Buckland. For although the salmon and trout ova, which are deposited in the coldest season of the year, were not greatly hastened, yet as the spring advanced, and the grayling were operated upon, the young fish became visible in the egg in nine days, and hatched out in fourteen to sixteen days; and although the spawn of the grayling hatches quickly, yet fourteen days is certainly less than the natural time. The charr and the perch are still clearer examples; and though the latter were safely hatched, it was

found impossible to rear the young brood, and they became food for the parr below them.

The following is a good illustration of the importance of even a single degree of more or less heat :—

‘The temperature of the water in the troughs, when they were first filled, was as low as 38°. It rose gradually as the spring advanced, until it reached 48° and 50°. Of course, the atmosphere of the greenhouse (the scene of operations) was much warmer than the outer air, and the slow-running shallow water, by being exposed in the trays to its action, became warmer and warmer, as it travelled from tray to tray, until there was a difference of something like 2½° between the top or first tray and the bottom or last one. This difference in the temperature worked out very singularly in the hatching of the ova. With the first large batch of spawn got from Hampshire three of the upper trays were supplied; these were alternate trays, with another tray intervening: thus the first tray supplied with this ova was No. 1 tray, and the last one No. 5 tray. There was a difference of rather more than 1° between the temperature of the water in the No. 1 tray and the No. 5 tray; and this simple difference of 1° made several days’ difference in the period of hatching. The lower tray began hatching first; then, after two or three days, the next above; and finally, after a further similar interval, the top one, No. 1.’

But the hatching of ova and turning in of the young fry form only one branch of pisciculture, just as the sowing of seed and getting the crop above ground is only one part of husbandry. Some soils are to drain, some to manure; clay lands are to lighten, poor soils to enrich; this field has been over-worked, and must lie fallow; that is but half reclaimed from the moor, and must be ploughed and cleansed, again and again. And so some waters are well and others ill suited for fish. Some are too shallow, or too sluggish, or there is an absence of shelter, or there is a scarcity of wood above and of weed below, and a consequent scarcity of food for the few thin and heady tenants. In such cases the stream must be adapted to the fish; for the fish will never adapt themselves to the stream. The ready ingenuity of Mr. Francis has suggested several expedients to meet particular cases; and as with commendable liberality he has made these suggestions public, a careful record of both proceedings and results, if successful, would enable many proprietors to carry out similar improvements. He strongly urges that the cultivation of fish and of fish food should be carried on side by side. But here a wide and almost unexplored field opens out before us, and we are left very much to the chances

of experiment. Who can say what is the best food for trout? Every one has noticed the improvement in the condition of the fish after a warm and genial spring, when flies are tolerably plentiful, and especially after the ten days or fortnight that the green drake is 'on,'—how they thicken, and harden, and get into form,—broad-shouldered, small-headed, bright-coated, firm to the finger, but melting in the mouth. The very natural inference is, that nothing equals the fly;—and O for two months of the drake, instead of barely two weeks! But although the fly is good, there is better food still. Mr. Francis contrasts two small rivers, the Chess and the Wick, both tributaries of the Thames, and both of about the same proportions. On the Chess the May-fly and the minnow both abound; in the Wick they are unknown. And yet in the former the trout are small, seldom exceeding a pound or a pound and a quarter, while in the latter they are thick, heavy fish, running up to seven and even ten pounds, and the flesh when cut into is redder even than that of a salmon. This unusual size and condition of the fish can be attributed only to the presence of a fresh-water shrimp which abounds in the Wick, and more than makes up for all other deficiencies. This strengthens the opinion of many practical men, who believe that the salmon, while in the sea, does not attain its rapid growth on the impalpable substances which learned professors have instanced, but that it feeds on the shoals of shrimps, prawns, sandhoppers, and small crustacea, which abound off the mouths of rivers in the known haunts of the salmon, and are much more substantial fare.

On most rivers, however, the fish have abundant variety in their twelvemonth's bill of fare. Of flies alone the list generally extends to thirty or forty species, all of them numerous enough to have attracted the fly-makers' attention, while of less common kinds the number might be greatly extended; and when a fly is 'on,' its numbers are simply incalculable. But in a previous stage the larvæ of these flies—goodly grubs they are, and nourished in part on the ova of these very trout—furnish food in great quantities. Then there are other insects without number driven accidentally upon the water, or washed down into it by floods,—moths of many kinds, cockchafers, grasshoppers, house-flies, dung-flies, bees, and beetles. Then there is the host of caterpillars also driven down by stress of weather, but often dropping voluntarily by a silken cord from some overhanging branch, and so committing suicide by the double process of hanging and drowning. Following these are more substantial viands, true *pièces de résistance*, and the most

valuable food of any,—worms, leeches, water-snails, and their eggs in masses, tadpoles, young frogs, (and old ones, too,—even a newt does not come amiss to a grandsire,) frog-spawn, fish-spawn, water-shrimps, minnows, millers'-thumbs, and young fry of every kind. Out of this very imperfect list something may certainly be done in the way of cultivation. Overhanging trees and thickly grassed banks will increase the supply of insect food, as compared with a bare and exposed stream; but so much depends upon the weather in the matter of insect life, and an unfavourable season makes so serious a difference in point of numbers, that, notwithstanding any advantages of this kind, the other and more important items should have attention. Two at least may be selected,—the shrimp, which is an animal feeder, and the various water-snails, which are vegetable feeders. They are very hardy and prolific, and could be maintained with little trouble. A few shallow pools communicating with the stream, and furnished with occasional scraps of garbage in the one case, and a proper supply of pond-weeds, which will need no renewal, in the other, is all that will be necessary, provided the pools are not overstocked in the first instance. To these may perhaps be added the leeches, or at least the ordinary pond-leech, (*hirudo stagnalis*,) which feeds on decayed vegetation, dead leaves, twigs, and the like. But as most of the family are animal as well as vegetable feeders, with a special preference for snails, they are better kept to themselves.

This subject of fish-culture is not only interesting in a scientific point of view, but is of considerable commercial value, and, moreover, the return is immediate. The stocking of the Clyde with grayling was practically effected in four years, and two years more saw the fish established to an extent that secured its permanence. The trout is quite as easily naturalised, and is a still more valuable fish. A little energy, a little judgment, and a little capital, is all that is wanted to secure the propagation of either fish in any suitable locality; while streams less favoured by nature may, nevertheless, be made available for coarser fish. And these are but secondary items when compared with the cultivation of the salmon—that king of fish. A source of large profit, not to say wealth, lies hid in this question, if water proprietors were only alive to their own interests. But we are slow to see an advantage, slower still to grasp it; and it is not creditable to us as a practical people that the operations now glanced at should be so exceptional as they are. Just enough has been done to show how much *may* be done, and this is all that can be said. If it

were a mere theory, speculative and untried, the case would be different; but the process has been for years in operation on the Continent, and three or four of our northern rivers are standing proofs of its efficiency. When the cost of a complete apparatus is so trifling, every salmon and trout river ought to have its own rearing establishment; and although much remains to be done beyond this, yet at present it is a perfectly safe operation, and ought to be set about in good earnest. Instead of this, there seems an absence of all spirit and enterprise. On our salmon rivers the upper and the lower proprietors will not unite for their mutual benefit, but hold aloof the one from the other, and tacitly put greater obstructions in the way of the increase of fish than the most impracticable of their own weirs. As to the millers, and others of the same stamp, they will do nothing except on compulsion, and then as it were under protest. Those only seem to be in earnest who, like the Messrs. Ashworth, Mr. Cooper, and others, have their fisheries in their own hands; and they are reaping a golden harvest, as they well deserve to do. If a landed proprietor found that a trifling outlay for three or four years would enable him to double his rents, he would not hesitate to take the steps necessary to secure such a result. But because it is water property that is to be operated upon, and because the process is unusual, the same owners will not be at the trouble to act for themselves, or to unite with their neighbours, however obvious the advantage.

ART. VIII.—*Reports of the Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society.*

A MOVEMENT is sometimes originated by a Society; but in the case before us the Society arose out of the movement. Methodism had appeared on the other side of the Atlantic, by its spontaneous power of propagation; had there weathered the storms of the revolution, and firmly taken its place in the new nation as the earliest organized Episcopal Church; had made head against slavery in several of the West India isles, reached the shores of Newfoundland and Nova Scotia, buried a Missionary in Sierra Leone, and prepared a large Mission for the East, before any Society for the support of Missions was formed.

With those who know Methodism only at a distance, it is habitual to praise its organization, and ascribe its power to

this source. But that is just as the French trace the self-governing qualities of Englishmen to the British constitution, forgetting that it is more effect than cause. A Methodist organization which did not grow of antecedent activity would be a new thing. From the first the order has been life leading to spontaneous action, action to tentative regulations, and these to definite organization.

The true power of Christian propagation must ever be that fire in the heart of the individual disciple which moves him to tell of the love of God because he feels it, and makes him burn for the means of grace, when drifted to any region where they are not already established. It was this that imposed on Wesley, in 1769, the necessity of asking his Conference, 'Who is willing to go to America?' and, when two had said, 'Here are we, send us,' the further necessity of making a collection from the pockets of the poor preachers to defray their passage; the first step, this, in Methodist Missions, the fruits of which had taken a great and permanent embodiment before a Missionary Society was dreamed of. It was this, also, which raised up a living working Church in Antigua, to welcome and gladden Dr. Coke when, against his wishes, the winds forced his missionary party to the West Indies. And it has been this, in almost every case, which has led on the Methodist extension from field to field. In not a few cases the pioneer has been a pious soldier, who, finding himself face to face with new forms of sin or superstition, and deprived of the religious ordinances with which he had been nourished in England, began to long for Missionaries, who might both preach to those around him and minister to his own soul. Even in China, in recent years, the first Missionary was a volunteer, who went forth on his own resources, and before he landed the zeal of a soldier had already prepared some to give him a hearty welcome. A living tree was spreading abroad; the winds carried its seed hither and thither; they struck root often far away; husbandmen were called for to watch over the saplings, and extend the plantation.

Those who see in Methodism only a prodigy of organization would hardly believe that before a Missionary Meeting was ever held, two distinct bodies of results had been developed, either of which might accredit a considerable Society, and both of which united would exceed the reasonable anticipations of mere organizations: first, the Methodist Episcopal Church of America, which had, for more than a quarter of a century, sustained its sturdy branches and countless sprouts, without

any drain on the parent stem ; and, secondly, the Methodist Missions, waiting for a Society to be, not their parent, but their nurse, and numbering about sixty foreign stations.

This fact accounts for another in the relation of Methodism to its Missions. The latter are not the offspring and charge of a Society, existing apart from the Church and independent of it ; but being, in the first case, the fruit of the Church's own fecundity, being of its substance and essence, they belong to it as a whole, as part and parcel of its natural life ; and a Society is formed, not to supersede the vital relation between the Church and the Missions, but only to organize the resources and administer the agencies necessary for their prosecution. The youngest station at the antipodes feels itself not merely the dependent of a Society, but the child of the Church, for whose welfare the affection and resources of all the parent body are engaged. And, on the other hand, the smallest Methodist-Circuit at home, though its members be few, and its means scanty, would feel itself as if destitute of natural affection, had it not within itself a Missionary Society, through which the milk of motherly kindness might flow to the cherished offspring on distant shores. But in fact, such a case could not arise ; a Methodist Circuit without a Missionary Society is as impossible as a British assize without a jury. It is not at the pleasure of this minister or that patron, of this session or that synod, whether missionary action shall or shall not form part of ecclesiastical life ; that is taken to be settled by the word of God, and therefore the Church, as a whole, and in her highest court makes this work her own work, and the one to which her warm heart always turns with double warmth ; for here is the cause of her distant and militant children.

Wesley had been at rest more than twenty years. Dr. Coke had crossed the Atlantic on missionary service for the eighteenth time ; the negro and his sorrows, the colonist and his spiritual destitution, had become familiar themes in every Methodist circle ; and a few Missionaries had already returned from their toils, and were labouring in the ministry at home, and every year new fields opened and cried for culture. How was this work to be permanently sustained ? Dr. Coke was verging toward seventy ; he could not always live to go from door to door collecting, and from hemisphere to hemisphere, planting Missions. Who was to succeed him ? What was to sustain the poor sheep in the wilderness, whom he had hasted to rescue from the wolf, but had made little provision permanently to fold or pasture ?

The only way in which the fresh old man met these natural anxieties was, by proposing a costlier and more distant enterprise than any yet attempted. What, after all, were the tiny isles of the West, what the scattered settlers of Newfoundland and North America, or the infant colony of Sierra Leone, compared with the great old East, the realm of portentous creeds and hiving nations, where humanity was not enclosed in garden plots or scattered patches of culture amidst miles of waste, but stood crowding like corn on tilled plains, thicker than eye could count, wider than it could sweep, glistening with a golden tinge of wealth, spangled with gaudy flowers which the first glance hailed as oriental beauties, but examination proved to be deadly weeds? Thence came the voice, not of colonies, but of kingdoms; not of settlers bereft of churches, but of races with ten thousand temples; not of slaves lashed by Christian masters, but of princes, castes, priesthoods, scorning the Christian as unclean; not of recent plantations, but of cities older than England, of communities whose splendour had been the theme of our romance, the lust of our commerce for ages; not of superstitions so rude that the first appearance of order would put them to shame, but of proud systems, accredited by sacred tomes as old as Moses; reading the stars, giving laws to kings, shaping society in symmetrical and immutable moulds, rich in lore of language, poetry, philosophy, and politics, and strong in the devotion of millions of educated and time-honoured priests. This voice was not one of invitation, not even of defiance, but of cool and complacent superiority. Not more composedly did the steadiest sage of Athens call the cross foolishness, than did Brahmin and Buddhist; they would almost as soon have thought of inviting Kafir witch doctors to enlighten them, or of uttering a defiance against the institutions of the Dyaks. All they said of the Christian religion was, that they had an older, a wiser, and a better; and this was not the voice of one school or college, but came from the whole region, overspread by the two most prevalent religions of the world,—as the suffrage of half the human race.

It was a voice to damp the Littlefaiths, and delight the scorner; but for Greathearts, like Thomas Coke, its quiet tone of triumphant heathen wisdom had more excitement than a thousand brawling challenges; for it seemed like a serious confidence of being able to match the Almighty Lamb, like a real reliance felt in powers which should outlive eternal truth. He would fain go. The reply to him was that he was old, and the 'Connexion' poor; that on his exertions the support of the existing Missions mainly depended, and his death would embarrass

and might ruin all ; that the voyage was too trying for his years, the work too costly for the Conference. He heard, however, the voice of a continent calling for the Gospel. It was to be. He offered six thousand pounds of his private fortune to meet the pecuniary difficulty ; and, ' If you do not let me go, it will break my heart.'

As the ministers went away from that Conference, their hearts were full of this scene. How were the Doctor and his six companions to be supported ? Many a harvestman, whose toils were rude, and his fare scant, who never gave a sigh for his own hardships, or a prayer for better provision, gave both repeatedly for the support of the Missionaries. ' The Lord's will be done ' had been the exclamation of all, when the uncontrollable zeal of Coke bore down remonstrance ; and now that anxious thoughts arose, as to the future of the scattered, unendowed Missions, the only answer which these praying hearts returned was, ' The Lord will provide.'

After all, no endowment is equal to the love of godly men. ' We may be pinched, but the Missions shall not fall,' was the resolve of many an itinerant, as he rode round his Circuit, and prayed and pondered. But what angel would God send to point out a well in the wilderness whence the supplies should flow ?

On the spot where the first Missionaries had offered themselves, where the Methodist preachers out of their deep poverty attested the riches of their liberality by making the first collection among themselves, there it was commanded that the spring should gush forth ; there the Lord opened the eyes of the Church, ' and she saw a well of water.'

Little thought the strong-headed men of Leeds, the day that the ill-paid preachers raised their seventy pounds, that a deed was done which should be told more frequently in distant countries, and should have a livelier echo in after ages, than any public transaction in the annals of their town. The hand which links future honours to present sacrifices prepared a chain which drew the first Missionary Meeting to the very spot where the first missionary offering of men and gold was presented.

The birth of the Baptist Missionary Society gives a place in Church history to the inconsiderable town of Kettering, which many a metropolitan see might envy ; and that of the Methodist Missionary Society raises the record of Leeds above the commercial level, and gives her a place among the mother cities in the catholic Church which is acknowledged with affection in African kraals and Fijian assemblies, in the

thriving homes of Australia and Canada, in the schools of the Friendly Isles, and the Indian settlements of Hudson's Bay, and the smiling villages of Ceylon. Many a Negro has invoked a blessing upon Leeds, both in the West Indies and on the shore of Africa; both in bondage and in freedom. And often have the zeal, the love, the enthusiasm of the whole Connexion, at home and abroad, rallied round the 'Banner for the Truth' which was set up there, and which, in hours of trial, has ever found strong arms on the old spot ready to bear it aloft and lead a new march onward.

Among those who were revolving the prospects of the Missions, George Morley went to the Conference with much solicitude, and returned to his charge in Leeds, over-filled with care for the infant Churches and the brethren far away. Ere his thoughts had time to cool, he was told that some gentlemen belonging to another body had availed themselves of the weekly meeting of the Methodists in class, to introduce subscription cards for the London Missionary Society. Could not this simple expedient be generally applied, and secure wide co-operation and abundant means without a strain upon any one? This was the germ-thought of the new organization,—simple, but prolific. Wesley had been led to found all his financial scheme on the apostolic base of a weekly offering; and now the rising family of Mission Churches were to be endowed with a provision, originating in an endeavour to apply the same principle.

Mr. Morley soon devised a plan for employing collectors to seek not only annual or quarterly, but weekly contributions, and also for holding public meetings to explain and advocate the Missionary enterprise. This he communicated to his friends and colleagues. Among these, Dr. Bunting sprang to the front, planning, organizing, commanding. From the quiet of Woodhouse Grove, the veteran James Wood came forth to give the infant scheme the stay of his wisdom and the influence of his double presidential honours. From Bramley, William Naylor, then erect in the flower of manhood, now erect in the extreme of age, warmly gave the aid of his manly talents. From Bradford, Richard Reece, a prince in person, a saint in life, stood up as a standard-bearer. From Selby, William Warrener, a returned Missionary, hailed the Society. And from Hull, Thomas Thompson, the 'borough member,' came forth to take the lead. From Wakefield, James Buckley lent a strong helping hand, and Richard Watson stretched his 'starry wings,' and, easily soaring above his fellows, traced the way upward and onward.

It was at six o'clock on an October morning* that the first gathering took place, in the 'Old Chapel,' hallowed by the memory of many a holy and happy event. (They were bold hands which levelled that plain structure, and took from our children the possibility of musing within its walls on the power which delights to show its heavenly sources by flowing through humble channels!) In the grey of that morning, numbers, not from Leeds only, but all the quarters of Yorkshire already indicated, and others besides, gathered for the first act in a great solemnity, some of them deeply forefeeling the grand issues that might follow. Their only work was to pray: they could not build till they had reached the rock, and felt it under them. Again they met in the forenoon; but yet it was not for 'business,' which, with your mere organizer, pushes all high and spiritual exercises into 'spare time.' It was for the public worship of God; when Watson discoursed on the vision of dry bones in a strain worthy of the day. He thus expressed the faith which then glowed in Christian breasts, and now gathers corroboration from the fruit of years: 'If the Dragons of Greece and Rome could not stand before the ark, but fell and were broken, neither shall the gods of China and Hindostan. If we worship Thor and Woden no longer; if in these islands the light has penetrated the gloom of Druidical forests, and put to shame the abominations of our forefathers, the crude mythology of Africa and the Southern Isles shall not resist its penetrating beams and consuming energy.'

Strengthened by the effectual, fervent prayers of the dawn, cheered by the word preached in the forenoon, the founders of the largest Protestant Missionary Society which has yet arisen, met in the afternoon to join hands in public pledge, and lay the first stone of the future Society.†

In this day of copious speeches it sounds amusing to learn that eighteen Resolutions were moved, seconded, and passed.

* Wednesday, October 6th, 1813.

† The member for Hull, Mr. Thomas Thompson, (father of the late well-known General Thompson, who took his name of Perronet from one of the most honoured of Wesley's associates, the Rev. Vincent Perronet, of Shoreham, Kent,) occupied the chair. Few provincial papers can claim a more honourable history than the *Leeds Mercury*, and its columns have never contained a record which, after fifty years, has so high an interest for numbers of good men in every quarter of the world, as that which gives an account of the *Formation of a Methodist Missionary Society for the Leeds District*. The object was stated in a few words: 'No longer trusting the cause of God in the conversation of the heathen to the variable fervour and influx of casual charity, we call into motion our many little yet powerful springs, and try to establish a permanent method of procuring perennial assistance.'—(*Report of the Speeches, &c.*, by James Nichols, Fifth Edition. It is probable that this pamphlet will be now extensively called for.)

At that epoch a speech was a formidable effort, and men who could pour out forcible sermons in the pulpit trembled at the thought of venturing on an address from the platform. Beside those whose names we have already mentioned, two men at least appeared that day who afterwards took a leading part in the history of the Society,—William Dawson, the farmer of Barnbow, the mightiest popular orator among several real orators there; and Thomas Jackson, whose honoured head, bearing the snows of the fifty years that have intervened, only twelve months ago graced the anniversary of the Society in London, as preacher of one of the official sermons. One speaker was a returned Missionary,* a living proof that a Society had not been hastily formed; and who, in the words of the *Mercury*, conceived in the stiff style of the time, gave pleasing anecdotes of Missions, ‘and of their civil, moral, and religious utility.’ But the speech in Nichols’s *Report* is far from being stiff, and is a worthy firstfruit. Of how many glowing and edifying narratives was it the forerunner! It will live, and is worthy to do so. Hearts were one, the Resolutions passed were resolutions taken, the work was done, and when the Member of Parliament closed the Meeting with what the *Mercury* calls ‘a most solemn and appropriate prayer,’ the Methodists of Yorkshire had married themselves to the cause of Missions, and the Methodist Missionary Society was formed, technically only for the Leeds District, virtually for the world; for, by an unbroken and rapid succession of steps, District Societies were generally organized, the sanction of the Conference formally given, a Central Committee appointed in London, and finally, perfecting the machinery by degrees, in 1818 the definitive organization was adopted which has remained in permanence. The Society, as thus constituted, was on the Wesleyan scale—‘The world is my parish.’ It was not for heathen countries alone, or for colonies, or for Europe, or for neglected populations at home; and in the addresses, both written and verbal, the wants of Ireland and Java, the successes in Wales and Antigua, the claims of North America and the French prisoners of war, stand side by side.

Those who judge of Methodism from rumour imagine that, being ‘a Church on wheels,’ it has nothing to do but rush on in a series of advances, without internal check or hitch. But they forget that every train must have its brake; and that in Methodism, as everywhere else, a movement not accredited by prescriptive usage will meet with plenty of opponents. There

* Mr. Warrener, from the West Indies.

are those who will intelligently investigate, and not commit themselves to anything till argument or experiment has made out a case warranting, at least, a trial. And of course there are the natural brakes, born for that service, and useful in their sphere. Only forgetting that pressure should be relaxed after a period of rest, they regard every fresh attempt at movement (not proceeding from themselves) as downhill and very dangerous; and if their resistance does not enforce a stand-still, they creak fearfully.

The new movement had to meet both these forms of opposition. The first only brought to it, a little later, the co-operation of noble men, who added the testimony of conquered reluctance to their other services. Opposition of the second form is always attended with a sharper or milder jar; but both weights and brakes were soon carried along in the streams of profound sympathy, which gushed from the hearts of the whole Methodist people.

Some of the apprehensions entertained were very reasonable. Would not these public meetings destroy the simplicity of Methodism? Would not the first excitement be followed by prostrating reaction? Would not the new machinery employed derange the old? Fears such as these could not be wholly met by argument: time alone could give a clear answer. And, in all such cases, the real question is not whether evils are possible, but whether they, instead of good, are the essence of the movement, whether the principle and aim are not such as the Church's Head will sanction. If so, effort is likely to bring a blessing, and inaction a blight. And evils cannot be warded off from the society, any more than from the individual, except by constant watchfulness; not by safeguards, adopted once for all, much less by discouraging improvements, and new modes of usefulness. Had John Wesley been born a brake, or been stopped when those who were so closed on his movements, and shrieked, 'Down-hill!' the Church and the world would have been in a different position from that of to-day.

It was perfectly true that the public meeting was a new power, a form of combined action, as distinct as the book, the pulpit, the school, and the class-meeting are in their own kind. But was it not a necessary complement of the institutions of the Christian commonwealth? Had not the germ of such a provision been preserved for us in the Acts of the Apostles? How else could tidings of the conversion of the Gentiles, of their need of the Gospel, and full discussion of our duties regarding them, have been brought effectively before the whole body of Christians? The fears that these meetings might

become so secular or trivial as to do harm rather than good, mere arenas for clap-trap eloquence and unseemly entertainment, in incongruous connexion with the sublimest of works, were far from being all unfounded. The very pulpit needs perpetual guarding, and nothing but the wakeful prayers of both Churches and pastors can prevent it from being made the organ now of self-display, now of indifference, (more ruinous to religion than hostility,) and now of heresy. If so, the platform may well have its dangers. They are plain enough, but by no means always shunned. We have attended Missionary Meetings which we could not commend, and heard speeches which men in earnest ought not to be expected to come together to hear under a religious pretence.

But what then? This only proves that men may abuse the noblest institutions; and if any one deserves general indignation, it is he who fools away an opportunity for warming the hearts of a thousand Christians with fresh zeal for the salvation of souls. But take as a whole the meetings which have followed that first one in Leeds, and where in history, sacred or profane, can be found a greater amount of cheerful, happy, healthy instruction, of manly feeling, generous impulses, and Christian deeds? How many a saint well advanced in the way to the golden gate, in looking back to the bright spots in his pilgrimage, fixes on some Missionary Meeting as the moment of his most refreshing tears! How many a pioneer in holy service, both at home and abroad, refers to the night when he heard the story of suffering slaves made happy by the love of Christ, as that when first his heart felt the impulse to live to do good! How many a poor boy has had his first sense of mental expansion in the Missionary Meeting! How many a rustic has there taken his first view of man, and thoughts and things beyond the sphere of his paternal acres! How many a youth has caught a glimpse of the greatness of his country, of its relations with all mankind! How many a self-considering trader has been lifted above his natural level, and become for life a self-denying benefactor to distant races! How many a young man, whose life threatened to be one of commonplace virtues, have these meetings kindled to the heat whence comes heroic action! How many mothers have there offered up their best child to be the Lord's messenger!

It would be hard to propose to any Methodist congregation a more serious self-denial than to abandon its Missionary Meeting. No, no, to them it is the symbol of their militant calling, the bond of union with brethren in every quarter of the globe, the annual appeal to their noblest principles, their

public tribute to the conquering cause of Christ. To give up those meetings would, they feel, banish many a blessing, and wither many a virtue.

Perhaps the Missionary Meeting as an institution is not seen to best advantage in the great assembly of cities, where the first orators speak, and the most influential audiences applaud. There, no doubt, are often witnessed moments of glorious elevation, when some noble instance of Christian zeal, or some new proof of the Gospel's power, is worthily recounted, or when the high principles of Christian sacrifice are borne in upon the conscience of an enlightened multitude, by one who has been baptised with a baptism from on high; and the upheaved emotions of such a Christian throng often give an impulse to difficult or costly enterprises that carries them over the shallows. Yet, it is not so much here that the full influence of the Missionary Meeting upon human society, as a refining and instructing institution, as a power for raising, softening, and expanding the minds of the mass, is so well seen as in some rural district, or some hive of mines or manufactures. In such places, where Methodism has a leading influence, it may be often seen that the Missionary Meeting has displaced demoralising revels, and become the village festive day. In many a district the day in which most vehicles course the village street, and most animation stirs the air, is that on which the story of Mission work in foreign fields is to be told. 'I wish we had a Missionary Meeting every day,' lately said the keeper of a toll-bar to a farmer in Bedfordshire: 'the best day, yesterday, Sir, we ever had since I have been to this bar.' Ay, and more open, generous hospitality, more friendly intercourse, more real mingling of feeling, and strengthening of social ties, at those happy gatherings, than at others for questionable diversions! The recollections of the day are those of ennobling lessons and pleasures of the soul; and the songs that sometimes float on the night air from the returning groups are such as do not shame earth or offend heaven.

Who has seen a dense mass of smock frocks, of colliers in 'the black country,' of mill hands in the North, or of miners in Cornwall, stand in patient earnest for hours, while information, precept, and appeal have followed one another, each successive speech displaying some new view of life, or some new effort of mind, without feeling that a fruitful spring of ameliorating powers, mental, social, moral, political, and religious, was unsealed the day when Missionary Meetings first began?

No other community appears, hitherto, to have so thoroughly acclimatised the Missionary Meeting as the Methodist.

Within its fence it is at home; not a hothouse plant, but racy of the soil, it flourishes in every plot as common as the wall-flower, as welcome as the may. It is not the ministers' meeting, or the Deputation's, or the Society's, it is 'our' meeting. The effort it represents is not the enterprise of the Missionaries, or the Conference, or the Committee, but 'our' work. The reclaimed cannibals, the regenerated Hindus, the ransomed Negroes, are not the trophies of this man, or that fraternity; its sanctuaries, whether framed of reeds, or mud, or hewn stone, are not the chapels of Dr. This or Mr. That; its books, its presses, its schools do not belong to such an author, or such a teacher; but they are 'our' converts, 'our' chapels, 'our' presses, 'our' schools; and the heart of every true Methodist warms to the old field and its fruits as indeed his own,—a precious part of his spiritual inheritance.

The deepest cause of this more perfect embrace of the missionary work lies no doubt in the Methodist creed. It does not look on the Gospel mission as an interlude in the reign of grace, for a while filling a part on a forsaken stage, and destined to be replaced by the reappearance of the personal Christ; but as His sole and final means of recalling lost men to salvation, the faithful use of which He will accompany with His own presence and the work of His Spirit ever, even 'until the end of the world.' It does not regard its intent as being to call out of the nations a happy few, to witness *against* the multitude, that they may be without excuse; but as the Lord's *bond fide* message of reconciliation to every sinful creature that breathes, inviting him to a home really opened, and to an atonement really made for him, so that if he is not enrolled with the blessed, it is not because the Gospel, though sent 'to' him, was not 'for' him, but because he hardened his heart, and loved darkness rather than light. Full faith that Christ died for all, that God wills the perdition of none, that salvation is free for every man, and that the Gospel will regenerate every nation and people, is the soil on which the enthusiasm of a grand missionary enterprise may be expected permanently to flourish.

Auxiliary to this is the Methodist system of itinerancy, by which returned Missionaries take their place at home, and circulate in different spheres, carrying with them that stirring influence which can be exerted only by men who have seen and done. Few Methodist Churches but have had one or more Missionary Pastors, from different regions, each one possessed with the conviction that no field in the world was so important as his own, and continually giving off a series of influences,

direct or indirect, in favour of the Mission work in general, and his former sphere in particular. Not unfrequently, in the same company, will meet, without any concert, men from the four quarters of the world, each with his stirring anecdote, or interesting description; and the influence of this in educating the whole ministry and people into a knowledge of the condition and claims of different countries, into personal sympathy with the destitution of the people and the efforts of the Missionaries, and into a cosmopolitan breadth of design, is past appreciation.

The patient work of collecting which follows from the public meetings, is also a powerful means of diffusing interest. Those who undertake it, naturally inform themselves upon missionary topics; those upon whom they call are reminded of the existence of people in other circumstances than their own, and led often to think of them, and learn somewhat of their condition. When certain ladies sallied out to canvass a beautiful town in Yorkshire, one old dame, more respectable than travelled, hearing their appeal on behalf of 'the heathen,' replied: 'For the heathens! I am very sorry for them, but I cannot relieve them; they must go to the parish!' And the visit of the collector has been the first means, at thousands of doors, of dispelling an ignorance equal to this. In a town in Nottinghamshire a lady is still living, whom, with her companion, a notable 'Vicar-general,' in his quality of local magistrate, threatened to take up under the Vagrant Act, if they did not desist from going about to get money. The unseen services rendered by the steady army of collectors have, perhaps, more of the savour of self-forgetting toil and unnoticed endeavour than any other department of Mission duty, at least in home fields: and many whose names are unknown, and their tales untold on earth, will have a record of love, and patience, and labour in the Book of the eternal Chronicles that will leave noisier fellow-servants in deep shade.

It is difficult to realise the strides made by the Christian Church on this question, of the duty of spreading the Gospel throughout the world, since the influence of Missionary Meetings, collectors, and publications came steadily into play. Dr. Smith, in his '*History of Methodism*,' informs us that the younger Trefry, one of the most generous, as well of the most gifted, of men, after hearing him contend in a speech that to send the Gospel to the heathen was not a dispensable benevolence, but a duty, took occasion to tell him, that, though he individually accepted that view, the conscience of the people was not yet prepared to respond to it.

But, perhaps, chiefest of all agents for giving interest to the meetings, and for diffusing information, has been that power of public speaking in which the Methodist Churches are rich. The missionary theme is not left to a few great orators and returned Missionaries, and never to salaried Deputations; but in every Church some are found whose hearts are warm, whose minds are full, and who can pour forth strains of intelligence and enthusiasm that kindle their neighbours. What Watson, Bunting, Newton, and their peers did for the ministry at large, what farmers like William Dawson, merchants like Edward Corderoy, Thomas Garland, or George Smith, have done in wide spheres, thousands of gifted men, ranging from the fine intellect and high culture down to the humble talent that could only command the ear of a village audience, have done for the corners into which the missionary leaven had spread, and are yearly, with growing intelligence and power, continuing to do. Better speeches, with more fluency, point, wit, emotion, and information, may often be heard at the Annual Meeting of very remote Missionary 'Branches,' than sometimes in the halls of the nation where eloquence should reign, or in the metropolitan assemblies of important Societies.

It is told of Robert Hall, in Bristol, that once, after having listened with profound admiration to Mr. Watson, at a Missionary Meeting, he turned sharp round to a neighbour when the next speaker was convulsing the audience with laughter, over some absurd tale about a miser and his sixpence, and exclaimed, 'Yes, Sir, that's the way, lions first and monkeys after!' With a few exceptions the monkey has disappeared from the missionary platform; and it is increasingly becoming, what it is well calculated to be, a school of high and holy moral aims, and zeal for the recovery of all races of men to God.

It is only in accordance with the spirit of a missionary institution, with the genius of that Christianity from which it springs, but yet, in comparison with other movements, secular and religious, it is worth remarking that the whole income of the Society, now above one hundred and forty thousand pounds, is raised without one paid collector, that all Deputations travel and speak unpaid, and that, in fact, outside the Mission House, the Society works the whole of its vast machinery without a single salaried agent in any form or degree. Its working power is love, love to the souls of men, to the Redeemer who bought them, to the messengers who are out seeking them, love of the word which when received will be their wealth, love of that kingdom of grace, every advance of which brings redemption to the soul, peace to the home, and welfare to the nation.

When the fires of this love burn dim, the working force of Methodism dies.

'Openings! Give us openings to preach the Gospel!' was the cry of the first days of missionary fervour. The great realms of the earth were fenced off from the approach of the Missionary. Even under our own flag, the authority of the East India Company warned him away from the millions of Hindustan; an impassable wall surrounded China; the Turkish Empire held its classic and Bible realms shut up against the preacher; barbarism guarded Africa at almost every point; and civilised tyranny made the spreading of the Gospel, except in the accredited forms, a crime in Europe. It was only in a corner of Africa, only by stealth or on sufferance in one spot of Asia, and scarcely anywhere on the continent of Europe, that men could freely go as if on a lawful errand to preach Christ. 'The word of God is bound,' was the sorrowing complaint of the Church, and up arose her prayer to the King of kings to open doors which human hands could never move.

Had a politician and a philosopher joined to go to some prayer-meeting, and heard men seriously sending up petitions for the opening of these doors, they might have undertaken to convince them that it was folly to utter such prayers. Do you fancy, they might say, that the wishes you utter here can affect the course of politics, and the spirit of governments in Asia, Africa, and the Continent? The proceeding is absurd. Openings to send your Missionaries to India! Is the East India Company to turn fool, and let in firebrands to set the country on a flame? Openings in China! You expect the emperor to welcome Methodist Missionaries; you may as well pray to have the wall of China for a garden fence! Openings in Turkey! You hope, perhaps, that the grand Turk is to become a good Christian, and invite preachers to St. Sophia! Openings in Europe! You expect Bonaparte to command the French to call for itinerants, and the Pope to open conventicles in Italy!

The only reply which they who prayed that the Gospel 'might have free course' could make was, 'We expect nothing from men, look for nothing from princes; our trust is in their Lord and ours; and He in His own wise ways can bring to pass that which is impossible, by means which human heart could not devise. It is to be! The world is to hear this Gospel, and we will not cease to pray that every door now closed may be opened wide.'

What has time done with the taunts of the doubter? The

East India Company no longer hold an acre of India, and not a spot of their once grand realm but is open to the Missionary! The wall of China shuts him out no more! The scimitar of the Turk no longer forbids his approach! And even in Italy preachers of the pure Gospel are free! The politician may refuse to see any connexion between the two facts; but he cannot deny that since the rise of the missionary spirit within the bosom of the Church, the impediments to preaching the Gospel, which previously rendered the greater portion of mankind inaccessible to her, have been strangely removed. Though the existence of a propagandist movement would tend to excite jealousy, and increase exclusiveness, events have overruled natural tendencies, and brought about the relaxation of prohibitory laws, when, had human nature held its wonted course, they would have become more rigid. The Christian dares not refuse to see tokens of a Hand mightier than that of kings, in the fact that though all the great empires, heathen, Mohammedan, Christian, maintained restraints on the propagation of the Gospel, they have fallen one by one, as at the moving of an unseen sceptre, and in the heart of China, in the shrine-cities of India, under the minarets of Constantinople, and in territories where the Inquisition sat in power, now 'the word of God is not bound.' The Church no longer prays for openings, but openings wider than her hopes invite the Church.

After the first formative period, when new fields, continually coming under view, kept interest alive, a great struggle was sent to intensify it, to a point which without a contest and a triumph interest never can reach. In the fair isles of the Carribean Sea the spirit of Christianity had to close with the spirit of mammon in deadly gripe, and wrestle for a great prize. Beneath them lay the Negro, covered with stripes and chains. Mammon cried, 'He is my property, and must be held down!' Christianity replied, 'He is God's offspring, and shall be lifted up.' Neither would flinch, or yield; and the struggle, which at first was obscure, soon drew the eyes of many. The Churches listened, the outside crowd caught the interest, the senate began to watch the conflict, the cabinet gave ear to its successive throes, the bright looks of the emancipating angel at last won the heart of all England; and when she arose above the turmoil, bearing in her arms the unfettered form of the Negro, such a gush of general sympathy arose for the missionary movement, as without some great contest could not have been secured. We by no means claim for the Wesleyan Missionaries more than their own share in the sufferings or triumphs

of emancipation ; but side by side with their brethren of other Churches they had their share of both.

One tangible result of modern Missions is the clear addition of the West Indian population to the census of Christendom. What an amalgam of African superstition with European vices was society in those regions a century ago ! Even those of our journalists who lend slavery their best support on practical questions, while in words condemning it in the abstract, however they decry the effects of emancipation, (very unfairly and incorrectly,) dare not deny to the ransomed Negro population as good a title to be called Christian as can be claimed by the peasantry of any country in Europe. They have real and heavy faults, and still need much labour and long training to raise them to the true level of Christian communities ; but in respect of crime, of irreligion, and of improvidence, none of our labouring masses are entitled to cast the first stone at them ; while in many hopeful points of religion and virtue, considering their comparative advantages, they would put many, if not most, of our English labourers to the blush.

Few plainer answers can be given to the charge of shiftlessness glibly brought against them by some, than the fact that they contribute more than any agricultural labourers in England, and that by a very great deal, to support the ordinances of religion for themselves. What they earn hardly they give nobly. Few objects of a jubilee celebration would be more worthy than a scheme for placing these flourishing and important Churches in a completely self-supporting position. They have clearly passed beyond the missionary stage, are as much a part of Christendom as Cornwall or Yorkshire, and come so near self-support, that every day's continuance of dependence on foreign aid must induce infirmity. A few thousands, once for all, might enable them to start on a new race of internal development.

After slavery, the greatest horror which the Missionary had to confront was cannibalism, less destructive as to the sum of its inflictions upon mankind, but more appalling in each individual example. Some would despise the physical philanthropy that springs to help where horrors rouse the feelings, instead of being solely moved by spiritual destitution and mental darkness. The most touching sight under the sky ought to be, undoubtedly, that of a sinning soul ; the next, that of an unlighted intellect ; but no man is he, least of all a man after the image of Him who moved amidst the lepers and the demoniacs, who does not speed with his help wherever a human frame is writhing. And that spectacle of man feasting on men,

which was opened to us in New Zealand and Fiji, was one that Christians could not view with apathy, and remain Christians. On those fields Missions have given rise to scenes which, next to the anti-slavery struggle, carried the cause into the core of general Christian sympathy. We saw men called to repentance while eating their neighbour's flesh and drinking human blood ; we saw the Missionary dwelling by the oven where men were baked, protesting, and suffering to be threatened that he would be laid there ; saw the pale-faced and defenceless stranger standing between tribes mustered in horrid rage, and averting the shock of arms ; saw the Missionary's wife casting her fragile form between the club of the savage and the head of her doomed sister, and paralysing the death-stroke by her own danger ; and then saw on the same sites holy scenes of Church triumph, Sabbaths, sacraments, domestic altars, schools, peace of tribes, and public order ; red-handed savages turned to worthy Christians, and hoary monsters into docile scholars. In New Zealand it is now the bitterest of possible libels for one Maori to say that another once ate human flesh ; and in Fiji sixty-eight thousand persons have renounced heathenism, with its fierce practices, and, at least outwardly, adopted Christianity.

Next to the stimulus given to the cause by conflict with real horrors, came that from complete success on a given field. One true conversion attracts more sympathy to a Mission than any other event ; and many proportionately swell the volume of tributary affection. But it is in human nature to be more impressed by a complete result on any theatre, however small, than by a partial one on the largest. The conversion of thousands in India produces little effect on the imagination, because of the outnumbering millions among whom they seem lost. But when the Friendly Isles, long a scene of stunted effort, later of partial success, became suddenly flooded with an overpowering influence under which king, and judge, and priest, woman, and youth, and child, appeared as if smitten by the spirit of repentance, and brought forth meet fruits, till their little land was cleared of idols, and took its place among Christian countries, young and weak, but not needing to blush either for its people or its laws in comparison with our own England, a compact and impressive specimen of what Christianity could effect was presented, yielding solid encouragement. In various degrees this has also been the case in the West India Isles, Sierra Leone, and New Zealand. Each of these is a new province of Christendom, in the conquest of which the Methodist Missionary Society has been chosen as an instrument to bear its part.

These conflicts and successes, with the strength, faith, resources, and experience resulting from them, seem plainly to be the training appointed to the Society for the weighty work before it. What has been accomplished in the places named bears a less proportion to the conversion of the world than the conquest of the Scilly and the Shetland Isles would to that of Europe. We no more despise what has been gained than the earliest ears of the harvest; we are as thankful for it as the husbandman for the firstfruits, and as sure that He who has sent suns to ripen and arms to reap thus far, will gather in the whole width of the waving field. But we do not take the first sheaves for our crop. They are our earnest, and nothing more. Ready results on narrow theatres were suited to the infant faith of the first missionary years; and have been mercifully bestowed, that with patient might and rock-fast confidence we might take in hand works worthy of our Master's kingdom, on the great spheres of swarming life.

To this end also have been tending the truly wonderful results of the Missions to British colonies. These were the first of Methodist Missions; and when the settlements where they began had started into an independent country, the strength gained was such that, without further external aid, the infant Church grew to be the largest in America, notwithstanding that, long before slavery reached the point at which it broke up the Union, she sacrificed at one stroke more members, property, and power than ever Church on earth did for the cause of freedom, and was proscribed on all slave soil, except strips on the free borders. Still she was able to continue advancing in the States; and not only so, but now has in India, China, Turkey, Africa, and Germany, such Missions as give promise of what share new countries of Anglo-Saxon blood will take, when themselves evangelized, in the work of converting the world.

British North America offers a powerful array of spreading Churches, the joint fruit of American and English labour. In Nova Scotia the work was begun by the parent body, in Canada by the eldest daughter of Methodist Missions; so that the whole sum of 400 ministers and 65,730 Church members is to be set down to the account of Missions. Hitherto the external operation of these young Churches has been, rightly, indeed necessarily, confined to the heathen of their own continent; and many fair fruits have they gathered from the rude hushes of the Indian wilds. But as they advance they too will be found, with all living Churches, pouring tides of Gospel influence into the Dead Sea of pitchy error that overspreads the surface of man's most crowded haunts.

Australia, too, which, though younger as a country, and as a Church, has sprung forward with even supra-colonial vigour, will one day be a foremost agent in evangelizing the great nations of the East. Fifty years ago one Methodist Missionary was named for Australasia; now the continent of the South and Tasmania not only support 125 ministers themselves, but contribute annually to the maintenance of Missions in New Zealand and Polynesia the noble sum of £10,000.

Such a growing power will in time come to bear upon the continents to its north, and the young nation which with more than wonted warmth Providence is nursing into rapid growth, will be one of the many forces by whose combined action the huge weight of Indian and Chinese idolatry will be heaved from off the earth.

The Friendly Isles have already taken their place on the missionary field by furnishing many agents for Fiji; and the Churches in the latter group have ever been among the most missionary of the world, by pushing forward to the conversion of tribes and islands still heathen. Not only do the converts support the native teachers, but they have further contributed cocoa-nut oil to the value of fifteen hundred pounds to the Mission funds. These and the Maori Churches of New Zealand, if preserved in zeal, may be the instrument of spreading the Gospel westward over the immense and hitherto almost unknown populations of the islands studding the seas to the north of the Australian waters.

The shore of the Pacific opposite China has lately become the scene of a new Mission; and British Columbia, the youngest daughter of the empire, is doubtless destined to bear no unimportant part in the vast works which have to be done, in ages to come, in the old homes of heathen population on the Asiatic shores.

The results of Methodist Missions are to be found not in books, but in Churches, schools, and numbers of attached adherents. Between four and five thousand chapels,* ranging from stately piles, like Lonsdale Street in Melbourne, to mud sheds, resound weekly, many of them daily, with the voice of worship. Nearly nine hundred preachers† proclaim the Gospel in more than twenty languages. Above a thousand salaried agents help on the work. Fifteen thousand persons and more form an army of unpaid agents ready for action at all points of the field. Above one hundred and forty thousand church members, and a slightly larger number of scholars, form the body and nursery of the Mission Churches.‡ These two numbers

* 4,618.

† 889.

‡ 142,789 members, 146,457 scholars.

added together, though amounting to nearly three hundred thousand, represent only a portion of those to whom the ordinances of Christianity are ministered by this Society; no member of a congregation not a communicant, no children of families not in schools, none of those whose attendance on worship though only occasional is at the Methodist chapel, are included; and if these, as perhaps they do, are thrice as many as the actual members and scholars, then the number of souls to whom this Society supplies the means of grace rises to not far from one million. If the Canadian Churches, (a fruit of missionary labour, not included in these returns,) with their scholars and adherents, be included, that number will probably be exceeded. Add to this the five millions who receive the means of grace through the American Methodist Churches, the result of labours before the Society was formed, and we have altogether about six millions of the human race who are indebted to Methodist Missions for the ministry of the Gospel, and all its attendant blessings. The affiliated Conferences in British America, Australia, and France, with the Missions under the Irish Conference, count this year one hundred stations, and two hundred and seventy ministers, more than the whole Society reported a few years ago. This is due to the vast increase in Canada and Australasia, and is a loud testimony to the value of colonial Missions, and their ultimate bearing on the conquest of the whole world to Christ.

Let deepest gratitude, let joy, praise, wonder, and holy triumph fill the heart of every hoary disciple who watched the Society's faint footsteps in infancy, and ventured sometimes to prophesy that distant ages would see results not half as large as his own eyes already witness. Let a warm gush of doxologies rise from the bosom of the Mission Churches, whether formed of ransomed slaves or converted colonies, of recovered cannibals or regenerated Hindus, of sturdy Kafirs or polished Europeans. Let all who have partaken of a common benefit, by a common instrumentality, join with heart and voice, with hand and worthy offering to commemorate the Common Source of blessing. Never yet has been celebrated the Jubilee of such a Missionary Society; and shall it not be said that never Society had such a Jubilee?

The people of Leeds, with whom the commemorative movement naturally began, have already suggested that *for the year* the Society's income should be doubled. This would form a noble fund; which, if judiciously used, would place the Society in a position to enter in earnest on the great continents of Europe, Asia, and Africa, as it has never done. How this

fund should be applied would form a profitable theme for discussion at the Jubilee assemblies. Every good man will have his favourite plans, and those of each will be worth considering. The building and endowment of a college for training Missionaries, as it is one of the most natural objects, seems to be that which soonest occurs to most minds. Some provision for starting the West Indian Churches on a self-sustaining basis would be one of those kinds of outlay which repay themselves many fold, in many forms. The new Mission in Central China, where one man is waiting for colleagues among tens and tens of millions, ought to have Mission houses and other permanent buildings provided. So with the projected Mission on the Godavery in India, with that just originated in Bengal, with those opening in different parts of Italy, where speedy occupation of posts and actual proprietorship of houses are both of urgent importance, and where the present promise exceeds what cautious men could hope. Thus in the great continents alone a vast sum could be wisely applied to purposes which would permanently save missionary life and health, which would increase the influence and diminish the annual outlay of the respective Missions. Ought not the sums now yearly taken from the insufficient income, to furnish allowances for widows and disabled Missionaries, to be provided for by another fund? This would be a boon for every year to come, and cause for remembrance at future Jubilees. Might not provision be made for building a church and schools in the city of Rome, in anticipation of the moment when Providence shall be pleased to proclaim over the Eternal City, 'The word of God is not bound?' Should not Africa and the West Indies each have its Training Schools for Native Missionaries? In fact, when the objects needing a special effort once begin to be thought of, the difficulty will not be to find blessed works for a Jubilee Fund to do, but to raise any fund that will be adequate. But when once the note of, 'Glory to God for the past success of the Mission Cause,' is sounded in the ear of the Methodist Israel, silver trumps and willing hands will not be wanting, and noble deeds, and holy emotions, and happy provision for future progress will mark the first and feeblest Jubilee of the Methodist Missionary Society.

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The Destiny of the Human Race : a Scriptural Inquiry. By the author of 'The Study of the Bible.' Two volumes. London : Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. 1863.

Forgiveness after Death : Does the Bible or the Church of England affirm it to be impossible ? By a Clergyman. London : Longman and Co. 1862.

THESE volumes on the Destiny of the Human Race are what they profess to be—a scriptural inquiry. The author illustrates in the method which he has pursued 'that large and comprehensive view of the whole teaching of Scripture relative to future retribution' which he himself desires and challenges: a view 'which shall fearlessly embrace everything revealed respecting it, without regard to any supposed bearing on foregone conclusions; which shall treat figures of speech as figures, parable as parable, and facts as facts; which shall, in short, do neither more nor less than simply ask questions of the Bible, and humbly record its answers.' On this principle the work before us has been written. In the conclusions to which the author comes we do not always agree with him; several points we think 'not proven;' but the honesty and thoroughness that mark the discussion must win the admiration of every unprejudiced reader.

The inquiry relates to 'the race considered as a whole, to that vast mass of humanity which, at any given period, may be estimated at eight hundred or a thousand millions, and which, multiplied by each successive generation as it comes and goes, at length accumulates an amount of sin and sorrow, of superstition, cruelty, and blood, at the very thought of which the human mind reels.' In regard to all this multitude of beings, the question which wants answer is, Whither do they go? Christ is 'the Redeemer of the world;' in what sense has He redeemed them? The Gospel is 'good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people;' when and how will it become such to these of whom we speak? Devout timidity may think the question dangerous; indolence in the guise of humility will refuse to look these facts in the face; spiritual selfishness may forbid such investigations as presumptuous; 'but Christ-like souls can no more be unconcerned as to what may or may not be revealed respecting this vast sum of humanity than they

can stand by unaffected when the destitute perish from hunger, or the dying agonize in pain.'

The writer holds that on the general question the Scriptures teach three things. 'First, that Christ has an elect church, composed of the renewed of all ages, who shall be one with Him through eternity. Secondly, that there are those who deliberately and resolutely reject Christ—a rejection which arises out of the fact that they love darkness rather than light because their deeds are evil, and for whom, therefore, there is no further hope. Thirdly, that the race, regarded as a whole—man, as separated, on the one hand, from those who, by grace, receive power or privilege to become sons of God, and, on the other, from despisers and persecutors—man, therefore, regarded as embracing in all ages the heathen, the ignorant, the captives of superstition, the careless, the indifferent, and the ungodly, is, in relation to Satan, a redeemed creature; that everything that is involved in that deliverance depends, not on his actual reconciliation, but on the Reconciler, not on the faith exercised by the sinner, but on the work of the Saviour.' So far as the present life is concerned, this is the ground maintained; not two classes of people, but three—the good, the bad, and those who are neither.

As the result of the work of Christ, those who belong to this third class are to have a future probation in some respects corresponding to that probation of grace which the elect of earth have enjoyed here; in other respects different:—similar, inasmuch as it will involve the power voluntarily to accept of the Redeemer, or wickedly to reject Him; dissimilar, inasmuch as it will be under more favourable auspices, since men will then be delivered from the captivity of Satan. 'Probation now is for a kingly crown; probation then will be simply for citizenship.' This is the distinguishing idea of the book—*probation after death*. Not purgatory; the notion that in their passage from this world to another human spirits may be purified, is held to be a fancy that can claim no support either from reason or revelation: but a probation after death for the multitude is the key which unlocks the difficulties which beset this subject. The Scriptures teach that before man can be either saved or lost, he must have the opportunity of choosing the right or the wrong. 'He that believeth shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned;' this implies fair and full probation; believing and not believing are acts that follow upon hearing of Christ and Him crucified. The great majority of human beings do not in this world hear anything about Christ; they cannot be said either to believe or not to believe; they cannot, therefore, dying in this state, be either saved or lost. This is the difficulty. Myriads of heathens, infants, and idiots leave the world every year: what is to be done with them? 'If saved at once, and in the same sense in which apostles and martyrs are saved, thou must heaven be entered by millions without faith, or love, or holiness, or discipline, or a new heart;' but if lost, multitudes suffer who never 'even once exercised a rebellious will, and other multitudes without ever having heard of

the law which condemns them, or of the Saviour whom they are supposed, by something like a legal fiction, to have rejected.' It is argued that the entire difficulty passes away if we admit for all these a state of probation after death. Probation they must have if they are to be either saved for ever or lost: they have no probation before death; therefore they must have it after.

As to the where and when of this probation, 'we think it most probable,' says the author, 'that it will commence immediately after the resurrection, that it will follow the teaching and discipline of the invisible world, that it will be carried on upon the new earth in which dwelleth righteousness, and that it will be accomplished by and through the agency of the elect church.'

Of those who are finally saved, there are two orders: kings and priests, and mere citizens. Some have authority over ten cities, and others dwell therein. Some constitute the court, others the commonalty. There are vessels of honour, and vessels of dishonour. There is the church of the first-born, and there are younger brethren of the same family who do not share in the privileges of birthright. In the far future this distinction is still maintained; and 'in the concluding portion of the apocalyptic prophecy we behold saved nations, not in the New Jerusalem, yet walking in the light of it—a tree of life being there, which yields fruits for those within the city, and leaves for the healing of those that are without.'

This is the destiny of the bulk of the human race. As to those 'who deliberately and knowingly reject the counsel of God against themselves, they cannot, on any scriptural ground whatever, expect anything better than a fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation which shall devour the adversaries. The punishment of such commences in hades; it is strictly retributive; its general character arises from the natural working out of the great laws under which man is placed; and its degrees are as manifold as the degrees of human guilt.' 'The final lot of the irreclaimably wicked is hell, the lake of fire, the second death. Hell is no dream. Degradation and punishment are not less certain than honour and reward. Life and death are not figures of speech. The lake of fire is as much an objective reality as is the kingly crown. The second death is a judgment directly inflicted by the hand of God, and certainly seems to imply the absolute extinction of being, by a Divine and judicial execution.' As to the soul of the believer in Jesus, 'it passes at death into the world of separate spirits—the paradise of which Christ spoke to the penitent thief: it remains there in a state of blessed repose and in the enjoyment of close fellowship with the Redeemer, till the resurrection of the body; when that great event takes place, the whole man, body and soul once more united, becomes again an inhabitant of a material world, a dweller in the New Jerusalem, and a participator in the regal and priestly glories of the Redeemer.'

This is a bare outline of the conclusions arrived at by the author as to the destiny of man. With the method in which this grave

subject is discussed we heartily sympathise; it is fair and candid, reverent in dealing with the text of Scripture, and fearless in doing battle with merely human deductions from revealed facts. With many of the results we agree. There is perhaps more to endorse than to question. But from some of the conclusions we dissent. Probation after death we do not accept. Such a probation as that—*minus* the world, the flesh, and the devil—would be utterly unlike the state now known by that name. Then the intermediate state of those who are to have a probation after the judgment day seems a grand waste of time, seeing that they must begin their probation as we begin ours, with everything to learn; otherwise, if for centuries they are taught and trained and disciplined in the spirit-world, they will enter upon their probation after the resurrection with tenfold more knowledge and self-command than we have when probation ceases. It seems to us that they for whom a probation is reserved must be kept for ages dark and blind, so that their life in the separate state would be a blank; or they must increase in knowledge and experience, and so become unfit for probation. On these and other grounds we decline to receive the doctrine of a probation after the judgment day; but we object to it mainly because it is not in the Book. The text that is cited, and on which the principal weight of the theory rests, is not equal to its support. The author's opinion is that the multitude on the right and left of the Judge are the very good and very bad 'sifted out of heathen nations,' and comprising a small proportion of the population of pagan lands; and that all the rest are left over to a probation which is to commence when the sheep and the goats have been disposed of. We have looked for this meaning in Matthew xxv. 32; but we have not found it. We cannot see that to 'separate them one from another' means to 'sift' a few from the many, leaving the many just as they were; the separating one from another is rather action taken upon the whole multitude and touching every individual; and this interpretation is in harmony with the metaphor which our Lord gave as an illustration of His own words,—'as a shepherd separateth the sheep from the goats.' The other scriptures which are quoted in support of this theory of future probation admit of an exposition equally natural, and more consistent with the analogy of faith.

We appreciate the force of those considerations which have impelled the author to a conclusion that we deny. There are two texts which shed some light upon this dark question, and on which another theory has been based: 'By His knowledge shall My righteous Servant justify many;' 'Woe unto thee, Chorazin! woe unto thee, Bethsaida! for if the mighty works which have been done in you had been done in Tyre and Sidon, they had a great while ago repented, sitting in sackcloth and ashes.' Christ knew that, with evangelical culture and privilege, the men of Tyre and Sidon would have turned from sin to God; He, who knew what was in them, said they would have repented; by His knowledge of them, the Redeemer justified the men of Tyre and Sidon from that perverseness which was the sin

and curse of Chorazin and Bethsaida. This knowledge that Christ has of what men would do under favourable conditions extends to all heathen people; He knows what comparative honesty of purpose there is, and what use every idolater would have made of His Gospel. There is no reason why we should not apply the words spoken concerning the men of Tyre and Sidon to other nations that have lived and died in the dark. This judicial act takes effect at death; and then in the intermediate state, during the centuries that elapse between death and judgment, these justified heathens 'will be trained for glory, honour, and immortality;' 'faculties, never developed here, will find development in that state of existence;' 'faith and love and holiness and discipline' will there be nourished and matured; these saved ones will be brought under 'instruction' adapted to their weakness, yet in harmony with what is to be their final position in the universe; and this teaching and training 'will be accomplished by and through the agency of the elect Church.' In this paragraph we quote from the volumes before us; all the advantages which our author predicates of a *probation after judgment* might rather be associated with *instruction* in the intermediate state *before judgment*. We think this theory the more scriptural of the two; it does not drag in any probation after death, and it turns to account the long years spent in the other world by giving the wise work to do in teaching, and the unwise work to do in learning, what they knew not on earth, but what they must know in order to appreciate the 'salvation that is ready to be revealed in the last time.' But we warn our readers against the spirit that would intrude with presumptuous confidence into a region where revelation sheds a 'light' which is only 'as darkness.'

John Leifchild, D.D. His Public Ministry, Private Usefulness, and Personal Characteristics. Founded upon an Autobiography. By J. R. Leifchild, A.M. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder. 1863.

APART from the interest always attaching to a man of marked individuality,—and such a man was John Leifchild,—his representative position as one of the religious leaders of an age of transition, which posterity will regard as among the most remarkable in the world's history, renders the subject of this memoir worthy of the distinction with which the affection of his son seeks to invest his father's name. The materials of the memoir have been furnished by a fragmentary autobiography, in drawing up which Dr. Leifchild spent some of the closing days of life, and which, while making no pretension to literary excellence, is full of interest.

Dr. Leifchild was a man who, 'while in a religious sense he owed everything to God, in another sense owed everything to himself.' His father, a tradesman at Barnet, and in comparatively humble circumstances, was a plain and homely Methodist of the olden sort, with respectable talents as a preacher, and a profound reverence for

John Wesley, whom he once entertained under his roof 'as though he were an archbishop.' His mother, a saturnine lady who had been brought up genteelly, and whose leanings were Calvinistic, was a perfect contrast to her sanguine husband, who had a happy way of lightening the cares of life by singing psalms. Arminianism and Calvinism do not seem to have lived very happily together in that Barnet home; and so even in early life young Leifchild noted that it was not well to be unequally yoked. A visit from Mr. Wesley, an event of a most auspicious kind to the father, left no great impression on the mind of the son, though the fact that he preached but a quarter of an hour seems to have been duly appreciated. 'I remember,' says he in his Autobiography, 'being particularly struck with the personal neatness of the preacher as he came out of his carriage. His coachman also attracted my notice; for he seemed to be his master's *valet de chambre*, his clerk when necessary, and his deputy to converse and even argue with the people. I heard that on one occasion an individual, who was one of the class of captious questioners, addressed himself to Mr. Wesley with an air of impertinent curiosity. The preacher had no time to spare, and furthermore felt it necessary to check annoyances of this kind for the future. He therefore gravely asked his questioner, 'Can you read Greek?' 'No, Sir, I cannot,' was the reply. 'O then,' rejoined Mr. Wesley, 'my coachman will be able to satisfy you.'"

A stay of two years at the Barnet Grammar School, where he was much persecuted because of his father's Methodism, completed his education; and at the age of eleven he began to work at his father's trade. At this early stage the religious impressions of his childhood became more vivid; and we find him repairing on a Sunday to a Calvinistic chapel in the neighbourhood, the minister of which was Mr. Mathews, father of the comedian. The preaching, however, was not the only inducement which led him away from the chapel at which his father sat: the main attraction was a certain young female, to whom, at that unripe age, he 'felt secretly attached.' But for that fair face he might have lived and died a good Arminian! At a prayer-meeting in the Wesleyan chapel at St. Alban's his religious impressions ripened into decision; and in answer to the invitation of a Wesleyan minister 'in the aisle of the abbey,' he resolved to join the Wesleyan Methodist Society. On his removal to the metropolis, when between nineteen and twenty years of age, a long-cherished conviction that God might be designing him for the work of the ministry was revived and deepened. He was frequently invited to fill the appointments of some of the Wesleyan 'local preachers;' and he ultimately joined a company of young men at City Road chapel, who styled themselves 'the Workhouse Community,' and who employed the spare hours of the Lord's day in visiting the several workhouses of the metropolis. But though thus associated with the Wesleys, a great change was taking place in his doctrinal views. He was found to be drifting

into Calvinism. Long conversations were held with him by Jabez Bunting, Joseph Benson, Adam Clarke, and others; but he could not be shaken. The great point of divergence was the doctrine of *effectual calling*; and Mr. Bunting in particular, whose fast friend he was for more than half a century, and over whose grave in after years he pronounced a graceful and affectionate eulogium, concluded that he would labour more pleasantly to himself in some other religious communion. He was therefore enrolled as a student in the Hoxton Academy for the training of Independent ministers.

The young student became very popular; and before long 'calls' to the pastorate came from several quarters. Rowland Hill invited him to be his curate; but Mr. Leischild seems to have had no relish for so close an alliance with that rough and eccentric divine. An invitation to take charge of the Church worshipping in Thornton Street chapel, Kensington, was more to his mind; and in the year 1809 he was ordained to this pastorate, which he held for some fifteen years, triumphing over many difficulties, and giving promise of the distinction to which he afterwards attained. During this period he became an author; and one of his sermons, on the 'Evil and Danger of Fickleness in Religious Opinions,' used to be inquired for in the 'Row' as 'Leischild's Fickleness.' A second publication redeemed him, the inquiry being now for 'Leischild's Christian Temper.' The said temper, however, was sorely tried by the *res angusta domi*. He was sublimely indifferent to figures. His notions of pounds, shillings, and pence were strictly theoretical. His good wife, on the other hand, was a great financier, and her schemes of ways and means were sadly thwarted by her intractable husband. A very humorous picture of their domestic embarrassments is drawn in the volume before us.

In 1824 Mr. Leischild received a very flattering invitation to Bristol. The relaxing air of Kensington did not suit him; and for this reason, coupled with the fear of not being able to provide new matter for his pulpit, he accepted the call. At this period the city of Bristol was in its 'Augustan age.' John Foster resided in the neighbourhood; Dr. Ryland was one of the tutors at the Baptist Academy; soon afterwards Robert Hall arrived, and threw the splendour of his genius over the whole Dissenting interest. The quaint old edifice at Bridge Street speedily gave evidence of the power of the new pastor. The church was pervaded with a new life, and strangers began to pour in from all sides, to the confusion of the old pew-opener, 'spectacled and bewigged,' who surlily demanded of the eager throng, 'What do 'e all come here for?' After spending six happy and prosperous years at Bristol, Mr. Leischild removed to London, and became the pastor of Craven chapel. His entrance upon this new sphere was not encouraging. His best friends opposed the change; his Bristol congregation protested against it; and there was little to tempt him in the large, gloomy, and almost deserted chapel. But he believed that he was his duty to go; and after events fully justified his conviction. He held this pastorate for

nearly a quarter of a century, during which period nineteen hundred and twenty-nine new members were added to the Church, all of whom, with the exception of some three hundred, were led to religious decision under his ministry. Some most interesting cases of usefulness are recorded by his son. A list of converts who afterwards became ministers contains the names of Smith, the martyr of Demerara, and the Rev. J. Baldwin Brown. Of his labours outside his church the Evangelical Alliance is a noble memorial. He relinquished his charge in 1854, and became the pastor of a new church at Brighton; but his work was done. A few more happy and genial years of age, and the shock of corn was ripe. On a Sabbath evening in June, 1862, in the eighty-third year of his age, and with words of triumph on his lips, he fell asleep.

We have spoken of Dr. Leifchild as one of the religious leaders of his age. He was this purely in a religious sense. He was not a political leader, nor was he a polemic. He became great and distinguished by his goodness and by his fidelity as a minister of Christ. With considerable power in popular oratory, he never condescended to become an agitator or a demagogue, nor did he allow his strong natural humour to compromise the dignity of the pastor. His temperament was strongly individual; but he neither aped nor encouraged eccentricity. Hence his record is throughout that of a man who served his generation by the fear of God. The pulpit was his throne. He threw all the force of his mind, and all his talents, natural and acquired, into his public ministrations. Nature had gifted him with a fine voice and a noble person; and he believed it to be his duty to supplement the gifts of nature by the appliances of art. He was a careful student of elocution, and to his training in this department at Hoxton may be attributed much of his subsequent success. It would be well if in these days the art of public speaking were more assiduously cultivated at our Theological Colleges. A man requires a physical, as well as a mental and moral, education for his pulpit. There is as much power often in an intonation or a gesture, as in a burning word. Whitefield himself would have preached to empty benches had he delivered his most brilliant discourses in a monotone, with his eyes staring fixedly on the clerk, and his arms waving like a pump-handle. Dr. Leifchild knew that there was an art in speaking, and hence, while eager for the inspiration of Heaven, he did not discard the appliances of earth. His sermons were elaborately prepared. Their strength lay in the peroration. The closing appeals of his discourses were often overwhelming. At one time the audience was melted by his pathos,—at another it was crushed by his impassioned declamation. In a magazine article, Mr. (afterwards Justice) Talfourd wrote of him: 'We remember once hearing him, at the close of a striking picture of the alarm felt by a sinner at the approach of death, exclaim in a wild tone, "His friends rush to him—he is gone!" then with a solemn impressiveness add, "*He is dead*," and, at last, in a voice that came on the ear like low thunder, pronounce, "*He is*

darned!" The effect was petrifying and withering.' Once in his life he read a sermon; but never afterwards did he use manuscript or note. In an address which he gave at a valedictory meeting on his retirement from the pastorate of Craven chapel, he uttered these memorable words: 'I never once, through the whole of these three and twenty years, preached an unstudied sermon in that pulpit, though this has often cost me sleepless Saturday nights, and made me feel the ministry to be indeed the burden of the Lord.'

An Exposition of the Prophecy of Hosea. By the Rev. Jeremiah Burroughs, Rector of Tivetshall, Norfolk. 1643, &c. Imp. 8vo. Edinburgh: James Nichol. London: Nisbet and Co.

THIS is the second volume of that short supplementary Series of Puritan Divines which Mr. Nichol is carrying on contemporaneously with his great work. It is in many respects a curious volume. The number of persons engaged upon it is remarkable: *first*, we have three authors: Burroughs, who left his work unfinished; Thomas Hall, who completed the chapter which Burroughs began, but went no further; and Reynolds, afterwards bishop of Norwich, whose work on the last chapter, though wholly independent of Burroughs, and published previously, serves to complete the exposition of the book. *Next*, we have, in the last three volumes, six divines joining to attest them, as they were successively published, to be genuine productions. Each of these is a host in himself:—Thomas Goodwin, Sydrach Simpson, William Bridge, William Greenhill, John Yates, William Addorley; but as though they were not enough, there is an unknown 'supervisor,' or, as we suppose he would now be called, editor, upon whom devolved the labour of comparing Burroughs's MSS. with the notes of the short-hand writer, who seems to have been as diligent in his attendance upon the popular preacher, as some of the same class are in our own times. *Next, and lastly*, we have the amiable Mr. Sherman, who was possibly attracted towards Burroughs by the fame of his peaceable and affectionate temper; and by whom the volume as we now have it was finally prepared for the press about twenty years ago. Except in the case of a cyclopædia, or a periodical, we scarcely remember another instance of a volume on which so many 'hands' have been employed. Nor is this its only peculiarity. The 'supervisor' tells us that the work is brought to our 'hands through several elements; having been in danger, part of it to be rotted in the earth where it was buried, part of it to be consumed in the fire' (at the siege of Colchester), and part of it 'to be lost in by-holes where it was hidden in the midst of enemies.' Not many books have such a history, nor many authors such a tribute to their popularity as is implied in all this care for the preservation of Burroughs's writings.

Adams, whose noble volume on the second Epistle of Peter formed

the first of this series, was not, strictly speaking, a Puritan at all; for he conformed to the Established Church all his days, and that, as far as is known, without remonstrance on his part, or molestation on the part of others. But Burroughs was a Puritan proper, who had scruples about the ceremonies while he continued an Episcopalian, and was eventually deprived by Bishop Wren. He afterwards became an Independent, and an active promoter of the views of that party. Having been the colleague of Bridge in the pastorate of the Independent Church at Rotterdam, he afterwards became the colleague of Greenhill in the lectureship of that famous congregation at Stepney with which so many great names are associated. He appears to have held two other lectureships in London; but whether at the same time with that at Stepney does not clearly appear. These were St. Giles's, Cripplegate, and St. Michael's, Cornhill, at the latter of which these lectures on Hosea were delivered. They are said to have been attended by great crowds, at which we do not wonder when we read that he undertook to expound Hosea with a view to 'parallel the works of the Lord in these times with those of old under the Old Testament,' and 'that he made application all along to the dispensations of that time in which he preached.' (P. vi.) Such applications generally insure an interested auditory, even when the speaker is not, as Burroughs was, an actor in the stirring scenes he spoke of. Add to this, that he warmly espoused the popular cause, and abounded in stirring exhortations to his hearers, to help it on by all means in their power; and we have one secret of his popularity plainly revealed. In his applications to 'the dispensations of the time,' he does not spare the Royalists and Episcopalians; 'the prelatical faction' and 'the malignants' are often on his lips; and for the manner in which he sought help from his hearers towards carrying on the civil wars, the following may serve as a specimen:—

'Strip yourselves of your ornaments, that God strip you not. Cry unto God for mercy... If all had been such base spirits as I have been, what would have become of the land by this time? In testimony, therefore, of my humiliation for my sins, I do here bring in this of my estate; though, indeed, if I had not been guilty of such sins, yet out of common prudence and respect to my own security I might bring in some part, yet here is so much more of my estate, because my conscience tells me of my former guilt. And, Lord, for the time to come, I am resolved to do the uttermost I can for Thee and Thy cause. And those worthies that carry their lives in their hands for me, God forbid that I should have the least hand in betraying them, in withdrawing my hand and assistance from them. Lord, here I give up myself to Thee, and my estate I surrender it to Thee in an everlasting covenant. This is to come with a naked heart indeed before the Lord.' (P. 71.)

Thus, again, he stirs them up to that work of demolition which (one would think) they were quite sufficiently proficient in:—

'If they will not lay waste their altars, God will abolish their

cities. God has begun to put it into the heart of our governors to abolish many superstitious pictures and crosses in divers places: there is yet our great one remaining, and we hope God, upon the same grounds, may put it into their hearts to abolish that. It would be a dreadful thing if we should not obey God, now calling upon us to cast out the remainders of idolatry and superstition, to lay waste all idolatrous pictures, images, and crosses; and He should lay waste your cities to lay waste your altars, crosses, and relics of idolatry.' (P. 152.)

The alleged profaneness of the royal army serves for a reason why they should be defeated.

'Let such as are going forth in the service of religion and liberty go forth with courage;.....for they fight against none but those whom God fights against.....most abominable swearers and blasphemers.....open despisers of God, of His truth, and of His people... Shall these uncircumcised Philistines go on thus defying God and His truth? If you have the hearts of men within you, especially of Christians, methinks you should not be able to bear it, but go forth against them with fulness of spirit and resolution. Certainly God will make them a prey to you; they are such as not only have put off Christianity and are become atheists; but they have put off all kind of humanity, and are rather turned monstrous beasts or devils. Fear them not, though their hearts be full of pride and rage, and though they boast never so much. I say, fear them not; for this is part of the curse of God upon them, that though God fights against them, they will not see it.' (P. 77.)

Such were the condiments with which our lecturer served up his Exposition of Hosea to crowded audiences; such the style in which the 'pulpit drum ecclesiastic' was beaten in St. Michael's, Cornhill. It is sadly illustrative of the state of the country at that period to observe that the man who could preach thus was celebrated for *moderation* and *peaceableness*! 'If all the Episcopalians had been like Archbishop Usher, all the Presbyterians like Mr. Stephen Marshall, and all the Independents like Mr. Jeremiah Burroughs,' said Baxter, 'the breaches of the Church would soon have been healed.' What, then, must those have been who were unlike Burroughs!

We have dwelt so long upon the historical aspect of this volume as to leave ourselves but small space to speak of its merits. Profound exegesis the reader will scarcely expect; but he will find a moderate share of skill in 'the tongues'; much familiarity with Scripture and ancient history; many just and forcible observations, both experimental and practical; and if he can overlook the intensely political tone of the volume, and the wonderful copiousness which expends twelve columns upon a single verse, deducing five 'Observations' from the first clause, and eleven from the second, he may read the whole with no small advantage.

Lectures on the History of the Jewish Church. Part I. Abraham to Samuel. By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D.
London: John Murray.

IN preparing the Lectures of which this volume is the first instalment, the Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Oxford has had three main objects in view. He has adopted a mode of instruction which has permitted him, without pursuing a continuous narrative, to select striking passages of Jewish History for illustration and comparison. He has sought, secondly, to present 'the main characters and events of the sacred narrative, in a form as nearly historical as the facts of the case will admit,'—more especially because a certain 'reluctance to recognise in sacred subjects their identity with our own flesh and blood, has at different periods of the Christian Church affected the view entertained of the whole Bible.' The third object in the mind of the writer has been to render his Lectures strictly ecclesiastical. Questions of race, language, and antiquities are therefore treated subordinately to the great fact that 'the Christian Church sprang out of the Jewish.' One cannot but admire the ingenuity with which the professor thus enlarges the range of subjects contemplated by his chair. It was a happy thought to emancipate himself from the dull and dreary controversies of the middle ages, and to transfer his labours to the picturesque and stirring history of the chosen people. There is profound philosophy, however, as well as ingenuity in this recognition of a true identity between the Christian Church and the sombre and stately Church of the Jews; and we gladly accept Professor Stanley's endeavour to set forth the continuousness of that faith in which the fathers died, and which at the present day is fruitful of all good.

The Jewish History divides itself into three great periods, each having its peculiar characteristics, and its representative men; each, too, terminated by some signal catastrophe. The first period commences with the Exodus,—for the patriarchal age was rather the prelude than the inauguration of the Jewish history,—and closes with the destruction of the sanctuary at Shiloh, where the ancient and primitive social life was absorbed into the new institution of the monarchy. The second period comprehends the entire history of the kings, and terminates in the overthrow of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar. The third period begins with the captivity, and closes with the destruction of the Holy City and Temple by the armies of Titus, and the final extinction of the national independence under Hadrian. Viewing these periods ecclesiastically, Dr. Stanley sees in the first the revelation of the Mosaic religion; in the second its development through the growth of the prophetic order; and in the last 'the greatest development of the prophetic spirit, out of which rose the Christian Church, and the consequent expansion of the Jewish religion into a higher region.'

To the story of Abraham, Dr. Stanley gives much careful atten-

tion, heightening its many incidents with that poetic power of which he is a master. Noting a point very happily elaborated by Dean Milman in his *History of the Jews*,—that, unlike the legendary heroes of Greece and Rome, who appear as gods or demi-gods, the father of the chosen people takes his place in the history as a man, without confounding the interval between the human and the Divine; itself a strong confirmation of the truth of the primitive record,—Dr. Stanley very wisely indicates, that the mission of Abraham was not that of a prophet or a teacher, but of a friend of God, that of one who by his personal converse with God, and his consequent purity of life, was to illustrate the blessedness of the life of faith. ‘He is not an ecclesiastic, not even a learned sage, but a chief, a shepherd, a warrior, full of all the affections and interests of family and household, and wealth and power, and for this very reason the first true type of the religious man, the first representative of the whole Church of God.’

It is to be regretted that in estimating the mission of Abraham, Dr. Stanley endorses an opinion, (first started by Professor Max Müller,) which is not only questionable on critical grounds, but which assumes the existence of a compromise, dishonouring alike to the fidelity of the patriarch, and the dignity of Jehovah. In the plural form *Elohim*, which we translate *God*, he professes to discern ‘a trace of the conciliatory and comprehensive mission’ of Abraham. His mode of reasoning is as follows: ‘When *Eloah* was first used in the plural, it could only have signified, like any other plural, “many Eloahs;” and such a plural could have been formed only after the various names of God had become the names of independent deities,—that is, during a polytheistic stage. The transition from this into the monotheistic stage could be effected only in two ways: either by denying altogether the existence of the *Elohim*, and changing them into devils, as was done in Persia,—or by taking a higher view, and looking upon them as so many names invented with the honest purpose of expressing the various aspects of the Deity, though in time diverted from their original intention. This was the view taken by Abraham. Whatever the names of the *Elohim*, worshipped by the numerous clans of his race, Abraham saw that all the *Elohim* were meant for God; and thus *Elohim*, comprehending by one name everything that ever was or ever could be called Divine, became the name by which the monotheistic age was rightly inaugurated: a plural conceived and construed as a singular.’ Equally unsatisfactory is Dr. Stanley’s view of the temptation of Abraham, which he dimly intimates may have been suggested by other means than Divine interposition. The intimation that the voice of God called to Abraham he assumes to be ‘in exact accordance with the general tenor of the Hebrew Scriptures,’ and quotes in illustration a passage from the life of David, where in one book the same temptation is ascribed to God, and in another to Satan. Hence he would lead us to the conclusion, that Abraham, in devoting his son to the altar, was giving terrible expression

to the 'almost irrepressible tendency of the burning zeal of a primitive race' in favour of human sacrifice. In passing 'from the sacrifice in the land of Moriah to the sacrifice of Calvary,' Dr. Stanley fails to indicate the grand point of divergence between the two,—the vicariousness of the death of Christ.

The difficulties of the sacred narrative, which have found such exaggerated expression in Bishop Colenso's book, Dr. Stanley slurs over with that reluctance to commit himself to any definite theory of exposition which characterizes his school. For instance: in noticing the controversy respecting the numbers of the great migration under Moses, he espouses neither the theory of Ewald, who contends for the six hundred thousand of the text, nor that of Laborde, who reduces them to six hundred, but leaves the question 'to the critical analysis of the text, and of the probabilities of the case;' confining himself 'to what remains equally true under either hypothesis.' So again with the astronomical difficulty in the battle of Beth-horon, of which he offers no definite solution; assuming only that 'if we take the words in the popular and poetical sense in which from their style it is clear that they are used, there is no occasion for inquiry.'

In his estimate of the character of some of his heroes, Dr. Stanley indulges sometimes in eccentric and far-fetched conceits. He dwells much, for instance, on the humour of Samson, who was 'full of the spirits and the pranks, no less than of the strength, of a giant.' 'Nothing can disturb his radiant good humour. His most valiant, his most cruel, actions are done with a smile on his face, and a jest in his mouth.' After quoting many illustrations of the giant's humour, he adds: 'The closing scenes of his life breathe, throughout, the same terrible yet grotesque irony. When the captive warrior is called forth, in the merriment of his persecutors, to exercise for the last time the well-known raillery of his character, he appears as the great jester or buffoon of the nation; the word employed expresses alike the roars of laughter, and the wild gambols with which he "made them sport;" and as he puts forth the last energy of his vengeance, the final effort of his expiring strength, it is in a stroke of broad and savage humour that his indignant spirit passes away. "O Lord Jehovah, remember me now; and strengthen me now only this once, O God, that I may be avenged of the Philistines," (not for both of my lost eyes—but) "for *one* of my two eyes." That grim playfulness, strong in death, lends its paradox even to the act of destruction itself, and overflows into the touch of triumphant satire with which the pleased historian closes the story: "The dead which he slew at his death, were more than they which he slew in his life."' Not less far-fetched, and not less unworthy of the dignity of the narrative, is Dr. Stanley's theory that the prayers of Samuel were accompanied with a 'wild scream or shriek,' 'a piercing shrill cry,' which in agitated moments he was wont to sustain all night long. This fancy is founded upon the passage, 'And Samuel *cried* unto the Lord!'

The blemishes of these Lectures, however, bear no proportion to their beauties. They are pervaded by the purity and picturesqueness which have always graced Dr. Stanley's pen. It must be a pleasant thing to sit at the feet of a lecturer so capable of investing dry details with interest, and of lighting up every subject he handles with the glow of genius. Scholars will perhaps be disappointed by a want of originality,—for it must be confessed that these Lectures contribute little that is new towards the solution of those many problems with which the Jewish history abounds. Dr. Stanley is perhaps too strict in his adherence to the teachings of Ewald and his school. Now and then, however, a passage occurs which oversteps the *routine* of exposition. Such, for instance, is the tracing back of the *marine* imagery of Jewish literature to the natural remembrance of the crossing of the Red Sea. In the 'dry inland valleys of Palestine, danger and deliverance were always expressed by the visions of sea and storm.' Living apart from all maritime pursuits, the sons of Israel never forgot their baptism in the cloud and in the sea: 'their whole national existence was a thanksgiving, a votive tablet, for their deliverance in and from and through the Red Sea.' Equally fresh is the parallel he runs between the mediæval history of the Jewish Church, and the mediæval history of the Christian Church. Better than all is the devout spirit which breathes throughout these Lectures, and which raises the reader immeasurably above questions of secondary importance. Dr. Stanley never merges the minister in the professor.

In the Appendix to this volume, there is an account of the recent visit of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, in whose suite Dr. Stanley was, to the mosque of Hebron, and the cave of Machpelah. This is the most interesting chapter in the whole book. The travellers, after almost infinite difficulty, were permitted to enter the shrines of Abraham, Jacob, and Joseph; beneath which the bodies of those patriarchs lay. They were not allowed to enter the shrines of Sarah and Rebekah, as being those of women. The shrine of Isaac, too, was forbidden to them, on the ground that he was 'proverbially jealous, and it was exceedingly dangerous to exasperate him.' Entrance into the sacred cave, 'in which one at least of the patriarchal family may possibly still repose intact,—the embalmed body of Jacob,'—was strictly prohibited. The travellers were compelled to be satisfied with one short glimpse into the dark void. But though the mysteries of Hebron have not yet been solved, the visit of the prince has doubtless paved the way for more exact information and research in the future. English perseverance, of which the heir apparent is no imperfect specimen, will ultimately triumph.

Memoir of the Rev. James Sherman: including an unfinished Autobiography. By Henry Allon. London: Nisbet and Co. 1863.

It was Mr. Sherman's dying wish that Mr. Allon should write

his Life. The task could not have been confided to better hands. Mr. Allon brings to his work not only a profound regard for the dead, but a wise judgment also: and while he avoids the flattering estimate which an over-indulgent friendship would naturally form, he does not allow a cold and calculating criticism to lower the tone of his picture. His contribution to our knowledge of his departed friend is loving, but it is just. The materials of the Memoir are scanty. Few lives so influential as that of Mr. Sherman are so void of marked and unusual incident. His history is singularly free from romance. It is that of a man who, without natural genius and without any particular coincidence of fortunate circumstances, won an almost universal admiration by the sheer force of his godliness. Deficiency in incident, however, is compensated by Mr. Allon's method of treating his subject. He has taken occasion to interweave many valuable suggestions with the thread of his narrative, as well as to supply considerable information respecting the theory and discipline of Congregationalism.

Mr. Sherman's early advantages were many. The industry and thrift of his parents provided for their only child an excellent education. They were godly people, and their home was a happy one. The son seems to have inherited the temperament of his mother, whose religion was glowing and grateful. After many fruitless attempts to secure a desirable position for him, his parents ultimately apprenticed him to an ivory turner. Late hours, poor rations, and ill-usage almost broke the spirit of the weakly boy. The seeds of a pious training were matured in an early religious decision, which was followed by a strong impression that God designed him to be a preacher of the Gospel. This impression deepened into conviction during a severe illness; and on his return home he disclosed the secret to his mother. She thought he must be deranged; and both parents sought to discourage him from entertaining what they considered the hopes of a visionary. He persisted, however, and expressed his belief that by the providence of God his indentures, which bound him for yet many years, would be cancelled. The prophecy was fulfilled: his master, fearing that he should make little by his apprentice, absolved him from further obligation. Mr. Sherman's impression was that there was something supernatural in these dealings of God with him. This impression 'tinged all his conceptions, suffused his preaching, and gave to it no little of its peculiar inspiration and power.' But Mr. Allon is rather chary of admitting the play of the supernatural. In contradistinction to the joyous testimony which Mr. Sherman gives respecting his assurance of conversion, his biographer affirms that the only scriptural ground upon which the assurance of personal forgiveness can rest is 'the consciousness that I have complied with the conditions upon which God promised forgiveness.' The same hesitation respecting the supernatural is evident in Mr. Allon's definition of a call to the ministry, of which he assumes that 'all that can be said is that a strong and intelligent personal desire must combine with manifest capabilities, the concur-

rence of those who are fitted to form a judgment, and with favouring circumstances.' Such a definition reads coldly by the side of the cry of the apostle: 'Woe is me, if I preach not the Gospel!'

Mr. Sherman was enrolled as a student at Cheshunt College, of which, as also of Trevecca, and of the Countess of Huntingdon's Connexion generally, Mr. Allon gives an interesting, though, perhaps, too lengthy, account. Mr. Sherman's first pastorate was at Reading, where he spent fifteen happy and successful years. Then came a call from Surrey chapel, backed by the signatures of twelve hundred seat-holders and communicants. For many reasons Mr. Sherman was led to regard the call as providential, and he accepted it. His obedience, however, to what he thought to be the voice of God was severely tested. An elderly lady, his next-door neighbour, was deeply attached to her pastor, and had already settled upon him an annuity of £100. Hearing of his proposed removal, she waited upon him and warmly protested against it. Failing to move him by her appeals, she produced her will, in which she had bequeathed £1,500 to each of his three children, and £200 to himself, besides making him residuary legatee. She declared that the day he left Reading the will should be destroyed. Mr. Sherman stood firmly by his convictions, and the will was flung into the fire before his eyes.

During the last years of Rowland Hill's life, the congregation at Surrey chapel had declined, and the affairs of the church had become chaotic. The new pastor was chilled and alarmed by the many vacant sittings; but within a few weeks additional accommodation had to be provided for the increasing hearers. The congregation rose to two thousand five hundred. In one year two hundred and fifty members were added to the Church. Mr. Sherman threw himself into his work with the utmost energy and heart; and even when his increasing labours compelled him to retire for a time to the Continent, he sent long and loving letters to his flock, over which he watched with changeless care. The death of Mrs. Sherman, 'one of the most perfect women as a pastor's wife that God ever gave to one of His servants,' was a blow from which her husband never recovered. A sadness rested upon his life ever afterwards. Following close upon this heavy affliction came that financial embarrassment which caused so great a scandal at the time, but from all unworthy complicity in which Mr. Sherman is acquitted not only by the satisfactory explanation of his biographer, but by the united judgment of the trustees and elders of the Surrey chapel. There may have been a lack of discretion in the course which led him into trouble, but there was no deviation from the path of rectitude. Weighed down by the sorrows of his solitary home, and by declining health, Mr. Sherman resolved to resign the pastorate of Surrey chapel, and to accept the charge of a new but much smaller church, at Blackheath. His success at Blackheath was no less signal than that which had attended him at Reading and Surrey. 'Scarcely could another man be named who, at sixty years

of age, retiring from a laborious pastorate and in enfeebled health, could thus in seven years have gathered a congregation of a thousand persons, and called into existence a Church of four hundred and sixty-eight members, of wealth, power, and influence scarcely inferior to any of the Churches of Christ.' Lingering months of disease preceded his death, which occurred early in 1862.

The story of Mr. Sherman's power is written in thousands of hearts. He was in the best and truest sense a popular preacher. With no great genius, without brilliance or intellectual beauty or passion, without originality or eccentricity, he succeeded as few preachers have done in any age of the Church. His sermons were full of *heart*; and this, under God, was the secret of his power. Criticism was disarmed, indifference was aroused, and godlessness was shamed by a ministration pervaded with overwhelming pathos and emotion. There was 'a tear in the tone of his voice;' and few could resist the strong contagious emotion that penetrated and subdued the heart. The lesson of his life, as Mr. Allon wisely says, is this: *that every gift becomes great when greatly consecrated.*

Histoire Générale et Système Comparé des Langues Sémitiques. Par Ernest Renan. First Part. Third Edition, Revised and Enlarged.

A YEAR ago we passed under formal review the contents of this very learned, brilliant, and mischievous book, as it was then circulating in its second edition. The edition which the author now publishes is little more than a transcript of its predecessor. The enlargement spoken of on the title-page is not great; it is only here and there that any important modifications are met with, either in the statement of facts or the expression of opinion: for good and evil, the work is the same prodigy as before of literary genius, artistic taste, and immeasurably credulous critical scepticism. M. Renan has recently returned from a scientific mission to the country formerly known as Phœnicia; and, though the philological results of his explorations there connect themselves rather with the forthcoming than with the present volume of his work, he has made some slight use of his discoveries in his chapter on the Punic alphabet and the mysterious people who invented it. The 'additions and improvements' named in his 'Advertisement' as occurring in the passages relating to the Shemitic populations of Asia Minor, to the extinction of the Hebrew as a living language, and to certain Aramæan and Arabic inscriptions found in various parts of the ancient territory of the Shemites, are fewer than might be expected, and seldom touch the substance of the writer's earlier sentiments. The masterly section on the old Babylonian literature has evidently been subjected to careful revision; and on one question belonging to the history of Aram, the genuineness, that is to say, of the famous Syro-Chinese Inscription of Si-ngan-fu, so elaborately discussed by D'Herbelot, M. Renan, we observe, is no longer

doubtful, as he was five years since, but expresses his full conviction that it is a veritable monument of the missionary enterprise of Syria in the eighth century of our era. The 'Advertisement' speaks of changes which the author has made in treating of the age of 'certain Hebrew books.' Here, however, so far as we have remarked, there is no alteration worthy of notice. Indeed, the bad features of M. Renan's book remain throughout without the smallest mitigation. He still believes that Moses turned towns and mountains into men who had wives and bore children. He still teaches that the Koran among the Arabs acted the part of a philological legislator, but is unable to conceive how this can have also been the case with the Pentateuch as written by the son of Amram. He still holds that in the very outset of their course the Aryans were worshippers of their own sensations, but that the Shemites, in quick succession, first apprehended the universe, then the personality of the Divinity as distinct from the universe, and then God Himself the Creator of all things; and that this is the cause of the religious superiority of the latter over the former of these great races. M. Renan is a high authority in comparative language; but he must not expect to be listened to either in Biblical criticism or theology, while he shows so intense a resolution to be blind wherever it is convenient to his scepticism not to have eyes.

Thoughts on Revelation. With special Reference to the Present Time. By John M'Leod Campbell. Cambridge: Macmillans. 1862.

MR. CAMPBELL'S name occurs in Irving's Life. He came into connexion with Irving many years ago, in the earlier part of that preacher's residence in London, and afterwards, we believe, corresponded with him occasionally. Irving especially notes his religious earnestness and his singleness of heart. He became, probably through Irving's influence, a student of Coleridge. He has abandoned the traditional theology of the Scottish Churches. He is not, however, to be confounded with the heterodox followers of Coleridge. We do not agree with his theology, especially as exhibited in his former work on 'the Nature of the Atonement,' &c. He sets forth very impressively the vicarious character of Christ as Mediator between God and man; he teaches that Jesus Christ, as the second Head and Representative of the human family, identified Himself with our sinful race, and so took upon Him the burden of our sins, as, on our behalf, to confess them to His Father with sorrow and agony of spirit, such sorrow and agony as wrung from His body the bloody sweat in Gethsemane, and broke His heart on the cross of Calvary. But he denies the *penal* character of His sufferings, and His doctrine would really rob the sufferings and death of the Saviour of their sacrificial character. The Scripture knows nothing of a Mediator who is not also a Priest, or who appears without a sacrifice. Apart from this grave error, Mr. Campbell's theology is tender, spiritual,

profound, full of reverence for the law, the holiness, and the word of God. In the present volume we do not observe that Mr. Campbell's special error appears. The book is meditative and suggestive, eminently experimental and devout. Mr. Campbell, indeed, has an evident inclination towards what has been called the mystical school. He several times quotes from the poetry of Gambold, the college friend of the Wealeys, who, after parting from the Oxford Methodists, became a Bishop among the Moravians; and he dwells exclusively on the internal evidence of Holy Scripture, on the revelation within by which the Divinity of the Word of Revelation is demonstrated to the heart and spirit of the humble and awakened man. He does not, however, profess to do more than exhibit one aspect of the case, as respects revelation; his book is pervaded by a tone of deep, experimental conviction of the full truth of the Scriptures; he deals very reverently with the Divine word, endeavouring strictly to follow its guidance. He is therefore to be separated altogether from those who, like Maurice and his school, interpret Scripture by the light of the word within them. *His inward light attests the Divine authority of the written word, which thenceforward becomes a 'light to his feet and a lamp to his path.'* Such thoughtful and spiritual books as these are profitable in the present age. Nevertheless, Mr. Campbell is not a luminous writer, nor a swift or subtle thinker, nor perhaps fully comprehensive in his grasp of his subject. By slow degrees, by much pondering, by not a little prayer, and after much experience, he has been brought from traditional Calvinism to his present theological position.

The Divine Human in the Scriptures. By Taylor Lewis.
London: Nisbet and Co. 1863.

THIS is a reprint from an American work published three years ago, by Carter and Brothers of New York. Nothing, however, is said either in the title-page or elsewhere to apprise us of this. Taylor Lewis, as the writer is barely described on the title-page, has been already introduced to our readers as the author of a volume on 'the Church and Science.' He was formerly Professor of Greek and Latin Literature in the University of New York, is now, or was lately, Professor in Union College, Schenectady, and holds the diploma of LL.D. An American Quarterly Reviewer has said of Professor Lewis, in an article on the work before us,—'Professor Lewis is one of the most accomplished scholars, subtle thinkers, and elegant writers of our country. His scholarship is profound and searching; yet rather graceful and ornamental in the texture of his productions than repulsive or plodding. He is, if we mistake not, on some points ultra-conservative; and yet on others a deep digger for originality and a daring theorist.*' We are glad to be able to confirm by such authority the judgment which we gave as to Professor Lewis in

* *Methodist Quarterly Review*, April, 1860.

our notice (July, 1861) of the other work to which we have referred. Messrs. Nisbet have done well in publishing for circulation in this country the vigorous, suggestive, and eloquent little work of which the title is given above.

Christian Faith and Practice. By James W. Alexander, D.D., New York. Second Thousand. Edinburgh: Andrew Eliot. London: Hamilton. 1862.

Consolation. By James W. Alexander, D.D., New York. The same Publishers. 1862.

AMERICAN books would hardly be reprinted in England, if they were not of superior excellence. These beautifully got up volumes are from the pen of one of the best of American preachers and divines, the late excellent and revered Dr. Alexander. Those who would become acquainted with the best specimens of pulpit teaching in the United States should obtain these volumes. The former is doctrinal, and deals with modern doubts and with the difficulties and temptations which chiefly beset men striving in the present day to live to Christ, especially in great cities. The latter is a manual for the fearful, the afflicted, and the sorrowing.

The Two Testimonies : or, 'The Oracles of God' and 'The Law Written in the Heart' compared. Second Edition. By Frederick W. Briggs. London: Mason.

THE first edition of this able little volume has been already noticed in this Review. We refer to this, the second edition, because of some fresh and very valuable matter which has been added, in the shape of strictures on the Last Objections of Rationalism, as put forth by Dr. Colenso. Mr. Briggs has wisely devoted some one hundred and forty pages to a calm and scholarly consideration of the supposed difficulties of the Pentateuch. His explanations are clear and correct, and are pervaded by a Christian spirit.

Lives of the Engineers, with an Account of their Principal Works : comprising also a History of Inland Communication in Britain. By Samuel Smiles. Vol. III. London: John Murray. 1862.

THIS volume, although belonging to that series of the biographical history of engineering of which Mr. Smiles has already published two volumes, is complete in itself. It contains an admirably written memoir of the two Stephensons, father and son, and is enriched throughout with most valuable information relative to the early history of Railways, and the men who were principally concerned in establishing them. The combination of two biographies in one narrative, though unusual, is in this case peculiarly appropriate,—the life and achievement of the son having been in a great measure the complement of

the life and achievements of the father.' Throughout the whole of their unassuming yet famous career, the relations which existed between them were so intimate, that 'it is impossible to dissociate the history of the one engineer from that of the other.'

With the details of the life of the elder Stephenson the public has already been made familiar, through the *Story of his Life*, published by Mr. Smiles some time ago. The chief interest of this volume lies, therefore, in the memoir of the no less naturally gifted and more accomplished son. Inheriting all his father's best qualities, and happily not inheriting that ruggedness which, however pardonable and even interesting in the sire, would have been sadly out of place in the son, Robert Stephenson won for himself a high position, not only as a man of science and skill, but as a gentleman, in the truest and purest sense of that ill-used word. Though simple and unobtrusive in his habits, he was one of the most fascinating men of his time; and happy were those who were permitted to enjoy his society. Sir John Lawrence has spoken of him as 'the man he most delighted to meet in England,—he was so manly, yet gentle, and withal so great.' Both father and son were offered the honour of knighthood; but they were not the men for a distinction of that kind, and they declined it, carving out for themselves a more distinguished honour in their devotion to their country's progress, and in the gratitude with which their country cherishes their memory. The remains of George Stephenson lie in the ground of Trinity Church, Chesterfield; those of his son repose, side by side with England's greatest dead, in Westminster Abbey; but the memorials of their life and genius live in the most colossal monuments of skill and enterprise with which this or any other age has been graced.

Mr. Smiles's book abounds not only in stirring and racy recollections of these two gifted men, but in substantial information respecting the rise and progress of the Railway system in England. There is scarcely a work extant which offers such an opportunity for estimating the progress which has been made during the last fifty years. Less than half a century ago, the *Quarterly Review*, in an article strongly advocating the projected Liverpool and Manchester Railway, ridiculed the idea of travelling at a speed beyond eight or nine miles an hour. 'What,' said the indignant reviewer, 'can be more palpably absurd and ridiculous than the prospect held out of locomotives travelling *twice as fast* as stage coaches?..... We trust that Parliament will, in all railways it may sanction, limit the speed to *eight or nine miles* an hour.' Such words as these, when compared with the every-day experience of railway travellers, most strikingly indicate the stride which has been taken during the last thirty years.

The moral of the story told by Mr. Smiles cannot fail of effect. No work of the recent press more successfully illustrates the power of persistence and of the consciousness of right. George Stephenson never would allow that he was a genius, but always contended that other men, with equal labour and perseverance, would have accomplished all that he achieved. However we may dissent from this

conclusion as a whole, there is one point in it on which there can be no controversy,—the recognition of the power of unwavering purpose and energy. The Stephensons scarcely ever entered on a work which was not beset with difficulty: they never failed. Difficulties of a physical nature were the least imposing. They had to battle with superstition, and prejudice, and envy. When it was proposed to extend the advantages of railways to the rural population, the 'country gentlemen' were in hysterics of alarm. Game preserves would be destroyed; the cultivation of the land would be rendered impossible; farmers would be reduced to beggary; untold horrors would follow; and the country would be ruined. Colonel Sibthorpe, of merry memory, denounced the 'infernal rail-roads,' and declared that he would rather meet a highwayman than an engineer. But the irascible colonel was compelled at last to succumb. 'For a long time he continued to post to and from the country as before; then he compromised the matter by taking a railway ticket for the long journey, and posting only for a stage or two nearest town; until at length he undisguisedly committed himself, like other people, to the express train.' With happy wit a speaker at a *soirée* designated George Stephenson as the *first and greatest leveller* of his age. The old families scouted the idea of being conveyed in a train 'in which the shopkeeper and the peasant were carried along at the same speed as the duke and the baron.' But even the oldest families could not resist the temptation thrown out by the superior comfort of railway travelling; and the great Dr. Arnold, as he watched the train flashing under a bridge on which he stood, rejoiced that feudality was gone for ever.

We congratulate Mr. Smiles on having produced a book not only most readable and fascinating, but replete with solid information and sound moral suggestiveness. And we congratulate our country on the possession of two such men, so thorough, so honest, so chivalrous, and so eminent in every virtue that adorns present and public character.

La Sorcière. By J. Michelet. Second Edition revised and augmented. Brussels and Leipzig: Lacroix, Verboeckhoven and Co. 1863.

THIS is an extraordinary book—a strange jumble of poetry, impurity, fact, paradox, eloquence, learning, rhapsody, and general indistinctness. The worst of it is, that it is often impossible to make out where truth ends and fiction begins. Thus there is nothing to mark when the author is stating properly ascertained historical facts, and when he is drawing on his brilliant imagination and producing a picture which may be true, but which certainly has no claim to be considered as an authentic record of what actually took place. So also he continually speaks of the presence of Satan, and of his influence, in a way which leaves us completely in doubt whether he means us to understand that the evil one actually

performed the deeds ascribed to him, or only that it appeared so to the heated or drugged brains of his witches and bewitched. Nor does the author's contempt for the general practice of quoting authorities help us out of our frequent dilemmas. If M. Michelet would but condescend to write a little more like other historians, it would unquestionably be to the advantage of his readers.

The main object of the book, as far as we can ascertain it, is to describe one of the phases of the conflict between the 'Spirit of this world, or Satan,' and the 'Spirit of Jesus;' and it is at first sight rather startling to find that the author considers that the former is getting decidedly the best of it, and must ultimately succeed, inasmuch as his work 'stands upon three eternal rocks: Reason, Right, and Nature.' But a little reflection removes a good deal of what is astonishing in this proposition. By the 'Spirit of Jesus,' M. Michelet means to designate not what the name would imply, but the bigoted and ignorant spirit of the Roman Catholic Church: while by the 'spirit of this world, or Satan,' he intends all human knowledge and science; and the great strife of which he speaks is the unceasing, and now tolerably successful, effort of the reason to shake itself free from the trammels of superstition. With this explanation, there is a good deal of what our paradoxical author says in which we heartily agree.

But what has this to do with witchcraft? Much, answers M. Michelet; for, from the thirteenth century downwards, magic was one long rebellion against the intolerance of the Church, a rebellion which only terminated when the human mind had gained its freedom. It was magic that laid the foundations of our knowledge in the sciences of medicine and chemistry; which were despised by the ecclesiastics of the middle ages, who placed their entire reliance in miraculous interposition, and were inclined to look on every natural remedy as unlawful.

Witchcraft, M. Michelet says, was the result of the terrible misery suffered by all the lower classes during the dark ages. The people, ground down by a tyranny which he describes in burning words, and seeing no gleam of better days in the future, had recourse to familiar spirits in the hope that they might thus be delivered from their troubles. For this state of feeling the clergy itself had prepared them by its ready credulity in all supernatural matters. As might be expected from their more excitable temperaments and more susceptible imaginations, it was chiefly the women who received the visits of these satanic beings. Our author describes the probable career of a witch—how she began her married life in some solitary place where her husband's daily avocations left her many hours alone; how in such hours the superstitious feelings, fostered in her mind by old traditions connected with the beathen gods, would work upon her, until she almost saw and felt such beings round her; then how, when any misery was likely to befall her husband or herself, she would have recourse to the spirits for help, and through their assistance (whether real or imagined M. Michelet does not say) would

gradually rise in wealth and dignity, until her good man became the chief serf of his village, and a kind of tax-gatherer among his fellow-bondmen; then, in the pride of her new prosperity, how she would call on herself the envy of her lord's wife, the lady of the neighbouring castle, by whose orders she would be beaten and left for dead; and, lastly, how, in the fierceness of her anger, and the bitterness of her hatred towards God and man, she would flee away to some desert place, and sell her soul to the evil one. Henceforward she would study the properties of herbs, and such secrets of nature as were within her reach, and become finally an accomplished witch, to whom all the people of the country round would resort in their love affairs, or when they wished to see once more the dead they loved. In all this description, which is occasionally prurient, and occasionally very eloquent, an extremely one-sided view is taken of the condition of society, and of the influence of the Church. It may be that there were parts of Europe during the middle ages in which the gross and horrible immorality and the brutalising misery described in these pages were not unknown; but no society could have existed during four hundred years in such hopeless and awful darkness as that. Nor was the Roman Catholic Church the systematic despiser of all knowledge and civilisation that M. Michelet describes it to have been. Such monks as Roger Bacon do something to redeem it from the charge of utter ignorance and contempt for natural science. But neither of him, (though he was strongly suspected of witchcraft,) nor of the other real or imaginary wizards whose names are recorded in history or fable, such as Merlin, Michael Scott, Cornelius Agrippa, &c., &c., does our author condescend to say a word.

Having recounted this imaginary witch's career, and given many details on the sabbath, or mass in honour of Satan, M. Michelet proceeds to describe the gradual decline in the grandeur of witchcraft, until about the year 1600, when it finally took refuge with the priesthood, who, we are informed, made great use of it for the seduction of the female portion of their flocks. Four or five of the *causes célèbres* of witchcraft are given at great length, as that of Gauffridi in 1610, of Grandier in 1634, of Madeleine Barent a little later, and last, longest, and most impure of all, that of La Cadière in 1730. All these cases present a terrible picture of the immorality of the priesthood at that time, and of the horrible state of the nunneries; and this is probably what most strongly recommended them to M. Michelet's attention; for he hates the clergy, and is very far indeed from shrinking from any of the details of a filthy story. Still these accounts remain; and they are as strong an argument against the celibacy of the priesthood, and the practice of confession, as any Protestant can desire. The *Sorcières* has, we believe, been suppressed in France; not, we should think, because of its pruriency, but because of its frequent attacks upon the Roman Catholic religion and its ministers.

The book as a whole is most unsatisfactory. We never know when we are treading upon the firm ground of fact, nor when we are

walking over the quicksands of speculation. The author never inspires us with any confidence in his judgment, or in his accuracy. He may be a correct painstaking historian: if so, he does himself great injustice by the way in which he presents his facts to the public. So bigoted and intolerant does he show himself towards the clergy, and so incapable is he of ascribing any noble motive to his religious opponents, that he produces in us the impression, that if he had been born in the ages of which he writes, he would have been as impure in thought, and as bigoted and unflinching in deed, as the most prurient father confessor, and most unrelenting inquisitor of them all.

Un Projet de Mariage Royal. Par M. Guizot. Paris: L. Hachette and Co. 1863.

THE publication of this volume is particularly opportune, though the author may not have meant it so. For now that England, in all her breadth and length, has just been rejoicing over the happy marriage of the heir apparent to her crown, it is but right that she should turn back to some of the former pages of her history, and see how these things were arranged in times past. We have been congratulating ourselves,—and with reason,—that it is no longer thought necessary, for state purposes, to marry our princes and princesses to persons whom they have never seen, and for whom they cannot feel the slightest spark of true affection; and we have some cause to hope, that the future historian of the nineteenth century may never, in relating the preliminary arrangements for the marriage of the present Prince of Wales, have to describe the insincerity, the petty intrigues, and the absence of all but political reasons, that characterized the long negotiations for the marriage of Charles I.

Of those negotiations this book of M. Guizot is a very clear and tolerably succinct account,—written by a man who has himself trod the ways of diplomacy, and has consequently a far truer insight into the practical difficulties and real objects of departed statesmen, than could be obtained by any merely literary historian. For it has been often observed, that those authors who have known men from observation, and not alone from books, have ever been able to give a truer and more practical judgment on the complicated events of history, and on those who were the actors in them, than mere recluse and student historians. We do not know that M. Guizot tells us anything in this volume that is positively new. The story of Charles the First's two courtships, and of the reasons why the first was unsuccessful, has long been written for English readers, and is to be found, in more or less detail, in all our histories; but in France the subject is of course less known, and even in England we do not remember any better account than this; which has, moreover, the merit of being drawn almost entirely from the original sources.

From the time of his accession to the throne of England, James I.

had been vacillating between a French and a Spanish match for his elder son Henry, and, after the young man's death in 1612, for his second son Charles. For James, in the pride and vanity of his small heart, considered himself far too great a monarch to form an alliance with any but the first two royal families of Europe. His negotiations with France failed entirely; and the result was, that in 1617 he sent Sir John Digby, afterwards Earl of Bristol, to Madrid, to make certain matrimonial proposals to the Spanish court. This placed Philip III. in some perplexity; for, on the one hand, he had no desire to enter into any close bonds of friendship with an heretical power, such as England; and, on the other, he did not feel himself justified in exciting hostility, or throwing James back into the arms of the French, by a flat refusal. He therefore had recourse to the expedient of the weak—procrastination; and procrastinate he did effectually, until his death, which happened in 1621, put an end to his diplomacy. His successor, Philip IV., seemed at first to view the matter in a more favourable light, and promised to do all he could to obtain the pope's dispensation at once. James himself, although he had always declared that he had nothing to do with this part of the business, sent a secret agent to the court of Rome, to give the pope assurances of his goodwill, and to promise that the laws against the Roman Catholics in England should be suspended. As an earnest of what he intended to do, he ordered that most of the imprisoned Papists should be released, and that the Anglican ministers should abstain from all violent sermons against the Church of Rome. The Spanish court seemed to take all these measures in very good part, and promised to help the English king in his negotiations on behalf of his son-in-law, the ex-king of Bohemia. It even went so far as to mention the names of the three persons who should accompany the Infanta Maria Anna to England. But, notwithstanding all this show of success, the matter still 'dragged its slow length along,' delay followed delay, and nothing was done.

The Prince of Wales naturally grew impatient. It is impossible to say from whom the project originally emanated, whether from himself, or from the Spaniards, or from the Duke of Buckingham, his own and the king's favourite; but one day, when the prince and the duke were alone with the king, they earnestly besought his permission to go to Spain, and see for themselves whether the match could be brought about or not. James, who is described by Lord Clarendon as very ready to foresee difficulties and raise objections, but very slow to resolve them, was naturally alarmed at this bold scheme. His consent was, however, obtained; and the two young men started with the greatest secrecy, under assumed names, and more like a couple of escaped malefactors than the heir-apparent to the throne of a great kingdom, and the proud favourite of its king. Notwithstanding the hot haste with which they travelled, they remained one or two days in Paris; and there Charles saw for a few moments, and at a distance, the princess who was afterwards to share his misfortunes. Henrietta Maria was then a girl of fourteen.

Was this wild journey merely a piece of romantic foolhardiness, or was it, under the circumstances of the case, a sensible thing? Archie, the king's fool, probably expressed the opinion of the court and of the country, when he one day told James that they must change caps. 'Why?' asked the king. 'Why, who sent the prince to Spain?' 'Well, but what if the prince come back safe and sound to England?' 'In that case,' answered Archie, 'I shall take my cap from my own head, and send it to the king of Spain.' Contemporaries were fully justified, especially considering the unscrupulousness of the court of Madrid, in thinking thus of the expedition; but events proved that they were wrong, and that the prince was right. For it nowhere appears that Charles had ever the slightest cause to fear detention or any other evil from the Spaniards,—they could scarcely have been so base as to take advantage of his thus placing himself in their hands,—and his journey certainly revealed what it was of the greatest importance to him to know; viz., that the Spanish government was not acting in good faith.

This became soon apparent, notwithstanding the honour and cordiality with which the young prince was received at Madrid. The negotiations, as usual, crawled along at snail's pace,—the delay being now on the part of Rome, and now on the part of Spain. Soon, too, matters began not to proceed so smoothly. Buckingham, the insolent favourite of King James, quarrelled with Olivarez, the upstart minion of Philip IV.; and as they both pretty nearly ruled their respective masters, their quarrel was of very bad augury for the successful termination of the prince's suit. Besides, the Englishmen who thronged to Madrid behaved as, we are sorry to say, Englishmen behave too often on the Continent, and manifested their sublime insular contempt for the country, its customs, and its religion, in a way that naturally led to a very unpleasant state of feeling. Difficulties, moreover, arose on the English side. The king had signed a treaty, giving the Roman Catholics a measure of liberty and protection which he had no legal right whatever to give them without the consent of Parliament; and the country, in which the puritanical leaven was beginning to work more and more, became alarmed and indignant. Notwithstanding all this, the marriage project might still have succeeded if the Spanish Court had intended that it should; but at last the prince, seeing that there was nothing to be gained, grew tired of waiting and left Madrid. He set sail for England on the 28th of September, 1623, some seven months after he had left her shores. This, however, was not looked upon, either from the one side or the other, as a breaking off of the engagement; and it was not till the next January that the whole of this discreditable transaction was brought to a close by the recall of the Earl of Bristol, the English ambassador at Madrid, who had hitherto been the great advocate and supporter of the match. It may fairly be said that neither party came out of the affair with credit or honour, though unquestionably the Spaniards had behaved throughout with more duplicity than the English.

All his hopes in this direction being frustrated, James immediately made similar overtures to France. Here he met with a statesman who thoroughly understood what he wanted, and was not in the habit of allowing himself to be daunted by any obstacles. Richelieu was just then rising into power; and so energetically did he conduct the negotiations, and overcome all the many serious difficulties that stood between him and the accomplishment of his object, that in the course of rather more than a year from the time when the proposal had first been made, Henrietta Maria was married by proxy in Paris to Charles I. The ceremony took place on the 11th of May, 1625.

James I. had not lived to see the successful termination of his efforts; he had died on the 6th of April preceding. But though his decease was so recent, no natural sentiment of respect seems to have operated to postpone the marriage, a dictate of right feeling which we might have expected from Charles, who, with all his grave defects, was unquestionably a gentleman. It is true that he had been brought up in a bad school, and that James did not deserve much posthumous honour; for after the death of his own wife he is described by that amusing gossip John Chamberlain, as having come to town in a 'suit of watchet satin laid with silver lace, and a blue and white feather, more like a wooer than a mourner.' To which the honest man adds, 'What decorum it will be when ambassadors come to condola, (as there is now one from the duke of Lorraine with twenty-four followers all in black,) let them consider whom it more concerns.' Such having been the amount of outward grief displayed by James when his wife died, it is not to be wondered at that his son did not delay his wedding on account of the vulgar old man's departure.

Guizot asks what Richelieu would have said had he been able to see the ultimate consequences of their marriage. We will ask what James I. would have said, if he could have foreseen that the result of his long and painful efforts to obtain a Roman Catholic wife for his son would only be to create one more cause of distrust between Charles and his people,—that distrust which was the main cause of his death;—if he could have foreseen that the Popish education which his grandchildren would receive from their mother would make one of them lose his crown, and cause the unworthy race of the Stuarts to go forth as fugitives, and to become pensioners upon the bounty of other princes. Then perhaps James might have recognised, that in marrying his son there was something to be taken into consideration besides the gratification of a foolish pride in grand alliances.

Religio Chemici: Essays. By George Wilson, F.R.S.E.
London and Cambridge: Macmillan. 1862.

It was the long cherished desire of the late lamented Professor of Technology at Edinburgh 'to write a book corresponding to the *Religio Medici* of Sir Thomas Brown, with the title *Religio Chemici*.' The desire was never fulfilled; but the papers which his sister has

collected in this volume, most of them previously published in various serials, 'were intended to form chapters' of the proposed work. The volume includes essays on *Chemistry and Natural Theology*, the *Chemistry of the Stars*, and *Chemical Final Causes*. There are also biographical sketches of *Robert Boyle*, *Wollaston*, and *John Dalton*. The closing paper, which was delivered in the form of an address to medical students, and which is now published for the first time, is entitled *Thoughts on the Resurrection*.

Reading these truly charming essays, profound, brilliant, and devotional, in every page of which poetry, philosophy, and religion are wondrously blended, we are led the more sorrowfully to lament the premature death of this most gifted man. Had he lived to complete his purpose of publishing a *Religio Chemici* of the character and proportions schemed out in his mind, we should have possessed a book of unrivalled beauty in this department of religious science. Even these fragments attest, with unanswerable power, the relation of chemical phenomena to a benignant and Divine superintendence. And they attest, too, the harmony that may exist between the most searching and exact knowledge of physical science, and the exercise of the simplest faith.

The Iliad. Book I. In English Hexameters according to Quantity. By John Murray. London: Walton and Maberly. 1862.

MANY attempts have been made to introduce the hexameter into English poetry. Failure has been the invariable result, owing, as Mr. Murray thinks, 'to the total disregard of quantity, which, though, in ordinary iambic metres, not inconsistent with harmony, yet, when extended to the hexameter, is found to be fatal to its rhythm and euphony.' This version of the first book of the *Iliad* is an attempt to answer the question 'Whether hexameters, written with due regard to quantity, would be found consistent with the spirit of our language.' With a few licences, such as that 'of treating as one consonant those combinations of consonants of the same organ which run easily into each other, such as "nt," "mb," "ng," &c., and thus keeping short the vowel preceding them,' Mr. Murray has conformed to the 'ordinary rules of Greek prosody,' and has constructed a version which is certainly ingenious and creditable on the score of painstaking, but which does not prove the possibility of enrolling the hexameter among English metres. A specimen will tell its own tale. It is the well-known description of the pestilence with which Apollo smote the Argives:—

'Down he from æry Olympus' peaks descended in anger;
Bore one shoulder a bow, an' a close quiver hung to the other;
Loud at his shoulders rattled the shafts o' the power offended
Ev'n as he moved; an' he seemed like night all-gloomy descending.
Soon he, alighting in view of the ships, shot amongst them an arrow;
Twanged as he loosed it his argent bow with a clangour ill-omened.

Males at the first he infects, and dogs through the camp ever roaming;
Next to the men themselves his darts sharp-pointed directing
Smites them, as 'aye to the sky flame thickly the pyres o' the victims.'

Remains in Verse and Prose of Arthur Henry Hallam. With a Preface and Memoir. London: John Murray. 1863.

THE republication of this little volume, which was printed some time since for private circulation, is a boon to the literary world. Though nearly thirty years have passed since the gifted son of the historian, Henry Hallam, was cut down in the dawn of youth, his name lives among us as fresh as ever, not only in the productions of his own genius, but in the 'In Memoriam' of his early and loving friend, Alfred Tennyson. These 'Remains' were edited by the father of Arthur Henry Hallam, and are enriched with a brief but beautiful memoir, worthy alike of the genius of the one and the love of the other. The volume contains a number of sonnets of considerable merit, a few stanzas and longer poems, with one or two essays and papers; among the most interesting of which is an extract from a Review of Tennyson's Poems. Many to whom the name of Hallam is suggestive of pure and high-minded genius, coupled with domestic grace and religious reverence, will be glad to possess these fragmentary memorials.

Domestic Life in Palestine. By Mary Eliza Rogers. Second Edition, Revised and Enlarged. London: Bell and Daldy. 1863.

WE are glad to see a second and enlarged edition of this fascinating book. It is one of the best books of the kind. The authoress, without affectation or display, without any attempt at the sensational, takes us up and down Palestine; she writes with a naturalness and homeliness which invest her pictures with a sort of reality, so that we seem to see all that she saw, and to hear all that she heard. Nothing escapes her eye; and the result is, that instead of the solemn platitudes and dreary philosophizings of most travellers, we have a racy, airy book, every page of which is full of interesting details. Nor are her subjects those with which the public is only too familiar. There is nothing threadbare in her descriptions, and nothing that is not valuable. She introduces us, too, into circles with which the sterner sex can have no acquaintance. And she never forgets that Palestine is the Bible land. To all students of the domestic pictures of the Bible, the work of Miss Rogers will prove most welcome.

The Story of a Siberian Exile. By M. Rufin Pietrowski. Translated from the French. London: Longman. 1863.

THIS little volume possesses an interest beyond that with which

the recent outbreak in Poland is certain to invest it. From the Introduction of the French editor, who, it seems, has largely abridged the more detailed narrative which Pietrowski published in the Polish tongue, we learn that the author of the story is not a mythic personage, as we have too good reason to believe most of the so-called runaways from Siberia have been, but a veritable and living man; one, in fact, of the Professors at the Polish school of the Batignolles. There are few English philanthropists who have not been 'done,' at one time or another, by some counterfeit Pole. The Polish dodge has been for long a favourite method with swindlers of all sorts; and this has tended to lessen our national faith in Polish memoirs. But the volume before us is the *bond fide* production of a gentleman, who is not only an exiled nobleman of the most ill-fated of lands, but an escaped Siberian to boot. His is, we believe, the only case in which an exile condemned to hard labour in the public works of Siberia has succeeded in making his escape.

From the narrative it appears that the hero and author of the Story, M. Rufin Pietrowaki, was a refugee in Paris, who, not satisfied with the safe asylum of that city, must needs run himself into danger by accepting a secret political mission to his fellow-countrymen. With another man's passport he left Paris in the year 1843; and, after traversing countries full of danger to himself, he at last reached Kaminię, in Podolia, the term and goal of his mission. In the character of a Frenchman anxious to push his fortune as a teacher of languages, and unacquainted with the tongue of Poland, he managed to pass most of a year at Kaminię, dreaming that he had excited no suspicion. But the ever-wakeful eye of the authorities at St. Petersburg had been on him for months; and when all preliminaries had been arranged, the pseudo-Frenchman was arrested, and carried in irons to Kiow. Soon afterwards the dread sentence was pronounced, and the hapless Pietrowski was condemned to penal servitude in Siberia for the term of his natural life.

His chapters on Siberian life are of thrilling interest, and the more so because of the temperate tone which pervades his descriptions of the atrocities of Russian despotism. He never attempts to create a 'sensation,' and scarcely ever utters a word of reproach against the instruments of autocratic cruelty. Indeed, he speaks in grateful terms of many who, while compelled to carry out the orders of their superiors against him, displayed some tenderness and concern. Without dealing in violent invective, M. Pietrowski is content that his facts should utter their silent protest against the repressive and atrocious policy of Russia towards the Poles. But modified and temperate as the narrative is, it reveals an abyss of misery and cruelty, a glance into which makes one's blood run cold. No amount of insubordination and crime on the part of Polish convicts could excuse the every-day atrocities which Russia practises towards her helpless and often unoffending victims. There are some crimes which work out their own retribution; and it is not hazardous to predict the arrival of a day when the wrongs of a nation whose life-blood she

has drained, and whose spirit she has done her worst to break, will wreak their terrible vengeance upon the ruthless Empire of the North.

From the moment of his arrival in Siberia, M. Pietrowski determined to effect his escape. The story is too long for quotation: suffice it to say, that, watching his opportunity, he fled; journeyed on foot, and hemmed in by perils, through Western Siberia, penetrating the Ural mountains to Archangel, Petersburg, Riga; 'never imparting to a living soul his fatal secret, in order not to involve any one in his own probable and terrible fate.' On reaching Königsberg he was arrested by the Prussian authorities, and compelled to disclose his secret. The Prussian official to whom he made this revelation seems to have been touched by the story, and to have winked at his prisoner's escape. Bail was accepted for him, and he was set free.

The last chapter of the book is devoted to an account of 'a year of agitation in Poland,' and in its relation to current events will prove the most interesting portion of the volume. The writer justly contends that the Treaty of Vienna contemplated only the dismemberment of Poland, and not its denationalization. The recent efforts which the Poles have made towards civilisation and self-improvement indicate an energy and self-control worthy of the nation; and, whatever blunders the Poles have made in the past, all lovers of freedom will earnestly hope that Poland may realise the truth that, 'if faults have consequences, which follow them inevitably, there is not the less a fixed limit to a people's misfortunes, and to a nation's pangs.'

Lays and Poems on Italy. By Francis Alexander Mackay, Author of 'The Crook and the Sword,' 'The Heir of Lorn,' 'The Curse of Schamyl.' London: Bell and Daldy. 1862.

WE believe that Mr. Mackay, as Francis Fitzburgh, has acquired some reputation by his former publications in verse. The present volume is certainly not likely to enhance his poetical fame. The lays after the manner of Macaulay are fair imitations. But the greater part of the volume consists of 'poems' distinguished by no high merit of thought or language, and often altogether wanting in melody and finish. True poets always use the right word, the fit epithet, the terse phrase; their poems are like classic statues, the beauty of whose life and truth shines out in fair and full proportion, without the least superfluity, without meretricious ornament, without encumbering drapery. The master of verse never uses two words where one does well the work; and never leaves a lame or careless line. But Mr. Mackay writes:—

'The tribune and high altar are the stage
Of wondrous ceremonials, now the scene
Of actions typical, and all the blaze
Of petty grandeur—O how unlike the
Scenes of unostentatious suffering they
Portray!'—P. 73.

Saul, a Dramatic Poem; Elizabeth, an Historical Ode; and other Poems. By William Fulford, M.A. London: Bell and Daldy. 1862.

PASSING from Mr. Mackay's volume to this, we feel at once that we are on different ground. Mr. Fulford has taste, skill, a just conception of what the art of poetry demands, and some power. If, as we imagine, he is still a young man, we anticipate that he may live to produce poems which posterity will 'not willingly let die.' His imitations of Tennyson's *Idylls* are singularly close. It is much to say, but it is true, that, in hearing them read, without knowing the writer, we should without hesitation have set them down as Tennyson's, and as not altogether unworthy of the laureate, although not in his best or most beautiful manner. The words put into the lips of Genuvero in her 'last meeting with Lancelot' are not, indeed, in our judgment, worthy, noble, or right, however natural they may seem; they are not such, for certain, as Tennyson would have made her speak, from her penitent retirement at Amesbury; nevertheless the verses are cunningly woven, and the tale has in it nature and power—though not the highest nature or the best power. 'Too Late,' and 'She and I,' are true poems. 'The Viking's Last Fight' is a fine ballad. 'Saul, a Dramatic Poem,' which occupies the greater part of the volume, is well conceived and skilfully conducted. Here is no waste of words; and the language is unfailingly natural and good. But, on the whole, the volume lacks power. Some of the poems, indeed, are undeniably poor. The 'Lament for the Death of Shelley' is quite unworthy of publication. The subject demanded great genius and a rare combination of brave loyalty to holy truth and tender pity for erring man. Mr. Fulford's poetry on this subject is very feeble, and his treatment of the subject is half unmeaning and half unpleasing.

Schiller's Wallenstein. New Edition, with English Notes, Arguments, and an Historical and Critical Introduction by Dr. A. Buchheim, Lecturer on Modern and Ancient Languages at the Medical Colleges of the London and Middlesex Hospitals, one of the German Examiners at Eton College, &c.

THERE is a stage in the history of every one who studies German, or indeed any other modern language, when, after having waded through the dreary pages of Ollendorff, he feels a very natural desire to begin an acquaintance with the national literature. A man who has for some time been cheerfully replying, 'I have salt,' to the equally lively question, 'Hast thou salt?' may be excused for a slight impatience to quit such arid plains, and enter upon the pleasant country of Goethe, Schiller, and the other Germans of renown. Dr. Buchheim's edition of *Wallenstein* is admirably suited to the needs and requirements of such a student. Of the

beauties of Schiller's masterpiece it is of course unnecessary to speak; they have been recognised by every critic whose opinion on the matter is deserving of the slightest consideration. While yet in manuscript, the work was translated by one of the best of our own poets—himself a great critic. Indeed, Coleridge's version has been declared by Wordsworth to be in many respects better than the original, though we have not yet heard that any German has endorsed this opinion; and as the remark was made not to prove that the original was bad, but that the translation was better, we have no reason to consider Wordsworth's as the one discordant voice in the universal song of praise that has risen in honour of Schiller's 'trilogy' of *Wallenstein*. This being the case, it will probably be one of the first works which the ambitious German student will take up; and very properly so, for he could scarcely take up a better. But then he will meet with many hindrances. The three plays are written in a strictly historical spirit, and with much historical research; and there are many allusions to the events, manners, and habits of thought of the early part of the seventeenth century, which require explanation, especially for one who does not understand the *exact* meaning of every word. Dr. Buchheim explains all historical and astrological allusions, (for *Wallenstein* was a great believer in the occult science,) translates all unusual expressions and particularly hard sentences, and, in short, does just what is necessary to enable the advancing student to appreciate Schiller's great work.

Selections from the Poetical Works of Robert Browning.
London: Chapman and Hall. 1863.

MR. BROWNING is not a popular poet; his *Poems*, published in 1849, have only just reached a second edition; and his *Men and Women*, which appeared some eight years ago, has not yet arrived at the same dignity. There are many educated persons who have scarcely heard of him, and many more who have never read a line of his works. And yet, amidst this general neglect, he has a small band of very devoted admirers, and his name has for some years been mentioned with honour, whenever it has occurred in any of the leading literary journals. How is it that the general public has refused to ratify the verdict of the critics, and that Mr. Browning's poems remain unsold?

The reasons are, we think, obvious: his style is so obscure that it is often exceedingly difficult to determine his meaning. There are whole passages—nay, more, there are whole works, from which the reader turns with only a very indistinct and cloudy notion of what the poet was trying to say. Nor is this merely occasional obscurity, such as is to be found scattered here and there in the works of Shakespeare, Shelley, and Tennyson—the obscurity of some great and novel thought struggling for utterance. It is an habitual fault, running through everything Mr. Browning has written, mar-

ring the beauty of many of his finest passages, and making it a toil to read what might have been made a pleasure. It springs from the fact, that he either cannot or will not put his ideas into their simplest and most intelligible forms; but clothes them in a quaint and outlandish dress of words, and sends them forth into the world with much these sentiments: 'If people like your appearance and receive you, well—why, so much the better for them; but if not, let no one think that I shall ever change one gaudy ribbon in your bright attire to suit the taste of a race of men for whom I care nothing.' It is only by some such process that we can account for the impenetrable mistiness of such poems as 'Sordello,' which even we—admirers as we are of Mr. Browning's genius—have been unable to get through. It is, however, but just to say that this book, in which Herod out-Herods himself, was not reprinted with the collected edition of the *Poems* in 1849. Milton's description of poetry has been so often quoted and re-quoted, that one is half ashamed to make it do service again; and yet, after all the numberless essays which have been written to show what poetry is, and what it is not, his definition of it, as that which is 'simple, sensuous, passionate,' is one of the best, as it is unquestionably the shortest. Mr. Browning's works possess the two latter qualities in a very high degree: the first he has unfortunately neglected, and apparently despised.

Another defect which has also interfered, though by no means to the same extent, with his popularity, is a frequent hardness and want of music in the versification, and a habit of breaking a verse or a line at any point, no matter where, and beginning a new and totally different sentence. In these respects he almost seems to imitate the very objectionable peculiarities of the school of Donne and George Herbert. It is indeed strange that a man who professes such admiration for Shelley, the most harmonious and musical writer in the English language, should have published such a verse as the following, which is by no means one of the worst:—

'Yonder 's a plum-tree, with a crevice
 An owl would build in, were he but sage;
 For a lap of moss, like a fine pont-levis
 In a castle of the middle age,
 Joins to a lip of gum—pure amber.
 When he'd be private, there might he spend
 Hours alone in his lady's chamber:
 Into this crevice I dropped our friend.'

But now, having said all we mean to say of the just reasons of complaint which the reading public has against Mr. Browning, we turn to the far more welcome task of pointing out certain great talents which he unquestionably possesses, and for the sake of which all, and much more than all, his faults should be overlooked. In the first place, he has, more than any other dramatic writer we know, the faculty of throwing his mind into another age and country, and reproducing in a marvellous way the modes of thought which were

then and there prevalent. Mr. Ruskin has mentioned, with deserved commendation, the poem entitled, 'The Bishop orders his Tomb at St. Praxed's Church.' It is a picture, painted with wonderful fidelity, of the revived paganism of the Renaissance, of its devotion to art and articles of luxury, of its dilettantism and godlessness. Equally fine is the letter from Karshish, the Arab physician, to his friend Abib, describing an interview with Lazarus some years after he had been raised from the dead, and giving various medical opinions on his case. This last poem is a consummate piece of art: notwithstanding the straitness of our space, we cannot forbear to give the following quotation:—

'Thou wilt object—Why have I not ere this
Sought out the sage himself, the Nazarene
Who wrought this cure, inquiring at the source,
Conferring with the frankness that befits?
Alas! it grieveth me, the learned leech
Perished in a tumult many years ago,
Accused—our learning's fate—of wizardry,
Rebellion, to the setting up a rule
And erred prodigious as described to me.
His death, which happened when the earthquake fell.

Was wrought by the mad people—that's their want—
On vain recourse, as I conjecture it,
To his tried virtue for miraculous help.—
How could he stop the earthquake? That's their way.
The other imputations must be lies:
But take one—though I loathe to give it thee,
In mere respect to any good man's fame!
(And after all, our patient Lazarus
Is stark mad; should we count on what he says?
Perhaps not: though in writing to a leech
'Tis well to keep back nothing of a case.)
This man so cured regards the curer, then,
As—God forgive me—who but God himself,
Creator and Sustainer of the world,
That came and dwelt in flesh on it awhile!

But
Why write of trivial matters, things of price
Calling at every moment for remark?
I noticed on the margin of a pool
Blue-flowering forage, the Aleppo sort,
Aboundeth very nitrous. It is strange.
Thy pardon for this long and tedious case
Which, now that I review it, needs must seem
Unduly dwelt on, prolixly set forth!
Nor I myself discern in what is writ
Good cause for the peculiar interest,
And awe indeed, this man has touch'd me with.'

And then, after a few lines more, he closes his letter, and bids his friend farewell; but then, as if to show what a strong impression the words and the sight of Lazarus had produced upon him, notwithstanding his affected unconcern, the physician adds:—

'The very God! think, Abib; dost thou think?
 So the All-Great were the All-Loving too—
 So through the thunder comes a human voice
 Saying, "O heart I made, a heart beats here!
 Face my hands fashioned, see it in Myself.
 Thou hast no power, nor mayst conceive of Mine,
 But love I gave thee, with Myself to love,
 And thou must love Me who have died for thee!"
 The madman saith He said so: it is strange.'

Strange indeed to the heathen mind must have appeared that tale of a God suffering for the sins of men. These are grand lines; but they are equalled in 'Cleon,' the Greek poet, who after having achieved everything, and drunk of this world's sweetest cup, yet says,—

'It is so horrible,
 I dare at times imagine to my need
 Some future state revealed to us by Zeno,
 Unlimited in capability
 For joy as this is in desire for joy.'

And then proceeds to tell his friend, who had asked him for information concerning 'Paulus':—

'Thou canst not think a mere barbarian Jew,
 As Paulus proves to be, one circumcised,
 Hath access to a secret shut from us?
 Thou wrongest our philosophy, O king.
 In stooping to inquire of such an one,
 As if his answer could impose at all.
 He writeth, doth he? Well, and he may write.
 Oh, the Jew findeth scholars! certain slaves
 Who touched on this same tale preached him and Christ;
 And (as I gathered from a bystander)
 Their doctrines could be held by no sane man.'

Here we have the yearning of the Greek mind for a certain future to complete the present, for an authoritative revelation, and its arrogant rejection of the teachers of the doctrine it needed so much. Such poems as these do not by any means stand alone; it would be easy, had we the space, to multiply such instances of dramatic power, and to show how Mr. Browning has travelled through history, throwing himself into the minds of various men and women at various times, quickening their dead thought, and showing them to us as they were.

Another great beauty in his poems is the occasional force and vividness of the language. There are many passages that almost glow, such is their intensity of colour. Let the following lines be taken as instances:—

'Buried in woods we lay, you recollect;
 Swift ran the searching tempest overhead;
 And ever and anon some bright white shaft
 Burnt through the pine-tree roof—here burnt and there,
 As if God's messenger through the close wood across
 Plunged and replunged his weapon at a venture,
 Feeling for guilty thee and me; then broke
 The thunder like a whole sea overhead.'

This is well-nigh equal to the grand storm-scene in Tennyson's 'Vivien.' Or take, again, the following extract from the description of David's entrance into the tent to play to Saul when the evil spirit was upon him:—

'At first I saw nought but the blackness;
But soon I descried
A something more black than the blackness,
The vast, the upright
Main prop which sustains the pavilion:
And slow into sight
Grew a figure against it, gigantic
And blackest of all:
Then a sunbeam, that burst through the tent roof,
Showed Saul.'

The effect of light in the last line is worthy of Rembrandt.

Of the merits of the selection we have little to say. 'It originated,' as we are informed in the preface, 'with two friends who, from the first appearance of "*Paracelsus*," have regarded its writer as among the few great poets of the century; who have seen this opinion, since, gain ground with the best readers and critics; and who believe that such a selection as the present may go far to render it universal.' With this wish we entirely sympathise; but we scarcely think it is likely to be realised by printing, as has been done here, detached scenes from complicated dramas. This only makes their inherent obscurity more obscure. To our minds it would have been better in such cases to have selected the fine speeches in the several plays; and there are many in '*Paracelsus*' that would bear separation from their context far better than many of the scenes contained in this volume. But this also points to a great defect which belongs, and must belong, to all selections; viz., that they give as fragments what were intended merely as parts of a grand whole—as single gems, what were meant to be seen as parts of an artistic piece of jewellery in which every stone should not only sparkle with its own light, but with reflected rays from all its brethren. Another grave defect in all selections is, that probably no two admirers of any man's works would ever choose exactly the same passages. They would most likely agree on many of the pieces; but on many others they would be equally sure to differ. And thus every lover of Mr. Browning's poems, in going through this book, will probably miss many and many a verse which he can ill spare, and which he would rather have seen here than several that have been retained. Thus we confess that we find, with great regret, that the latter half of '*Easter Day*,' in which this earth is so grandly described as nothing more than the anteroom of heaven, has not been considered worthy of a place among its peers. We have been in the habit of considering it, not only as one of Mr. Browning's great pieces, but as one that will live when many of the popular works of the present time have gone to their abiding rest.

This brief notice of the produce of a life of artistic labour is necessarily incomplete. It will, however, have served its purpose, if it has induced the reader to turn to Robert Browning's pages and judge patiently for himself. They are a deep and often a dark and difficult mine; but there is gold to be found at the bottom: they are a casket the lock of which is hard to pick, but which contains rich treasures. Because a poet's works are obscure, they are not necessarily bad. Coleridge's poems, as we learn from his preface, were accused of the same fault, and the riddle of Shakespeare's sonnets is yet unread.

Latin Pronunciation and the Latin Alphabet. By Dr. Leonard Tafel and Professor Rudolph L. Tafel, A.M. Philadelphia and New York: 1860.

If our Doctor and Professor be right, we must mend our ways. It will no longer be possible to say of this or that, as we used to say, that 'it is as easy as A B C.' It is a cruel craft—this busy delving into the depths of things! Are we never to feast our eyes upon a landscape, but some troublesome geologist is to prate to us about formations and organic remains? Must we neither read nor speak, till we have qualified ourselves by weary groping amongst the mysteries of sound and sign, of root and case-ending, of proposition and rhythm? Blessed generation—whose destiny demands that the pedagogue shall rule its tongue, the logician its feeling, and the critic its religion!

In all this, we mean no disrespect to Messrs. Tafel, or to the excellent foreign scholar, M. Corssen, of whose '*Aussprache, Vokalismus, und Betonung der lateinischen Sprache*,' their work is a critical digest and reproduction. We have no quarrel with philosophy and science, as such, prone though they are to exceed their measure, and unsparing though the hands may be, which they sometimes lay on our prejudices and our day-dreams. With respect to Divine Revelation, an age will come which will lift up its voice and say of it what Clytemnestra said of her courier beacon-flame,—Νῆξ δ' ὁ πρῶτος καὶ τελευταῖος δαμών. And, for all else, lovers of truth and reality may rest assured, that whatever shocks their sensibilities may receive from the vehemence of the prevailing spirit of inquiry and criticism, the world in the end will be the wiser for that which now provokes their astonishment, if it does not kindle their indignation. If we must discover complexity where we thought there was simplicity, and must take to pieces the intellectual furniture with which circumstances had supplied us, may we always be happy enough to do so under lights as strong as those with which the volume before us makes it evident, that the first lesson of childhood is among the most abstruse and tangled problems which literature, physics, and philosophy together can set themselves to resolve!

Our authors do not attempt to deal with more than a very small portion of their enormous subject. They make excursions now and

again beyond their chosen boundary ; but, for the most part, they limit themselves to A B C, as it was spoken and written by the people through whose hands our unlettered forefathers received this precious trust and heirloom of the wisdom of the ages. Were it only for the reason here named, the Alphabet, in the form in which the Romans knew and used it, becomes an object of scientific interest to all Englishmen ; while the relations in which the Latin language stands to a multitude of other languages, ancient and modern, and the world-wide importance which attaches to it as one of the great elements and instruments of modern civilization, give no little practical value to well-conducted inquiries into its constitution and history. For those who cannot read German, we know of no work to which we could point as at all comparable with the one before us for the scholarly and exhaustive treatment of this difficult topic. German scholars will, of course, make themselves masters of M. Corssen. Yet even these will do well to hear what his disciples and critics in America have to say in their valuable publication.

The precise object of Messrs. Tafel's book, as stated by themselves, is 'to review' Professor Corssen's Essay 'at full length, and at the same time to give to English students, who have no access to the original work, a clear and succinct statement of all the results at which M. Corssen has arrived, so far as they have reference to the language itself,' excluding, however, the part on quantity. 'At the close of our work,' they add, 'we institute a comparison between the Latin language as pronounced by the Romans themselves, and our Latin scholars in America and Great Britain.' To this programme the contents of the book precisely answer ; and we believe that, whether M. Corssen's expositors agree with him or not, he has no reason to complain that they have given to the world erroneous or inadequate impressions of his views.

After a brief Introduction, exhibiting the steps by which the doctrine of the pronunciation of the Latin by the Romans came to take the form under which it appears in the hands of M. Corssen, our authors enter upon the solid task of their book in an elaborate statement and discussion of the origin, character, and fortunes of the Latin alphabet as a whole. To those who have never been initiated into the mysteries of this department of ancient literature, we imagine it will be equally surprising and perplexing to find themselves surrounded by the swarm of old Italic Alphabets—Sabellian, North-Etruscan, Oscan, Umbrian, and others—which here come forward as claiming to have nearer or remoter kindred with the Latin ; and we shall not be surprised if some, whose studies have familiarised them with these worthy uncles and cousins of the Roman tongue, should look a little sceptical when they hear M. Corssen express his opinion, that the Latin alphabet is not descended from that used by the *Rasena*, but came from the Doric of those Cuman and Sicilian Greeks, with whom Rome was brought so closely into contact in the time of the Tarquins. Nothing is more certain, however, than that the Roman letters are but one out of a large family of types, which

obtained at an early period in the Italian peninsula; and as regards the theory which denies them a directly Etruscan parentage, we fear our prejudices must give way before the facts adduced by M. Corssen in support of it. As to this, however, and other interesting questions with which the Messrs. Tafel deal in this part of their work, we must refer our readers for all details to their own clear and ample exposition. We are mistaken if many, who have made Latin the study of their lifetime, do not rise from their pages with wonder at the extent to which their previous ideas have been modified and enlarged by the perusal of them.

The family relations and general features of the Latin alphabet having been indicated and argued, our authors devote the great bulk of their book to a minute historical and scientific discussion of the orthoëpic value of the several consonant and vowel letters which enter into the composition of it. Why they disregard the voice of nature in treating of the labial consonants before the dentals, we do not know. The arrangement is one which obtains in some of our best grammars; but it is surely a mistake, if physiology is to rule in her own dominions. As it is, Messrs. Tafel successively bring under review the guttural, labial, and dental consonants of the alphabet, the so-called liquids, sibilants, and semi-vowels, and the vowels proper, whether simple or compound.

The whole of this chief section of the work we recommend to all Latinists, as worthy of their best attention. They will mark in it points, which even M. Corssen's learning and acuteness are unable to lift out of the obscurity of the uncertain past. Possibly they may light upon opinions, either those of the original author, or of his friends and censors, to which they cannot bring themselves to subscribe. For the most part, however, the principles of the writers' criticism are the universally recognised principles of all true science; their facts may be relied on as falling quite beyond the range of Mr. Canning's well-known *bon mot* as to the value of this sort of evidence; and, in the main, we accept their verdicts and conclusions as the findings of a well-balanced judgment patiently exercised upon one of the most difficult of all questions relating to the literature of the old world.

We must not occupy the pages of this journal with particulars which belong to the grammarian and philologist. For those of our readers, however, who can find philosophy and poetry in the unpromising realm of up-strokes and down-strokes, cross-strokes and curved-strokes, we guarantee a rich treat in what is here offered them. Who that has any love of Latin—we had almost said of English—would not be glad to see his way through the puzzle which the presence, in one and the same alphabet, of letters so near akin as C, K, and Q occasions? And that old difficulty about the relations of C and G—what is the explanation of it? Then there are the mysterious interchanges of T and D, of P and B, of S and R, which used to make the third declension and the 'irregulars' of the third conjugation look so hopeless in our Eton and Valpy days; and

there is that perpetual hide-and-seek, which I and J, and U and V, play with one another in the classical texts and in the dictionaries; and there are the marvellous antics of the ever-shifting vowels; and there are those melancholy diphthongs; and there are other strange phenomena, all but endless in their variety and labyrinthine changes and windings. Is all chance and guess-work? Can we find no clue to the maze? It would further many important interests, the highest not excepted, if some magician's wand would wave this confusion into order, and some wise tongue or pen would expound to us the whole matter from first to last. Neither M. Corssen nor Messrs. Tafel do or pretend to do as much as this; but they take us a long way towards the point we speak of; and it is the fault of circumstances, and not of their scholarship, intelligence, or pains-taking, if they leave us short of the full enlightenment which we could desire. On all such questions as the period at which particular letters came into use or fell into disuse, the value which a careful study of the phenomena proves them to have had in the mouth of the living speaker, and the orthographical signs employed to represent the native sounds of the Latin, Messrs. Tafel's work abounds in rare and trustworthy information.

We are not so sanguine as to expect that the unanswerable arguments which our authors urge against the 'English' mode of pronouncing the Latin language will have much effect in checking the tide of almost universal practice. Still less do we suppose that their sensible draught of an improved pronunciation, based upon that of the Romans themselves, will command the unanimous suffrages of our scholars. The best we can hope is, that the view they have expressed may assist in paving the way for some Peter the Hermit, whose enthusiasm and influence shall rescue a much-injured tongue from the clutches of barbaric tyranny and caprice. No intelligent educationist can doubt, that were the 'continental' sounds of the Latin vowels adopted among us, and were a uniform distinction observed in the utterance of them according as they are by nature long or short, this change alone, to say nothing of improvements which ought to be made in the expression of the consonants, would make us truer than we now are to history and science, and would greatly facilitate the acquisition of a more exact and scholarly knowledge of Latin than is commonly possessed by our youth. It is quite time that we dropped the present vicious and mongrel system of pronunciation; and we thank Dr. Tafel and his colleague for what they have done towards bringing about a reformation. The chapter on 'Zetacism,' which appears as an appendix to their book, treats of one of the most subtle and delicate of all orthoepical phenomena. The discussion is not limited by our authors to the Latin, or even to the group of languages to which the Latin belongs. Chinese, Tatar, Slavonic, and other tongues are made to contribute their quota towards the statement and elucidation of the subject. The same forces which cause an Englishman to pronounce 'nature' as if the *t* were the *ch* of 'church,' and 'nation' as if the

same letter had the value of *sh* in 'shine,' operated ages ago on the pronunciation of the classical languages; and, with some notable exceptions, the like may be affirmed of nearly all the known tongues of the great Asiatico-European continent both in ancient and modern times. The gleanings which Messrs. Tafel have made from the learned labours of M. Schleicher in this broad field of inquiry, will not fail to be of interest to all lovers of the Science of Speech.

It is well for Messrs. Tafel that they did not live in the good old times when 'grammartye' entitled its professors to the honour of the stake. As it is, we thank them for the light they have shed upon one of the commonest yet least understood branches of human knowledge, and trust we may fall into equally good hands when we next meet with the genius of progress and innovation.

Wild Wales: Its People, Language, and Scenery. By George Borrow. Three Vols. London: John Murray. 1862.

IN the summer of 1854, Mr. Borrow, accompanied by his wife and daughter, whom he introduces to his readers under circumstances not altogether complimentary, left his 'little estate' in a corner of East Anglia, and set off for *Wild Wales*. The Welsh people will probably forgive the epithet, inasmuch as it is borrowed from their favourite Taliesin. In the prosecution of his tour, he seems to have proposed several objects to himself: to do the thing as cheaply as possible,—to enter into conversation with every man, woman, and child on the road,—to avail himself of every opportunity of tasting Welsh ale,—to astonish the natives with his knowledge of *Cwmraeg*, (which he persists in spelling with *w* instead of *u*),—and to visit the habitat and grave of every Cimbrian bard, known or unknown. We suspect, too, that Mr. Borrow had a yet mightier purpose before him,—he intended to write a book in three volumes. The result is now before us; and a most readable book it is. Mr. Borrow is a genuine traveller. He walks about with eyes and ears open. He unites the antiquarian, the poet, the painter, the gastronomist, the patriot, and even the theologian, in the tourist. He is equally ready to criticize a bard or a glass of ale. He solves a problem of philology and a political difficulty, or even a point of doctrine, in a breath. And he is never thrown off his balance by a sudden and unexpected emergency.

There is no country in the world in which the lover of the picturesque can find more varied pleasure than in Wales. Not only is the scenery perfect, but almost every crag and dell and fall is consecrated by tradition. All Wales is musical with legends. Many of these Mr. Borrow has gathered and recorded, though not so many as we should have been glad to have found enshrined in his pages. We could have dispensed very well with sheet after sheet of most wretched and common-place dialogue, in order to secure a few more of the beautiful legends of Wales. And we should have been better pleased, if Mr. Borrow had indulged us with more frequent and

detailed descriptions of scenery. Such descriptions in a novel are very wearisome and out of place. But in a book of travels, especially where Mr. Borrow is the traveller, and Wales is the country, there is abundant room for descriptive pencillings. In the volumes before us, these are rare, and never equal either to the claims of the scenery or the powers of the writer. Perhaps, the best piece of the kind in the three volumes, is his description of the waterfall known as the Rhyadr.

Mr. Borrow must have astonished the simple folk of Wild Wales by his occasional rhapsodies: as when, for instance, he stood bare-headed and in the pouring rain before the chair of Huw Morus, 'the sweet caroller, the enthusiastic partisan of Charles and the Church of England, and the never-tiring lampooner of Oliver and the Independents,' in the vale of the Ceiriog. 'Shade of Huw Morus,' he said, 'supposing your shade haunts the place which you loved so well when you were alive, a Saxon, one of the seed of the Curling Serpent, has come to this place to pay that respect to true genius which he is ever ready to pay. He read the songs of the nightingale of Ceiriog in the most distant part of Lloegr, when he was a brown-haired boy; and now he is a grey-headed man he is come to say in this place that they frequently made his eyes overflow with tears of rapture.' Nor did Mr. Borrow reserve the high-flown style only for the shrines of bards. 'Madam,' said he to a stout and comely old lady dressed in silks and satins, with a cambric coil on her head, 'as I suppose you are the mistress of this establishment, I beg leave to inform you that I am an Englishman, walking through these regions, in order fully to enjoy their beauties and wonders. I have this day come from Llangollen, and, being somewhat hungry and fatigued, hope I can be accommodated here with a dinner and a bed!' Rather a stately tone this towards mine hostess of a wayside inn.

Mr. Borrow never foregoes a chance of protesting his hatred of Papists and Methodists. To the latter he exhibits a dislike which is most ludicrous, more especially as he evidently has no idea who the Methodists are. Hearing, when at Chester, that there was to be a Teetotal camp-meeting one Sunday afternoon, he proceeded thither, with 'a mighty desire to know what kind of a thing Methodism at Chester was.' On reaching the ground he found a waggon, filled with some ten or a dozen men 'with the look of Methodist preachers.' Their discourses were, of course, 'vulgar and fanatical.' In the town of Bala, his righteous soul glows with satisfaction and gratitude because the clergy of the Church of England were winning shoals from the Methodist congregations. Wandering among the defiles of Snowdon, he hears some distant singing, and at once concludes that it was 'the voice of the Methodists yelling from the little chapel' on his left. But the choicest morsel of his spleen is yet to come: 'The country looked poor and mean. On my right was a field of oats, on my left a Methodist

chapel,—cats and Methodism! What better symbols of poverty and meanness! Alack, poor Methodism!

We have said that it was evidently a part of the purpose of Mr. Borrow's tour to write a book in three volumes. This purpose appears everywhere. He never held a conversation on the road, but it is recorded. He never tasted a glass of ale, without registering a critique upon it for the benefit of future generations. Every little detail of personal adventure is committed to paper. One would have thought that the world would have been satisfied with the information that at nightfall the illustrious traveller retired to rest. But such a statement would have been too simple and general for Mr. Borrow. In the overflowings of his confidence, he loves that the world should know yet a little more about him. It is thus he puts the case of his retirement one night at a Welsh inn: 'I returned the volumes to their place in the corner, *blew out one candle*, and, taking the other in my hand, marched off to bed.'

But though *Wild Wales* is full of oddities, and not without glaring faults,—as indeed might have been expected from the author of *Lavengro* and the *Romany Rye*,—it is interesting and clever, abounding in racy stories and happy sketches; and it has the further merit of erudition. Mr. Borrow has managed to acquaint himself not only with the language, but with the literature, of Wales, respecting which, besides now and then a choice *morceau* of bardic lore, he gives us much valuable information.

The Industry, Science, and Art of the Age: or, The International Exhibition of 1862, popularly described from its Origin to its Close, &c. By John Timbs, F.S.A. London: Lockwood and Co. 1863.

ANOTHER book by this prince of compilers. He comes round as regularly as the monthlies. It is almost as natural to ask for the new Timbs, as for the new Bradshaw. But we could ill afford to spare him from the ranks of authorship. If he be not an original writer, he is the most industrial sifter of other men's conceptions, and his extracts are all distinguished by discrimination. The little volume before us, which aims at recording 'the rise, progress, and completion of the Great International Exhibition,' does credit both to his industry and discernment. It contains the very cream of the Exhibition literature, and presents in some three hundred and fifty pages a summary of all that can be known respecting the building and its contents, divested of dry detail, 'with the special aim of reviewing the merit and value of the inventions, discoveries, and new facts, which are the first-fruits of the Exhibition itself.' It is an admirable condensation of details worthy of remembrance.

Modern Philosophy ; or, A Treatise of Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy from the Fourteenth Century to the French Revolution, with a Glimpse into the Nineteenth Century.
By the Rev. F. D. Maurice, M.A. London : Griffin, Bohn, and Co. 1862.

MR. MAURICE has previously written, in successive volumes, on 'ancient philosophy,' 'the philosophy of the first six centuries,' and 'medieval philosophy.' Those who are acquainted with the method and style of the former volumes, will know what to expect in the present, and will not be disappointed.

Mr. Maurice conjures with a formula ; explains everything by its relation to one idea—that of the family,—fatherhood—brotherhood. These are his axes of thought, by a reference to which the meaning, virtue, and relations of all things are determined. Eckart was a Dominican, a monk, cut off from family life ; but for this he would not have founded the society of the 'Friends of God ;' but for this his philosophy would probably have been free from, could scarcely indeed have taken, its special pantheistic character and colouring. So Mr. Maurice would have us to understand. Unfortunately, however, the philosophy of Eckart, in its essential points, is, as Mr. Maurice himself admits, almost identical with that of Hegel, who was no brother of a monastic order.

That a sense of the fatherly character and relations of God cannot but have a most pregnant influence on our philosophy, we should, indeed, be the last to question. As little would we demur to the general principle that the philosophy of the cloister is almost certain, as such, to be a one-sided, and therefore a false, philosophy. But the extent to which Mr. Maurice goes in deriving all speculative philosophy from the reception, the denial, or the partial and more or less perverted acceptance, of what he holds to be the cardinal truths respecting the divine fatherhood and human family relations, is, in our judgment, simply absurd.

No one need come to this volume, any more than to its predecessors, in the hope of obtaining views of the succession and development of philosophic ideas, or of the tenets of any particular philosopher. Mr. Maurice does not take any pains to introduce the student to the acquaintance of the philosophers of whom he speaks. He writes as a critic for those who already from other sources have a competent knowledge of the history of philosophy. In the brilliant—perhaps the too brilliant—pages of Cousin, school after school passes in review, and philosopher after philosopher is made to argue and to discourse. Mr. Maurice's method is merely to give his own observations on each philosopher, taken evermore from the same point of view, and that only Mr. Maurice's own standing-place. In every page he preaches his own special mysticism, and repeats the same well-known *formula*. Hence the sameness of his pages is intolerable. He quotes largely, indeed, from Hobbes, which is, so far, a relief. But in general he neither quotes at large, nor

makes any attempt to re-produce the living philosopher of whom he speaks, or his actual speculations and discourses.

There are, indeed, some benefits which Mr. Maurice himself, if not his readers, must have derived from his preparations for this volume. It appears that he has at length studied, more or less completely, the philosophy of Kant, and that of his successors. Not long since, by his own candid confession, (in his controversy with Mr. Mansel,) the historian of Neo-Platonism and of mediæval philosophy knew very little indeed of the modern German mystagogues. He has also, it is evident, carefully read Jonathan Edwards. We may hope, accordingly, although not Calvinists ourselves, that he will in future speak with less virulent contempt than he has been used to do, of the theology of modern Calvinism.

The Book of Genesis in Hebrew, with a Critically Revised Text, Various Readings, and Grammatical and Critical Notes. By C. H. H. Wright, B.A., of Trinity College, Dublin. Williams and Norgate.

WE fear this good book is suited to neither of the two classes of readers for whom it is specially intended. Those who have 'just mastered the elements of Hebrew Grammar' are hardly in a position to profit much by quotations from Onkelos and the Pseudo-Jonathan, and they will be certainly frightened by the Arabic and Syriac which cover our author's pages. On the other hand, 'the more advanced scholar' will not only meet with much in them which he does not require, but will be ready to complain that the notes are too miscellaneous, too wanting in cohesion, and too little exhaustive, to be of any great service to him. If the large space which the renderings of the Targums and Versions occupy in Mr. Wright's commentary were filled either with precise grammatical exposition, or with well-digested illustration drawn from the best historical and geographical authorities, the value of his book would be abundantly heightened. At the same time there is no student of Hebrew literature who may not derive advantage from the critical jottings and collections of the writer; and to that middle class of scholars, in particular, whose studies go beyond the area of the Hebrew, and embrace the elements of the leading cognate languages, his work will prove both interesting and useful. The revised original Text, with the principal various readings of the most important Hebrew MSS., and of the Samaritan Pentateuch, in the form of foot-notes, constitutes a portion of the author's labours, which claims our warm thanks as a step well taken towards that thorough sifting and scrutinising of the Masoretic Hebrew Bible, which we trust, for the sake of Christian learning and truth, is an achievement not far distant. Appended to the Text, as Mr. Wright exhibits it, is a further contribution which he makes towards this great object in 'a collation of various readings found in three MSS. in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, and one MS. in the University Library, Dublin.' We thank Mr. Wright for the

service he has done to the cause of scriptural knowledge by the publication of this book; and if it is not all we could desire, we hail it as the leader of a series of textual commentaries on the Old Testament, which shall be worthy of England and of the Biblical Science of our age. As it is, we have no work of native production to compare with this for the light which it directly or indirectly sheds upon the grammatical meaning of the first Book of Moses.

School-Days of Eminent Men. By John Timbs, F.S.A.
With Illustrations. Second Edition. London: Lockwood and Co. 1862.

MR. TIMBS is the *facile princeps* of the 'paste and scissors' school. Whatever may be said of this kind of literature, for and against, (and much may be said on both sides,) Mr. Timbs deserves the utmost credit for the perseverance and research which have given to the world thousands of facts and incidents that would otherwise have been limited to a very narrow circle. The man who gets up Mr. Timbs' books might become the best-informed of table-talkers. The volume before us is quite equal in interest, if not superior, to its predecessors. It commences with the school-days of Alfred the Great, and closes with those of the illustrious prince whom the nation mourns as Albert the Good. Many a quaint and stirring revelation have we here of Eton, Winchester, Christ's Hospital, and Westminster, as well as of dames' schools in obscure villages, rescued from oblivion by the genius of some mighty *alumnus*. Interesting statements, too, are given as to the origin of some of our oldest educational foundations; and the student may find here an orderly arrangement of facts in illustration of the progress of education from the dark ages up to the present time. Hints of ancient manners and scholastic observances, glancing here and there among the memoirs, enrich the volume. No schoolmaster need be at a loss in the selection of a stock of 'prizes,' when he can secure a book so useful and so suitable as this.

The Book and the Life: Four Sermons preached before the University of Cambridge, in November, 1862. By Charles John Vaughan, D.D., late Fellow of Trinity College, Vicar of Doncaster. 1862.

DR. VAUGHAN was a favourite pupil and correspondent of Dr. Arnold. He was in his vocation, also, a disciple of Arnold, —at once tutor and preacher, endeavouring in all things to carry out the spirit of a Christian. He did for Harrow what Arnold had done for Rugby. When at Cambridge, he took high honours, classical as well as mathematical; and he became a Fellow of that same college (Trinity) in which the influence of Hare, and especially of Hare's master, Coleridge, and of Coleridge's most distinguished living dis-

ciple and representative, Maurice, has been so strong. Moreover, he is, or was, a personal friend of Mr. Jowett's.

Such being his antecedents, it is all the more gratifying to find in Dr. Vaughan an earnest evangelical divine, a persuasive and eloquent preacher of the Gospel.

These sermons are a manifesto, in general, against the mysticism of the Maurice school, and, in particular, against the unbelief of Colenso. The first of the four is hardly equal to the others; the second and third are the best. They are searching and eloquent addresses to graduates and undergraduates, full of Christian tenderness and truth, full of the genuine evangelical spirit. We are thankful that among the rabbis of philosophic religionism so true a Gospel-teacher has the right to speak with authority and with plainness of speech.

The Natural History of the Salmon, as ascertained by the recent Experiments in the artificial Spawning and Hatching of the Ova, and Rearing of the Fry, at Stormontfield, on the Tay. By William Brown. Glasgow: Murray and Son.

THIS is a straightforward, unpretending little book, written by one of those practical men who, when they do take pen in hand, say their say, and say it well; the very simplicity and conciseness of their style being in their favour. The book gives an account of the experiments at Stormontfield from 1853 to 1861, from notes taken on the spot, as all notes ought to be, but very rarely are. The narrative is therefore reliable in all respects, and the few deductions at the close, by way of summing up, are facts, and not speculations.

A Plain Introduction to the Criticism of the New Testament.
For the Use of Biblical Students. By F. H. Scrivener,
M.A. Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, and Co. London:
Bell and Daldy.

No student of the word of God, in these days, whether clerical or lay, can afford to be ignorant of textual criticism; and though this book will not suffice to make its reader a critic, (an honour reserved for those who drink at the fountain-heads of sacred literature,) we can guarantee that the frequent and careful perusal of it will enable any one to weigh the opinions of others, and, by initiating him into the technicalities of the science, will destroy the bewilderment produced by the first sight of a critical edition of the New Testament.

Mr. Scrivener's work begins by describing the bounds of our field of labour. When we remember that interpolations have been made in the sacred text; that marginal notes have crept into it; that the letters of the uncials have been confounded; that lectionaries insert proper names where they ought not; that errors have arisen from

slips of the pen, and from dialectic differences in the forms of words ; that sometimes a scribe was ' more skilful in calligraphy than in the Greek and Latin tongues,' while at other times he disdained to be a mere copyist, and toned down any little roughness in speech, or strove to ' improve a text,' by changing a statement into an exhortation, or the like ; when we consider how eyes are apt to grow weary, and so sentences of similar endings to run into one another, or how the tired hand will reserve an initial letter till it can give it the bold, artistic turn, and then, the memory playing it false, the line remains headless ; and when we further reflect that these causes of mistake have been in ceaseless activity for centuries, and have been favoured in their operation by ignorance, and intensified in their results by the area over which they spread, we can understand how vast is the field which textual criticism proposes to occupy, and how multitudinous the obstacles are which it has to surmount.

The historical sources of various readings, and the principles according to which the value of MSS. may be distinguished, is the subject of Mr. Scrivener's second chapter. If we will judge of the worth of any writing, we must be thoroughly on the alert. The eye must mark the size and shape of the letters, and not be captivated by ornamented writing with well-flourished and rounded capitals, for broad, square-lettered manuscripts are the most ancient ; the presence of accents, stops, sections, and canons, has its weight ; the material on which the manuscript is written must not be overlooked ; and if more than one hand has traced its words, this must be noted. Apart from actual results, a study of this kind, requiring such a delicate appreciation of minutiae, affords a most excellent intellectual palestra ; because it trains the mind to habits of patient attention, and demands the continual exercise of the judgment. In connexion with this general topic, the author furnishes a list of the chief uncial manuscripts ; which is not a mere catalogue, however, for its tediousness is beguiled with learned anecdotes, racy remarks, and vivid historic touches ; while, by a tact peculiarly his own, he robs tables of reference of their sterility, and contrives so happily to interweave reminiscences of various editors of the New Testament, and accounts of even the manuscripts themselves, with general history, that he fascinates the reader in spite of the inherent dryness of his subject. Lists of the cursives and lectionaries complete this chapter on the Bible in the Library.

'The ancient versions of the New Testament' are the subject of Mr. Scrivener's third chapter. Of this we will only say, that it treats a subject of great interest with much freshness and power, and will well repay whatever time the student may expend upon it. The author's views of the Cureton Syriac Gospels, and on the African origin of the Latin version, are especially worthy of notice.

We are next introduced to the 'early printed and later critical editions of the New Testament.' Here our author's candour, catholicity, and descriptive power have full play, and invest his subject with unwonted charms. He is always scrupulously fair to

dead and living; and delights, by throwing on it the light of his criticism, to set a-glow some unsuspected angle of goodness. Long may such men be our critics in sacred science, the exclusive property of no Church, and the saviours of no party! First among the early printed editions, we have the magnificent Complutensian; then, in strange contrast, comes Erasmus, that 'solitary and wandering man of letters, losing, by his reckless wit, the friends his vast erudition had made, yet always labouring faithfully and with diligence,' and who has left his mark on the current text, by boldly translating from the Latin into Greek, when his manuscript failed him at the end of the Apocalypse; and, in fulfilment of a rash promise, inserting the famous passage of the 'three Witnesses.' We omit a crowd of names, but would fain linger for a moment over the London Polyglott, the herald of Biblical criticism in England, and 'the solace and meet employment of Brian Walton and a worthy band of colleagues during the sad season when Christ's Church in England was for a while trodden in the dust.' Fell and Mill follow in this cause, and Richard Bentley forsakes the scene of his classical triumphs, allured by the laurels to be won in sacred fields, astonishing us by his plans and preparations, and making us bewail his failure in executing what few but himself conceived possible. Then the names of great critics cease to be English, and Bengel heads the Germans. In his mind first arose the theory of *families or recensions*; and his rough sketch was carefully elaborated by Griesbach. 'It occurred to Bengel as a hopeful mode of making good progress in the criticism of the New Testament, to reduce all testimony into *companies, families, tribes, and nations*;' then, he would have all ranged under African and Asiatic standards, and weigh the evidence of classes rather than individuals. There are elements of truth in this scheme, or it could scarcely have commended itself to so acute and careful a critic as Bengel; but, as we shall see of a kindred theory, it practically contains the germs of its own refutation.

Matthæi, Büch, and Alter further prepared the way for Griesbach, whose 'aim it was to form such a selection as to enable the theological student to decide for himself on the genuineness or corruption of any given reading, by the aid of principles he devotes his best efforts to establish.' At first he divided extant manuscripts into six families, but afterwards reduced them to three,—the Alexandrine, Western, and Byzantine. By a majority in this Council of Three all claims to genuineness were to be decided. Now it so happened that the Byzantine had been the basis of the *Textus Receptus*, but could have little weight in the council; for it had to contend with foes, who never would agree with it, however much they disagreed with one another. In this dilemma the sovereign critic interposes, and, by holding the balance between the rivals 'with almost judicial fairness,' gives us a text, which, though by no means satisfactory, is far less objectionable than such a system as his would have produced in less able hands. But the whole scheme is illusive; for, 'certainly, neither Griesbach, nor any one after him,

succeeded in the attempt to separate the Alexandrine from the Western family, without resorting to arguments which would prove there were as many classes as there are manuscripts of early date.'

Scholz is next reviewed, and all that can be is advanced in his favour. From him we pass to Lachmann, and wonder that he refused so much available material through rigid adherence to his rule of regarding the most ancient sources only. 'Earnest, simple-hearted, a true scholar in spirit and accomplishment, he has had the merit of restoring the Latin versions to their proper rank in the criticism of the New Testament.' Virtually, he forestalls Dr. Tregelles; but these two labourers are independent of one another, as Dr. Tregelles has clearly shown. Tischendorf is introduced with most emphatic and unmistakeable signs of admiration, '*as the first Biblical critic in Europe*;' and a prayer is offered that 'he may long live to enjoy the title;' nor will many think the praise too great, or refuse to join in the prayer.

The chapter on the 'Laws of Internal Evidence and the Limits of their Legitimate Use,' contains much valuable cautionary matter; but the last chapter, 'on the History of the Text, including recent Views on Comparative Criticism,' will most certainly provoke strong opposition. First, the early corruption of the text receives unusual prominence, as the following extract shows: 'It is no less true to fact than paradoxical in sound, that the worst corruptions to which the New Testament has ever been subjected, originated within a hundred years after it was composed; that Irenæus, and the African fathers, and the whole Western, with a portion of the Syrian, Church, used far inferior manuscripts to those employed by Erasmus or Stephens, thirteen centuries later, when moulding the *Textus Receptus*.' Then, in the third of his canons for emending the text, Mr. Scrivener says, 'Where the most ancient documents are at variance with each other, the later or cursive copies are of much importance as the surviving representatives of other codices, very probably as early, perhaps even earlier, than any now extant.' This canon implies several distinct propositions which admit of proof by an appeal to facts. The first and cardinal point is to prove that 'the most ancient documents are at variance.' To settle this dispute, the first twelve passages 'wherein the readings of α A B C D and the Curetonian Syriac are as yet available,' are taken. In this selection the two oldest differ 7 times and agree 5. Then A and C agree with the received text, A 11 times, C 9 times, 6 times, B twice. The Curetonian fragments 'divide their countenance pretty impartially;' and the later uncials follow now one leader, now another. This sufficiently proves the first proposition.

The next thing is to settle what claims the cursives have to our attention. These monuments of 'the fair and shorthand writers' of the past are the 'representatives of respectable ancestors who only live in their descendants.' They have a well-defined individuality, but all seem orphans; for 'it is rare indeed that we find cause to suppose that one even of the latest codices is a mere tran-

script of any now surviving.' Are the modern and somewhat plebeian witnesses to supersede our venerable uncials? Certainly not; but when these judges are undecided and absolutely at variance, the cursives demand a hearing. Here we leave the discussion, and only add, that if any one will take the first six passages to which critical notes are appended in Ellicott's Commentaries, and sift the authorities after the plan pursued above, he will find no reason to be dissatisfied with the judgment of Scrivener, touching the disagreement of the more ancient manuscripts; and, moreover, the fact that Tischendorf in his last edition, Alford in the last volume of his *New Testament*, and Ellicott, give the cursives more weight than they formerly had, proves that Scrivener's theory is practically winning its way.

In conclusion, the principles enunciated in the former part of the work are applied to twenty-five difficult passages with extraordinary success. No province of the critic's art is more difficult than this, and no part of this volume gives such insight into the practical value of Mr. Scrivener's principles as his handling of these passages. If some competent person would take this chapter as a model, and compress into a tractate the chief results of textual criticism, there is many a student of limited time and means to whom it would prove a great boon. At the same time, the appending of a list of the passages over which doubt still rests, and where the chance of arriving at certainty has become infinitesimally small, would exhibit the practical benefits of the science, and bring fresh labourers into the field. We close this volume with the author's prayer: 'God grant that if these studies shall have made any of us better instructed in the letter of His Holy Word, we may find grace to grow in like measure in that knowledge which tendeth to salvation through faith in His mercy, by Christ Jesus!'

A Story of Carn Brea, Essays, and Poems. By John Harris, Cornish Miner, &c. London: Hamiltons. 1863.

MR. HARRIS still delves successfully in the golden mines of fancy. His *Story of Carn Brea* is pleasant reading,—which cannot be said of all blank verse; and some of his *Minor Poems* are of charming sweetness and simplicity. We do not like his prose *Essays* quite so well as his verse,—though their style is often so pleasing as to make us regret that their matter is mostly commonplace. Surely Mr. Harris sees sufficient of real life in such a stirring seaport as Falmouth to enable him to give us more vivid and Crabbe-like sketches than these.—Here we must stop, lest we should add to the length and weight of some future volume; for the poet seems to print at full length all that is said about him.

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